

THE NEW ZEALAND CLASSIC YACHT QUARTERLY



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MAY 1999

CYA HOSTS THE PICNIC EVENT OF THE YEAR!



AS we turned into Islington Bay that Friday night I gasped in horror – I had *never* seen Issie Bay so packed with boats!

The RNZYS had followed our lead and were having their picnic on the same Saturday as the CYA. There were still a lot of boats there for the CYA picnic, including a strong showing from the out of towners – *Alk*, *Ripple*, *Tigres*, *Magic II*, *Lady Joyce N*, *Capricorn* and boat of Hank from Waiheke, *Linnet* from Stillwater and *Vanita* and *Aronui* Mahurangi.

The food was magnificent. Greg co-ordinated the catering, providing his own home made sausages, kebabs and salads. Before going ashore I asked if there was anything I could bring? "Don't worry", he said, "the men have catered for everything you can just sit back and enjoy yourself" (?!?!?) Stunning – but was it true? Almost – although there were apparently a number of honorary men for the weekend including Jo (*Ngatara*), Lisa (*Spray II*) and Stephanie. I asked what the catch was. "Oh the men don't do anything for the rest of the year so we do it all on one night" (more ?!?!?...). At this point it was better to give up trying to find out what they were up to and just settle down and enjoy what did turn out to be a lovely evening.

For the wine buffs, the wines included a Huntaway Pinot Gris Reserve and a Montana Chardonnay (gold medal). The parents socialised in relative peace as 'Santa' (a.k.a. Hamish), commanded the shiny glass jewels, gold

coated chocolate coins and petanque and cricket sets that John and Greg had had so much fun buying at the Warehouse on Friday night. Under the guise of coordinating 30 or more children in running races and beach competitions Hamish found new highs (or lows?) of meaning to the word 'power' as he distributed the prizes for the evening!

The highlight must have been the hat competition. With 15 entries, almost all impromptu, the competition was hot. Some were well prepared, and Erica (*Ngataringa*) took the grand prize of a Logan yachting shirt. Each of the other children won a Logan cap for spontaneously invented categories – such as that for cutest kid for a Neptune's halo of seaweed and beach treasure on the beautiful blonde curls of the smallest contestant (*Linnet*).

Music under the stars was provided by the violin, guitars and vocals of the Waiheke contingent. Dessert required input by the consumer – a lolly scramble led by the chef, and after a lot of laughing, the children and those not so young had had their share of mints and toffees.



(Left) The hat competition. (Above) 'Santa' meets the *Waione* girls...the racing...the music... the raft-up.





THE HISTORY OF ALK

STORY BY ROGER MILLS



In 1935 in a town called Alkmaar in the Netherlands, a boat called Alk was born.

She came off the stocks, measuring 22' x 7'4" x 1', one of many fine vessels the Netherlands Navy constructed as training boats. During the war she did many sea rescues, but eventually finished up on the beach in a sorry state.

Some years later a gentleman by the name of Mr Joiner saw her and realised what a fine little ship she could be. He had her refitted, and Alk started a new life as a gaff rig sloop.

"She now carries a full length keel drawing 3 feet, the hull is built out of half inch pitch pine on oak frames, and she has a 1/2" deck, canvassed over on beams of 2" x 2" at 9" centres. Her cabin coamings are now mahogany, with oak deck beams. The cockpit is open to the bilge, and she has T.V.G. seat fronts".

A 16 ft mast was fitted on the tabernacle and a short bowsprit added. Now Mr Joiner was ready for the adventures which the Alk would carry him through, and he carved out many sea miles in the 25 years he owned her.

There are a few gaps in the story, but a couple of owners later Allan Dunshea bought her in the 1980s. By this time the Alk had lost her full length keel and this had been replaced by a steel fin keel. Allan made her ready for sea. He sailed the Alk from Holland to the Mediterranean via the inland river ways of Belgium and France, a voyage of over 900 miles by sail with the help of the best motor of the world – a 2 horse seagull (!) Together they toured many of the surrounding countries along the way. What a splendid sail that must have been.

From the Mediterranean Allan sailed for Spain, and through Gibraltar up to the U.K. where she was treated to repairs and a new suit of sails, the old canvas ones being near their last legs. Once again the Alk was on her way this time to Trinidad via the Azores islands, a distance of 7000 kilometres. The Alk averaged 110-120 miles per day, and on a number of occasions she made 160 per day – not bad for an old girl huh! Especially when after having received the tail end of a few 70 knot cyclones Allan was able to say that she's the best ship he's owned. After Trinidad, a short sail up to Barbados of 300km and the Alk left the North Atlantic, through the Panama Canal and on to the South Pacific Ocean. It was a run of 2000km to the Galapagos Islands, and from there to the Galapagos and on to the Marquesas Islands, a sail of 6000km. At the Marquesas Allan acquired crew in the form of a young lady who sailed with him to N.Z. They enjoyed a lovely stop over before sailing for Papeete. Last stop was Rarotonga and it was time for watering and provisioning of the Alk. Now – the last leg home.

Some 270 miles off the N.Z. coast in atrocious conditions the Alk capsized. Unfortunately she didn't have enough lead on her keel and so she stayed keel up. Allan and his girlfriend dived out the companion way and had a dangerous swim past the tangled sheets to get to the outside. With a huge effort they managed to climb up on to the keel. The heavy seas made working the hull upright a very difficult task. With the pair of them leaning on the keel and making use of the waves, the Alk was righted. Initial inspection revealed that a couple of feet had been lost off the mast, and that the Alk was full of water. The crew pumped frantically and hours later with dry bilges, the old girl was jury rigged for the 270 mile sail to the Bay of Islands. They made it of course.

In 1990 Allan did a major refit, fitting new ribs and keel with a larger amount of lead ballast and in 1994 he sold her to Ron and Michaela Booster. They enjoyed Alk until 1998, when she came into my hands. I slipped her for 4 months for a refit including new decks, cabin top, five ribs up forward, and a few new deck beams. The decks are now 5/8" ply, glassed over, and she has a new toe rail and belting. With that, Alk is ready for the new century.

"Happy Sailing Folks"



SERIES PLACING FOR
LOGAN CUP
DIVISION: A

1998/99 Logan Series - best of 7 from 12 races

YACHT NAME	SERIES POINTS	YACHT NAME	SERIES POINTS
Little Jim	416	Prize	166
Katrina II	363	Waione	143
Teal	345	Aorere	778
Hinemoa	326	Tawera	52
Ngataringa	293	Sorceress	43
Rawhiti	276	Aronui	31
Moana	219	Rawene	0
Ngatira	186		

SERIES PLACING FOR
LOGAN CUP
DIVISION: B

1998/99 Logan Series - best of 7 from 12 races

YACHT NAME	SERIES POINTS	YACHT NAME	SERIES POINTS
Scout	292	Heather	36
Petrel	202	Irene	28
Spray II	186	Softwind	22
Nomad	134	Vanita	21
Gleam	128	Dolphin	16
Wanderlust	51	Yum Yum	0



EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST

Penelope, the famous K-class, is becoming available for the first time in her history. For further details on a unique opportunity to purchase a K-class in pristine original condition, contact Chad on 021-995-754.

RACE RESULTS
LOGAN CUP

SERIES NAME:

1998/99 Logan Series - best of 7 from 12 races

29/01/99 Logan Cup - Race 5 Div
A - DYC night race to Mahurangi

DIVISION: A

FOL	1	Moana
	2	Little Jim
	3	Hinemoa

DIVISION: B

FOL	1	Spray II
	2	Petrel
	3	Wanderlust

01/02/99 Logan Cup - Race 6 Div
A - Auckland Anniversary Regatta

DIVISION: A

FOL	1	Moana
	2	Little Jim
	3	Prize

DIVISION: B

FOL	1	Petrel
	2	Scout
	3	Softwind

05/02/99 LOGAN CUP - RACE 7 DIV A
- RNZYS NIGHT RACE TO KAWAU

DIVISION: A

FOL	1	Little Jim
	2	Rawhiti
	3	Katrina II

DIVISION: B

FOL	1	Spray II
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06/02/99 Logan Cup - Race 8 Div
A - RNZYS round Kawau Is. race

DIVISION: A

FOL	1	Katrina II
	2	Rawhiti
	3	Little Jim

DIVISION: B

FOL	1	Spray II
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06/03/99 Logan Cup - Race 9 Div
A - RNZYS passage race to Te

Division: A

FOL	1	Katrina II
	2	Hinemoa
	3	Ngataringa

DIVISION: B

FOL	1	Spray II
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21/03/99 Logan Cup - Race 10
Div A - PCC Vintage & Veterans

DIVISION: A

FOL	1	Ngataringa
	2	Rawhiti
	3	Waione

DIVISION: B

FOL	1	Nomad
	2	Petrel
	3	Scout

10/04/99 Logan Cup - Race 11
Div A - RNZYS Round Rangitoto
passage race

DIVISION: A

FOL	1	Ngatira
	2	Little Jim
	3	Katrina II
FOL	6	Moana

DIVISION: B

FOL	1	Spray II
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18/04/99 Logan Cup - Race 12
Div A - PCC - Montana's Closing
Day

DIVISION: A

FOL	1	Rawhiti
	2	Hinemoa
	3	Teal

DIVISION: B

FOL	1	Scout
	2	Petrel
	3	Spray II

SOCIAL DIARY

A couple of things have been tentatively organised for the Tuesday night meetings over the next three months, including Herbert Krumm-Gartner who will speak to us about building wooden boats.

Look forward to seeing you there

- John

CYA MEETINGS:

6.30pm, Second Tuesday of every month, PCC

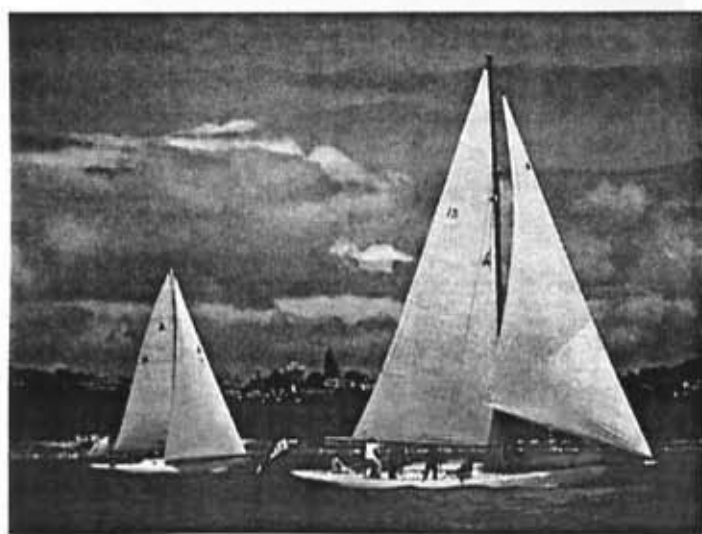
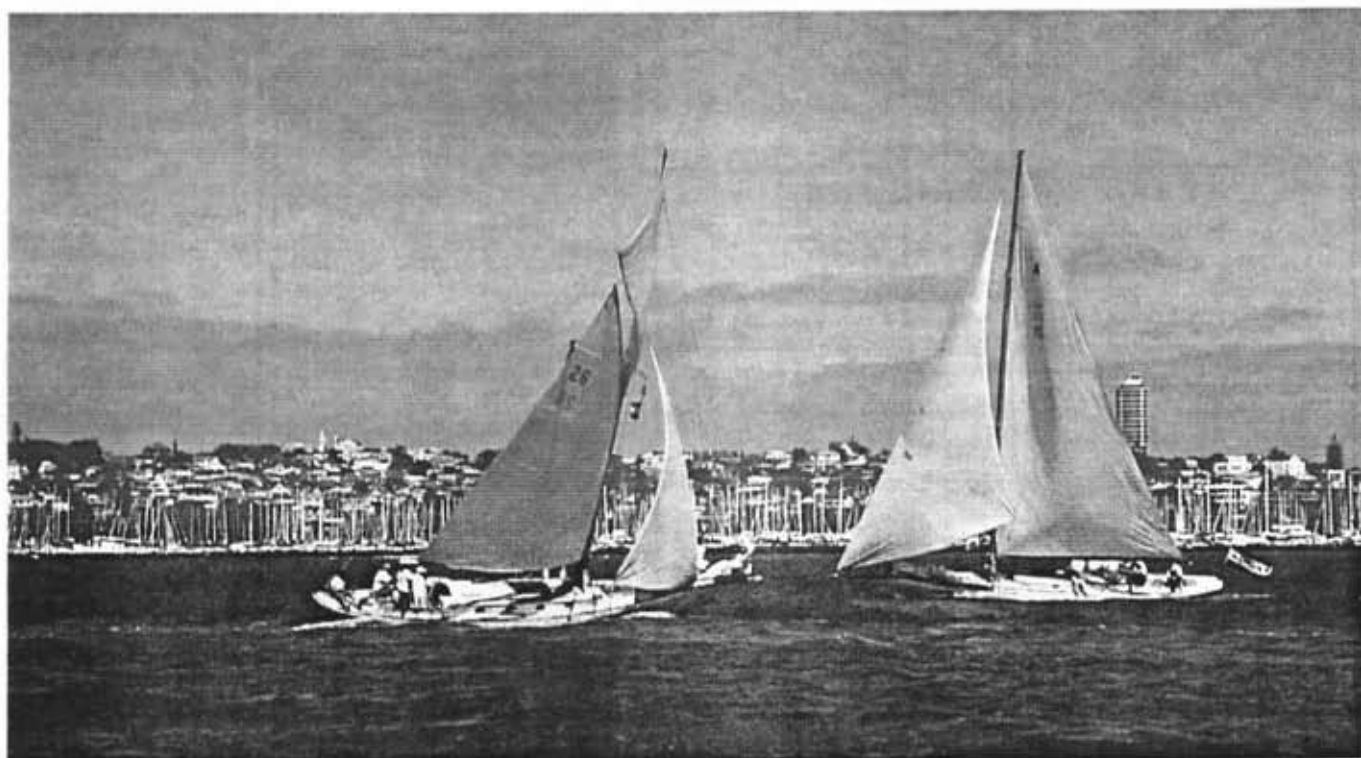
MAY:

Speaker: The Evolution of Yacht Design

Come along, we'd love to see you there.

John ph 2929 100 (evngs)
or 025 950 766

BOB WHARTON
STILLS PHOTOGRAPHY
PH 473-1097



(Top) Hamish Ross's *Little Jim* racing in the Duder Cup. (Middle) *Aorere* and *Prize*. (Lower left) *Prize* and *Little Jim*, 1st race 98/99 Logan Cup. (Lower right) *Ngataringa*, *Katrinall*, *Scout* and *Little Jim* during the PCC Open Day.



TERRY FONG
AFA PHOTOGRAPHY
PH 579 6256



Mahurangi Regatta, 1999. (Top) *Aronui*. (Right) *Scout*.



AN AFTERNOON WITH HARRY GILLARD



Harry Gillard: This is where we used to live. This is St Mary's Bay before the road (motorway) went through, that would be before the war. That's the house there. Dad paid about eight hundred pounds for it. It was a lovely place to live because you could look straight onto your boat. They were great days, you used to go straight home into your shorts and down to the boat. When we were kids we used to sail on my own to St Mary's and splash around in the boat and then you would get three or four snapper and a couple of kahawai and things like that, in St Mary's Bay.

Sandra Gorter: You've been sailing what, sixty odd years now haven't you?

HG: Oh, I can put a few years on that. I was eleven when I went with Tommy. Then I bought myself a sailing dingy, that would have been when I was about thirteen or fourteen. Then I went to a sixteen footer, the *Mariki*, and from the 16 footer I went to the *Wairere* which was 20. And from the *Wairere* to the *Marika*, 22. And the *Marika* to the *Taioma* which was 28 with a short end. Then from the *Taioma* to the *Waione*. The *Waione* to the *Mataatua* wasn't it? That's right. That's the boat with the little motor. From the *Mataatua* to *Ngatiaua*. So I have had a string of them.

SG: And then you went to the launch?

HG: Went to the launch. Well, by that time, I was retiring. You see in the days when we had the *Ngatiaua* built, winches weren't in were they? And also, she was a big boat.

SG: Des (Townson) said that you used to go out with him and his Dad on *Nomad* when he was young.

HG: I came from England. And two weeks before we were due to sail I jumped out of a tree and did this (indicates hand). And of course my mother wanted to cancel the trip, so my grandmother said well you go with the rest of the family, and I was sitting out in hospital... I was three years there while they were playing around with my arm. By the time I came out here, my parents had made friends with the Townsons. This was Tommy Townson's mother and father. And the day I arrived in February, Tommy came over to see the new arrival, the little Pommy(!). He had the *Lorna* at the time, and we got on pretty well. I was 11 so Tommy would have been about seventeen or eighteen I should say. He said would you like to come away on the boat for the weekend, oh yes!

So away we go, and somebody gave me a spinner sock to put the spinner out the back I caught a couple of kahawai and gee I thought this is really good you know. We got down to Motuihe, and there's this beach with nobody on it. And of course where we lived in England it was just like flies on the beach for people. I said this is good. Tommy wasn't a fisherman, but Peter was really lapping it up, and he said would you like to get a few fish? Oh yes! So they go up the Motuihe passage where we had caught the kahawai the day before, and within no time we had about 50 fish and all Tommy did was bait the hook! Although I was a lot younger than his crew he used to take me away and of course I used to spend a lot of time on the *Nomad*. Tommy was a marvelous chap for looking after a bloke. He really was. But then Des, because of course he took Des away the same, Des always had an eye for boats, he was a natural, with a lot of ability.

SG: Are you the person who first pointed out the *Rawene* to him?

HG: Yes. The *Rawene* was on one of the next moorings to us. The *Rawene* was my dream ship. She was only 42 feet, and the *Waione* was 42. But on the wind, in a breeze, the *Rawene* was a street ahead. That was when the *Ariki* was scratch boat. But in a breeze on the wind, although she was only 42 feet, she would be right up amongst the big boats the *Rawene*. A proper Logan boat, a beautiful looking boat. But if you look at her now she looks very small. In the old days you know, she was just a picture - she was a beautiful boat.

SG: She still is isn't she?

HG: She was my dream ship for years.

Mrs Audrey Gillard: She's a much smaller boat compared to the *Ngatiaua*...

HG: That's right. Smaller than that. But this was when they were all the same more or less, the smaller boats. And she was, to me, size for size, in hard breeze, she would be one of the best if not the

best keel boat in the harbour. 42 feet and she would be pushing the big boats along. Alf Gifford had her built and he could really sail her too. The Logan boats were good. There are boats that could beat them off the wind at times, but on the wind, they are hard to beat and they are not only good, they're pretty.

HG: You wouldn't have had much to do with Mullet boats I suppose Sandra?

SG: No

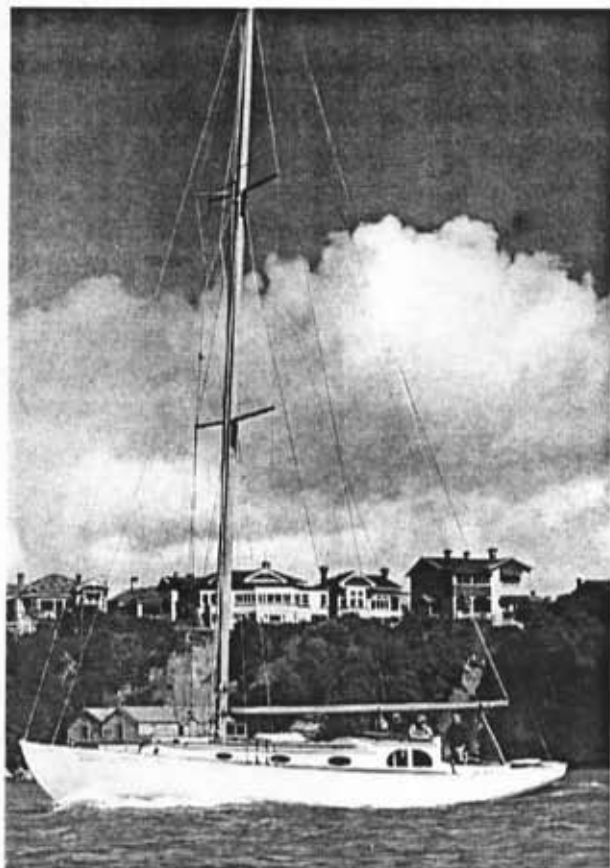
HG: As far as sailing is concerned, they were probably the best days of my life in the mullet boats. You got a good crew, and they used to stick together. We had a good crew you know, we won a lot of races and all that. All the crews in the mullet boats were good. Good guys. Cut each other's throats racing, and after that they'd have a lot of fun you know! In the winter, in the old depression days we used to haul up at Cox's creek and places like that, on skids. Everybody would help each other. It was a marvellous feeling. Of course in those days you knew everybody on the harbour.

L. Audrey Gillard: ... the mullet boats taught them to take care of the boats and to watch the weather. Because they didn't have a motor to get out to sea in a gale. Now you can start up your motor and get out whereas then, one mistake and... it wasn't too good.

HG: In those days it was lovely. I don't know if they have bunks in them these days. They had in those days. We used to crew with six. We used to go away for two and three weeks. That's where I met Audrey, got blown into Whangarei. I was the only guy that didn't want to go to Whangarei, and we got blown in. And I finished up... I picked up Audrey. Or she picked me up (to Audrey) which was it?

(all laugh)

HG: The old mullet boat days were good Sandra. The racing was good, the crews were good, but these



Ngatiaua



Fishing in the late 1940's



Harry and Audrey Gillard, with granddaughters.



Marika

days if you're racing you've a hard job to get a crew. Those days if you had a good boat, you had crews waiting. The way we used to help each other, racing was a lot of fun. Racing in the summers, in winter you'd get 'what are you doing tomorrow night', or, 'there's a dance at Huapai' or somewhere, you know? Two or three mullet boat boys would go up together. Gee we used to have a lot of fun.

It's funny I think the loneliest time of my life... you don't realise how much your friends mean to you, until they're not there. Because I couldn't go to the war with my arm... and of course the boys disappeared and of course it was very... well there was no racing in those days because of course there were no crews. And every night you'd pick up the paper and there'd be somebody that you knew who had been killed, and you'd think, I'm never going to see that guy again. You think about how he went to a dance with you and all the fun you had with them kind of thing, and it was... a heck of a time really.

SG: Sir Charles Bennet died yesterday.

HG: He was a fine chap wasn't he?

AG: Oh yes.

HG: A fine chap.

SG: It makes you realise that we don't have that quality of leadership today.

HG: No. No that is right. You take some of those Maori chaps, Carroll, Ngata, and people like that, they were marvellous people, marvellous people.

SG: They knew what morals were...

HG: That's right. I think the best girl I ever had working for me was a Maori girl, and boy was she a worker. But, well... she was a mischievous devil! I was in the dry cleaning business, and I'd take my clothes in, and I took my pants in one day, and took them home, go to get into them, and of course with dry cleaning a lot of the buttons come off. What happens is she'd taken the fly buttons off and sewn big coat buttons on! I gave her a call! I took my dress suit in to get fixed, and come to get in and put my legs down the pants and they wouldn't go! She'd sewn the cuffs together! So I fixed that, and go to get in the coat and she'd pulled the sleeves inside out and sewn the lining together! Next time I saw her I said I'm going to kill you! She said shut up, she said my grandfather ate your grandfather! A marvellous worker, you couldn't help but like the girl. But what a mischievous devil! My grandfather ate your grandfather! (all laugh)

SG: You had the *Ngatiaua* built didn't you?

HG: That's right.

SG: Who designed her?

HG: Charlie Collins designed her, and then he died before she was built. His son altered her and... it was a shame. She was a heck of a good boat, but she wouldn't move fast. A very strong boat. She has a pretty hull, but the coamings were a bit high. She was a pretty boat just the same.

SG: Why did you call it *Ngatiaua*?

HG: It is one of the bigger tribes.

SG: And it's interesting that another of the boats you owned was called *Mataatua*, except you pronounce it differently - that's another big tribe.

HG: That's right. Well it was the thing to do in the old days. We had the *Wairiri*, *Waione*, *Mataatua*. It was the thing in the old days, it started off before



Charlie Hanson (centre), Harry Gillard and friends

I was born (born 1915) I suppose, then just carried on. But of course now they have gone right away from it.

* * *

HG: We used to go fishing in the *Ngataki*. We used to bring them fish home and give them all away. It was the same with crayfish. We used to reckon on a coal sack and a half. Fill them up to there... They were lovely, sweet crays too. You wouldn't think now that that's where we found them. My wife wouldn't take food away you see, so we had to catch it otherwise we'd starve! That was my excuse for fishing. Those days were good. Kahawai and kingies would come around.

SG: You knew the man who had *Ngataki*?

HG: Yes, Johnny Wray? Oh yes! He was a lad!

SG: He wrote a good book.

HG: Oh yes. Remember that one where he bought a sextant, where he took a shot remember, and it put him in the middle of Australia?

SG: That's right!

HG: And he took another shot and it put him in the Sahara desert, and he said, "I knew it was okay because the man who sold me the sextant said it was a good one!" Oh he was a character. He wanted me to go overseas with him.

SG: Did he?

HG: I was dead keen to go but I had a good job. Johnny and Dick his cobbler, they used to hate work and I thought we'll get over to Noumea or somewhere with those two and I'll never know when I'm coming back. So I didn't go. Oh yes, Johnny and I were good cobbles, he was a wag.

SG: I like the story of how he got the masts off the *Reua*.

HG: Yes, that's right. And the blocks.

SG: And he hauled the kauri down from all around Auckland.

HG: Well that's him alongside us in that photo.

SG: Yes, that's what brought it to mind.

HG: Old Charlie Hanson, he was a scream too. He was a remittance man I think. He was a bit of a



The *Reua* at Moturekareka



Charlie Hanson's house, Moturekareka (now removed)

lad. His people in England gave him a bit of money to get rid of him kind of thing. He was a proper lad!

SG: That was the man who owned Moturekareka island across from the Mahurangi peninsula?

HG: Yes, Charlie Hanson. We still call it Charlie Hanson's island. About the *Ngataki*, when you come to think of it, the boats that go overseas, really, its marvellous how few have been lost because there is a terrific amount that go overseas. Its funny, at one time, when we were young, if a boat came from overseas, it had a write up, a big write up you know... all the stories and where they went. Now they come and go and you never hear of them! You know, when those chaps came out they had them down the yacht clubs and giving lectures and what not. Now they come and go and you never hear of them. Of course those boats I used to say used to wallow around the world. They were always slow boats, you know, great big heavy boats. Now, they put these light displacement boats around that do it in half the time, or a fraction of the time and they get every bit as good a ride and they still get there, and a lot faster. But those old boats, to me they didn't sail around the world, they waddled around the world. I think if they were doing six knots they were flat out! But they weren't racing boats were they? When the *Ranger* came out, they had her design in the *Eight O'Clock* (ref: an evening newspaper). And because with a boat like that, what did they call it in those days.. small boom, short boom. I said well I know three boats that will beat her. I said the *Ariki*, the *Thielma*, and the *Rainbow* will beat her. How wrong I was. She was a great boat you know. She was ahead of her time. I was on the *Ranger* for a while. She was a well balanced boat too. The tiller was like... really balanced, just like a Townson boat. She was a lovely boat, a lovely boat to sail. I like a well balanced boat. These boats you've got to struggle with I tell you, you know your arms are about six inches longer when you get there. You get tired of a boat of that. The mullet boats were devils for that. They were hard. That's one thing I like about the Townson boats they're just so easy to steer, so easy to sail. I reckon they sail themselves.

SG: Did you know Jack Logan?

HG: Yes Sandra, he was a very capable guy but very gruff and outspoken. Anyhow, I represented the Devonport yacht club in the Lipton cup in the *Marika*. We got her up on the skids down there and there was a boat coming down, a great big boat that an amateur had built. And she came down in front of us so we waited. We started to look at her coming down and Jack Logan said, "I wonder who designed that bloody farmer's shed!" The woman behind got stuck into us, it was her husband's boat! Oh Jack...! (laughs)

SG: Did you know Jack very well?

HG: Very well. And his father. His father was a nice guy. Very capable. The Logan family were a nice family, a good family. But Jack was a good guy to get along with, but he'd make a bad enemy.

SG: Was he the designer?

HG: He did some designing, but not to the

extent... only in small boats. You know eighteen foot things like that. He didn't take on the big boats like his father. Jack only designed small boats. There was Arch and his father. I always thought of the *Rawene* and the *Moana* and those boats as Arch designed boats. I could be wrong. But I don't think so. I used to look at the *Rawene* and just about dribble out of the corners of my mouth, you know she was my dream ship. In a breeze on the wind gee she could go.

SG: What do you remember about the Logan family?

HG: Not a lot. Like, as I say we knew the boys through racing, but I didn't know the wives. Jack got married late in life. He'd have a hell of a job to find a woman to put up with him I think. (laughs) But in the old days if you had a Logan boat you had a good boat.

SG: Did they run a tight yard?

HG: Well they didn't have a yard when I was young. They were doing the designing and other people were doing the building.

SG: Bill Couldrey built the *Little Jim* didn't he?

HG: That's right. This is the second one. The first was wrecked. That's the one that was built for Jim Mitchelson.

SG: Did you meet Arch Logan?

HG: I got on very well with Arch. We got the *Marika* and the people who had her were very good at looking after a boat but they weren't very good at racing. You know they didn't like to get into starts. We got her going and did very well and Archie took quite an interest. He'd ring me up and say "I saw you doing so and so" because I was only a youth kind of thing. I had the *Marika* and I only did that until I got to twenty one or so. They used to watch from over on the North Shore and up the hill and all that, and he'd ring me up on a Monday, "by joves you sailed her very well, but I think if you could have done so and so you might have got a bit more out of her", that kind of thing, you know? He was darned good to me really.

SG: I've heard it said that they were a bit distant.

HG: Well, they certainly weren't to me. I was getting new sails and Arch says "well, come over". And he designed the sails and wouldn't charge a bean. I found him very good. But I can imagine somebody saying that. Certainly if you didn't get on with Jack, he could be your best friend or your worst enemy, you could please yourself. Archie I thought was a thorough gentleman. Archie had a very nice way of telling you how to do things without telling you kind of thing. We used to pull the boat up and he would come down and have a look and... he never used to say do this. He'd say, "You know I think if you did so and so, you might improve her little bit you know, its worth trying" kind of thing. He'd never say do it. I had a lot of respect for Arch.

SG: Their family was quite religious?

HG: That I wouldn't know. Jack certainly wasn't very religious - I think they'd close the doors if they saw him coming! (laughs)

AG: Paul.. our youngest boy is called Paul Logan because Harry used to rave on about Logan boats so much!

HG: They were a great family really.



12TH - 14TH FEBRUARY, 2000

'The Heritage of the America's Cup'

LOGAN CLASSIC NEWS

Preparations for the Logan Classic are continuing with Mark Bartlett, Greg Scopas and Hamish Ross steering the Association's interests through the minefield of vested interests and other events that are happening at around the same time.

We have decided to move the event forward one day, commencing on the morning of Saturday the 12th February and finishing with the dinner on the evening of Monday 14th. This will avoid potential clashes with the America's Cup Hall of Fame induction ceremony and also the briefing and cocktail event for the superyachts' Millennium Cup which are both on the evening of Tuesday 15th.

Mark is very near to finalising the last deals with co-sponsors (supporting Logan) and we can assure you we have some really top-notch support for the Association and the event lined up.

In addition, we have been very lucky in securing the services of Joyce Talbot as race secretary/organiser, who will be in charge of organising entries and liaising with and issuing all correspondence to all participants. Joyce has to be one of the world's best yacht race organisers, as anyone who has raced in the Coastal Classic in recent years will attest, and she will bring another dimension of professionalism and efficiency to the organisation of the Logan Classic.

We are continuing to get interest and enquiries from overseas-based yachts and have been in contact with or have received entry intentions from the following yachts:

Velsheda	140' J-class	England
Cambria	135' J-class	Australia
Aschanti IV	95' schooner	Germany
Waitangi	A-class (Logan)	Australia
Fidelis	A-class	Australia
Classic yacht - Bertelli		Italy
Herreshoff yacht - Herreshoff Museum		USA.

Following some of these enquiries, and a very kind offer of assistance from Ray McElroy (the *Satanita*), we are working on parameters and definitions and will be extending the fleet to include a "modern classics" division.

We expect to be making a fairly major press and media announcement in the next few weeks and starting to advertise for entries through all the chandleries and clubs, and in the major yachting and classic boating magazines both here and overseas.

Watch this space...

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