

IMPRESSIONS OF A 1ST SYDNEY/HOBART

The reception we receive in Hobart is tremendous and is appreciated. Boats of all types and shapes come out to welcome us as we travel up the Derwent. We are guided into Constitution Dock and I am surprised by the applause which greets us as we enter. We are quickly absorbed into the festive atmosphere which envelops the dock and its surroundings. An atmosphere which persists throughout our stay in Hobart.

The local traders are friendly and genuinely interested. Bouquets to the local constabulary who are always courteous, helpful and patient. One policeman, doubting one of our crew's ability to find his way back to Constitution Dock from the "Quiet Little Drink" (the biggest "swim through" I've ever attended), delivers him home in a police car. The taxi drivers drive like normal human beings, and it is a pleasure to travel with them after our experiences in cabs in Sydney.

As we prepare to depart, the old hands on the boat shrug off the event along the lines of "oh well, that's another one finished", but to me it's the culmination of the greatest yacht racing experience of my life. I will always be grateful to the skipper for giving me the opportunity to be part of it, and to the other members of the crew for making the voyage so enjoyable. A truly memorable experience.

The final results for the South Australian boats are on the opposite page.

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The final results for the South Australian boats are:-

YACHT	ELAPSED TIME				CORRECTED TIME				O'ALL H'CAP POSITION	DIV'N H'CAP POSITION
	D	H	M	S	D	H	M	S		
HACARDI	3	18	47	24	3	2	47	01	27	6 (A)
RENEGADE	4	0	20	11	3	4	35	15	53	24 (B)
PRONTO	3	21	22	31	3	5	04	19	63	17 (A)
CROWEATER	4	7	57	48	3	6	17	41	82	21 (C)
INIQUITY	3	20	08	28	3	8	23	35	116	23 (A)
MANDRAKE	3	19	58	51	3	8	47	45	119	25 (A)
CAPRICE II	4	22	00	59	3	9	16	40	125	24 (D)
BOOM BOOM	4	5	29	18	3	13	05	16	145	31 (A)
ANACONDA II	3	13	43	35	3	16	23	33	153	7 (MAXI)

HEADSAIL TRIMMER

OVER THE WAVES

When first I took to water transportation as a resident of Indian Arm a long time ago, recognition from other seafaring people was hard to come by.

My strange-looking 16 foot inboard, rescued from a small boat orphanage, was initially regarded with suspicion by members of the local boating fraternity. It took some time before they came to accept it as a more or less permanent blot on the seascape, and began to acknowledge its presence with a friendly wave.

Three years ago, returning to the water in a shiny new 12 foot cartopper after a long absence, I was astonished to discover how much things had changed.