

Skiff Party – May 21.

Some years ago, skiffies like Gary and Christine Hobson would fill a coffin with beer and ice and mysteriously 12ft skiffies would arrive, like bogans to a drag race. In honour of these parties, an homage if you will, the End of Season Skiff party was reborn. To be held at the home of Unit Killoran, Interdominion champ Nick Press and a younger, slightly better looking Hobson.

A tinnie may have replaced the coffins of the past but a familiar thread ran through stories from the sailors. Early memories of the evening were of the keg provided by the Association, the rugby on the big screen, the smell of meat cooking and Unit standing guard over a fire that threatened to consume us all.

It was to be a grand evening. About 60 people had decided to don their party hats (either literal or metaphorical) and descend on Longueville. Huge thanks to the Association for chipping in for the keg, nibbles, ice and soft drinks. Massive thanks also to the Unit, Nick and Grandma for once again risking the ire of their neighbours by inviting the Goat.

Like a good discussion between a man and his wife, the formal part of the evening took place at halftime in the footy. Master of Ceremonies Jim Walsh awarded a yearly spinners to James Frances and Lachie Paramour, who had decided it was a great idea to sail a 14ft cat from Sydney to Brisbane. Fortunately for the parents of the abovementioned adventurers (and unfortunately for Jim's story) the boys made it. The journey took them a little over two weeks. Quite why they did it is still unclear.

It was a solid win for James and Lachie but the result would have been much closer had Budda from Brisbane attended the ceremony.

The halftime break also saw Stuart Vickery from the Victorian 14ft skiff Association announce a combined skiff regatta, to be held at Melbourne's Sandringham Yacht Club early 2007. Details will follow and will be posted on your favourite 12ft Skiff Website – which is also the number one place to come from your Interdominion information (dates are almost concrete - 6 January to 14 January at Auckland S.C.)

The other big announcement of the night was the Garde 5000. The race series, to be run on the Harbour throughout next season, will offer some seriously generous prize money. Please note the dates in your diary, earn the brownie points with the other-half now and make sure we have some good size fleets for this series (details to be posted on the site.)

If anything, the skiff party was a chance to reflect on the success of last season and the Garde 5000 has been planned to give the class maximum exposure during this one. It will be a real opportunity to promote the 12ft class. Although we here at the site don't actively encourage heaping crap on other classes (except 16s) a fleet of 12s sailing past a bathtub at the rate of knots is a good clean way of letting people know how good we are.

If you are reading this article because you weren't at the party and you were hoping for some hot gossip, we have some news for you – I was too pissed to remember. I have been told about someone sitting in the lounge room unable to move because the beer had taken away his muscle function: I remember a lot of us struggling with the newly intense list of the backyard: I remember a few of us looking at Jonathan Temple and thinking “He really is a beautiful man.”

I believe it was about the time that Brett and the writer were discussing how to solve the 3rd world debt crisis when the belly sliding and general wrestling began. It was the sexiest part of the evening no doubt and the point when conversation also got a little bit philosophical. I have heard that the chairs out the back remained occupied until around five in the morning, well beyond the point that the owners of the house had put the bins out, cut the lights and crawled to a point somewhere near there beds.

My last memory? I remember someone sitting at the bottom of the keg, almost in tears, after it ran out. I must say that it is about this point I said to myself “This is bullshit!” grabbed two six packs for the journey home and made my exit.

I woke up a little rough the next morning but was glad to find I was free of scars or bite marks and still had my underwear, which can't be said of all of us. There has been a bit of talk about a certain ‘incident’ that happened that night but let's just get one thing clear – there is nothing weird about naked men wrestling, tearing clothes off each other and running around with each others underpants – nothing weird at all.