



SASC NEWS

The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



October 2002

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Cover:

Bright Morning Star hot on the heels of *Wild Thing* at the start of the Southport Race.

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The SASC News is published six times per year.

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Print Post Approved PP 255003/01708

Printed by B. E. E. Printmail (02) 9437 6917

COMING EVENTS

OCTOBER 02

SATURDAY 19 OCTOBER 2002

Third race for Cavalier 28 Division. Fourth race for Classic Division and Division 2. First race in Classic Division short series. Second race in the Division 2 short series and for Division 1. Fifth race for OK dinghies.

SATURDAY 26 OCTOBER 2002

Fourth race for Cavalier 28 Division. Fifth race for Classic Division and Division 2. Sixth race for OK dinghies.

FRIDAY 1 NOVEMBER 2002

First twilight race.

SATURDAY 2 NOVEMBER 2002

Fifth race for Cavalier 28 Division and second race in Cavalier 28 short series. Sixth race for Classic Division and Division 2. Third race in the Division 2 short series and Division 1. Seventh race for OK Dinghies.

SUNDAY 3 NOVEMBER 2002

Second race for Division 6 (non-spinnaker) and Gaffers Division (Captain Slocum Trophy).

SATURDAY 9 NOVEMBER 2002

Sixth race for Cavalier 28 Division. Seventh race for Classic Division and Division 2. Eighth race for OK Dinghies.

SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER 2002

Seventh race for Cavalier 28 Division. Eighth race for Classic Division and Division 2. Second race in Classic Division short series. Fourth race in Division 2 short series and Division 1.

SUNDAY 17 NOVEMBER 2002

SASC Putt-Putt Day.

SATURDAY 23 NOVEMBER 2002

Eighth race for Cavalier 28 Division. Third race for Cavalier 28 short series. Ninth race for Classic Division, Division 2 and OK Dinghies.

SUNDAY 24 NOVEMBER 2002

Third race for Division 6 (non-spinnaker) and Gaffers Division.

SATURDAY 30 NOVEMBER 2002

Ninth race for Cavalier 28 Division. Tenth race for Classic Division, Division 2 and OK Dinghies. Fifth race in Division 2 short series and Division 1.

TENDER!

***Call Robbie
on
0418 678 690***

Sat: 0900-1800
Sun: 0900-1700



Our Opening Day a few weeks ago was an outstanding success. Apart from the beautiful weather the fleet numbers were up and the Club did what it does best, providing a great venue for the competitors to relax after the race. My special thanks to Tony Clarkson and Bob Langley who cooked sausages and tended the bar whilst I put my boat back on her mooring. I subsequently heard several comments from visitors admiring the size of the fleet, the operation of the Club and the memories of simpler days that it revived.

The Flag Officers Night on 20 September was terrific fun. With food cooked and served by Dal and Karen Wilson's team we were treated to a very high standard evening. I believe that our guests enjoyed themselves. My most heartfelt thanks to Rear Commodore Dal Wilson and his hard working wife for preparing the clubhouse, organising the food and clearing up afterwards.

Early the next morning Redlands School conducted its opening day at the Mosman boatshed. An enormous number of people turned up and a large barbeque was held. The Puffin Pacers and 29er skiffs looked promising lined up on the shore.

There are still a few members with concerns about the Mosman boatshed and the involvement of the Redlands School. Each step of the proposal for the school to occupy part of the Mosman boatshed was carefully considered prior to approval by the board. At the time of our merger with the MASC, we were faced with a mostly unused boatshed with considerable sums to be spent on its upkeep. The school, paying the same rate for boat storage as that charged at the RSYS, immediately occupied about one third of the space. A couple of its staff, as requested, joined the Club. *Patrick Whittington*, the official MASC boat, was run-down and of little value. The school has contributed financially to its restoration.

What is the downside? Should the premises be used for youth training by the SASC itself? This idea has cropped up numerous times over the years and each time, upon examination, has been assessed as beyond the scope and resources of the Club. If a group of members wish to gain their TL3 certificates, coaching and race officer certificates, and can provide a pool of 20 or so children and at least 10 adult volunteers and are willing to give up each Sunday over the summer then we can revisit the issue. In the meantime we form an important part of Redlands Sailing Program. This program trains its juniors at Northside Sailing School, others at Dinghy Solutions in Rose Bay and high performers at the Woollahra Sailing Club. We facilitate part of the Redlands sailing activity and in return we gain income and maintenance assistance and the potential for future members. Members are welcome to visit the Mosman boatshed when it is in operation and talk to the participants. Who knows — you may gain a young crewperson. In the meantime the *Patrick Whittington* is earmarked to assist with the conduct of the school's and our Club's events. She will also be needed on Sundays as a rescue vessel for our races involving the traditional skiffs.

With the completion of internal racking the whole of the Mosman Boatshed is now income earning. Thanks to the efforts of the original members of the MASC, a busy working day recently saw some much-needed maintenance completed on the building. More is required but the risk analysis being carried out will enable us to prioritise the tasks.

Charles Maclurcan

The Bright Morning Star mob tackle the Sydney-Gold Coast race. David Salter reports.

(This is not the appropriate place to boast about our 3rd on PHS or how we beat *Azzurro* over the line. Such crass displays of gloating would be beneath our dignity. We shall leave it to others to applaud those feats of exemplary seamanship and sheer tactical genius.) Meanwhile...

We were a mixed crew, but with a predominant SASC flavour. Dal Wilson, Bob Mills, John Sturrock, Ian Anstee and myself constituted the 'Senior Service' (in other words, we'd need a note from our Mum to be allowed for'd of the mast). Chris Oh, Richard Falk, Steve Grellis and Reto Ambuhl were the engine room. To round out the dozen we took along three 'sail training' guests for their first taste of offshore racing. It would be hot bunking all the way, but in a boat as large and comfortable as *Bright Morning Star* sharing your rack is no great hardship.

The lads on *Azzurro* managed to sneak away from us during the first night but by mid-morning that had become the least of our worries. "Bad news, guys," announced Mr Wilson, "there's no water. Tank's empty." How could this be? We usually set off carrying about half the capacity of Warragamba Dam. Now that water was all sloshing around in the bilges. No tea, coffee or hot chocolate for the next 300 miles!

Marine plumbing is one of the truly Black Arts (along with outboard motor maintenance) but fortunately Ian seems to enjoy sticking his head into foul spaces at sea and wrestling with hose couplings. He soon identified the problem as a leaking seal at the top of the water filter. Because

SLOW START...
Azzurro (A142) seeks the wind amidst a group of competitors on the way to Sydney heads



the reticulation system on *BMS* is pressurized the automatic pump had quietly kept pushing our precious H₂O up to the filter, out through the faulty seal and down into the bilge. There was now nothing to do but remove the filter and pump out the spoiled water.

There followed a frantic stocktake of our packaged potables. Every nook and cranny was searched as we added up the total volume of bottled water, soft drinks, fruit juices and milk. With around three days still to sail, two litres per-person per-day for a crew of 12 made a daunting target. But by including the extra slab of Coke originally set aside for dockside celebrations at Southport, we might just make it. “Oh well,” quoth an off-watch cynic, “if the worst comes to the worst we’ll just have to drink the beer.” Such are the terrible privations of blue-water racing.

Helmsman Mills now took it into his head to collect some fresh Central Coast rock oysters (or so it seemed). As we approached Charlotte Head close-hauled on starboard tack he flung a casual rhetorical question down the companionway at Navigueser Oh. “Plenty of water in here, isn’t there?” A quick pause to consult the chart. “Yeah mate, should be fine.” Well, maybe. Pinching hard to make the corner we slipped by so close to the bricks it was possible to have a shouted conversation with two startled rock fishermen who suddenly had a 51-foot sloop within easy casting range. We all agreed it was a good thing co-owner Hugh O’Neill wasn’t on board. Hughie likes to keep at least 20 sea-miles between himself and any coastline.

GUESSTIMATES_Chris
Oh tries to remember: are the soundings in fathoms or metres?





(Perhaps this is a convenient moment to note that during the night we made a couple of brilliant tactical decisions and were able to comfortably pass *Azzurro*? They may have been a trifle unlucky running out of breeze offshore but, on balance, it's more likely that our stunning display of rock-hopper sailing made the difference. Just thought I should mention that.)

A constant comfort during the trip was the freedom to graze on the splendid selection of snacks laid out on the engine cover beneath the steps up to the main cockpit. "Kazza's Munchies" were welcome crew fuel for hundreds of miles. We could choose from fresh cashew nuts and almonds, a wide selection of sweets, muesli bars, Mars bars, caramels and glucose-rich jelly snakes. Above this dazzling cornucopia swung a net full of crisp apples and oranges. It was a challenge to construct a personal diet from all this that balanced the necessary energy input while yielding the required, er, regularity. Karen Wilson, the Lady Rear Commodore, missed the race because of last-minute flu but her inspired catering supported us all the way.

It's always struck me as rather odd that there can be three islands, each in sight of the other, but all called "Solitary". Never mind. Somewhere to the North of North Solitary we ran out of breeze and the conversation turned to the enduring inability of wet weather gear to keep you dry. John Sturrock (a successful ship chandler who makes a hefty proportion of his living selling the stuff) admitted that he tested his seaboots

SLIDING BY...Bob Mills takes BMS in search of fresh rock oysters at Charlotte Head

for leaks by standing in the shower. “Actually, I always have to test my new wet weather gear,” he explained. Oh, and why is that? “Well, I can hardly take it back for a refund.” As our laughter subsided, John added a solemn punchline: “Never believe anything a ship chandler might tell you.” We’ll keep that in mind.

(Look, I don’t want to labour the point, but we then put in another good 24 hours and *Azzurro* was now just over the horizon behind us. The breeze was freshening and coming onto the beam but, even with their extensive wardrobe of racing sails, the blokes in the blue boat were finding it difficult to make an impression. We note this purely for the record, you understand.)

Past beautiful Cape Byron and with a daylight finish in prospect we now began the traditional game of trying to nominate our exact time of crossing the line. The optimists and pessimists made their usual wild predictions. Bob Mills then took a few philosophical draws on his pipe and pronounced The Wisdom of the Elder: “I reckon it’ll be around 4.40 this arvo”. Damn close. Our precise finishing time was 16.39.46. *Azzurro* was next boat to cross, 16 minutes later. Got ’em! You bloody beauty!

The only time during the whole trip that we took water over the deck was as we stooed around pulling down sails and waiting for a pilot boat to lead us over the Southport bar. A combination of big swell, low tide and a cross-wind made the entrance pretty tricky. In the end it was a matter of just choosing a line, gunning the donk and hanging on. Thirty minutes later we were safely alongside in our reserved pen at the yacht club and downing the first of umpteen celebratory rumbos. It had been a most enjoyable race, and another podium finish (*BMS* took second in division last year) was a pleasing bonus.

(By the way, did I tell you we beat *Azzurro* both off the stick *and* on handicap? I did already? Sorry. Wouldn’t want to rub it in.)

KEEPING IN TRIM...Ian Anstee takes a break from marine plumbing to tend the kite.





HARDSHIP POSTING...the trip North was a non-stop living hell for Randal Wilson

FRIDAY TWILIGHTS

Friday twilights will start again on 1 November 2002.

If you plan to come sailing on Friday nights, please ring Faye or Maggie as soon as possible, and preferably before Thursday when Faye polishes the Club's crystal ball and orders the food. No bookings can be accepted after 1200 on the Friday.

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!

A TOKEN AUSSIE AT HAMILTON ISLAND RACE WEEK

by
Andre van Stom

My kiwi brother-in-law Roly called from Auckland in April to say that he and his crew were thinking of chartering a yacht to race in the cruising division at Hamilton Island Race Week and would I be interested? Absolutely!

Following a blizzard of emails, faxes, TTs, phonecalls and meetings I found myself, two weeks later, the co-charterer with seven kiwis, of the 8-month old Beneteau 393 *L'Attitude* which would be ours from 10 am Friday 16 August to 12 noon Sunday 25 August 2002. Interestingly, 5 months out from the start, *L'Attitude* was the only boat Sunsail had available for race week — bookings come in early, particularly for the more competitive yachts.

So, it was with quite some anticipation and excitement, that I boarded Qantas for Hamilton Island via Cairns with the promise of nine days tropic racing and sailing in view.

Flying into Hamilton Island is a visual delight. The incredible vastness and beauty of the reef, with green, beach-fringed islands of all shapes and sizes scattered about and the absolutely exquisite, blue green sea under a magnificent Aussie sky. The breeze was beginning to raise the whitecaps and the temperature was 24°. Just another perfect day in this sailor's paradise.

The Sunsail base and marina right in front of the Hamilton Island Yacht Club.

By noon on Friday we were all assembled at Sunsail, which is right in



the centre of race week activity, just steps from the race centre and Hamilton Island Yacht Club. Our first sight of *L'Attitude* did not exactly fill us with a lot of hope — she was very definitely a cruiser with a rig substantially shorter than most of the smaller yachts nearby.

Roly and his crew had done a lot of research into the Beneteau 393 and their findings tallied with what I'd heard from Doug Sturrock — very comfortable but not exactly quick. Because of this, they had arrived from Auckland with quite a collection of gear to help *L'Attitude* achieve (and hopefully surpass) her potential — two spinnakers (Sunsail doesn't supply extras), two headsails and a large boxful of sheets, blocks, strops, tape, tools, shackles, etc. etc.

We had asked the Sunsail people, if they would mind us making some adjustments to the boat, to make her more race-worthy. Their agreement quickly turned to surprise and then worry, as we removed the furling headsail, re-ran sheets, halyards and outhaul and reconstructed the mainsail sheeting system. We also pumped out all the fresh water and removed all the excess gear we could. Sunsail's initial concern turned to active cooperation, as they began to realise that these kiwis seemed to know what they were doing. Sunsail were absolutely terrific to work with, always helpful and caring and ready to assist in any way at any time.

L'Attitude's younger (by five months) but almost identical sister ship *Dreamer* was berthed right alongside us; chartered by a very relaxed

L'Attitude with her crew. The token Aussie is on the left.



senior quartet from Perth and it was interesting to contrast the furious activity in *L'Attitude* with the laid-back, easy-going atmosphere prevailing in *Dreamer* — did they know something we didn't?

So passed day one, and after touring the marina and lusting after some of the most desirable yachts in the world, we had an excellent Italian dinner at Romanos. Roly and I retired for the night in *L'Attitude* while the others went to the flats they had rented at Whitsunday Apartments. We had made out like bandits — we each had our own double cabin with ensuite head and, with our marina berth right at Hamilton Island Yacht Club, everything was perfect. The rock bands at the Club played until after midnight, but we were surprised how quickly we adjusted to the noise, only waking when the music stopped. Of course it could have been the beer, the shiraz and the Bundy!

Saturday dawned bright and breezy. After showers and a big breakfast at the Club (all you could eat for \$6.60) we got *L'Attitude* ready and motored out to the start, which for the cruising division was 11 am — a 20-mile race starting in Dent Passage right outside the marina.

The fleet was a magnificent sight — over 200 yachts ranging from the incredibly high-tech and visually stunning *Shockwave*, with its silver-grey hull and Alfa Romeo mainsail, to little sport boats like *Supermac* and everything in between. Towering over all and looking magnificent was the gorgeous navy blue 147 foot superyacht *Kokomo*. To my delight and surprise, I suddenly saw a familiar hull and sail number 117 — our own *Struen Marie* looking as good as new and going like smoke.

The race started well for us, downwind start, a quick spinnaker set and a glorious run down through Dent and Whitsunday Passages. The course continued with South Molle, Daydream and Hannah Point to starboard and then a long work back to the finish off the marina in Dent Passage. Halfway down the run, and just short of South Molle, we were feeling pretty good about things. We were in the middle of the fleet and well ahead of our sister ship, when *BANG* the spinnaker sheet unknotted (not our knot) at the clip and the kite blew forward and ripped around the forestay. By the time we sorted out the mess and had our second smaller spinnaker set, we were well back and *Dreamer* was gone. It was a long, long work back to Dent where we finished 26th on handicap, *Dreamer* 18th and *Struen Marie* 7th. However, except for the spinnaker, our first day's racing through the islands was just beautiful; everything was as promised in the brochures, except for the tide — it's very easy to get caught in the wrong spot and the effect can be quite dramatic — local knowledge can be a big advantage. Suddenly, we began to understand *Dreamer's* relaxed air — they had a 5th crew on board for the races — a local!

One of the benefits of chartering a Beneteau at race week is getting invited to the Beneteau cocktail party, which is held at 5 p.m. on race days aboard *Hesperus*, a make believe sailing ship, erected on the lawn beside Front St. in the bend of the marina. Beer and wine and a chance to catch up with other Beneteau owners, charterers and crews at the builder's invitation. Very pleasant and a great way to get primed for the evening. Hamilton has a great variety of restaurants, bars and venues so the opportunities for fun and good times are unlimited.

Race 2, Sunday: Racing started in Dent Passage, in the usual 10-15 knot sou-easter. Downwind start, Dent Island to port, a work to Pine Head crossing a big north flowing tide, run down Long Island Sound to White Rock and a work back to the finish off the marina in Dent Passage. After rounding Plum Pudding Island, we decided to work very close up the western shore of Dent Island to avoid the tide. It was a good move. The boats that stood out in Whitsunday Passage were swept far down to leeward and we rounded into Long Island Sound in the front third of the fleet - we were even ahead of *Struen Marie*! But not for long. A sight I'll always remember is *Struen Marie* and her perfect stern wave drawing away under spinnaker framed by the beautiful narrow passage between Long Island and the mainland.

We were still a mile ahead of *Dreamer* and maintained our position around White Rock and for the long work back to the finish, where we came in 22nd on handicap and *Dreamer* 28th — *Struen Marie* took a very creditable 2nd to *What a Relief*.

Monday was a lay day which was a good choice as there was very little wind — we motored/sailed to a beautiful little bay behind Daniel Point on Whitsunday Island for a perfect day of swimming, snorkelling and strolling on the beach followed by an excellent Chinese banquet at Spices.

Race 3, Tuesday: I'd rather not talk about it — a wet and windy southerly start under a grey lowering sky — our tactical committee decided to work the left side of the course while *Dreamer* and most of the fleet

The crews of *L'Attitude* and *Dreamer* having a QLD after the last race



went right. Handicap result: *L'Attitude* 51st, *Dreamer* 39th, *Struen Marie* 6th. Tactical committee rather glum.

Race 4, Wednesday: This was a very interesting and pretty course — start off Catseye Bay round Pentecost, Ann, Sid and Pine Islands, finishing off the marina in Dent Passage. A 10-15 knots sou-easter, with a lot of tide to think about. A very pleasant race with no excitement. Result on handicap *Rum Jungle* 1st, *Prime Example* 2nd, *Gecko* 3rd, *Struen Marie* 8th, *L'Attitude* 42nd and *Dreamer* 49th.

Thursday was another lay day. We motor sailed through Solway Passage to the absolutely spectacular Whitehaven Beach where XXXX had laid on inexpensive beer, wine and a sausage sizzle. Not a great weather day but still a very pleasant get-together for the entire fleet and all their crews. But perhaps not everyone was enjoying the fun. Anchored right in the middle of all this frivolity and activity was a rather elderly but obviously experienced cruising yacht called *Solitary Man*. No-one appeared on deck all day! Perhaps he was ashore, but we got the feeling that this was a man whose yacht's name means what it says.

Friday was Race 5: Another 20 miler starting to the South of Hamilton Island around Sid and Ann Islands, finishing at the committee boat. We got it wrong again, went left, the fleet went right and the game was over. 1st *Fruit Machine*, 2nd *Flying Covers II*, 3rd *Supermac*. *Struen Marie* 7th, *Dreamer* 29th and *L'Attitude* 61st!!!

Saturday Race 6: The Lindeman Island Race. An Easterly start in the most perfect sailing conditions. Blue sky, 10-15 knots sou-easter and a flat bright sea. A beautiful course — Dungarra, Pentecost and Lindeman to starboard — through the incredible tide in Kennedy Sound, Brush Island to starboard and a long run back to the finish off the marina. This time, finally, it all came together for us — after a long work we found ourselves in Kennedy Sound boat for boat with *Dreamer* in a very strong tide, which one minute was rocketing us along and the next, standing us still. At one point near Brush Island, we watched in amazement, as the boats in front, hard on the wind, were literally swept 100 metres sideways in what seemed a matter of seconds.

We won the little duel with *Dreamer*, rounding Brush Island with *L'Attitude* ahead by 300 metres. After a wonderful sparkling spinnaker run down Whitsunday Passage, we had drawn away by the time we reached the line in Dent Passage, to finish 16th with *Dreamer* 25th and *Struen Marie* 5th. After the race we enjoyed a very pleasant little drink with the crew on *Dreamer* who had gently demonstrated that the simple, easy way is often the best — and local knowledge can be very useful. Our reverie was unexpectedly interrupted, by the arrival alongside of another Sunsail boat, with a young female crewmember, standing proudly, stark naked on the foredeck! Naturally, as gentlemen of the yachting fraternity we all averted our gaze.

That night was the prize giving at the conference centre and Roly and I were walking over, when I decided that the hill in the dark was just too steep and hitched my thumb at the next golf buggy, which pulled right over. “Thanks very much, I'm Andre van Stom”, I said as we climbed aboard. “George Snow” the buggy driver replied, shaking my hand with a broad grin, and driving us very pleasantly right to the function. In a small way, that brief interlude summed up for me the entire spirit of HIRW — no matter what your boat, big/small, fast/

slow, old/new, the status of your crew, or the state of your wallet, there was a wonderful happy feeling of camaraderie and good fellowship throughout the whole nine days.

Would we do it again? Without question. In fact, Roly is seriously thinking of bringing his own boat, a very competitive Beale 12.8 called *Dynamite*, next year, sailing her over and back via Lord Howe, or possibly via Fiji and New Caledonia on the way over.

And how was it, being the only Aussie in a kiwi crew? Probably better than being the only kiwi in an Aussie crew! It was a very happy experience for me and apparently for everyone else. On reflection, it may have been because the word rugby was never ever mentioned.

Overall Results — Cruising Division (83 starters)

1st:	<i>Gecko</i>	Trevor Bailey
2nd:	<i>Magnolia</i>	Peter Higgins
3rd:	<i>What a Relief</i>	Tim Lewis
4th:	<i>Struen Marie</i>	Ken Pryor
31st:	<i>Dreamer</i>	Gil Thomas
39th:	<i>L'Attitude</i>	Roland Lennox-King

Overall Results — Sunsail Charterers

1st:	<i>Dreamer</i>	Gil Thomas
2nd:	<i>L'Attitude</i>	Roland Lennox-King
3rd:	<i>Chameleon</i>	Trevor Neate

Struen Marie
overtaking
L'Attitude



THE VIEW FROM *STRUEN MARIE*

by
Ken Pryor

After weeks of near champagne sailing *Struen Marie* with her crew of Ken and Sal arrived in the middle of Hogs Breath race week with four days to spare in which to ‘decruisify’ and try to bring *Struen* up to her marks. The van (mobile container with race sails) piloted by Charlie O’Connor was not due until the day before first race so we had lots to do. Unable to secure a berth at Able Point Marina we off-loaded in the dinghy, which was beginning to come apart at the seams with the strain.

Charlie arrived as planned as did the provisions from another crew member, so with the clock ticking we loaded *Struen Marie*. The inflatable held until the last trip when the load of amber refreshments (half strength due to a mix up!) was just too much for it and it promptly fell apart. We tied it all together, made it to *Struen* and set off for Hammo.

Feeling a little anxious due to a call earlier from the race organiser questioning our eligibility for race week — at 52 years of age! I told him that we had already travelled 1200 n miles and weren’t turning back now! We entered the harbour and found our berth rafted along side a Sonata 8 and two light-weight flyers, worried that we would crush them. As it turned out we were the babies of the fleet which added to our growing trepidation as we made ready for the ensuing battle.

The harbour was bursting with the latest in yacht innovation with *Shockwave* and *Wild Oats* just two of the boats premiering, the latter with a canting keel and canard which did cause quite a stir. There were Sydney 38’s everywhere. *Kocomo* a 138 ft Dubois sloop was entered in the premier cruising division. With 83 yachts in the cruising division the starting line in Dent passage was looking precariously small!

Race 1 started with a stiff sou-easter forecast. It was a 23 n mile race with a down wind start along with a 2–3 kn tide from astern. Get it wrong and you will have more than egg on your face! We made a fashionably late start — very late, but with clear air and the better side of the tide. The breeze freshened and went forward on the first shy spinnaker run bring many yachts undone and lots of crackling new spinnakers blew out, as did one rig. We dropped the spinnaker and went for the old *Rebecca/Mark Twain* chicken shute, but unfortunately lost a lot of time when I was a little late on the second spinnaker call. We came home in the last quarter of the fleet and managed 17th on corrected time.

Race 2 started in similar conditions. We got a blinder of a start and were 6th to the first mark. It’s hard to loose a race from there and we finished in the middle of the fleet and 2nd on handicap. The first seven places incur a time penalty so with our new handicap we were giving time to *Magnolia*, a 60 foot C&N!



Race 3 in a 20 kn sou-easter. We were back to our conservative selves and got buried under all the big boats. We stood on along Whitsunday for its entire length before tacking to stem the tide. This proved a winner and we found ourselves back in the hunt! Rounding Pentecost Island we set a very shy spinnaker and struggled for over an hour to hold it — not a good leg for the old girl and we were overhauled. After rounding Pine Island the breeze faded and the last leg was a fetch home. With nothing to loose we set the chicken shute asymmetric-style and came home with a bone in our teeth to 6th place. In race 4 we managed 8th on handicap after starting in a light and variable breeze.

Whitehaven for the lay day. What an oxymoron! Party all day on the beach under a tropical sun and then sail home. All the same it was a fantastic day and guess what? — only mid-strength beer was sold, so with our light supplies *Struen Marie* was a yacht full of sober folk.

In race 5 in very light and variable winds we managed 7th on corrected time. You might think with all that light beer all would be well in *Struen Marie* for race 6. Unfortunately not, for Friday night was Mardi Gras. Processions, Jimmy Barnes, and fancy dress (shipwrecked theme). True to the theme every one was wrecked myself included. I felt a little more than unwell on the windward leg — could it perhaps have been nerves going into last race in second place overall? Three hours of beating to windward in 15 to 20 knots was not what I felt like doing. The No 1 above its limit while stemming tide through the narrows made for nerve-racking times waiting for something to blow up. *Struen* rose to the occasion although a little off the pace. We finished fifth, but unfortunately the close 14 seconds between third and fifth cost us second overall. We tied for third and lost on count-back, but fourth was a great result for the crew and the old yacht. She had proved that she can still mix it with the new craft.

Struen Marie
drawing away
from *L'Attitude*



VALE ADRIAN PHILPOT

Adrian Philpot, who has raced with the club since 1989, died on 6 August 2002 in France after a short and sudden illness. Adrian had been on holidays with his wife Beverley, and they had just completed a week on a canal boat in Burgundy.

Members may have seen that *Sanuk*, the Northshore 27 which he co-owned with Ken Woolfe, was dressed with a long black mourning banner on its mast following Adrian's death.

Adrian commenced sailing in the Moth division at Balmoral Sailing Club. He later became Moths captain at Balmoral and introduced free 'how to sail' lessons to encourage young members to join and stay in sailing. Initially, Balmoral was an off-the-beach club. Adrian was on the Balmoral board when the clubhouse was approved by Council, funded and constructed.

In 1989 Adrian joined a syndicate with John and Ken Woolfe to buy *Sanuk*. Between 1989 to 1999 Adrian sailed in *Sanuk* in Division 7 races on Saturdays and in the Friday twilight series. Adrian became a member of the SASC in 1994. More recently, the racing has been restricted to Friday twilights due to crew and time constraints. *Sanuk* was used most often recently for cruising or lunch on the harbour.

Adrian Philpot



Every year since 1994 *Sanuk* has been sailed to Pittwater for cruising and picnicking over the Christmas-New Year period. Adrian had joined the Kuringai Motor Yacht Club at Cottage Point to make these holidays more comfortable. He loved so many places in the Harbort and around Broken Bay and Pittwater. Adrian was also a member of the Sydney Heritage Fleet and the Maritime Museum.

A Requiem Mass was held in France for Adrian, attended by Beverley and three Australian friends. A memorial Mass was held in Sydney at St Mary's Cathedral on 23 August, attended by more than 250 people.

Beverley Schurr

With the merger of the Mosman Amateur Sailing Club with the SASC another club boat, Patrick Whittington, has become a regular sight around the Club. With a recent refit attracting attention, many people have asked “Who was Patrick Whittington?”

*by
Bill Tyler*

Richard Patrick Pitcairn Whittington was born in India on 4 August 1942. He was the second of three sons of his British parents and was educated in England where he attended University and graduated with an economics degree.

Patrick first came to Australia from England early in 1971. Shortly after settling in Sydney he purchased his First OK *Jo Jo* KA306, and joined Mosman Amateur Sailing Club. In that first year’s sailing saw him journey to Mackay in North Queensland for his first National Championship.

A few months later over Easter 1972, Patrick attended the inaugural Griffith Riverina Championship series along with 36 other keen and thirsty OK sailors. *Newswok* July 1972 records details of this event including a paragraph on the running of the Champagne Stakes, a race, which was sailed in high winds on the Saturday night starting at 11 pm. The article states that 12 boats took to the water in pitch-dark and light rain and that all safety precautions were observed. Patrick was awarded a special prize for this races as “Best Vocalist” having completed the course singing extracts of Handel’s Messiah. Even in this, his first full

*Patrick
Whittington on
completion of her
recent refit*



year of OK sailing, Patrick was demonstrating his philosophy for participation in OK events. Total enjoyment through the whole range of activities from sailing to socialising was a basic fundamental of this philosophy.

David Coleman returned to Sydney and joined us at Mosman Amateur Sailing Club. Over the years that followed, Patrick was to adopt the Colemans and the Tylers as his Sydney based OK families and he always knew that he could find a bed or a sympathetic shoulder in times of need at either of our family homes.

The 1973/74 Holdfast Bay Nationals and World Championships saw Patrick's sailing philosophy extend to the International arena for the first time. Torben Andrup and Jorgen Lindhartsen, two Danes who finished first and second in the Worlds visited Sydney and stayed with Patrick.

Through the mid-70s, Patrick played a very important part in the control of the NSW OK Association first as treasurer and then as secretary. On the sailing front, he competed at National Championships in Brisbane, Melbourne, Sydney, Hobart and then back to Adelaide once again. No matter where we sailed, Patrick was there to participate fully in all sailing and social activities.

Visits to Morso in Denmark to view the 1976 Worlds and to Auckland in New Zealand for the 1977 Worlds, allowed Patrick to continue to develop his International reputation as an OK legend.

In 1979 Patrick decided to return to England to pursue further career goals. Meeting up with Peter Gale in Amsterdam en route to Tonsberg in Norway for the World Championships. Patrick was appointed unofficial Team Meister for the "Down Under" teams.

Once he was settled back in England, Patrick went back to college to obtain additional qualifications to allow him to commence teaching and college lecturing.

The European summer of 1981 saw the OK Worlds held at Hyeres, France, in 1983 Worlds at Torquay, England. At both events he was able to take up his unofficial position of Team Meister for the Australian and New Zealand competitors.

Patrick's teams performed exceptionally well. On the social scene, Patrick and teams performed with considerable merit.

In September 1983, Patrick returned to live in Australia and took up where he had left off in 1979. OK sailing in Australia was, at the time, as usual, dominated by the Victorians with a bunch of newcomers to our class who quickly developed their OK sailing skills and social skills.

Patrick returned to Europe once again in 1985 and met up with members of the "Down Under" OK teams for their successful assault on the Dutch Open and the Worlds at Medemblik in Holland.

Patrick did not get to the 1986 Auckland, New Zealand Worlds as his health was starting to cause concern. He was diagnosed with a serious blood disorder and later decided to return to England in mid 1987 for further treatment. Patrick died on 22 August 1987.

In accordance with Patrick's wishes his ashes returned to Australia. One Sunday morning in March 1988, many of Patrick's closest friends gathered at Moruya Heads and shared the moment as we scattered his ashes into the sea.

His family in England appreciated how much Patrick loved Australia and the many friendships he had developed here, and with the OK people throughout the world. They donated to the Australian OK Association the Patrick Whittington Memorial Trophy for annual competition.

The Mosman Amateur Sailing Club starters' boat was simply named *Patrick Whittington* as an ongoing tribute to a much-loved OK friend.

It's on again!

The SASC Putt-Putt Picnic

A Putt-Putt historically is a launch, 14 to 22 feet in length with a low horsepower engine (often single cylinder) capable of a top speed around 5 to 6 knots. Generally they were built in timber of clinker design, and were very popular for fishing and picnics, particularly during the 1920's to 1940's when many were built.

Putt-Putts will gather from 10 am on Sunday 17 November at the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, and a light barbeque lunch and refreshments will be available.

**Putt-Putt owners wishing to join in the fun should contact
Maggie Stewart (9953 6597 Monday or Friday)**





There has been a lot of activity around the Club as the spring season approached and members prepared their boats. Guy Irwin and his son Lachlan took the opportunity to paint and polish *Clewless?* (above) and Craig Crombie and Chris Mifsud prepared *Tingari's* winches for some hard work (below)





Safety inspections at the Club in August were well attended. Rear Commodore Dal Wilson demonstrates the correct use of a pen for emphasis onboard *Mistral IV* (Allan Frick — above)

Yachts gathered at the SASC for the Opening Day Regatta on 7 September (below)



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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Bill Merrington's *Eventide* recently completed a major refit at the SASC slipway. The antifouling was completely removed (work has started in the photo above) and the hull coated with epoxy. The topsides were also repainted and, as the lower photo shows, *Eventide* is ready to set a new pace in the 2002/2003 season.



DUYFKEN COMES HOME

The replica ship *Duyfken* will return to Fremantle from The Netherlands on the back of a Spliethoff cargo ship in late October after almost three years sailing the world.

The Duyfken 1606 Replica Foundation had been unable to secure the \$700,000 sponsorship required to sail the vessel home from Europe. She will be lifted off the freighter in Fremantle Harbour in late October and then the time-consuming task of reassembling the vessel will begin. It is hoped to have her sailing by December.

For the Fremantle-based Duyfken Foundation, the journey home to Western Australia marks the end of an odyssey which began when the ship sailed from the MG Kailis Wharf in Fremantle Fishing Boat Harbour on 8 April 2000 bound for the troubled province of Maluku in Indonesia.

Since then the 'Little Dove' has sailed more than 65,000 km across four oceans, visited 10 countries in four continents and more than 300,000 people have come aboard the ship and more than a million people have visited her.

Duyfken Project Director Graeme Cocks said that it was disappointing after sailing the ship half way around for her to be shipped home from Rotterdam to Fremantle. 'It is an ignominious end to a wonderful three years for the ship,' he said.

'We built *Duyfken* to sail and the ship has been hailed as the most exacting ocean-going replica "Age of Discovery" ever built. She has been a fine international ambassador for Western Australia. We would have liked to celebrate this international praise and to take the opportunity to sail her into Fremantle Harbour so that Western Australians could see what a fabulous, tough little sailing ship she has become.

'We now have the challenging task of finding a permanent home for the ship. Our goal is to re-establish *Duyfken* as a part of the Western Australian community, to make the ship financially independent, to keep sailing her, and to make her a major international tourist attraction in the old port city.'

The Duyfken Foundation sailed the VOC 2002 Duyfken Voyage to The Netherlands to mark the 400th anniversary of the establishment of the world's first multinational trading company, the United East India Company (VOC) which pioneered the Dutch spice trade. *Duyfken* was sponsored to sail to The Netherlands and then to participate in a five month, 30 port exhibition tour.

'The ship has received high praise everywhere she has been in The



Netherlands. Many Dutch are in awe that Australians have built such a fine replica of a Dutch ship and have sailed the ship around the world in a way which has not been attempted by the Dutch themselves,' said Mr Cocks.

'Western Australia now has an internationally renowned asset that has set a new benchmark in the construction and operation of historic sailing vessels.'

It had been more than 300 years since a Dutch "jacht" had sailed the spice route which brought cargoes of untold wealth back from East Asia to the markets of Europe. The VOC explorations also resulted in the European discovery of Australia's northern and western coasts by more than 26 expeditions from 1606 up to the time Lieutenant James Cook sighted eastern Australia in 1770.

The VOC2002 *Duyfken* Voyage was funded by the VOC 2002 Steering Committee in The Netherlands to sail the historic spice route from Jakarta to Sri Lanka, Mauritius, South Africa, Namibia, St Helena, Ascension Island, the Azores in Portugal, the United Kingdom and on to The Netherlands. The voyage began in Sydney on 5 May 2001 and took a year. The crew and Foundation supporters were met on arrival by Crown Prince Willem Alexander of Orange and the Australian Governor-General as well as dozens of friends and family who flew over from Australia.

The 24-metre *Duyfken* is a full-size replica of the first recorded ship to visit Australia — the Dutch trading ship *Duyfken* or "Little Dove" which sailed from Banda to the Pennefather River in Queensland in 1606.

Duyfken at the Australian National Maritime Museum in March 2001



PONTOON PROGRESS

By the time you read this, construction of the new SASC pontoon should be underway in Sydney. Demolition of the old pontoon is scheduled to start on 21 October, with the new pontoon to be delivered to site on 28 October. Subject to delays caused by weather or other factors beyond the contractor's control, the new pontoon should be ready for the first twilight race on 1 November.

Information regarding temporary arrangements during the works will be posted on notices at the Club.

AUSTRALIA DAY REGATTA 2003

The 167th Australia Day Regatta will be held on Sydney Harbour on Sunday 26 January 2003. This popular event is the longest continuing regatta in the world, and is a prominent part of the growing harbour celebrations on Australia Day. Gather your family and friends and come out, join the fun and sail in this great event. The Notice of Race and entry form is available now at www.sasc.com.au.

PUTNEY DEVELOPMENT

Old shipyard sites in large cities are usually recycled as housing or parks, so the announcement by the Drivas Property Group that the historic ADI/Halvorsen site at Putney on Sydney Harbour is to be redeveloped for maritime industry is a welcome change.

The plans to rehabilitate the 1.5 hectare site and refurbish the boatshed have been developed over the past three years in consultation with NSW Planning and NSW Waterways and are consistent with the NSW Government's 'Working harbour' policy.

The developers plan to upgrade the historic shed and slipways and install a 100 t travel lift to enable hard-stand maintenance of large pleasure and commercial craft which currently have to visit Newcastle or Wollongong. Boat storage facilities for recreational vessels will be built and facilities will be provided for local water-based users such as rowing, sailing and canoe clubs. The site will be opened for pedestrian and vehicle access with extensive landscaping.

Boat building was begun on the site in 1937 by Halvorsen's Boats and it made a major contribution to the defence during World War II with the construction of many small ships including Fairmile B class motor launches.

Work on the Putney site should start early in 2003 and be completed in about twelve months.



SASC KIDS CHRISTMAS PARTY

SUNDAY 15 DECEMBER 2002

With an increase in the numbers of young children in member's families in recent years, a Christmas Party for Kids is in order — and what better place to have it than the SASC Clubhouse?

The party will start at 11 am and finish at about 3 pm.

Parents should bring a modest ready-wrapped and labelled present for each of their own children for distribution by Santa Claus.

A small fee (yet to be determined) will apply per head to cover the cost of food and soft drinks for the Kids. The barbecues will be out and food will be available for parents and helpers at usual prices.

The party will be open to all members and close friends of the Club — come and join us for a fun day!

For bookings and information call Fiona Fitzgerald on 9489 6100. Bookings can also be made by calling Faye Buckley at the Club on 9953 1433.

As with any Club function, many hands make light work, so if you would like to help, please volunteer!



Welcome to the following new members:

Warren Bartlett
Mark Riley
Shaw Russet

NEWSLETTER DEADLINE

The next SASC News will be the December 2002 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Wednesday 20 November 2002. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are also very welcome.

Some say that the standards of personal abuse have declined seriously over the last 300 years (from a 1972 edition of Yachting Monthly)

To Captain Bursack on board Speedwell
revenue Cutter now lying at Fordingbridge

Sir,
Damn thee
and God Damn thy two Purblind Eyes thou
Bugger and thou Death looking son of a Bitch
O that I had bin there (with my company)
for thy sake when thou tookest them men of
Mine on Board the Speedwell Cutter on Monday
& 14 Dec^r I would cross thee and all thy
Gang to Hell wher thou belongest thou
Devil Incarnet. Go Down thou Hell Hound
into thy Kennell below & Bathe thy
Self in that Sulpherous Lake that has
bin so long Prepared for such as thee for
it is time the World was rid of such a
Monster thou art no Man but a Devil
thou fiend O Lucifer I hope thou will
soon fall into Hell like a star from the
Sky, there to lie (unpitied) & unrelented of any
for Ever & Ever Which God Grant of his
Infinite Mercy Amen

J. Spurrier

Fordingbridge Jan^r 32 1700 & fast asleep

On 22 October it will be thirty years since the SASC conducted the first Gaffers Regatta to celebrate the centenary of the Club. It became the first of many such events — the next will be in 2003. It was reported in the *Supplement to The Amateurs*, published in 1973, as follows:

‘The result was most gratifying. Thirty-seven gaff riggers, four of them built before the turn of the century, were entered. Before the race many of them assembled at the Clubhouse where each skipper was presented with a Centenary Plaque. Several hundred people lining the foreshores to see these old timers in action gave a clear indication of the interest that was being taken in the event.

‘The crews themselves were tremendously enthusiastic, and Jim Hardy in *Nerida* and Spike Ross in *Soliloquy* entered fully into the spirit of the occasion by dressing their crews in authentic Edwardian yachting rig. The weather was ideal and a sparkling Harbour made the perfect setting as this fascinating fleet crossed the starting line, the final touch being added by the old time steam vessels *Lady Hopetoun* and *Sundowner* which followed the race as they might have done in years gone by. It was a sight which will live while memory lasts.

‘The Amateurs had turned the clock back 50 years — and Sydney loved it. Although the fleet included boats like *Ranger* and *Kilkie* and naval whalers and heavy-weight sharpies it was the old timers which created the real interest’

Ranger in the foreground of action in a fresh southerly wind during the 1988 Gaffers Regatta.





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