



SASC NEWS

The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



April 2018

SYDNEY AMATEUR SAILING CLUB

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Cover:

Fagel Grip proudly flying the Australian flag during the Australia Day Regatta

(Photo John Jeremy)

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COMING EVENTS

April 2018

SATURDAY 28 APRIL 2018

Ranger and Couta Sprints

SATURDAY 5 MAY 2018

First race in the Sydney Harbour Combined Clubs Winter Series.

First race in the SASC Trophy series

SATURDAY 12 MAY 2018

Second race in the Sydney Harbour Combined Clubs Winter Series

SATURDAY 19 MAY 2018

Third race in the Sydney Harbour Combined Clubs Winter Series.

Second race in the SASC Trophy series

WEDNESDAY 23 MAY 2018

General Meeting of members at the Club

SATURDAY 26 MAY 2018

Fourth race in the Sydney Harbour Combined Clubs Winter Series

SATURDAY 2 JUNE 2018

Fifth race in the Sydney Harbour Combined Clubs Winter Series.

Third race in the SASC Trophy series

SATURDAY 16 JUNE 2018

Sixth race in the Sydney Harbour Combined Clubs Winter Series

NEED THE TENDER?

**Call Mike,
Allan, Mitch
or Will
on
0418 678 690**

Sat: 0900-1800
Sun: 0900-1800

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

GENERAL MEETING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THERE WILL BE A GENERAL MEETING OF MEMBERS ON WEDNESDAY 23 MAY 2018 AT 2000 AT THE CLUBHOUSE, 1 GREEN STREET, CREMORNE, NSW

At the meeting members will be asked to consider and approve the subscriptions for the following year. The Board proposes and recommends the following fees for 2018-2019:

Joining Fee	\$670
Subscriptions:	
Ordinary	\$577
Active Life	\$288
Absentee/Country	\$283
Associate	\$216
Intermediate	\$77
Junior	\$52

D. Salter
Honorary Secretary

SIGNALS FROM THE COMMODORE

A truly wonderful summer sailing season at the Amateurs, a glorious Bob Brown race in ideal conditions and Martin van der Wal's stunning photographs of his recent British Norfolk sojourn (reflected elsewhere in this issue) give rise to a reflection on the joys of sailing — and just how lucky we are to indulge our passion.

I look around the club at our post-race gatherings, at our oft-remarked upon aging membership, and wonder 'What other sport can you do for an entire lifetime?' What an inspiration are our very own "Old Salts" — Bill Gale, Nick Cassim, Michael Tomaszewski to name but a few — all four score and more in years but still going strong and still winning races. Living proof that age and treachery will always overcome youth and exuberance!

On many a weekend I see skippers with their partners and families heading out for a day on the water and ponder 'Where in life is there another activity that connects the generations like sailing?' For me, personally, it is such a joy to take my grandchildren sailing. Through their eyes I get to see everything for the first time. It's like teaching them to ride a bicycle — it is something you know they will learn and never forget.

It is true, as the great Bernard Moitessier wrote in his seminal book *The Long Way*, that a 'A sailor's joys are as simple as a child's.' A steady breeze, calm seas and a cloudless, sunny day (and maybe an ice-cold beer) is all that a sailor requires to make a near perfect day. To me, it's that moment when you are out on the harbour, the sails are set and the engine goes off. It's that moment of quiet when the mainsheet tightens and you hear the sound of the first stream of bubbles popping from beneath the stern and the ungainly lump of boat suddenly becomes a living, dancing entity in tune with both wind and water.

So it was with our recent Bob Brown Race to Pittwater. We could not have asked for better conditions and the post-race raft up between boats and subsequent beach barbeque was a great reflection of the wonderful camaraderie that exists within the Club.

As David Salter recounts in his report on the race, what sets the Amateurs apart was a post-race discourse on 'not how I did, or how I performed' but what a joy it was to cast off the lines and the ties to land, office and work, head to sea and feel the breeze on your face, each tug and tussle of the helm, each dip and wallow of the hull.

In what other sport can one find such pleasure in the naming of our vessels. We don't (or I don't anyway) name our house, our car nor do we have any say in the name of our street or the suburb where we live. But personally I find great delight in imagining the reasons behind the naming of our boats. *The Indefensible*, *Lunacy*, *Indulgence* and *Vanity*



are surely self-evident to any boat owner stuck with paying the bills and having to explain to the better half. *Clueless?*, *Hotspur2*, *Shambles* and *Mister Christian* obviously go to the character of their skippers. No doubt *Running Away*, *Ticket of Leave* and *Idle Hour* perhaps suggest some wishful thinking or secret dreams shared by us all. And *EZ Street* — well, if only we all lived there! Perhaps we should hold an evening where each skipper gets to provide the reasoning behind the naming of their vessel with a prize for the he or she who can provide the best rationale.

We have indeed been blessed by some glorious sailing weather this past racing season — not least the last day of our summer pointscore which, judging by the beaming smiles of returning competitors, was a day to remember. Obviously sailing is not the same for every sailor. Some of us like to race, either long distance or around the buoys, some like to day sail, others to cruise. Others prefer just messing about in boats. All of us, however, are indeed privileged to have access to such a beautiful harbour and from such an ideally located club — in the boats of our choosing.

So instead of grumbling about your handicap, or complaining about the state of your old sails or the cost of the next slipping, spare a thought for our own members who, through reasons of infirmness, failing health or other unseen adversity, can no longer come down to the sea and cast off their lines. For they are absent friends who have but the memories of the joys of sailing and we should raise a toast to them. The rest of us should be grateful for every day we have the privilege to be out there on the water.

Bruce Dover

Photo John Jeremy

Sailing home





Photos John Jeremy

A contrast in design as *James Craig* passes HMAS *Canberra* off Sydney Cove



Preparing to dress ship onboard *Kelpie*



Young Endeavour about to pass HMAS *Canberra* after the Salute to Australia



The Tall Ships Race



The Governor of NSW, His Excellency General The Honourable David Hurley AC DSC (Ret'd), watching the start of the 182nd Australia Day Regatta on the Flagship, HMAS Gascoyne



The start of Classic Division 2 in the Australia Day Regatta



Kelpie and *Warana* soon after the start. *Kelpie* won Classic Division 2 and *Warana* was second



Sana, Lahara and Vanity sailing in the Australia Day Regatta



Defiance and Sydney



HMAS Gascoyne, Flagship of the 182nd Australia Day Regatta



PUT THE DATE IN YOUR DIARY NOW

SASC ANNUAL PRIZEGIVING

The annual prizegiving will be held at the SASC Clubhouse,
1 Green Street, Cremorne on

Saturday 30 June 2018

The prizegiving will commence at 1200 sharp, lunch will follow

Cost \$65 per head (incl. GST)

Includes a voucher for one drink

*Bookings essential — please telephone Megan or Judy
on 9953 1433 no later than Friday 15 June 2018*

PER MARE PER TERAM

(Further adventures of a peripatetic colonial from down-under)

by
Martin van der
Wal

The motto of the Royal Marines, ‘By sea and by land’ includes everything in between we might presume. Places like the Norfolk coastline where sea and land merge and mingle in the ceaseless pulse of flood and ebb. Under Constable skies renowned for dramatic light and sudden changes we sallied forth, a lucid blue sky with high sailing clouds defied the forecast. Five braved the predictions, poetic souls with an understanding that nature to be fully appreciated must be dwelt in with an open heart. Two had declined. Oh, it might rain, let’s cancel! I suppose people either have the spirit for a petite adventure or they don’t. Wasn’t like we were setting off across the Bay of Storms! Just a modest creek crawl through the swatch-ways of Wells by the Sea up to the River Glaven at Blakeney. A three-hour jaunt divided equally between motor and sail. Five of us, our intrepid captain had indeed earned his stripes as a Royal Marine Commando, three city folk of a certain age cut from the best British Cloth, and your humble scribe, a supernumerary of Antipodean extract completely bemused by a sea prone to regularly disappear and reappear with such total conviction.

Amongst the
reeds of Norfolk

“There is a time and tide in the affairs of men,” Well you know the rest! The Immortal Bard was almost certainly a sailor. Our timing of

Photos Martin van der Wal





the tide was crucial! A bridge too low may bar our path conclusively if the timing was not spot on. An anxious skipper is a particular study in human emotional control. There are those who just don't have any. Best avoided, it can get ugly. However one might expect an ex-commando to be an exemplar of control. Henry, the principal of the Coastal Exploration Company, did not disappoint. He shepherded us amiably through the pre-departure small talk of greetings, bags to be transferred, life jackets donned and not so nimble bodies transferred shore to ship. One might have been unaware of his alacrity such was the careful and cheerful demeanour. Cast off! Before we knew it we were heading west down the channel from the Granary Wharf. Tide swelling behind us, the big Beta chugging solidly. Our sixty-year-old, twenty foot, open, wooden, lug-rigged Crab boat, charmingly named *My Girls*, made good time towards the narrow creek entrance a few hundred yards down the channel. It had been a tide-bereft ditch less than ten minutes earlier, the water was surging as it carried us with it. We were riding a swirling, muddy bore as it swiftly took us deeper into a rich carpet of tussocky marshland.

Gulls rose lazily at our approach as we slalomed between the banks with the occasional check as she plowed through a ridge of mud. Cheerful ship-mates drank it in! Quite a unique experience! Clients comprised a London publisher and two Cambridge academics, desultory conversation struck up, Arthur Ransome, Erskine Childers, the division of the English between twitchers and spotters, back to the *Riddle* and

The Port of Wells Harbour Master's office

We Didn't Mean to Go to Sea, the British knowledge of tides in their conquest of the world, Scylla, and Charybdis. All this time our little bubble magically swept into a simpler world. Wide horizons, flat landscapes, big skies, the immediate bond of an adventure shared. Henry worked the channel, which he had professionally recce'd on foot, with quiet assurance. Occasionally he would indicate a sight of passing interest, an historic anecdote, the name of a feature or a bird, effortlessly ensuring everyone felt comfortable. He constantly corrected as the vessel was grabbed first by stern then by bow as the roiling water swept us around corners, passed tributaries, midstream islands, and gripping mud. "This is the shallowest section," he said. "We will get stuck numerous times but the water is constantly rising". No sooner had he said it than we grounded with a lurch, everyone was sitting safely as he gunned her in reverse, pulling off the mud and making a charge at the other side of the channel. She twisted, she bucked, she writhed her way forward, stuck then free, stuck again, free again. We rode comfortably! Her beamy, double-ended form had plenty of freeboard, the powerfully chugging engine and professional action at the helm ensured an open-hearted cheerfulness prevailed amongst those on board.

A wide-screen sky refreshed itself with menacing patterns as a distant gloaming approached. An oblique, low-hanging, long dark finger spearing in from the Southeast. We came to the bridge. Duck! Our skipper commanded, we ducked, sweeping under with over a foot to spare. Yes, this was an adventure! No! We were not attempting a moonshot. This was an adventure in a pastoral landscape, nothing more

A gathering storm?





Norfolk sunset

serious than a bruised roll cloud gathering speed across the horizon behind, heavy rain poured out of it. We still had blue skies above and fair winds behind. The watershed had been reached, no longer was the tide sweeping us forward, it was from ahead. Water rising slowly now, flow slackening, I took a line ashore as we came to a gentle stop alongside the grassy bank. Henry drove a couple of stakes into the mud and we were secured. A full moon was east-rising amongst the fleeing rags of a fine day. A God-fingered sunset was falling through the livid western horizon. It was time for tea, coffee, and a delicious light repast. Our halfway point, how that time had slipped away! Henry swept a weather eye through the full arc. Dealing smoothly with the well-practiced catering, he remarked that he was confident the storm would probably not catch us. "If it did," he said, "an effective shelter could be erected quickly and he would get us home dry." The jocular response from the passengers was truly British in its stoicism and acceptance of meteorological realities. After all, this was an 'adventure'!

Rumbling tummies well soothed by tasty home-made food, we raised the mast. Boom-less lug sheeted on a broad reach, engine off. The magic entered an entirely new dimension. Reverential! That sweet lip-lap of water on clinker hull, gentle heel, wind filled canvas. A collective sigh! We slipped out of Stone-meal creek into the Bay. Here we were ostensibly at sea, although well within the three miles the vessel is licensed for and protected by sand banks from the full force of the waves whose whitewater was clearly visible seawards. There was a brief open

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water interlude as the arms of two sandbanks did not quite close. These crab boats are designed to take to the sea in the area of England that has the highest number of lifeboat callouts of anywhere along her coast. They are beach boats, traditionally pulled onto the sand to unload a catch. Steamed oak framed, copper roved on ten-inch centres, clinkered in wide planked larch on oak backbones, designed to twist not break, when stressed. *My Girls* engaged in a gentle waltz with the quartering sea. No problem at all as we scooted past Blakeney Point's seal colony then smoothly into the lee. Casting an expert eye around at dramatic clouds determined to encircle before pouncing, Henry commented that it was usually here that the sail gave way to motor again, but because it was such a perfect evening, he was happy to keep sailing if we were. No question about it, the chorus of "Yes" went up. The rest of the evening went like clockwork, a romping sail up the bay as the gloaming gathered. A quick motor through the seawall gates of the Glaven, rounding the base of the windmill as night fell. Disembarkation and farewells accomplished in very good humour, all made fast and tidied smartly. The first drops of rain chased us into our respective vehicles, only then were we hit by a very satisfying storm. Henry had timed it to a 'T', 'Per Mare Per Teram' indeed!

The following morning I accompanied Henry on an early return voyage to deliver the boat back to her home-base. The storm scoured sky with high banks of fast-moving cloud slowly opened to a sunny day. Chasing the tides in reverse we had to make the bridge just in time to squeeze under to catch the rapidly vanishing water on the other side of the watershed. The storm had whipped up an ugly, steep, head sea which squeezed itself in between the sandbars. Henry was kept busy heading up and throttling back for the worst of it and making good our course for the rest. There was never a moment's doubt as to the capacity of both the boat and her skipper. A wet ride for twenty minutes, all good fun. We made the bridge with time to spare, tied up to it and had a very satisfying mug of tea as we waited to squeeze under. The watershed was reached in good time, and down we sluiced with the receding water all the way home.

The motto of Henry's 'Coastal Exploration Company' is "recharge on nature"! Just add a dash of 'Per Mare Per Teram' to the cocktail. Very refreshing!



The Blakeney Point seal colony

BOB BROWN 2018

April 2018

Once every umpteen years the Paschal Full Moon following the vernal equinox comes in March. This has profound implications for the SASC, as David Salter reports.

There are some fundamentals of nature that are immutable. Among these are Newton's First Law of Motion, an Australian middle-order batting collapse and the certainty that it will rain at Easter. We sailors know these things. So all participants in the annual Bob Brown Race to Pittwater set off this year (as they do every year) in the confident expectation of precipitation. How wrong we were.

Easter in 2018 came very early, and the race was held on March 29. The BoM predicted medium-to-light NE for the race up to Coaster's Retreat, followed by a SW of similar strength for the trip home on Good Friday afternoon. Well, they got that half right. The Southerly didn't come until much later.

Thirteen yachts faced the starters (The Brothers Maclurcan) off Watson's Bay at 1300 and began working into a gentle sea breeze. On the mighty *Mister Christian* I'd botched our run to the line completely and had to sail a slow 360 to allow all the leeward boats — the entire fleet — to pass through. But at least we could go to school on the leaders and watch for the slight lifts and knocks as everyone tacked for the Heads. As usual the bigger boats soon pulled away, although the light conditions meant we could just keep them in sight.

Easy sailing as *Mister Christian* works up the coast

Photos courtesy David Salter





Mystic II waits for the fog to lift at Coaster's Retreat

Once at sea the NE stiffened slightly and gradually clocked a few degrees right. So, after the customary few digs to clear Manly and get abeam of Long Reef, the layline to Bangally became a comfortable fetch on starboard tack. And what bliss it was to bowl along in the sunshine on sparkling flat seas with our 53-year-old Swanson beneath us stretching her trusty offshore legs again. Another beer, cabin boy, and make it a cold one!

It was eased sheets from Avalon to Barrenjoey, a gybe, then a shy spinnaker for the final run along the Western shore of Pittwater. A gorgeous four-hour sail from Sydney, with finishers Ian and Wendy Anstee on *Mystic II* offering their usual tongue-in-cheek commentary on our sail-handling as we crossed the line. With Easter so early there was plenty of daylight left in which to pack away the boat, raft up with our comrades and settle in for the traditional night of feasting, fun and rehydration.

Friday morning and still no rain. Why did we even bother to bring our oilies? A dense fog hanging onto the cliffs surrounding the Basin signaled a warm day ahead. After a long, leisurely breakfast and endless cups of fresh coffee Mitch turned up in the hired dory to take us ashore for the BBQ and prize-giving. From his command post on *EZ Street* the Commodore decreed that lunch ashore should begin early so that those of us wanting to make the return passage to Sydney that afternoon might complete the trip before the SASC tender service ceased. Good thinking, Number One.



Dawn raft-up of
Magic, *As You Do*
and *Lunacy*

The appetizing aroma of sausages, steaks and onions sizzling on The Basin BBQ. Mountains of salad. Brimming glasses of excellent red wine. Endless chacking over who had done what during the race. And when Chris Manion read out the results, who should have won the 2018 Bob Brown but *Magic*. Steward's inquiry! Swab! Recount! It's *just not done* for the Club Captain to win! But in the true spirit of Christian charity (it was Easter, after all), the result was allowed to stand.

Not quite the same level of charity was extended to two boats which were deemed to have transgressed. Both were penalised 10% of their time: one whose mandatory radio call-in on passing Barrenjoey was not received, the other for draping their spinnaker over the finishing boat (which is, as we all know, a mark of the course). But that's our Amateurs — it's never just about winning as how much we enjoyed the sail.

Results

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. <i>Magic</i> | 9. <i>Shambles</i> |
| 2. <i>Lunacy</i> | 10. <i>Cloud IX</i> |
| 3. <i>Mister Christian</i> | 11. <i>Hagar IV</i> |
| 4. <i>EZ Street</i> | 12. <i>Paper Moon</i> |
| 5. <i>Double Dutch</i> | 13. <i>Samskara</i> |
| 6. <i>As You Do</i> | |
| 7. <i>Shibumi</i> | |
| 8. <i>Molly</i> | |

by
John Brady

There is a character who has been evolving quietly behind the scenes at the Amateurs over the last couple of years and who is worthy of some attention.

Rutus has something of an eclectic background. Rutus has travelled the far east in search of corporate treasure for Rupert Murdoch, salvaged ships, worked as an international correspondent rubbing shoulders with Ted Turner, built and repaired the ships and submarines of Australia's navy, organised major regattas, spent time engineering in Canada, worked as a pioneer in Australian media current affairs, dabbled in carpentry, architecture, and a range of other professions along the way.

Needless to say, with that background, Rutus is something of a raconteur and someone whose company is to be quietly enjoyed over a beverage or two.

There have been many ladies in the life of Rutus, some classically aged with elegant lines, and (as only Rutus could say without causing offence in this day and age) some younger, racier and a little more plastic. They have accompanied Rutus during races and cruises around almost every part of the world.



Dermer Bennett and Charles Maclurcan in
Sailfish



Philip Kinsella and Tony Clarkson



Sailfish at Woolwich

Rutus was recently sighted at the newly established CYC marquee holding court in fine style with a fleet of three ships in tow.

Previous sightings have been taken at Woolwich Point, Cabarita, Roseville, the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron and as far as Cottage Point. Each time Rutus tends to hold court for an hour or two, only to then disappear for another month or so.

Photos John Brady



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While none of us at the Amateurs can perhaps ever hope to individually match each and all of Rutus' wonderous feats on and off the water, rest assured that there is a bit of Rutus in all of us at the club.

Rutus is, after all, the codename for an irregular lunch gathering of club members and associates. The Rob Evans devised call sign translates as Round Up the Usual Suspects and round them up he does on board his restored 'Halvo', *Sailfish*.

Rutus is a reminder that the Amateurs is made up of some truly fascinating people who bring an equally fascinating range of backgrounds and experiences to the club.

That's probably not too big a news flash for us all but perhaps Rutus is a reminder of the rewards that come from simply taking a little extra time in between tender trips and races to make an extra effort to simply get know each other a little better and to learn some of the stories that make up the fabric of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club.

Rutus at the CYC



Photo Rob Evans

BOATING IN BURMA

by
Dennis Wood

Having recently returned from a wonderful boating holiday in Myanmar with my wife Anna, I wish to share some of our experiences on river, lake and sea.

Navigating the Irrawaddy

Our first trip afloat was on the ferry *Nmai Kha* heading downstream on the Irrawaddy from Mandalay to Bagan. The Irrawaddy is the lifeblood of Myanmar, rising in the mountainous region of the north and flowing south to a delta around Yangon. However this mighty river presents some navigational problems. It is wide but not very deep. In some parts there are sand banks and bars everywhere and they probably move over time. Also there are no channel markers, presumably for this reason.

The ferry captain was very skillful and, like a good sailor, could read the water very well. In some parts it was still and deep, in others the current caused ripples in shallows and elsewhere it was mirror-like and 6 inches deep! The current, which was running at 3–4 knots at the Mandalay pier, eddied and welled up frequently.

Mostly he navigated just by reading the surface of the water, the bends in the river and the nature of the banks as he weaved his way downstream, varying the speed to suit. Although there was a depth sounder on board, twice he had the boys on the bow sounding with bamboo poles just in case.

Traffic on the
Irrawaddy

Photos Dennis Wood





We travelled 100 miles on this busy river without incident passing all manner of river traffic on the way.

One of the smaller longtail boats

Longtail boats on Inle Lake

Next we spent several relaxing days on Inle Lake where the mode of transport between and within the villages is by longtail boats. There are two types.

The larger ones are for passengers and heavy goods. They are about 40 feet long, but narrow with only a 5 feet beam. A slow-revving single-cylinder Chinese diesel, which just about shakes the boat to bits at idle, can drive these boats at more than 10 knots through an articulated propeller shaft and rudder “tail” which throws up a characteristic plume. Of hard-chine carvel-planked construction using inch thick teak planks sealed with tar, these boats are very strong.

The smaller ones are fishing boats. These are shallow bottomed and about 18 feet long, but very narrow. Agile fishermen stand on the square bow on one foot, sculling with a single oar using the other leg, while paying out or drawing in their fishing lines. These days they mostly also have a small petrol engine with a long propeller shaft and tiller, all of which is one rigid unit mounted on hinges allowing movement around the vertical axis and up and down. You can see how nicely the bow wave rolls off the counter in the photo.

Cruising the Mergui (Myeik) Archipelago

Without doubt the highlight of the holiday was a six-day cruise aboard the beautiful *Meta IV*. This 25 m ketch was master built entirely of teak in 1998 by Nava Mai Co Ltd in Thailand. Construction and fitout is of the highest order.

Our very capable Captain Suchet and his crew took us sailing around some of the unspoilt islands of the Myeik Archipelago at the south eastern extremity of Myanmar. Most nights we were the only yacht at anchor. Activities included snorkeling over coral reefs, kayaking

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along mangrove lined creeks and swimming in turquoise waters off white beaches. As we were part of a group of artists, your author tried sketching the *Meta IV* from a kayak.

Also of interest were the “Sea Gypsies” or Moken people, who spend most of their life on board their boats, only coming ashore during the typhoon season. One evening we had a visit from some young Moken boys in their dugout boats, rowed standing up and facing forward.

Mariner Boating is the local agent for Burma Boating, the owners and operators of the *Meta IV*.

I can thoroughly recommend this memorable and relatively inexpensive cruise around the Myeik Archipelago aboard the *Meta IV*.



Meta IV

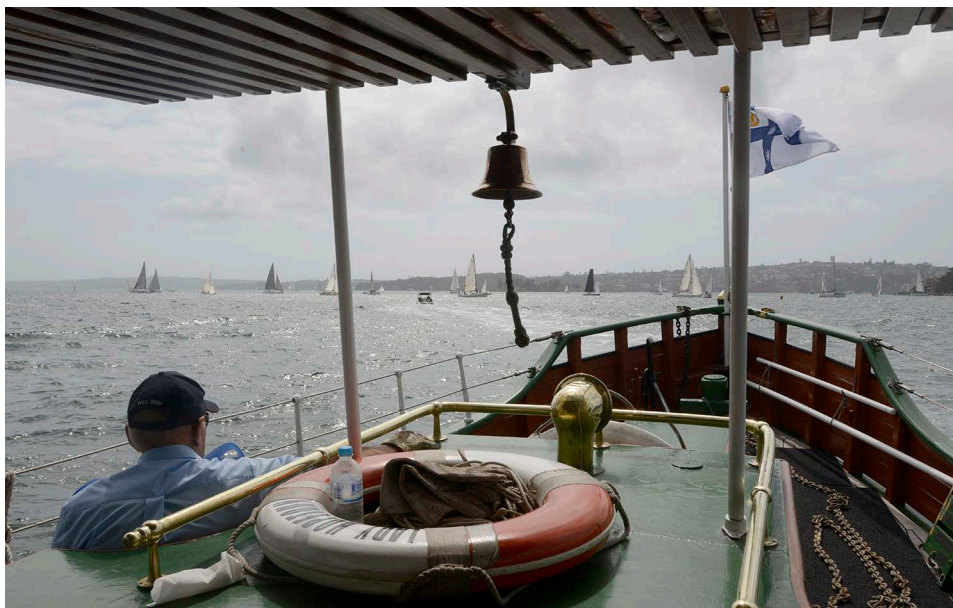
Moken boys in their
dugout canoes



Looking for Shared Ownership

Frank Yates, formerly of *Zulu*, is looking for partners in a yacht for racing.

If you are interested call Frank on 0427 237 722



Photos John Jeremy

The SASC was well represented in the annual RANSA Regatta held on 18 February. Unfortunately the team was unable to win the Admiral's Trophy, coming second to RANSA who retained it. It was a beautiful day for sailing and the view from the Regatta Flagship *Lady Hopetoun* was perfect



Reverie and Double Dutch heading for the first mark



Eloise starting. Her race was to end in an unexpected manner



Josephine setting off to the first mark with Crystal Serenity in the background



The fleet heading downwind from Shark Mark



Clewless? enjoying the perfect conditions



Magic beating to windward in the freshening breeze



*Eloise was caught by a sudden gust and was unable to respond quickly enough.
A dive to the bottom of the harbour followed — she sank in about 30 seconds*



Several yachts, including *Shambles* and *Lahara*, responded within seconds and headed to the rescue of *Eloise's* crew



Don't forget the Esky! RSYS RIBs from a nearby regatta also responded rapidly, retrieving crew from the water. *Eloise* had sunk in the middle of the shipping channel and the response by RMS Maritime was swift and thorough. The site was marked overnight and *Eloise* was salvaged the following morning and back on her mooring 22 hours after her sinking



All yachts large and small — *Magic* and *Fidelis* rounding SM



After RANSA's guests had stepped ashore, *Lady Hopetoun's* crew demonstrated their fine ship handling as they left the marina in Rushcutters Bay

SYDNEY HARBOUR REGATTA 2018

April 2018



Photos John Jeremy

The SASC took charge of Course Area D for the Sydney Harbour Regatta on the weekend of 3-4 March. This is the start of a Cruiser/Racer Division race on the first day. This series was won by *Shambles* with *Orient Express* second and *Knockabout* third



A Super 30 Division start as seen from the starter's boat. This series was won by *Maxstar* with *Hotspur 2* second and *Flying Brandy* third



Photo T Downey

The start of the second Super 30 race as seen from *Flying Brandy*



A close start in a Super 12 Division Race. The six competitors in this division demonstrated their speed in the perfect conditions



The waters off Double Bay were very busy on 3 March and yachts had to contend with large numbers of Lasers and start lines for 18-footers and the Historic Skiffs, not to mention the spectator craft



Super 12s *Vento* and *Lightspeed* heading for the finish line at high speed



Strong winds on 4 March resulted in the abandonment of racing on several course areas, including Course Area D. *Captain Amora* retired to the RSYS for a race officers' 'conference'



Photos courtesy Marco Tapia

First prize for Brian McConaghy and the crew of *Maxstar*



Marco Tapia and crew collecting third prize for *Flying Brandy* in the Super 30 Division



Photos John Jeremy

Friday twilight start under grey skies on 9 March



Nike and Ariel ghosting to a finish at the Point Piper mark on 9 March



Photo courtesy Marco Tapia

Captain Amora on station for the twilight finish at the Point Piper mark on 9 March



Hoana had some traffic to contend with approaching the finish on Sunday 11 March as the 18-footers started the last race in the JJ Giltinan 18ft Skiff Championship



Photo John Jeremy

As You Do enjoying perfect conditions during a Sunday race

SAIL NUMBERS

April 2018

Clause 18.2 of the SASC General Sailing Instructions states ‘Sail Numbers must be black or in a contrasting colour to the sail and are to be displayed on each side of the mainsail, spinnaker and overlapping headsails’. There is a very good reason for this requirement. The sail number is the main means of identifying a yacht to the starters who have to keep track of all competitors as they start and finish. Starting boat crew do not have time to wonder what that boat is with no sail number on the visible side of the spinnaker, or no sail number on the headsail, particularly during downwind finishes.

Many boats now have mainsails made of modern materials which are dark grey or black. For some reason, sailmakers seem to think that red or blue sail numbers are appropriate. Few, if any, race officials will agree. Red and blue are **NOT** contrasting colours on grey and black sails and yachts with such sail numbers are, in effect, unidentifiable. Race officials manage when only a few boats have illegible sail numbers and the boats are otherwise distinctive or well known to them. It is a different matter in large fleets, particularly comprising yachts not familiar to the race officials.

Clause 18.2 goes on to say ‘Boats not complying may be disqualified at the discretion of the starter.’ If you have a dark mainsail with red or blue numbers don’t be surprised if at some time you are recorded as DSQ, DNC or DNF. If you are thinking of buying new sails of dark material, remind your sailmaker that black is a contrasting colour on white and white is a contrasting colour on black.

Photo John Jeremy

Can you read these sail numbers? The boat on the left has a number ending in 01, but is it USA84001 or 38001? Both were sailing in the race



THE COST OF OWNERSHIP

If you think that the cost of maintaining your pride and joy is becoming more eye-watering each year, just be thankful that you don't own a tall ship of mature age.

The German Navy's sail training ship *Gorch Fock* is undergoing a major refit the cost of which was estimated in January 2016 at €10 million but has now reached an estimated €135 million.

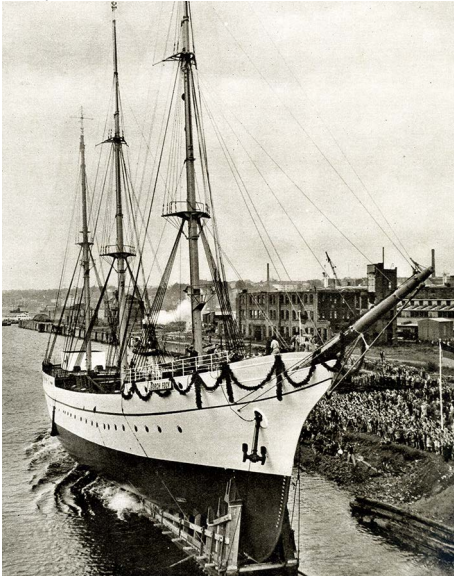
On 20 March the German defence ministry announced that it had decided to accept the latest estimate for the refit cost for the 60-year-old ship.

The ship is expected to return to service in the second half of 2019, and she is intended to stay in service beyond 2040.

The massive refit will see the sail training ship receive new masts, totally reconstructed mid and upper decks and a new teak deck. Around 80% of the ship's exterior will be replaced in the process.

Gorch Fock was built in 1958 at the Hamburg shipyard of Blohm + Voss and is the second sail training ship to be named *Gorch Fock*. The previous *Gorch Fock*, a three-masted barque, was one of a series of sail training ships built for the German Reichsmarine during the 1930s. She was taken over by the Soviet Union after World War II and is now a museum ship in Germany. The second ship in the class was completed as *Horst Wessel* in 1936. She was taken over by the United States after the war and was commissioned as the Coast Guard Cutter *Eagle* in 1946. She is still in service and is the only active commissioned sailing vessel in US military service.

The Sphere



Now 82 years old, *Eagle* has also been undergoing a major refit, at a cost of about \$US28 million, phased over four years to enable the ship to continue her training duties. The recently-completed work, which included replacing the ship's auxiliary propulsion diesel engine, is expected to give her another 15 years of life.

Gorch Fock at her launching in 1958



Photos John Jeremy

Gorch Fock in Sydney in January 1988 for Australia's Bicentennial celebrations



Eagle in Sydney Harbour in January 1988

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members:

Stephen Bush	Tony Cousins
Nicholas Hudson	Graeme Robinson

SASC NEWS IN COLOUR

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

SASC SHOP

(AKA The Office)

Subject to availability

SASC Club Merchandise

Burgee – Medium 30 cm x 45 cm	\$36.50
Racing 'A' flag	\$20.50
Tie	\$25.00
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Polo Shirt – Navy or white Short Sleeve S M L XL	\$36.00
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Wide Brimmed Canvas Hats – Small only	\$35.00
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Books

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



NEWSLETTER DEADLINE

The next *SASC News* will be the June 2018 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Friday 26 May 2018. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are also very welcome.



During recent electrical work at the Club, several dusty boxes of photographs were found on a shelf in the office storeroom. Amongst the boxes was one containing 12 glass plate negatives mostly dating from the 1920s with the earliest 1899. One of the photos is reproduced above. It appears to be *June Bird* which was owned by Cliff Gale between 1922 and 1928. She is flying a Flag Officer's burgee with two balls which would date the photograph to 1925 or 1926 when Cliff was Captain.

The rank of Captain was replaced by Rear Commodore in 1927

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