

# My First Junket

- in Hauraki Gulf, New Zealand

by Alan Martiensson

Although apparently both texts and emails had been sent to me, I hadn't realised that a junket had been arranged until about a week before the event. I had been anchored at Kawau Island, where the junket was to be held, but unfortunately couldn't be there for the planned dates of 23rd and 24th of February. Luckily, nor could anyone else, so the location was moved to where *Zebedee* happened to be: Tindals Beach, on the north side of the Whangaparoa Peninsula, north of Auckland.

Text messages were sent back and forth and *Zebedee* and *La Chica* met just south of Tiritiri Matangi on Friday and flew along in fine style, back towards Tindals Beach. From a distance, *La Chica*, with her green sails and black and white hull, looked like *Zebedee* used to. It was very interesting to compare performance in the gusty conditions. Both boats have home-built bulgy-panel sails, with 10% camber: Paul had used the shelf-foot method, I had used Arne's system. Downwind, and reaching, we were neck and neck; tacking, *La Chica* had to reef earlier, and *Zebedee* took the honours. However, *La Chica* is much heavier and has a propeller.

We anchored off Tindals Beach, and I rowed over finally to meet Paul and see his wonderful boat. After a few glasses, we moved over to *Zebedee*. However, Pixel, *La Chica*'s ship's cat (well, kitten,



*La Chica, with her cambered panel sails made from Mustang fabric*

actually), refused to be left behind and was threatening to swim over. So Pixel joined us in *Dougal* the dinghy (a Phil Bolger 'Tortoise') and came on board *Zebedee*. She promptly disappeared into the lazarette. We were forced to drink four glasses of Château Zebedee while waiting for her to appear. And then a few more. Ah well, when needs must ...

Pixel finally reappeared and decided to explore all of *Zebedee*. This took a little time and we were required to take another glass or two. My phone went and I had to go ashore, so the first part of the junket came to an end.

## Part II

David Thatcher and family were due to arrive in *Footprints* on Sunday, although they had to be back that same evening. She made a fine sight romping in towards Tindals; however the wind had changed direction, and we decided to move across to the west side of the bay. *La Chica* moved across, but *Zebedee* was delayed by my anchor windlass refusing to function. Thirty minutes later, having stripped and re-assembled the beast, I was able to sail across and get picked up by David for a fine lunch on *Footprints*.

We decided to sail in company across to Mahurangi, a broad reach. *Footprints* just shot off! It was impossible to catch her. She must have been logging 8 or 9 knots because *Zebedee* was sailing at 6 to 7. What a difference the new sails made! *La Chica* and *Zebedee* anchored off Hatfields Beach for the night, while *Footprints* went back to her mooring.

So that's what a junket is: meeting interesting people, looking over fascinating boats, sailing in company - and what convivial company!



*Footprints shoots away from Zebedee on a broad reach*