



SASC NEWS

The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



October 2008

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Cover:

Sailors manning the yards as the Argentinian sail training ship *Libertad* arrives in Sydney on 16 September — too early for Gaffers Day unfortunately
(Photo John Jeremy)

CONTENTS

Coming Events	3
Signals from the Commodore	4
Travelling North, with Handicap	5
SASC Annual Prizegiving	6
Tall Ship Visit	11
Lion Island Race 2008	13
Classic Evening at the Club	16
Flag Officers' Dinner	20
VMR Point Danger	22
Around the Club	24
New Members	26
From the Archives	27

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COMING EVENTS

October 2008

SATURDAY 11 OCTOBER 2008

Point score race — all Saturday Series Divisions

SUNDAY 12 OCTOBER 2008

First point score race — Sunday Divisions

FRIDAY 17 OCTOBER 2008

First Friday Twilight race

SATURDAY 18 OCTOBER 2008

Point score race — Super 30 main and short series, Division 2 main and short series and Classic Division. Combined SASC/RSYS/MHYC race for Division 1 (point score)

SUNDAY 19 OCTOBER 2008

Gaffers Day

SATURDAY 25 OCTOBER 2008

Point score race — Super 30 main series, Division 2 main series, Cavalier 28 Division and Classic Division

SATURDAY 1 NOVEMBER 2008

Point score race — Super 30 main and short series, Division 1, Division 2 main and short series and Classic Division

SUNDAY 2 NOVEMBER 2008

Point score race — Division 6 and Gaffers — Captain Slocum Trophy Race

SATURDAY 8 NOVEMBER 2008

Point score race — Super 30 main series, Division 2 main series and Classic Division

SUNDAY 9 NOVEMBER 2008

Cavalier 28 NSW Championships

SATURDAY 15 NOVEMBER 2008

Point score race — Super 30 main and short series, Division 1, Division 2 main and short series and Classic Division

SUNDAY 16 NOVEMBER 2008

Cavalier 28 NSW Championships

SATURDAY 22 NOVEMBER 2008

Point score race — Super 30 main series, Division 2 main series and Classic Division

**NEED
THE TEN-
DER?**

**Call Mike, Al-
lan or Craig
on
0418 678 690**

Sat: 0900-1800
Sun: 0900-1700



SIGNALS FROM THE COMMODORE

Welcome to the 2008–2009 season at the SASC. For those who attended the Opening Regatta on 6 September it was disappointing because the NSW Coastal Waters forecast was a gale warning which was current on Sydney Harbour at the time our Captain Peter McCorquodale reluctantly ‘pulled the plug’ and retired to the bar. It was ironic that his first official duty as Captain was to cancel racing but you get that.

A number of us looking out from the clubhouse wondered what the fuss was about, as the weather didn’t appear on the surface (so to speak) to be any worse than at other times when races were held. There were mutterings about the past, when races were started come hell or high water if there were boats to start. Back then it was the skipper’s decision to race or not, it still is, but now we have a wider problem.

The trouble these days is that lots of people are watching and regulating our activities and to start a race in the face of an official gale warning would be asking for trouble, especially if anyone had got into difficulties. Of course the upside to all this was that the bar was opened at 1130 and remained open for the rest of the day. By evening the flotsam was very mellow and the clubhouse had that comfortable burble of contented enjoyment.

Earlier, however, one of our members, Tom Moul, decided that he wasn’t going to be put off, so with reefed main and No. 3 in place he went for a blast round the harbour to blow out the cobwebs. All reports were that he and his crew thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Probably helps that his yacht is called *Lunacy*.

As we all know the SASC has within its ranks many capable and talented people who give freely of their time and expertise. You may not have noticed, but the ramp to the pontoon has for some time been gently detaching itself from the wharf deck. I would like to thank Trevor Cosh, Mike de Burca and Jim Lawler for their quietly skilful installation of special made-up brackets to solve this problem. There has been no fuss, no bother, no disruption to sailing, it has just happened. None of them are looking for praise or congratulation. They saw the problem, devised a solution, manufactured the hardware and installed it. Many of us perhaps didn’t even know there was a problem.

We all thank you and thanks too, to the many others who just do things for the Club without being asked or told, it is much appreciated and noticed.



TRAVELLING NORTH, WITH HANDICAP

October 2008

David Salter reports a stress-free race to Southport in EZ Street

Ship of fools? Ship of the afflicted was more like it. Commanding the pit was Tony “Biggles” Purkiss who is functionally blind after the wretched luck of being caught in the Bali bombing. Tony had memorised the positions of all 12 jammers around the *EZ Street* companionway, but we wondered whether engraving “Spinnaker Topping Lift” in Braille on the clutch handle mightn’t have been a better idea. Trevor Cosh sailed with us in his customary role of helmsman and resident engineering maestro. The only small difficulty with Coshie is that after a lifetime at sea working in the engine rooms of big ships he’s now lost much of his hearing. We all soon learned to bellow out the simplest messages, like “TOO HIGH, TREV!” or ‘WHITE AND ONE!’”. But these were small prices to pay for the company of two such solid shipmates.

The remainder of our happy band comprised a vintage blend of *Azzurro* and *EZ Street* regulars, plus a dash of the old *Bright Morning Star* brigade. Owner/Skipper and Guesser-in-Chief was Bruce Dover. Jim Lawler and John Sturrock comprised the afterguard Senior Service (while doubling as Honorary Cockpit Philosophers). The indestructible Mel Godfrey and Mick Brennan looked after hostilities North of the mast while your humble correspondent was all-round dogsbody, galley slave and relief radio operator.

The forecast was for light to moderate beginnings in the Harbour, then a slowly strengthening SW system peaking at 40+ knots by the time our

Photos by David Salter

Mel politely gives
some advice to
Yendys



SASC NEWS

segment of the fleet could expect to be off Port Stephens. Bruce had just spent the GDP of Bulgaria having the *EZ Street* standing rig completely replaced — including all the terminal fittings. If the forecast held true, then this race would be an instant test of Joe Walsh’s workmanship. For once, the BoM and “Clouds” Badham agreed that we would be getting a shellacking. Storm warnings were already on the agenda. It was looking like a very wet ride. Meanwhile, from a cook’s perspective, I bunged some extra meat pies and sausages into the ice box just in case it got too rough to prepare anything more elaborate. As we stowed our personal stuff on the Saturday morning, everyone made sure their foul-weather and safety gear was handy and all set to go.

The start was light, as predicted. We make a conservative mid-line run among the fleet of 76 entrants but soon found ourselves squeezed between *Espresso Forte* and *Yendys*, two big CYCA boats not normally known for their good manners in the hand-to-hand combat of fleet racing. From her trimming position on the leeward side deck Mel was able to give them the robust benefit of her insights into their ignorance of the RRS. The immediate tactical question then was: when can we pop the kite safely, confident of clearing North Head? As we strained to make open sea we were treated to a floor show by my mate Peter Goldsworthy on the old Volvo 60 *Getaway Sailing*. Succumbing, yet again, to his gung-ho Kiwi instincts Goldie was left clinging to a premature assy as the boat headed straight for the bricks. Knock it off! Knock it off! But the halyard lock refused to release. They crash tacked away and let the sheets fly, but the big sail still wouldn’t drop. *Getaway* was last seen

Getaway goes the wrong-a-way after the start





heading South with its kite still flying from the masthead like some giant paying-off pennant.

But *EZ Street* wasn't without her own small mishap on that first afternoon, albeit a minor personal loss. With cracked sheets in building pressure off Long Reef, the call came for the first of many headsail changes in anger. Mick and Mel had the big No. 2 off in a flash and a smaller jib was soon up and made in its place. As we set to bagging the larger sail, Mick noticed that he'd somehow managed to lose his watch overboard during the change. The wristband must have failed and his only chronometer was now lost in the tide. Bad luck, mate. But it did give me an excuse to retell a tiresome yarn about how exactly the same thing had happened to me in the second race of the 1982 Clipper Cup. (Boring the foredeck crew rigid with old stories is one of the few entitlements of being over 60.)

By the second day we were having to sail defensively against a series of dark, nasty little cells that roared out towards us from the coast. *EZ Street* is superbly set up for this kind of quick-response offshore racing. Kites went up and down; reefs were smoothly taken and shaken without mishap. It was wonderful to watch "Biggles" triumphantly banging his jammers open and shut — in the right sequence — while all it needed from us was a call of "Made!" or a helping hand grinding a winch. Twice big squalls forced us to quickly change straight down from the No. 2 to the bullet-proof No. 4, but every sail was properly flaked and bagged on deck in the approved manner, whatever the conditions. No

The skipper at his devotions in the nav. station



The essence of offshore: hard running, but under control

Trevor Cosh and Mel Godfrey keep EZ Street moving in the light stuff

sooner had a kite disappeared down the companionway or for'd hatch than someone would start packing it, unprompted. There was no “just bung it below and we’ll sort it out later” stuff for the A Team! Our reward for all this cheerful diligence was that the anticipated big blow never really eventuated. The B&G registered a maximum true wind of 38 knots late on the second night but the squalls rarely averaged more than 25.



In one of the quieter moments (the heavy kite had just gone back up), we shared one of those quirky incidents that help make offshore racing unique. “Jesus!” quoth Coshie, scuttling along the leeward rail in his trademark crouch, “Have a look at this!” He held out his palm showing a stout rigging pin he’d just noticed rolling around in the toerails. “Don’t do *anything!*” he thundered, (not that we were about to throw in a crash gybe — but it was prudent advice). Jim made the reasonable assumption that the pin had come adrift from one of the crosstrees. All heads instinctively craned into the rig. Eyes strained aloft to check that nothing was missing from the six spreader junctions at the mast. Everything seemed in order, but we were still a pretty rattled bunch. Retirements have been forced by lesser mishaps. Then a closer inspection of the pin revealed that its surface was weathered and the head had been dinged by a hammer blow. Judge Coshie of



the Engineering Court finally pronounced the sentence we'd all hoped to hear: "I reckon that's one of the old one's that Joe's taken out when he dismantled the rig and forgot to chuck out." Much relieved nodding and smiling all round. OK, let's get racing again!

Not long after — and almost certainly as a form of collective tension relief — there was a low murmur of mutinous muttering about the standard of the evening meal I'd just served. Unthinkable! Meat Balls in Butter Mushrooms is my signature dish at sea, and has been since 1965. Hughie O'Neil enjoys it so much he consumes them for dinner and breakfast the next morning. Yet despite this impeccable culinary pedigree, certain members of the *EZ Street* crew had the impertinence to suggest that this year's version of the meal might not have been up to the usual standard. They made their point by unsubtly suggesting the meatballs could have been better employed as ammunition to fling at our competitors as they passed during the night. Did I snatch off my toque, hurl down my apron in fury and storm out of the galley? Of course not. Cooks are difficult to insult. But at lunch the following day some of our ship's company might have noticed that their meat pies were barely above room temperature. Revenge is a dish best served cold.

The most memorable incident of the whole trip was one of those classic "you had to be there" moments. We were jogging along quite nicely with Mel driving, close hauled on port tack somewhere just South of Yamba. As the breeze began to ease a sudden instruction was relayed up from Bruce and the Brains Trust in the nav. station. "Too much current out here guys, we've got to take a dig inshore." Surely they can't

The pensive
(and watch-less)
Brenno, with
Bruce, Biggles
and Jim

SASC NEWS

seriously want us to tack back across this swell? We're only about 10 degrees off the rhumb line as it is. Best to confirm. "D'ya actually want us to *tack*?" The skipper's head appeared in the companionway. "Yes fellas, tack." Oh well, ours is not to reason why. "Ready about?" And as the helm went hard over, the wind followed us around. By the time the sails were setting on the new tack we were heading back to Port Macquarie in no more than 5 knots of true.

"Great call, Bruce! Bloody brilliant!" For the next two minutes we drifted glumly toward the shore, the current we'd tacked to avoid now happily pushing us sideways. But, just when we were ready to keelhaul Commander Dover, a ruffle of new breeze darted towards us from the West. Not even bothering to seek his approval, we tacked back on that gust, lifted directly onto our desired course and immediately picked up 3 knots of boat speed. It was, of course, the most outrageous fluke in history, but that didn't stop Bruce from claiming all the credit for this tactical masterstroke. Rank has its privileges, but, by ancient tradition, the skipper then had to stand the entire crew a stiff round of anti-scorbutic sundowners. It was the least he could do.

A spanking early-morning reach under the assy

POSTSCRIPT: EZ Street *finished 8th in Division, and Brenno's watch turned up on the last day. It was in the bottom of the No. 4 sailbag.*





Photo John Jeremy

Argentina's sail training ship *ARA Libertad* approaching her berth on 16 September for a six day visit.
She sailed on 22 September for New Zealand





Busy pre-start manoeuvres around *Captain Amora* (above)

The start of the 2008 Lion Island Race (opposite)

San Toy, *Supernova*, *Indulgence* and *Eos* shortly after the start. *Indulgence* won Division 2 and *Eos* was second

Photos John Jeremy



TWILIGHT SAILING IS HERE AGAIN!

Sailing in the SASC Friday Twilight Races is a great way to relax after a busy week. Sail with friends and enjoy a barbeque at the Club afterwards.

Sail regularly and you can win a trip for two to Lord Howe Island, valued at over \$2,000.

It's simple — to qualify for the draw you must enter for the whole season and complete at least five races. For each additional race you complete your boat gains one entry in the draw for the trip to Lord Howe Island. The more races, the more chances you have!

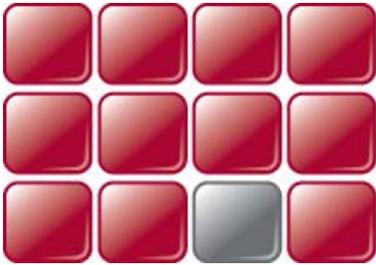
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CLASSIC EVENING AT THE CLUB

by
Charles
Maclurcan

On the evening of 15 August an archive of traditional boat owners young and old, including Sir James Hardy, turned up to be enlightened with regard to various matters pertaining to the restoration and operation of traditional boats.

With the bar open and staffed the group sat down, drinks in hand, to be addressed by Bill Gale. There is absolutely no doubt that Bill is the most knowledgeable sailor with regard to the Sydney sailing scene of the past still in regular competition. However, he chose to speak of historical wartime decisions in a manner and order that left the group somewhat confused. Personally, I understood one proposition, that many a Japanese fighting result was affected by a determination not to abuse the Emperor's artifacts. Thus a battle was lost rather than sacrifice a warship. Anyway, it's always fun to listen to Bill and there were plenty of questions pending when a refreshment break was declared.

Then the real business began.

Ian Smith outlined the recreation process for the traditional skiff *Brittania*. It was evident to all that he had thoroughly studied the original vessel in the Museum. He was meticulous in the manner in which he replicated the construction and details. It was a praiseworthy effort indeed — rewarded by great scenes of the replica racing on the Harbour on the Brisbane River.

Simon Sadubin, who operates from Chowder Bay, then explained the rejuvenation process undertaken on *Windward* with an accompaniment of excellent photos. She had been built by Charlie Hay in 1923 and fitted out by Morrison and Sinclair (who I believe built Sydney's last steam ferry *Kubu*). The process was meticulous and obviously very time consuming. Various owners could be seen wincing at the thought of the expense of the exercise. Simon's approach made great sense as, once the interior was stripped, he set about tackling the worst repairs first. Thus the bodes of previous tradesmen were completely revealed, removed and the fundamental faults corrected. Time consuming, but so appropriate — it was rather akin to stripping the plastic filler away from poor body repairs on a car and re-shaping the metal to match the original. Once this work was completed the interior was rebuilt. Masterful boat building, but as the speaker emphasised, requiring an understanding owner of means.

Fred Bevis has, since that night, placed a hull in Sadubin's hands. We await the results!

Overall it was a terrific evening, perfectly reflecting the friendliness and traditions of the Club. A decade ago it might have been an offshore members' night, now the Club is returning to its roots with an enormous number of keen and welcome new faces.





An attentive audience for Bill Gale on the Classic evening (above)

Simon Sadubin trying to convince John Sturrock that *Eudoria* would look even better with a complete restoration

Photos Liam Timms



S A S C GAFFERS DAY 2008

JENNY WREN
DESIGNED BY WALTER REEKS
BUILT IN BERRYS BAY 1889
BY THOMAS CUBITT
28'0" LENGTH
2 1/2 RATER



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GAFFERS DAY 2008

A Rally on Sydney Harbour for Classic Yachts and Yachts which Hoist a Spar

This year Gaffer's Day will be held on Sunday 19 October — with a difference. The difference this year is that the patron of the event, D.W. Gale, and the Committee would like to extend an invitation to all members of the SASC and their friends to join us aboard a classic or gaff-rigged yacht during the rally to experience the difference of traditional sailing. This can be a real eye-opener to those who are used to modern light-weight yachts. The hands-on feel of a Ranger or a traditional Couta fishing boat, the “elbows-in-the-water” sensation of a sleek metre yacht, the solidity and stability of a gracious wooden cruising yacht can all be experienced on the day.

For those who would rather watch the yachts in action, there will be a comfortable spectator ferry with fine finger-foods and light refreshments served by professional staff with an exciting commentary from our patron Bill Gale.

The day will start with a Champagne breakfast at the SASC at 0830. Yachts will be entered in six divisions covering all types of boats from historic skiffs, gaff-rigged Division I, II and III, Bermudan slow and Bermudan fast divisions with a timed start in Athol Bight to make it easier for the less manoeuvrable craft.

The fast yachts will start at 1315. After the rally, crews and ferry goers are invited to gather for a sausage sizzle at the club while enjoying the traditional jazz band and a visit to the Rum Tent or SASC bar to enhance the nautical feeling.

Skite plates will be issued and prizes awarded during the afternoon, with a special prize for the best traditionally dressed crew and yacht — ladies choice.

Put the date in your diary now. Further details will be announced in the *SASC News*. Entry forms will be available from the SASC office upon request.

FLAG OFFICERS' DINNER



As usual, the Clubhouse looked magnificent for the Flag Officer's Dinner held on Friday 19 September. The dinner is our annual opportunity to entertain Flag Officers from other Sydney Harbour clubs in our special surroundings and all members and guests had an enjoyable evening

Photos John Jeremy





Treasurer Tony Clarkson with CYCA Commodore Matt Allen and Lisa Allen (above)
Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron Commodore Bill Wood and Sue Wood (below)



Back in the middle of July Bobby Mills called me to help with the delivery of a brand new Seaway 10.5 Cat named *Ulyssis* to Queensland. On board were Bob, myself and three “punters” — two young blokes, friends of the owner coming for a ride and a Seaway owner from Sydney who needed offshore miles.

Bob picked me up from the Amateurs early on a Wednesday and we took off in a light southwester. Beautiful sunny days, star-lit nights, almost full moon. Very little wind, flat seas on a long southeasterly swell coming of a low in the southern ocean. During the day the sea breeze would gently build to the south east and die towards the evening, waiting for a south westerly system breeze to fill in early hours of the morning. The nights were very cold.

In these conditions our two nine horsepower, four-stroke outboards did a great job — a lot of motor sailing, averaging a little over seven knots. As there was negligible set running, we sailed a course from headland to headland, more or less, rhumb line. The smooth seas were great for whale watching and there were plenty of them; all doing their annual pilgrimage north.

Late afternoon, on the second day out, we were motor sailing with the auto pilot on when suddenly, about thirty metres in front of us a huge animal jumped right out of the water followed by an almighty fountain of water and a splash. I immediately turned the auto pilot off and bore off to avoid the whale — or maybe there were two of them.

Except for the whales the passage was pretty uneventful till we were about ten miles off Point Danger, heading for Mooloolaba, when Rod (the other cat’s owner) got a call that his mother in Sydney had had a heart attack and had been taken to hospital. We knew that, because of the bar, we could not get into Tweed River to land him and the nearest port would be Southport Seaway, some six hours away.

Bob radioed the nearest Volunteer Marine Rescue, which happened to be at Point Danger, to tell them of our predicament and confirm the state of the Tweed River bar. Point Danger VMR, without much prompting, suggested they would come and pick up our distraught passenger, take him ashore and organise land transport to the nearest airport.

We gave them our coordinates and half an hour later they came in a beautiful, thirty-odd feet, purpose-built, hard-bottomed, sea-going rubber-ducky rescue boat. The boat, brimming with radio antennas, radar and all the gizmos, came alongside very professionally — Rod jumped aboard and they sped off at forty knots to take him to his mum.

We were most impressed. Those Volunteer Coast Guard people are not just an Old Dads’ army. They are well trained, well equipped and very professional sailors and we all owe them lots of respect.

Bob and I sailed on to Mooloolaba where I shipped out and he picked up the owner and a few of his mates and sailed on to Airlie Beach. Our other two passengers got off earlier in Coffs Harbour to go to a party. For me, a keel-boat sailor, sailing a cat was a new experience. I was amazed, you could walk around the level deck without having to hold on to things

— you could put a drink on a bench or table and it would stay there and not immediately slide off spilling the contents. *Ulyssis*, being a brand-new boat had minor teething problems but generally behaved. Having another Seaway's owner on board for those first few days was an advantage. I enjoyed the experience but will remain faithful to the keel boats and their gentle, harmonious movement through a seaway.

Michal Tomaszewski



Photo Michal Tomaszewski

The Point Danger VMR rescue boat approachig for the personnel transfer

FRIDAY TWILIGHTS

Friday Twilights will start again on Friday 17 October 2008

If you plan to sail on Friday nights and to stay for dinner afterwards, please ring Megan or Maggie as soon as possible and definitely no later than Thursday when Megan will polish the Club's crystal ball and order the food

No table bookings can be accepted after 1200 on Thursday

A booking sheet is also available on the notice board, and members are encouraged to use this facility when they are passing

Volunteers are also needed to help clean up and ensure a great evening for all — add your crew to the list on the notice board now!



The annual safety equipment audits were carried out at the Club on 23 and 30 August. Kevin Manie and John Barclay made sure that Dal Wilson saw everything in *Reverie* (above) while Fred Bevis and his crew waited patiently for a spot at the wharf (below)

Photos John Jeremy





Photo Mike de Burca

The cancellation of the first race of the season due to a gale warning for Sydney Harbour gave Russ Chapman, James Nash and Vic Dibben the opportunity to enjoy a beer with the sailors in the Clubhouse



Photo John Jeremy

The destroyer USS *John S McCain* arriving in Sydney on the morning of 20 August 2008 to commemorate the arrival of the Great White Fleet on the same day 100 years ago

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new member:

Peter Cole

SOUTHERLY MUSINGS

Ranger is setting a new all-blue spinnaker and I am told it looks great with the new mainsail.

It has occurred to me that, while running, A1 is displaying the Club colours! Being somewhat of a Walter Mitty I can envisage a splendid sight if all Club members adopted the colour scheme. It would take twenty years for it to happen — but, sadly, I do not consider it likely.

Southerly

SASC SHOP

(AKA The Office)

The following items are available in stock:

Racing 'A' Flag	\$10.00
Burgee – Small – 25 cm x 42.5 cm	\$21.00
Burgee – Medium – 30 cm x 54 cm	\$25.00
Burgee – Large – 60 cm x 90 cm	\$60.00
Burgee – X Large – 160 cm x 290 cm	\$132.00
YA Blue Book (2005–2008)	\$29.95
Laminated Course Map	\$5.00
SASC Patch	\$6.00
Club Tie	\$21.00
Tee Shirt	\$25.00
Polo Shirt	\$36.00
Rugby Top	\$49.00
Sweat Shirt	\$49.00



NEWSLETTER DEADLINE

The next SASC News will be the December 2008 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Friday 28 November 2008. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are also very welcome.



Photo John Jeremy

A busy gathering of Gaffers including *Nerida* (33) and the restored 18-footer *Yendys* (red anchor) on Gaffers Day 1985



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