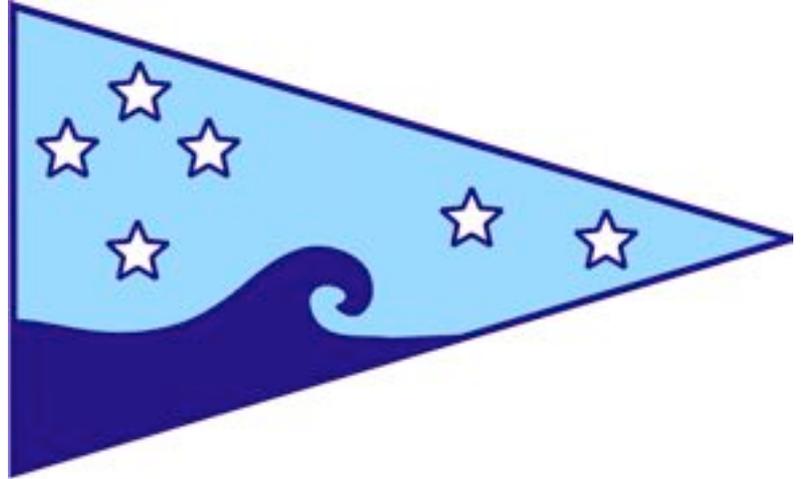


CANANZ Newsletter

November 2015



Featuring

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December 2015 meeting

Our annual excursion will be to the **NZ Sailing Trust** where we will be shown Lion NZ and Steinlager II at Viaduct harbour.

When : Monday 14th at 6pm

Where: Meet under KZ1 (the big boat)

Bring a \$5 donation for NZ Sailing Trust and our guide (it'll be his last day of the year)

Please confirm by emailing bobmcdavitt@hotmail.com and indicate if you would like to join CANANZ for dinner at The Crew Club (next to KZ1) after the tour (at own expense).





Whangaroa update from Pony

Yes, me again, with an update on how the fundraising for our local group who were hit with \$113,000 by environment court, for trying to get rid of the proposed mussel farm reduced. This to provide a clear area for anchoring at the south east end of the island. Whangaroa Bay was off limits for commercial operations under plan Change 4, but the Regional Council was directed by Government to open up this area for fish farms. Hereby came the Court Hearings and charges.

Hold it their folks! This is going to affect you.

There are under the table dealings going on by Regional Council to have Plan Change 4 scrapped, and we hear they have applied to Government to do so. No doubt to appease large companies, to have access to the whole east coast for farms.

Now is the time to stand up, or otherwise book your marina berth for your Xmas cruise as all those secure anchorages on the east coast will be gone.

Any contribution to their cause is welcome

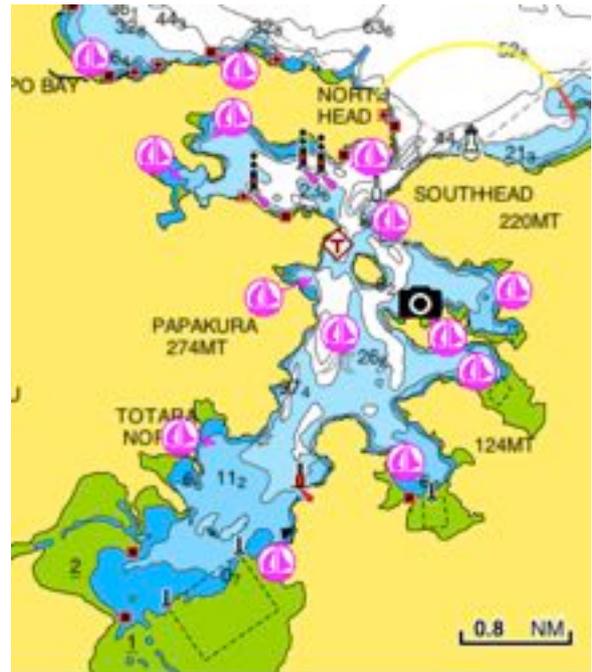
Whangaroa Maritime Recreation Park

Account No: 02 0352 0119769 00

So to those of you who have donated to help our locals,
Thanks. Still a long way to go. I will be taking Koha over Xmas, come and see us when you are in the Harbour. "Beers free!"

Cheers

Pony the Pirate Ph 09 405 0239



Adventures on my first keelboat ‘Savannah’

Pursuant to the call out for newsletter material, I bestow upon you the following:

We committee members thought we might regale you with diatribe of the boats we own. Well, sadly, I’m between boats, meaning that I’m either saving for the next one or waiting for it to present itself (about 32’ please).

So I’ll tell you about ‘Savannah’. My first keeler after a couple of trailer sailers.

This was a piece of work. Needed a full restoration. So I bought her off someone’s front yard in Weymouth, trucked to our (my young wife and family) rented home and yard and dropped her under the trees. Mistake. Clad her in rags and learned how to put her back together, which never really happened; I never really knew how expensive or time consuming this work is, but the work I did was a work of love.

Savannah was/is a 28’ gaff rigged cutter with a 6’ bowsprit. A classic; the true epic, having been built in Southampton and sailed out here by a Kiwi over four years. I was in love; this love stimulating from my teenage days when I was bitten by the beauty of boats by building them and bunging them in bottles, or on mantelpieces (I still have some).

The day of launching saw me still at work and my ever loving and tolerant wife lead the day. She was trailered to the marina with an entourage and eased into the tide. We beginners did not expect the flooding that ensued. Fortunately said wife worked for a pump company and a follower bolted home to get the electric pump. Savannah is carvel constructed with caulking, and after some years on the hard...well you can imagine. We slept on the deck that night so we could wake and trigger the pump to keep her afloat; and some days later the timbers had taken up...mostly.

So this little boat took us around the harbour and the islands. We loved being out on her; a little cramped but still lovely. The seller had said that other boats would pass nearer so they could take a look, and we did have several photo boats coming nearer. Yes, I was the proud owner.

On one trip my brother and I took her to the Bay of Islands. We made Tutukaka after dark; and leaving in the morning we were into mist and swell. I successfully bore away to avoid the reef further north (the name eludes me) and, while Nick helmed the full 6 hours to Cape Brett the passage saw me at the end of the bowsprit changing sails in a pitching sea, one minute 3-4 meters above it, the next legs and waist engulfed. Brilliant; the stuff memories are made of. There she stayed on anchor while I waited for the next statutory holiday to take my wife and baby daughter out on. And we did. We must have had a great time exploring the bays and islands and inlets, because I decided to leave her up there through the coming winter and to visit and or use her when I could because finding that elusive gap to bring her back on wasn’t happening. So up there she stayed, on anchor, under the watchful eye of one or two island managers.

When next we did get up there as a family, nothing untoward had happened to her, we had several lovely days in the sun and cruising that magnificent part of the world. It was, and still is an amazing place to cruise; adding to my love of sailing. So to replenish we headed for Russell. On rounding Tapeka Point, in barely 2 knots of breeze, in full sun on a cloudless, perfect day on a dead flat sea and amongst plenty of sea traffic and tourist boats: disaster. While my wife and daughter were still inside, and for no apparent reason, the mast, gaff, boom and rigging slowly and beautifully laid itself down across the deck of the yacht and all with a gentle swishing sound. Awed by the beauty of it as well as being somewhat surprised and deflated, astonished (and all the other emotions) all I could do was to throw the tiller away, being prepared to accept whatever happened to happen next. And in this lovely drift my wife came on board and asked “what was that?”



Several boats came to our rescue, one of them the rapid boat to Cape Percy full of tourists, bless his heart. Another took us under tow to a mooring in Opuā, where she was inspected and diagnosed. Dry rot had done its work where the boom and gaff collar rested around the mast. From this mooring and some weeks later I had an enquiry about the future of the boat (there wasn't one for me) and so she was sold as is. I believe and saw, online, along with several past owner histories, the restoration that she truly did have, in Tauranga, by the new owner, of the famous boating family: Logan. Not having heard of her since, I hope she is still in commission. She was a love and I'm delighted to have been part of her history.

Ross Davenport – Living the dream.

Fridge free cruising cuisine from Dr. Tom Miller

What are your requirements for a successful cruising holiday??? Top of the list has to be the weather. The demeanour of the company on-board plays a major role and then, of course, there is the food. For some reason the meals served up by the on-board chef assume a new relevance compared with the general indifference with which they are treated at home. I am not a cook and can rarely find in the domestic galley. Nonetheless I have always appreciated that a perfect day on the water needs an appetizing meal to top off the occasion. Conversely a dreadful meal will probably stay in the memory longer than a perfect day. Fantasy, my 10-meter traditional sloop, has a very basic galley based around a supply of fresh water and a two burner, kerosene fuelled, primus stove. Along with the usual galley hardware that's it....no refrigeration, no oven and no grill.

Despite these restrictions I eat really well and have wined and dined many sailing acquaintances on-board over the years.

The lack of cooking experience and on-board galley "necessities" has been compensated for by a dedicated interest in collecting recipes that look interesting and tasty can be prepared by a novice chef using a stove top and shelf stable ingredients i.e. those that do not need to be refrigerated. As a result, literally hundreds of recipes together with over 30 books have been filed away and are now waiting assessment. Many of the recipes have been put to the tasting panel and have scored high marks.

The plan is to share some of these with you, the fridge-less, oven deprived and grill deficient recreational boater. The meals will be based on a selection of shelf stable products available on the supermarket shelves and in the stores of importers catering for a wide variety of customary ethnic dishes. These products have revolutionised our eating habits and made the preparation of flavoursome and healthy meals on-board a breeze.

Recent additions include several canned chicken products and these, together with other meat and fish preparations, mean that there are few items that are normally kept frozen or refrigerated that cannot be found as a shelf stable equivalent.

Many vegetables also stay fresh if stored in a net in a ventilated and cool area of the boat. Onions, potatoes, carrots, pumpkin, green tomatoes and green bananas come to mind. Farm eggs, waxed and sealed, cheeses, apples and oranges are further examples of items that store well and will see you through the first week.

Long life milk, soy milk and reconstituted milk powder are more than adequate substitutes for the standard product. The recipes have been designed to cater for two people but can readily be scaled to suit crew numbers.



In the absence of refrigeration, a good quality chilly bin, stacked with frozen coolant extenders such as thermal ice, can keep frozen items cold for the first two or three days of the cruise.

The accompanying recipe is for chicken-potato cakes on mushrooms and should suit a crew of two

Ingredients

Chicken- potato cakes on mushrooms

Two washed potatoes or red kumara

One onion

One egg

Four large mushrooms

Four slices of bacon

Olive oil

Mixed dried herbs

One 160 g tin of shredded chicken

One tin of chilli beans in sauce

Instructions

1. Cook the potatoes or Kumara until tender. Mash to a smooth finish.
2. Dice the onion into smallish pieces.
3. Cut the bacon into bite sized pieces.
4. Pre cook the onion, bacon and chicken in a pan using olive oil and set to one side.
5. Cook the mushrooms in a pan in olive oil using a wide spatula to flatten the mushrooms.
6. Add the chicken, onion, egg and herbs to the mashed potato and mix well to combine.
7. Form into neat patties using a cooking ring if available.
8. Heat the olive oil in a pan and cook the patties for 3 to 4 minutes on each side until golden.
9. Position the pattie on top of the mushrooms followed by the bacon and heat through in a pan, oven or quicksies iron.
10. While the patties are being heated empty the tin of chilli beans into a pot and heat with stirring.
11. To Serve. Use a spatula to transfer the patties to a plate and surround with the chilli beans.
12. Say grace...and tuck in.

Update from Jim and Karin on Victoria

We headed south from Scotland, which we enjoyed greatly aside from the weather. Never mind, surely we would find summer further south.

Karin was keen to have a look at Belfast so we caught the early bus from Strangford Lough. The hop-on hop-off bus in Belfast turned out very well and the big attraction was a visit to the new Titanic museum on the site where she was built. Harland and Wolff, who built the Titanic have a yard there where today they build wind-farms. It's a museum not to be missed, as was the tour through Falls Road and the areas so much in the news when the 'troubles', as they are euphemistically called were at their height. It seems the old issues are still smouldering away.

Jim wanted to visit Isle of Man to see the oldest known wooden yacht, over 200 years old. It's in a museum and needs some new fastenings, but is still serviceable. But weather dictates, and a fair wind cannot be wasted, so we sailed on from Peel before another southerly gale arrived.

Anglesea is an island separated from Wales by a narrow tortuous channel called Menai Strait, about 20 miles long. The rocky islets and shoals half way called 'The Swellies' are impassable at low tide and the current of about 7 knots turns the area into spectacular rapids. But with careful timing we were able to twist our way through the 30-metre-wide channel just before high water, helped by the last of the tide. Our mast was a metre or two from the bridge as we swept under it. Not a place for the faint hearted.

With the gale now passed, we headed on south to the Isles of Scilly just as the sun arrived. It stayed only a few days but shorts and t-shirts were

broken out for the first time this year. Jim's great, great grandfather, also a James Lott, owned and skippered a 40 metre topsail schooner, which he built around 1850 from timber that came from a wreck in the Isles of Scilly. Jim has a painting of the ship and was keen to try to find out as much as he could about it. In those days there were several wrecks each year on the Scillies, one of which was carrying timber. But the records were almost non-existent until there was a concerted effort to record maritime history from 1860 onwards. We know the ship traded in the Mediterranean and was seen in Malta in 1856, so we have a visit there on the 'to do' list.





A leisurely trip along the south coast of England brought a few sunny days, and plenty of rainy ones too. Helford River was not quiet and peaceful as promised by Daphne du Maurier due to the hundreds of boats. Plymouth Ho was interesting but not nearly as scenic as Dartmouth and the Dart River, which were so nice we did not flinch at having to pay \$50 per night just to anchor. The day trip we took on the steam train along the coast was much cheaper.



Timing the tide is just so important around the UK and dictates when everyone moves. We thought we had made the right calculations only to have a handy confirmation when the fleet got under way. It's certainly important when rounding Portland and we came to appreciate why. The helpful spring tide and wind rising to 30kn ahead of another gale carried us past Portland Bill a few hundred metres away from the famous "race", with crowds of people on the headland watching. With a fair tide the white water and overfalls with standing waves looked lethal and we imagined what an opposing tide would do.

A few days later we viewed a repeat performance of wind and tide as we careered up the Needles Channel into the Solent at 12 knots. In contrast, the tranquillity in the Beaulieu River with the pub at Bucklers Hard and the mature oaks that line the path to the charming town kept us enchanted for days.

France beckoned, with our son John and two of our grandsons due to join us in St Malo. However, we were not about to leave England without a visit to Portsmouth. Jim was particularly keen to see the "Mary Rose", Henry VIII's warship that capsized in 1545 and has been raised from the mud and preserved.

We also were looking forward to catching up with Mike and Carole Tipton who live at Gosport. When Jim was working at Maritime NZ, he invited Mike to NZ for a week to address a conference and help with safety publicity. Mike is Professor of Applied Physiology at Portsmouth University and along with his colleagues at the Institute of Naval Medicine he has hugely increased our understanding of drowning and sea survival. His work has directly led to safer lifejackets with crotch straps and spray-hoods and he has been able to explain why so many people drown very quickly, long before they lose body heat. Mike and Carole and their daughter all stayed with us in New Zealand several years ago and they made us particularly welcome.

A barbeque at their home was blessed by more 'liquid sunshine' and we watched Mike nobly cooking sausages in the rain as we quaffed his red wine. A keen rugby player, Mike was excited at England's prospects and we felt for him and our other friends in England a month or two later. Jim was delighted to visit Mike's laboratory and see first-hand how the research has been done, but was unable to pick up any secrets about the work they are doing to help England's Americas Cup team.

We took the opportunity to go inland by train to Salisbury and Winchester, with their magnificent cathedrals and lovely towns where we wandered in the sun. After a few more days at Beaulieu where mooring is free to Royal Cruising Club members, an early departure saw us riding the tide down the Solent. We were spat out



into the channel and sailed across in time to pick up the Alderney 7-knot tide race as we headed to Guernsey where we arrived at sunset after 95 miles. Next morning another gale arrived.

A yacht from abroad may stay in the EU for up to 18 months without paying VAT. One day out of the EU allowed us to start the 18 months again. With the Channel Islands outside of the EU we headed to France with our papers from Guernsey to present to the customs at St Malo. The officer was very pleasant and helpful but explained that the Channel Islands were not outside the EU. After an hour and many phone calls he eventually issued us the needed document. It seemed he had never before had such a situation to deal with. To say that foreign yacht visits to the EU stretch the knowledge of customs in all EU countries is an understatement and we have had different interpretations in each country we have visited.

We had not really appreciated the enormous range in the tides along the north Brittany coast, equal to the highest anywhere at 14 metres, over 40 feet. Ports and marinas along this coast have been engineered to cope with not just the tides, but strong gales and storm surges as well. Yet more gales and rain accompanied us into the marina in St Malo where looking down on the boats at low tide brought on a touch of vertigo. The long access ramps, horizontal at high tide felt like ladders a few hours later. The rivers have barrages built housing turbines generating electricity from the outgoing tides.



A high speed train carried Karin to Paris where she met up with John and his family. She returned by car with John, James and Fin who were staying aboard for ten days. We soon discovered that the north Brittany coast is not much of a cruising ground with few protected anchorages. Even in good shelter and calm conditions we bounced around at anchor in the chop set up by the fast flowing tides and the turbulence that works its way into every spot.

So we headed inland up the Rance River, through the lock in the barrage with its hydro-electric power plant. It was mid-summer and a sunny Sunday. The lock opens every 2 hours and there were several yachts and launches gathering for the 4pm opening. Unlike the local French boats, we obeyed the requirement to call on VHF to request transit.

As 4pm approached there were about 20 boats close to the entrance in what is best described as a waterborne rugby scrum. Only with great reluctance did they part sufficiently for us when the lockkeeper hailed that 'Victoria' was to be first in. The throng assembled close to our stern as more pushed in and our bow was hard against the far lock doors. Then the lockkeeper shouted through his megaphone urging everyone forward. Our fenders were squashed, the yacht behind tangled his furling jib in our dinghy on its davits at the stern, there was a great crunch of splintered fibreglass as the yacht next to us rear-ended the one ahead with much Gallic shouting and arm-waving. With all wedged tight, the gates closed to the dismay of about six who had to wait two more hours.

Then the road-bridge lowered but there was a yacht mast in the way, so the lockkeeper shouted for all to move forward with more power and more shouting from everyone. We eventually rose about 3 metres and in



tight formation charged up the channel into the river. We have been through over 300 hundred locks in our travels and this was by far the most entertaining.

The peace and quiet in the Rance, the charm of the village at St Suliac and the sandy beaches were a treat that ended too soon as John and the boys had to head back to Paris to return to Hanoi.

Gerrie, one of Karin's oldest friends lives in Guernsey and we headed back there to stay with Gerrie and Ian for a few days. It was quaint and peaceful walking along the lanes and visiting the pubs; an easy place to settle into stress-free way of life. It was the only part of UK occupied in the war and we enjoyed the museum with its many exhibits and descriptions of life under the Nazis.

The northern Brittany coast was just as unfriendly when we returned so we continued on our way into the sheltered gulf at Brest, just south of Ushant. Another south-west gale was promised so we duly selected a sheltered place to anchor. When the wind arrived at midnight it was from the north-east to provide us with a midnight motor across the Rade de Brest and its various channels. In all our years we can hardly ever recall having to move at night due to unexpected weather.

With even stronger winds predicted we motored 15 miles up the scenic River Aulne to Port Launay and Chateaulin, typical small picturesque French towns that we enjoyed for several days. Their buildings were untouched in the war, unlike Brest that was levelled and hurriedly rebuilt later. The new rectangular brick and concrete structures have no French charm, but we found a useful spot to dry on a concrete ramp between tides to remove the rope-like strands of weed from our propeller.



We soon discovered why so many British sailors head straight to the South-Brittany coast, so much more pleasant than the English Channel side. Lesser tides and better shelter as well as warmth and sunshine made us feel that at long last summer had arrived. Sitting in the marina in Lorient one evening we heard a voice call out "Hello Jim". A sailing friend from long ago, Chad Thompson and Marg had stopped at a bar for a beer and it was fun to catch up by chance. Jim was very pleased to have someone who would appreciate looking at the Nazi built submarine pens lining the harbour with their indestructible 8-metre thick concrete roofs. Some now house businesses and a French submarine is part of the museum. Karin and Marg enjoyed the shops in town.



It was easy and pleasant motoring along in the sun with little wind when we heard a call directed at us on the VHF radio. An English yacht we had passed some hours earlier was asking for assistance, so we headed back about five miles.

Their propeller was totally jammed by heavy netting discarded by fishermen, so we agreed to tow them 20 miles to Benodet where we were headed, much to the appreciation of the skipper, a delightful Brigadier-General retired from the British army. Their 12 metre yacht towed without fuss and the 10 metres of chain we insisted they attached to their end of our tow line prevented any jerking in the swells.



An afternoon breeze helped with both yachts setting sails. Fortunately, we arrived just at the start of the ebb tide and berthing them under tow at the marina was easy. An hour later the tide was racing out of the river at five knots.

A French sailor from another yacht dived and cut away the section of heavy net and also took some more weed off our propeller. The brigadier-skipper then shouted all to dinner at a classy restaurant with superb food and copious excellent wine until the small hours. There was plenty of banter about the fine tradition of Kiwi sailors coming to the aid of the English army in times of trouble. One French sailor, a splendid baritone, kept all the patrons entertained and was the subject of much applause.

Arguably the best cruising ground on the Atlantic coast of Europe attracts thousands of boats in summer and fortunately we arrived when it was less busy in the autumn. The Baie de Quiberon is sheltered by Belle Isle and a row of smaller islets. A narrow channel off the bay leads to the Gulf of Morbihan and to Vannes, where Andrew and then Jess were to join us for a couple of weeks. The gulf with dozens of islands is totally sheltered from the sea although the channels and shallows create tidal streams that reach 8 knots in places.

Sunshine continued until the day we met Andy at the train with wind and rain keeping us in the tidal basin right in the heart of the attractive town. While Andy went back to Paris to pick up Jess, we visited Belle Isle in sparkling weather. At about 11pm in a quiet anchorage there was a knock on the hull with six fully kitted customs officers wanting to come on board. We were a bit surprised since this was the second time the French 'douane' had paid us attention. Two of them had a good fossick below while the other four asked us many questions in the cockpit while carefully examining all our paperwork and log-books. After a few minutes they seemed to become more relaxed but stayed for about half an hour. It's the first time we have ever been under such intense scrutiny.

Back in Vannes Andy hired a car and we drove to Mont St Michel. We spent much of the day there having had a shorter visit with John and the boys earlier. We all enjoyed a few days in the sheltered gulf. In the calm weather and sunshine, we wandered around Ile d'Arz picking blackberries, swimming and talking about Jess and Andy's upcoming wedding in December. It will be a small celebration in Fiji with just close family and a few friends. We are all looking forward to it especially now that they both have finished their specialist qualifications.



As we waved to them as they headed for the train to Paris, a north-east wind had us on our way to Spain. The spring ebb tide carried us to sea and the land flashed past at 14 knots in the channels down in the gulf of Morbihan. Reefed headsails in the near gale were more than enough to carry us to Corunna in Spain in just two days. To have the notorious Bay of Biscay behind us so quickly caused us to smile. A south westerly gale did not trouble us at all in the Corunna marina in spite of the swell.

Warnings were issued that hurricane Joaquim, which caused so much loss of life in the Bahamas was coming our way. Thankfully it petered out, aside from a heavy swell. A week in Corunna passed easily. We walked a few miles to a headland with the Tower of Hercules lighthouse, originally built in the 2nd century by the Romans and still a working lighthouse today. Apparently the Romans carried wood to the top and set it alight. We watched the swell crashing on the rocks as we headed south. The evolution of lighthouses from fires to satellites is a remarkable story.

We have about 90 miles to go as we head for Portugal to give Victoria a rest sitting on land as we head back to Auckland in a few weeks. At present the forecast is good even though the days are short. So the next update is likely to be well into next year.

Told you we should have stopped for diesel!

And here is copy of an email I received from one of the yachts I've been forecasting from, sailing from Tonga to NZ, but caught in the large wind hole of a slow-moving HIGH – Bob.

We are motoring through a high pressure system so the wind has dropped away and our precious diesel reserves are dwindling fast. No matter how many times we did the calculation, we kept coming up with the same answer: "It'll be bloody close whether we run out or not". Meanwhile, with the windy and wet forecast for our arrival day, Thursday, in mind we really wanted to open the throttle and get some speed on rather than dawdling at 5 knots to conserve our fuel.

Most of you will be familiar with the feeling I'm sure. Driving up the motorway, you see the Services sign but say, "No, we'll go on to the next ones. They have better food.." Less than a quarter of a mile past the exit, the fuel gauge mysteriously drops onto the red zone and the orange fuel warning light blinks on in reproach. "No, it can't be 47 miles to the next services!". From then on, you're reducing speed until indignant HGV's are overtaking you, their drivers no doubt wondering why you're driving at 60mph, and you have that sick feeling in your stomach as you envisage a trudge along the wet hard shoulder if the car conks out 3 miles from safety.

So we've been feeling those kind of feelings about our ability to motor through the next 20 hours of light wind, on top of a level of apprehension about the weather that is waiting to greet us. The forecast for the coastal area of Brett, where we'll make landfall, is:

Becoming Wednesday evening northerly 15 knots. Rising early Thursday northerly 25 knots, then dying out late Thursday. Developing early Friday southerly 25 knots, easing to 15 knots later. Sea rough at times. Moderate northerly swell.

Anyway, with all these thoughts churning around our heads, we were just having some lunch today when an AIS signal popped up on the chart plotter. A ship was approaching at 12.5 knots from our starboard and the CPA (closest point of approach) was calculated to be about 800 ft. As the ship got closer the AIS system identified it as the *m/v Victoire*, on passage to Tahiti and that she was a tanker. A tanker?

First priority was for us to call her to confirm that we had seen her and that, as the 'give way' vessel (approaching from her port side), we would alter course to starboard to pass behind her. The captain was very friendly and thanked us for this. We then thought "well, it's worth a try!" so called back and explained our predicament with the fuel and the oncoming weather and asked if they might be able to let us have 25 litres. Knowing that it would be impossible to stop the 285 ft tanker, Graham suggested they drop a not-quite-full can into their wake, with a retrieval rope attached, and we'd chase it and pick it up with the boathook. Which is exactly what happened. Honest, we'll post photos on the blog to prove it. The *Victoire* didn't slow down at all but did quite a scary s-turn towards us; we saw the can hit the water at their stern and picked it up in a textbook man-overboard manoeuvre.

Bless the captain and crew of the *Victoire* and thanks to whoever was looking kindly upon us to send a tanker to cross our bows! We've added about 8 hours range to our motoring so are now back on the pace at just under 6 knots boat speed. The northerly wind should kick in tomorrow so apart from the big gusts, rough seas and heavy rain on Wednesday night, we should be fine.

Cheers Graham & Dianne



The back page: Notices and advertisements

For sale

Stolen Moments looking for a new home. John Croft is reluctantly selling his yacht “Stolen Moments”. It can be difficult (at aged 83) and a bit dangerous being single handed when having to reef or do things on deck in bad weather.

She is a 35 foot Dickson Marine of Nelson cutter rig yacht, built 1986, three skin timber, fiberglass inside and outside

- full sail wardrobe for offshore sailing.3 headsails, roller furling, Spinnaker and lightweight staysail, plus main.
- 4 man liferaft (needs servicing), GPS both fixed and a handheld, VHF, EPIRB, sounder, two x 100 ampere hour batteries with 80-watt solar panel charging as well as alternator.
- 3 cylinder, 27 HP Yanmar diesel engine with only just over 1000 hours from new and regular professional servicing.
- 2.4 metre rigid inflatable in davits at the stern with a 3 HP Mariner outboard.
- LPG Force 10 cabin heater, spare CQR anchor and cable, searchlight, fog horn, crockery, some lifejackets (good condition) danbuoy, autopilot plus two Cat1 bilge pumps (never used as she is always bone dry) and electrical plus mechanical spares.

Note : Inner forestay temporarily removed for tacking convenience singlehanded. \$75,000.00.



Notes

Close Encounters (Stephen Plank and family) will be cruising around Bay of Islands and Northland over the Christmas break. We will be up there from 24th December until 10th January 2016. If anyone is headed that way and wants to hook up please email steve@plankware.com or phone Stephen 021-800-000. Its our first time to Whangaroa so would be great to find the best cray and fishing spots.