



SASC NEWS

The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



October 2018

SYDNEY AMATEUR SAILING CLUB

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Cover:

Woodwind and *Cherub* heading for the first mark during the first race of the Sunday Series
 (Photo John Jeremy)

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COMING EVENTS

October 2018

FRIDAY 12 OCTOBER 2018

First twilight race (early starts for first three races of the season)

SATURDAY 20 OCTOBER 2018

Point score race for Super 30 Gold Cup, Classic Divisions, Cruiser Racer Divisions and Cavalier 28 Division

SATURDAY 27 OCTOBER 2018

Point score race for Mixed Fleet and Classic Divisions. Muriel Trophy for Cousta boats

SUNDAY 28 OCTOBER 2018

Balmain Regatta

SATURDAY 3 NOVEMBER 2018

Point score race for Super 30 Gold Cup, Classic Divisions, Cruiser Racer Divisions and Cavalier 28 Division

SUNDAY 4 NOVEMBER 2018

Captain Slocum Trophy race for Sunday Classic non-spinnaker division and point score race for Sunday non-spinnaker division

SATURDAY 10 NOVEMBER 2018

Point score race for Mixed Fleet and Classic Divisions

SATURDAY 17 NOVEMBER 2018

Point score race for Super 30 Gold Cup, Classic Divisions, Cruiser Racer Divisions (at MHYC) and Cavalier 28 Division

SATURDAY 24 NOVEMBER 2018

Point score race for Mixed Fleet and Classic Divisions

SUNDAY 25 NOVEMBER 2018

Sunday Classics and non-spinnaker divisions, with RPEYC Women on Water Regatta

SATURDAY 1 DECEMBER 2018

Point score race for Super 30 Gold Cup, Classic Divisions, Cruiser Racer Divisions and Cavalier 28 Division

SATURDAY 8 DECEMBER 2018

Point score race for Mixed Fleet and Classic Divisions

SATURDAY 15 DECEMBER 2018

Point score race for Super 30 Gold Cup, Classic Divisions, Cruiser Racer Divisions and Cavalier 28 Division. Spring Trophy Day

SUNDAY 16 DECEMBER 2018

Point score race for Sunday Classic Division and Non-spinnaker Division

NEED THE TENDER?

***Call Allan,
Will, Gavan
or Lewis
on
0418 678 690***

Sat: 0900-1800
Sun: 0900-1800

***On race days
you can con-
tact the fast
tender on
0418 678 819***



SIGNALS FROM THE COMMODORE

“There may be fairies at the bottom of the garden. There is no evidence for it, but you can’t prove that there aren’t any, so shouldn’t we be agnostic with respect to fairies?” Or so says the sometimes controversial English ethologist, Richard Dawkins.

Now, personally, I am content to take the “agnostic” position on the existence of fairies at the bottom of the garden — or elsewhere. What concerns me is the number of Amateurs members who seem hell bent on proving their existence in our boatshed.

I mean, how else would one explain the behaviour of the boat owner who deposited 12 expired marine flares — red, white and parachute — on the work bench of our boatshed recently? Or the actions of another who surreptitiously poked a bag of similarly expired flares up under the bench in the Green Shed — seemingly in the hope they would go unnoticed and undetected by those passing by?

Surely it was to test the existence of the Flare Fairy — the secret creature whose role it is to spirit away said pyrotechnics to some place safe, in some other world, whilst the rest of us are fast asleep or out of sight. It must be a very special and brave kind of fairy to be desirous of items classified as “explosives” under State Law which are known to become increasingly unstable if not kept in a clean, dry, sealed container — say an old cloth bag tucked up under a bench somewhere...

By law in NSW, it is the responsibility of the owner to arrange for disposal of flares which are regarded as explosives under the State’s explosives legislation. The law states “flares must not be abandoned, thrown away, put in with rubbish, buried or dumped” — or, I might add, left out for the Flare Fairy.

Each year Roads and Maritime Services offers a free mobile collection program for the disposal of expired flares — usually in March or April — with the nearest venue in recent years being Tunks Park in Cammeray. The club has been in communication with RMS about perhaps doing something closer to Mosman, or at the club premises and we will keep members informed.

Meantime, dumping or abandoning expired flares at the club is not only a selfish act, but one that poses a significant fire risk to our premises and contravenes the conditions of our insurance policy. So barring an unexpected visit by the Flare Fairy, it would be far better if members kept expired flares in a dry, sealed container either on board their boat or at home, until they can be disposed of properly.

However, it is not just the Flare Fairy that has captured the interest of some members. Others seem equally intent on proving the existence of other varieties of supernatural visitors. There have been, as I noted



in an email missive some years ago now, attempts to entice the Oil Fairy into our surrounds. This is done by secreting containers of oil, chemicals, inflammables and oily bilge water behind the garbage bins, in corners under the work benches, or hidden pockets of the dinghy or Green Shed, in the fervent hope the mysterious Oil Fairy will some how miraculously appear and whisk the said offerings away without a trace.

Offerings have also been left out by those members who feel unable to haul their dead or dying engine batteries up the steps for a proper decent burial (or recycling) and instead leave them tucked away in various corners of the club in the vain hope that they, too, might be made to just disappear with the touch of a magic wand. Indeed, we recently found nine such batteries secreted down at the Green Shed and a further six left behind in the charging bin of the dinghy shed, apparently in the vain hope of the dead somehow being miraculously resurrected.

It may well be that some fairies do exist at the Amateurs. Somehow our club dinghies get repaired, the dishwasher is stacked and unstacked, doors and windows are repaired, barbeques are cleaned, vessels maintained, records archived and rubbish removed — amongst other activities. Clearly, even though most of us don't necessarily see them or the work that they do, fairies or something like them, certainly must exist.

It is just that, from all the evidence to date, there are no Flare Fairies, Oil Fairies, Battery Fairies or even Garbage Fairies. So let me remind you that the SASC By Laws state:

“The member is responsible for all rubbish associated with the vessel and expressly agrees to remove same from the Club Premises. Rubbish includes but is not limited to bilge, engine and other oils, discarded equipment (including engine batteries), marine growth, paint scrapings and effluent”.

It is your responsibility and not someone else's — and you really don't want a visit from the Bad Fairy — do they Coshy?

Bruce Dover

A quiet afternoon
on Mosman Bay



LION ISLAND RACE 2018



Photos John Jeremy

The annual Lion Island Race had fewer entries this year but those boats which sailed enjoyed beautiful conditions for an uneventful but enjoyable sail



Midnight Rambler, Marloo, Optimum and As You Do setting out in the light to moderate westerly wind



Commodore Dover and his crew of stalwarts on the way to the Heads in *EZ Street*



Samskara (H6110) won Division 1 with *As You Do* second and *Solveig II* third



Mister Christian, winner of Division 2, leading *Lonely* past the East Channel Pile Light. *Spindrift* came second with *Shambles* third



Photo Paul Connett

The lovely ketch *Zara* reaching North past Bangalley headland

OPENING DAY 2018

October 2018



Photo John Jeremy

The weather was grey for Opening Day on 8 September but spirits were high in the boatshed where the bacon and egg rolls were very popular



Photo Liam Timms

Honorary Gunner Philip Kinsella made sure that sailing started in good style with a salute from the Les Arduin Trophy

SOLENT SOJOURN

A Colonial in the House of Lords

For those of us privileged to have Sydney Harbour as our playground the Solent is a very unprepossessing stretch of water. A muddy ditch between the Isle of Wight and the mainland, ripped by large tides from both directions, strewn with shifting banks of sand, mud and shingle, heavily trafficked by very large commercial shipping, shorelines blessed with few visual charms. Beggars can't be choosers I guess, so the British yachtsman stows his stiff upper lip aboard every time he sets out and makes a virtue of necessity. Cowes is at the heart of British sailing, the summer season is hectic. Panerai Classics starts it off and there I was, fronting up to the Press desk with my credentials in hand. As with the others I had attended the first offer was a ride on the Press R.I.B.

"Mmmm," I mumbled to the kind person attempting to create order out of chaos behind the desk, "would rather crew on a boat and get some first-hand stories." "Oh," she exclaimed, surprised at the request. "I tell you what, Jonathan was just in looking for foredeck, are you up for that?" "Sure thing!" Was my swift reply. "Wait about, he's here somewhere, I'll grab him and put you together". I thought it best not to mention to her that for the past thirty years the sum total of my foredeck experience consisted of loudly yelling over the crash and hiss of *Hoana's* bow-wave largely redundant instructions to foredeck crew as to what the hell they were doing wrong, how to get it right, and (please) shake a leg about it.

Athena

Photos Martin van der Wal





Well, Mr Know-it-all, here you are on a very skinny foredeck belonging to *Athena*, a gorgeous racing 8-metre yacht, owned by a Peer of the Realm, Lord Jonathan of Cork, who has assumed from your Australian accent that you are the very bee's-knees of foredeck hands (despite being the oldest person on the boat) and miracles of calm efficiency are expected! Oh, and did I mention that I am nursing a shoulder cuff injury from a previous attempt at biting off more than I could chew? Perhaps also worth mentioning that, in lieu of a toe-rail, most of the vessel has a rather-pretty rounded varnished edge — no life-rails of course.

Awkwardly reaching to leeward to grab a poorly-passed spinnaker brace I smartly find myself in the ignominious position of 'overboard' with a death grip on the lower backstay turnbuckle, helpful members of the rearguard exhort me to "hang on!" It's gusting mid-twenties, we are on a screaming port tack ducking an opponent, I'm quietly congratulating myself on the waterproofness of my jacket — quite snug really. I am on my back, head up, avoiding at all costs the sudden inrush of water down the neck. Opponent ducked, quick head to wind and I'm back on deck, forget how I did it, rounding ahead, a pole to get up, clip the guy on, stand by the halyard, check the kicker. Time is such an elastic thing in the heat of battle. The 8-metres under kite are exciting in winds over twenty, positively unruly over twenty-five and time to go home at thirty.

Home was a large Georgian Terrace in the best part of town, a short

Getting in and out
was interesting



Athena immaculate



Rolling thunder from the Squadron — first day parade



walk to the Squadron. The last time I had visited — the Americas Cup Jubilee — the gates of the Squadron had been impassible to a vagrant Colonial. An introduction from a Peer of the Realm does wonders, I was now on first name terms with the gate-keeper and the place was mine to roam. They would not take a non-member's money at the Bar, fellow crew-members stepped up willingly, quite certain that Australians require constant lubrication to keep heart and lungs operating. November/Alpha had been raised for the day, with plus thirty gusts forecast. My phone buzzed, Bambi (see previous story) was bored, she had seen my FB posts and was on her way from Cambridge to lob in for the fun. On the train with bicycle and tent. She was that kind of gal!

Noisy traffic

The house was packed to the rafters. A baker's dozen of *Athena's*, including partners. 'Terribly' well connected; casual conversations about last week's tea with the Queen, bets placed on favourites at Ascot, grumblings about the standards slipping at the current grouse shootings on their various Scottish estates. Noblesse-oblige notwithstanding I felt tarred with the Paul Hogan brush, a little diffident maybe. I girded my loins with the declaration that an 'at home' dinner would be cooked for everyone that night. A morning spent providoring in town, an afternoon in the kitchen. I sip a cheerful light Beaujolais while further uplift is provided via 'The Sixteen' Harry Christophers courtesy of Spotify. Slow food, yes, but

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eventually a Moroccan Tagine with all accoutrements for fourteen people surreptitiously fills the house with aromatic enticements. Australia may be quite different to what you imagine I explain to the occasional nose that sticks around the door.

Over a long enough lifespan I have rubbed shoulders with aristocracy more than once. Unfortunately in my experience most are exceedingly dull. Privilege fosters conformity. The resultant clichéd tedium breeds a restless hierarchal shuffle and peck quite dispiriting to observe. Empty stomachs are a great social leveller. Fourteen empty stomachs sat down to silver cutlery, crystal glassware, linen napkins, Spode porcelain, and a Colonial's take on Moroccan meat and three veg. Lord Jonathan sat at the head, various aristo Athenians with consorts comprise the balance of attendance. With enough wine under my belt I am prepared to be pleasantly bored.

A fine day on the Solent

Dinner is engaged with a gusto familiar to hungry sailors. A few glasses to wash it down, repattee emerging amongst the second and





third helpings. Conversations move from the general, the week's sailing; to the particular. I had placed myself as the Peer's wing-man high up on the table, not wanting to let the Australian side down. Amusing tales unfolded. Our Peer, befitting his class, had served several decades in command of a succession of Her Majesty's submarines. Playing Trident hide and seek with the Russki's under the North Pole, personally gathering sufficient quantities of porn in Soho to head off mutiny at minus one-thousand feet, sticking a periscope up in the Arctic wastes only to see a combatant's periscope looking straight back in. Serious yes, but well versed in the curiously humble humour attendant to those buried in an over-populated steel coffin beneath Davey Jones' Locker for months on end. Suffice to say that by the end of the evening, lazy generalisations about both British Aristocrats and Australian Colonials have proven somewhat elastic. How I loathe heading for a starting line with a hangover; Still, three triangular sprints later, a merciful refraining from falling overboard again, desperate hoists and lowers, gusting high twenties, fellow

Big Blue

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competitors crash gybing, broaching, spilling crew at every leeward mark. *Athena* had gone around close to the edge on occasion but without a serious hitch. The week was deemed a success, a blazer would be loaned to me for that night's Classics Dinner at the Club. The Colonial had 'arrived'. Yippee!

Aperitivo with Bambi was next. "You're doing what?" I expostulate. She had snuck her tent into the corner of a nearby farmer's field because she couldn't afford the charges at the town campground. "This whole town is awash with drunken sailors, Bambi, you are crazy!" Talk about the bold and the beautiful. "Are you aware of these black clouds?" I sweep my arm to the west, "The mother of all thunderstorms is expected tonight." OMG — I feel a strangely hybridised unwanted rescue instinct stirring. I feel like Jeremy Irons in *Stealing Beauty*. She is so fiercely independent but can't help letting her doe eyes give a little flutter. "No need for that Bambi, I am your friend, let's see what we can do, no promises, come on let's go up to the house." The eyes of Lady Jonathan of Cork widened. 'Here's trouble!' — an attitude from women that Bambi was all too familiar with. A warm handshake nevertheless follows. The waif-and-stray welcomed, quickly ensconced

Mixed Classics



in hot showers and fluffy towels. So it was that, tugging at the sleeves of an ill-fitting borrowed blazer, (I dislike blazers: flinging my last one down at the school gate on the day of my expulsion at sixteen years old) I am escorting the most beautiful young woman present, to the very best table in the Great Hall. The hot buffet and Bambi hit it off; big-time! The usual yachty hoho-humhum ensues as the elements crack, flash and lash against the windows. Breakfast in the morning was a hoot; irrepressible Bambi charming all and sundry. Modelling was not for her, she exclaimed, a life lived in a bulimic cocaine haze, shagging ‘creeps’ to get ahead would never be for this girl. She wanted to become a professional sailor, it was her passion.

Having sailed with her to Crete I could vouch for her dedication and ability. She had been sailing since knee high, a RYA Instructor who ran volunteer training programs at her local club all through her teens. Sailing was in her blood. Poor kid, sailing is an occupation awash with antediluvian male egos. Hobgoblins. As an intelligent independent young Millennial she was always going to find it hard going, dealing with unwanted advances and inappropriate comments from gender retards. At times she felt unsafe. She seems happy at the moment, doing a shipwright’s apprenticeship in Cornwall, disguised in baggy overalls and dirty fingernails.

I wander down to the quay, *Athena’s* campaign is over, we pulled her mast at Lallows’s, getting her ready to be freighted to Norway for the World’s. “Now that’s a beauty,” said to myself, looking at a yawl named *Laughing Gull*. A man emerges from the companionway. “She’s lovely” I say. That bloody Australian accent again. Next day I’m wrestling with the pole on the foredeck of the forty-four foot 1949 Sparkman and Stevens, with owner Barney Sandeman (Classic yacht-broker to the stars) helming. Ratsey’s sailmakers dominate the after-guard and Emily Harris of classicyacht.tv is at the sharp end with me. Emily is an Essex girl. Sitting on the rail I mention that when I lived in London I raced Essex Smacks with the redoubtable Gayle Heard for three seasons, Well, that’s how it goes when you’re in the ‘flow’. “You must come down for Mersea Week, I know just the boat for you, and I’ve got a great place for you to stay.”

Athena’s tiller



CLASSIC YACHT CUP REGATTA

The Committee of the Classic Yacht Association of Australia (CYAA) invites SASC Members and crew to join them at the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria, Williamstown, for the annual Classic Cup Regatta to be held on Port Phillip Bay from Friday 2 to Monday 5 November 2018.

The Regatta includes the three days of classic yacht racing, Saturday to Monday inclusive, prior to the Melbourne Cup horse race, commencing with a Welcome Party on Friday 2 November.

Visitors from the SASC will be placed in yacht crews by the organisers, so if you come you will have the opportunity to sail as crew each day of the Regatta on one or more boats. For those interested in horse racing as well as classic yacht racing there will be an informal gathering of sailors for the running of Melbourne Cup on Tuesday if you do not wish to go out to Flemington Racecourse to complete your Melbourne visit.

The CYAA fosters and facilitates exchanges of crew and crewing opportunities for Classic Yacht regattas in Australia, New Zealand, Cowes (UK) and America. The Trillian Trust Regatta held in Auckland in mid-February 2019 by the CYANZ will be the next international sailing exchange regatta following the Cup Regatta.

For further information contact Philip Brown, NSW Representative for CYAA, at philip@equitas.com.au.

Photo Roger Dundas



Classic yachts on Port Phillip Bay

DROP THE DROPS!

October 2018

David Salter re-considers a traditional component of our pointscore system

Why do we have drops? Why is it considered fair and reasonable to have a cumulative scoring system in which around 20% of the season's results don't count? What is so special about sailing as a sport that allows us to discard our worst performances but retain our best?

The most common *raison d'être* offered for the drop system is that it is a fair way of responding to misadventure. A boat should not be unduly penalised (the argument goes), if it suffers major equipment failure or is impeded in some other way that is presumed to be beyond the control of the skipper or crew.

This sounds plausible — even gentlemanly — but is inconsistent with how we score other sports. No batsman has his total adjusted because he was dismissed by a fluke bad bounce. No driver in Formula One is promoted up the starting grid after a tyre blow-out ruins his qualifying lap. No golfer has a bogey reduced to par because a sudden gust of wind carried his ball into the rough.

Part of the sport of sailing is looking after your boat and equipment. If a sail tears or a halyard breaks, then that shortcoming of maintenance should be reflected in the result. Likewise for reckless or incompetent crew work. They don't re-sail races in the America's Cup if there's an over-ride on the mainsheet winch. In any case, the element of luck —

Photo John Jeremy

A busy winter series start



good and bad — is a factor in just about every sport other than chess. Cases of genuine ‘no fault’ disadvantage during a race (when a boat is fouled, or stands by to render assistance) are adequately covered by the redress rule.

Another argument proposed in support of drops is that they provide a closer, more sporting contest by evening out the results. That is the rationale behind the common practice of discarding the highest and lowest individual judge scores in figure skating, diving and gymnastics.

But the results of those sports are based on subjective assessments, not measurable elements such as time or distance. It is reasonable to discount the outlying top and bottom scores in judged sports as a way of minimising personal bias. Yet in sailing we choose to discard the lowest scores but retain the highest.

The logic of this is elusive; however the most worrying aspect of the drop system (at least to my mind) is its potential to encourage cheating.

Championship racing such as our extended pointscore series at the SASC relies on the week-by-week adjustment of handicaps. The underlying principle of all PHS systems is simple enough: sail well and you are penalised for the next race; sail poorly and you will be awarded a more favourable start time or TCF. As a rough rule of thumb, the pivot point for those adjustments in an average-sized fleet is usually around third or fourth place.

Now consider this scenario. A skipper — let’s call him ‘Larry’ — has been doing well over the past month with a string of podium finishes. But this week, after a few tactical blunders and some sloppy crew work, Larry finds himself in fourth place with only a couple of legs in the race to go.

So what does Larry do? He does a bit of quiet sandbagging. Larry the Lurk Merchant mysteriously slows his boat down to let a few competitors past, ensuring that when he does eventually cross the line he will be low enough in the elapsed times to guarantee a better handicap for next week.

And it gets worse. To compound that encouragement to game the system, Larry’s deliberately bad result won’t hurt his overall points standing because it will soon be discarded as a drop.

For all of the above reasons, my view is that club racing would be fairer if we dropped the drops. What think you?





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DOGS AT THE SASC

The Board has decided that we should restate the Club's rules in relation to dogs on the premises.

1. All dogs on club premises must be on a leash and under no circumstances are allowed inside the club house.
2. There are two water bowls available for drinking water — on the lawn by the club entrance and inside the dinghy shed. Under no circumstances should members use utensils or bowls from the club kitchen to feed or water their dogs.
3. During Twilight BBQs or other events where members are eating on the deck or in an unenclosed area dogs must be on a leash and should not be fed from the tables. This is NSW Government regulation.
4. Dogs cannot be taken on board either of the club's tender vessels unless on a short leash and controlled by their owner. No dogs are allowed to roam unattended on the tender, its decks or surrounds.

Members should note that North Sydney Council requires that dogs be on a leash at all times in the parkland surrounding the club.



NEVILLE CHIDGEY — SAILOR

Earlier this year, Life Member Neville Chidgey passed away. Neville was due to give an oral history interview for the Hunters Hill Historical Society as a long-time local resident but unfortunately passed away before this could be carried out. However, he did give some details about his sailing adventures. Over a period of 20 years, from 1975 to 1995, Neville and his wife Val (now deceased) visited Lord Howe Island on an annual basis in their yacht *Mystic Seven*. This was either in the Lord Howe Island race, cruising or in passage to New Caledonia or the New Hebrides (since 1980 Vanuatu). *Mystic Seven* won the Lord Howe Island race in 1977 on handicap in what Neville described as “frightful weather conditions”. After this race the rounding of Balls Pyramid was permanently eliminated from the course. In Neville’s words “In the days of celestial navigation alone, heading for Noumea in light ENE winds, we found it wise to change onto the North tack upon sighting Lord Howe Island before sailing North along LHI rise to negotiate Elizabeth and Middleton reef country where celestial sightings were often sparse due to sea mist, low cloud and strong random currents which abound amid the extensive coral reefs”.

Neville went on to mention that he was certainly not the first SASC club member to visit Lord Howe Island. That was our Foundation Commodore, Captain Amora, who arrived there on 26 November 1876 in his schooner *Esperanza* carrying Surveyor Fitzgerald on behalf of the New South Wales Government.

A naval architect who trained at Cockatoo Dockyard in Sydney, Neville had a long career with the Commonwealth Bank of Australia.

Another member has taken his last spinnaker run. Farewell Neville.

Tony Saunders



Photo David Salter

Two old ladies resting at the Green Shed on 6 August ready for Spring



Yachts crowding the pontoon during the annual equipment audits

Photos David Salter



Dal Wilson working through another Category 7 checklist

FLAG OFFICERS DINNER



Photos John Jeremy

The annual Flag Officers Dinner was held on 14 September and, as usual, the clubhouse looked magnificent and a credit to the volunteers who arranged the decorations



Commodore Bruce Dover welcoming the guests at the Flag Officers Dinner

MAN OVERBOARD

October 2018

As *Rapier* is no longer with me, I have been recently clearing out some old files. I came across the following safety routine which we adopted following an incident on the harbour.

by
Tony Saunders

How many of us have studied the Blue Book 2017–2020 under YA Special Regulations Part 1, Section 6, Training? In particular, look at 6.01.2 Routine Training on Board. For all categories, including Cat 7, it recommends that we should practice safety routines including the drill “man-overboard recovery”.

On discussing this with my (then) insurance company I was informed that if there is an incident, there may be adverse insurance issues if a policy holder fails to carry out such training, even though it is only a recommendation. Insurance policies have conditions requiring policyholders to take reasonable care to avoid loss or injury. You should check your policy wording and seek advice from your insurer or insurance broker if you are in doubt.

Better still, carry out safety training and keep a log.

My Story

I went over the side in a Winter Series (don't ask!). It was in a light south-easterly around 10 knots. Like most of these incidents it was sudden and unexpected. As I went over the side, I managed to grab onto the toe rail.

Then the fun began. I was hanging on with both hands and my body was trailing in the water. Two crew members in the cockpit tried pulling me in. This effort, plus my attempt, was to no avail. A third crew member down below packing the spinnaker was unaware of the drama. He was called up to assist. It took the three crew plus my “strength” before I could be hauled back on board.

We subsequently worked out a man-overboard recovery system for *Rapier*. Do you have one?

Following this incident and prompted by 6.01.2, and prior to the Spring season, the crew and I went out for safety training procedures. Initially we went through a check list which included location of life jackets, medical kit, flares, bilge pumps, fire blanket and extinguisher location and how to use etc. It's no use on the day of an incident with a need for immediate use, taking the time to read the instructions on your fire extinguisher or flares.

We also did an “unexpected” MOB exercise. I had previously informed the crew that a MOB procedure was going to occur sometime during the training period, but not when. I threw overboard a life jacket and called out “Man-overboard, it's me, and I have a stop-watch to time you”. I then sat back, kept quiet and someone grabbed the helm.

It was not as easy as we thought. There was initial “panic” and eventually we got the “man” on board in seven minutes (it’s easy with a boat hook). After more attempts, we got it down to five minutes, not good enough in enclosed waters with a moderate breeze. How good are your MOB retrieval techniques and can you get someone onboard readily? You need a lookout for the victim, someone needs to deploy the life ring, someone to get the recovery system in place (you do have one don’t you?), someone to furl/drop sails and start the motor if that is your decision, etc. On other safety matters, do all your crew know where the life jackets etc. are, and know how to use the safety equipment?

The MOB exercise was sobering. You may be interested that on Sydney harbour we found it faster to drop/furl the sails and motor back to pick up the victim — speed could save a life. (I know, the die-hards will be only thinking of their race results — what can I say?) The Blue Book describes a “quick stop” procedure which involves sailing back to the victim. It also mentions using the motor. However, your decision whether you sail back or motor would depend on your circumstances, where you are, weather conditions and how your yacht is set up. Please put some procedures in place and discuss with your crew.

FLAG OFFICERS DINNER DECORATIONS



LED LIGHTING INTERFERENCE

October 2018

The US Coast Guard has warned the maritime community regarding the potential interference of VHF-FM radio and AIS reception from LED lighting.

The Coast Guard said that it has received reports from crews, ship owners, inspectors and other mariners regarding poor reception on VHF frequencies used for radiotelephone, digital selective calling (DSC) and automatic identification systems (AIS) when in the vicinity of light emitting diode (LED) lighting on-board ships (e.g. navigation lights, searchlights and floodlights, interior and exterior lights, adornment).

Radio frequency interference caused by these LED lamps was found to create potential safety hazards. For example, the maritime rescue coordination centre in one port was unable to contact a ship involved in a traffic separation scheme incident by VHF radio. That ship also experienced very poor AIS reception. Other ships in different ports have experienced degradation of the VHF receivers, including AIS, caused by their LED navigation lights. LED lighting installed near VHF antennas has also shown to compound the reception.

Strong radio interference from LED sources may not be immediately evident to maritime radio users.

Nonetheless, it may be possible to test for the presence of LED interference by using the following procedures:

1. Turn off LED light(s).
2. Tune the VHF radio to a quiet channel.
3. Adjust the VHF radio's squelch control until the radio outputs audio noise.
4. Re-adjust the VHF radio's squelch control until the audio noise is quiet, only slightly above the noise threshold.
5. Turn on the LED light(s). If the radio now outputs audio noise, then the LED lights have raised the noise floor. (Noise floor is generally the amount of interfering signals/static received beyond the specific signal or channel being monitored.)
6. If the radio does not output audio noise, then the LED lights have not raised the noise floor.

If the noise floor is found to have been raised, then it is likely that both shipboard VHF marine radio and AIS reception are being degraded by LED lighting.



SOUTHERLY OBSERVATIONS

The Club premises at Mosman Bay have never looked better due to the efforts of our executive and the enormous contributions of members' labour. We are also extremely fortunate in having the services of expert staff both in the boating area and in the office. It is always a pleasure to be greeted by the ladies in the Clubhouse — they are devoted to their duties and extremely helpful.

The first Sunday races were held on 23 September. There were twelve competitors in the Classic event, ranging from the magnificent Fife 9-metre *Josephine* to some very small entries. From long experience I can verify that handicapping such a fleet is a daunting task, particularly for the first race of the season. Corrected times brought the twelve entries in within nine minutes, with the first nine within five minutes. Congratulations to Division Representative Mark Pearse.

Mark has crafted a superb model of a 28-foot Ranger which was designed by Cliff Gale but never built. The extra four feet enabled Cliff to ease the lines enormously compared to A1 and her space below would have been very much bigger. If one studies the elapsed times of the top 24-foot Rangers against competitors in both Classic divisions the 28 footer would be a very potent weapon.

Solveig II, Reverie and As You Do manoeuvring before the start on 23 September. They were not as close as they seem

Southerly

Photos John Jeremy





5 to 6 showing *Solveig II* the way to the start on 23 September



The first Sunday start for Guy Irwin's new *Clewless?*



Josephine



Clewless? about to finish



Hoana and Celeste tacking to the finish



Florin about to finish just ahead of Celeste. Florin won the race on handicap ahead of Hoana and Anitra V. Celeste finished fourth



Lady Anne heeling to a sudden gust

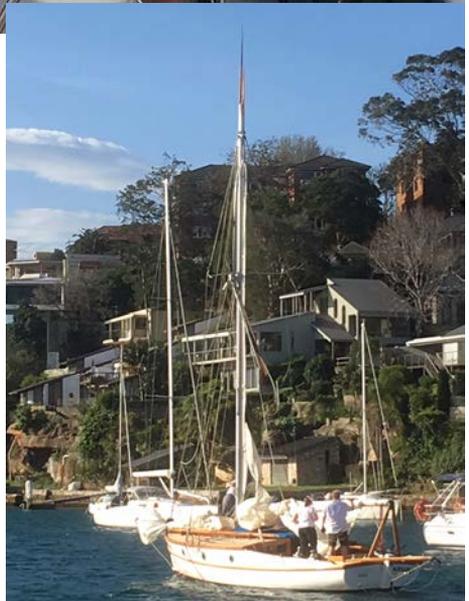


Tup and *Ronja* approaching the finish



In the second race of the season David Salter had a close encounter with the boom on *Mister Christian*. For the next race he decided to take full OH&S precautions

It was a sad sight on 15 September when *Varuna* returned to the mooring with a damaged mast after an incident on the water



Photos courtesy David Salter

RANGER COUTA SPRINTS



Photos John Jeremy

Sydney turned on perfect weather for the Ranger Couta Sprints sailed on 16 September.
Etrenne and *Cherub* on the way to the top mark after the start of Race 1



Ranger and *Eloise* approaching the finish of Race 1



Ranger finishing Race 1



Etrene at the finish of the first race



The start of Race 2



Cherub and *Ranger* on the run in the second race



Cherub was the winner of the series on handicap



Vanity (series winner on scratch) and *Eloise* (third scratch) on the run in Race 3



RAN photographs

Australia's newest Air Warfare Destroyer, NUSHIP *Brisbane* (foreground), arrived at Fleet Base East for the first time on 11 September, joining (L-R) HMA Ships *Choules*, *Adelaide*, *Success* and *Warramunga*. *Brisbane* will be commissioned on 27 October



HMAS *Ballarat* steaming towards Amsterdam Island in the Indian Ocean as part of a mission to rescue two solo round-the-world yachtsmen. *Ballarat* recovered one of the men, Gregor McGuckin from Ireland and the other was picked up by the Indian Navy frigate *Satpura*. *Ballarat* is shortly to deploy to the Middle East



HMAS *Toowoomba* fires an Evolved Sea Sparrow missile at the Pacific Missile Range Facility near the island of Kaua'i during Exercise RIMPAC 2018. Four RAN ships took part in RIMPAC which involved 25 nations, 46 surface ships, five submarines, 17 land forces, more than 200 aircraft and 25,000 personnel The exercise is held every two years



The Royal Canadian Navy supply ship, *Asterix* (left), conducts a Replenishment at Sea fuel transfer with HMAS *Adelaide* during the sea phase of Exercise RIMPAC 2018

HUNTER CLASS ON THE WAY

On 29 June 2018 the Commonwealth Government announced the selection of BAE System's Global Combat Ship — Australia as the preferred design for Australia's future frigates. These modern anti-submarine frigates will be based on the Type 26 Global Combat Ship currently under construction for the British Royal Navy.

Nine of the new frigates, designated Hunter Class, will be built in South Australia at the Osborne Naval Shipyard (now under construction) by ASC Shipbuilding. ASC Shipbuilding, currently wholly owned by the Commonwealth, will become a subsidiary of BAE Systems during the construction period.

The construction of the first of the new ships is scheduled to begin in 2020. The Hunter class will begin entering service in the late 2020s replacing the present fleet of eight Anzac-class frigates, the first of which, HMAS *Anzac*, entered service in 1996. All were built in Australia and have been updated through a series of modernisation programs. Some of the Anzac-class frigates will remain in service until the 2040s when the youngest of the class, HMAS *Perth*, will have been in service for more than 35 years.

The Australian version of the Type 26 will be a large and flexible warship. The overall length will be 149.9 m, beam 20.8 m and maximum full load displacement 8,800 t. The complement will be approximately 180 including the embarked helicopter flight and accommodation and services will be provided for a maximum of 208 personnel.

The principal weapons and sensors in the Australian ships will be:

- The Australian CEAFAAR2 phased-array radar.
- The Aegis combat management system with an Australian interface developed by Saab Australia.
- Electro-optic sensors.
- Ultra S2150 Hull-mounted sonar.
- Thales S2087 towed array and variable depth sonar system.
- Mk 41 vertical launch system with Standard Missile II (SM2) and Evolved Sea Sparrow Missiles (ESSM).
- Mk 45 Mod 4 127 mm medium gun, manufactured by BAE Systems.
- Two 20 mm close-in weapon systems.
- Two 30 mm short range guns.
- MU90 torpedoes.
- Advanced anti-ship missiles.
- The Australian Nulka missile decoy system.
- Electronic countermeasures.

The ships will carry an embarked MH60R combat helicopter and the flight deck is large enough to accommodate a Chinook heavy-lift helicopter. A flexible mission bay in the superstructure approximately amidships will provide the capacity to embark containerised stores for humanitarian assistance and disaster relief, additional sea boats and will have capacity for unmanned systems and/or an additional helicopter.

The ship's navigation systems, internal and external communications systems and the various sensors and weapons and associated computer network will be integrated by the Aegis combat-management system.



Department of Defence

An impression of Australia's Hunter-class Type 26 frigates

Propulsion will be combined diesel-electric or gas (CODLOG). Two electric motors driving fixed-pitch propellers will power the ship. Four high-speed MTU diesel alternators will provide electric power for propulsion and ship services with one Rolls Royce MT30 gas turbine to provide boost power for high speed. The top speed will be in excess of 27 kn and the range over 7000 n miles at cruising speed.

In Australian service these powerful warships will be known as the Hunter-class frigate. The first three will be named *Flinders* (after the South Australian region named for Captain Matthew Flinders, the first to circumnavigate Australia), *Hunter* (after the New South Wales region named after Vice Admiral John Hunter, the second Governor of NSW) and *Tasman* (after the state and sea named for the explorer Abel Tasman, the first known European explorer to reach the islands of Tasmania, New Zealand and Fiji).

NEW HATS ARE IN STOCK

The SASC office now has stock of new SASC canvas hats.

Sizes are small medium and large

Price \$30



Peter Cowman has many duties around the club including, it seems, modelling hats

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members:

Stuart Archibald
 Domenico Giuffre
 Owen Griffiths
 Ian H Poole
 Ross Shaw
 Kylie Twible
 Stafford Watts

SASC SHOP

(AKA The Office)

Subject to availability

SASC Club Merchandise

Burgee – Medium 30 cm x 45 cm	\$36.50
Racing ‘A’ flag	\$20.50
Tie	\$25.00
Cap – White One Size Fits All	\$20.00
Wide Brimmed Canvas Hats	
— small, medium and large	\$30.00
Polo Shirt – Navy or white Short Sleeve S M L XL	\$36.00
Polo Shirt – Navy or white Long Sleeve S M L XL	\$40.00
Rugby Top – S, M, L, XL and XXL	\$49.00

Gaffers Day Merchandise

Posters – Various Years each	\$ 5.00
Posters – Package of 5 various	\$20.00

Books

The Amateurs — The Second Century Begins	\$40.00
Ranger Sprint Series (very limited stock)	\$65.00
The Australia Day Regatta	\$35.00

SASC NEWS IN COLOUR

Don’t forget that the *SASC News* is published on the Club’s web site in full colour. If you haven’t had a look yet, do so today. Past editions are also available.

NEWSLETTER DEADLINE

The next *SASC News* will be the December 2018 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Friday 30 November 2018. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are also very welcome.



BARE ARMS, NO !

But Legs Don't Count

Men must not display bare arms on the Rushcutters Bay courts.



Yesterday two Lithgow R. and T. players in the Country Week Carnival appeared in athletic singlets.

To-day a notice appeared on the result board, signed by Mr. C. Wedgwood, secretary of the ground, that regulation tennis dress must be worn on the courts.

The embargo does not apply to bare legs, however, as Mr. Wedgwood said that he saw nothing objectionable in girls playing without stockings.

How times have changed! Keep your arms covered, gentlemen!

This report dates from the 1930s. Of course, the SASC still has dress rules, the Sailing Instructions require a minimum of shorts and short sleeved shirt.

[Mr C. Wedgwood was my grandfather — Ed.]

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See our website for full details.

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