

Dec 2013

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www.cananz.org.nz
Website:

Email
info@cananz.org.nz



Coming Attractions 9 Dec : Jim and Karin Lott



Our Patron Jim and his wife Karin have been having adventures exploring North America this year. They are returning to Auckland during this month and shall be giving a personal recount of these adventures at our meeting at Richmond Yacht Club starting 7:30pm on Monday 9th.



Please bring a (small) plate of goodies and we shall have light refreshments after our meeting—something to put us in the summer holiday mood.



Kowhai cruise

28 September had a strong westerly wind. ***Southern Venture*** was confined to its mooring, ***Pink Cadillac*** made it to Mullet Bay and Tom Miller was in Station Bay. During Labour weekend five boats gathered on Sunday: ***Pink Cadillac***, ***Stolen Moments***, ***Southern Venture***, ***Amigo*** and ***Déjà vu***.



Open Day

On 10 November we held our biannual Open Day at X Marina.. The yachts on display ranged from 29 ft Gulf cruisers to 55ft for overseas voyaging. Our visitors were interested in the setup and furnishing the yachts, and discussed the details with the owners



Visitors discuss the cockpit layout set up for shorthanded sailing of Fantasy.



Close to home (Part 2)

Ten inner Hauraki Gulf anchorages (in 3 parts)

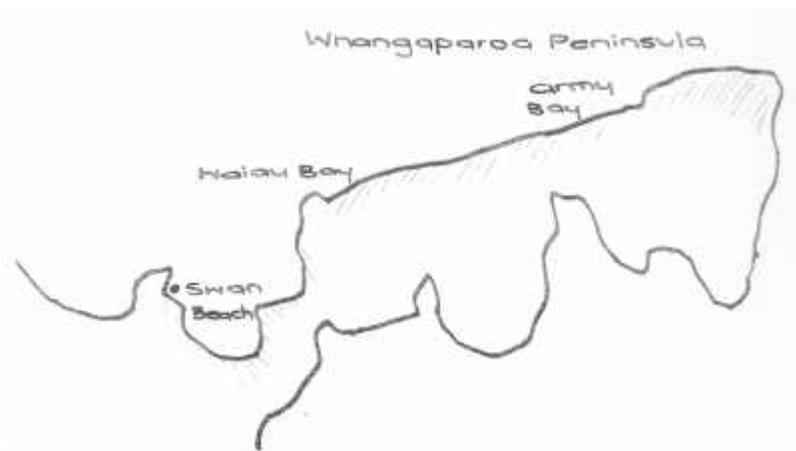
Words and photos, Dr. Tom Miller

Graphics, Zara Andrews

Much of the recreational boating activity by those who cruise the inner Hauraki Gulf is carried out over weekends and involve two and three day excursions to favourite anchorages. In the case of the sailing enthusiasts these are often found on Waiheke, Rakino and Motutapu Islands. Given that the winds in the region are predominantly south westerly's these anchorages can be reached after a few hours of easy sailing with the promise of a peaceful night at anchor. The downside is getting back to base next day with the wind now up to 25 knots and a big outgoing tide. Sailing through inner harbour channels under these conditions is no fun and motor sailing, while speeding up progress, is a wet and uncomfortable process. Most of my sailing over the last 20 years has been single handed and avoiding these situations has become a priority

One answer is not to sail downwind on the outward passage. For this strategy to be successful alternative anchorages to those mentioned need to be available. In recent years I have stayed overnight regularly at a number of such anchorages and been rewarded with a good sleep and an easy return sail. The suggestions I have in mind will not suit everyone as, for many, dropping anchor in the company of other boats is part of the boating experience. Some however are just as comfortable in a quiet bay with a few seagulls for company and the possibility of an easy sail back to base. The following are three more such suggestions.

Swan Beach: Swan beach lies at the Western end of Waiau Bay (probably better known as Big Manly) on the northern coast of the Whangaparoa Peninsula and offers comprehensive shelter from south to south-west winds.



In contrast to Waiau Bay the anchorage is protected by high cliffs but does have a beach in the south-west corner. Drop the sails in the vicinity of 36°37.30, 174°45.30 before moving into the anchorage. Swan Beach is an easy sail

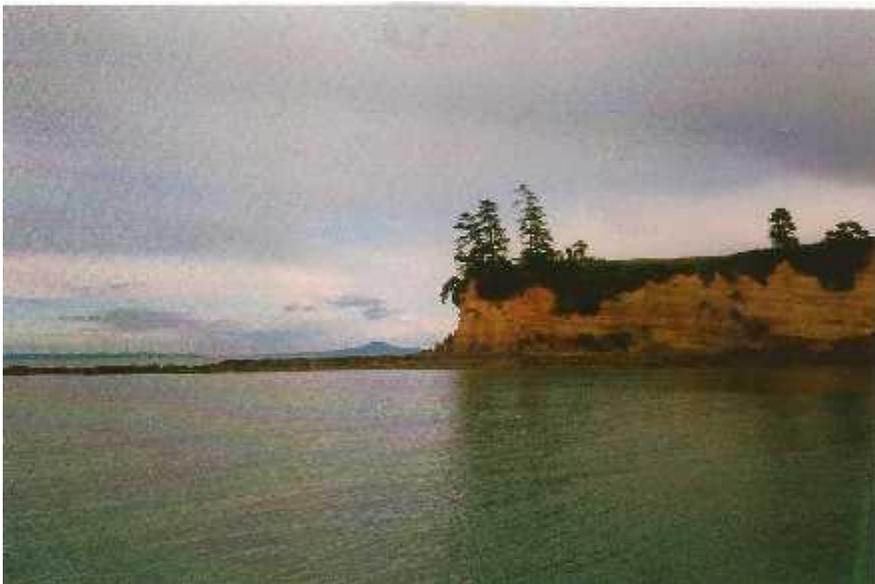
from Kawau Island and Mahurangi harbour and provides a pleasant overnight stop for the homeward passage if there is no rush to get back to base.

Okoromai Bay : The bay has been used frequently as an anchorage for Fantasy for over 20 years. I first used it to break up the passage to Kawau Is. with a



young family on board whose enthusiasm for the trip waned after a few hours. The distinctive high headland marks the southern perimeter of the Bay. Approach the anchorage from the middle of the wider bay from a position of $36^{\circ} 37.12$, $174^{\circ} 48.70$. An extensive reef

extends from the headland to the north east hence the approach from the middle of the bay. Head in until the peak of Rangitoto bears $147^{\circ}M$. A recent



overnight stop with a 20 knot south westerly from $234^{\circ} M$ was calm and comfortable. On a previous occasion an uncomfortable roll developed as the wind direction backed from 230° to 220° .

Okoromai Bay

can be used as the second leg of a three day sail to Waiheke, Whangaparaoa Peninsula and back to base. Best if carried out in west to south- west conditions.

Winstone's Cove: This cove is a secluded bay immediately north of Torbay on Auckland's Northshore. The approach does not present any real difficulties but should be made with the aid of a chart as there are reefs lying to the north and south of the approach. Follow the coastline at a safe distance offshore and turn into the cove on a course of $285^{\circ}M$ from $36^{\circ}42.20$, $174^{\circ} 46.20$. There is

good holding in 6ft. (1.8m) of water in the vicinity of a swing mooring at $36^{\circ}42.15$ $174^{\circ}45.55$ that has been there for years but probably not serviced. The high cliff that surrounds the cove provides a comfortable anchorage in winds from the south west to north-west with the security increasing as the westerly component comes into play. A small beach in the north-west corner provides a sheltered site for a BBQ but loses the sun early.



Next Newsletter: Administration Bay, Maori Garden Bay, Karaka Bay and Onetaunga Bay.

A Mid Winter Junket by Paul Thompson

Roger Scot and Paul Thompson (both CANANZ members) attended a Mid Winter Junket in Urquharts Bay

Roger Scot and myself are members of the Junk Rig Association (<http://www.junkrigassociation.org>) and we both have junk rigged boats. We (the JRA members) enjoy having irregular meets which we call "Junkets". This article is the second part of the Mid Winter Junket that we recently held in Urquharts Bay, Whangarei.

- - - - read previous newsletter for Day 1.



Roger Scot's SHOESTRING

Shortly after midnight the wind swung south, making for a bumpy night. Just before dawn, Roger (aka the Leprechaun) texted that he was ready. I pleaded to enjoy the mug of coffee I'd just made, then went forward to start raising the anchor. I was a bit puzzled that there was no sign of the Leprechaun, but carried on. Just as the anchor came home, Roger started getting his and it turned out that he had sent me a text to switch off my anchor light when I'd finished my coffee, but not having felt my phone vibrate, I didn't see his message, so he had been patiently waiting for me. Being deaf, no shouted consultations between boats work: it has to be by text message, or a proper face-to-face conversation.

We left at 0700 hrs, *LC* leading by about 100m, on a passage that has to rate as one of the finest that I've ever had the good fortune to sail. After a short, sharp beat out of Home Bay, we were reaching in a comfortable F5, then broad reaching and finally running in a two-metre swell. From Home Bay to Kawau Island, *LC* was in her element. Under full foresail, with one panel reefed in the main, she was going like a train and loving every minute of it. As we got beyond the shelter of Motutapu and Rakino Islands, the swell became larger and on the beam. *LC* would roll heavily at times and occasionally bury her rail and the foresail wouldn't stay asleep, but gybed from side to side. We couldn't settle into the classic wing-and-wong style of downwind sailing. A text to Grasshopper (who was eagerly awaiting any news) brought the suggestion to drop three panels in the foresail and sheet it in hard. Knowing that in due course we'd be reaching again, I just sheeted it hard in, and things were much improved.

The conditions suited *LC*, and we steadily pulled away from *Shoestring*. The log stayed pegged at over 7 kt, with even 8 at times. In truth, I should have reefed (at least) another panel, but I wanted to test *LC*'s new rig and explore her limits, so we pressed on. Soon, we slipped between Whangaparaoa Peninsula and Tiritiri Matangi Island and carried on at a good 6 kt and often over 7. This was sailing as it was meant to be and both *LC* and myself were lapping it up! *Shoestring* was finding the going a little harder, as she is somewhat lighter than *LC* (5 tonnes against 8.5 tonnes) and couldn't bash through the seas with the same ease.



La Chica approaches Busby Head

We were off Kawau Island around midday, with Takatu Point and Cape Rodney not far off. The wind was slowly dropping and veering, and the water starting to smooth. We were now reaching, and *Shoestring*, finding conditions more to her liking started to take back some of *LC*'s lead. And so the two boats charged on, making Bream Tail by mid afternoon, *Shoestring* still gaining. The wind firmed up again, but we were now in Bream Bay, and the water remained flat, which favoured *Shoestring*.

The previous night, Roger and I had resigned ourselves to entering Urquharts Bay (where the junket would take place) after dark, but, incredibly, it now looked possible that we would get there in daylight. We sailed on through the afternoon, never dropping below 5 kt and generally making over 6, *Shoestring* slowly getting closer. By the time we arrived at Busby Head, (the sentinel guarding Whangarei Harbour entrance) we were within 100 m of each other. In the yellow light of sunset, we sailed past Busby Heads and into Urquharts Bay, the first junk-rigged boats to arrive. The 65 miles had taken us just under 11 hours.

Already anchored, were our two non-junk guests: Gary and Beryl Underwood on *Mason Bay*, a lovingly-restored, wooden fishing boat; and Pete Shierny on board his catamaran, *Putangitangi*, that he's considering converting to junk rig. About fifteen minutes later, Grasshopper and *Fantail* arrived. An hour afterwards, Grasshopper and the Leprechaun were aboard *LC* and the Mid-Winter Junket had officially begun.

What a junket it turned out to be! But hey, when you have four characters called Grasshopper, Plato, the Leprechaun and the Oracle, and a guest known as Buddhist Pete, you can rest assured that you're not going to have a boring time. And those "Chomp 'n' Chat Poms" call us "Grumpy Kiwis"!



The Littlest Junk

Plato arrived early the next morning. Aka Marcus Raimon, he is an intrepid mariner, who sailed his junk-rigged Portland Pudgy, (8 ft LOA) *Pugwash*, 15 miles to join our junket. With Plato's arrival, all the junks had arrived. A unique factor was that every one was sailed single-handedly; even Buddhist Pete was single-handed and once he's done his conversion, he'll fit right in. (In fact he fitted right in anyway.)

Breakfast was eaten aboard the Leprechaun's boat, and was as enjoyable as tea the evening before. He certainly knows how to entertain and look after his guests. Later, we were joined by Gary and Beryl, who invited us all on board *Mason Bay* that evening, after they came back from re-fuelling.

Then all went sailing on *Shoestring*, except for Plato who (as is typical of those with the smallest boat) asserted his independence and insisted on sailing *Pugwash*. It was a miserable sort of day, with grey skies, no wind and steady drizzle. However the weather was no deterrence and a great time was had by all, as the photos show. We'd hoped to introduce Buddhist Pete to virtues of junk rig but instead, he just had a nice potter around the bay. (Pete remains interested and I've promised him a proper sail when LC gets back to Auckland.)

That evening, on *Mason Bay*, was another highly enjoyable one. Plato had done much of the restoration work, so we got the low-down on every detail and feature. She has a gaff rig to provide sail "assistance" but we hope to see Gary converting to junk rig, yet. It would be eminently suitable for the "sail assist" role.

Tuesday dawned with the wind getting up and the rain easing. Sadly, Buddhist Pete had to return to Waiheke Island, so the rest of us decided to sail up towards Whangarei to

Kissing Point, off which *Fantail* is often anchored nowadays. *LC* was the last to raise anchor as the Oracle, who can foresee everything excepting that which concerns himself, was a little slow in catching on. But although we started last, much to my astonishment, we were soon leading the fleet, with *Shoestring* not far behind, *Fantail* next and little *Pugwash* gallantly taking up the rear. *Mason Bay* hung around, a bit like a sheepdog looking after its flock.

Here I must tell an amusing story. Seeing *LC* overhauling everyone, and not wanting to get too far ahead, I dropped an extra panel to slow down. The Leprechaun seeing he was catching up, dropped his mizzen, each of us thinking that we needed to slow down for the other. Grasshopper on *Fantail*, just sailed sensibly, no doubt muttering into her (metaphorical) beard about boys being boys.

About two hours later we were all anchored (under Plato's direction: he knows these waters rather better than the back of his hand), and once again *LC* had the honour to host three of the nicest people I know. Everyone quenched their thirst and having exhaustively dissected the sail, we were invited ashore to Plato's hobbit hole where he produced a fine curry.

And it was then that the NZSHJRA (New Zealand Single-Handers Junk Rig Association) chapter of the JRA was born: founding members Plato, Grasshopper, The Leprechaun and the Oracle. A suitable burgee was made and presented to all attendees, and with the singing of appropriate political songs etc, the evening came to an end. All returned to their boats safely.

The following evening, we met on board *Shoestring* for a Swiss Cheese Fondue, having discovered that (a) the Oracle knew how to make a cheese fondue from scratch and (b) the Leprechaun had a complete fondue set on *Shoestring*. Grasshopper and the Leprechaun successfully ransacked Whangarei for the correct ingredients. The Kirsch was slightly strange but the Leprechaun doctored it with vodka, and though the resulting fondue had a slightly sweet edge (owing to the strange Kirsch), it was edible and no-one appeared to have been harmed by it.

And so ended the first Mid-Winter Junket. A wonderful time was had by everyone and those of you who did not make it, will be forever sorreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!



La Chica and Fantail

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