

THE NEW ZEALAND CLASSIC YACHT QUARTERLY



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Jessie Logan Relauched after 121 years

Members of the Classic Yacht Association were privileged to witness the relaunching of the first Logan yacht, Jessie Logan, 121 years to the day after her original launching in 1880.

"Jessie" has been restored to her original plan and condition, virtually exactly as she was built by Robert Logan Snr, after a long and painstaking process which has taken more than ten years.

The acquisition of Jessie Logan's almost-derelict hull and her subsequent restoration has been led by Harold Kidd, maritime historian and writer and CYA member and contributor, along with co-owners Keith Pine and (lately) Hamish Ross, and classic yacht boatbuilder Herbert Krumm-Gartner.



Guests at the relaunch were treated to music from a brass band on the lawn and launching area immediately adjacent the Devonport Yacht Club, which is close to the site of Logan's original yard which was at the foot of Wynyard Street, near the Devonport Ferry Terminal. At the appointed hour we proceeded inside the club to enjoy a drink and hors d'oeuvres and to hear speeches from the Commodore of the Devonport Yacht Club, and then Harold, who spoke eloquently

about the history of Jessie Logan.

Interestingly, perhaps astonishingly, she was originally built "on spec" by Robert Logan Snr. He was in fact a house builder by trade and, along with many others, was suffering financially from the great depression of the 1870's. In 1879 he designed and built Jessie Logan from scratch and named her after his daughter.

Jessie Logan proceeded to thrash every other yacht in her category (the "B" class fleet) in Auckland, and her immediate and emphatic racing successes here and later in Wellington secured Logan several commissions to design and build further yachts. So Jessie Logan is hugely significant in terms of the Logan legend - she is the yacht which started Robert Logan Snr on his illustrious career as a boatbuilder.

Following Harold's speech we heard from Keith Pine and then Hamish who spoke about their respective involvements in the project and the passion they and Herbert have shared with Harold in getting the restoration as accurate and authentic as is possible. Virtually every aspect of the yacht's construction, down to the smallest detail of the cast brass and bronze fittings and including the setting up of the rig and sail plan, was meticulously researched and has been faithfully recreated.

The speeches were followed by a mass exodus outside to witness the lowering of Jessie Logan down the slipway and into the

water, with her owners and several family members on board.

A bottle of champagne was smashed across the bowsprit in the traditional manner by Mrs Eveline Logan, wife of the late Jack Logan, the last of the Logan boatbuilders. Robert Logan's great grandsons were also in attendance.

The winch operator must have been threatened with terrible consequences if the yacht "got away" on him, because the large crowd waited seemingly forever as "Jessie" was lowered inch by inch, exceedingly slowly, down the slip. The fully-kilted bagpiper playing in recognition of Logan's scottish heritage was struggling for breath by the time she eventually touched the water. However, a huge cheer was given by the crowd and the thrill of the culmination of such a significant and long project was best illustrated by the beaming faces of Harold, Keith and Hamish.

Regrettably, owing to further rigging requirements, "Jessie" was hauled out again following the launch, and was not to sail until some weeks later. We have a couple of shots of her finally under sail - the general opinion (looking at that massive rig) is that the boys are going to have their hands very full in anything more than a few knots of breeze!!

Congratulations to Harold, Keith, and Hamish on a stunning restoration which was supported by the skills and time donated by Frank Warnock (sails), Lyndsey Coleman (rigging), Ken LeMouton (painting), and Ron Copeland and Ces Tong (steering modifications).



Earlier this year, Chris Smith of Moana received a delightful letter from Mr James Lennox-King, CYA member and former crewman on "Moana". Mr Lennox-King, who we understand is now in his eighties, wanted some of his memories of the yacht and in particular her previous owner Alf Miller to be preserved, and with his permission, here is the first installment of his memoirs...

I was eighteen when I joined 'Moana' in 1932 and it came about thus.

I was an able seaman in the Auckland Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve (New Zealand) as it was then known. I sailed regularly on Saturday afternoons (no free Saturday mornings then) in the naval whalers the Division had at davits on its boat deck. For history, they were 27-foot clinker double ended boats, "de Horsey rigged" which meant a standing lugsail, jib and mizzen, built for sailing or pulling (as rowing is known in the navy) and built to take immense punishment. They weighed a ton and a quarter each and were pulled by five oars - three to port and two to starboard. That odd combination was because the oars of bow and stroke were a foot shorter than the others.

In those days St Mary's Bay was uncomfortable with no breakwater and of course no Westhaven. The full tide used to wash against the foot of the cliffs below Ponsonby and the Reserve Headquarters stood on piles at the cliffs' foot, connected to the shore by "Jacob's Ladder" down the cliff and by a long gantry, or wooden footway, over the water (or mud, depending on the tide) from Fanshawe Street.

The Headquarters still are there as H.M.N.Z.S. Ngapona, almost unnoticeable on the inboard side of the motorway approaching the Bridge and miles from the water. Anyway, that was my initial sailing experience.

The "Viking" had been lent to the navy by Ernie Davis (Sir Ernest) for sail training and she used to sail in Squadron races under the command of Commander Trevor Lean, R.N. It seems that there was not a lot of enthusiasm in the navy to be trained in sail, and

volunteers were often asked for from the Reserve. I was always a starter, and one Anniversary Day the regatta was sailed in almost a gale of wind. Poor Viking's sails couldn't stand up to the weather and blew



Moana just after World War II in fresh conditions on the Waitemata. James Lennox-King is probably the crewman hanging on to the port shroud for dear life.

out with high frequency. A sailmaker was stationed with his sewing machine in the forepeak, and the sails were passed down to him, drowning him every time the fore hatch was opened, and reset when his knock on the hatch showed they had been mended.

I worked the foredeck, and changing jibs meant sitting on the end of the long bowsprit, which in the heavy seas was under water as much as above. I must have been fairly nippy about things, for after the race a civilian who had been in the cockpit with Trevor Lean asked me if I would care to join his regular crew. I had no idea who he was, but reckoned that if he was a friend of the Commander's he must be all right, so I said "Yes". And that is how I came to know Alf Miller and Moana.

I sailed in her from 1932 until the war began, then after six years away rejoined her

until a couple of years after my marriage in 1948. Alf put me up for the Squadron as a Junior Racing Member in 1932, and I have been a member ever since.

I left as a lieutenant with the first naval draft from New Zealand for the U.K., and served in destroyers. In 1941 we went alongside the Punjabi, another destroyer, and who should be on the quarterdeck supervising Punjabi's people but Alf! I had no idea he had left New Zealand, or was in the navy. A few months later when Punjabi was preparing for sea Alf fell down a companionway and damaged his leg to the extent that he was taken to hospital. She sailed without him, and a few days later she was cut in half by the battleship King George V. with no survivors. Alf went on to command a small sloop and won a DSC for destroying a U-Boat in the North Sea.

While he was away he lent Moana to Cove Littler to sail. Launching her after a winter on the hard Moana just failed to float. Cove secured the main halyard to a truck, intending to careen her and launch her sideways, instead of which he broke the mast. I was cross when I heard of it in the U.K., for that was a splendid piece of spruce Alf had had brought in. I don't know what her mast is now, but then that spar, with knots so close you could hardly get a hand between them, was a most flexible and resilient piece of timber. After one strong-wind race we found traces of what appeared to be gold leaf on the stem head. We swore they were from the acorn at the truck.

Moana I came to love. Alf I came almost to worship, both as a skipper and as a person. Seldom have I encountered such a fine man. A wonderful sense of humour, meticulous in his care of his boat, and a great yacht racer, who when dressed for the city always wore his Stetson hat turned up at the front and down at the back.

At the time I joined Moana she was not, in fact, his boat. After his father died the estate sold her and she was bought by a doctor in Nelson or Blenheim. He brought his family up for a three week cruise each year, but in the meantime Alf could sail (and maintain) Moana, though the many trophies Alf won

Memories of Moana

by James Lennox-King, Crew Member 1932-1950

Installment 1

went to the owner (how proud of them he must have felt!). The other regular crew member, who joined at the same time as I did, was Graeme Ashton, an experienced centreboard sailor, who many years later was killed as a passenger in the Air New Zealand crash on Erebus.

Alf, by the way, said that when his father invited someone for a week end sailing, that was what they got. His father saw no point in owning a sailing boat and anchoring it for the night, and Moana sailed nonstop through her time off the mooring. His father customarily slept in the cabin during the afternoon sail back home, and after one family weekend when Alf went down to shake him to take the helm for the pick-up he was dead. A wonderful way to go - but an awful shock for the family.

Eventually the Nelson doctor tired of remote ownership and told Alf he was selling the boat. That would mean the end of Alf's sailing her, so he enlisted an old school mate. They had been friends at King's College before and during the First World War, when the college was where the prep. school is now, in Remuera. Together they scraped up the £500 to buy her, and Moana passed to the ownership of Alf and Geoff Clifton.

The first thing to be done was to rip out the heavy iron framed wirewove mattresses the good doctor thought essential to sweet sleep, and they were replaced by squabs on a plywood base. Graeme and I made ourselves responsible for the carpentry. Then I set to work on the brasswork, black with neglect. I took the bars from the skylight home and with salt and vinegar produced a gleaming set. Then the rudderhead, and after weeks of intermittent work I

revealed her date of build - 1895. Thereafter the brasswork became my care.

Incidentally, Alf never had blankets or woollies stowed flat, they were always folded first then rolled. It is a habit I still have.

A diversion here: Mechanics Bay, like St. Mary's, was then as it had always been, and the shore line was where the railway yards are - or later, at the edge of the waterfront road. There was thus ample room for swinging berths, of which Moana had one. A small jetty was in the middle of the shore, owned by the Nobel Explosives outfit, where the explosives ship, the topsail schooner 'Huia', berthed on occasion. It dried out and was a convenient place to scrub off.

I was on the jetty one lunch time, about to take Moana back to her moorings after a night's cleaning, and got into conversation with a fellow standing looking at the boats there, and at Moana in particular. By strange chance he was the son of one of the two chemists in Tauranga when I had passed my childhood there, and by further chance his sister now owned the house that had been my home. He was a keen yachtsman, at present without a berth. I introduced him to Alf in due

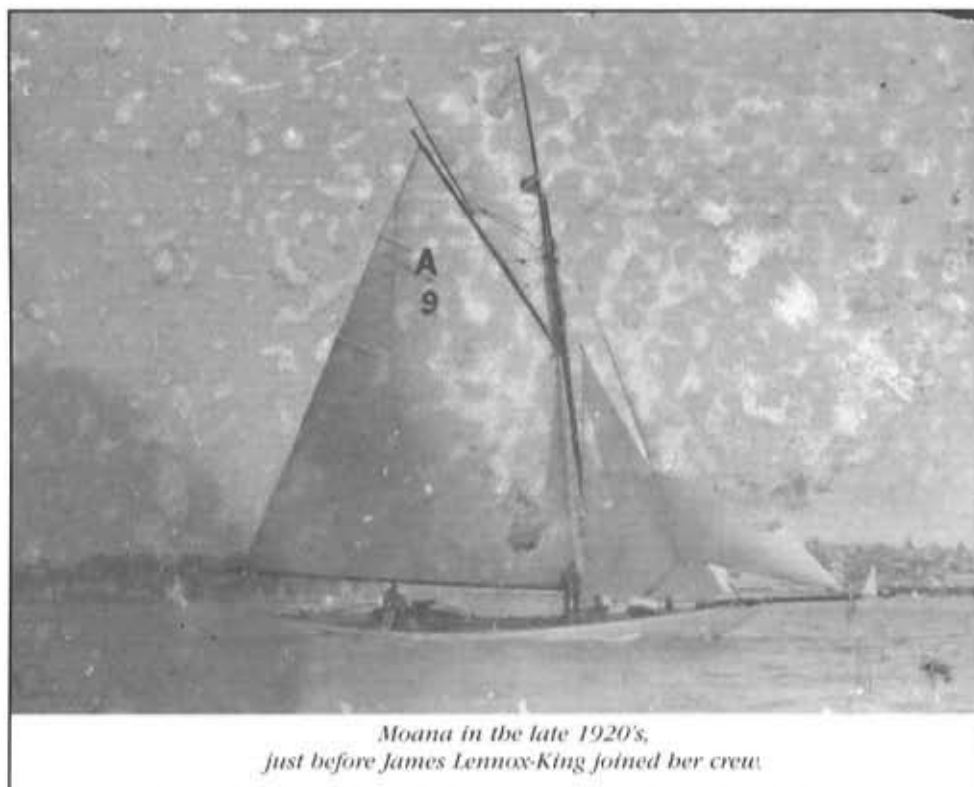
course and Alf Meeres, known aboard for clarity as 'Alfred', became another permanent member of Moana's crew.

When he first came aboard he watched the laborious measurement of offsets Graeme and I were making to have the plywood base of the bunks conform accurately to the curve of the ship's side. A little diffidently he asked if he might help. Of course he could, so he looked at the curve for a few moments, drew by eye a freehand curved line on the plywood, cut it out and it fitted like a glove. Disclaiming magic he told us modestly "I'm a carpenter."

Before the advent of Alfred, Graeme and I had, with immense pains, fulfilled a demand of Alf's wife, Eve. Eve was no longer young, and decided that the facility provided for her of a toilet seat on a bucket no longer appealed, so Alf agreed to the installation of a heads. Some of the starboard side of the forepeak opposite the galley was cribbed, and a marine toilet installed. To enclose it we managed to put in place a sheet of hardboard beautifully curved to form the inner bulkhead. Eve was delighted.

Seven years later, I think on my first post-war 'cake day', Alf had a very VIP aboard for the day, someone very august from the UK, whom Alf had warned his lubberly crew (still Graeme and Geoff and I (Alfred was no longer sailing) to treat with the greatest deference. I forget who he was, but a top-ranking bod of some kind.

In the course of the day he whispered to me, "Er - what does one do if one wants to pump ship?" With years of no-heads experience and completely forgetting the heads installed so soon before we left for the war, I said "Oh,



Moana in the late 1920's,
just before James Lennox-King joined her crew.

you just call out 'Everyone look forrard!', they know what that means, they do, and you go to the after end of the counter, and you do."

He duly called "Everyone look forrard!" Alf turned in some surprise and said, "What for?" The chap turned scarlet. I explained quietly to Alf, who said loudly, "Why doesn't he use the heads?". I tried to explain to the furious guest that I had quite forgotten we had a heads, but he didn't believe me, and remained convinced that I had embarrassed him deliberately.

Prior to the heads (and in fact in dark hours after it was installed) the routine for the men to pump ship was to stand on the after end of the counter and lean outboard, at the same time hooking an arm round the permanent backstay. It was a convenient system, and provided you made sure the dinghy had not wandered up under the counter, a very reasonable one. Geoff Clifton though, one Squadron Kawau weekend, some time late at night left the singing below to pump ship. He duly leaned outboard from the end of the counter, hooking his arm round the backstay - and by the time he was horizontal remembered he was on Ariki, and Ariki didn't have a permanent backstay. His bubbling cries weren't heard over the noise in the cabin, nor by the noisy boats astern as he drifted by. He was only saved by someone in a boat about four astern who had opportunely come up for the same purpose.

The galley was cramped at the after end of the forepeak, and comprised a gimballed brass stove holding two primuses, one of which sat under the swinging oven. Alf was always the caterer and when he had ordained a roast for dinner the oven was lit during the race and the meat cooked as we sailed, so that we could eat without delay after the post-race drinks.

Anchored in Opunga (it was always Opuna then) Graeme Frater came aboard and left us with a large collection of illegal oysters. We were about to sample them when a local friend, an honorary ranger, came aboard. The oysters were hurriedly passed up to me to hide, and I put them on the deck under the stove. When he had gone

the oysters were brought out again. Eve spat her first one out with a shout. The others tried theirs tentatively and all rejected them - and didn't I get the stick! I felt hard done by - how was I to know that one of the primuses had a leak and would drip kerosene into the oyster bowl?

Singing was a great Squadron entertainment when visiting. Musicality took second place to volume, and everyone knew the old songs. The most popular visitor was Buntly Palmer with his squeeze box. He knew just about every song, and those tunes he didn't, he quickly picked up. What a lot there were - lots of clean ones. "Green grow the rushes, oh!", "Ladies of Spain", "Cawsand Bay", and the bawdy ones too - "The harlot of Jerusalem", "The great wheel", and - oh, a raft of them. I wonder if visiting crews ever sing these days.

Until late in the night - or early in the morning - the singing continued to resound round the bays. What great "fun" nights those were, well worth the occasional morning headache. Then one evening when the fleet had anchored in Little Muddy Bay the buzz went round - "Watch the songs tonight boys. That boat over there has a woman on board." And as more and more women went racing it changed the old customs for ever.

Rescuing folk who had gone overboard happened now and then. Tamatea's skipper, Pat Newcombe, was apt to have a fairly short fuse when racing. During one race it was audible to almost the whole fleet that he was unhappy with the way the foredeck was setting the spinnaker and shouted so much, well - instruction, that they told him to get forrard and do the damned thing himself. "Right - I will!" he shouted, left the tiller, leapt out of the cockpit, rushed along the deck, caught his foot on a sheet fairlead and went straight over the side. They stopped laughing long enough to get him back on board, and it's said that Pat's authority was expressed less forcibly afterwards.

I remember Tamatea (Moana's great rival) looking spectacular one Sunday afternoon. We had been blown out of Matiatia by an approaching cyclone and had made the passage to Auckland in forty minutes. There was no hope of picking up the moorings off

the cable wharf, so Alf carried on to the shelter of St Mary's Bay. We passed Tamatea who had stayed on her mooring off the tide deflector, and she was sailing round her mooring unmanned and under bare poles with alternate rails under. In St Mary's we secured to one of the big Harbour Board buoys and rode out a wind that must have been almost storm force, then suddenly the wind dropped to nothing. A quick shout from Alf saw us under weigh with the staysail set, to anchor on what had been a lee shore. Sure enough after a pause it came screaming out of the west. There were more than a few moored boats wrecked that night.

A disadvantage of the mooring near the cable wharf was that rowing ashore to our dinghy locker took us under the wharf, the handrails of which were always lined by a flock of shags. You had to be very silent going underneath, or the birds would simultaneously "let go", and you would spend the next half hour cleaning up yourself and the dinghy. The dinghy until the war began had been the standard Squadron dinghy - twelve feet, clinker built, varnished, and heavy!

After the war Alf took advantage of new technology and replaced it with a cold moulded ply boat, much lighter but hard to row to weather.

While we were moored in Mechanics Bay the building of the tide deflector was begun, and massive trucks backed down to decant their loads of huge rocks. One Saturday afternoon we had left the moorings a little later than planned and we were still preparing the boat as we hastened to the King's Wharf starting line. I was standing on the stemhead outboard of the forestays clipping on the jib topsail. Alf must have cut a corner somewhat, for the next thing I knew was being in the sea. Moana had stubbed her toe on one of the rocks of the deflector, a little out of place, and brought up all standing. I clambered aboard amidships, got no sympathy, and was led to believe I was not popular for delaying the ship.



To be continued...

2001 Mahurangi Regatta & the view from Little Jim

The combination of high winds and a bleak forecast caused Devonport Yacht Club to postpone the night race to Mahurangi. Nevertheless, the crew of Little Jim assembled on Friday night to spend the night at Westhaven and "ready to sail" at dawn. Needless to say, the crew managed to amuse themselves in the City on Friday night. The few yachts that ventured out on Friday night and found the conditions reasonably light, albeit a little wet.

Mahurangi Weekend 2001 -a girls-eye view

Every year I look forward to Mahurangi. It is a fantastic sail there, a great place to spend two days and another great sail back. We have been doing Mahurangi for years and between Spray and Undine we have the complete set of Mahurangi cups.

In Undine we didn't do the Devonport night race up but since we have had Spray we do. This year we were all ready to go and found out that it was postponed until the next morning due to a grotty forecast. Because the race start was late that morning we had to decide between that and the Mahurangi race at one o'clock. Since the whole purpose of the weekend is to be involved in that race we left early to be up there in time for the race around Saddle Island.

What an interesting race it was. I like being on the foredeck at race starts, I feel really part of the action. Over the years I have had many friends at Mahurangi and they all say that the Mahurangi start is one to remember. We had a nasty moment the first gybe around Saddle Island and I don't think we were the only ones. A great party ashore that night and, too tired to get into it, we had a lay day on Sunday and a ripper of a sail back on Monday to meet up with the Anniversary Regatta in Auckland.

Racing wise we didn't do too well in any of the races but we had a great weekend. It is a privilege to be out there on the Gulf with a wonderful group of classic yachts, the equal of anywhere in the world.

Lisa Duder



The sail to Mahurangi on Saturday became more boisterous the closer we got to the harbour, although sailing in the conditions was made easy with the cruising genoa still on the furler which avoided the crew having fun with a sail change in the Tiri Passage. The turnout of classic yachts at Mahurangi was good, notwithstanding the conditions.

The organisers of the Regatta are to be commended for dividing the start into several divisions reducing start line congestion, which has caused a number of problems and, on occasion, damage in the past. Conditions in the sheltered Mahurangi Harbour were light to moderate but much stronger outside, particularly around Saddle Island. This made for a very varied course. The Little Jim managed to sail the race with a full main and number 1 genoa, although somewhat over-pressed as we came onto the wind around Saddle Island heading towards the Harbour. We usually find that sea water pouring into the cockpit is a gentle reminder that we have a little too much sail on and it is time to contemplate a sail change.

Little Jim found herself second across the line behind the modern Herreshoff Baliceaux aided by a wonderful lift the first time around Saddle Island heading into Mahurangi Harbour and a brief contact

between the two leading boats.

Following the race, there was an excellent turnout at Scotts Landing for prize giving and traditional family barbecue. This is becoming a major social event. It was a pleasant surprise to win the Minerva Cup as the first wooden boat across the line, believing Baliceaux to have taken that honour.

Sunday was an outstanding day weather-wise, and many took the opportunity to either rest up in Mahurangi Harbour or leave the Harbour for a cruise. Little Jim took the opportunity to have a lazy day at Moturekareka in company with Tawera and Gypsy. The trip back gave us the opportunity to try our new asymmetrical spinnaker up Mahurangi Harbour and put a little colour into the Harbour.

Monday's Auckland Anniversary Regatta race home began in extremely light airs, with Ranger and Little Jim leading the fleet, closely pursued by Tamatea and Moana. As seems to be common, the wind increased as the yachts approached the Tiri Passage and the fleet finished in a constant breeze. Tamatea appeared to have the race

won, but unfortunately owing to a lack of sailing instructions, did not pass through the finish line, giving the victory to Waione.

The high turnout of classic yachts despite adverse weather at the beginning of the weekend demonstrates how the Mahurangi Regatta has become one of the essential annual classic yacht events in New Zealand.

Hamish Ross



Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron... Kawau Weekend

The Classic Yacht Association was again invited by the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron to participate in their Kawau Weekend.

The boisterous southerly conditions saw the fleet arrive just on dark, but with several suffering minor gear failure during an exciting ride up to Kawau. Unfortunately, Saturday proved to be an extremely light day and the promise of a fresh southerly breeze never eventuated. This caused the race around Kawau to result in a drifting affair ending at 6.00pm at Flat Rock, with Moana

taking the honours in a very frustrating race.

The forecast southerly wind turned up on Sunday, making a memorable trip home. The Squadron's hospitality at Kawau is second to none, and members who do not regularly participate should take the opportunity of doing so. Next year, the 2002 calendar appears to produce a weekend between Mahurangi Weekend held on Auckland Anniversary Weekend, and Squadron Weekend held over Waitangi Weekend, which should hopefully encourage more participation in both events.



Weather to Go

There are a number of ways of getting a weather forecast before you roar off down to the boat, including radio, the official Marine Weather Forecasts transcribed on teletext, Sky TV's weather channel, and the regular newspapers, not to mention Jim Hickey and the animated weather pictures on the TV1 News.

However, here's an even better source:

www.bom.gov.au

the Australian Government Bureau of Meteorology.

Once you're into the home page, select "Weather Charts" on the right hand side of the page, and then you can select from a range of choices, including the latest synoptic analysis situation chart (usually no more than six hours old), forecast charts for GMT 1200 and 2400 today (they call this UTC Universal Time Clock), and also a four-day forecast with four charts which we have found to be surprisingly accurate.

These charts cover an area from the Indian Ocean to the Pacific just east of New Zealand - ideal as you can see pressure systems in the Great Australian Bight and the Tasman Sea which generate all of our weather, coming across several days in advance. Satellite pictures of the same area are also available on the site.

Unlike the New Zealand Met Service, the service is free and any of these charts can be printed out for taking away on the boat.

If you take for instance the current situation chart (usually taken at 0600 today NZ time), the next GMT/UTC 2400 forecast chart (an accurate prediction for tomorrow 1200 hrs NZ time), and the four day prediction charts, you can form a very good idea of the weather for even a fairly extended trip.

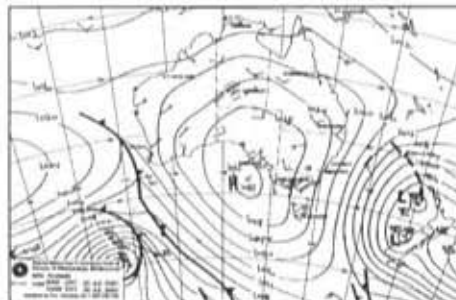


Chart as downloaded from
www.bom.gov.au

Logan Cup 2000/2001 Season Final Series Results

Series Placing for Series: L5 Division: A
2000/2001 Logan Series - best of 5 from 10 races

Yacht Name	Points Total Points	Series Dropped	Points
Waione	567	24	543
Rawhiti	402	38	364
Gleam	382	20	362
Ranger	387	48	339
Prize	335	18	317
Moana	274	29	245
Tawera	237	10	227
Victory	262	44	218
Tamatea	204	10	194
Little Jim	230	57	173
Arcturus	98	0	98
Rawene	82	0	82
Teal	70	0	70
Manutara	61	0	61
Ngataringa	60	0	60
Gypsy	58	0	58
Katrina II	10	0	10
Aronui	10	0	10
Penelope	10	0	10

Series Placing for Series: L5 Division: B
2000/2001 Logan Series - best of 5 from 10 races

Yacht Name	Points Total Points	Series Dropped	Points
Janet	350	22	328
Spray II	212	22	190
Jessie Logan	170	0	170
Wanderlust	142	20	122
Petrel	98	0	98
Thelma	68	0	68
Nomad	68	0	68
Adelaide	18	0	18
Scout	10	0	10
Lexia	10	0	10
Irene	0	0	0

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