



SASC NEWS

The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



August 2019

SYDNEY AMATEUR SAILING CLUB

ABN 30 000 409 727

Green Street, Cremorne, NSW 2090

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| Telephone (Office) | (02) 9953 1433 |
| Boatshed | (02) 9909 2185 |
| Racing (Monday & Friday only) | (02) 9953 6597 |
| Email: Office and enquiries | office@sasc.com.au |
| Racing | racing@sasc.com.au |

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|
| Commodore | Bruce Dover |
| Vice Commodore | Sean Kelly |
| Rear Commodore | Peter Scott |
| Captain | Chris Manion |
| Honorary Treasurer | Charles Davis |
| Honorary Secretary | David Salter |
| Executive Secretary | Judy Wogowitsch/Karen Ewels |
| Racing Secretary | Alice Murphy |

Cover:

Lunch on the way
— Rear Commodore Peter Scott on the fore deck of *Nancy K* as Will Rees delivers the caterers to the club for another outstanding prizegiving day

(Photo John Jeremy)

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Editor: John Jeremy

email: news@sasc.com.au

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COMING EVENTS

August 2019

THURSDAY 22 AND TUESDAY 27 AUGUST 2019

Compulsory Skippers Briefings at the Club

SATURDAY 7 SEPTEMBER 2019

Lion Island Race

SATURDAY 14 SEPTEMBER 2019

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

SATURDAY 21 SEPTEMBER 2019

Point score race for Mixed Fleet and Classic Divisions only

SUNDAY 22 SEPTEMBER 2019

Ranger & Couta Sprints and Folkboat Sprints

SATURDAY 28 SEPTEMBER 2019

Point score race for Super 30s, Classic Divisions, Cruiser Racer Division and Cavalier 28s. Super 30s sailing windward/leeward races with MHYC

SUNDAY 29 SEPTEMBER 2019

First point score race for Sunday Non-spinnaker Division and Sunday Classic Division

SATURDAY 5 OCTOBER 2019

Idle Hour Race

FRIDAY 11 OCTOBER 2019

First twilight race — early start at 1730

SATURDAY 12 OCTOBER 2019

Point score race for Super 30s, Classic Divisions, Cruiser Racer Division and Cavalier 28s. Cruiser Racer Division Lady Helm race

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SAFETY REQUIREMENTS 2019–2020 SEASON

EQUIPMENT AUDITS AND FIRE EXTINGUISHER SERVICE AT THE CLUB

Saturday 17 August 2019

Saturday 24 August 2019

Ring the Club for a booking



SIGNALS FROM THE COMMODORE

Listening to our very understated quite achiever, Vanessa Dudley, at the AGM earlier this month provided valuable insights into, not just what goes into the making of a champion world-class sailor, but why sailing is such a great sport to so many of us.

Firstly there was Vanessa's obvious passion for sailing above all else. That's a feeling that many of us can relate to. Whether you sail competitively or not, there's very little that can beat the sensation of being out on the water, wind filling the sails, harnessing the power of nature and relying on your skills and expertise to get the boat moving effortlessly across the sea.

Importantly, as she noted, when sailing it does not matter whether you are sixteen or seventy (or in the case of some Amateur members 80 plus) you can still venture out and sail competitively. The wind and the waves are great equalizers. The older (or more mature) we all get, I like to think the old adage about 'age and treachery overcoming youth and exuberance' rings even truer.

Asked what it was about sailing that attracted her to the sport, Vanessa talked about its liberating effect. For her, like many of us, sailing brings peace and quiet into our busy lives — even if for a very short period. To hear the simple sounds of the wind as it fills the sails, or the water as it flows past the boat (perhaps with a cold drink in hand) can be very relaxing and centering, an antidote to the stresses of the modern world.

Personally, I relish the moment of casting off the mooring. Immediately, the boat is the centre of the world, and everything that matters is right there, in the boat or immediately around it. As you sail away from the shore, the things that happen on land become small, background concerns. There's a great freedom and satisfaction that comes, whether cruising or racing, when you just know the boat is 'in the slot'. It's a perfect breeze with the right boat, trim and technique and, as you speed along, you get a real appreciation of space, time, excitement and life. And as Vanessa so aptly noted it doesn't matter whether you are sailing super-maxi 100 footer or a modest Laser, it's just being out there on the water in a sailing boat with the wind and the waves connecting you to nature.

I reckon the other great truism which our guest speaker touched upon, was that sailing is a sport in which you never stop learning. No matter how much experience you have, no matter how many boats you have sailed on, there is still so much to learn to be able to do things better, go faster, go more comfortably to be more competitive. It seems to me that we are always learning new skills to keep ourselves, our crew and the boat safe and able to go where we need to be.

As Vanessa noted every moment on the water is different, and being able



to react and deal with any situation that arises is a challenge which many of us, as sailors, relish. Sailing a boat well is a combination of artistry, science and team work. When it all goes well, there is a great feeling of accomplishment — and when it doesn't, our champion sailor reckons, don't focus on the past or the mistakes. 'Get your head out of the boat' and focus on what's in front of you and what the next challenge might bring and how you will prepare for it. Sailing, she said, needs a good, consistent, constant focus — it demands your attention. This seems like good advice to follow, not only in sailing but the world in general.

The final part of Vanessa's presentation which resonated with me was her views on team work. She noted that, on a racing boat, each person has a specific job with specific responsibilities and each person needs to do their job as well as they can. If everyone knows their job, the boat sails fast and smoothly. If people are confused about what they're supposed to do, or when they're supposed to do it, sail changes happen at the wrong times and the boat loses its forward momentum, or worse, misses stays.

For me, that also holds true for our current Board of Directors. I have been very privileged these past three years to work with a great team of people, each of whom have performed their roles to the very best of their ability and in the service of the Club and its members. I would like to extend my appreciation, on behalf of all Club members to those directors departing the board this year, Trevor Cosh, Herschel Smith, Liam Timms and Antony Price, for the selfless contribution of time and effort on behalf of us all. It's been very much a great team effort.

I would also pay tribute to another member of our team, departing office manager, Megan Keogh, who has served the Club with unstinting dedication for over 16 years. Her constant cheerfulness and good humour belied an extraordinary focus and attention to detail and the needs of the Club which has served us extremely well.

We could have asked for no finer crew.

Bruce Dover

THANK YOU INTERNATIONAL PAINT



The SASC would like to thank International Paint for their generous donation of Micron AP anti-fouling paint for the Club's starter's boat *Captain Amora*



NEW PATRON FOR THE SASC

The Club is pleased to advise that the new Governor of New South Wales, Her Excellency the Honourable Margaret Beazley AO QC, has agreed to become the Patron of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, succeeding the previous Governor, His Excellency General The Hon. David Hurley AC, DSC (Ret'd) who is now the Governor General of the Commonwealth of Australia.

Her Excellency is the 39th Governor of New South Wales, commencing her five year tenure on 2 May 2019.

Prior to her appointment as Governor, Her Excellency enjoyed a long and distinguished law career spanning 43 years, during which time she served as a role model for women in law at both the State and national level.

Appointed Queen's Counsel in 1989, in 1993 she was made a judge of the Federal Court of Australia, the first woman to sit exclusively in that Court. In 1996, she achieved the distinction of being the first woman appointed to the New South Wales Court of Appeal and, subsequently, as the first woman to be appointed as its President. She served, on a number of occasions, as Administrator of the Government of the State of New South Wales.

She was made an Officer in the Order of Australia in the Queen's Birthday Honours List on 12 June 2006 for service to the judiciary and the law.



Her Excellency the Honourable Margaret Beazley AO QC, Patron of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



Photo John Jeremy

It was yet another brilliant day in Sydney on Saturday 29 June for the annual prizegiving. A large number of members and guests enjoyed a warm and friendly day of fellowship and good food.

Proceedings were opened by the firing of the Les Ardouin Trophy by apprentice gunner Past Commodore Bill Hogan



Photo Chris Arnold

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Photos John Jeremy



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.....and so lunch





The crew of MaxStar — winners of the Kelly Cup 2019

VALE DAVID WILLIS

August 2019

David Willis, a past Commodore of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, died on 14 June 2019 at the age of 85. His funeral on 24 June was very well attended and his family paid loving tributes to him. Charles Maclurcan also spoke, paying tribute to David's contribution to sailing and to our Club.

I believe that it would be very shabby of us to overlook David Willis's contribution to the sport of sailing.

David was an intelligent, gregarious salesman. With religious fervour he pursued his passions relentlessly. He was very competitive — perfect qualities to engender a competent sailor. He was also gifted with a thoroughness which served him admirably as he put back into the sport.

He had numerous boats, more than I have had hot breakfasts. He had his name engraved on the SASC Centenary Plate with no less than three different yachts — *Calliope*, a Bluebird, in 1976–77, *Samantha*, which was an improved Bluebird I think, in 1979–80 and *Cougar* in 1987–88. At the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron he won the Morna Cup, a series of short Ocean Races.

Amongst boats he owned were *Lady Bump*, *Starlight Express*, *Innisfree* and *Kargi*. His last boat was a small motor cruiser.

David was Commodore of the SASC in 1985. Never one to ignore a challenge to establish a record, David chaired the longest Directors' meetings ever held. If memory serves me correctly one of the most lengthy did not end until 2.00 am in the morning! He further contributed, subsequently, as a chairman of protest panels.

David Willis

I was fortunate to travel to New Zealand in 1983 with David as part of a RSYS Trans–Tasman Challenge Team. Wives and babies accompanied us as we flew in an Air New Zealand DC10, one of the few which survived the Antarctic challenge of the time.

David was an enormous asset to the team. After hours on the water he could, in a most convincing manner (and perhaps in laborious detail) with the authority of the Mother Country in his accent, explain to the New Zealanders, after the third Coruba Rum or so, that it was the superior boat speed and sailing ability of the



David was also involved with the Short Handed Sailing Association. I cannot really comment on this period as it was a passion which I did not share. However, it led him to accompany, with barely a moment's hesitation, Jim Davern in *All that Jazz* on a salvage expedition. They ventured into the Pacific and located the crewless *Pacific Breeze*. Her owner had been saved, as it were, by a determined rescuer. He sailed aboard *All that Jazz*, was then placed aboard the abandoned *Pacific Breeze* which was returned safely to the mainland.

In my opinion, David's finest contribution to sailing was yet to be made.

He joined our Olympic Race Management Team and trained as chief mark layer. There was no finer windward mark layer than David. A short instruction as to distance and direction and David would invariably lay the windward mark of any course perfectly, whilst relaying wind and current directions at regular intervals.

David was a friendly, interesting man and a terrific contributor. It was my great honour to have known and worked with 'Wordy' Willis.

I wish him good weather and peace.

Charles Maclurcan

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, held on Wednesday 7 August, was well attended by members. The meeting dealt with the usual business including the approval of the annual accounts.

After welcoming the new member 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. He reported on the successful changes to the Club's Constitution during the year and noted the considerable growth in membership in recent months. He paid tribute to the Membership Committee for the excellent work they had done over the past 12 months.

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 several directors whose contributions to the Club were recognised by the Commodore — Herschel Smith, Liam Timms and Trevor Cosh.

Under the new Constitution the size of the Board is reduced from 15 to 11 directors. As the number of nominations for the Board exceeded the number of vacancies an election was required. The Board for 2019–20 therefore comprises: Commodore Bruce Dover, Vice Commodore Sean Kelly, Rear Commodore Peter Scott, Captain Chris Manion, Hon. Treasurer Charles Davis (all elected unopposed) and directors John Crawford, Maurie Evans, John Jeremy, Tom Moulton, David Salter and John Sturrock. Antony Price and Leone Lorrimer were unsuccessful — the Commodore thanked them both for standing and acknowledged Antony's contribution as a director over the past year.

Following the AGM David Salter conducted an entertaining interview of Vanessa Dudley which will be summarised in the next edition of *SASC News*.



Photos John Jeremy

Members gathered for the Annual General Meeting at the Club on Wednesday 7 August



At the AGM the Commodore paid special tribute to the outstanding service to the Club of retiring Executive Secretary Megan Keogh. He presented her with a gift in recognition of her 16 years at the Club and members gave her a prolonged standing ovation in support of the Commodore's words of praise for her contribution to the smooth running of the Club

FROM OPUA TO DENERAU

*Ivan Resnekov reports on his eventful cruise from
New Zealand to Fiji.*

When I departed Sydney in early May the intention was to spend a month sailing from the Bay of Islands to Fiji with an old friend who'd just bought *Raw Cotton*, a gorgeous 60-foot steel ketch. The boat, he said, was "almost ready" to sail so I jumped at the opportunity. But when I got to the yacht at the busy marina at Opuia I found it not even close to being ready to take to sea. Aboard were a shipwright, a one-legged sparky and various other trades all appearing (and then disappearing) for days.

I was put in charge of safety and mechanical systems. With the help of a rigger who'd sailed with the previous owner for many years I soon discovered the list of work that needed doing ran to three foolscap pages, one job to a line. Yet after a week of back-breaking 12-hour days, the boat seemed no nearer to readiness. The list kept growing and now seemed endless. If I still wanted to make the passage to Fiji it would have to be on another boat that was truly ready to leave. So I introduced myself to Phil, the self-appointed 'cruise news' radio announcer.

At 7.30 next morning Phil announced my availability to crew on "any pleasant vessel going North, provided they were leaving soon". Ten minutes later I was invited to meet Gerard, the owner of *uBhejane*, a 47-foot Ganley 20-ton steel sloop. Gerard and his German wife Heidi had acquired the ageing but fully-equipped and functioning vessel eight months prior. He had taught himself to sail along the east coast of NZ

The crew of
uBhejane



and now, along with their two boys, aged six and nine, wanted a life of adventure sailing to the Pacific islands, then over the top of Australia through the Timor Sea and back to South Africa via the Maldives, Seychelles and Madagascar. Also aboard as crew/babysitter and general help was Kezzie, a smiling, pleasant Cornish lass of 20 who'd been roaming the world for three years and whose family are professional boat-builders and skiff sailors.

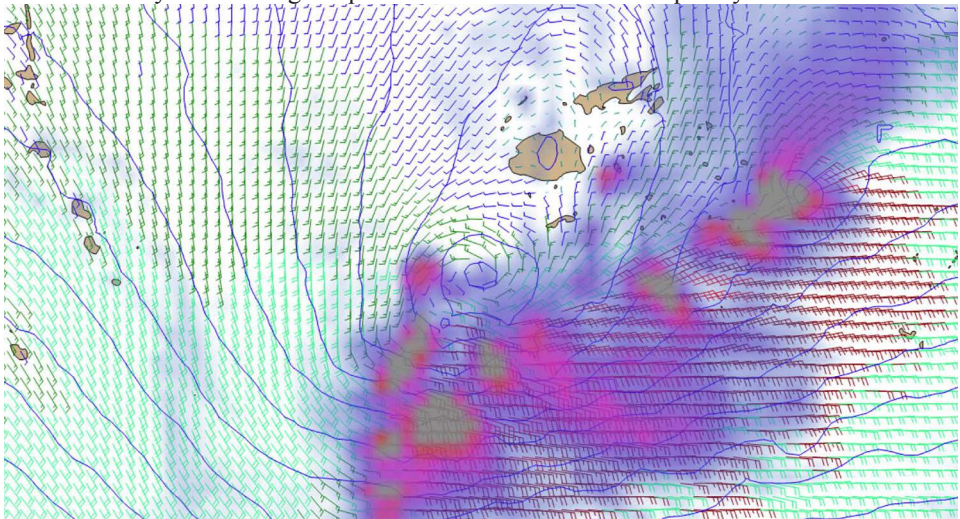
It all seemed good — almost perfect — and they wished to leave within a few hours. Was I ready? I asked to have 10 minutes to find a coffee and for all of us to think about my suitability. Other offers were coming in but after five minutes Gerard sought me out in the coffee shop and said they'd be very pleased to have me along. So I fetched my wet weather gear and sailing bag from *Raw Cotton*, bought a large supply of lollies from the local store and made sure my Kindle was fully charged. Two hours after our first meeting we cast off.

Before dusk we had cleared Russell, Rocky Point and the Cavalli Islands. Away from the shelter of land we found a gusty 25-30 knot SW breeze. With full main and a 120% genoa on a furler we were away — surging along at a comfortable 7-8 knots in a slightly messy cross sea, the wind behind the port beam. At last, we were sailing.

Gerard, who admitted he hadn't much seagoing experience, left me free to suggest and do whatever I wished to make the journey more comfortable and quick. He knew the mechanics of the boat well, but was happy to have me suggesting sailing trim. Perfect. It was getting dark, time to rig a preventer. "That's clever", he said. I'd worked out all the sail controls and we could change gears and reef in a jiffy if needed.

The weather was nippy — we had all our gear on when upstairs but below was cosy. When a large ship loomed over the horizon and quickly

The ominous weather forecast



grew, travelling at 25 knots or so, I called for the handheld compass to ensure our relative bearing changed over time and we weren't on a collision course. To my disbelief, Heidi handed me a child's toy compass. There was no proper piece of navigational equipment on board except a sextant (which we really didn't need just then). Luckily that was the last ship we saw for the next seven days.

The following day we became aware of a possible low building in the warm waters around Vanuatu — ideal conditions for a tropical depression to develop. I thought it best we hoist more sail, go as fast as possible and see if we could outrun the low. Over the following 36 hours it became apparent the weather model we'd downloaded via the Iridium phone connection thought it likely the depression would intensify. We were now heading straight for it. More sail! Faster! If necessary we might have to change course, possibly divert to New Caledonia.

We could also head for the Minerva Reefs, two beautiful coral quays about 400 n miles SE of Fiji entered by narrow channels no more than 100 m wide. But the concern was that if we arrived before the storm we couldn't then get out again until the storm abated. We'd be at anchor possibly for days, battered by 40 or 50 knot winds (or worse), and unable to get off or on the yacht. Not a pleasant prospect with children on board.

Then I was told *uBhejane* had enlisted the services of Roger 'Clouds' Badham, arguably the finest marine meteorologist around. With Clouds watching over us, all decision-making was taken care of and we could relax. Roger told us to keep going, as fast as we could.

By Day 4 the swell and the breeze had picked up. We weren't quite surfing but now needed to reef, as the boat maxes out at 8 knots. The autopilot steered for most of the time but all pilots struggle downwind in a swell and confused sea, so we sometimes hand steered by day to give the pilot a break. The following day we were faced with a decision: do we bear away NW for New Caledonia on a square run, or keep going and hope for the best? The tropical depression was still in our direct path.

But running away also has its dangers. Sailing too square is not much fun — the boat will wallow and be difficult to keep on course. 'Clouds' finally decided we should keep going and so we did, narrowly missing the first bad blow which, as we saw on the grid file, had passed behind us. The next directive was to "slow down" while the worst of the storm passed in front of us. Then, "Go, go, go!" We put up all sail and ran as fast as the boat would go to reach 19-20° South.

And then it was all over. The sea and breeze died down to 20 or so knots and the clouds in the distance heralded landfall. Seven days and four hours after departing New Zealand we entered Denerau Harbour and the magical islands of Fiji.

Postscript: If you wish to lose weight, try a challenging or stressful ocean passage. I lost 4 kg in a week despite eating almost constantly.





Photos John Jeremy

Ian and Wendy Anstee in *Mystic II* keeping an eye on the yachts manoeuvring before the start of the Noakes Sydney to Gold Coast Yacht Race on Saturday 27 July. The start, off Double Bay, was crowded with the 76 starters



Nautical Circle (A169 — Robin Shaw) amongst the fleet shortly before the start. She finished eighth on PHS



Most yachts hoisted spinnakers shortly after the start of the Noakes Sydney to Gold Coast Yacht Race



The large fleet made a spectacular start as the fleet headed to sea.
Sean Langman's *Naval Group* was second to finish behind *Wild Oats X* and came third in IRC Div. 0.
Sticky (A164 — Richard Harris came 7th in IRC Div. 4



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FLAG OFFICERS DINNER

**The annual Flag Officers Dinner will be held at the Club
on Friday 13 September 2019 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 special clubhouse on Mosman Bay

The cost will be \$75 per head (including GST and bookings are essential — please call Judy or Karen at the Club before Friday 6 September

CRUISING THE PACIFIC



Photos John Jeremy

About sixty people attended a presentation by Cat Sturrock at the Club on the evening of 3 July.

Cat told the story of her voyage around the South Pacific with her partner Brodie in *Citation*. They left Mosman Bay on 8 February 2018 for a year of blue-water cruising.

The audience was treated to a stunning presentation of photos of the places they visited and heard of their many adventures and challenges during a voyage they will never forget



LAST VOYAGE OF MV SOUTHERN PHOENIX

August 2019

On the night of 6 May 2017 the fully-laden 90 m container ship Southern Phoenix (4,285 DWT, 256 containers) began listing to port whilst refuelling at Kings Wharf in Suva, Fiji. The 33-year-old German-built vessel was towed clear but then capsized, coming to rest on her port side 150 m south of the wharf. There she settled in 15 m of water, her port bilge sinking 6 m into the harbour mud.

Eighteen months later our own Trevor Cosh dragged himself away from his regular leadership of SASC working bees to play a key role, as salvage engineer, in refloating and eventually disposing of Southern Phoenix.

As Trevor recounts below, and from his regular emails home, this particular 'working bee' would take much longer than had originally been predicted.



Photo by Graham Pepper, shipspotting.com

Southern Phoenix in better days. She was built in 1986 and had previously sailed under ten different names

Ideally *Southern Phoenix*, once emptied of fuel oil and other pollutants, would have been parbuckled* upright and refloated. But these were not ideal circumstances. Because of stability, logistical and salvage cost issues it was instead decided to remove the ship's cargo, cut off the two deck cranes, plus masts and accommodation deckhouse, then roll her upside down where she could be partially filled with air and refloated.

The contract was awarded to PNG-based Pacific Towing (PacTow) which assembled a team comprising a salvage master, salvage engineer, divers, deck hands, a crane driver and shore based logistical support.

A 55 m barge was purchased, moved to Cairns and loaded with a 150 t crane, winches, anchors, generators, welders, compressors and six containers of salvage equipment.

Upon arrival in Suva last October the barge was anchored at the wreck site so that the crane could first plumb the cargo that had spilled onto the sea bed. Containers, timber and concrete culvert sections were recovered and then the eight steel hatch covers were removed by a combination of underwater oxy/thermic rod cutting and brute force.

* Parbuckling is the righting of a sunken vessel using rotational leverage. A common operation with smaller [watercraft](#), parbuckling is also employed to right large vessels — [Wikipedia](#)

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That cargo hold was to present real difficulties for us. There were significant differences between actual and manifested cargo and the containers were variously jammed together. Things like 369 telegraph poles were mixed up like fiddle sticks and took weeks to prise apart and sling to enable them to be lifted. Containers full of cement weighed about double their dry weight. Some containers were so badly damaged they fell apart when lifted. Cargo recovery would end up taking us nine weeks.

2 December: *Sunday half day here, weather has been hot and steamy but dry over the last two weeks. We have been making progress, not as much as we would have liked.... Working 10 to 11 hours a day at present and have been quite tired at times but a half day off and an afternoon nap makes a load of difference.*

The two deck cranes were next. A diamond wire saw was hired from Australia. None of us had ever used one before and in my case I'd never seen one operated, so our learning curve was vertical. We built a platform on the wreck, set up guide pulleys and ran the diamond wire 15 m underwater around the crane bases. The results were astounding. We cut through the 4 m × 2 m × 32 mm thick steel crane bases in less than four hours each.

The cranes were then slung from chains under the bow of the barge and

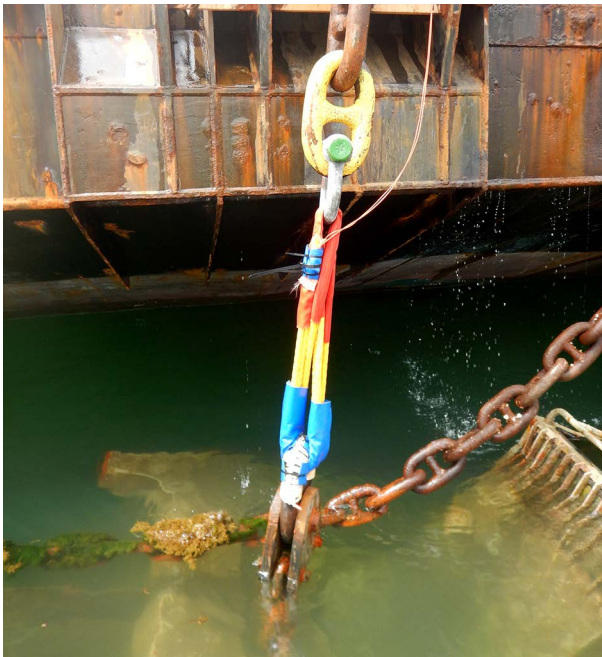
Driving the wire saw to cut off the cranes

Photos courtesy Trevor Cosh



lifted almost to the surface. Three hundred tonne Dyneema grommets were included in the lifting gear and these were wrapped in explosive primer cord. The barge was then towed out to sea, to a designated dumping ground in 600 m of water.

24 January: *When we reached the drop site the shot firer fitted the detonators, touched the wires to the battery and bang.....nothing happened. The Dyneema did not cut like it did in our experiments in the quarry. Seems the divers did not tie the cord, just taped it around the rope. So they had to go for a swim and do it properly. Second bang and crane gone. Beautiful day out on the water — would have been a great sailing day — 10 to 15 knots and lazy 2 m swell, 30° and not a cloud in the sky.*



Dyneema grommets wrapped with 'det cord' in the crane lifting gear

Next the accommodation deckhouse was removed. We had set up on the deck of the salvage barge two sets of 250 t blocks and tackle connected to lengths of 76 mm K4 stud-link chain, the highest grade of oil-field anchor cable with a 600 t break load. These ran over what we call chain rollers but which their American manufacturers call 'wild cats'.

This differing terminology was to cause some consternation when the rollers arrived by sea into Suva, with Fiji's biosecurity department wanting to carefully inspect those 'wild cats'!

The two sets of gear were used to cut the deckhouse off. The chain was passed around the structure and hauled first one way then back again, thus tearing its way through the steelwork. Brutal and a bit scary when



Chain cutting the accommodation block off

something finally tears away with 600 t on it. And, yes, we did have things tweaked up a bit at times!

1 February: *It has been a long day, 10 hours on the winch controls back and forth, stall the winch, back off and load up the other side, stall that and back off hoping something tears away — bang, rattle and shake — do it all again. With both winches at stall we had 500 t on the deckhouse and still sometimes nothing happened. But with the bow of the barge pulled down about 500 mm when something did tear away she launched herself vertically and the barge flexed and dived around like a mad thing. Been good fun.*

Once removed, the deckhouse was also slung under the barge's bow and taken out to sea for dumping. But the swell on that day was higher than predicted. With the violent heaving of the barge pulling against the submerged deckhouse, the chain lifting slings parted before we got to the deep-water dump site. Still, it's now resting in over 600 m of water, so well out of harm's way. The violence of 5 t blocks and 76 mm chain bouncing from slack on the deck to bar-tight and a metre in the air is something from which one needs to run away!

After all that cutting away of the *Southern Phoenix* superstructure the wreck was then parbuckled upside down.

12 March: *“Good news for a change up here. After weeks of chasing*

leaking tanks and what should have been watertight bulkheads, and scratching our heads about how we could get around the interconnection caused by the leaks, we started filling the ship's tanks with air yesterday and applying load to the pulling chains this morning.

"To my eternal surprise the vessel started to move with only 75 t of pull. My estimate was 200 t. We had 50 mm of movement and the divers could see a small gap between hull and mud at lunch time. I wound the winches up to 100 t and went to lunch.

"After lunch increased air lift to 650 t and pull kept at 100 t and next thing she just rolled over.

"So, a good day and that ends the hard part — now starts the technically difficult part where we have to refloat it — that's easy — but we have to keep it stable both sideways and longitudinally. First time this bitch of a ship has not fought us and it was the time I expected the most difficulty."



The whole refloating process took many weeks longer than expected because the ship's tanks were so badly corroded. We spent five weeks underwater welding patches on one critical tank alone.

Parabuckling
chains under
about 100 t load

07 April: *"I have never been happy with the refloat plan although three different ways of modelling it say she is perfectly stable from lift off to the surface. It just did not look right to me though I could not explain why. I have always wanted to partially lift it with the winches*



Bow afloat, stern still sunk in a 6 m deep hole

on the barge so she did not shoot up out of control like a submarine launched missile.

“We will put enough air in the tanks to reduce the ground reaction (the weight we have to overcome) to about 150 t then lift that 150 t with the tackle. That way we have complete control over the ascent and we add significant stability.”

Access to tanks for compressed air injection and water discharge was made by boring holes through the bottom and side plating. Vents were fitted to ensure no air was trapped in the single long hold as this air bubble would have moved from end to end in any swell with the vessel sinking prematurely.

21 April: *“Should finish early afternoon tomorrow. We will then be in a position to finally refloat the casualty and leave it afloat. We have had control of it for several days and have been raising and lowering it, trying to seal up the leaks around the propeller shaft and corrosion and cable penetration holes in the bulkhead between the engine room and the hold. Our two most critical areas are forward of the hold and the engine room aft of the hold, and both bulkheads have been so corroded they are like chicken wire.”*

23 April: *“Casualty is afloat, we can raise and lower it at will now, we have patched all the holes in the engine room bulkhead — five-odd metres of underwater welding completed yesterday. Refloated stern this morning to test for leaks in patches and elsewhere and so far all good. Bow has been afloat for several weeks so she is now on even trim with about 1.3 m freeboard.”*

But by then the weather had turned nasty and we would be forced to



wait for more than three frustrating weeks until conditions were again suitable for towing the stripped wreck out to sea.

17 May: *“Weather gods are (still) not being kind to us with rough seas making it impossible to take the wreck out to scuttle it.”*

Eventually Fiji’s sunny weather returned and so, after a couple of investigative trips out in the tug to check the sea state, we were ready.

The last voyage of *Southern Phoenix* finally got under way on 25 May in marginal conditions. The chief diver and I, bedecked in lifejackets and armed with other safety gear, rode on the upturned 4,285 DWT vessel during her slow passage to the dump site, nine nautical miles outside the port and 1,000 m deep.

25 May: *“It was a very wet trip for the two of us, with one-metre swell just sending little waves over the deck, but the two-metre ninth-waves usually ended with both of us hanging on to the various strong points with water surging over our knees.*

“At the dump site we removed the emergency air lines and the forward and aft tug connections, opened all the valves to let the compressed air out and, as it was too rough to bring a boat alongside, we jumped over the side and swam to the pick-up boat.

“Interesting the effect of all the excitement. When I got back on the tug I watched it sink. Twenty two minutes from first dump valve opening to gone. Then had the shakes and a few tears. God knows why. Then fell asleep in a chair on the boat deck as we headed for home.”

Later on 25 May: *“It has been a terrific experience. We came here with the salvage world saying we could not do it and at times I was starting to think they may be right.*

Vessel afloat and awaiting weather conditions for the tow out. Air lines to tanks and six vents in hold



The tow out



Nearly gone

“It was gratifying to know that all those vast patches the (divers) welded on under water in the hold, to bulkheads so thin that they resembled chicken wire, all hung together despite the pressure surges which must have been imposed on them as the hull plunged up and down in the swell.

“We had some raw recruit Fijian boys, who started off not knowing which end of a welding rod to put in the hand piece, who have been welding 20 t lifting lugs in recent times and I have not even bothered to examine them because they have learned so well.

“I have been very privileged to work with some great people on this job.”

Much later on 25 May: *“I must confess that, after the adrenaline of fighting the wash over the deck over the six hours of the tow out and then the race to get to the dump valves between waves at the scuttling site, I was feeling a bit tender earlier on. (But) having consumed my share of four bottles of wine and finished off with Magnum ice cream dipped in Appleton Reserve rum I am now ready for bed.”*

Southern Phoenix was my third scuttling job; it is always sad to see a ship disappear below the waves.

Ship Salvage

Ship salvage is a science of vague assumptions based on debatable figures from inconclusive instruments, performed with equipment of problematic accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and questionable mentality.

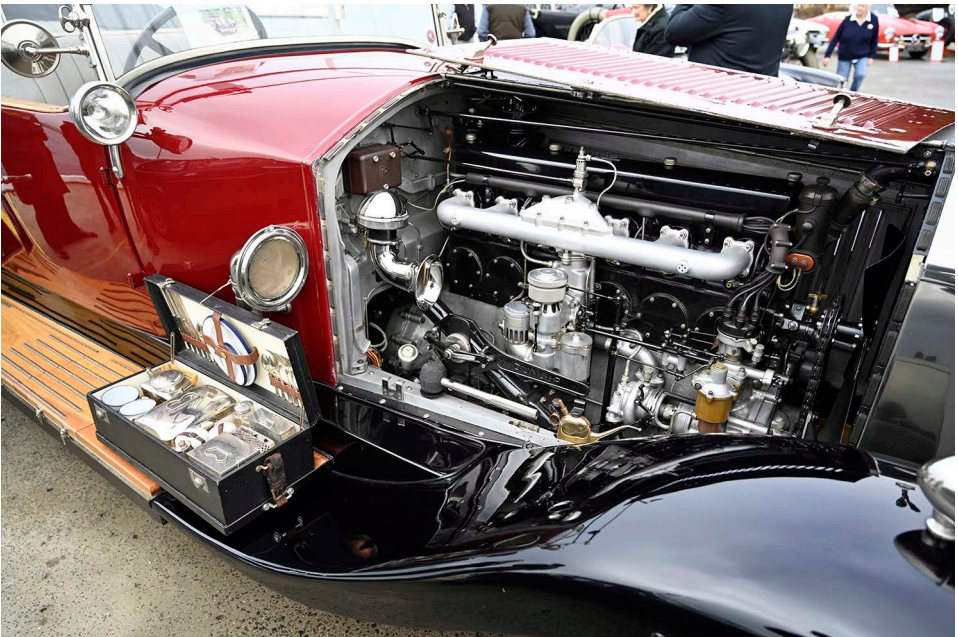
The captain of a salvage vessel is said to be a man who knows a great deal about very little, and he goes on knowing more and more about less and less until, finally, he knows practically everything about nothing. The chief engineer, on the other hand, is a man who knows very little about a great deal and keeps on knowing less and less about more and more until he finally knows practically nothing about everything. The salvage master starts out knowing practically everything about everything and ends up knowing nothing about anything due to his association with captains and engineers.

CLASSIC CAR AND BOAT SHOW



Photos John Jeremy

The morning began grey and foggy for the RSYS Classic Car and Boat Show on 7 July, but this did not spoil the beauty of the display, like this 1923 Rolls Royce Silver Ghost



How many of our boat's engines are as perfect as this?



Fidelis lying ahead of *Yeromais V*, *Nerida* and *Cap Norte* at the outer pontoon at the RSYS



Nigel Stoke made sure he had a large enough SASC ensign for *Fidelis*



Caprice and Rapunzel at the inner pontoon



John Crawford demonstrating how to move *Vanity* neatly sideways into her berth



Maris gleamed as the sun broke through the fog lingering over North Sydney

LARGE GAFFER VISITS SYDNEY



Photos John Jeremy

The Chilean sail training ship *Esmeralda* arrived in Sydney on 1 August for a four-day visit. She was met by a welcoming fleet which included *James Craig*, *Soren Larsen* and *Martindale*



Esmeralda leaving Sydney for Bali on 5 August



Photo John Jeremy

Fagel Grip approaching the finish of the winter race on 20 July

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members:

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| John Brandon | Simon Burgess |
| Conrad Gall | Michael Gold |
| Michael Hicks | Mark Jackson |
| Christopher Kirkwood | Jim Kitay |
| Jeffrey Lee | Wayne Lewis |
| Matthew Lorrimer | Maziar Neyakivi |
| Paul Norman | Gary Parsons |
| Alan Sandow | Sarah Scott |
| Amanda Sewell | Paul Smith |
| Adrian Stewart | David Thoms |
| Amanda Thompson | Marc Vandervaere |
| Philippe Vandervaere | Letitia van der Walt |

TENDER HOURS

Members are reminded that the hours of operation of the Club's tenders are:

| |
|-------------------------------------|
| Saturday (all year) 0900–1800 |
| Friday Twilights 1600–2100 (approx) |
| Sunday DST 0900–1800 |
| Sunday EST 0900–1700 |

SASC SHOP

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 |
| Wide Brimmed Canvas Hats | |
| — small, medium and large | \$30.00 |
| Polo Shirt – Navy or white Short Sleeve S M L XL | \$40.00 |
| Polo Shirt – Navy or white Long Sleeve S M L XL | \$45.00 |
| Rugby Top – S, M, L, XL and XXL | \$55.00 |



NEWSLETTER DEADLINE

The next *SASC News* will be the October 2019 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Friday 27 September 2019. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are also very welcome.



Photo John Jeremy

The Chilean barquentine *Esmeralda* in Campbells Cove during her visit to Sydney in August 1966

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