



SASC NEWS

The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



August 2018

SYDNEY AMATEUR SAILING CLUB

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Racing Secretary	Alice Murphy

Cover:

Cockle Bay
packed with boats
for the 2018 Syd-
ney Boat Show
(Photo John Jeremy)

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COMING EVENTS

August 2018

SATURDAY 18 & 25 AUGUST 2018

Equipment Audits and Fire Extinguisher Service

THURSDAY 23 & TUESDAY 28 AUGUST 2018

Compulsory Skippers' briefing at the Club

SATURDAY 1 SEPTEMBER 2018

Lion Island Race

SATURDAY 8 SEPTEMBER 2018

Opening Day Regatta and first Spring point score race, all divisions

SATURDAY 15 SEPTEMBER 2018

Point score race for Classic Divisions and Mixed Fleet Division

SUNDAY 16 SEPTEMBER 2018

Ranger & Couta Sprints

SATURDAY 22 SEPTEMBER 2018

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

SUNDAY 23 SEPTEMBER 2018

First race for Sunday Classics and Sunday non-spinnaker divisions

SATURDAY 29 SEPTEMBER 2018

Idle Hour Race

SATURDAY 6 OCTOBER 2018

Cruiser Racer Fleet Lady Helm Race. Super 30s at MHYC for windward/leeward series. Point score race for Classic Divisions and Cavalier 28 Division

FRIDAY 12 OCTOBER 2018

First Friday Twilight Race (early start at 1730)

SAFETY REQUIREMENTS 2018–2019 SEASON

EQUIPMENT AUDITS AND EXTINGUISHER SERVICE AT THE CLUB

Saturday 18 August 2018

Saturday 25 August 2018

Ring the Club for a booking

NEED THE TENDER?

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

Sat: 0900-1800
Sun: 0900-1800

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



SIGNALS FROM THE COMMODORE

Now I know it's a line that I may have used before, but, following the extraordinary efforts of the small but dedicated teams of volunteers who have given so much of their time to our working bees over the last few weekends, I will say it again "Never was so much owed, by so many, to so few!"

And yes, I am paraphrasing Winston Churchill after the Battle of Britain, but given the benefits enjoyed by all members in terms of improved and better club facilities, we all owe a great deal of gratitude to those members who quite literally, and quite unselfishly, shed their own blood, sweat and tears for the greater good of us all.

It easy to take much of what has been done at the club for granted — for many members it just happens and the result is there to be taken advantage of — but is revealing, when one looks back over our work list, just how much has been achieved over the past five or so years through our own efforts — and how much those volunteer efforts have contributed to the club's healthy financial position at present.

Let's start with the Green Shed. In 2013 it was largely derelict with its deck in danger of collapse. Through our own efforts over the following few years, we repaired and replaced its piles, replaced the heavy under-deck support beams and re-decked the entire wharf. We fabricated new dinghy racks, created a new work area for members, re-wired and re-plumbed the shed, fitted new hinges to the pontoon ramps and replaced the ramp timbers. We repaired much of the rotted timber floor, fabricated and fitted new sliding doors and repainted the exterior.

The result has been a valuable facility which enables members to work on their vessels in a protected corner of the bay — but one which also now more than pays its way and contributes to club revenue.

And then there is the slipway. Over the same period we have replaced the slipway rails, sourced, purchased and installed new slipway winches, fabricated new winch houses, re-wired the slipway, demolished and removed the old cradles and installed a new, more flexible, cradle system — designed and fabricated in-house. We also managed to construct and install a new tender crane and repaired and refurbished the existing mast crane.

At the main clubhouse we have carried out significant repairs to the underdeck structure as well as the clubhouse foundations and brickwork. By the end of this month we will have completed the renewal, repair and extension of the wharf area and deck. Meantime we have run new computer and communication cables under the club, fitted new floodlights and painted and repaired the exterior of the building, fitted new flag poles, re-screwed all the boatshed floorboards, sand blasted and painted the pontoon steelwork.



The external quotes we received just for the re-decking the clubhouse wharf and replacing the slipway cradle would have, alone, exhausted out current cash reserves.

Volunteers have also been busy ensuring that our boats, which are crucial to the operation of our club, are in good working order. The engine and gearbox of *Nancy K* have been replaced. The hull of *Jack Millard* was repaired and painted and the floor replaced. Rubbing strips and cleats were also fitted. Our flagship, *Captain Amora*, through the quite extraordinary above-and-beyond commitment of Ian Anstee, Mike Warner and John Pennefather has been rewired, repainted and refurbished to the highest standard.

We are indeed fortunate that all this work has been led by our in-house Engineering Department, Trevor Cosh. Coshy not only designs, engineers and fabricates most of our physical infrastructure, but oversees, plans and orchestrates our working bees, which requires a great deal of preparation and organisation. That our working bees have achieved so much, is largely due to his leadership and patience with some of us less-than-handy volunteers.

In between our larger, organised efforts, there is a bunch of volunteers, who seek no recognition, but go about making sure the dinghies are in good order, padlocks are oiled, lights are working, floor boards are screwed down, navigation lights replaced and a hundred other small but crucial items are attended to.

We are a small outfit, of just under 400 members, when compared to our bigger brothers like the Cruising Yacht Club and the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron with their 2500 plus membership lists, but I still think we can all be justly proud of the Amateurs and all that it entails — including the working bees!

So next time you find yourself having a quite post-race drink back at the club, please raise a glass to the few who contribute so much for the many.

Mosman Bay on a quiet Sunday afternoon in July

Bruce Dover



SASC PRIZEGIVING 2018



Photos John Jeremy

The weather for the prizegiving on 29 June was absolutely perfect and a large crowd enjoyed the winter sunshine, good food and good company. As usual the trophies gleamed in the sun for all to admire before the presentations, which began at noon



Dark glasses seemed to be the 'rig of the day' — the Commodore had good reason to wear them, perhaps everyone else simply followed his lead



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.....and then there was the usual magnificent buffet lunch





Fred Bevis and the crew of *Warana* — winners of the Kelly Cup for 2018

SKYLARKING

Sailing into the Blue

by
Martin van der
Wal

Sometimes the gods smile, I like to think it was Poseidon himself in this case. For it was at the Spetses Panerai Regatta hosted by the Poseidonion Grand Hotel that these events unfolded. As a sailor fresh from the Regattas at Antibes and Argenterio, Spetses was the next on the list. I had a story there which I knew would find a ready audience in Australia where I hail from. That, however, is not this story. This story came by chance. A glance at her and I was in love. Piratical was the adjective most used about her. “Fred Shepherd” I remarked to the woman beside me, “Johnny Depp”; she fired straight back!

The Japanese have a wonderful term ‘WabiSabi’— it describes a thing of utilitarian beauty made more romantic by visible signs of usage and age. She oozed with it, a rakish charm, that of a lofty topmast schooner over a hundred feet overall. The distinctive Shepherd stem, no exaggeration in her sweeping sheer, perfect counter. I had to get to know her! Photographs were taken as I swept past on the chase boat for the other story. I did a double take, one bronzed half-naked man with grey flowing locks and permanently lip-clamped rollo on the helm and three lithe young crew-members wearing as little as possible were taking this boat into battle on the start line. *Puritan*, the other large schooner in the race, had an impeccably attired crew, upwards of fourteen! Surely the rest of the crew would tumble up from down below at any minute. No — just did not happen! Foretopsails smartly hoisted she bore away across the line.

Puritan on the
start line

Photos Martin van der Wal





Coral of Cowes

At the after race gathering I spotted the gang, introduced myself, and quickly found myself inducted as crew member number four. Fresh from over a month's short-handed crewing on *Morwenna* (Linton Hope 1914, a very traditional topsail schooner of 55 feet), during the previous two Regattas the learning curve was not too steep. The sheer size of everything was, however, daunting. *Coral of Cowes* flew nearly 7,500 square feet of working sail, add a 4,000 square foot flying jib to the mix, plus the fact that all halyards were a swigging job, all sheets manually winched, while backstays finished in double multipart tackles and you're getting the picture. Now I have to admit that I am not in the first flush of youth. After a day swigging halyards, tacking and gybing three headsails, fore and after mains, foremast topsail re-hoist on each leg, two sets of running backstays, not to mention handling the monster flier I was knackered. The other three crew members however were inexhaustible. Belgian French in their early twenties they had dropped anchor in their forty-four foot steel Colin Archer not far from *Coral of Cowes* at her home anchorage of Souda Bay, Crete, just the week before. Rapidly they had convinced Captain Hugh Roberts, over a shared bottle or two, that he needed to be racing at Spetses. A last minute entry, they had arrived the day before the Regatta, dropping the anchor under sail. Leaving main and main-top up, she swung gently into place just off the foreshore.

It was when she neatly sailed off her anchor the first morning of the

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racing, completed her first race and dropped her anchor under sail again that the trouble began. A complaint was put to the race committee that all these manoeuvres could not possibly be carried out safely on a boat this size with a crew of three — despite the fact that all the manoeuvres had gone without a hitch. The committee did not say who had complained, but it obviously upset Hugh and his young crew. Might be why I found myself learning *Coral's* ropes as the fourth crew member the very next day.

What might not have been obvious to the outsider was that each one of these young people were worth three ordinary sailors, indefatigable, fearless, highly skilled, constantly searching for best trim and always checking every part of this large complex machine in readiness for the next manoeuvre. This was all coupled with unquenchable good humour, high spirits and a tendency to break into song of the Edith Piaf variety at the drop of a hat. They had been taken up as troubled teenagers by the wonderful 'Association les Amis de Juedi-Dimanche' in Brittany. Fram, Nemo, and Kem (yes, real names) had cut their sailing teeth with repeated annual voyages up into the Arctic Circle on *Belle Espoir II*, a three-masted ship. Trained in all aspects of traditional seamanship they had never looked back. Sea washed and wind driven, hard schooled, thoughtfully spoken, they commanded instant respect despite their youth. They had been at sea for six months sailing *Hetboot* from Belgium to Greece before they dropped anchor alongside *Coral* in Crete. *Coral's* owner Captain Hugh Roberts, whose lifetimes worth of exploits on land, sea, and air included taking the 1899 pilot cutter

Hydration for the crew



Carlotta down to the South Georgia Islands for a lark in the 1960s, believed they were the best crew he had ever shipped with. Certainly the best crew I have ever shipped with.

Our weather-beaten schooner did not cover herself with glory by winning on the race track, but she did become something of a legend. Her bare-bones crew, piratical air, and tough-as-nails sailing skillset were a constant source of comment. Four crew members hoisting and lowering one thousand square feet of flying jib, while tending multiple sheets, backstays, and topsails on every gybe and tack made the crew complement on other boats look positively bloated. Although light airs prevailed every race day many a cautious hand was laid on the backstays during the puffs, such was the pressure exerted by the acres of running sail. It was a demonstration of old school sailing which drew admiring looks from every sailor who understood the forces at work and the effort required.

Racing being sponsored by Moet, Grey Goose, and Porsche, the after-parties were memorable affairs. A relaxed Greek vibe permeated the warm thyme-scented air, as long evenings graduated into bright moonlit nights. The unseasonably 40°+ C sailing days created camaraderie amongst those of us lucky enough to breeze past security wearing our magic wristbands. Tourist season had not quite started so the island felt like ours to enjoy. Five star was the Poseidonion Grand's style, nobody complained, as free vodka, champagne and Greek delicacies went down a treat. A gangly spike-haired blonde solipsistically dancing in a corner caught my eye, a touch of Notting Hill Gate, kinda out of

At last, a good breeze



place amongst the chino's, casually draped linen dresses and Hermes scarfs. The final party was a classic. Spit-roasted lamb, pita bread, and unlimited beer to be dug out of ice-filled wooden dinghies pulled up on the shore-line of a palm fringed beach.

“Hold this!” A nudge on my elbow — half turning, I had a beer thrust into my spare hand as spiky blonde tried to achieve with two hands what she had spectacularly failed to achieve with one. Eat the huge chunk of dripping lamb that hung skew whiff from its pita pocket. She was all of nineteen and had obviously picked me as a safe fatherly bet to rescue her from her precarious predicament. Not that I minded. The lamb stood no chance as she wolfed it down, took a long swig on the proffered beer, and extended a greasy hand. “Bambi! That’s what they call me!” Captain Hugh drifted across, introductions were made, I turned away to chat with my ship-mates. “Hey, you coming to Crete with us tomorrow?” — “Sounds like a plan!” — “Hey Hugh, Martin’s coming to Crete!” — “That’s great Martin, see you usual place at 9 in the morning.”

It was my last climb, past howling dogs, cold eyed cats, moon-shadowed doorways, high up to my AirBnB eyrie with its sweeping views out to Hydra. Early next morning, Spiro, my host, slung my pack onto his scooter and we hurtled precipitously downwards over ancient cobblestones, twisting lanes, deposited *gri gora* at the waterfront. ‘Philoxenia,’ that wonderful Greek tradition of kindness to strangers.

Kem warms up



Coral of Cowes had her anchor ‘up and down’ by the time I boarded. We were off — a land breeze wafted us away from the ancient sea-wall. Three headsails, fore-main and foretop’s all needed swigging up — masts over 100 feet high made it an all-hands effort. Long, lithe arms came over my shoulder, “Bambi! Hi! You coming for the ride too?” — Breathless full body swig on the flying jib halyard — “You betcha — wouldn’t miss a ride on *Coral*, she is the best.” She might have had a couple of *Vogue* covers under her gamin young belt, but leant into the work with a will, my misgivings about being stuck on a boat with an ‘ornament’ evaporated; a well experienced sailor. We were a polyglot crew, thrown together by Central Casting. What we had in common was the willingness to go wherever the wind took us. Prepared to take whatever came as our course was laid and sails sheeted home. Every one of us instinctively understood that, with Captain

Hugh at the helm, *Coral of Cowes* (Fred Shepherd 1902) beneath our bare-feet, Homeric Peloponnese coastline thickly hazed to starboard, this was IT! Landmark moment — touchstone timing.

Every now and then worlds collide. Amongst the headline grabbing collisions of cultures and religions, the ever present collision of the world of the child and that of the adult is so commonplace to almost pass unnoticed. It did not pass unnoticed in Patrick O’Brian’s writings. His little squeakers and pimply Mids inhabit a realm seething with the tensions of regimentation as exercised on youthful exuberance. Who can forget the squeals of delight coming from the tops as they skylark, far above the Bosun’s bellow, swinging from stay to stay like a pack of young monkeys. Captain Jack Aubrey himself is not above racing a Rear Admiral to the royals to finish with a smoking slide down the backstays landing with a thump on the quarterdeck. A sailor for whom the child within was never fully repressed. A gleeful recklessness tempered by a modicum of experience but ultimately allowed its rightful place in the sun. Here in the early 21st century can it still be true? A world of regimentation by insurance obligations, safety regulations, and peer pressure. Does the child within each of us stand a chance as we prepare the checklists and passage plans of our lives? Everything is a known quantity, well charted, documented and described beforehand. A thicket of clichés. What in the world of ‘play’ is left to us?

Bambi at play

The ship was tight, we were all sailors. My skill-set fell woefully behind those for whom the sea had been their life. If I kept my wits about me I could just keep up. We glided with barely a ripple over a heat-flattened Argolic Gulf. Temperatures had been climbing daily, high 40s becoming the norm. We gathered, lounging in shade, stripped almost bare. The Laconian coast-line dribbled past, shrouded in a shimmering pale miasma. We were alone, hours went by, no sign of another living thing on desolate shore or shining sea. A peculiar hot-house resonance knitted our collective dreams into a singular open heartedness. Low voiced conversation interspersed the exclamations about the heat. Shipmates unveiled extraordinary back stories, hinting at dark episodes acting as catalysts for taking the road less trodden. Messy lives described with wry humour, lived on the edge, disdainful of the mundane. Random tragedies and ugly events had been transmuted into a fiery wilfulness to take life





Skylarking Fram

by the throat and wring a meaning out it. The inner child had dug in its heels. Stifle *me* with the pursuit of ordinary? You'd better watch out.

Hugh and I had taken the graveyard watch, letting the young ones sprawl, more in a heat coma, than sleep. Hugh wanted to see us safely through the traffic zones clustering the tragic Cape Malea. A clear starlit night saw a multi-stranded stream of large vessels rounding the Cape. Binoculars rarely left my eyes, swinging nav. lights and changing compass bearings. A five storey cruise ship, ablaze in light, swept past at 20 knots not half a mile away. A course was plotted between two container ships on their way to Turkey. And what exactly was that fishing boat doing going around in circles? By dawn we were through, the helm handed to the morning watch.

Re-emerging at eight bells the wind was a brisk westerly on the beam with a lively quartering sea, Bambi on the helm, Nemo by her side. The two women had formed a very strong bond. Bambi had whispered to me, "I think I am in love!" Nemo was the very soul of exuberant, wild at heart, smoke-throated songstress. Piaf in looks and in voice, tireless, powerful, tragic, extraordinary. Later that day our destination approached on a dying breeze, the Cretan coastline slipped slowly past to starboard. It was a song, marshalled by Nemo, joined in with fine passion by Fram and Kem, that conjured the closing scenes of this memorable voyage. Jacques Brel's signature anthem — *Quand on n'a que l'amour*, (When Love is All you Have'). Powerful voices thrown to the wind over serried crimson-tinged wave crests, low angled light reflecting, looming blood-red cliffs a biscuit's toss away.

Fram sidled up to me, “Take photos! I want Hugh to remember this.” He had changed into *Coral’s* crew shirt with its large No.3 emblazoned on the back. Two backflips and a handstand; a shout “Playtime!” Fram, Nemo, and Kem scampered, using the entire ship like a Cirque du Soleil prop, skylarking on the peak halyards, tripping along the gaffs, traipsing on the triatic. All this, over one hundred feet in the air! Gleeful, mischievous Bambi joined the fun on the ratlines. Hugh, smiling drolly, rolled another smoke, arm draped across the wheel. I kept shooting. Laughter and chatter, snatches of song, drifting down from on high. Nothing special, sailors had made the rigging their home for thousands of years — the dismal din of the internal combustion engine ended all that. Choking fumes replaced pure sea air, black grunge invaded pristine shorelines, the paradigm shifted. Sailors became early adopters of the oil-slicked slope our entire species now slides helplessly, head-long, down.

Destination reached, dusk, anchor down, our Belgian friends happy to see *Hetboot* again. A meal ashore; we sit in a beachside taverna watching F16s landing at the nearby NATO airbase. Our tight-knit Argosy; the redolent old world charm of our fable-loaded schooner, Captain Hugh’s cheerful, patient world-weariness, the racing, the cruising, singing, story-telling, sky-larking, the blinding heat, all conspired to make our hugged farewells the next morning awkwardly poignant. Our play was over.

The intact Edwardian interior of 1902 *Coral* of Cowes



ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING



Photos John Jeremy

At the AGM —
 Captain Chris Manion, Hon. Secretary David Salter, Commodore Bruce Dover, Vice Commodore Sean Kelly, Rear Commodore Peter Scott and Hon. Treasurer Greg Sproule

The Annual General Meeting of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club was held on Wednesday 1 August. Attended by forty one members, the meeting dealt with the usual business including the approval of the annual accounts.

After welcoming the new members present, the Commodore reported on another successful year for the Club. In particular, he paid tribute to the many volunteers who had put a tremendous effort into works around the Club, in particular the major repairs to the wharf (which were on-going) and the excellent refit of the starter's boat Captain Amora. Their work saved the Club many thousands of dollars, and without voluntary effort of that nature the Club would not enjoy its present favourable financial position with substantial reserves. He also outlined the work of the Club's committees, in particular that of the Membership Committee which was working on ideas to increase the membership to secure the Club's future.

The Vice and Rear Commodores, the Captain and Treasurer also reported to the meeting on their areas of responsibility.

This year saw the retirement of Greg Sproule as Honorary Treasurer and the Commodore paid tribute to his work on the Club's financial affairs. Marni Raprager was also not seeking re-election and the Commodore acknowledged her contribution to the Board and her ground work on the new web site which was now up and running.



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The number of nominations for the Board equalled the number of vacancies and no election was required. The Board for 2018–19 comprises: Commodore Bruce Dover, Vice Commodore Sean Kelly, Rear Commodore Peter Scott, Captain Chris Manion, Hon. Treasurer Charles Davis and Hon. Secretary David Salter. Directors are Trevor Cosh, John Crawford, Maurie Evans, John Jeremy, Tom Moulton, Antony Price, Herschel Smith and John Sturrock. Liam Timms also continues on the Board as Immediate Past Commodore.



The 2018 Annual General Meeting

FLAG OFFICERS DINNER

“A Night in Italy”



The annual Flag Officers' Dinner will be held at the Club on Friday 14 September 2018 at 1900 for a 1930 start. This is a special opportunity for us to celebrate a new season of sailing and entertain our friends and neighbours in our beautiful clubhouse on Mosman Bay.

The cost will be \$75 per head (including GST) and bookings are essential — call Megan or Judy at the Club before Friday 7 September.

SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW BOATS?

August 2018

Following the Annual General Meeting on 1 August, David Salter conducted a five-part nautical knowledge quiz for the amusement of the members present. For those who could not attend, here are the questions. (The answers are on page 41. No Googling, No peeking!)

A. SASC History

1. What was Southerly's profession before he retired?
2. How many steps are there from Green Street down to the SASC?
3. For what crime was Captain Amora, our first Commodore, sentenced to two years hard labour?
4. What is the official name of the urinal in the Green Shed?
5. In what year did the club acquire the current boatshed and clubhouse buildings?
6. What make is the new engine in the *Nancy K*?
7. Which former Commodore of the club also owned a newspaper?
8. What was the hull material of the famous SASC yacht *Tara-Ipo*?
9. In what year were Joshua Slocum and *Spray* the guests of The Amateurs?
10. To what maximum safe working load is the mast crane rated?

B. The Rules

1. What does Code Flag M signify (white diagonal cross on a blue ground)?
2. In the RRS abbreviations, what does 'DNE' denote?
3. At what distance from a racing yacht does an object become an obstruction?
4. What is the maximum allowable *wet* weight of clothing and equipment worn by a crew member (excluding a hiking or trapeze harness, and excluding footwear)?
5. How much of the boat must cross the finishing line to be deemed as having finished?
6. How long after the signal for a general recall is the warning signal for a new start sounded?
7. Nominate a circumstance in which a protesting boat need *not* display a red flag.
8. When is the only time that it is legal to use two spinnaker poles at the *same time*?
9. What is our obligation under Rule 1.1 — the most fundamental of all rules?
10. Under the SASC General Sailing Instructions, what is the deadline for lodging protests?

C. America's Cup

1. How many times has the trophy now known as the America's Cup been contested in Europe?
2. Australia's forgotten America's Cup yacht is KA4 *Southern Cross*. She challenged in 1974. Who built her?
3. Who skippered the only intending America's Cup challenger to sink during the elimination racing?
4. How many races did *Advance* win during the entire challenger elimination series in 1983?
5. Who was the first Australian yacht designer asked to consider lines for an America's Cup challenger?

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6. Who was the skipper of the Australian challenger in the 1977 America's Cup?
 7. There are normally 11 crew in a 12-metre. Numbered from bow to stern, who was No.1 on *Gretel* in the 1962 challenge?
 8. Which was the largest yacht to contest or defend the America's Cup?
 9. Who designed the 12m *Weatherly*?
 10. How many times did Sir Thomas Lipton challenge for the Cup?

D. Sydney-Hobart

1. At what clock time did the first Sydney-Hobart Race start?
2. What was the hull material of the 1965 line-honours winner *Stormvogel*?
3. *Rothmans* was the first yacht over the line in 1990 but was disqualified from the line-honours trophy. Why?
4. 1984 saw the first fatality in the Sydney-Hobart caused by a mishap at sea. From which yacht was the man lost?
5. Which yacht won overall in the 1985 Sydney-Hobart?
6. To which port did the Royal Navy submarine HMS *Trump* tow *Lolita* after she was rolled and then dismantled in the 1963 race?
7. In 1982 *Condor* and *Apollo* fought out an incredibly close finish off Battery Point. What was the final winning margin?
8. In the mid-1930s the legendary Stan Darling's employers transferred him from his native Tasmania to Sydney, where his sailing career flourished. Who was he working for?
9. Which SASC member owns and races a yacht with exactly the same dimensions as a double Sydney Hobart-winner?
10. How many yachts started the 50th anniversary Sydney-Hobart in 1994?

E. Assorted nautical trivia

1. In the international yacht measurement system, what letter denotes the length of the mainsail hoist?
2. What was unique about the New York Yacht Club's invitation to Bus Mosbacher to become a member after the 1962 America's Cup defence?
3. Where on a mast would you expect to find the 'truck'?
4. What type of yacht racing is controlled by the body whose acronym is ORMA?
5. In the process of 'serving', 'parcelling', 'worming' or 'marling' a laid rope, which process would come first?
6. Which boat in the victorious 1979 Admiral's Cup team did Jim Hardy helm?
7. Which was the first SASC registered yacht to compete in the Sydney-Hobart?
8. At what town in the US was the Herreschoff boat-building and design company situated?
9. What nation does a yacht bearing the international abbreviation 'AUT' on its mainsail represent?
10. Admiral Horatio Nelson famously had an arm shot off in battle. Which arm was it?

EQUIPMENT AUDITS

August 2018

A message from the Club Captain

As you would be aware it will soon be time for your annual Equipment Audit. An updated Audit is required to enable you to participate in any form of racing at the Amateurs or, for that matter, at any other club in Australia. Copies of the new Special Regulations Audit Forms are available on the web site.

You need to book a time for your audit with the Office for Saturday 18 or 25 August. If you cannot make either of the specified Saturdays, you will need to make your own arrangements with one of the Club's auditors. Remember that they are volunteers and it is at their discretion when and where they will conduct an audit of your vessel.

Fire extinguishers will also be inspected on 18 and 25 August between 8 am and 2 pm. You can leave your extinguishers at the Club from Saturday 11 August clearly marked with your boat name or bring them on the day of your audit.

During the Audit you might be required to:

1. Demonstrate that your bilge pumps work and that you are capable of locating and clearing the strum boxes.
2. Demonstrate how you will secure your anchor rode to a strong point on the vessel.
3. Demonstrate how you will turn off the fuel shut-off valve.
4. If you intend to compete in the Twilight Races, you must demonstrate that your navigation lights are working.
5. If you carry flares on board, you will be required to demonstrate that you know how to use them — without having to read through the instructions first.
6. You are required to have a copy of the Special Regulations 2017–2020 on board your vessel — either an electronic version or a hard copy .

The emphasis again this year is not on just having the appropriate safety equipment on board, *but demonstrating that you know how to use it*. If you don't know, the Auditors will likely decline to sign off on your Audit.

Presentation of a Boat for Inspection process:

- Boat owners should obtain an Equipment Compliance form from the Club or download one from the web prior to the inspection.
- The owner or his representative should carry out an initial inspection and tick/sign the appropriate box — making sure to check expiry dates and quality of equipment, as well as identifying the location of equipment that may be asked to be presented during the inspection.
- Boat owners should make a firm appointment for an audit and they should be punctual.
- Necessary equipment should be laid out ready for inspection, including copies of service certificates and any additional safety documentation; i.e. stowage plans, EPIRB registration, Life Raft Service Certificates, PFD Service Certificates. (Cat 1 and 2 inspections — owners should have a copy of these certificates on hand to submit to the auditor as a part of the inspection paperwork).

SASC NEWS

- The skipper and knowledgeable crew member should be on board during the inspection.
- The owner's Australian Sailing number and vessel registration details shall be made available to the Auditor or the Equipment Compliance form cannot be completed.

Equipment Layout for Inspection:

All items required for safety inspection should be laid out prior to the Auditor coming on board. Prior preparation will significantly reduce the time taken to complete the inspection.

- Storm boards ready to be put in place.
- Sea cocks and plugs exposed, not hidden by equipment.
- Know the water and fuel capacity of your tanks.
- Fire extinguishers taken from brackets so date tags can be sighted.
- First Aid kits open and items with use by dates on the top so that expiry date can be checked.
- Publications and charts on chart table.
- Emergency navigation lights with batteries fitted.
- PFD's, harnesses, tethers and flares laid out.
- Radio installation inspection certificate.
- Life Raft Certificate.
- Jackstays rigged.
- Lifelines tightened.

After the Inspection:

It is the owner's responsibility to ensure that the boat continues to comply in every respect with the category in which the boat is competing. Owners should remain familiar with the Australian Sailing Special Regulations and ensure that all equipment remains on the boat, is kept in good working order and that equipment is replaced or repaired as necessary.

The onus is NOT on the race organisers, the Club or the Equipment Auditors to perform ongoing checks or to confirm compliance. The responsibility remains with the boat owner — the audit only verifies that the equipment is on board at the time of the inspection.

Finally, just because you pass your audit, does not let you off the hook — morally or legally. Clause 1.02.1 of the Special Regulations states:

The safety of a boat and her crew is the sole and inescapable responsibility of the person in charge who shall do their best to ensure that the boat is fully found, thoroughly seaworthy and manned by an experienced crew who have undergone appropriate training and are physically fit to face bad weather. He must be satisfied as to the soundness of hull, spars, rigging, sails and all gear. He shall ensure that all safety equipment is properly maintained and stowed and that the crew know where it is kept and how it is to be used.

Chris Manion

CYCA SOLAS TRUSTS DINNER

FRIDAY 21 SEPTEMBER 2018



David Kellett AM, Chairman of the CYCA SOLAS TRUSTS extends an invitation to all CYCA and RSYS members, Ocean Racers and Guests to attend an evening in support of the CYCA Safety of Life at Sea Trusts

Guest Speaker Commander Marc Pavillard.

Commander Marc Pavillard RAN was an instrumental figure in the rescue of sailors in the 1998 Sydney to Hobart Yacht Race, saving many lives as the winch co-ordinator in the Royal Australian Navy helicopter. Being 20 years since the race, Marc is a fitting guest Speaker.

This dinner is the major fund-raising event for the Trusts each year and during the course of the evening a silent auction will be held with a range of quality items available on which to bid.

The CYCA SOLAS TRUSTS have granted \$1.5 million to search and rescue services around Australia.



\$125 per person

Includes pre-dinner drinks,
three course meal and wine

**Location: Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron
Peel Street, Kirribilli.**

Time: 19.00 for 19:30
Dress Code: Lounge Suit

RSVP: By 17th September 2018

Bookings at: reception@cyca.com.au (02) 8292 7800

WINTER SUNDAY LUNCH



Photos John Jeremy

On 18 June members and guests enjoyed a magnificent paella lunch at the clubhouse. It is hoped that lunches like this will become a regular event at the Club



Numbers at these lunches are limited to fifty. The next lunch is planned for 19 August

WINTER RACING

August 2018

The Combined Clubs Winter Series conducted by the SASC, RSYS, RANSA and MHYC, with the assistance of volunteers from the RPEYC, was a great success with 102 boats entered in the whole event with 95 entered in the SASC series. The large number of boats sailing each Saturday provided a Sydney Harbour spectacle. The series enjoyed the usual winter combination of alternative light winds or fresh breezes, mostly in Sydney winter sunshine. One race was abandoned due to the weather.

The program provided competitors with a choice of three point score series — a six-race SASC series, a 12-race RSYS series or the 15-race RANSA series. The SASC series concluded on Saturday 28 July. It was a fine and sunny day but the wind was a reluctant starter. A long postponement had everyone enjoying the sunshine before a light northerly enabled a two-leg course to be completed after a very late start. Congratulations to the place getters in the series:

CLASSIC DIVISION

First: *Vanity*
Second: *Fagel Grip*
Third: *Hoana*

SUPER 30

First: *Clewless?*
Second: *Very Tasty*
Third: *Sigurd*

DIVISION 1

First: *Erica*
Second: *No Friends*
Third: *Stormaway*

DIVISION 2

First: *Moonbeam*
Second: *Silky*
Third: *Alouette*

DIVISION 3

First: *Gotcha*
Second: *Black Diamond Bay*
Third: *Tingari*

NON SPINNAKER

First: *Basilisk*
Second: *Grendel*
Third: *A-BUS*

CITATION EXPLORES NZ AND HEADS TO TONGA

by
Cat Sturrock

Picking up on the passage diaries of Citation following her arrival in Opuia, NZ after departing from Sydney via Lord Howe Island.

It was refreshing to be back in the ‘real world’ — that is, a relatively enabled, connected and accessible marina at Opuia, NZ. After our weeks at Lord Howe Island, we once again had access to reliable internet, phone reception and an abundance of relatively cheap food and drink, whether it be from the local general store or a short taxi ride into town. It was a tad overwhelming and our first couple of weeks after clearing into New Zealand were a blur of boat work and weaning ourselves off ‘island time’. Between cheap marina rates, *Citation*’s dire need of attention and a thriving boating atmosphere, thrilled with a tax-exempt status we got to work efficiently ticking off as many jobs as we could in the least amount of time. However the muddy skirt thickening on our waterline and the tantalising tales of cruising we encountered from new marina friends got us itching to explore the cruising playground we had arrived in, and as soon as we could, we set off again for clearer waters.

We spent a day reprovisioning by dinghy off the town of Paihia before hopping across the water to the historic township of Russell, simply to meander through the old town and relive memories whilst grabbing a drink at the iconic Duke of Marlborough. From there we

Citation at anchor
off Motorua in the
Bay of Islands

Photos courtesy Cat Sturrock



wound around the corner to our first ‘true’ anchorage amongst the 144 islands of the bay and were pleasantly rewarded along the way with impressive acrobatic dolphins followed by stunning ice-blue waters, sandy beaches, grassy hills and waterfront caves to explore off Motorua Island. It didn’t take long to realise just how good our new anchorage was, as we were soon joined by several day charter vessels basking in the late summer weather. There was plenty of room for everyone though, and we entertained ourselves diving into caves, searching for fish, private beaches and new lookouts until the sun dipped behind the hills. Unfortunately, it didn’t return the next day and in its place the steady drizzle and persistent cloud cover foretold of the next major storm coming our way. Starting to consider ourselves a cyclone-magnet after waiting firstly for Fehi to pass prior to leaving Sydney, then Gita delaying our onward journey from Lord Howe Island, and now Hola due to pass much too close for comfort, we opted to return well upriver to the marina to wait out Hola, accompanied by the creature comforts of hot showers and a marina lounge.

During the day of rain and swirling gusts that marked Hola’s passing, we plotted our course for the NZ coast and further afield, shortening our grand cruising plans from French Polynesia to the Cook Islands in favour of spending more time in each island nation which followed. Once the storm had passed without event for us (we later learnt just how well protected we were so far upriver) we set out to move southwards

Arriving in Auckland Harbour



to Auckland where we could meet my sister on her brief work trip to our old home town. A few beautiful anchorages, sunsets and great fishing later we arrived early into the big city, our first via water, in a rush to get into our planned marina berth and around the corner to the bustling race village. Through my sister's work, a key sponsor of the Volvo Ocean Race that was in Auckland at the time, we had been invited out for a sail on what we thought was their accompanying, in-port high performance catamarans. However after docking and a hybrid jog-power walk through to the MAPFRE team stand, we arrived just in time to discover that Helly Hansen Australia had set us up with a ride on the VO65, *MAPFRE*, herself.

The remainder of the day was surreal, escorted through the exhibition-hall-come-sail-loft we were treated to breakfast canapes and dressed in team gear before jumping onto a high performance Volvo RIB from which we clambered aboard *MAPFRE* in the middle of Waitemata Harbour. Cruising past Sky Tower and Auckland Harbour Bridge in light airs, we were given a tour of the spartan living quarters by local sailor, Blair Tuke before we settled into the race. Despite it being intended as a friendly, promotional race for the sponsors, there was obvious pride at stake for each of the skeleton crews aboard the six futuristic speed machines gracing the harbour. A less than ideal start to the first of the two sausage legs meant that *Brunel* took the lead and, in front of only *Scallywag*, the atmosphere aboard became serious. The majority of the new crew were sent forward to better balance the boat and get the most out of the six knots of breeze that we could. I had jumped on the coffee grinder pairing with Ñeti (Spanish sailor, Antonio Cuervas-Mons) as Blair called sail trim to us to maximise our performance. Slowly but surely we gained on other yachts, relatively flying in the minimal wind that was to be had, eventually overtaking *AkzoNobel* but remaining just

MAPFRE under sail at Auckland



out of the podium for the race. Steering briefly on the final downwind leg, the day didn't get any less surreal, feeling the lightness and responsiveness of the incredible feat of engineering beneath our feet was inspiring. Race Two we watched from the padded comfort of the high speed RIB, soaring back and forth across the course, secretly racing the other team's RIBs (and winning) as *MAPFRE* was managing to mirror us under sail at the time. In the end *Brunel* stole the lead from *MAPFRE*, once again triumphing after a slow mark rounding, but in all a great day was had on the water. The festivities continued ashore, interacting with the sailors over prize giving and a late lunch.

From Auckland our next cruising ground was

Great Barrier Island, where the fishing was altogether ridiculous. We became loathe to cast or drop a hand line over the side for the effort required to throw back the fish that would surely hook up in under a minute. We were spoilt with tasty snapper and striking kingfish, and became inventive with recipes for the substantial Kahawai that were more prevalent than sheep. We paddled up freshwater creeks, climbed islands of rock, explored thermal pools and shoreside smokehouses, slipped and slid down steep muddy mountain paths, sourced rich Manuka



An advisory sign on the way to the thermal pools

honey from locals and held our breath as 10 foot bronze whalers drifted lazily in and out of view beside *Citation* at anchor. Among the bays of Great Barrier we found friends old and new, and remarkably another sistership, this time a Formosa-Peterson 46, *Blithe Spirit*, which had cruised over from Tasmania just a few months earlier. (We had spotted another Kelly-Peterson 44, *Argonauta*, in Auckland as well.)

Finally, it was time to prepare for our next ocean crossing. By this stage we had discussed and debated, researching all that we could and talking with many of our new friends, ultimately deciding to shorten our leg even further by heading directly to Tonga, a little island nation that we hadn't even put a lot of thought into visiting at all until that

The view from Great Barrier Island



SASC NEWS

point. We ended up departing from Whangarei, in part due to the incredible accessibility that the town basin marina offered for parts and provisioning (and where we encountered yet another Kelly-Peterson 46, *The Rose*). Sailing on a broad reach we were able to follow the picturesque NZ coastline for quite some time before gybing away and heading eastwards to the fabled Minerva Reef and beyond that, the warm waters of Tonga — each day getting warmer and more appealing than the last.

Once again we had decent seas and 20–30 knots of wind off our quarter or beam for much of the passage, and despite *Citation* handling it beautifully, once more achieving an average of 170 n miles each day, we were relieved to stop off at the mid-ocean reef for a couple of days of exploring. Our original intention had been to stop at the Southern Reef as here we had received advice on where to look for the fabled lobsters that other cruisers ‘filled their freezers’ with. However at 2 am it was impractical to try and enter the reef so we altered course for North Minerva Reef. Arriving at 8 am, we managed to hook up an impressively sized tuna, half of which we ultimately ended up sharing with an unknown underwater predator. Despite that loss, there was plenty of tuna left for several meals thereafter. This was handy as, try as we might, we could not locate the much talked about lobsters. The reef provided an oasis in the middle of the ocean, a sandy patch ringed by a formidable section of coral. Snorkeling inside the reef we found more bright blue starfish, a small wreck around which schools of tiny reef fish swam and the occasional ray or reef shark but very limited coral. Diving the outer edge however revealed another world underwater. Huge structures of coral extending from the seafloor provided shelter for large schools of fish of all sizes, behind bright corals hid a multitude of shy creatures and the occasional larger shark was spotted lurking in the distance.

We stayed only the one night in the end as the weather was set to worsen over the coming days, and there was no sign of another window anytime soon. From yachts which arrived at the reef within a day of our leaving, we later heard how they ended up stranded at the reef for over a week, unable to even dinghy far in the foul weather and we were quite thankful to have left when we did. Despite avoiding the worst of the oncoming weather, we still had a close reach to Tonga in 30–40 knots of breeze. Reefing down, it was a comfortable and fast leg for the last few days to Tonga and we arrived at the low-lying, palm-crested island of Tongatapu within 72 hours of departing the reef.

For live tracking, our latest images and blog posts see www.sailingcitation.com.

The first sight of
Tongatapu Island





Photos John Jeremy

A very successful Classic Car and Boat show was held at the RSYs on 8 July. This 1913 Rolls Royce Silver Ghost was one of the outstanding cars on display



Cars of all shapes and sizes attracted close interest from the crowd who enjoyed the colourful event in the sunshine



Kelpie was among the SASC yachts taking part in the display at the RSYS



John Crawford preparing to dress ship in *Vanity* with *Hurrice V* and the Motor Yacht *Pelagos* in the background



Sheltered from the fresh westerly which was blowing that morning, the gathered yachts made a fine sight

AROUND THE CLUB



Muscle power and an old-fashioned crowbar lifted the old deck planks as willing volunteers got to work on the wharf on 25 July under the directions of the unstoppable Trevor Cosh



Ross Littlewood hard at work sandblasting rust on the pontoon

Photos David Salter



Photo John Jeremy

Richard Palfreyman refurbishing the frame for a new deck table - or is it an object d'art?



Photo David Salter

Catherine Baker preparing for the long overdue repaint of the ladies' rest room



Photo John Jeremy

Ian Anstee busy painting on the boatshed roof — it made a change from work in *Captain Amora*



RAN photograph

A formation exercise conducted by HMA Ships *Adelaide*, *Success*, *Melbourne* and *Toowoomba* while in company with HMNZS *Te Mana* and HMCS *Vancouver* during their transit to Hawaii to take part in the multi-national exercise RIMPAC 18



Photo AWD Alliance

The third and last of the three air-warfare destroyers to be built in Adelaide for the RAN, *Sydney*, was launched on 19 May. She will begin trials next year and join the RAN in 2020.

The second of the new destroyers, *Brisbane* (41), was delivered to the Commonwealth on 27 July. She will soon come to Sydney to prepare for commissioning in October

ANSWERS FOR THE 2018 AGM QUIZ

August 2018

A. SASC History

1. Dentist. 2. 82. 3. Fraud. 4. "The Coleman" 5. 1962 6. Volvo. 7. James Oswald Fairfax (later Sir James) owned the *SMH* (He was Commodore 1901–02.) 8. Ferro-cement. 9. 1896. 10. 400 kg.

B. The Rules

1. The object displaying this signal *replaces* a missing mark. 2. "Disqualification that is Not Excludable" 3. "An object that a boat could not pass without changing course substantially, if she were sailing directly towards it and *one of her hull lengths* from it." 4. 8 kilos. 5. Any part of the boat or its equipment — indeed the whole boat *never* needs to cross the line. 6. One minute. 7. There are three. (a) If the hull length of the protesting boat is less than 6 metres. (b) If the protest concerns an error by the other boat in sailing the course. (c) If the incident involves danger, serious injury or major damage. 8. When gybing. 9. "A boat or competitor *shall give all possible help* to any person or vessel in danger." 10. "No later than 1100 hours on the first working day following the day of the race protested."

C. America's Cup

1. Three (Isle of Wight x 1, Valencia x 2) 2. Halvorsen, Morson & Gowland. 3. John Bertrand (*one Australia* 1995). 4. Two. 5. Walter Reeks (in 1888). 6. Noel Robins. 7. Mick York. 8. *Reliance* (defender in 1903) 142'8" LOA. Sail area 16,160 sq ft. 9. Philip Rhodes. 10. Five.

D. Sydney-Hobart

1. 11:00 am. 2. Cold-moulded plywood laminates. 3. Advertising on spinnaker. 4. *Yahoo II*. (The two previous deaths were both heart attacks.) 5. None. (After *Drake's Prayer* was protested by *Sagacious* for not reporting an incident with *Ragamuffin* at the start, *Sagacious* was awarded "best corrected time", but not the overall win.) 6. St Helens. 7. Seven seconds. 8. He was a staff announcer at the ABC. 9. Maurie Evans. (*Malohi* has the same lines as Lion classer *Siandra*, which won in 1958 and 1960). 10. 371

E. Assorted nautical trivia

1. P. 2. He was the first person of Jewish faith to be elected to the club (which was founded 1844). 3. The top. 4. Offshore Multihulls. (Ocean Racing Multihull Association.) 5. Worming. 6. *Impetuous*. 7. *Thurloo* (Owned by E.J. Merrington, raced in 1960 but retired.) 8. Bristol, Rhode Island. 9. Austria. 10. Right.



NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members:

Vanessa Dudley
 Keith Glover
 John Havel
 Christopher Marr
 Janice Morris
 Roger Welch

SASC SHOP

(AKA *The Office*)

Subject to availability

SASC Club Merchandise

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

Gaffers Day Merchandise

Wide Brimmed Canvas Hats – Small only	\$35.00
Posters – Various Years each	\$ 5.00
Posters – Package of 5 various	\$20.00

Books

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

SASC NEWS IN COLOUR

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

NEWSLETTER DEADLINE

The next *SASC News* will be the October 2018 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Friday 28 September 2018. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are also very welcome.





We all know that there are risks in our sport and pastime of sailing, but who could image that playing an innocent card game could be dangerous? An enthusiastic group of Bridge players enjoy the game at the SASC on a regular monthly basis. Fortunately, no serious incidents have been reported as a consequence.

This newspaper report, which dates from about 1937, was, rather surprisingly, unearthed recently in some family archives, completely unrelated to the unfortunate Bennetts of Kansas City

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Savage Oceanic 43 - \$185,000



2011 Hunter 33 - \$129,000



Duncanson 30 - \$25,000



Adams 10 Cruiser - \$29,000



Duncanson 37 - \$59,000



Northshore 310 - \$55,000

See our website for full details.

Call us for a complimentary valuation, insurance or to sell your boat
02 9969 2144 or email sales@yachtsalesaustralia.com
www.yachtsalesaustralia.com