

A SHORT CRUISE AFTER THE PT. LINCOLN RACE IN "JEDDA", by Mrs. Judy Judell

Replenishment of the yachts at Pt. Lincoln on Monday took longer than anticipated, so that we would have been unable to sail the 20 odd miles in a N.E. direction to the 16 islands of the Sir Joseph Banks Group and arrive before nightfall. Instead, Marina, Liat and ourselves sailed seven miles to Spalding Cove, just inside the southern entrance of Boston Harbor.

We arrived at the Cove in time to go skin diving over a small rocky reef. This reef was very colorful and possessed a variety of fish, including small Sweep and Zebra fish. After dining and drinking sumptuously aboard Marina we ran a net, and caught a breakfast-sized feed of tommy ruffs and a few whiting. The beautiful calm night inspired us to row ashore and cavort on the beach. The setting sun made a delicate pink background for the umbrella-shaped trees. Fish were jumping in the glassy water and the mood for a perfect cruise was established on our first night away from civilisation.

Next morning, having farewelled Marina, we left early for Reevesby Island, and leading all the way, we sailed in perfect weather with the gentle breeze fanning us from the warm sun. We arrived at the lagoon in the afternoon, and anchored temporarily to the west of a sandy spit on the northern tip of Partney Island, where we skin dived off shore, picking up a veritable seafood cocktail from the sandy bed. Liat moored to our stern, but hastily cast off her line when someone yelled we were aground. Enjoying the shellfish as an apertif, we had not observed the rapid tide-fall, but fortunately, with the crew leaning right out, and the mighty five-horse power Seagull lifted from its bracket and swung round to help point us in a seaward direction, we got off quickly.

We anchored for the night on the western side of Reevesby, towards the southern end, offshore from a dip in the sandhills in about two fathoms. After dinner we enjoyed coffee aboard Jack Williams' Campus. The so called lagoon is made up of several islets forming a rough circle, the waters being semi-protected. Reevesby, largest of all the group, is inhabited by a farmer, who runs sheep. The highest point, a round green hill, rises to an elevation of 107ft. A farm house and sheds are situated about half a mile from the southern end of the island, and the coastline is made up of sandy beaches and low rocky points. Lusby islet, only 29ft. high, is connected to the western part of the southern end of Reevesby by a sand spit.

On Wednesday, Jedda circumnavigated Winceby Island, snooking as we went, then set off for Roxby, by way of the lagoon, between Partney

and Lusby, then along the southern side of Reevesby, avoiding the sandy spit off Blyth Islet, and an outlying rock west of Hareby. We anchored on a rocky bottom about fifty yards off the middle of the north side of Roxby. We had heard from a keen skin diver that Roxby was well worth a visit and we were not disappointed. The waters around the islands are exceptionally clear in calm conditions and although we had our chicken luncheon in a slight swell, we found that we were unworried by the motion close in to the island. We pulled the dinghy well up on to the rocks, which were very irregular in formation and exceptionally sharp on our bar feet.

In weighing anchor, we set sail back to Reevesby, and this time anchored N.W. of Lusby, about 200 yds. from shore, in approximately two fathoms. Magnus Cormack in Tainui, who came aboard armed with a bottle of white wine to go with our fish for breakfast, and a lot of helpful information, suggested this new anchorage, which the professional fishermen use, and is safer in most conditions owing to the fact it's a better sandy holding ground. Mr. Cormack kindly lent us his net,

During the night the breeze freshened off and on, and next morning it was overcast. However, weather conditions improved as the day went on, as did our health, owing to the previous night's frivolity. The skipper had an unpleasant wog, made worse by a high temperature, so we lazed about reading, and visited Reevesby, where we were impressed by the scenery on the eastern side of the island, which entailed a brief scramble over the sandhills. After lunch the three healthy crew members rowed to the reef extending from Lusby, which we found to be disappointingly dull, then to Lusby proper. A little cautious skin diving in shallow water ended abruptly on sight of two large sting-rays eyeing us coldly and flapping their "flippers" menacingly. Alan Paiseley from Tainui came aboard for a little good cheer, we ran the net and cleaned the "bommies" we caught.

Next day the fishing began in real earnest. Hitherto we had caught enough to eat for breakfast, but now we wanted to take home a bagful for our friends. Off Kirkby we caught snook, a few snapper and sweep, each fish being hooked with great care and cunning. In clear water it is fascinating to watch the fish take the bait or not, as the case may be. We sailed across to English islet, which from a distance appears to be white sand, but on getting closer, one sees and smells that it is guano. On the western side of the islet, seals, ranging from bulls, down to appealing babies, are seen in profusion. They were friendly and swam curiously close to the boat, diving beneath us and coming up the other side for a better view of us. Our voices and the noise of the

outboard did not frighten them. The rocks leading down into the water are smoothed exactly right for the seals to slither gently into the water, and for sunbaking, a favourite pastime.

Returning to our usual anchorage, we entertained that evening the crew of the Carol J., professional whiting fishermen, from Tumby Bay. As our icebox is too small to accommodate much ice or space, the boys brought their own refreshments, declining the use of glasses. Suffice it to say that we had an entertaining night, further enlivened with the help of singing preserved for posterity on their tape recorder.

With the addition of a block of ice donated by Carol J. we were able to keep our catch of fish fresh, but in spite of burley of crushed periwinkles we could not get any whiting next day, and contented ourselves with several large snook caught off Reevesby. We had run ~~in~~ the net again on the night of the party and caught about 4-5 dozen "tommies", which took me some time to scale and clean.

On Sunday we left Reevesby at 7 a.m. and bade farewell to the fishermen, who, incidentally, had successfully navigated their way in to the anchorage in the pitch dark, before the moon had come up. Slowly as we left the group, the breeze dropped out and we motored for at least half the trip back to Boston Bay. En route we saw two sharks basking on the surface, but they quickly dived as we approached. Only a few miles from the town jetty, at the entrance to the Bay, we saw the prophesised sou'westerly change approaching across the water. We hastily changed to storm jib and took a couple of rolls in the mainsail, within seconds we were heeling well over. We arrived at the pier wet but exhilarated, and were relieved that we had only been out in the first hour of the cool change.

Rather sadly we packed our belongings and boarded the plane for home, leaving our friends to bring Jedda home via the north coast of the island the following week. But that trip is another story!

OF SHOES AND SHIPS AND THE LINCOLN RACE....

1. Rules are rules, and Port and Starboard is no exception even when the start is crowded. Offending skippers would improve their reputations by acknowledging their inadvertent errors and retiring. The start was indicative of the need for some self-examination.
2. Colin Haselgrove's and Clive Fricker's action re Cybele was in the best tradition of the sport and the Club.
3. Would someone advise line honors winner Graham (Joshua) Brown

that a Lincoln race isn't an around the sticks event, and that he needn't stay at the helm for all but the essential 3 minutes break he took? (Then we will all have a chance!)

4. Pt. Lincoln hospitality was tops.

KINTORE CUP.

The remarkably observant Handicap Committee carefully noted that COOINDAAAAA had notched up two coveted wins in rapid succession. Realising that such was not in the best interests of Socialism (where individual liberty should be completely subjected to the interests of society) the Committee took the necessary steps to more equitably apportion the remaining races.

Kintore results - Fastest time - COOINDAAAAA
Handicap win - COOINDAAAAA

The 17 starters laid the breakwater, but soon after leaving the heads (seeve) was seen to be flying a loose-footed upper mainsail, resulting from a leech to luff divorce of mainsail material. Gremlins interfered with Kareelah also, causing her to lose half an hour with a tired weather lower.

As the expected sou'easter came in, Enchantress rounded the Bay breakwater followed by Cooroyba, Cooinda and Southern Myth. As the wind freshened so did:-

- a. the nerves of the skippers
- b. the ears of the helmsmen
- c. the twisties in the Van de Staaters
- d. the mal de mer.

Nevertheless Enchantress went great guns somewhat to the northward of the umb line. Most of the fleet politely played follow the leader and when Orontes' light came on, the kites came down, the sheets came on, the fleet came up and the navigators went below.

The traffic jam at Orontes was such that even the custodian shags departed with frightened shag-like noises.

But this Kintore was to live to tradition. The wind snuffed. Some were lucky, others missed out, Enchantress lost her lead to Cooinda from Kareelah, who made up her lost half hour.

Cooinda won from Josephine, Galatea, who did very well to cross fourth, gained third handicap placing.

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS AND KINTORE...

1. Rules again. If you can't, don't or won't carry navigation lights