



SASC NEWS

The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



February 2005

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Cover:

The Amateurs, winner of the 2005 Adams 10 National Championships, in light conditions on Sydney Harbour during an earlier event

(John Jeremy photo)

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COMING EVENTS

FEBRUARY 05

SUNDAY 13 FEBRUARY 2005

SASC Putt-Putt Picnic

SATURDAY 19 FEBRUARY 2005

Eleventh race for Cavalier 28 Division and seventh race in Cavalier 28 Short Series. Eighteenth race for Division 2 and Classic Division. Fifteenth race for OK Dinghies.

SUNDAY 20 FEBRUARY 2005

Second race for Division 4. Seventh race for Division 6 and Gaffers Division.

SATURDAY 26 FEBRUARY 2005

Twelfth race for Cavalier 28 Division. Nineteenth race for Division 2 and Classic Division. Ninth race for Division 1 and Division 2 Short Series.

SUNDAY 27 FEBRUARY 2005

RANSA Regatta.

TUESDAY 1 MARCH 2005

Last race in the Paul Slocombe Trophy Series.

SATURDAY 5 MARCH 2005

Thirteenth race for Cavalier 28 Division. Twentieth race for Division 2 and Classic Division. Seventeenth race for OK Dinghies.

SUNDAY 6 MARCH 2005

Ranger World Championships

SATURDAY 12 MARCH 2005

SASC Trophy day. Fourteenth race for Cavalier 28 Division and eighth race for Cavalier 28 Short Series. Twenty first race for Division 2 and Classic Division. Tenth race for Division 1 and Division 2 Short Series.

SUNDAY 13 MARCH 2005

Last race for Division 4, Division 6 and Gaffers Division.

FRIDAY 18 MARCH 2005

Last Friday Twilight race.

SATURDAY 19 MARCH 2005

Kelly Cup and Tara Ipo Trophy races.

**WHERE'S
THE TEN-
DER?**

**Call Warwick
or Mike on
0418 678 690**

Sat: 0900-1800
Sun: 0900-1700



As I write this January is nearly over and the summer point score is well under way. Those of us who race every Saturday have been enjoying Sydney at its best and we would love to see some more of the 280 boats on the Club register coming out to join us. And although we can't help you much with 'I have to take the kids to sport' or 'I have to mow the lawn' we can help a bit with crew. For those who haven't caught up on our web site we now have a crew register where people who want to sail can email their details to the Club. These are put on the notice board for any skipper looking for crew. So 'I can't get crew' is no longer an acceptable excuse.

In March we will be having a General Meeting at which, as well as the normal reports, there will be a presentation to the members of the plans for the new slipway. Although completion of the approval process is still 18 months away, the details of the proposal are reasonably clear and the board would be delighted to hear the member's comments. There is also a file in the office with a copy of the preliminary proposal for anyone to have a look at in the mean time.

At the March General Meeting we will also consider a proposal from the Board that past Commodores Tony Clarkson and Charles Maclurcan be elected as Honorary Life Members. Both have made, and continue to make, an enormous contribution to the activities of the Club and I commend this proposal to everyone.

Finally, for those members who haven't been to the Club for a while, the combination of a busy House Committee and the donation of a new fridge have resulted in a far more user friendly kitchen and now we hope you will use it. The kitchen and barbeques are there for the members to use, please use them as it takes a lot to beat Sydney Amateurs as the DIY waterfront 'restaurant' in Sydney.

Rob Evans

Zulu preparing to depart her mooring for a twilight race on a stormy evening

John Jeremy photo



THE AMATEURS WINS ADAMS 10 NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

FEBRUARY 05

The Adams 10 Australian Championships were held on Lake Macquarie from Sunday 23 to Tuesday 25 January 2005. Two races with three laps on a windward/leeward course were scheduled each day, with a total of six heats for the series.

The Amateurs again represented the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club — the 10th year the boat has been entered. In preceding years *The Amateurs* had enjoyed mixed results including some high placings with her best results in a series being fourth.

Expectations were high this year as Ian MacDiarmid, SASC member and National Champion in many classes, had been confirmed as skipper and the sails were in good shape. Members of *The Amateur's* Committee and crew — Bob Langley, Jonathon Gibson, James Bevis, Kim McKinnon, James Ditzell and Rick Fitzgerald were quietly confident that *The Amateurs* had proved by her track record that she was as quick as any other Adams 10, given the right conditions.

Due to work pressures Jonathon Gibson could only race on the first day. Fortunately, Rick Fitzgerald, still recovering from a life-threatening operation, felt up to race the remaining two days. The class rules allow seven crew members during championships, so to make up the numbers yours truly was invited to join the team. This I did without hesitation, knowing the quality of the crew and Ian MacDiarmid's reputation as a skipper. I had also sailed with Ian on a J24 and knew his capabilities personally.

by
Guy Irwin

The Amateurs
starting in clear
air at the pin end
of the line



An intrepid delivery crew took the boat to Lake Macquarie a week prior to the event without incident. A quickly convened two-hour training session on the lake was organised for the Friday before race day. The following day (Saturday) was taken up with a day of maintenance checking sheets, halyards, blocks, shackles, race sails and all those things you do at championships, including tasting the local brew. A year's maintenance in one day — Bob Langley commented.

Race 1

There was a feeling of excitement and self-confidence with the crew. The wind had been increasing and gusting to around 30 knots all morning behind rain squalls that were coming in from the south. We decided to go with the No. 3 headsail. The other competitors had a mixture of No. 2s or 3s. A clean start at the pin end of the line with good boat speed kept us up with the boats on the inside — after a few tacks we reached the top mark amongst the leaders. Two or three boats gybed at the mark and got an advantage over us, pushing us back in the fleet. At this time the breeze had dropped slightly and we considered changing to the No. 2 headsail. We decided to keep to the No. 3, and were slightly underpowered on the next beat, but maintained our position in the fleet. A good spinnaker set and a quick gybe at the top mark and we were back in the race in 4th place just behind the leaders and catching them.

The wind was still dropping and now shifting to the south-west. Out came the No. 2, but the wind was still dropping. 'On with the No. 1' was the call from the skipper — great crew work ensured this happened quickly. The wind had now shifted around further to the west to the point the spinnaker had no effect. It was quickly dropped and the headsail was put up to make the bottom mark, which at this stage was only a hundred metres ahead, or so we thought. Then to our surprise we saw that the race had been shortened and we crossed the finish line in 4th place, just 15 seconds behind the leader. Although satisfied with the result we felt a little cheated that the race hadn't continued longer to give us a chance to catch the boats in front.

Race 2

The wind had now moved to the east at around 10 to 15 knots. Out came the No. 1 headsail. James Bevis boasted that this sail (which he had made) had won more races than it had lost, even though it was the oldest in the wardrobe. James was proved to be correct. Again, we got a good start down towards the end of the line. Ian's strategy was to get a clean start in clear air without battling with the fleet at the boat end. This strategy paid off. We kept out of trouble and kept to the left of the course where the wind was strongest. The boats that went to the right did not fare as well. We were 3rd rounding the top mark. The two boats ahead headed off to the right of the course, while we gybed into good wind which gave us the favoured left-hand rounding at the bottom mark. We were then first up to the top mark and eventually won by a slim margin of around 18 seconds.

A satisfying day we thought. However, there were sceptics in the crew who remembered previous regattas where *The Amateurs* had scored a first and a second on the first day — then bombed it.

Similar conditions to race 2 but the breeze had moved around to the south-east and was slightly lighter. It became evident in this race that one boat in particular from Lake Macquarie, *Eat My Shorts*, was very fast in the lighter conditions. In fact, this two-year old boat caused quite a controversy because she was considerably lighter than all the other boats in the class. Although she carried extra weight as compensation there was debate as to where the weight should be stowed below. There was even talk at one stage of barring the boat from the class. However our minds were not on this issue, only how we could beat her.

We sailed well, but a couple of crewing errors caused us to lose the advantage we gained off the start including the height we gained on the other boats up the first beat. After rounding the first mark in 5th place we managed to claw our way back through the fleet to finish in second place.

Race 4

Again similar conditions to race 3 with 10 to 15 knots south to south-east winds. This time there were no crew errors and our trusted No. 1 headsail gave us the boat speed and height to keep up with *Eat My Shorts* which we trailed for the first two legs. Then on the final beat we got our nose in front and held her out to win by 18 seconds on the finish line.

Going into day 3 we were equal first on 4 points with a drop with *Eat My Shorts*. The boat in third place was on 9 points. Our tactic for race 5 was to cover and try to beat *Eat My Shorts*.

Race 5

The breeze was freshening to around 18 knots from the east ahead of a small front. We decided to delay making a headsail choice until the last moment, believing the breeze would drop once the front had passed through. At this stage, most of the other boats had selected No. 2s. At around 5 minutes before the start the wind eased and we went for the No. 1. The other boats frantically changed up as well. Another great start, again towards the pin end and out of trouble. A good beat up to the first mark rounding in 4th place — *Eat My Shorts* was in second place. We held our position down to the bottom mark and with a good spinnaker drop rounding we managed to move into third place by the top mark just behind the leading boat and *Eat My Shorts*.

Eat My Shorts set her spinnaker without gybing and went to the right of the course, and we immediately did the same managing to gain more ground on her by covering her. We eventually got an overlap to leeward and took her further to the right side of the course. Concern showed on the faces of crew in *Eat My Shorts* when they realised we weren't too worried about the rest of the fleet and/or gybing back towards the bottom mark. Eventually we did gybe and only just had enough angles to hold our spinnaker to the mark. Unfortunately, *Eat My Shorts* left it too late and could not hold their spinnaker to the bottom mark. Result: *The Amateurs* scrambled back to salvage 3rd place. *Eat My Shorts* finished in 6th place.

Race 6

The breeze had freshened again to around 18 knots from the east. This time there was no chance of it easing so the decision was the No. 2 headsail. This headsail had only done half a race previously, so it was a complete unknown to the crew. We quickly set it up for the next race that included setting the car positions because they hadn't been marked for this particular sail. *Eat My Shorts* needed to win this race to win the championship, and *The Amateurs* needed to come worse than 3rd to lose it. The last thing we needed was an OCS or to have another boat protest us, so our plan again was to cover *Eat My Shorts* and keep out of trouble.

Another start at the pin end with *Eat My Shorts* two boats to leeward of us — we had her well and truly covered. The No. 2 headsail was a gem — we had the boat speed and we were pointing higher than most of the fleet. We tacked early onto port and crossed boats to windward to make the top mark in only two tacks, while most of the fleet had missed the shift and overstood the mark. We rounded the top mark over two boat lengths ahead of the second boat. Race all over — we gradually gained on the fleet and won by our biggest margin of nearly a minute. *Eat My Shorts* came 4th. The National Championship was ours.

A very satisfying regatta, but all credit for performance and presentation of the boat must go to *The Amateurs* Committee that have put so much time and effort into her. She is definitely a credit to the SASC and pleasure to sail. I would recommend to any member to make the effort and have a sail in her. After all, we don't often get the chance to sail in a National Champion boat!

The Amateurs in the lead at the leeward mark



Peter Gregory and Jane Duckworth have been sailing Ishtar (a Savage 42) in the seas to the North with the Oz-Med Blue Water Rally, and were in Thai waters on Boxing Day 2004. They described the experience in an email to friends and family. Peter's brother Tony has passed it on to us for members to share.

First of all thank you to everyone who has emailed or phoned to find out how we are — your concern has been overwhelming and very touching. We are absolutely fine and safe — just feeling the profound unease of having such an enormous catastrophe erupt all around us and yet pass us by.

We had planned a week of cruising leading up to Christmas Day and had a wonderful time cruising to places like Krabi, which supposedly has the most spectacular beaches in the world, and taking a long boat to Phi Phi Li to snorkel in crystal clear water with incredible coloured fish and coral. (Long boats are wooden and shaped rather like a Thai gondola but with a powerful diesel motor perched above the tuck driving a propeller on the end of a long pole.) A Blue Water Rally Christmas lunch had been organised on Phi Phi Don — advertised as one of the three most beautiful islands in the world. The island is shaped like the letter H with a narrow flat sand isthmus in the middle which held a multitude of restaurants, hotels, little shops, internet cafes etc. Phi Phi Don and the smaller Phi Phi Li throng with tourists, particularly at this time of the year. There were about 40 of us for lunch which turned out to be magic — everyone wanting to make it special with all of us so far from home — so “secret Santa” had been organised which was hilarious, toasts, great food etc. Early in the evening we all got in our dinghies and had a dinghy ‘drift’ — 11 dinghies all tied together, drifting peacefully around the bay wondering at the incredible scenery, sipping champagne, lots of laughter and everyone feeling it had been a great day.

We had already planned to leave early the next morning and head for the mainland 25 miles away, where we would track down fuel and water before heading round to the west coast to anchor off one of the beaches and enjoy a few days there as the lead up to New Year’s Eve and the departure to Sri Lanka on 1 January. The other boats were staying to do more cruising in the area. We up-anchored at 7 am with a good sailing wind immediately set off under sail quite happily. We always keep the VHF radio on and at about 1100 started to hear chat between other boats about a supposed tsunami which had hit Chalong Bay, where we were headed. We then could hear calls between the Rally boats still in Phi Phi Don obviously distressed but it was difficult to work out from the sporadic calls what was going on. At that stage we really had no idea what had happened. We had felt or seen absolutely nothing out of the ordinary. There was nothing at all to give any indication that anything unusual had happened. We concluded that Chalong must have a freak wave go through and that maybe somehow it had also got as far as Phi Phi Don. We radioed to ‘any Blue Water Rally Yachts’ to say we had heard strange information but would go into Chalong anyway. Our friends in *Regardless* came straight back, obviously incredibly upset, and said “don’t go there — stay in deep water — the whole island has been hit by a tidal wave — we are in life jackets — the boats have lost their anchors.”

We could do nothing except listen to the increasingly frantic calls coming through on the radio from boats all over the area. We had no access to English speaking radio or television

— anything that may have given us an idea of what had happened or where we could go where it would be safe. We were unwillingly almost-totally cocooned from what was happening. We decided to come straight round to the west coast. As we approached we got the first evidence of disaster as we made our way very tentatively through a sea of unbelievable debris — miles of half submerged tables, chairs, fishing nets, beach umbrellas, plastic, mattresses, rubbish bins (and, on a lighter note, several well dressed mannequins, one of which is now perched on the stem of another rally boat).

We anchored at Kata. We could see the beach had been devastated and shore-side restaurants destroyed. Slowly with phone calls and radio calls the enormity of the event and what had happened to the rest of the Rally started to unfold. All the boats were safe — some slightly damaged but none seriously and no lives lost. The following are stories we have heard from other boats in the fleet.

The first thing people noticed on the boats anchored in the northern bay at Phi Phi Don was the water in the bay suddenly disappearing — sucked out. Then a huge wave came from the south, across the sand isthmus, sweeping everything away in its path. At almost the same time the water swept back into the northern bay. Two boats had their anchors ripped out. *Paroo*'s anchor winch broke and 60 metres of 318 chain screamed out before pulling everything out of the deck. The other boat, *St Barbara*, had no one on board but Dick from *Aragorn* managed to get alongside it in the dinghy, jump on and get the engine going and get it away from the other boats. At this point apparently the water was screaming through the bay at over 12 knots. The people who were there cannot believe how the boats missed smashing into each other or the rocks.

Three people were injured. The guys from *Talaquah*, Ed and Helen (we sailed with them up through Indonesia) were on land at the time. They were hit by the first wave and swept away being bashed by all the debris in the water. Helen is now in hospital with a punctured lung but is OK — Ed badly hurt his back but has been discharged. Their grandson was on the boat and thought he had broken his arm trying to get the anchor up in the melee, but it is OK — just badly sprained. The guys from *St Barbara*, Peter, Lolly and Jim together with Carolyn and Alastair from *Nademia* had taken up our recommendation and got a long boat to Phi Phi Li to snorkel. They had just gone in the water when the tsunami hit. They managed to scramble up the beach and then up to higher ground. The boat they had taken over there was smashed to pieces. Once they got back Jim and Lolly stayed ashore to help in the chaos. Some of that help involved bringing in the bodies from the water. The restaurant where we all had Christmas lunch was completely washed away.

Another boat, *Ocean Song*, had left Phi Phi Don before Christmas and had gone to Krabi, anchoring in the spot we had recommended. Their son and friend had gone ashore in the dinghy and they were just sitting down to breakfast on board when the boat suddenly spun round. They looked up to see a huge wall of green water heading straight for them. They managed to turn the boat round at the last moment but were swamped with seawater. All hatches and ports were open. They then saw a longboat lifted up on the next wave and 'explode' into smithereens — the driver screaming for help as he couldn't swim. They managed to pick him up but they couldn't get him into shore as they had no dinghy and were shattered that another boat passing refused to take him. However the next boat did, and then

they had to wait to find out what had happened to their son and friend. It was six hours before they found out they were alive and uninjured, though understandably traumatised by events. The dinghy had been destroyed. They had witnessed bodies being washed ashore and people injured — chaos. A ‘net-sched’ has been run — everyone reconnected — and we have been asked by the Rally to extend our visas for four weeks here. As we had anticipated we cannot go to Sri Lanka or The Maldives so they are desperately trying to work out where we can go and still keep to the schedule which is timed to fit in with ‘standard’ expected-weather patterns.

It feels very strange now. The beach has been cleared up — there are people sunbathing and swimming in clear blue-green water. The big hotel on the beach has new tables and chairs on the restaurant verandah and fresh plants in the pots. It seems somehow crass and uncaring to be ‘carrying on as normal’, but I think that is the best that can happen and that we can do. These areas need the tourist economy to function as well as possible. We are going to investigate (somehow) whether we are able to give blood somewhere — or help in any other way — but even finding this out is not easy. We would like to feel we have done something to help someone and feel as though we have ‘cheated’ by bypassing the disaster. However we also feel incredibly lucky.



GENERAL MEETING

A General Meeting of the Club will be held in the Clubhouse on

**Wednesday 9 March 2005
at 8.00 pm**

The meeting will receive reports on the progress of the Club and consider the following resolution:

That Charles Maclurcan and Anthony Clarkson be elected as Honorary Life Members in accordance with Article 6 of the Memorandum and Articles of Association.

Following the business of the meeting, a film will be shown on the well known marine artist and former Life Member, the late Jack Earl, and the story of his yacht *Kathleen Gillett*.

A. A. Saunders
Honorary Secretary

IMPRESSIONS OF THE 5.5 M WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS

by
Southerly

On Friday 9 January I was privileged to be invited aboard the RSYS starter's boat *Gitana* to observe the second and third races in the International 5.5 metre class World Championship 2005. Australia has a proud history in this class with an Olympic Gold Medal in 1964 and a Bronze Medal in 1956, many World Championship wins including our then member Roy Tutty in 1981. The boats have languished somewhat in Australia in recent years but I believe I sense a resurgence of interest in the class, with boats being refurbished and Roy Tutty interested in a new build.

The first 5.5 m *Deb* was built in the early 1950s to a design by the gifted Charles Nicholson in timber with wooden spars. Today we see carbon fibre, Kevlar and GRP, however there are strict controls on weight, areas and design parameters so older designs are at times surprisingly competitive. The older boats have their own competition and prizes within the major events — boats built before 1970, 1970 to 1990 and modern boats built after 1990. In the 2005 Championships there were 27 entries from eight countries, mostly from Europe. It was a great delight to see this fleet in action, especially Carl Halvorsen (at 92) in his delightful *Skagerak* and Bill Solomons and Mick York in Bill Northam's *Barranjoey*, now owned by the Sydney Heritage Fleet and brought out of retirement for this event.

Barranjoey
approaching the
top mark in race 3

John Jeremy photo





John Jeremy photo

The starters crew was led by Charles Maclurcan as PRO with John Jeremy as timer, Jim Hawkins on flags and André van Stom as recorder. All except Jim are members of the SASC, and SASC members David Willis and David van Kool manned a mark boat for several days during the Championships. Jim Hawkins sailed as forward hand for me years ago in *Ranger* and the 5.5 m *Southern Cross*. At my behest Jim also sailed casually with a few other SASC boats and was able to greatly improve their performance very quickly.

It has always appeared to me that starting is a very difficult undertaking, I did a little of it in the past and found it terrifying. When it comes to an international event the pressures are enormous. The crews are extremely competitive and will protest the starters if they see a slight opportunity and to my surprise will play ‘games’ if given a chance. All this generates a lot of pressure but at no time did anyone loose their cool in *Gitana*. It is very difficult at times to set a course — in the morning the wind was so variable that the line had to be reset three times.

Having sent the fleet off for the first race of the day Charles recalled a couple, a split second decision that happened more than once on the day. A few minutes after the start the wind direction changed so much that Charles decided to abandon the race and all boats were recalled to start again. No comment from the yachts — good call Charles — a

A spinnaker run during the second race

taxing decision. The wind settled down thereafter and the windward-leeward courses set turned out to provide superb sailing. The four guys in charge did the whole thing as a team — there was almost no need to give orders. Two support boats moved marks as necessary and one took the abandon flag (code flag N) around the fleet at high speed after the first aborted start.

Back at the Squadron mooring the crew had a relaxed hour in the cabin with beer and cheese — they needed it, it is a very exhausting job. Friday was one of the great days of my life; 5.5 metres are the most exciting boats I have ever sailed. I was given a very informative brochure on the class and it appears that the 5.5 metre rule greatly influenced the rule for the America's Cup Class. The new fives are very similar to the ACC boats, but they usually do not break into bits whilst racing.

PS — We are very fortunate to have expert starters for SASC events both on Saturdays and Sundays. My father impressed on me that starting crews are giving up their precious time gratis and that it is impossible to always set an ideal course, therefore they must never be criticised.

[PPS — *We must add that Southerly exercised extreme restraint and stayed out of the way and quiet (!) during the starting sequences — Ed.*]

John Jeremy photo

Artemis XII
(winner of the World Championships) and *Ali Baba* (third) approaching the windward mark





John Jeremy photo

Skagerak, sailed by Carl Halvorsen, in a light westerley during the 5.5 m World Championships on Sydney Harbour (above)

Amongst the spectators during the Championships: Fred and Beverley Bevis with guests in *Warana* (below)

John Jeremy photo



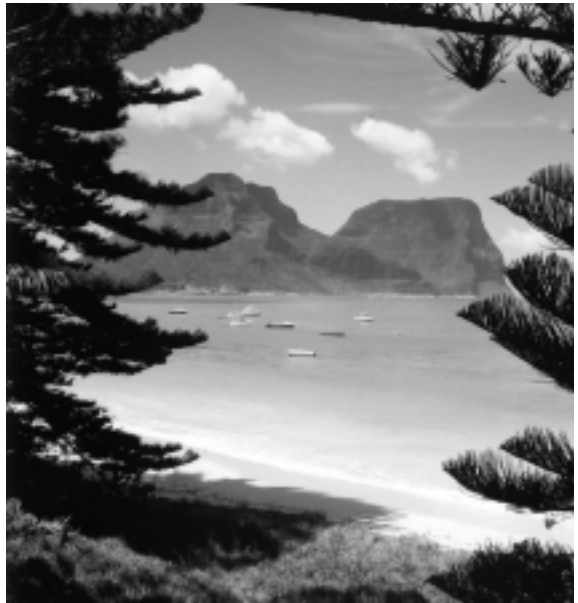
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A CHANCE TO BECOME ELIGIBLE TO

Win a trip for
2 to

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David Salter photo

HOW? Simply sail in the SASC Friday Twilight Series and when you make a season entry and complete 5 races your boat becomes eligible to enter the draw for a trip for 2 to Lord Howe Island. The more races you compete in increases your chances of winning. Potentially you can be entered in the draw 12 times. The trip for two will be drawn at the completion of the last race in the series. Contact the club and enter now!

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Historically, in any twilight season, *Camaleis III* never wins — it is pre-ordained — we know that we never win — it is accepted dogma. The reasons — partly the motley roll up of doctors which we euphemistically called ‘crew’, and partly a disturbing lack of awareness of that thing called ‘time’. We never have the foggiest notion of when the starting gun fires, and we simply assume that the preceding yacht’s do. Also, we have a skipper who has the most extraordinary ability to miss every wind shift, and pick every area of the Port Jackson doldrums — appalling but true. The crew tries to help him, consuming champagne and prawns and proffering liberal advice (which is always ignored). And so, actually, losing is more than second nature to *Camaleis III*. We have turned losing into an art form, or at least it was an art form, until the last twilight of 2003/4 season, and that is when we rolled out our new *Camaleis III* secret weapon.

Hey you, the other crews at SASC! Sit up, pay attention, you never had a chance that Friday night. In fact, we question your sanity as to why you bothered turning up at all!

Background

China has a 4000-year history, maybe more. They invented Feng Shui, Tai Chi, Yum Cha and they invented the lucky charm. Professor Wu was a visiting professor from Beijing. He was our invited guest in *Camaleis III* on that auspicious night. Professor Wu had no idea what ‘yachting’ was — not a Kung Fu clue. He arrived elegantly dressed in his yellow three-piece suit (yes, it was bright yellow) to do ‘yachting’ (pronounced ‘rotting’). He may have taken some advice from the consular staff who arrived some years back with fishing rods. His yellow attire made him a perfect crew member for *Camaleis III* (i.e. someone else without a clue) **BUT** when he arrived he brought with him three Chinese lucky charms, and we hung one from the yardarm.

The Ancient Mariner said it best...

The Breezes blew, the white foam flew
 The furrow follow'd free:
We were the first that ever burst
 Into the silent sea....

What a hoot! Around the ragged rocks the ragged rascals roared — our red charm flapping and working its magic — the rigging was as tight as the crew and when we flashed past the finish line the triumphant crew actually thought the result was due to their abilities.

We even decided to forego our usual ‘once round the bridge’ to go in to enjoy the barbeque and participate in the close of the official twilight season festivities and although we were initially delighted to have a second placing in the twilight race (ask Geoff about doing the distant marker twice), we were then absolutely stunned to win the Twilight Grand Prize of a Lord Howe island holiday for two, sponsored by Concise Systems, a long-time supporter of the Club.

Then the confusion began. A little history here might help. Geoff Driscoll has provided/maintained the boat for 15 years but it was decided in 2003 to spread the ‘burden’ and *CIII* was syndicated amongst the regular crew (for ‘crew’ read ‘advisors’) — thus from one absent minded professor we ended up with three (and two doctors)! One prize, two airline tickets, five owners — a mathematical nightmare.

Who would go? Should it be drawn out of a hat? Ruffled? Auctioned with proceeds into the ‘sinking’ fund (hate the connotations, although we did try sinking *CIII* once) and so it went on and on. The more we questioned, the more it became obvious that the time actually suited no one so the auction process was reintroduced so the trip could be used by family or friends with benefit to the whole crew/boat. School holidays, children etc. foiled the process further but eventually John Fox’s recently retired sister and brother-in-law were interested and off they went to enjoy the Lord Howe Island holiday. There are 1,001 stories in the naked city, this is just one of them:

“The flight over and back was in a 36-seat puddle jumper — although small (a bit too small) the cuisine was better than a usual Qantas domestic. We were served with pre-dinner drinks and a hearty meal.

“Lord Howe’s Lorhiti Apartments were well appointed with a lounge and kitchen plus separate bedroom with en-suite. The secluded garden was adorned with a gazebo and a barbecue surrounded by palms. The grounds were immaculate. The complex consisted of only six units which could sleep three each but usually only had two people resulting in a fairly relaxed and quiet sojourn. Life style was definitely relaxed; walking, fishing, snorkeling and sightseeing filled each day. The closest beach was Ned’s beach about 2-3 minutes away. Ned’s is a popular tourist spot where you can hand-feed the fish in shallow water.

“The manager, Matt, in his early thirties was most helpful polite and informative about all aspects of the island and nothing was too much trouble including the provision of transport to and from the airport — and also out to any dinner lodge that we selected each night. The selected venue in turn returned us to our apartment after dinner. In fact everyone we came in contact with was most helpful.

“There was a restaurant at Lorhiti (Chinese style) which had just opened following the seasonal closure; the food was as delicious as the staff was polite! We dined at Pinetrees (three times), Beachcomber and Lorhiti and could not fault one meal.

“All around the island there were barbecues set up complete with firewood ready to use for anyone. The locals are intensely proud of their island, and so they should be; it was immaculately clean and facilities were well maintained.

“Just one minor complaint. I suspect that the walls of the apartment could have been a bit thicker because there was a bit of noise transmission — on the other hand, this might also be a feature — as Lord Howe is a popular honeymoon destination.

“All in all we really enjoyed the whole experience. Thank you to Professor Wu and the lucky charm, thank you to *Camaleis III* and its most generous and sea-knowledgeable crew, and thank you to the SASC and thank you particularly to Concise Systems. It was great experience. Thank you all —Maureen and Bob Catlin.”

Epilogue (aka happy ending)

So, SASC members, you can see that there was no way that any other SASC crew could have won that night, because *CIII* was blessed with an authentic 4000-year old Chinese Luck Charm — and it works — but there is some hope for you for 2005 because at the end of the race one of the *CIII* crew put the charm down the front of his boxer shorts and now won’t give it back. *CIII* will return to its pre-ordained role as loser cum laude.

THE MARIA ISLAND RACE

by
Peter Pangas

42 South gybing during a winter race on the Derwent with only four crew — “Don’t forget the runners”

Let me start by stating that the correct pronunciation of Maria is Ma-rye-ah, not Ma-ree-a. The race is an annual event, at 200 miles the longest on the calendar for the distance races from Hobart. It starts at 7 pm on Friday night from the Castray Box (the finishing line of the Sydney to Hobart yacht race) and heads down the Derwent River, left at the Iron Pot, across Storm Bay, dog leg at Cape Raoul, hard left at Tasman Island, avoid the Hyppolyte’s, around Maria Island and return.

It is effectively comparable to the Cabbage Tree Island race and is run about the same time of the year. The difference is the course that takes you past some of the most fascinating land forms in Australia and, of course, is exposed to the Southern Ocean as well as the Tasman Sea.

The yacht I sail in is *42 South*, a 1994 Jones Hart 39, the same designer and builder as *Scandia Wild Thing* (used to be a claim to fame before



the last Sydney to Hobart). It was originally built as a 37-footer but a sugar scoop was added soon after completion. The current owner painted her yellow as it is easier to see when at sea, a trend that seems very popular with ocean racers down here.

The Race

They still breed them tough down here. As a weather-warning was in place for the start there were thoughts that the committee might alter the course to a D'Entrecasteaux Channel race rather than send us out into Storm Bay. Not the case. The course board was raised and it was round Maria Island to starboard, a change from the usual port rounding.

The wind at the start was gusty but would die down to around 15 knots at times so sail selection was a point of debate. The Code 2 was called for. This is a non-overlapping sail like a jib but much more expensive. It is along the lines of most of the new IRC boats as they measure sail size not the fore triangle when rating the boat.

The gun sounded and we were reaching down the river in a sou'wester up with the big boats — *Doctor Who* and the recently purchased *Quest*. *Quest* had just been bought by the owner of *Mirrabooka* as he was looking for a more competitive yacht. To their horror and our delight, in these conditions we were right on their stern and they couldn't shake us. Not good news for the Hood sailmaker on board.

For those who think that waterline on a reach is a be all and end all, try trimming your heart out, sometimes it works. We followed the 47 footer all the way out the river and left the boats our size a mile astern.

Rounding the Iron Pot we eased sheets, reefed and hoisted a kite. The wind was more than fresh at this stage resulting in the sheet parting and flogging the spinnaker until we somehow retrieved it from the tack end. Up with another kite and we were away on a beam reach. It all seemed quite comfortable so half the crew went below to rest while things were under control. About 40 minutes later there was banging on the deck and a shout to get the kite off. Strange, it all seemed so pleasant below and the boat seemed fine. On arrival to the upper lounge we found the reason for their concern, the boat was planing at 17-18 knots, the wind was 42 knots and we still had the kite on. Probably wouldn't of been a problem but we needed a little more height to clear the Raoul. Up went the 3 and down with the storm kite.

Visibility was poor as the cloud fronts brought rain as well as wind. These seemed to come through about every 30 minutes. Steering was difficult as there was not much to steer to and what there was would disappear behind huge swells. From leeward I could see Tasman light and somehow persuaded the araldite-fisted skipper to part with the tiller to let me steer from leeward. It was commented that I had a most unusual steering style in which I knelt on both knees on the cockpit floor with one hand on the tiller and the other on the runner winch for purchase in order to keep the boat from broaching.

The skipper and several crew retired below, a situation in that past races hadn't happened until they fell asleep the next day, to leave me steering with a skeleton crew in attendance. Before long, we had cleared the Raoul and could head for Tasman. The boat was averaging 13 knots but it was indeed time for a kite, after all we were racing and had two larger boats to catch. Up with the storm kite and up went the speeds — 16-18 on average and 18-19 in

the gusts. This was quite a handful for me steering, still kneeling and under heavy stress to prevent a broach. At times I had pushed to the farthest extent possible and all that was left was hope. Luck was on our side and we kept her straight.

Now, there was a particularly large a black cloud approaching and this was not the usual regular cloud front. This one was serious. I called to the crew to stand by on the brace and let it go the second the front hit. No time to get forward and ready to pull it in — that would have to come later.

It started getting dark, real dark. Yet the wind was constant for the time being. The boat was surfing and planing, we were averaging 18 knots and this exhilaration brought shouts from the crew for the high speeds attained.

A voice from below was heard:

Skipper: 'What speed we were travelling at?'
Derek: '18....19'
Skipper: 'Isn't that a bit fast to be going in the dark?'
Derek: 'No, wait a second.....17.2'
Skipper: no reply
Derek: no comment
Crew: dumb founded looks all round
Result: 18....19.....18.....19.....etc.

We of the few on deck were not going to get the kite down until the last second unless the skipper ordered it. That order didn't come so we kept going. We were almost to Tasman and it was only 10.30pm.

About that cloud. The wind that had been 35 knots was about to change. It went to 45 knots in a tenth of a second. It took 4 tenths to let the brace run and another 3 for the crew to reach the boom. Perfect drop. Pity they all aren't like that.

Now for those who haven't steered a yacht with only one reef in the main with 45 knots of wind and huge seas running combined with a back wash off the tallest sea cliffs in Australia, it is just a little bit scary. The rain squall had closed around Tasman Light and I had no reference to steer by. The force on the tiller was immense. I wasn't sure what would break first, me or it. The boat was grossly out of balance and I called for a head sail to be hoisted to balance the boat. The problem was the sail on deck was a No 3. Should we put that up in 45 knots? It was brand new, its first outing. No, not that one. Then what about the 4? That meant going forward to remove the 3, then get the 4 up there and hoist it, but should we hoist the 4 in 45 knots while the boat is surfing, planing, rolling and pitching. It wasn't a very nice thought of having to go forward.

The result was, as we were travelling so fast, we were about to round Tasman and wouldn't have time to hoist a headsail until after we gybed.

One of the crew said that I should steer further out to avoid the reef. What reef? I have sailed around it a few times and don't remember any reference to it before. Probably more of a shoal. Anyway, I didn't have any choice on my course. The boat was just about out of control and all I could do was try to keep it straight.

What is that noise.....we all turned to see a wall of white water 8 feet high advancing towards us bringing with it a wave similar to a shore break that was probably about 12 feet high. I pushed the tiller away with all my force and for a couple of seconds the boat was deciding if this was enough. White water filled the sugar scoop and the boat speed increased. We were off — the boat was out of the water with spray thrust from its beam ends leaving a wake 50 metres wide. ‘You’re by the lee’ the crew shouted constantly. Didn’t make any difference, I had to keep her on this course or I would have broached in either direction. I realised later that I had been sailing the 39-foot boat as if it were a Laser running in heavy winds. That is done by sailing by-the-lee thus turning the leach into the luff and vice versa. This was the only way to balance the boat which effectively brought the centre of effort closer to the centreline of the yacht. It does mean you roll to windward (now leeward) a bit and this can be a time of anxiousness for the crew (and the occasional helmsman — on this occasion being myself).

The wind was over 50 knots as we planed past Tasman for about 15 seconds. This might not seem that long, but try doing it some time. The boat speed hit the 20’s and just when every one was looking for the high score, the log reverted back to the compass and the speeds were no longer on public viewing. We were overtaking the waves and hitting the next from behind.

The effect of the boat travelling over the water was absolutely incredible. The crew were ecstatic and surprisingly the skipper was still safe and sound in his bunk.

Luckily the log has a highest reading memory and this was later pushed to find that the boat had reached 22.2 knots maximum. We were on the plane for over 15 seconds which meant a sustained 20+ for about 8 seconds.

Now for the gybe. We had past the island and need to turn through 90 degrees. No way could we gybe so a granny was in order. Without a headsail this was going to be fun. The wind fell to 39 knots so we gave it a go. We did it first time.

Right, number four on, and a second slab in the main and off north. I collapsed after steering for over four hours, most of them on my knees. Finally went below and climbed into a bunk. I wasn’t too good after that, slight hypothermia and couldn’t get back up on deck until the sun came out. We were beating down the coast but failed to hug the shore. We didn’t choose the best route home and so a couple of boats caught up with us, but the biggest problem was being becalmed for half an hour at the Iron Pot. Finally we got back into the river and reached to the finish. The race took us 23½ hours, not bad average considering the beat back and the becalming.

Think we got a third so it was not too bad. We had placed second a couple of years before so keeping on the podium kept us satisfied.

The word of the 22.2 knots spread around Hobart Town resulting in my pseudo-legendary status. I still believe that the status level could have been even more legendary if they realised that I was steering without my glasses in the dark! I really couldn’t see much.



John Tomasetti

The Amateurs lost one of its true characters on 5 January when John Tomasetti died unexpectedly at his home in Northwood.

John joined the Amateurs in 1961 and became a highly-involved, dedicated lifelong member as well as a fiercely-competitive racing skipper. He served as Honorary Treasurer from 1966 to 1969 and Honorary Secretary from 1971 to 1973. He became a life member in 1996.

But there was much more to John than sailing and the Amateurs. He led a highly diverse and interesting life as family man, trader, aviator and yachtsman. At age 15, in 1939, John's father took him from school and sent him to Batavia in the Dutch East Indies to work for a large Dutch trading house to learn the business of international trading and eventually bring that learning back to the growing family business in Melbourne.

To quote from Peter Tomasetti's eulogy, "My father showed promise in his new employment. He travelled widely in the Indies ... he became quite capable in speaking the Bahasa language and got into a fair measure of trouble. There was a rumour of a liaison with a particular boss' wife many years his senior at some time!

"He nevertheless learnt some aspects of trading along the way. My father loved to tell me of the time that my grandfather was selling milk powder on behalf of the Oak Dairy Company of NSW. That company had as its trademark a large oak tree which it applied to the outside of the calico bags of milk powder that it exported. Sales were slow in the Dutch East Indies. The local village headmen were not buying.

"My father said to me 'I was asked to do some investigation. I discovered the problem. The problem was that the villagers could not be convinced that good quality milk came from an oak tree. I cabled Dad and told him to get Oak to print a picture of a big cow on the bag and get rid of the tree. Sales then went up.'"

John's budding career at Jacobsen van den Berg was cut short by the war but his experiences there kindled a love and skill for international trade that eventually led to the highly successful trading company which became his life's work.

Those romantic Java days and nights also kindled a love for John's boss' daughter Loes — they were separated by the war but married in 1946 and bought their house in Northwood.

John was a true pioneer in Australia's international trade. Back in the days of the Cold War, John was one of the first Australians to initiate business with several of the Soviet bloc countries and some of his adventures behind the Iron Curtain would do justice to a Len

Deighton novel. When pushed he would recall the forbidding atmosphere and sense of aloneness he experienced during those dark, friendless, dangerous visits. But he did good business in those countries and also in the emerging markets of India, Malaysia, Singapore, China as well as Japan and New Zealand and of course Indonesia.

Beyond business John had a wonderful aviation career. He joined the RAAF in 1943. He loved flying – excelled at it and was appointed a flight instructor upon gaining his wings. He flew and instructed in many different military aircraft including the legendary Spitfire and spent some time instructing on Spitfires for the Malayan Air Force in Singapore.

He was a wonderfully gifted aerobatic pilot and glider pilot as well as flying hundreds of hours during the many flying holidays he and his trusted co-pilot and navigator Loes enjoyed in Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, North America, South America, Hong Kong and of course all over Australia.



A young John Tomasetti — ready for Indonesia

He is probably the only Australian and almost certainly the only Australian yachtsman to have flown himself to and around Cape Horn in a light aircraft. And in proper Tomasetti style, he made sure he paid the right price. He spent four days negotiating with the owner of the only light twin in Puerto Williams who finally agreed to John's last offer just as the typical low, grey Tierra Del Fuego weather lifted to make it a perfect and relatively economical flight.

John was never one to shy away from an argument and held very strong views on many subjects but none stronger than his feelings about the Labour Party and trade unions. Again, a quote from Peter's eulogy,

"My father was a committed conservative. He was undying in his opposition to the Labour Party, which he saw as slightly left of Mao Tse Tung. Anything and everything that went wrong in the world was the Labour Party's fault. ... He was a prolific and critical letter writer to his politician. ...

"He hated trade unions. I recall that we were driving to work up River Road one morning trying to maintain our timetable. There was a building industry dispute on. The BLF occupied a building site on River Road. Union Officials were on the eighth floor with loudspeakers haranguing the bosses. The building was draped in slogans. Suddenly my father stopped the car. The traffic blocked up behind him. He opened the car door and got out. As clear as day I recall him cupping his hands to his mouth and shouting out: 'Get back to work you bludging bastards'

“The loudhailers turned on him. People started honking their horns, he thought in support of his remarks. I pleaded for him to get back in the car. ‘We’ll be late’, I submitted. He hesitated. I could tell he was in turmoil ... torn between the timetable and the Union movement. He jumped back in the car and said: ‘You’re right but I know a short cut!’”

John had two other special loves in his life — the first was called *Aston* and the second *Renada*. Both first rate yachts that John sailed with great skill and in the case of *Aston* with frequent racing success.

Peter’s eulogy continues:

“His other passion was sailing. He began that passion in about 1962 with a 22-foot plywood yacht with no toilet other than a plastic bucket. We raced every Saturday on Sydney Harbour.

“He eventually bought a 34-foot teak yacht called *Aston*. He loved her for 28 years. He varnished her from stem to stern and when he finally sold her she was in better condition than the day she was launched.

“Once again his first mate was Mum. She had to steer on all the spinnaker runs. Her nickname was ‘Duck’ — we never knew why and when he shouted orders at her she responded ‘Yes Drake’.

“He was a tyrant around the course. He stopped his hat from blowing away by looping the chinstrap under his nose. He whistled quietly as he worked. He loved to rock hop whilst we crew pleaded for him to tack away.

“He loved to set a kite when no one else would because it was blowing too hard.

“He loved to beat the Merringtons.

“He was a Captain Bligh and a Dr. Jeckel all in one because as soon as he crossed the line he became nature’s most loving gentleman going below to get out the rum and leaving us all to get over the last round of insults and abuse.”



Aston (A28)

John clearly represented all that is good and endearing about the Amateurs.

John had a brilliant life and he leaves behind a wonderful legacy of four outstanding children and eleven bright and beautiful grandchildren — none of which of course could have been possible without the love, encouragement and support of his great true love Loes.

John was a marvellous friend to me and to many, many old mates all over Australia and all over the world — we will miss you John and wherever you are we wish you sunny skies and fair warm breezes.

André van Stom



John Jeremy photo

At 116,000 grt the largest cruise liner to visit Sydney, *Sapphire Princess* in Sydney Cove on 23 December 2004 (above)

Young Endeavour arriving in Sydney on 18 December 2004 (below)

John Jeremy photo



GOING SOUTH, SAFE & STEADY

David Salter reports on Bright Morning Star's exhausting trip in the 2004 Sydney-Hobart

Right from the time of the initial weather briefing on the Thursday before the race, the 60th Sydney-Hobart was clearly shaping as a test of seamanship first, and racing skill second. The assembled yachties allowed themselves the odd chuckle as the earnest young man from the BoM rattled through his snazzy PowerPoint predictions of 60-knot south-westerlies, 9 m swells, rain, sleet and even snow. But in truth, ours was nervous laughter. You didn't need to be a navigator to work out that for most yachts the worst of this weather would hit us as we entered Bass Strait. Precisely the spot you *don't* want to get a pizzling. Oh well, that's offshore racing.

It was a comfort to have the *EZ Street* mob alongside us at the Amateurs pontoon as we all loaded up on Boxing Day morning. Bruce, Jim, Trevor and the team always prepare that boat immaculately (including Sherro's distinctive cooking helmet). Their quiet, methodical confidence contrasted with the rather casual *Bright Morning Star* house style and prompted us to check a few last-minute details. The SASC regulars in the *BMS* crew included Hugh O'Neill, Dal Wilson, John Sturrock, Tony Purkiss, Bob Kenyon and myself. Some of us had made bookings to fly out of Hobart late on December 31 to be with family by midnight on New Year's Eve. We should have known better than try to predict the span of a long ocean passage race.

John Jeremy photo

Nautica Footware
(aka *Bright Morning Star*) and *EZ Street*
preparing for the
big race along-
side the SASC
Pontoon





John Jeremy photo

For the first time in many years there were more than 100 entrants for the 628 n mile trip South so the CYCA reverted to using the multiple starting-line pattern they'd instituted back in the big fleet 'glory days' of the race. While this tactic may help reduce barging and congestion on the line it apparently does nothing to encourage respect for the rules of sailing. As we worked up the Harbour after the start on starboard tack a lightweight 50-footer approached on port, on an obvious collision course. We hailed three times but even though their helmsman and crew could obviously see us they refused to tack away. On our wheel, Hugh did the only realistic thing and ducked their stern as we furiously eased sheets. There was not so much as a "sorry" as they charged past. It wasn't a nice way to begin the race.

BMS on the way to the start

Spirits lifted as we cleared the Heads, doused the No. 2 and settled into a brisk spinnaker run down the coast. The asymmetric soon gave way to the tough little 2.2 oz chicken chute as the breeze freshened and we clocked 15 knots surfing down the swells. Our next shock came at the first radio sked (in which the fleet is always called to give their positions in strict alphabetical order). But when we got to the B's there was no customary "*Bright Morning Star* – your position please?" What's happened? Then I remembered that for the purposes of this race we'd been re-named *Nautica Footwear*. We'd sold our Corinthian sporting birthright for sponsorship and the price of a new 0.9 oz spinnaker. The last-minute change of name had come so late that it wasn't listed in the race program, but did appear on the CYCA website. We realised that



John Jeremy photo

BMS tacking up the western channel after the start

many family and friends trying to follow our fortunes on the internet might now fail to make the connection with *BMS*. Still, it was great to know we had a brand new light kite for the inevitable ghost up the Derwent four days later.

Meanwhile we now had a SW system to deal with, and it was every bit as nasty as the 'Gale Warning' predictions. As the wind came on the nose we hoist the No. 3 (another new sail), then took a reef. Then another. Then changed down to the No. 4. Then took the third reef, and finally went for the storm jib. During this last headsail change the wind was regularly gusting to 50 knots. In the darkness the flogging storm jib sheets somehow snarled the base of the inner forestay and broke the fitting that connects to the hydraulics. The prospect of sailing the remaining 500 miles with no 'inner' was far from pleasing, especially as news began filtering in about the conditions ahead and the high number of early retirements. We slogged past Eden and were soon making the mandatory radio call abeam of Green Cape that we were willing and able to continue South into Bass Strait. Able? Sure. Willing? Well, maybe. Everyone understood that we would now have to sail a safe and steady race to all arrive at Battery Point in one piece.

Even a powerful displacement hull such as the 51-foot *Bright Morning Star* endures a pounding in this weather. The wind and wave angles combined to produce an unpleasant motion that gradually had most of us succumbing to *mal de mer*. I have never been so sick at sea, and for so long. Trying to cook those continental frankfurters didn't help, nor



John Jeremy photo

Skandia right-way-up and with complete with keel and mast shortly after the start of the big race (above) and *Nicorette* leading a bunch of sizeable yachts towards the heads (below)

John Jeremy photo



THE AMATEURS

The Board and Members of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club would like to express their sincere appreciation to the following for their interest and generous support in the maintenance and running of the Club's training vessel, the Adams 10 - *The Amateurs*.

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did the regular, stomach-churning free-fall drops off the bigger waves (and the shuddering *crash!* as the yacht found water again at the bottom of the next trough). If nausea didn't get you, the impact stress on your lower lumbar surely would. Fortunately we seemed to get crook in shifts, so there were always enough bodies to keep the boat racing. The SW system dominated us for almost three days as we worked our way slowly down to the psychological landmark of 40° S. Every sked brought news of yet more retirements. There was little doubt we were a tad underpowered with the storm jib and three reefs, but nobody was urging more sail just yet. Constitution Dock still seemed a much better landfall than Twofold Bay.

Even during the worst of this period there were moments of humour, albeit unintended. I'd left out some frozen containers of meatballs in butter mushrooms (my signature dish) to thaw early on the second day. During the tough conditions that then developed they'd been forgotten, tucked away in their secure spot behind a fiddle on top of a windward locker. Just as one of our guests for the trip was rising from his berth to grab the sick bucket, the boat lurched to leeward and two kilos of now nicely-thawed meatballs hurtled across the saloon in a sticky fusillade. His bunk sustained a direct hit. The sheer look of astonishment on his face as he tried to work out what the hell had happened was memorable. It also made a wonderful morale-boosting story for the sodden mob on deck as they came below at the end of their watch. Thus are *Bright Morning Star* legends made.

Inevitably, the slow-moving low petered out (at long bloody last!), still leaving us almost 200 miles to the finish. The system had driven *BMS* a fair way east of the rhumbline so devising the best tactical approach to

David Salter photo

A relaxed dockside de-brief preceded the traditional Hobart celebrations



fetching Tasman Island now became the subject of endless cockpit debate and learned discussion around the chart table. In the end it was Hugh who brought us all back to reality. “We’ve got to take our medicine some time. May as well get back in there.” He was, as usual, right. But nothing tests the resolve of a tired Sydney-Hobart crew more than the prospect of slogging back towards St Helens while making almost no progress South. At least we were all well again, eating stews and drying out our boots and oilies in the watery sunshine.

The eventual payoff for this patience was a peaceful rounding of Tasman and the Raoul, normally places of extreme frustration in light weather. The sponsor’s new spinnaker came out of the bag as we engaged in a stirring duel with the US 48-footer *Fine Line* all the way up Storm Bay and the Derwent in a gentle nor’easter. We beat them over the line by just 10 seconds. There was a mad scramble for mobile phones as we rang to re-schedule our return flights. After covering more than 800 nm the trip had taken us 5 days, 3 hours, 44 minutes and 17 seconds, at an average speed of 5.1 knots. We’d finished 6th in the PHS division. It was a long, exhausting passage, but we were alongside and all cleaned up well in time for some extended New Year’s Eve celebrations. Virtue, as they say, is its own reward (and chalk one up for the ‘slow & steady’ brigade).

Even by New Year’s Day there were few finishers inside Constitution Dock

EZ Street suffered a steering gear failure early in the race and retired to Sydney. The run home in the fresh southerly challenged the emergency steering and the auto-pilot but the crew’s efforts were rewarded by a roast dinner with all the trimmings on arrival in Sydney!

David Salter photo



SASC CLOTHING

The SASC shop — otherwise known as the office, has a range of clothing and other useful items for sale. All prices include GST.

Polo shirts, two styles in navy and one in white:		\$36.00
Rugby shirt, navy with white collar:		\$65.00
Club tie:		\$20.90
Club belt:		\$18.70
Club burgees:	Large:	\$25.00
	Small:	\$21.00
Racing flag:		\$10.00



Terms of Payment Your Club Account

A great deal of work is done by Directors on a voluntary basis each year and I am very mindful of making those contributions as effective as possible. It is unfortunate to see time wasted telephoning Members asking them to pay their bills when that effort could be put into the advancement of the Club. If you are in difficult financial circumstance please write to the Treasurer and explain. This Club has always tried to assist. However enough is now enough.

Our terms of payment are 30 days after the month in which the invoice was raised ie between 30-60 days from invoice date. You are aware that Members can be struck off for late payments. **From the 1 March 2005 all outstanding debts will incur an interest charge of 2% per month.** All debts over 90 days overdue are now receiving special attention.

To facilitate payments the Club will accept internet banking payments from February. Simply make sure you follow the instructions on the invoice/statement. This will ensure that the payment is correctly identified on our bank statement.

Credit card payments cost the Club 3% ie \$3 on a \$100 invoice. Some Clubs are charging to cover this cost. Please assist by sending cheques or making payments by internet banking and we can avoid this additional impost.

Richard Lamrock
Hon. Treasurer

VALE JOHN HUNT

Long time SASC member John Hunt passed away at home on 13 January 2005 after a relatively short illness. He is survived by wife Betty, four grown up children and three grand children.

John successfully ocean raced his beautiful S&S 35 *Nike* (A25) in the eighties out of the SASC. He sailed smaller yachts while his children were growing up but bought back *Nike* a few years ago and she is back in the family and in Mosman Bay on a club mooring. His son Sam, a professional yacht master, is now joining the Amateurs and will look after the boat.

Apart from being a successful ocean racer and navigator, John represented Australia in 1960 Olympics as an oarsman and up till quite recently competed in international seniors' rowing events. He was always very fit. He was a very loyal friend, non judgmental and one of those rare people who had no enemies.

I have very fond memories cruising with him and Betty in the Adriatic some two years ago. I remember his remark as we were setting up the trip, he said 'Tomo, we mustn't put things off, for you never know, in two years time we may not be able to do it!' A Memorial Celebration of his life was held at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron on Sunday 6 February 2005.

Michal Tomaszewski

SEA SAFETY AND SURVIVAL COURSE

Two years ago, members of the SASC arranged their own YA approved Safety and Sea Survival Course. Much of the theoretical component was conducted at the clubhouse with the in-water safety drills held at the Qantas training pool at Mascot.

As most member will be aware, it is now mandatory for at least 50% of your crew to have completed this course of you want them to compete with you in a Category 1 Race. That said it makes sense for all your crew to have the skills imparted during these courses, whether or not they intend to race offshore.

The SASC is keen to gauge the level of interest among members and associates for the Club to arrange another Safety and Sea Survival Course. We found that conducting the course through the Club was efficient and more cost effective than some other options.

If you are interested, would you please indicate this to Club member Robin Harris (Azzurro) on e-mail rharris@govrel.com.au or at the SASC office. If we can rally the numbers, we will endeavour to build a course for you in the first half of 2005.



John Jeremy photo

The Etchells National Championships were recently held on Sydney Harbour, with 55 entrants providing a spectacle of close racing. The series was won by Michael Coxon in *North Sydney*, with second place going to current World Champion Peter O'Neill in *Tom Pepper XVIII* and third to Neville Wittey in *Yandoo XX*

John Jeremy photo





A grab rail has recently been added to the pontoon at the dinghy launching area to help those using dinghies to safely get into and out of their boats. The success of this new facility (which is **NOT** a boat hitching post) depends on all members observing the request in the notice (below) and keeping **the dinghy launching area clear at all times**



Some of them are quite old, all are built of wood, and their sails hoisted on gaff-rigged wooden spars, but the yachts in Gaffers Division sailed to the most exciting finish of the 169th Australia Day Regatta on Sydney Harbour this year.

by
Peter Campbell

Regatta President Sir James Hardy and his guests aboard the Regatta flagship, HMAS *Parramatta*, crowded the portside rail as the four leading boats in the Gaffers Division crossed the nearby finish line, only 33 seconds separating the first four finishers.

Line honours went to John Crawford's *Vanity*, a Ranger-class design that finished 23 seconds ahead of John Barclay's 40-year-old gaff cutter *Reverie*, while just three seconds further astern came the century-old *Redpa*, owned and restored by Tony Tyson. Another seven seconds astern came Phil Kinsella's 'couta boat, *Sylvia*.

On handicap, first place went to John Diacopoulos' *Yeromais V* with *Reverie*, built at Kurnell in 1965 and based on the lines of English designer's Maurice Griffiths' *Lone Gull II*, second, and *Vanity* placing third on corrected time.

The Classic Division, which also featured many older wooden boats, produced another close finish with line honours going to Adrian Dunphy's *Tanami* by a mere 5 seconds from *Eudoria* (Dr W and J Sturrock). On corrected time, the winner was well-known media identity Ian Kortlang, steering his beautiful sloop *Antara*, with *Eudoria* second and *Tanami* third.

Adding even more tradition to the 169th Australia Day Regatta and replicating Sydney Harbour's famous open skiffs of a century ago, was

Vanity leading
Reverie and
Redpa to a close
finish in the
Gaffers Division
in the Australia
Day Regatta

John Jeremy photo



the Historic 18-footer Skiffs Division. Several of the crews turned out in rugby league jerseys of clubs with which many of the early 18's were associated, their crews in those days playing league in winter, sailing in summer.

Rob Chapman's replica of one of those famous skiffs, *Alruth*, with its distinctive Yellow A on a Blue Shield on the massive mainsail, won the race from *Jenny IV* (Peter Cavill) and *Scot* (John Eyles).

The 169th Australia Day Regatta, the world's oldest continuous-conducted sailing regatta and sponsored by the Commonwealth Bank of Australia, was again a focal point of Sydney Harbour as thousands of Australians celebrated our National Day afloat.

Sydney turned on a perfect hot summer day for Harbour activities that ranged from a 1000-surf ski Paddlethon to the colourful Ferrython, a huge Parade of Sail, the 169th Australia Day Regatta and the Tall Ships Race.

The Parade of Sail, led by a Harbour fire tug spraying water and the Tall Ships *Young Endeavour* and *James Craig*, attracted the largest number of participants ever, from 'tinnies' to luxury cruisers as they sailed past the Regatta flagship HMAS *Parramatta*.

Division 1 saw only 45 seconds separate RSYS entrant *Braveheart* (Bill Meiklejohn) and the CYCA's *Akela* (Akela Syndicate) on corrected time with only another 29 seconds to third placed *Norske* (Bruce Dickson

Pinchgut (Garth Stewart) won Division 2 on handicap in the Australia Day Regatta

John Jeremy photo

and Catherine Hespe) also from the RSYS. Line honours went to Australia Day Regatta Advisory Council member Charles Curran's 60-footer *Sydney*.

Two former Olympic sailors, Gordon Ingate and Bill Solomons, fought out the International 5.5 Metre class Division, with Ingate, at the helm of *My Shout*, finishing only 42 seconds ahead of Solomons, steering *Barranjoey*. Solomons steered *Barranjoey* at the 1968 Mexico City Olympic Games, with Australia Day 2005 having added significance — his crew comprised his two sons with whom he last sailed together as a crew at the Etchells World Championships in San Diego in 1988. Baragoola (David de



Costa) was third in the division.

Largest fleet on the Harbour was the Non-Spinnaker Division with owners and their families enjoying the 169th Australia Day Regatta in a more relaxed racing atmosphere. Well-known yachtsman Geoff Davidson led the 18-boat fleet home with *Jackie-Clare*, but first place on corrected time went to the Northshore 30 *Hebe* (TJ & RJ Wilson) from the Sailability-owned *Slips* sailed by Stephen Churm and *Primary Wave*, skippered by Joe Meagher.

The 30-square metre class yacht *Scarlett O'Hara* (R.Skol) and *Pinchgut*, owned by Garth & Margaret Stewart and Peter Girdis, duelled all the way round the course with *Scarlett O'Hara* getting the gun but *Pinchgut* taking first place on corrected time in Division 2. Second place on handicap went to *Half Hour* (Paul Hendrey), third to *Scarlett O'Hara*.

The well-sailed Thunderbird, Glen Ilic's *Tsoona*, took the double of line and handicap honours in Division 3, comfortably beating the two Ynglings, *Shining Star* (Jake Selinger) and *Pourquoi* (Hamish Jarrett).

Members of the Catalina Owners Association again strongly supported the Australia Day Regatta with *Sagacious* (Peter Muller) winning from *Magnificat* (John & Robyn Hancox) and *Sensai* (Andrew Dally).

Hundreds more yachts, dinghies, skiffs and catamarans contested special Australia Day Regattas on Pittwater, Brisbane Waters, Botany Bay, Lake Macquarie and Lake Illawarra.

Not all the action was on the water — above the Harbour the RAAF Roulettes performed a spectacular aerobatic display while the Army's Red Beret unit parachuted into Sydney Cove and Navy divers performed search and rescue operations from helicopters.



John Jeremy photo

Top Weight heads for the start of the Historical Skiffs division as *James Craig* prepares for the start of the Tall Ships Race

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members:

Richard Booker
Oliver Greeves
Hugo Harmstorf
Raymond Kiley
Michael Warner

FROM THE BOATSHED

The sailing season is rapidly drawing to a close with only five races left by the time you read this, which is rather frightening given that the season 'has only just started' ...! I would appreciate feedback from members about boatshed matters. We are aware that *Nancy K* is in need of some TLC and I remind members to treat her kindly to minimise top-side damage. It is difficult to find time during the season to have *Nancy* 'out of service' and as you know she is in constant use at weekends ferrying us to and fro. There have been some rumblings about club dinghies and their state of repair. Generally they work and they have oars and they are available. If you are looking for an enjoyable on-water experience they are probably not the vessel of choice, but we do think they are fit for purpose. Their condition is a reflection of the way we use them and on the whole the system seems to work, but we are happy to take on board your views.

The slipway documentation is about to be tabled for members comments and review. Re-building the slipways will be a big financial commitment for the SASC so all members should actively participate in the discussions, because it is very much about preserving what we have at the SASC into the future and minimising the risk of losing our existing facility to increasing environmental pressures.

John Crawford

FROM THE ARCHIVES

Space has been at a premium in this edition of the *SASC News*. From the Archives will reappear in the April edition.

NEWSLETTER DEADLINE

The next SASC News will be the April 2005 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Friday 25 March 2005. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are also very welcome.





John Jeremy photo

A regatta for for Young 88 class yachts was conducted by the SASC for the Young 88 Association over the weekend of 4 and 5 December 2004. The photos show competitors at the Club on the Sunday and during one of the subsequent races.

John Jeremy photo





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