March 2015

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FROM THE QUARTERDECK
A Report from Rear-Commodore
Geoff Evans

I thought I’d start with a quote I found inspiring:
“We clear the harbor and the wind catches her sails and my beautiful ship leans over ever so gracefully, and her elegant bow cuts cleanly into the increasing chop of the waves. I take a deep breath and my chest expands and my heart starts thumping so strongly I fear the others might see it beat through the cloth of my jacket. I face the wind and my lips peel back from my teeth in a grin of pure joy.”

L.A. Meyer, “Under the Jolly Roger: Being an account of the further Nautical Adventures of Jacky Faber”

And now for the rest of my report:
What a great summer for yachting! We generally head up to Northland on Boxing Day, but this year we were delighted to have our three kids and their partners afloat. To keep everyone happy and give them a chance to see their friends, we had two weeks in the Gulf, visiting Kawau, Mahurangi, Rakino, Te Kouma, and some particularly lovely days sampling yet more of the attractions on Waiheke. We all enjoyed the weather, though sometimes could have done with more wind to drive the ship!

When the kids finally deserted us, we sailed up to the Cavallis, and had a few days in Whangaroa harbour to see more of my family and to climb Mt Taratara and the Duke's Nose. Of note to members: one day we were rafted up with fellow DYC member, Mike Webster, aboard his new ship No Angel up in the western arm of Whangaroa harbour. We were approached by an official looking vessel we later termed 'the toilet police’. Aboard were officers from the regional council who wanted to check that we had aboard a holding tank, and whether we were aware of the regulations on discharge waste whilst afloat. We, of course, were
able to confirm this. The officers then proceeded to ask whether we had had the boat checked for Mediterranean fan worm, and did we have a certification to prove this? Somewhat perplexed, we said that we had no idea. They immediately sent two divers down to check our bottom! The divers were able to confirm no weed, so we were issued a certificate to this effect. Phew!

Another delight this year has been cruising with a stand up paddle board (SUP) on board. I bought a second hand inflatable SUP on Trademe a few months ago and, though it took a few attempts to get some confidence, it has since given us much pleasure, and good exercise. It’s neat to be able to mooch around an anchorage and explore way beyond the shelter and, because you’re standing up, it’s easier to see the fish life…no sharks sighted yet, thank goodness.

Because of work commitments, we’ve missed many of the races this season, though we had some unusually good results sailing Brer Fox over Anniversary weekend. By the way, thanks to those who gave us lifts in their dinghies as our inflatable was tired, losing its puff and easily exhausted! In the Anniversary day regatta race back to town, we were first overall (double honours) which earned us a cash prize of $170! Amazing.

Our boat partners, Bob and Sheila Stevens, are hosting a very special guest again this year. Sheila’s dad ‘Jenks’ is over from Exmouth in England at the moment. At the grand age of 102, he still travels independently, lives in his own home and, I gather, still drives his own car. What an inspiration. We hope to see him at the Club for a Friday night meal before he heads back to the UK. We took a bottle up to the cliff top at Fort Takapuna to toast the arrival of the Volvo boats. But such a small fleet has meant for a very different event to those that fired us up in the 80s and 90s. We’ll never forget the wall-to-wall media coverage, the spectacular and beautiful maxis, and the breathless commentary from PJ. So this year has been somewhat underwhelming; and then, what happened to Team Vestas?!

I used to consider the operations of Ports of Auckland adding to Auckland’s ambience; of a bustling centre of commerce. But from a recent visit to a downtown penthouse apartment, looking down at the thousands and thousands of second-hand imported cars, the port now looks like a giant parking lot. This seems a pretty poor use of valuable real estate, and a poor reason to extend the wharfs further into the harbour. So, good on you protesters - for making your opposition clear. I would have thought the Port of Tauranga could more profitably handle such traffic. Perhaps our local politicians might listen (…now, what was that about Lake Road?)

You might have thought (perhaps uncharitably) that us teacher-types should have got our work-life balance sorted, but Jane and I have only this year quit our NZQA exam marking responsibilities. This should give us additional cruising time before Christmas. There are mutterings of a cruise around New Zealand at some stage. Any advice welcome.

The Club is in good heart. As John Duder mentioned last month, Club membership and finances are in fine shape, and now we have had confirmation of the continuation of the lease for the Club facilities.

We’re looking forward to this year’s DYC Easter Cruise. It starts with a cruising race to Mahurangi, Easter Friday (check the website or the Yearbook for details) followed by a BBQ and prize giving on the beach. On Saturday there is a Round the Islands race, again a morning start followed by a BBQ and prize giving on the beach. At 0930 on Easter Sunday we have a champagne breakfast at Otarawao (Sullivan’s) Bay which is accessible by road, so you could join us by car if you are not sailing!

Best wishes,
Geoff Evans 05/03/15
DIRECTORY UPDATE

A warm welcome to our newest members.

### DYC NEW MEMBERSHIP

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<td>Peter and Lynne Skogstad</td>
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<td>John and Claire Taylor</td>
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YOU TUBE LINK BELOW

The YouTube link below is quite interesting. It is of TV personality Graeme Sinclair promoting the pest-free islands of the Hauraki Gulf Marine Park and raising the Biosecurity responsibilities and awareness associated with visiting these islands. Please feel free to use and promote this at any appropriate opportunity.

For further info see www.treasureislands.co.nz

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CUffYGJ3gjA
Over the coming months I will include some humorous old nautical sayings, which will intrigue all and offer an explanation as to their origin.

Queeg - Affectionate slang term for ship’s captain.

Racing - Popular nautical contact sport.

Ram - an intricate docking maneuver sometimes used by experienced skippers.

Rapture of the Deep - Also known as nautical narcosis. It’s symptoms include an inability to use common words, such as up, down, left, right, front, and back, and their substitution with a variety of gibberish which the sufferer believes to make sense; a love of small, dark, wet places; an obsessive desire to be surrounded by possessions of a nautical nature, such as lamps made from running lights and tiny ship’s wheels; and a conviction that objects are moving when they are in fact standing still. This condition is incurable.

Rhumb Line - two or more crew members waiting for a drink.

Rudder - A large, heavy, vertically mounted, hydro dynamically contoured steel plate with which, through the action of a tiller or wheel, it is possible, during brief intervals, to point a sailing vessel in a direction which, due to a combination of effects caused by tide, current, the force and direction of the wind, the size and angle of the waves, and the shape of the hull, it does not wish to go.

CR Leech ED*
Past Commodore
Can you identify the main features and location of these photos? All answers to the author. However the answers will be in the next newsletter. If there are any corrections to my answers please let me know. If you have any photographs that you think would be of interest to fellow members, then please eMail to me, with details.

February’s Pictures
Photo 1: Out comes the Ukulele and the ubiquitous DYC Song Book. at Mahurangi 2010.
Photo 2: A great shot of Bert Woollacott and his sister Madge hauling the dinghy up the old dinghy ramp, the remains of which are still visible.
Photo 3: An impressive collection of DYC dinghies on the beach.
Photo 4: The DYC haulage yard was very busy in the early years. And even then Pikelet was hauled out and she still has the same boom cover.

Chris Leech ED
Over the coming months I will include some old naval sayings, which will intrigue all and offer an explanation as to their origin. (Reproduced with kind permission of the RNZN Museum)

Get cracking:
Hurry up; move with haste
Carrying the greatest amount of sail as possible, to progress as fast as the ship can, hence also the expressions ‘crack on’ and ‘cracking on’.

Give me some slack:
Make allowances for the completion of an act
It took teams of men to haul in and tie a ship to a pier. As one team hauled on their line, tension on the other line was released (the second team were therefore ‘given slack’), and so on until the ship was properly aligned. A variation of this expression in modern use is ‘cut me some slack’.

Give someone a wide berth:
Stay away from; keep a distance from
Ships at anchor would leave enough space between them so as not to hit each other as they swung on the tide or in the wind.

Gone by the board:
Discarded; abandoned; lost
The board is the side of the ship. Anything that went ‘by the board’ (overboard) was therefore either unwanted or lost.

Groggy:
Unsteady; dazed; confused
Concerned at their persistent drunkenness, Admiral Edward Vernon started in 1740 to dilute his crews’ daily rum ration, a practice that was soon adopted throughout the navy. Disgruntled seamen referred to Vernon as ‘Old Grog’, after his coats made of grogram, a coarse mixture of wool, mohair and silk stiffened with gum. The diluted rum itself became known as ‘grog’, and a sailor who had drunk too much grog was ‘groggy’.

Groundswell:
Build-up of public opinion
The ground was always the lowest point, so at sea that meant the bottom of ocean. A groundswell was used to describe deep ocean wave movement caused by a distant storm or underwater earthquake or tremor.

CR Leech ED*
Past Commodore
MEMBERSHIP GUIDE
WHERE TO GO FOR WHAT

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VHF

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<tr>
<td>DYC Post Race Start:</td>
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Sea Legs – A Boat’s Story was written by Simon Bliss about how he came to own and sail a boat called Rivale halfway around the world in the 1970s. Not just a story about a boat – it is a boat’s story.

The book starts with Rivale (as the narrator) during her construction in post-war Holland. The tale is picked up then by the author Simon Bliss, a young man from Whangarei in New Zealand, who travels to England where man and boat first meet. Their journey across oceans and through many trials and challenges is one that delivers humour, humility and the hardest of life’s lessons in the most unexpected places along the way.

This is a story of journeys - across decades, oceans, and the human capacity for going forward. With the narrative skills of a natural born navigator and a quirky honesty that is uniquely his own, author Simon Bliss draws us into his own story of trials and triumphs on land and sea. Like any good mariner’s yarn, the truth in it is what makes it all the more fantastic...

In store NZ$40.00

Kind regards,
Marianne Bosman

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