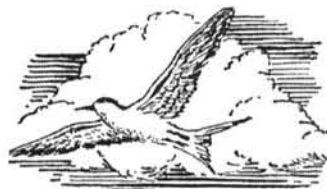


In conjunction with
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The New Zealand

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CLASSIC YACHT

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QUARTERLY

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'98



The Raft-up



Mahurangi 98 - Ngataringa, Scout, Tern, Little Jim, Teal, Katrina II.

MAHURANGI

*Thrills, spills
and a great party*

The 1998 Mahurangi regatta was one of the best so far. The wind cut in at 15 knots on a beautiful sunny day providing plenty of steam to get the boats around the course. Prize and Rawhiti had a close encounter of the undesirable kind at the start line ruling them out, and narrowing the competition for the remaining boats.



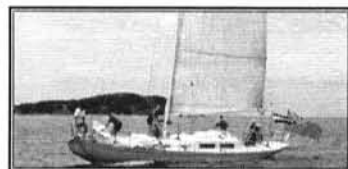
Over a hundred and fifty boats were on the water on the day, and the ongoing battle for the title of Logan yachtsman of the year was fierce as the boats made their way around the course. Moana, Hinemoa, Teal fought tooth and nail in the first division, but were beaten to the line by Ngataringa (1st), Katrina II (2nd) and Little Jim (3rd). Boats such as Vanita, Wanderlust, Alia, and the pretty Lexia fought for the honours in the second division, but were perhaps beaten by local knowledge as Martin Farrand (Mahurangi) brought Scout home 1st, John and Lisa Duder (Kawau) came 2nd in Spray, and John Davis (Warkworth) placed 3rd in Reverie.

The barbecue and prize giving at Scotts landing was friendly as usual. In a post script that is genuinely beautiful, all entrants received a small commemorative plaque for the bulkheads of their boats, created by artist and MCC commodore, Peter Oxborough. Most boats took it easy the following day,

enjoying this summer's exceptional summer weather.

At the raft up on Sunday all attention was on the Rawhiti / Prize encounter. The start line manoeuvring resulted in Rawhiti's bowsprit piercing the main on the Prize just behind the mast, before travelling aft and taking out everything in her path including the back stay. Amazingly, no one was hurt. With eight boats rafted up and more anchored close by, the venue for the evening provided huge scope for the after race analysis. The children enjoyed the evening as much as the adults, providing the guitar music, and after independent deliberation amongst themselves, a certificate for the best looking boat was awarded to the Tawera!

Extremely light winds made for a very relaxing sail back to Auckland.



Rawhiti - post start.

THE Classic EVENTS CALENDAR

1997-1998 Season



April

Saturday 25 April - VCC ANZAC Day Regatta
(Old Crew Day). Logan Cup Event.



The whole family, Mahurangi - 1997 (Terry Fong, AFA)

Owning a classic yacht of the impressive length of 41 feet when you are 24 and think you're still single, is a great experience. Owning the same classic yacht when you're 40 with 3 new, small and permanent crew members is more, well... character forming.

and in her. The point here is to recognise the inherent strength of these old hulls, the resilience of the Kauri they are made from, and the beauty of design which inspires both long term owners and new owners to rebuild and maintain these old craft.

Waione is a "wet" yacht, and I am continually amazed at the scientific precision with which her bow is able to land a bucket load of water on the same spot 8 inches to windward of the tiller in all conditions. I love my demountable spray dodger(!).

When we first bought the boat she had a stubby bowsprit and a short boom on a mast with a 40 foot hoist.

There was an orange and rust thing

was like rubber, and when we lost the mast at

Great Barrier in 1991, the middle panel blew to shards and splinters while the top and bottom sections (including 'that' glue joint), remained intact. I lengthened the boom and bowsprit and we ran around with Tawera's old cut down main for a number of years. People with finger nails weren't allowed to furl it.

In 1990 we liberated the boat from the under cockpit thing, and bought new sails to fit the rig. Imagine our frustration when two weeks into our Christmas cruise we lost it all over the side. The new sails determined the logical path for us in the end, and we fitted Ariel's rig with the same hoist.

things were in and early Ponsonby vintage regatta and on their first sail in a vintage boat!

"Designed and built under the supervision of Mr Charles Bailey (one of Auckland's premier yacht designers and builders), by the Sutherland brothers at Devonport, the yacht Waione was launched in 1908..." (Seaspray, 1947)

This article goes on to talk of the boat's racing record and how her designer Mr Bailey, consulted on the replacement of keel bolts and bored the hull to check the inner skins in 1945. Angus Sutherland had previously built the Janet for his own use, and was the foreman of Bailey's yard at the time of building. Waione's hull is three skin kauri and her shape is interesting for the rather radically cut away forefoot and hardnock to its keel. The bow sections are quite 'V' shaped and the bilge is firm. We put our rail down at 25 degrees of heel and that is our optimum angle. I is quite hard to push past that, because of course, a combination of the ballast ratio and the form stability in the hull.

Waione has had five or six rig variations starting with the gaff jackyard topsail rig of 1908. In 1930 the gaff was peaked up to about 15 degrees off the vertical and some lead added to the keel, apparently improving her performance across the board. The first bermudan mast was fitted in 1951 and in the early 1960's, was replaced by a taller spruce mast with a 500 square foot main. This is the cut down mast which we lost a Great Barrier and our first mainsail was the remnants of this 1960's racing rig.

We bought the Waione because of her shape, her record, her performance, and the thrill of owning such a

Waione 1908

Over the last few years our sailing has rather revolved around our three children and a favourite photo of mine is taken during the 1997 Mahurangi regatta. In this photo, Terry Fong (ASA photography) has captured the skipper going for a stroll on the counter, Kirsty (8 months pregnant with Zoe) on the helm with two year old Tom on her knee, while Alice (5 years), is down below playing. We placed second in the CYA division of this race.

We bought Waione in 1983 and since then have learned to our mixed feelings, of te large numbers of owners, particularly from the late 1950's on. Like many old boats there have been peaks of high maintenance and usage, and troughs of no maintenance bordering on abuse: to a level where it is hard to believe that rebuilding was possible. Only a few weeks ago at Kawau I was shown photos of Waione at Matiatia where she sat at her moorings for a number of years. Water up to her bunks and seagulls living on

which lived under the cockpit and sometimes consumed petrol. My first real worry experience with a classic yacht (that "I'm out of my depth" feeling), came in 1985 when I week before launching, after annual maintenance, I discovered rot in the mat behind the gooseneck. I talked to the late Eric Wing (who was a great mentor for "Old Boat" owners like myself), and he taught me with a sketch and some "forthright" pointers, how to scarf joint timber. I was proud at the time that I was able to get that mast out, replace the bottom 10 feet, and get it back in and still make our launching. The varnish on that mast



Waione - 1922

We sailed without a motor until last year when a combination of factors (including crew mobilisation issues), allowed us to fit a motor, take pile moorings, and turn the key for when the cockpit clutter like high chairs, boogie boards and half eaten yogurt cartons, prevent tacking.

Tacking on the Waione: "Tacking..

I'll do the jib and the backstays, you do the baby and the staysail.. Lee Oh!"

We've always sailed and raced two handed and have only had crew maybe a dozen times over all the years, although I do remember describing to two particular CYA leading lights what the big white flappy

fine yacht. The money we paid was little by today's standards, but was pretty well all we had at the time. We met some young people at Te Kouma this Christmas who came over to talk to us about the boat. They wanted to know if we had inherited the boat because they couldn't believe that one could just go out and buy one. They're right to an extent, but I see their comments as a sign of the future as New Zealanders wake up to the fact that there is a limited supply of these wonderful old craft and that the intrinsic value represented by them is priceless.

41' x 8' 6" x 6' 4"

Designer:	Charles Bailey
Builder:	A Sutherland
Sail Numbers:	B3, A33
Owners:	John Bertenshaw and Kirsty Hardie-Boys

Logan Vintage & Veteran's Regatta

A moderate 15 to 20 knots of breeze fondled the start line of the PCC Vintage and Veteran's Regatta, beguiling the racing fleet across the line with promises of the sturdier 35 knots promised by the forecast, but the stronger winds failed to come in. The forecast did however keep many of the smaller competitors away and the larger yachts were left to fight their battles in the light winds.

Moana led a southerly run down the harbour and maintained her lead for the whole race, but was unable to completely shake off Victory and Little Jim for handicap honours. Little Jim and Ngataringa fought a tacking duel, but in what turned out to be the crucial move, Little Jim beat a more northerly course up the harbour which secured the lead over Ngataringa.

A small runabout anchored near No. 6 buoy was used tactically by several yachts to shake off yachts pressing on their windward quarter. One can only wonder whether the sight of many large keelers bearing down on them only to bear away at the last minute made for a relaxing day's fishing! Victory was in much improved form and it is hoped she will return to racing with CYA more regularly.

The pre race breakfast was matched by an equally enjoyable after race prize giving at the Ponsonby Cruising Club. John Lee in Victory took out handicap honours in the first division. The second division saw some newcomers to the association making their presence felt. Petrel, stepped out from the rest of the fleet and took line an handicap honours, while Wanderlust, Kotuku, Dolphin, and Tarawai fought for the other handicap positions with no more than 5 minutes between them. The first 3 mullet boats finished within a minute of each other. Mantana took line and handicap honours from the newest boat in the fleet, Tamarau. Tamarau is a replica of the famous Tamariki and was launched just one month ago. Margaret and Moonlight finished only 35 seconds apart in the "M" class division, and the top three handicap placings were even closer.



Little Jim runs down Martana.
Photo Bob Wharton

Royal AKARANA

FIRST OF THE LOGAN SERIES
FOR THE CLASSIC YACHTS

The Classic Yacht fleet stormed into the 1998 Logan series with winds gusting up to 30 knots on 23rd November. The day was a showcase for boats which favoured heavy weather, and skippers who had just emerged fresh from winter series racing may well have wondered if summer had been postponed. Eleven boats crossed the finish line after fierce racing. The Ngataringa, the Moana, the Prize, Little Jim and Northerner fought a close race but it was a newcomer to the racing fleet, the Hinemoa, which emerged victorious. The Yum Yum was first in the B division followed by Wanderlust.



Hinemoa first, Ngataringa ...

The PICNIC!

The annual picnic was another great family outing for the CYA. The Princess Persephone, Hinemoa and the Ngataringa rafted up in Islington Bay, with a sun shade on the Ngataringa and barbeque on the counter stern and the venue was set for a great night. Nobody paid any attention at all to reports that the weather was on the damp side for a picnic. Marty from Kotuku kept the food coming from the barbeque. A largish number of children traveled from boat to boat in a quest for the ideal diving platform, and they ended up swimming by the light of a lamp set up in the rigging! Even John and Kirsty were enticed away from the Waione (moored some distance away from the general noise) and their first weekend away from children in six years! Although general speculation and loud commentary followed them as they made their early-ish exit back!

The following is an edited version of an article taken from *The Yachtsman, Official Organ of the Evan's Bay Yacht and Motor Boat Club, of August, 1936. It contains comments on techniques used in the construction of America's Cup yachts, which today's readers may find interesting.*

Dimensions of the ENDEAVOUR

An approximate idea of her size may be gained from the following measurements. Her extreme length from the tip of her long pointed bow to her counter will be 132 ft, whilst her length on the waterline is 87 ft, and her extreme beam 22 1/2 ft. Her draught is 15 ft, and she will be of 164 tons displacement. The part of her which will fascinate the general public will be her huge sails, especially the great Bermudan mainsail, which is 153 ft from the deck to the peak, therefore nearly as high as Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square.

Naturally, the hull form of these big racing yachts has changed very considerably since the first race for the America's Cup. In 1851 the schooner America had a clipper bow, which was then fashionable for the ocean-going sailing craft. Some of the vessels immediately followed more closely to nature and modelled the hulls of these racing craft like a half-fish and with a fin-shaped keel.

The challenger's bow is like a half-spear, and equally as sharp, whilst the hull aft fines out to the counter very much like the tail of a large fish. It will be noted, too, that recently-designed big yachts, including the new challenger, have the main full form designed much like a giant shark's. To the lay student of naval architecture this is an extremely interesting feature for the Arab Dhow, seen

in the Indian Ocean today, follows very much the lines of her ancestors of two thousand years ago, whose designers copied the shark's form. Indeed except that the bow of a J-class yacht is now elongated to do away with the bowsprit, there is a great similarity to the bow of the ENDEAVOUR and the bow of the Arab dhows of Zanzibar.

Ideas Revived

Another interesting innovation in the modern J class yacht is her "tumble home" sides, resembling the old "wooden walls" of England, and which was a characteristic



Mr Chas. Nicholson's Opinion

The new challenger will naturally embody in her design and building all the best accumulated experience in naval architecture, gained during the past 50 years by Mr Charles E. Nicholson, the most eminent designer of yachts in the Empire, who has built many of the finest and fastest racing yachts in the world.

Discussing yacht racing recently Mr

and sport are subtly combined. For this reason its popularity increases. The sailing yacht will ever appeal to the artistic instincts in man."

The new challenger will be an all-Empire production. Her beautiful hull will be shaped from British steel plates. The mahogany of which her rudder is made comes from British Honduras, the yellow pine for the decks from the forests of Western Canada, and the cotton for her great white wings was grown in the Sudan and woven at the small market town of Crewkerne, Somerset. Thus the accumulated energies of nature, working in diverse ways, and man's artistry will have co-operated in creating this graceful sailing ship. She has been built at Camner and Nicholson's yard, Gosport, on the western shores at the entrance to Portsmouth harbour, and it is of interest to learn that the sails will be cut and shaped in an adjoining loft owned by Ratsey and Lapthorn, where about 130 years ago the sails were made for Nelson's flagship, H.M.S. Victory, before she left to fight in the Battle of Trafalgar...

Naturally, man has applied much of his scientific invention to the more efficient handling of a yacht's sails. Today the hard manual labour experienced in the sailing ships of last century is mostly abolished, specially constructed high-g geared winches being used to haul in the main-sheet. Winches, the latest fashioned like a mangle, are also in favour for the latest sails, especially the Genoa jib. Mechanical gadgets are now also in favour, the latest being a tin racing flag at the masthead and its direction. With the aid of this gadget the helmsman is able to steer his ship more efficiently, trimming his sails with every shift of wind shown on the mechanical indicator...

Endeavour II

of the H.M.S. Victory type of ship built a century and a half ago, the idea being to prevent the decks being awash when the yacht is heeling to a smart breeze.

Nature has also been coped in the design of the challenger's mast, which is to be constructed of high tensile steel. The bamboo cane has served as a model for this tall, slender steel spar, 163 ft long. The knots or "rings" of the bamboo cane have modelled in special steel and electrically welded inside the steel tube. The seams of the steel mast are butt-edged, and also welded by an electrical process...

Nicholson remarked: "The building of yachts, as well as the sailing, is the finest sport in the world. There is always an element of fascinating uncertainty in it. It is one of the few crafts left in the modern world where art, sport and work are all combined. Yacht designing is still more of an art than a correct science, and will, as far as I can see after 50 year's experience, remain so. We design and re-design, and the speed of our yachts depends upon the harmony of line, upon sail area and efficiency, wind, and not least, seamanship. In yacht racing art

Interview between Sandra Gorter and George Petersen

25th February, 1998

At the home of George Petersen, 28 Pilsdon Terrace, Browns Bay.

George Petersen: This is my Dad, Peter Johannsen Petersen. He came from a place in southern Denmark called Aabenraa. The Germans were over-running the place at the time, the last thing he remembers of his homestead... not exactly his homestead, they had a farm, was the Germans on the horses riding through and setting fire to everything and he took off.

SG: How old was he when he first came out here?

GP: He left home when he was thirteen I think it was, and made the trip... like he was on a sailing vessel. The Germans took over and he went on this windjammer that his uncle owned. I don't know if the uncle was actually the captain on board or anything like that. In those days they used to stop in the South Island because of the trade winds you see, they used to fetch them around like... that's why they would hop off there down in Dunedin way, or Port Chalmers. They would walk from there or get rides or which ever, up to Auckland or where ever they were going. The windjammer was continuing on of course around the world like.

SG: Did his uncle come with him?

GP: No, he was on his own working as crew.

SG: At thirteen?

GP: No, he was thirteen on the first trip and fifteen or something on the second trip. He did a trip around the world when he was thirteen, then he went home again and decided to come out to New Zealand to live.

SG: Was he alone in the world that he had to fend for himself?

GP: No. He had a sister... or two sisters actually. But he had a sister who was a teacher in England. And the other one was living in Aabenraa.

SG: But he decided to settle in New Zealand at the age of fifteen?

GP: To settle in Auckland, yes.

SG: Why did he choose Auckland?

GP: Because there was a good Danish community here... also as I say, the route for those foreigners like my father, that's where they did get off if they were going to play the wagon, desert the boat like, you know.

SG: So did he desert the boat did he?

GP: Oh yes, yes.

SG: And what did your uncle think of that?

GP: (Laughs) Oh I don't know. I never asked him.

They walked up more or less to Auckland like you know. But he wasn't the only one. He used to tell us how many did it.

SG: There wouldn't have been many roads in those days would there?

GP: No. No, they were just tracks. Port Chalmers was where any sailor wanting to stop in New Zealand always got off in the South Island, because that's where the trade winds took them coming around the world. It's where the yacht racers are now (ref: The Auckland to South America leg of the Whitbread was racing at the time).

SG: It might have been easier for him to catch a coastal trader up wouldn't it?

GP: Yes, well the problem was that the traders would have fixed crews like.

SG: What did he do when he got to Auckland?

GP: He got a job on a boat then, he was called Tally-Ho Peter!

SG: Tally-Ho Peter?

GP: Yes. It was because he was in a boat called the Tally-Ho, he was in that for about five years apparently till he got of age where he could get his captain's ticket. You had to be

twenty one before they'd give him a captain's ticket.

SG: What sort of a boat was the Tally-Ho?

GP: A small scow. He worked for Leyland and O'Brian. He used to get paid... he had to do three trips for Leyland and O'Brian's with the scow in a month. Leyland and O'Brian had a timber mill here down in Fanshawe street- the street where you're going down to Westhaven where all the yachts are moored. They owned a house on the hill that went down. Just by where the Little Sisters of the Poor is now.

SG: Freemans Bay?

GP: There a big Danish community there. It wasn't only Jensens, there was Hansens, Petersens(!), and what was Harold's name? I just forget now... Helvesson, Harold Helvesson.

SG: When did he meet your Mum?

GP: He used to live in Nelson street in the town, and she had boarding house there. Because that's where... you know where the Farmers is?

SG: Yes.

GP: All that was occupied by Danes and Norwegians and all like that. Nelson street, they sort of made that into... it was easy access for the sea. In those days a lot of the boats were sailing boats and there wasn't the transport that there is now. And of course that was where all the sailors used to have a boarding room. There was, when you went up Albert street, there was still some of the houses, probably still some there.

SG: I know. There's an old there's a church there, diagonally opposite the Farmers building.

GP: That's St Pat's...? Oh I should know, I forget a lot these days.

SG: How old were they when they married?

GP: They were young, twenty? Dad must have been over twenty one any rate, to get his captains ticket. He would go down to Mercury Bay to pick up the kauri logs and they just towed them up as rafts of logs.

I used to go everywhere, in the school holidays or at Christmas, I used to go away on the boat. Every time I got a holiday, it was off with Dad. I'd steer the boat... or thought I did! I was on one trip that went through to Tauranga in fourteen hours and passed the steamer that was going down to Tauranga too.

SG: On a scow?

GP: Yes on a scow.

SG: What boat was that?

GP: In the Rangī. She was a good boat, a beautiful boat. We went into Tauranga, through by the Mount, you go in there and then, I don't know how far that leg was because when you went in the entrance there the northern headland off there was very shallow water so you

went right in. That was a big public works there. That's where they built the gallows. And Dad brought that gallows up from Mount Maunganui to Mount Eden.

SG: A boom gallows?

GP: No, a gallows for hanging people. That's where the public works place was.

I tell you too, at one stage he had his crew, they built a big viaduct on a railway. So he wasn't a chap that waited for somebody else to get him a job or do something. Actually my sisters have got the photos, but it shows you this big viaduct that he built. He put it together, he assembled like. Its somewhere down the middle of the island here.

SG: Who was your Dad working for at this time, Leyland and O'Brian?

GP: Yes.

SG: Was your Dad was a supervisor with them?

GP: Oh he was a worker, yes. But he had to leave Leyland and O'Brian during the war to work for the timber company. The Rototiti Timber company it was.

He had a bit of trouble during the war, because he came from Denmark see? A lot of people held that against him like. It was the first World War and people thought Denmark was part of Germany or something. At any rate he had to get special dispensation to go on each trip he did on the boat... it became too much. He was very well liked and well loved, but he took a job and we went to go and live in Rotorua.

A firm here was establishing a bush on a piece of land between lake Rotorua and lake Rototiti. They built launches here, one for lake Rotorua and one for Lake Rototiti and the boats used to tow them, they used to lay (the logs) onto big barges, pitched them up to a place called Moorea which was between the lakes... the actual two launches, one for Lake Rotorua, one for Lake Rototiti, were named after my young sisters, Patricia Eunice. There was the Patsy and the Eunice! The other sisters weren't old enough to protest.

SG: This was the kauri logs he was working with, towing?

GP: Yes. And then they would go through the saw mill at Moorea, and then were put on a barge again and taken across to Ngongotaha, and that's where they were put on a train. I think it was in those years that you know Dad

gave the Tercel brothers a job and took Cyril up to see the... when Dad went to Rotorua, the timber was at the bottom of Lake Rototiti, by Hongi's track. And then they carted it up to the head of Lake Rototiti and loaded it there and went through the mill and then it was put on rail trucks and just taken across the small isthmus there like, between Lake Rototiti and Lake Rotorua. And then it was shipped from there across to Ngongotaha. Now the... I think the wharf on the Lake Rotorua side of things, I think it was six hundred feet long. Because it was so shallow. You see it wasn't like a sea anchorage where the tide goes in and out. That was its... permanent height like you know. I tell you another thing too, down at lake Rototiti, down at Okiria I think it is, there was a power station in those days. You walked down the... side of the bank, and they'd carved a track out of the side of the cliff like. It wasn't high. Just twenty feet down there and then there was actually a power station there.

SG: And what did that provide power for?

GP: I don't know. Actually I've often thought about it, must have been the sawmill or something. But it was halfway down the cliff like. You went down these steps and then you come to this... generating machine.

SG: Did your Dad always work with logs?

GP: And sawn timber too. There was a very big fleet of scows in those days. There was... Leyland and O'Brians had the Rangī, the Moa and the Seagull and the Moa was the one that... (unclear).

I was with Dad when he went to a place right up north, what's the name of the place now, it's the last... Anyway, we got up there and it was in the dark. And so they anchored and then they suddenly realised that they were up the wrong arm of the harbour. So they spun around...

SG: This is all sails.

GP: Yes, all sails. And he hopped across the sandbanks to where they wanted to go, the boat to go. The tide had just about run out!

SG: That's that last harbour just before you get to Ninety Mile beach.

GP: Yes.

SG: Parengarenga?

GP: I forget. Only the other day I was thinking about things. You see Frankie Tercel's got a section up there. I asked him the other day if he still had it like and he said oh yes it's still there George. Anyway, we'd gone up there to dismantle this mill, timber mill like. And another friend of ours, the McColls, who lived by us in Epsom, they were working it. I've got photos of them there on the truck that they had. They used to... there was this big flat area where the mill was and all that sort of thing. And... Puriri they were after up there. You went up the hill and that's where they had the cook-house and all that sort of thing.

SG: These people lived in Epsom but they operated the mill in Parengarenga?

GP: No. When it closed down Dad was given the job of hitching all the mill parts, winches and things like that, back to Auckland and I was on that trip. Secondly I went by road up to ninety Mile beach to have a look at the place. I've got a photo of the scow alongside the wharf where they loaded the sawn timber on...

Did I tell you about the time when Dad was doing a trip to Tauranga and got blown a hundred and eighty miles off the coast?

SG: No.

GP: They got blown... one stage there I think he calculated, a hundred and eighty miles off shore they got blown, in one big storm.

SG: With a load of logs?

GP: Yes, between... they had to dump that load. It was blowing that hard like. And I think they got the... their mainsail got ripped or something, it was some other cause for it like you know. But a hundred and eighty miles off the coast.

SG: Did many scows go down?

GP: Oh no, they were well built those. See Leyland and

O'Brians they had the... the Rangī the Moa and the Seagull and they were roughly all the same size like. Because they were actually, it was the Kauri Timber Company, Leyland and O'Brians, and Goldie's, built along the foreshore. You know I wouldn't even try to go to Queen street now with the way the traffic is.

My father was drowned just out there.

SG: At Rakino?

GP: Well that's where the boat capsized. Then they came all the way across in the dingy, and backed her across, and he got to the point between Deep Creek and Long Bay, there's a point goes out there, and a small reef off it, oh, it's only from here to the hedge up there, but at low water you could walk across and then you're on the shore.

Well they were backing their way in, and they'd backed all the way across from Rakino. It was quite a gale then. They were standing up, rowing to it.

SG: Why were they standing?

GP: It was a big dingy and it was harder if they tried to... row the orthodox way, they put too much strain on them. By standing they could just ease it back and the bow was onto the weather. Then one of them caught a crab as they say where the oar missed the water, the dingy went side on and just rolled in the surf. They were only from here to the road, or less than that. Off the point. It was two, or was it three got off? There was Jack, Howard. Yes, Dad was the only one that got drowned I think.

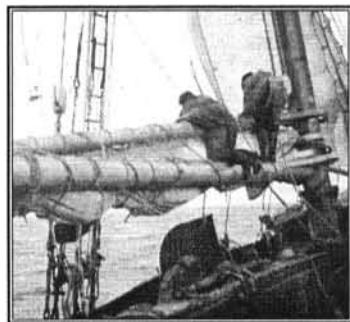
SG: And he was the captain?

GP: Yes he was the captain. One caught a crab and the dingy went sideways onto the waves.

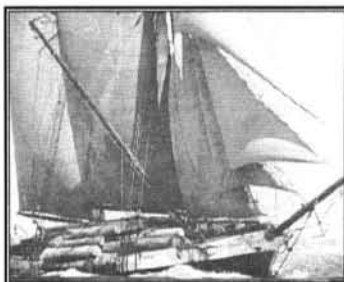
SG: How old was he when he died?

GP: He was only a young man, when I mean to say a young man. See I'm eighty three and I've got two sisters older than me. No, he was only very young like. The irony of it was my Grandmother lived in Torbay.

He was... oh he was a good father. He was a good father...



Shortening sail on the 'Rangī'



The Scow 'Moa' with a load of Kauri