

Classic Yacht Association

O F A U S T R A L I A

www.classic-yacht.asn.au

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

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NEW MEMBERS

Selkirk	Sarah	VIC	Crew	<i>Mercedes 111</i>	
Dorrough	Cameron	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Bungoona</i>	1950
Fox	Peter	QLD	Crew		
Kelly	Graeme	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Kallara</i>	1935
Warner	Fred	VIC	Crew	<i>Kallara</i>	
Hutchison	James	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Dingo</i>	1948
Curtis	Merella	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Amanda</i>	1934
Tuck	Joe	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Loama</i>	1945
Martin	Gary	WA	Boat owner	<i>Acrospire IV</i>	1929
Walsh	Reginald	VIC	Crew	<i>Renene</i>	
Hart	Richard	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Matilda</i>	2001
Salter	Charlie	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Ellida</i>	1948
English	Steven	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Granuaile</i>	
Lovett	Helen	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Oenone</i>	
Lipscombe	Timothy	WA	Boat owner	<i>Haze</i>	1939
Harris	John	WA	Crew	<i>Haze</i>	
Harris	Peter	VIC	Crew		
O'Leary	Brendan	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Seabird</i>	1972
Johnstone	Bil	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Lily Guy</i>	1895
Doolan	Andy	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Tina of Melbourne</i>	1968
Rocke	Maris	QLD	Crew	<i>Savona</i>	1957
Dudley	Francesca	VIC	Crew	<i>Sayonara</i>	
Martin	David	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Sanmarkay</i>	1953
Bowe	Julie	VIC	Crew	<i>Mercedes 111</i>	
McDonald	Scott	VIC	Crew	<i>Pastime 11</i>	
Wynter	Michael	NSW	Boat owner	<i>Arinda</i>	1959
Tapper	Geoffrey	VIC	Crew	<i>Bungoona</i>	
Rolls	Robert	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Allure</i>	2010
Macfarlane	Ian	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Kingurra</i>	1972
Bibby	Colin & Ginny	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Arapala</i>	1967
Kurth	Anthony	VIC	Crew	<i>Boambillie</i>	
Sander	Frank	WA	Boat owner	<i>Wanda</i>	1967
Parker	Rick	VIC	Crew	<i>Acrospire 111</i>	
Norgate	Leigh	VIC	Boat owner	<i>Avalon</i>	

COVER PHOTO BY: JOHN JEREMY

COVER PHOTO: SIR JAMES HARDY'S BEAUTIFUL
NERIDA, AGAIN A COMPETITOR
IN THE 2011 OLD GAFFERS DIVISION 1

Photo: John Jeremy



Sharing a scratch start the Couta boats and Ranger Class yachts

OLD GAFFERS REGATTA

BRUCE STANNARD

A record 65 traditional boats turned out for the splendid Old Gaffers Regatta on Sydney Harbour. Bruce Stannard reports.

Sydney Amateur Sailing Club was founded in 1872 and continues to stick resolutely to its long and distinguished Corinthian heritage. There are no garish corporate logos or other signs of crass commercialism to mar the walls of the delightful old weatherboard clubhouse that stands hard by the shores of Mosman Bay and the Amateurs seems to get by nicely without the distracting clatter of poker machines. But there's something else that sets the club apart. Unlike every other club in Sydney these days, the Amateurs continues to foster wooden boats and the traditional rigs that make them so distinctive.

Every other year the club hosts the Old Gaffers Regatta, an event that invariably attracts the biggest and most beautiful fleet of traditional boats that you're likely to see anywhere on Sydney Harbour. On October 23 a record number of boats came together on a perfect summer's day: brilliant sunshine and a cool and shifting breeze, for what turned out to be a celebration of all traditions we hold dear in the world of wooden boats. Rafted together in front of the clubhouse were many of Australia's most

beautiful vintage vessels, flags fluttering, varnish gleaming, brasswork brightly burnished and each looking each looking splendid in their finery.

But it was not just the boats that impressed me. It was the unabashed spirit of enthusiasm, shared interest and the sense of camaraderie that made the day so special. The club was abuzz with sailors and their families. A jazz band played, sausages sizzled on barbecues and everyone seemed caught-up in the festive atmosphere. Behind all the bonhomie was the knowledge that ahead lay not a cut-throat race but a parade of sail, an opportunity to show off the boats and simply enjoy the day.

Five Couta Boats – the biggest fleet outside Victoria – came down from Pittwater and I had the privilege of being aboard one of them, the 10-year-old *Tenacity*, designed and built in Huon Pine by Tim Phillips for the former Phillips Australia Chairman, Justus Veeneklaas. *Tenacity* is professionally maintained in absolutely A1 order. Her teak decks were spotless, her brightwork immaculate, and all her lines and gear were in perfect order. Cameras were click-click-clicking away as soon as we made sail. Fresh from her new season refit she slipped along easily as the light and fluky breeze moved from sou'west to south'east. At this time of the year, before the arrival of the hot summer days that call forth the reliable Sydney sea breeze, the nor'easter, the wind in the Harbour can be something of a fickle shifting lottery.



Photo: John Jeremy

The 55' ketch Archina, 1993, heading for the first mark in comfort

So it was on regatta day. The race committee had wisely divided the fleet into three separate divisions. We were the first to be sent away with the bigger, heavier and slower boats started last. It is impossible not to be deeply impressed by the speed and acceleration of the 26ft Couta Boats. *Tenacity* is a full 10ft on the beam, and with such broad and powerful shoulders I thought she might be hard to get going in the light air. Instead, she proved to be very slippery indeed. Although we were not meant to be out to win at all costs, it was nevertheless deeply satisfying to feel the boat's quick and lively sensitivity. We sailed her like a big dinghy, with the crew's moveable ballast crouched down to leeward in the light stuff and stacked on the windward rail in the heavier puffs. Two thirds of the way up the first windward leg we found ourselves in the lead. It was at that critical point that the skipper made the grave mistake of handing over the course instructions and appointing me tactician. I looked at the all too familiar chart that would see us round Shark Island on the starboard hand and ease away for the run down to the leeward mark in Atholl Bight. I knew the course like the back of my hand. No need to read the fine print.

That most basic of all sailing errors would soon cost us the lead and the race. There are two rounding marks off the southern tip of Shark Island. I made the unforgivable blunder of assuming we needed to round only one of them, the Totem Pole. In fact we

were required to round the yellow YA Buoy as well. Our rivals astern must have watched this gaff with some satisfaction. They allowed us to commit to the rounding and then called us back for the humiliation of a 360 degree re-rounding, a manoeuvre that sent us back into the middle of the fleet. If I could have slipped over the side at that moment and allowed the Harbour's waters to cover my embarrassment I would have gladly done so.

After such a crushing blow the skipper and crew could have been forgiven for packing it in, cracking a tinnie and simply cruising round the course. Justus Veeneklaas is made of sterner stuff. Up came the centreplate and with crew weight to leeward we set off after the leaders. Justus is nothing if not tenacious, hence the name of his boat. In Amsterdam during the Second World War, his family were in hiding from the occupying German army. His birth in a cellar coincided with the Nazi retreat. His father watched their jack boots marching past the cellar window and decided that there was some justice in the world after all. He therefore named his infant son Justus (justice).

Justus will tell you that he is not Dutch at all but a native of the northern province of Friesland, which makes him a blue-eyed Viking with a long and illustrious seafaring heritage. He has always owned traditional wooden boats. Kidney failure means that Justus spends a good deal of time each and every week on dialysis. He needs to be tenacious just to stay alive. Every hour on the water is a blessing.

There are lessons there for all of us. Life is precious: make the most of every moment and above all, don't ever give up. By the time we completed the race that day we had sailed back to within a few metres of the eventual winner. To me, the eventual placing was of no importance. I had had the privilege of spending a day under sail in the company of a man for whom I have the most profound admiration and respect. That sense of camaraderie is what sailing should be all about.

For the complete Old Gaffers Regatta race results visit www.sasc.com.au

Photo: John Jeremy



Kelpie (A188) built in the 1890's and Hoana (A100)

Photo: John Jeremy



The 28' Cutter Magic overtakes Gaff Cutter Sao, built in 1905



Photo: Roger Dundas

Storm Bay (1925) overtaking Tumblaren Avian (1938) in the Passage Race

CUP REGATTA 2011

PETER COSTOLLOE

Congratulations to all participants in the Classic Yacht Association of Australia 2011 Cup Regatta on the Northern waters of Port Phillip Bay, 28-31 October 2011. The number of boats and people that competed in this Regatta event provides stimulation to all of us for sustaining that committed effort we put in our classic boats.

Regatta highlights were never ending. In fact, they started from the previous Classic Cup Regatta of 2010 when our kindred spirits from the New Zealand Classic Yacht Association made accommodation bookings for a return to this regatta. Their presence and participation would have to be the first of the many notable events in the 2011 Regatta. With the CYA flag from New Zealand flying from the Royals signal mast port cross arm we were constantly reminded of our close Trans-Tasman friends and affiliations.

The Regatta happenings actually started on Wednesday 26 October with the arrival of Mark Bergin's Couta Boat Blondie from Blairgowrie, assisted by that well known supernumerary, Roger Dundas. Jim Hutchinson with his Tumblaren Dingo from St Kilda was an early show as well.

Next day our Regatta fleet from Mornington arrived. First was Athena with Martin and Ann Bryan, followed by our Regatta beauty queen of Greek mythology Oenone. Renene with Kent Bacon arrived in the afternoon of Friday and Tim Phillips with Storm Bay arrived late that night after a battle with the Bay's northerly storm. On the Total Commitment Index, Tim is at 1. The TCI for the rest of us will always be at a fraction of that number. A special thanks must go to Peter Lloyd, Marie Louise, for early liaison with Steve Ioniades, the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria's Yard Manager, and Martin Bryan, Athena, to make the tie up of our Classic yachts at Royals a drama-free event.

With the Classic/Couta Guineas Challenge abandoned due to adverse Bay conditions the sensation of 'Oh no, not again!' for the Regatta passage race after the cancellation of the previous Regatta passage race was quickly put to bed. From that previous experience, the Regatta Race Committee modified the Sailing Instructions to allow the Royals Race Director, David LeRoy, to assign suitable Regatta courses based on prevailing conditions. A wise move it turned out to be.

Our Friday night Classics Cocktail session and follow-on dinner was a big numbers event. In hindsight, the enthusiasm at this Regatta cocktail event was an indicator as to how the Regatta was to unfold. That Friday night enthusiasm carried over for our Saturday morning Regatta passage race. With the visiting Kiwi crews assigned by Roger Dundas to their allocated boat, our Classic fleet hit that start line for a short windward beat before settling down to the passage race to Point Ormond with a return along the Beaconsfield Parade foreshore.

Weather, sun and sea conditions turned in our favour to produce those wished-for sailing conditions. All the fleet revelled in these Port Phillip Bay champagne sailing conditions, from Oenone to Acrospire III, Storm Bay and Sayonara with their finish line tacking duel. Stirring stuff. Jim Hutchison's Dingo showed who was the top Tumblaren of the day. Producing those Admiral's Cup-winning ways, race line honours were taken by Mercedes III. Oenone took Classic Yacht division handicap honours after a



Photo: Scott McDonald

Sorrento Couta boat Blondie came North for the Regatta



Dingo, top Tumblaren of the Regatta and 2nd overall

wind-seeking battle with Kent Bacon's Renene.

One great note was the presence of Boambillee, Pastime II and Cyan. Depleted crew or not they were determined to make their presence known. Our Regatta owes a lot to these skippers who didn't let crew shortage stop their dreams of a Regatta win. Inside the Couta Boat division another consistent performance by the Loama threesome led by Joe Tuck gave her a corrected time 1st for her division with Jean pushing hard. Hayden Warszewski with Scoundrel showed how it's done with his line honours attack.

The Ann Street puff added its share to the racing evolutions of the day by delivering a knockdown puff to Alwyn. With lee gun'ell under and her cockpit coaming taking in the overflow, those 1923 classic lines of her designer, Alfred Blore of Hobart, kicked in. Under a balanced helm, she went higher and faster as she used to in her prime Hobart racing days.

Subsequent discussions with Beaconsfield Parade foreshore spectators confirmed the St Kilda to Port Melbourne Classics windward beat to be a people- and car-stopper show of Classic Yachting at its best. To remind the fleet who's really in charge, the Bay provided conditions that caused the two round-the-sticks Sunday races to be cancelled.

For the fleet's Monday Pursuit race, the Bay relented slightly. Race Director, David LeRoy provided a fair course for the sea and weather conditions and a distance that would provide a close

pursuit race finish for the majority of the fleet. Scratch boat Col Anderson's Acrospire III, had a dream race with topsail flying and lee gun'ell down and ran the fleet down to take out line honours. Between the 2nd placer of Richard Gates' Wanita and the 10th placer of Cameron Dorrough's Bungoona 6 mins and 50 secs separated them after a elapsed time of 2½ hours. Helen Lovett and her crew held their nerve to keep Oenone sailing in her slot and were not to be run down by the chasing fleet of Dingo, Athena, Zephyr and Mercedes III.

Taking a combination of Pursuit Race line honours and a 1st on corrected time was John Raff's net boat Jean for the Couta Boat division. Joe Tuck's Loama and Mark Bergin's Blondie were done in by the fading breeze. Bringing up the respectable Pursuit Race tail end was Peter Costoloe's Alwyn of the Classics and Richard MacRae's Claire of the Coutas.

In addition to the pursuit race action there was unforeseen action aplenty inboard on Sayonara. Doug Shields with Dave Allen on the helm had no worries, they had the Kiwis. With the usual Kiwi resourcefulness and inventiveness the problem was resolved. Although she missed the racing action Sayonara's presence provided a visual spectacle to the fleet.

After all Regatta racing evolutions were completed it was time to relax at the Classic BBQ and discuss with the skippers and crews of competing Classic yachts those memorable moments, moments that provide owners and skippers the opportunity to

Photo: Roger Dundas

*Alwyn, back from extensive restoration*

show their love of the Classic yachts.

Our exceptional Classic BBQ didn't happen by itself. Providedore activity by Col Anderson and Richard Gates and the cooking skills of Roger Dundas and Mark Bergin were kept on track under the benevolent supervision of Karen Batson from Zephyr and Maree Williams from Blondie. The food provedoring was ably assisted by the Royals catering staff. They presented a selection of salads that put us into next week. I'm happy to report justice was done to the effort of our BBQ people by a complete demolition of all the presented sustenance.

Overseeing and managing all the Regatta social activities was Pip Todd. On top of managing the financial aspects of our annual subscription renewal program, Pip handled the financial and ticketing process of both the Regatta social events, the Classics Cocktails and Classics BBQ. A performance handled with Pip's usual skill and grace. Assisted by Mark Bergin, Pip handled the arrangements to provide the BBQ with a great live music background. The Regatta is indebted to Pip.

An introduction to 2011 Cup Regatta Trophy presentation was provided by the pipes of David McKenzie from Mercedes III with a rendition of the Skye Song to remind us of those dreams the skippers and crew have of our beloved Classic yachts. Speed, bonny boat like a bird on the wing.

CYAA President Doug Shields provided words of solace to all those who participated as either sailors or spectators and he presented the various trophies.

2011 Cup Regatta Trophies were awarded as follows:

Couta Boat Division

Jean with John Raff.

1st Overall Couta Boat Division was Jean with John Raff.

Classic Yacht Division

The Col Bandy Trophy for 1st Overall Classic Yacht Division was Oenone with Helen Lovett.

Stradbroke II Trophy for best performing yacht across combined divisions, awarded to the Classic beauty queen of the Regatta, the 1901 Linton Hope-designed Oenone with Helen Lovett. (Loud and generous acclamation when result announced). The photo of Oenone with Helen Lovett as Skipper will now forever grace the Classics Honour Wall of the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria. A worthy second overall was that golden sylph of the Bay, Jim Hutchinson's ever-improving Tumblaren Dingo.

For the third overall, the decision went to Martin and Ann Bryan's consistent Athena. Martin and Ann have added the Mornington picture to our Classic Regatta since its inception. The Regatta thanks Martin and Ann for their consistent support and effort to bring Athena up from Mornington each year. Between the support of Martin and Ann and Helen Lovett, the Classics image is one of credibility at the Mornington Yacht Club.

To complete Regatta trophy award ceremonies, the Trans-Tasman trophy is awarded to the visiting CYANZ member based on the performances of each yacht crewed on during the Regatta. This year the classic Regatta Trans-Tasman trophy for the 2011 Regatta was taken by Larry Paul of Waitangi for his crewing performance on Oenone. (Riotous Kiwi and Aussie acclamation when result announced). Helen Lovett who helmed Oenone for the Regatta, credits Larry, with his confidence-building ways, for showing Oenone how to handle that Port Phillip chop. Oenone is a more confident boat thanks to Larry.

Trophy winners were each presented with a 2009 vintage generously provided to the Classic Yacht Association by Portsea Estate Vineyards, through the good offices of Martin Ryan of Mercedes III. For those who wish to have a better acquaintance with this vintage from Portsea Estate Vineyards the vineyard is a few moments down the road from Tim Phillips' Wooden Boat Shop in Hotham Rd. Portsea. Take a look at their website too for their story and sales outlets. <http://www.portseaeastate.com/>

The 2011 Classic Cup Regatta had a significant Australian maritime history flavour. Five yachts in the 2011 Regatta fleet are listed on the Australian Register of Historic Vessels. Storm Bay, Alwyn, Avian, Sayonara and Windward II. Unfortunately for Jim Wood's Windward II, mast-stepping logistics took over and prevented her from starting. Windward II is a top drawer 1929 Classic yacht from our fleet that was sadly missed.

One other historic aspect of the 2011 Cup Regatta was the presence of Storm Bay and Alwyn sailing together. Both yachts participated in the Hobart Regattas of the 1920s. This 2011 Cup Regatta was the first time they had sailed together since those days.

Now we say goodbye to our 2011 Classic Yacht Cup Regatta and farewell to our kindred yachties from New Zealand, and our visiting skippers and crews from around the Bay. The memorable highlight of this Regatta is the consistent support the Regatta receives from the New Zealand kindred Association and its members. Their enthusiastic presence brings to the Regatta a continuation of the close Classic yachting relationship shared on Port Phillip Bay since 1892.

The 2011 Classics Regatta is indebted to Steve Cranch, President of the CYANZ, and Megan Cranch, to Joyce Talbot for her coordination work, to Jane High for her supportive post-Regatta comments, to Rae Collins, to Judy Brown, to Penelope Carroll, to Graeme Murray, to Ian Valentine (for his organising work with Col Anderson), to our great mate Bruce Tantrum and a special thanks to Larry Paul from Oenone.

We need one more thank you. That goes to Col Anderson for his generous billeting help to our New Zealand contingent.

With the wind-up comments of the Regatta, Steve Cranch, President of CYANZ, reminded us not to rest on yesterday's work. We always have future Classic Yachting promotion work to consider. To assist with this endeavour, Steve reminded us the CYANZ is looking forward to returning our hospitality when our contingent arrives from the CYAA for their February 2012 Regatta.

On water photos of boats in both races snapped by Scott MacDonald of Pastime can be viewed at: CupRegatta2011?authuser=0&authkey=Gv1sRgCJTGxtuEjJzEMQ&feat=directlink

Pursuit Race <https://picasaweb.google.com/10517966467360553729/CupRegatta2011PursuitRace?authuser=0&authkey=Gv1sRgCMuawejawJ7j0QE&feat=directlink>

So with dreams of our bonny boats speeding like birds on the wing we can bide awhile. Our next CYAA regatta event will be our onshore and onwater participation with the Geelong Wooden Boat Festival 10–11 March 2012. Remember. There's an open invitation to all our members to reciprocate and participate in the CYANZ Regatta in February 2012.



"If you want to build a ship, don't drum up the men to gather wood, divide the work and give orders. Instead, teach them to yearn for the vast and endless sea..."

Antoine de Saint Exupery

VIEW FROM THE PODIUM

HELEN LOVETT

This year, I again entered the annual CYAA regatta. I had entered last year, as a way of having a deadline to aim for in getting Oenone to Melbourne.

Oenone had arrived in Melbourne not long before the 2010 regatta. I really hadn't sailed her properly, and it was in Hobson's Bay, having a practice, that the gaff broke. So there was no time even to fix it for the regatta, but I did have it mended for sailing the summer at Mornington.

The general opinion was for me to sail and get the feeling of *Oenone* before spending any money. Good advice, although I have spent plenty and haven't started on what I thought I was going to spend money on! However it is a journey, and I think I was aware of that at the start.

I have been fairly cautious sailing with mostly a female crew. To be honest, we have fumbled with the rigging. The main and gaff were enormously difficult to hoist in the beginning. I changed the lashing to the mast to loops with beads and it seemed to help a bit, but we were never at the start line on time. We were then overtaken by the whole fleet before we reached the first mark, and we'd often miss the last mark just so we could get back to the mooring before the water taxi packed up. My excuse was that we were an old heavy classic yacht, and this was highlighted when I did a race on an Adams 10, which felt like a floating leaf by comparison. Nevertheless, there was always so much talking that the races seemed quick and we had so much fun.

Oenone was slipped at the end of summer and Richard Blake started to perform his magic on her. Most of the work done was to the exterior, and fixing major problems such as loose valves, back-to-front water inlet, whisker stays etc. There were really a multitude of things to fix as well as the annual painting and maintenance which he did so beautifully. The interior will have to be left to another time now. So this October loomed and *Oenone* went back into the water in the first week. At this stage, I started communicating with Peter Costoloe re our regatta entry. He was enormously helpful and was there to answer every question I had. I have also had tremendous support from Martin Bryan in everything I have had to do.

Out-of-town family weddings took four days of the following two weekends which left the choice of five days in which to sail *Oenone* back to Royals and become newly acquainted with her. The Thursday prior to the Cup Regatta fitted with the crew and the weather, although the wind remained due north and very light all day. We motor sailed at about a maximum of three and a half knots, not very promising.

Right from the start I indicated I would need the help of a Kiwi crew member, and can I put up my hand now for next year for

Photo: Roger Dundas

*Oenone with skipper Helen Lovett preoccupied*

more of the same? Larry Paul, skipper of *Waitangi* in New Zealand was allocated to us and sent by an angel I think. Does that make Roger Dundas an angel? Larry and Roger were brilliant. We were also very fortunate to be given what I assume was a beginners handicap. And to top it off, we had a steady 12 to 15 knot breeze. The conditions were perfect for *Oenone*, she really picks up her speed with a bit of a breeze, and as long as it's not too strong, we can handle her. I did offer the helm to Larry on that first long leg but he was genuinely enjoying the ride.

We made mistakes, I guess we all always do. My aim was to just go around the buoys, not get stressed, and have fun. In the pursuit race, finding the buoys was a MAJOR obstacle that I had NEVER envisioned. We are forever grateful to Tedd who navigated superbly.

At the end of each day we enjoyed tea, coffee and home made goodies before the compulsory wine and beer. We had a great

time sailing with other classic yachts. I'd love to do more. Wouldn't it be fun if you could all come and visit us at Mornington sometime?

*Oenone and her victorious crew*

Photo: Unknown but excellent photographer



David Philp aboard *Mistral II*

BUNGOONA AND THE ARCHITECT

CAMERON DORROUGH

Many of you who have been reading these pages over recent years will be already familiar with the exploits of *Bungoona's* previous owner and respected architect, Col Bandy - well, let me tell you the tale of another and yet not-so-well-known architect in the life of this little ship and the mark he made on Australia's yachting history.

DAVID PHILP

Mr David Philp was born in Hobart to Mr J E Philp of Lindisfarne, a Hobart shipping agent who was an authority on shipping and whaling in the early days of Tasmania, and Mrs Sarah Philp (formerly Miss Vera Robinson) of Triabunna. David was one of a family of seven including three brothers: Colin, Murray and Stuart. In his father's obituary dated 18 June 1937, the Hobart Mercury recorded 'As a writer of more than ordinary ability, Mr Philp wrote particularly of the early shipping of Hobart Town. He possessed a unique collection of records of shipping, dealing especially with shipbuilding, clipper ships, and whaling' - and it is in this environment that David Philp and his brothers were raised.



Bungoona nearing home in Hobsons Bay

David and Colin trained in building architecture and, like many other boatbuilders and designers of the era, neither formally studied naval architecture as a subject. At the outbreak of World War II, David moved from Tasmania to Sydney to enlist, but, being rejected by the Navy, instead took a job with the NSW Government as resident architect at Williamtown Airbase. With the end of the war and new opportunities abounding he set up business for himself opening the offices of 'David Philp, Naval Architect' in a small tenement building at 107 Pitt Street in Sydney's central business district specialising in the design of small yachts and motor launches.

1946 SYDNEY-HOBART RACE

Following the success of the initial Sydney to Hobart Yacht Race experiment in 1945, the Committee of the newly-formed Cruising Yacht Club of Sydney decided that all intending competitors in the 1946 event would be measured under the rules of the Royal Ocean Racing Club (RORC). Being at that time the only measuring authority in Australia for the RORC and being very highly regarded in Sydney maritime circles David Philp was duly appointed to the role of Official Measurer of the Cruising Yacht Club for the 1946 yacht race.

In that same year David was engaged by Mr Tom Guiffre, a Sydney manufacturer, to design and supervise the building of the 55ft LOA, 41ft LWL, 13ft beam, 8ft draft Bermudan-rigged racing cutter *Eolo* (meaning 'god of the winds' and the name of the Greek island where the owner was born). *Eolo* was the first Australian-built yacht to be specifically designed for ocean racing and David was to skipper her in the 1946 Sydney-Hobart event.

While all this was happening in Sydney, down in Tasmania, in the Hobart suburb of Sandy Bay, David's brother Colin was busily building the 55ft round-bilge Bermudan-rigged cutter *Southern Maid* which he designed himself with plans to enter the same race. Although Colin's paid job was as an architect of buildings, it seems sibling rivalry necessitated he design yachts in his spare time and both brothers fought hard both for and against each other to advance the boundaries of traditional yacht design and construction in Australia – for example, *Southern Maid* is believed to be the first welded-steel yacht to be built in Tasmania and *Eolo* the first yacht to be built in Australia with splined seams instead of being caulked the traditional way.

For many reasons including the use of construction techniques not seen before in Australian boatbuilding, *Eolo* could not be completed in time for the 1946 Sydney–Hobart race. With his intended ride incomplete, David took passage as second mate on Mr R F Evan’s John Alden–designed schooner *Mistral II* which was being skippered by Norman Hudson, master of the previous year’s winner *Rani*. On 3 December the Hobart Mercury reported that ‘*Mistral* did not go well last year, but in this race will be packing on the canvas and will have a hard-driving crew’.

Colin entered his not-yet-finished yacht *Southern Maid* in the 1946 race, minus a laid deck and interior fittings, launching it just 17 days before the start and sailing it up to Sydney as part of her sea trials. Jock Muir, a well-known Tasmanian sailing identity and boatbuilder, was one of the crew. Also competing in the 1946 racing fleet was their brother Murray Philp who was a crew member in the Hobart yacht *Matthew Flinders*.

After leading the race for most of the way, the results for line honours in the 1946 Sydney–Hobart Race record *Mistral II* in second place; *Matthew Flinders* in fourth place and *Southern Maid* back in sixth.

1947 SYDNEY-HOBART RACE

Following months of construction delays, *Eolo* was finally launched on 23 October 1947 with the Hobart Mercury saying that ‘It is a general view that she has the best gear and fittings of any boat in Australia.’ In early December 1947 and with David Philp at the helm she won the Cruising Yacht Club’s Lion Island race placing second on handicap with an average speed of 9.7 knots for the entire race.

The day of the big race dawned and after nearly six days of being battered by strong headwinds and high seas down the coast and across Bass Strait, David and *Eolo* went on to place seventh over the line in the 1947 Sydney–Hobart Race beating brother Colin and his yacht *Southern Maid* by just 19 minutes! Little more than a week after the race finished *Southern Maid* was sold to a Sydney yacht broker. Neither yacht was to compete in a Sydney–Hobart race again.

Securely nestled back in Sydney, adding Yacht Brokerage to his firm’s activities on 22 May 1948 and advertising regularly in the Saturday edition of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, David continued to design and race yachts on Sydney Harbour until he and Colin moved their families to Fiji together in 1951. David died in Fiji in 1969.

BUNGOONA

Meanwhile ... In early December 1946, during preparations for the second Sydney–Hobart race, *Bungoona* (meaning ‘sandy creek’ in the language of the Dharawal nation, native to Sydney and the surrounding coast) came to life on a drawingboard in the office of David Philp, Naval Architect, at the request of one Mr Joseph S Moore, Esq. Joseph Moore was wanting a comfortable shallow-draft auxiliary yacht for cruising Sydney Harbour and environs with his wife and could not find anything suitable on the market.

At 30ft LOA, 25ft LWL, 9ft Beam and a 4ft 6in draft – perfect for sailing on Sydney Harbour, the shallower reaches of Pittwater and the Hawkesbury and for the occasional short cruise up and down the NSW coastline – *Bungoona* was built of local timbers by Joseph Moore and Sydney shipwright Arthur Taylor in a purpose-built boathouse at the rear of Joseph’s family home in Wolseley Crescent, Point Piper, on the southern shore of Sydney Harbour. Taking almost three years to complete, *Bungoona* was launched into Sydney Harbour on 15 February 1950 to no great fanfare.

Unfortunately in this life plans often change and in March 1951 Joseph’s plans did – his wife Ivy Milton Catherine Moore died, aged 53, just over a year after *Bungoona* was launched. With his life partner gone and his son Joe and daughter Blanche having families of their own, Joseph Moore took up membership of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron and entered *Bungoona* into casual cruising and race evolutions on Sydney Harbour.

In 1957, finding the original rig a bit too small to satisfy his racing ambitions after a few years at the tail end of the fleet and with David Philp having closed up shop and left for Fiji, Joseph engaged a young Alan Payne – the future designer of many famous Australian yachts including *Gretel*, a challenger for the America’s Cup, who had only just started his own design firm in Sydney – to design a new, taller, mast and rig which she carries to this day.

Joseph Moore and *Bungoona* became regular entrants in the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron’s Sydney Harbour racing circuit and did so for many years without winning anything spectacular until, late in 1977 and now aged well into his eighties, death came to Joseph also.

With her original owner gone, *Bungoona* left the RSYA and was sold and sold again before finally sailing out of Sydney Heads for the last time in the early nineties and heading for Brisbane where in 1998 she was discovered by her former owners Ernst Zacher and Col Bandy and trucked to Melbourne. She has been a part of the CYAA Victorian fleet ever since.

Bungoona remains to this day a fully-documented example of post-war Sydney yacht design and construction using local timbers, materials and methods. Her current mast and boom are the original spars as designed by Alan Payne and the excellent condition of her hull and decks attest to the quality of her construction and to the minimal changes during her 60 years on the water.

Someone well said ‘No one truly owns a classic yacht – we are but caretakers for a while.’ In the history of this little yacht, it’s my turn now.



SOUTH AUSTRALIAN WOODEN BOAT FESTIVAL RIVERPORT OF GOOLWA



SOUTH AUSTRALIAN WOODEN BOAT FESTIVAL wins BEST FESTIVAL/EVENT in South Australia at the 2011 South Australian Tourism Awards...

Organisers are celebrating at Goolwa with the **SOUTH AUSTRALIAN WOODEN BOAT FESTIVAL** taking out the BEST FESTIVAL/EVENT in South Australia at the 2011 SA Tourism Awards last week.

Chairman of the Festival, Michael Moseley has been at the helm for 10 years and is thrilled with the recognition for the SA Wooden Boat Festival, the first Festival held in Goolwa in 1980. He would like to thank all the committee & volunteers who work tirelessly and the support from the Alexandrina Council. A big thank you to our Sponsors, we would not be able to host this fantastic event without them!

Michael, owns a 1955 Halvorsen and a 1965 Everingham clinker speed boat, and knows the success of our Festival is all the Boaties who bring their wooden boats from all over Australia, all shapes & sizes, steam, sail, motor or paddle to make it such an exciting unique Festival!!! We all know, most wooden boaties, don't stop at one wooden boat!!!!!!

The river port of Goolwa will host the next Festival at the historic wharf on Saturday 23 & Sunday 24 February, 2013 and once again inviting all to join in and be part of the tradition. The organisers are already at the helm working to put together another fantastic program for South Australia's largest gathering of wooden boats, bigger than ever with more highlights including boating and on-water activities and encouraging visitors to be involved & participate in the Events on water & land.

Historic Goolwa is the only place in the southern hemisphere where you can arrive by steam train and board a steam boat experience!

2013 will mark the 13th South Australian Wooden Boat Festival held at Goolwa and offers an experience unlike any other Festival in South Australia. The theme for 2013 will be to tell the story of the river trade, river boats and the river men and gather the historic paddlesteamers & riverboats from the historic ports of the murray river, to the wharf at Goolwa over the Festival weekend. Another highlight will bring together the largest gathering of Restricted 21 fleet in Australia at Goolwa and of course boats, boats and more boats!!!

Don't forget to mark your diary for 23 & 24 February 2013 at Goolwa. **For more details please contact the festival office on Ph: 1300 466 592 or visit the website at www.woodenboatfestival.com.au and register for updates & our newsletter.**





Leda in the ice at her berth in Auke Bay, Juneau, Alaska

THE LEDA ENCHANTMENT 3

BRYAN REID

In this, the third of this series of four, we see *Leda* saved from deterioration and on her way to restoration by someone who had as much passion for the job as her builders had in creating her.

NEW LIFE

Leda's next owner after the mysterious colonel was a Dr Guy Pouteau, of Sausalito, California, who bought her in 1959 and sailed her for five years before selling her to Esther Montenero in South San Francisco. In mid-1974, *Leda* was bought by Bob Charles, of Eugene, Oregon, who moored the boat in Newport, and recorded that when he first saw *Leda* she was being used as what he described as, a 'hippie pad'. Charles is said to have taken *Leda* sailing once, grounded her on a sandbar, sat through the tide embarrassed and never got onboard again.

Her next owners, Frank and Bea Hyland, who bought *Leda* in late 1975 and took her to their home port of Seattle, were a quite different proposition. They loved the boat and were committed and competent sailors, and over the next 14 years, ventured far and wide. *Leda* was clearly still a consummate cruising boat. The Hylands' last and longest voyage, over 34 months, from 1984

to 1987, took her back to the Pacific, stopping at many of the island ports she had visited on her way to America, sailing as far as Tahiti and Moorea before returning to Seattle via Hawaii. Eventually, however, the Hylands decided they were reaching an age where the boat was becoming too much for them to handle and to maintain, and she was put on the market.

Now, enter the last of the leading players in the *Leda* saga, a man who, it's not too fanciful to say, was destined to come under her spell with an intensity and dedication no one else, apart from her builders, had ever shown, and to bring the yacht into a new era of rebirth and restoration.

Russ Senkovich was, and still is, an unusual combination of the practical and the visionary, with a range of skills, talents and experience, including circus tent-maker and erector, disc jockey for a commercial radio station, deck hand on an excursion boat, air cargo and operations supervisor for an Alaskan airline, the owner and operator of a World War II landing craft in a freight delivery business and maintenance contractor for a fisheries research vessel. He is a skilled self-taught woodworker and engineer. He is also well-read, thoughtful and articulate.

Russ's sea career was launched when a woman he met in a bar where he was acting as disc jockey, later organised a job for him with her father, and in the summer of 1983 he found himself working aboard the 53ft excursion boat *Glacier Seal* out

of Juneau, the Alaskan capital. His next job was with Alaska Airlines from 1984 to 1989 in customer service, air cargo and operations, until a new prospect opened up. He went into partnership with a friend to buy a 50ft World War II landing craft named to conduct a freight delivery business. By 1994, however, the partnership was showing signs of strain and Russ decided to leave, selling his share of the business to his partner.

His next venture was a contract with the National Marine Fisheries Laboratory in Juneau, Alaska, to maintain and provide warehousing for the research vessel *John N Cobb*.

By now, Russ was married. While working for Alaska Airlines he had met Ginny Conrad, a fellow employee, who was born in Seattle but had come to Alaska as a baby and was raised on the fishing grounds on the shores of the Bering Sea. Ginny had worked for Alaska Airlines since the 1970s and when they met, each was living, literally, on the water. Russ had found rents were high, and he wanted a boat anyway, so he bought *Selina*, an old navy launch, and lived aboard her in the harbour. Ginny was living on the 34ft cruiser *Carmen*.

Both vessels needed repair and maintenance, so Russ and Ginny eventually divided their time between the two, and Russ got some valuable experience of wooden boats by rebuilding much of the deck and interior on *Selina*. Meantime, he became interested in sailing, and taught himself to sail on rented small boats. In 1986 he and Ginny swapped *Selina* for *Carolina*, a 34ft ketch in which they sailed extensively around south-east Alaska. The experience fired their ambition to get a bigger boat, perhaps to sail to more distant horizons.

In 1987, Russ and Ginny made their customary trip to Seattle for the annual boat show, a major event in the maritime city, where they delighted in checking out new products and seeing what kind of boats were on sale. That year there was also a 'boats afloat' show in the Shilshole Marina that included used craft for sale. They wandered down to the venue, looking forward to a day of 'messaging about on boats'. One of the attending shipbrokers told them of a boat that seemed to match the description of the kind of craft Russ would like to have built himself. They were shocked when they were told the price – an impossible, for them, \$105,000, but he was adamant that Russ and Ginny should still look at the boat.

As soon as Russ Senkovich laid eyes on her, he felt as though he was having some sort of spiritual awakening. The name of the yacht was *Leda*. At the dock, her hull was obscured by a full mooring cover. They were unable to see the curve of her sheer or the shape of her cabin top. In fact, all that was visible was her waterline. Yet Russ knew immediately that this was the boat he wanted. He went aboard, crawled under the mooring cover carrying a small flashlight. He still remembers the way the boat felt. As he described it years later:

'A sense of tightness that is hard to describe to someone else unless they have felt it, too ... There are only two things in my life I am superstitious about. One is playing cards, and the other is boats. Being superstitious about cards is mostly for dramatic effect at the poker table, but boats are different. They take on a life of their own. A personality develops that starts with the builder and grows with the boat. *Leda* felt right. It felt good just to be on board.'

Immediately, they started negotiations with *Leda's* owner, Frank Hyland, to buy the boat and offered him \$75,000. Hyland was insulted, and countered with a price of \$95,000. Negotiations turned into a stand-off. Russ could see that while *Leda* was cosmetically and structurally satisfactory, almost everything on board needed repair or replacement. She had been on a cruise to the South Pacific, then lay in Seattle for several years. *Leda* was then, as always, a beautiful boat but she had not had any major upgrades since the 1960s when she was sailed out of San Francisco Bay by her second owner. Negotiations with Hyland continued for about a year, during which they came within \$5000 of each other, but could not quite close the deal. Meantime, on every visit to *Leda*, and the more time he spent aboard, the more work Russ found had to be done.

Over this period, a strange relationship began to develop between Russ and Frank. Russ started to think of *Leda* as his boat. Frank started thinking of Russ as the new owner, minus the sordid matter of money, but basically, everyone involved regarded Ginny and Russ as next in line for possession of *Leda*. Russ was by now completely obsessed with the boat, and if he had been richer, would probably have paid any price Frank asked. In the circumstances, he could not see how he could pay Frank and still have money left over to take proper care of *Leda*.

It was at this stage that he got his opportunity to buy the old landing craft and start his freight business. Within a month of this, Frank Hyland phoned to tell him that *Leda's* price had dropped to \$65,000. He had a buyer at that price but would give Russ first option if he still wanted to buy. It was too late. With his capital invested in the new business, Russ did not now have the money, and had to tell Frank, sorrowfully, to sell to the other party.

During the following spring, he began to have vivid dreams about sailing her. Ginny joked that *Leda* was calling to him. He was punishing himself for not having bought the boat. He felt very depressed, but chance or fate or predestination was about to take a hand.

Russ and Ginny had gone out for breakfast in Juneau on Memorial Day, the Federal holiday on the last Monday in May which honours the war dead of the United States. In the *Seattle Times* they noticed an advertisement which stated simply: '53ft classic wood cutter' and nothing more except a phone number.

They both knew the boat was *Leda*, even before they rang to confirm her identity. She was giving them another chance to buy her.

It turned out that the man who had brought *Leda* from the Hylands had run into financial difficulties and disappeared. *Leda* was repossessed just a few months after he had bought her and she had spent the winter tied up next to a seized fish processing ship in downtown Seattle. She was to be sold in a sealed bid auction.

Sealed bid auctions, as Russ and Ginny found, are a tricky business. As a buyer, you don't know what others are bidding, so you are likely to pay a good deal more than the next highest. On the other hand, if you are too low, you stand a chance of failing to make the purchase. Russ and Ginny decided to go for broke. They would simply bid as high as they could afford and shrug off their regrets if they were excessively higher than the others.

They finally decided on a bid of \$48,000 and, as it turned out, the next highest bid was only \$32,000. They had no regrets whatever. Their suffering have would have been far worse had they lost the boat.

After the first fine careless rapture of ownership, reality soon set in. Russ discovered that he had a mountain of work to do to get *Leda* into a fit condition for a voyage of 1200 miles home to Juneau, let alone restore her to her original pristine condition. The entire electrical system was almost useless, the motor was in poor condition; he had to buy a new water cooling pump and have it plumbed in. The bilge pumps didn't work.

All that was just a start; as his work progressed he found more and more deficiencies needing attention.



Leda in Seattle, Washington 1982, the canvas dodger was the first thing to go

Although he lived and worked in and around Juneau, running his freight business with the old landing craft, 900 miles by air from *Leda* in Seattle, it was comparatively easy for Russ, being self-employed, to get to work on the boat, taking every possible advantage of his access to low-cost flights from Juneau – about \$8 each way.

Leda was at this time lying in Salmon Bay, on the canal which gives access for shipping between Puget Sound and the large, otherwise land-locked Lake Washington. Russ felt thoroughly in his element here, in an old waterside industrial area full of marine stores and shipyards, and with a large fish processing ship being lengthened at one of the yards. There was plenty to keep him interested while he worked on his intermittent flying visits.

Finally, on 6 August 1990, they were ready to take *Leda* home. First, they moved her from Salmon Bay to a boatyard and hauled her out of the water for a scrub and to replace her two-blade propeller with a three-blade for better motoring efficiency. It was 4 pm before they got away through the Washington Lock for their first taste of salt water. For the start of the journey, *Leda* had a crew of four. Russ had recruited a couple of old friends. One was Richard Day, the marine surveyor whom they had engaged to check *Leda* out before buying her at auction. Russ is still in touch with Richard and occasionally tells him that he was responsible for them buying *Leda* and that one day he will forgive him for it. The fourth crew man was another close friend, Jerry Voss.



Ginny Senkovich did her share of the work

They set sail for Port Madison on Bainbridge Island, just to the west of Seattle, where Richard lived, and where they would stay the night. Richard had a survey to do the following day, so he was to join them later at Point Townsend at the north end of Bainbridge. It was a fine afternoon, clear and warm, with a 12 knot northerly breeze. *Leda* responded like a thoroughbred to the chase, and flew across Puget Sound at around eight knots, catching several boats which had been halfway across, bound for the same destination, before *Leda* had even had her sails up. They were bursting with pride. Years later, Russ summed up the whole homeward venture:

'If this were to be the only cruise I ever got to take on board *Leda* it would be worth every penny spent. The engine broke down, most of the wiring failed and the batteries were always dead, but the boat knows how to sail ... It was, simply, glorious' – exactly as the Wilsons had described their first sail on *Leda* on Auckland Harbour forty years before, when the unfinished yacht

had no engine, no interior furniture and fittings, no cooking stove, and incomplete rigging for trimming the headsails.

Eventually, *Leda* headed across the Strait of Juan de Fuca, then into Haro Strait for the long stretch up the eastern coast of Canada's Victoria Island, headed for Port Hardy on its northern tip.

The course from Seattle to Juneau, about 850 miles (1366 kilometres) is extremely complicated. It lies along the famed Inside Passage, still a vital waterway for the north-west coast of North America, and a spectacular scenic voyage for cruise liners. Ships using the route can avoid some of the bad weather in the open ocean, and visit the many isolated communities along the route. It is heavily travelled by cruise ships, freighters, tugs with tows, fishing craft and ferries.

While the route is largely sheltered from the Pacific Ocean weather, a major hazard is strong tides which can create extreme 30-foot (9 m) differences between high and low tide, so careful piloting is necessary in many places to avoid collisions with underwater obstructions. For most of the journey, it threads its way through straits and channels, some only a few miles wide, around and past islands, in waters often perilous with rocks and reefs. It places considerable demands on the navigator, especially one making a first voyage.

Because of this complexity, the navigator needs a very large number of charts – as many as 30 or 40 – to get through the maze. Navigation conditions and aids change over time, and charts are supposed to be officially updated from lists provided by the US charting service. They are not cheap, and Russ, reluctant to spend more time or money than he needed to, decided to rely on a set of charts that were 20 or 30 years out of date.

He simply decided that he had too much to do getting *Leda* ready for the journey home than with sitting down and updating charts. His philosophy was that the rocks and islands were still going to be where God had put them and he would have heard about any changes in this arrangement.

He was soon disabused of this comforting notion.

As they motored up the Haro Strait in darkness, while Russ and Ginny were on watch, they came round a bend to find a space ship hovering above them, mirrored in the flat calm water. Towering over *Leda* was a huge oil drilling platform which they later discovered had a restricted zone around it the size of a small city. They were unquestionably trespassing, but were later relieved that they had been able to navigate through the strait without having to turn back 20 or 30 miles to get around the exclusion area and without being arrested.

On 9 August, when they reached Cape Lazo, about one-third of the distance up the coast of Vancouver Island, Ginny and Jerry were put ashore to go back to work, while Russ and Richard Day took the boat on to Port Hardy. They reached Port Hardy

without further incident, still in windless weather, motoring all the way. It was now time for Russ to leave, but not aboard *Leda*. The call of gainful employment was insistent. He had to fly back to Juneau for another round of work in the freight business and Richard also had to go back to his job in Seattle. Leaving *Leda* in a secure berth, the crew took wing to their various home ports on 11 August.

It was to be another 14 days before the second leg of the journey to Ketchikan, Alaska was able to start. Russ flew back to Port Hardy to check on the boat and to see if he could recruit a crew. He found *Leda* still safe and unharmed at her berth and, was anxious now to get her under way again.

He turned his mind to the navigation question. These were the early days of GPS, the global positioning system using satellites, which was established and is managed by the US defence force. The system then most commonly in use was Loran (long range aid to navigation), a terrestrial radio navigation system using low frequency radio transmitters to determine the location and/or speed of the receiver. Loran was becoming outmoded, and Russ decided that both systems were too expensive and anyway, he didn't need them. Instead, he bought a hand-held radio direction finder, which established position by taking bearings on different radio sites along the coast.

There remained the problem of raising a crew. The Port Hardy port officer introduced Russ to a man named Jim Smith, a local identity who lived on his boat at a berth in the harbour, and was said to have been a professional fisherman whose heart condition had cut short his career. In later conversation with Jim, Russ found that he had rarely left harbour for many years. His designation as a fisherman was for convenience, and he mostly lived on welfare and ate at the local diner.

Leda's refrigerator was unreliable and needed a lot of charging from the engine. Jim solved the problem by fetching from his own boat a small generator which later proved very useful.

Leda, with Russ and Jim aboard, motored out from Port Hardy at 7.30 am on 26 August, but the weather refused to cooperate. The wind showed no signs of life, the sea was flat calm through the entire day and well into the night. There had been a brief respite when a light wind allowed them briefly to run under spinnaker, but an hour and a half later they were becalmed again. *Leda* chugged on across the open water of Queen Charlotte Sound, until at 2am on 28 August, the motor died.

It did not sound as though it had run out of fuel. As Russ described it, 'It made a lot of ugly banging noises and then sort of shook itself into submission.' Now they found themselves floating apparently motionless in a huge expanse of water so flat it was impossible to tell where the sea stopped and the sky began.

Earlier Jim had brought a small generator aboard to keep the boat's refrigerator running, and now it was even more valuable as the only source of power for keeping *Leda's* batteries charged. Jim now began to urge Russ to call the Coast Guard to come and take them in tow.

Russ's reaction was unequivocal: 'No way, no how!'

By 29 August, sailing dead before the wind at about 5 knots, they were approaching Dixon Entrance, a notoriously dangerous body of water open to the Pacific, which they were hoping to cross before dark. That night, when the wind died completely, they were again left floating helplessly in this dangerous stretch of flat and oily-looking water. Then the fog rolled in. They could no longer see their markers. They could see nothing at all.

Now, the prospect of a night sitting in the cockpit worrying about where they might be loomed before them. Finally, Russ's resolve of sturdy independence gave way to common sense. He decided to call the US Coast Guard in Ketchikan and tell them of *Leda's* situation.

The basis of the call to the Coast Guard was that there was a real possibility of their drifting into trouble in Dixon Entrance and that it would be wise to let the Coast Guard know of their situation. He gave them his dead reckoning position and log speed. They arranged to call him back each hour for a report. Russ, who had not had much sleep for the past few days, was faced with another long night on watch. Jim was snoring in his bunk.

But it was a night when Russ felt he was deeply bonding with *Leda*. He wrote later: 'Somehow, sitting out there in the dark not being able to tell if the forward motion I showed was from current or from actual headway, we started talking to each other. Everything was fine, I felt. I calculated I would sight the lighthouse by 1am. I started to relax ... All the world was still.'

This idyllic mood came to a sudden end when he heard the sound of waves breaking on shore. Although the sea was flat, there was a long, low ocean swell, as *Leda* approached Barren Island, where the Coast Guard had advised him there was a safe anchorage on the east side. The problem was that in the darkness and fog, Russ couldn't tell how far from the beach he was.

The roar of the breaking waves seemed huge, and it was possible that was because he was very near to the shore. Now the depth meter was reading 15 fathoms. Russ couldn't stand it and despite all the time and trouble it had taken to get there, he turned the boat 260 degrees and pointed her in a direction in which, sailing at just one knot, she couldn't possibly hit anything before sunrise.

At 7am the wind eventually came up, blowing at 20 knots—

but dead ahead, from the north! This meant they had to beat to windward, but now *Leda* really showed her true sailing qualities. Under Genoa and mainsail, she covered 30 miles in 4 hours 20 minutes, 45degrees off the wind and sailing at 9 knots. After days of idling in flat calms, this was a wonderful change. Soaking wet, and grinning happily, they made the turn into the Nichols passage leading to Ketchikan. Then the wind died.

After another six hours floating helplessly back and forth among the reefs of the Nichols Passage, they were less than 12 miles out of Ketchikan when the local Coast Guard decided it was time for some training exercises in their high-speed 27ft boat during which they asked *Leda's* crew if they would like to spend the night in Ketchikan. Russ graciously accepted. The Coast Guards threw them a line and towed them into Bar Harbour, where they tied up to a mooring float.

After Jim had flown home, the time had come for action ashore. The first priority was to resurrect the dead engine, absolutely essential if they were to complete the journey home.

Russ's first move was to see *Leda* safely tied up and catch a plane to Juneau, where he collected some tools then returned to Ketchikan to start pulling down the motor. This proved a real test of his mechanical skills and his ability to improvise. First he found the rockers, which control the movements of the cylinder valves, refused to move, a sure sign that the timing gears on the front of the engine had failed. He found the main timing gear had sheared its key and was spinning uselessly on the crankshaft.

Normally, this would have meant taking the entire engine out of the boat and replacing the timing gear, a prospect which Russ did not relish. Ever resourceful, he took his small high-speed grinding wheel usually used for hobby work, ground a new keyway in the shaft and fashioned a new key for the gear. He also found the pushrods were bent into what he called 'interesting shapes'. He wasn't sure what to do about them, so he just put everything back together again, adjusted the valves and fired the Perkins 4-07engine up.

It worked perfectly and confirmed his faith in Perkins. As he said: 'Anything you can fix with that sort of luck is good to have around.' The engine is still *Leda's* motor power.

During the engine repair process, Ginny had joined Russ in Ketchikan and they began to make plans for the final leg home. They left Bar Harbour at 2.30 pm on 9 September. Three days later, 12 September, they awoke to thick fog, but Russ pointed *Leda* westward to give himself a good bearing for a clear run up the Stephens Passage and on to Juneau. After the wind dropped again, they motored the last few miles into Tee Harbor, rounding the buoy at 8 pm.

Leda was home!



Leda on the slip, Trucano's yard, Douglas Island, 1992

By the time they had tied *Leda* up to her mooring opposite their Tee Harbour house, Russ and Ginny were simply too tired to celebrate, but they were immensely satisfied. Over the next few months, they took *Leda* out for some short cruising in Tee Harbour and made one longer excursion, with family members, to Port Swanson on Couverden Island, about 17 miles from Tee Harbour. Russ spent those first few months largely in planning the enormous task of getting *Leda* back into her original condition. He decided on a policy of preservation before restoration; there were still many urgent jobs to be done simply to stop the boat from further deteriorating.

Leda's restoration began with taking the boat a few miles down the coast to Auke Bay, where Russ was able to moor *Leda* not far from his workshop, allowing him to work on the boat as time allowed. He knew the mast was in need of major repairs, but his first and most urgent task was to repair the deck. There was one major problem. *Leda* lay at her berth, open to the bitter and destructive Alaskan winter weather where the temperature can dive to -20 or -30 degrees F. In these conditions, moisture in the timber can freeze and expand, to cause even more damage. Russ's resourcefulness was equal to the challenge.

Over the full length of *Leda's* hull, he built a kind of plastic tent – he called it the ‘the cocoon’ – supported on curved ribs to a

height which completely enclosed the deck from stem to stern, with room to work and access to the interior of the boat. Inside this, he installed heating and ventilation which kept the deck, now stripped of the fibreglass layer and sanded back to bare wood, dry and warm against the freezing weather. Describing this restoration process makes it seem short and simple. In fact, it was slow and intricate and hugely time-consuming for someone working single-handed and at the same time earning a living.



Leda cocooned in Juneau, work could continue through the Alaskan winter

THE NEW ZEALAND CLASSIC YACHT JOURNAL



Rawhiti racing on Sydney Harbour in her gaff-rigged heyday

CROSS TASMAN EXPORTS; RAWHITI.

HAROLD KIDD

In this series, I have taken the story of Trans-Tasman imports and exports as far as the Walter Reeks-designed Volunteer being imported from Sydney to Auckland in March 1893, becoming by far the biggest and most powerful yacht in these waters.

But I want to leapfrog ahead 12 years to the launch of the 40ft Linear Rater *Rawhiti*, designed by Arch Logan and built by Logan Bros. in Auckland for Arthur Thomas Henry (Harry) Pittar because she has just been launched after a milestone restoration in Auckland. In fact, *Rawhiti* was the last of the Kiwi new-built exports to Australia because of the imposition of duties which had not existed when the States and New Zealand were all British colonies together.

Harry Pittar was an entrepreneurial Auckland dentist who made a sizeable fortune from 'painless extractions', enabling him to

indulge his sporting proclivities on the turf and on the water. His first significant yacht was the 2½ rater *Meteor* built for him by C & W Bailey in Auckland in late 1897. She was so freakishly good that Pittar took to her Sydney to race successfully. Next was the 5 rater *Rainbow* he commissioned from Logan Bros in 1898 and with which he won the Intercolonial Championship in Sydney in January 1900. From 1900 Pittar, was living mainly in Sydney. That year he had Logans build him the radical fin keeler *Sunbeam*, a 30ft Linear Rater, to represent New Zealand in the 1901 Commonwealth Regatta in Sydney to celebrate Australia's federation. When the Regatta was postponed because of Queen Victoria's death, Pittar sold the boat to Fred Doran.

In 1905 Pittar had another go and commissioned Logans to build him a 40ft Linear Rater 'along the lines of *Rainbow*', specifically to race the big Melbourne William Fife-designed McFarlane-built cutter *Sayonara* which had won a 100 Guinea Cup (now the *Sayonara* Cup) at Sydney in 1904 against *Bona*, the 36ft Linear Rater that Auckland Charles Bailey Jr. had built for John Chinnery of Sydney in November 1899. *Bona* and *Rainbow* had tangled in Sydney in January 1900, with *Rainbow* coming out the victor, before returning to New Zealand. *Sayonara*'s owner, Alfred Gollin, then put his cup up for perpetual challenge between New South Wales and Victoria, provided the challenger sailed to the holder's port on her own bottom, thus discouraging freaks. This was something that Pittar, a great sporting man, was unable to resist.

Pittar's new yacht's name, *Rawhiti*, 'sunrise' or 'the east' in Maori, echoed the meteorological names of *Meteor*, *Rainbow* and *Sunbeam*. *Rawhiti* bore a strong family resemblance to *Rainbow* but was built to the updated international rating then in force and differed in many ways, particularly in her underwater profile, which was much more cut away than *Rainbow*'s. The Auckland journal *Sporting & Dramatic Review* reported on 28 September 1905,

'The new yacht *Rawhiti*, built by Logan Bros. for Mr A H Pittar, the Australian Lipton, is now all ready for launching, and her beautiful lines are a sight to gladden the eyes. *Rawhiti* looks capable of breaking all existing records, and should give a great account of herself on the other side. She is beautifully finished throughout, being fitted with the utmost care, and reflecting Logan Bros.' deservedly popular style.'

The *New Zealand Herald*, too was full of praise and said she was 'built heavier than usual' to withstand a Tasman crossing. *Rawhiti* was launched at Mechanics Bay, Auckland, on 4 October 1905 'with great éclat'.

Pittar engaged Captain Oswald Schulze, a well-known Pacific trading skipper, to sail *Rawhiti* to Sydney. His crew was Jack Bell, a Scots rigger who was a favourite Logan contractor, and Fred Bennett. The Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron turned out in force for a 'gala event' on the departure from the Waitemata, on what was to prove a tough crossing. The *New Zealand Herald* and

Auckland Star later gave sanitized versions of the trip, but Schulze's memoirs give another. It was an extremely rough passage for the crew, even under reduced rig. Schulze expected a trip of 16 days but it stretched to 27, marred by constant head winds, poor sea-going gear, poor provisioning by Bell and the destruction of the loosely affixed chronometer.

With noon latitude sights, Schulze dead-reckoned his way to within two days' sail of Sydney Heads, when he spoke with a four-masted ship and got his longitude. While hove to in a hurricane force wind in the Tasman he had over-estimated leeway by 145 miles. 'I allowed less than the orthodox leeway, but these boats make no leeway even when hove to, but almost imperceptibly forge ahead', he wrote. They scoffed down their remaining food and set off close-hauled, bowling along at 9 knots with a fair fresh wind. Entering the Heads at 0900 the next morning they anchored right outside Harry Pittar's house in Rushcutters Bay. Captain Schulze was pleased when Pittar came aboard with 'a siphon and a black bottle'.

The expectation that Harry Pittar would challenge *Sayonara* for the 100 Guinea Cup as soon as *Rawhiti* arrived came to nothing. Apart from a win in an RSYS Ocean Race to Coogee, she failed to perform well in her first Sydney races in January/February 1906, despite the fact that Arch Logan went over by steamer to sail her, and partly because she was giving a lot of time to all boats. There followed a series of match races against *Bona* in which her performance was below Pittar's fond hopes. He was, frankly, no great helmsman, so that the better sailed *Bona* was a match for *Rawhiti*.

Later in 1906, Pittar sold *Rawhiti* to C T Brockhoff who accepted the invitation to go to Melbourne to take part in races for the La Carabine Cup and to match race *Sayonara* for the 100 Guinea Cup. Sailed down to Melbourne, *Rawhiti* took part in the races for the La Carabine Cup in January 1907 which Brockhoff won easily. In fact, Gollin's *Sayonara* put up a poor showing against the Sydney challenger but her skipper, Robb, and mate Newbiggin, used the La Carabine Cup races to experiment with ballast to get their boat in trim. By the time the first of the three races for the 100 Guinea Cup was run on 18 January 1907, the boats had become well matched. *Sayonara* won the first two races straight, once in the light and once in a fresh breeze, to retain the Cup. It was a great contest, followed by crowds on steamers and yachts. Lord Northcote, the Governor-General of the Commonwealth, called for three cheers for *Rawhiti* 'who had made a gallant, but unsuccessful fight, and they were vociferously given'.

Rawhiti returned to Sydney where her competition became the revamped Walter Reeks *Thelma*, the Fife-designed and Ford-built *Awanui* which, as *Cukwulla III*, won the *Sayonara* Cup for Sydney in 1910. Under Brockhoff, *Rawhiti* was first painted a beautiful *eau-de-nil* green, breaking with the all-white tradition. Brockhoff sold her to Frank Albert and E E Sayer in 1909 who immediately won the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club Championship with her.



Rawhiti in New South Wales waters

Albert had commissioned Walter Reeks to tune her 'from truck to keel'. Her lead was increased by a ton and remoulded, her rig was designed with better spars and greater sail area in new Ratsey and Lapthorn sails.

Frank Albert was a highly successful music publisher of Swiss origins whose *boomerang* trademark on sheet music and tutors for all kinds of instruments from mouth organ to guitar was familiar to generations down under. Frank Albert, his son Alexis, and E E Sayer raced *Rawhiti* consistently with the Sydney clubs and kept her always in beautiful trim. She was scratch boat with the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club for years, winning the Basin Challenge Cup frequently. Frank Albert also skippered his *Boomerang*, a 21ft Restricted Class yacht during the 1920s. In the 1926 Sydney Anniversary Regatta, Frank sailed *Boomerang* while E E Sayer sailed *Rawhiti* as scratch boat, filling the same role as her powerful Logan stablemate *Ariki* on the Waitemata Harbour.

In 1927 *Rawhiti* got a new Fife-designed Bermudan rig and new Ratsey & Lapthorn sails. The new hollow stick fell down in the first race after barely a mile when she was fouled by another yacht on the forestay, but she had no further rig problems after the spar was replaced. Frank Albert's business commitments became more compelling as time went on. He was deeply involved in the origins of commercial radio in Australia; he was also a great supporter of charities and the arts. His great love for *Rawhiti* ensured that she was maintained in top condition even though she was laid up for much of the 'thirties and, like the vast majority of big yachts, 'for

the duration' after 1939.

She was on the hard in Sydney when S E Marler of Auckland negotiated to buy her in 1944. Hec Marler was an Auckland footwear manufacturer who fell in love with *Rawhiti* on a wartime trip to Sydney and persuaded Albert to sell her. At war's end he had her refitted and sailed her back to Auckland himself in December 1946.

After a process of rerigging and tuning, *Rawhiti*, with the Auckland sail number A2, settled into a golden period of racing and summer cruising under Marler family ownership. When Hec died in 1954, his son Bruce took her over and flew the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron's Commodore's flag from her in from 1967 to 1969. Bruce always maintained *Rawhiti* to the highest standard but handed his lovely ship over to the well-known Auckland boat designer and builder Don Brooke in 1969.

Don had needs for family cruising so *Rawhiti* succumbed, like so many of her contemporaries to modernization with a cabin top. With hindsight it was inevitable because our wonderful Logan and Bailey classics were now outmoded and out-performed by the post-war breed of light displacement racing yachts. The vigorous Classic yacht movement of today was not in anyone's contemplation; it was years before Auckland Peter Smith's seminal book on Kiwi yacht restoration, *Rebecca*, was published and started a groundswell of interest in restoration. Only two of *Rawhiti*'s Edwardian major yacht contemporaries, *Ariki* and *Rawene*, had retained their original gaff cutter form. Despite the



Rawhiti, with two reefs down, on port, and Sayonara, with one reef, on starboard, before the start of the second and deciding race. Port Phillip January 1907

mods, Don Brooke must take credit for keeping *Rawhiti* alive for the future.

Over the years, *Rawhiti* drifted around, even spending time on the shallow, bar-ridden Manukau Harbour on the west coast, opposite Auckland's east coast Waitemata Harbour. Ten years ago Greg Lee, his partner Rachel Rush, her sister Gabrielle and her partner Sam Stubbs bought her in a shed in Clevedon, a farming area south of Auckland.



Photo: Alan Houghton

Peter Brookes Boat Builders Auckland Dec 2009

Like many classic yacht enthusiasts, Greg came to the sport influenced by experience in the vintage and classic car movement, so he is well imbued with the principles of originality and authenticity at all costs. Greg says, "The original plan was to keep *Rawhiti* as she was when we bought her, and sail her for a number of years.



Photo: Alan Houghton

New kauri planks fitted

We had a vague plan to restore her at some future point. However, when we started racing, I got 'upgrade-itis', and started

replacing various bits, so got used to spending money on her.' The partners decided to go the whole hog and commissioned a full and authentic restoration by craftsman boat-restorer Peter Brookes of Kumeu, near Auckland. Our good friend, and Walter Reeks *aficionado* David Payne of the Australian National Maritime Museum in Sydney designed the gaff topsail cutter rig.

Photo: Alan Houghton



Peter Brookes made the leather mast hoops

Brookes embarked on a monumental restoration. The virtues of the Logan three-skin diagonal *monocoque* construction when the boat was new were outstanding, but a tired diagonal hull, with a century of patches, tingles and screws and fractures and rot in inaccessible places requires an immense amount of skill and hard work. To compromise and bodge is a constant temptation. Neither Brookes nor the Lee/Stubbs partnership would have any of that. Along the way, Sam and Gabrielle dropped out, leaving Greg and Rachel to carry the torch. The job went on and on, but the standards of authenticity and tradesmanship were never compromised. At last, *Rawhiti* was launched on 4 September 2011 at Auckland's downtown Viaduct Basin.

Rawhiti deserved the splendid sunny and gentle Auckland spring day and the large crowd of well-wishers.

Photo: Alan Houghton



Rachel Rush christens *Rawhiti* 4 September 2011

But aside from celebrating the yacht herself, it was a celebration of the people who had designed her, built her, raced her, maintained her and restored her. The large crowd of classic yachties was full of the warmth of Greg and Rachel's success and that of Peter Brookes whose workmanship and taste had produced such a glory. *Rawhiti* looked absolutely beautiful; Arch Logan would have approved. Auckland's new Wynyard Quarter alongside the Viaduct, now magically transformed into a fun place in preparation for the Rugby World Cup, was buzzing with people strolling around the fascinating new sights and rejoicing at the vintage red trams recently imported from Victoria. Indeed, one wondered if these very trams gliding along the cobbled streets outside had witnessed *Rawhiti*'s tussles with *Sayonara* in Melbourne in 1907.

Waterfront Auckland laid on a reception in the former Team NZ sail loft where they had put together a display of images of *Rawhiti*, a splendid film of her sailing in Sydney and artifacts from her restoration, lunch and appropriate libations. Bruce Marler gave a moving speech about his family's ownership of *Rawhiti* and her four major lovers, Frank Albert of Sydney, Hec Marler whose daring had brought her back to Auckland, Bruce himself, and now Greg and Rachel. Greg and Rachel responded with wit, some self-analysis on the topic of perfectionism, and then saw this piece of Edwardian art into the water with style. Not unexpectedly, she floated beautifully to her marks.

The Albert family's emotional connection with *Rawhiti* continued. Frank's son, Ted Albert, defended the *Sayonara* Cup (now sailed in Dragons, sadly) for the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron in 1985 and 1986 in his Dragon *Rawhiti* and challenged in 1988 with *Rawhiti II*.

New Zealand has had some stunning restorations in recent years with some incredible background stories, but this one tops them all. I have no doubt that *Rawhiti* will be regarded as the classic restoration of the year, world-wide.

Photo: Alan Houghton



Owners Greg Lee and Rachel Rush with Peter Brookes and families at the launch



HAPPY DAYS RELAUNCHED.

HAROLD KIDD

Continued - Happy Days Relunched

On 4 September 2011 we rejoiced in the long-awaited relaunch of the 54 footer Rawhiti at the Viaduct. Ten days later, at exactly the same spot and at the other extreme of size, the tiny 20 ft keeler Happy Days was launched, the culmination of the efforts of CYANZ members Brian and Jean Holgate, Jason Prew, Robert Brooke and Shane Appleton, a young man who had put his heart and soul into the job for over three years, assisted by his parents Bruce and Heather.

Happy Days is a really tiny craft, 20ft overall, 17ft 6in on the waterline, her beam is just 6ft, she draws 3ft 8ins and has 15cwt of lead on her keel.

Happy Days was built in 1948 by Artie Perkin and his son John at their home in Kauri Glen Road, Northcote, on Auckland's North Shore to a plan appearing in a 1947 *Mechanix Illustrated* magazine, a neat little 'arc bottom' fin keeler in the American style of the time. It was a type of construction that was rare in New Zealand and had been used here almost solely on the *Sea Bird* designs from the US *Rudder* magazine. One prominent Auckland designer-builder, Colin Wild, had seen its virtues in the 1930s. His design of the 39 footer *Tawhiri* in 1933 had produced a crack off-shore racer and was followed by the 28 footer *Valhalla* in 1945 which gave birth to a number of clones.

Artie Perkin was a highly skilled joiner by trade, ending his working life as a well-loved woodwork teacher at a North Shore school. When Artie and John built the bigger keel yacht *St George* in 1950 they sold *Happy Days* to Tony Armit who sold her when building the Woollacott ketch *Marco Polo* for his 1954-7 circumnavigation with Tig Loe.

The little yacht, often referred to as *Little Ranger* after the crack A Class keeler went through several hands until Brian Holgate bought her in 1960 from Tauranga. *Happy Days* did well in Brian's hands. He raced with Royal Akarana and Northcote-Birkenhead yacht clubs and cruised up the east coast as far north as Mangonui. His crew were Ron Holland (then not as famous as today) and brother Kevin Holland. Tony Armit had put on an extended cabintop but even so, cruising was a challenge. Brian found that the little keeler always sailed well and felt completely safe in all conditions. He adored the little yacht.



Being launched from Browns Bay beach

But when Brian married Jean in 1964 he sold *Happy Days* and she disappeared from his life for 43 years. In 2007, when Brian and Jean took part in the annual Classic Yacht Association launch trip to the Riverhead Pub, at the very head of the Waitemata Harbour, they spotted *Happy Days* moored off the RNZAF airbase at Whenuapai, with a yard of weed on her hull. A few days later she was in Holgate ownership once more, towed to Gulf Harbour Marina and trucked home. Brian aimed to restore her himself, but ill-health struck unexpectedly. He rang me, offering to donate the little yacht to the New Zealand Traditional Boatbuilding School, more than that, he threw in her excellent cradle and a tidy sum towards her restoration and paid for her transportation to the School.

The School decided to find an owner-restorer. A likely candidate was already to hand. Seventeen-year-old Shane Appleton had been the monkey aboard *Jessie Logan* but was getting too big to shin up the mast to tend to the topsail. Shane got straight into the job with much help from Jason Prew, kindly guidance from School Director Robert Brooke and with cleaning, scraping, sanding and painting work by his parents, Bruce and Heather. Working outside gave way to a shift to Tony Stevenson's Tino Rawa Trust workshop in Kingsland. Rapid progress then took place alongside *Wairiki* and *Ngataki* also under restoration there with input from expert tradesmen Marco Scuderi and Paul Tingey. The aim was to have her in the water for Auckland Waterfront's Heritage Week and Boat Show in September. Shane made it with a couple of days to spare.

Shane will use *Happy Days* solely for racing in the CYA's B Division and for overnighing. Brian and Jean Holgate are as pleased as Punch with the restoration, the Tino Rawa Trust has added her to its team at the Viaduct, and yet another historic Auckland yacht lives again.



Shane Appleton with the "job well done" smile

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Signature of Applicant.....

Date

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Email Address

Boat Name

Details of other Yacht Club Memberships:
.....