



# SASC NEWS

**The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club**

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**February 2023**

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Sydney summer means twilight racing — *Mez-zaluna* (5972), *Cloud IX* (6511) and *Double Dutch* (5719) at the start on Friday 9 December  
(Photo John Jeremy)

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# COMING EVENTS

February 2023

## SATURDAY 18 FEBRUARY 2023

Point score race for Classic Division and Mixed Fleet Division

## SATURDAY 25 FEBRUARY 2023

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

## SUNDAY 26 FEBRUARY 2023

Point score race for Sunday Non-spinnaker Division and Sunday Classic Non-spinnaker Division

## FRIDAY 3 MARCH 2023

Friday twilight race — *Early start at 1730*

## SATURDAY 4 MARCH 2023

Sydney Harbour Regatta and Classic Yacht Regatta Pittwater. Point score races for Super 30 Division

## SUNDAY 5 MARCH 2023

Sydney Harbour Regatta and Classic Yacht Regatta Pittwater. Point score races for Super 30 Division

## SATURDAY 11 MARCH 2023

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

## SUNDAY 12 MARCH 2023

Point score race for Sunday Non-spinnaker Division and Sunday Classic Non-spinnaker Division

## SATURDAY 18 MARCH 2023

Point score race for Classic Division and Mixed Fleet Division

## FRIDAY 24 MARCH 2023

Last Friday twilight race — *Early start at 1730*

## SATURDAY 25 MARCH 2023

Point score race for Super 30 Division, Classic Division, Cruiser Racer Division and Cavalier 28 Division. Summer Trophy Day

## SUNDAY 26 MARCH 2023

Point score race for Sunday Non-spinnaker Division and Sunday Classic Non-spinnaker Division. Summer Trophy Day

## SATURDAY 1 APRIL 2023

Club Championship — Kelly Cup

## SUNDAY 2 APRIL 2023

Ranger/Couta/Folkboat Sprints

## THURSDAY 6 APRIL 2023

Bob Brown Trophy Race

### **NEED THE TENDER?**

Call

Nancy K

on

0418 678 690

or

Jack Millard

on

0418 678 819

(race days)



## SIGNALS FROM THE COMMODORE

They were standing on Kareela Road minding their own business so I decided to bother them.

Gabrielle and Armanie soon found themselves crewing on *Lonely*. Gabrielle, originally from Normandy, soon joined the Club as a crew member, introduced her brother to our crew and also introduced an ever-expanding number of international types who are now sailing regularly aboard *Lonely* on both Fridays and Saturdays including Marie Morey, another Gaul, who has now joined the Club. We had one fail, a candidate Gabrielle brought along for a twilight race was treated to a very gusty evening and was heard of no more. In more recent times a young lady approached me while I was touching up *Lonely's* brightwork down at the Green Shed. Could she do some yoga on the Club's deck? The painting soon went over the lines. Rebecca, originally from Hobart is now sailing with us regularly. Alva has also joined our crew through an inquiry at the Club and over the break we treated some of her friends from East Timor to a cruise around the harbour which they described as the highlight of their time in Sydney.

All sailing clubs are looking at participation and fleet sizes. This is certainly something we have been cognisant of at the Amateurs. Former director Tom Moulton of *Lunacy* brought serious professional skills to the analysis of where the Amateurs fits in this world not limited to, but certainly including, the comprehensive member survey undertaken a few years ago. New director John Brady of *Wind Shadow*, with an equally impressive resume, is now overseeing membership and has formed a committee to assist him. Albeit, merely anecdotal observations, it does seem that many are coming to sailing as novices which makes the first few experiences critical and that many of the more eager participants are local to the Club.

It is my very good fortune to have a couple of very good hands aboard *Lonely*, this allows us to sail in something like a competent manner while introducing new crew to the various roles aboard. Certainly sailing every second weekend in the Cruiser Racer series seems to work for *Lonely's* crew.

Sailing has brought many wonderful people into my life and continues to do so. The friendships formed aboard and back at the Club, must be one of the most marketable aspects of our sport and of the Amateurs. Where the Amateurs certainly excels is with our employees, from Karen and Sophie in the office, Rod and the boys on the slipway, Cowboy who seems to pitch in everywhere, David running our racing, Geraldine crunching the numbers on Saturdays and in our team of tender drivers who look after us all so well. We are also absolutely beholden to our volunteers, especially those who start and finish our races every week.



The Amateurs is also fortunate to have a board of directors who all commit serious time and expertise to benefit the Club.

Unfortunately for *Lonely*, Gabrielle is leaving the country with her husband Mathias and new born son Noah. We are holding her brother hostage and I will again start malingering on Kareela Road.

On a more sombre note, members were advised by email of the passing of two long-term members. Consistent volunteer Frank Walsh passed away on New Year's Eve, and Past Commodore and Honorary Life Member Nick Cassim died on Australia Day. They will be greatly missed by their very many friends at the Club.

*Sean Kelly*



Photo John Jeremy

*Lonely* with a seagull escort during the Friday twilight race on 9 December 2022





Photo John Jeremy

Gaffers Day 2022 — *Kelpie* (on *Captain Amora's* mooring for the special occasion),  
with *Maris*, *Mister Christian* and *Ariel*

I don't suppose I was the only person who travelled a long way to attend the recent Gaffers Day, but as I said to my skipper "It was worth coming half way round the world just for today". And I meant it. In the afterglow of this very special day — which I think may have brought more than a few of us to the verge of tears — I began to reflect on what it is that drives us to go down to the sea time and time again, even if our last outing may have left us bottom of the division, relieved not to have sunk or collided, and hobbling around for days.

Is it in the genes, is it what we did when we were kids? As a mere engineer, I haven't a clue, and I expect there may be many erudite research studies out there on "nature or nurture", although whether they extend to things like boats, trains, cars and planes is another matter. In my case, I suppose some of it might have been in the genes — my father and his brother were RNVR officers; and my mother's brother was an RAF pilot — after the war, he was on the design team for Concorde's engines. But "nurture"?

We lived in the countryside on the side of the Neath valley, a wide glacial remnant which ended in stunningly beautiful limestone headwaters with the distant peaks of the Brecon Beacons in the background. Yet in plain sight was the heavily industrialised South Wales coast, from Port Talbot to Swansea. As with most kids of that time, when not in school, we were just expected to come back for meals. My first outing on a boat was a brief excursion on the canal in a leaking tin bath with a couple of table tennis rackets. Tobogganing down the hill on a bit of steel sheet was marginally safer. Nobody seemed to notice when we lifted the cast-iron manhole cover off the local sewer and dropped things in to see how fast they would go. But even we had the sense to avoid the long-disused coal level "We haven't got a torch. Will the roof cave in? Will we fall down a shaft?"

When my father got bored with his hobby of amateur radio (a common post-war activity — his brother was also a "radio ham"), he turned back towards the sea, and took me along on various expeditions. Swansea docks was a favourite — dressed in his ex-RN mac, the police on the main gate would wave him through, and he'd drive up to the pier head, and park by the main lock.

This was when I got one of my early addictions. If you ever ask me "what's your favourite ship", I'd have to say "steam tug". He got us a ride on one, towing a ship. It was dusk before she cast us off, and I remember seeing her disappear into the gloom, the top of her propeller visible above the churning water. There were huge mugs of strong tea all round, and a gentle giant deposited me back on the quayside. Another

*by*

*David Jones*

## SASC NEWS

kindly skipper took me down into the engine room of *Waterloo*, and got the engine turned over for me to see the rods go round.

One summer's evening, a RN destroyer came in. We could see that she was going too fast. At the last moment she diverted from the lock entrance into the river, and came to a stop. Not an ordinary stop, but the sort of stop that tells you she's gone aground on the mud. It was two hours before a very high tide (very high for the Bristol Channel is quite something). After a few moments, out on the horizon near Mumbles Head, we could see four bow waves. Big, chunky, steam-tug bow waves. Every tug in the bay was coming in as fast as they could. When they arrived at the pierhead, they got warps on the vessel and heaved her off. Just in time. (The Head Porter of my college had been a Merchant Navy Master, and was fond of telling me that "they" were the professionals, and the RN were the amateurs. I couldn't possibly comment. He, incidentally, had a mis-spent youth (his words) sailing in a Dragon at Caiscais with the future king of Spain. I couldn't possibly comment on that, either!

If the destroyer incident was embarrassing for the RN (and entertainment for the onlookers), there was one incident that was devastating for the whole community. A tug had capsized in the lock while she was moving a ship, and all on board had drowned. One was the father of nine children. We actually saw her on her side when they'd drained the lock chamber. I'm sure my father wouldn't knowingly have gone to see that, still less with me in tow. I can't have been more than 11 or 12 at the time. I've always remembered the sight of that tug, her paintwork stained by mud.

Another place we visited was the shipbreaking yard at the entrance to the river Neath. My father bought stuff from them for various projects (including a ship's lifeboat!), and generally took me along. I was fascinated by the Smith Rodley steam cranes weaving their way along the quayside railway tracks; hoisting, luffing and lowering: the motion of the connecting rod and the disc crank; the ringing of gears; the plume of exhaust steam; the red glow from the ashpan. The huge unguarded guillotine cutting off lengths of piping. The 40 foot lengths of teak decking with the bolts carefully removed but the pitch still on the edges. The cutters, with their torches, trailing gas lines behind them. My father knew one of them, Sam Coop. He drank a pint of milk every day before work, to soak up the lead fumes. Once, he got lead poisoning and was off work for weeks. Little was I to know that, one day, I would see the cutters again — but this time in the ship scrapyards of Gujrat.

Much later, I saw the RN submarine *Seraph*, lying on the mud at low tide — famous for being the submarine which dropped a man's body overboard to fool the Nazis (*The Man Who Never Was*). The liner *Canopic* was scrapped there, and the wooden panelling from her main saloon found its way into a restaurant in Mumbles called *The Canopic*. As a child, I always wondered why the back wall of the dining room went downhill at the sides. The smell of battered fish was everywhere. The picture postcard resort of Tenby was the same. Did they eat anything else?

After his initial fit of enthusiasm, my father realised that his project to convert the lifeboat to a cruising boat was unrealistic, and sold it on to some other hopefuls. I still have his copy of *Small Boat Conversion*, which promoted the various war surplus watercraft to would-be sailors who would otherwise not be able to afford a boat. This vogue did not last long, and during the 1950s the mass-produced sailing dinghy and the growth of sailing clubs brought



the boat-owning dream to the ordinary person. In 1960 my father took delivery of his lovely Uffa Fox “18” (18/242 *Nerina*) from a family boatyard in Appledore. Clinker mahogany on oak ribs, Collar spars, Ratsee sails — the die was cast.

One can never go back. Swansea is still a working port, but steam has long gone, and the coal loaders, oil tanks and sawmills have made way for swanky apartments.

There are light industrial units where once ships ended their lives. The vast curve of the shoreline all the way from Swansea to Mumbles has been despoiled by a huge council car park opposite the yacht club. The swinging moorings are gone, and large centre-boarders no longer race at Mumbles. *Nerina* is lost, sold on and wrecked under the custodianship of a later owner.

Gaffers Day, and the extraordinary sight of so many classic boats coming together in one of the world’s finest natural harbours. Each one the product of dogged determination to keep alive the tradition of building, maintaining and sailing beautiful craft. One can never go back. But one can bring something good back from the past. And “nurture”? Well, I’m not sure I had a choice!



Mumbles, late 1950s. Oystermouth Castle and Swansea Bay in the background. The twelve-planker must be an “18”. If they’d kept the Mumbles Railway (1804—1960) they wouldn’t have been able to build that car park!

## HUGHIE LOOKS BACK

*David Salter interviewed legendary SASC offshore skipper Hugh O'Neill for the 150th Anniversary 'Reflections' project.*

**DAVID SALTER:** Thanks for doing this Hugh. Can you tell us about your introduction to sailing?

**HUGH O'NEILL:** Well I started off when I was a young fellow, about 12 or so, and I had a good friend whose father was a rich man — a doctor — who bought his son a VJ. We were within cycling distance. He lived in Burwood and I lived in Strathfield and the boat was close by down on the Parramatta River. We sailed there every holidays. It petered out after some years. He was a good cricketer and I was playing cricket as well, and rugby.

**DS:** And then you got into the Flying Fifteens I think.

**HO'N:** After school, and still at university, I was able to scrape enough money together to buy a Flying Fifteen. I had it on a trailer and used to sail it at Port Hacking. Tried it down on Pittwater for a while. That was fun, but I never really had time to concentrate enough to get a good result.

**DS:** Were you always attracted to competition in sailing?

**HO'N:** Yes, I like competition, but I also like destinations. So why I went to Hobart is because I liked to go to Hobart, and be there for a week or two in the Summer time. Why did I like to go to Lord Howe Island? I like to go to Lord Howe Island.

**DS:** What was your first connection with the Amateurs?

**HO'N:** I met a bloke called Bob Lawler at a Tech navigation course. He invited me to sail as part of his crew down at Sydney Amateurs. So, one thing lead to another and after a year sailing with Bob I bought a boat — it was called *Rebecca* — a Duncanson 35. Both Bob and I got together to gear it up to go to Hobart. It was our first Hobart I think — maybe Bob had gone before but it was only a return trip Bob had done. But anyway, between the Lawlers and the O'Neills and a few other odd people, off we went. *[Laughs]*

**DS:** But that's quite a jump, from thrashing a Flying Fifteen around Pittwater to deciding to go to Hobart.

**HO'N:** I'd always wanted to go to Hobart. Being a pharmacist I used to have to work on a Saturday morning and there was no possibility for me to do that. Then, when I turned 40, I thought: 'Life was supposed to begin at 40', so off I went.

Hugh O'Neill



**DS: So your way of going to Hobart was to buy a boat?**

HO’N: That’s right, because nobody would take me on as crew! [Laughs].

**DS: How did that go? Can you remember that first Hobart?**

HO’N: Yes I can. Everything happened. We saw more wildlife on that trip than I have ever seen since. We saw a killer whale. Seals sunning themselves in the middle of Bass Strait. Then we got into Storm Bay and we saw the biggest whale that we’ve ever seen. It certainly wasn’t a humpback whale — it was something much bigger!

**DS: Was that the beginning of your well-known fear of whales?**

HO’N: It was [Laughs]. Well, can we say ‘respect for whales’?

**DS: Sorry, I withdraw unreservedly.**

HO’N: However, I have lineage of whalers. My great-great grandfather was a whaler.

**DS: Seafaring is in your family history, isn’t it?**

HO’N: Well, my father was a ship’s captain at the end of his career. He started down at the bottom of the line at 18. He was attracted to the sea because it was romantic, I think, and he’d read a lot of novels. But I am attracted to the sea for some unknown reason.

**DS: At the time that you got into ocean racing did the Amateurs have a strong offshore fleet?**

HO’N: No they didn’t. We started it. Lawler and I started it. Then his brother Jim joined in. Jim Davern came in and there were quite a few others that joined us in those early years. It became a Division at the Amateurs, but it seems to have petered out now.

**DS: Why do you think that is?**

HO’N: Expensive. And it’s got more and more expensive.

**DS: From *Rebecca* you went to *Mark Twain*, which was a genuinely competitive boat. What from that time are your notable memories of racing offshore?**

HO’N: They’re all a blur these days. Sail out the Harbour, big to-do. Great fun. Only sailed down the Harbour once with a spinnaker — never want to do it again. Turn the corner. Sou’westerly that night – wet and miserable for a day or two — then glorious weather usually down the South Coast — into Bass Strait, Can be lovely, can be terrible. Across to Tasmania, Storm Bay, all reasonable, all fun. When you get there, the destination is absolutely terrific.

**DS: In the annals of Amateurs history a lot of the chapters about Hobart have to do with high jinks.**

[Laughs] Well, there are other people that’ll tell you all that! [Laughs]





*Mark Twain* charging down the coast in the 1995 Sydney-Hobart

**DS: So you claim no part?**

HO'N: No part! No part at all! What goes on on tour, stays on tour.

**DS: There are a lot of famous Amateurs names that have sailed with you, Hugh. People that have become legends in themselves alongside you.**

HO'N: You make great friendships on these trips. People — you enjoy their company. Keith Radford developed into a wonderful navigator. He had a birthday every year on the way home from Hobart and went all sullen and silly. Bloke called Bob Mills, who was a great help. David Salter — yourself — you helped, and Chris Oh and Bobbie Kenyon and of course Dal — Dal Wilson — who was a great mate of mine. We had similar backgrounds. And of course Charles Maclurcan, who everybody knows.

**DS: And it wasn't just Hobart. You sailed a lot offshore. You did plenty of Lord Howes — I did a few with you. What was the attraction there?**

HO'N: The destination. Plain and simple. I did do a few races that took me over to New Zealand and Noumea, which were very, very interesting, and I would love to do again if I could ever put the crew together. I did a Noumea race and also I did a race from Hobart to the South Island of New Zealand. Then we sailed right around the North Island and then home via Lord Howe. So they were interesting races. They were great. We picked up crew as we went.

**DS: I remember you did a trip right around to Fremantle.**

HO'N: That was after a Hobart Race. I like travelling and getting off the leash as much as I can. But a married man, with children, defecting for months at a time was difficult to manage. Margaret was very good to me that way. We were away for three months, however I had the children flown across to see the frivolities. That sort of broke the ice a bit.

**DS: That love of distance sailing I think probably prompted you to upgrade from *Mark Twain* to *Bright Morning Star*.**

HO'N: Yes. I've always wanted to sail around the world to be quite frank. But I'm too old now, and I've let it go too far. My family life — it just wasn't easy to do it because I would have had to ignore my family, which I couldn't do. Jim Lawler and I were both born in 1939, and we made a pact that when we retired we'd buy a boat in Europe and we'd sail over there three months a year. And of course Jim got killed in that 1998 Hobart before he retired. So that plan went up in smoke.

There's so many 'if's' but I would have loved to have sailed around the world — cruise around then world. And *Bright Morning Star* was the boat to do it in. It was fast, it was seaworthy and comfortable. Terrific boat, but it didn't come to fruition.

**DS: So you downsized?**

HO'N: Well, I gave up sailing for a while and followed my grandsons who both played rugby in the Winter. One played cricket in the Summer and the other one rowed. So I was there, advising them on all aspects of life. *[Laughs]*

**DS: I've never seen you row a boat in you life!**

HO'N: I know! I knew nothing about it! But still, everyone has an opinion, even if it's not any use at all. *[Laughs]*



**DS: I can't deny that you're known for your strong opinions. When you came back to sailing did you have a different attitude?**

HO'N: Yes. Dal and I decided that we'd buy a boat that we could handle by ourselves if we wanted to. Dal liked to cruise a bit, too. But the silly bastard got married again! *[Laughs]* So we bought *The Indefensible* that we could both handle. It's a very good boat — a Cav 37 — strong as hell. That was the plan. Go to New Zealand, go to Noumea — we might go to Fiji, whatever. We did manage to go to Lord Howe Island and down to Hobart, but that was about it.

**DS: I did two trips to Lord Howe with you and Dal on that boat, and one trip back from Hobart. It was always great fun to sail with you. In a way it encapsulated the spirit of the Amateurs: good seamanship, sensible boat, great friends. Is that what the club means to you?**

HO'N: Yes. And I race in the short series offshore which they call the short haul division but I call the geriatric division. A lot of the blokes we're sailing against I've been sailing against for years!

**DS: The Amateurs is a club with very loyal members, of which you are one. There is a spirit that keeps us coming back.**

HO'N: It's a great place, there's no doubt about it. It's a 'can do' place. I'm too old now when I volunteer. I don't have the energy anymore to bang nails in walls and all that sort of stuff. All I want to do is make the bloody lunch. But I've had a good run.

**Thanks Hughie.**

Approaching Lord  
Howe Island on  
*Bright Morning  
Star*





The 'Three Musketeers' safely moored in the Lord Howe Island lagoon - Dal Wilson, David Salter and Hugh O'Neill.



Storing ship for the 2004 Lord Howe Island race — Hugh O'Neill passing the oranges to Michal Tomaszewski on *Bright Morning Star* as John Sturrock looks on

SASC yachts again featured prominently in the annual Sydney-Hobart Classic Yacht Regatta sailed on the Harbour over the weekend of 9–11 December.

Organised by an informal joint committee of the CYCA, RSYS and SASC, the regatta has established itself as a valued lead-up event that celebrates the heritage of the Sydney-Hobart Race.

The regatta is open to any pre-1976 yacht that has competed in at least one Sydney-Hobart. This year also saw the addition of an 'IOR Era' division for yachts launched after 1975 and prior to 1991.

Of the 26 entrants ten were either Amateurs-registered yachts or skippered by SASC members. These included *Anitra V*, *Maluka*, *Mister Christian*, *Malohi*, *Zara*, *Impeccable* and *Fidelis*.

The regatta began on the Friday with a non-pointscore invitation race intended for visiting crews and yachts that don't normally compete on the Harbour to familiarise themselves with the positions of the main rounding marks.

On the Saturday four divisions raced from handicap starts off Point Piper in a moderating E-NE breeze. The Sunday race began in 15-20 knots of NE with scratch starts from the original 1945 Sydney-Hobart starting line off Cannae Point. (The WWII submarine boom gate across the Harbour entrance had yet to be dismantled.)

The courses, which included at least one trip up to Manly, were longer than the standard SASC tracks and allowed many of the larger classics to stretch their legs and give the on-water photographers some splendid opportunities.

As has become a tradition, the CYCA hosted returning crew for the presentation at the Sydney-Hobart "village" on their hard stand at Rushcutters Bay.

## **Results**

### ***Division 1***

*Love & War* (Simon Kurts)

*Vittoria* (Alan Reece)

*Kialoa II* (Patrick Broughton).

### ***Division 2***

*Mister Christian* (David Salter)

*Anitra V* (Philip Brown)

*Jasnar* (Gordon Ingate)

### ***Division 3***

*Nirvana I* (John Newcomb)

*Archina* (Bill Ferris)

*Boongown* (Eddy Vinks)

### ***IOR Era***

*Impeccable* (Ben Gray)

*Marloo* (George Girdis)

*Wild Oats* (Brett Eagle)



Photo: CYCA/Francolini

*Mister Christian* swept Division 2 with wins on both days of the regatta.





Photos John Jeremy

*Archina* (7101) and *Nirvana I* (CYC14) taking part in the Sydney-Hobart Classics Regatta



A contrast in sizes — *Zara* (1612) and *Jasnar* (65)



*Malohi* passing Steele Point during the Sydney-Hobart Classic Yacht Regatta  
on 11 December



# THE 20TH CLASSIC AUSTRALIAN BARBECUE

February 2023

*It's still a long way to go for a sausage*

by  
Tom Moulton

On the third Tuesday of November, for the twentieth consecutive year, the 'Classic Australian Barbecue' took place on Ned's Beach, Lord Howe Island. Not a bad run for an event that doesn't really exist and has no organising committee.

If my memory serves me right, I've made it to sixteen barbies aboard the mighty *Fidelis* and to one on the only slightly less mighty *Lunacy*. Lynn Anderson would have done about the same number. Rhod Cook thinks he's done eighteen trips, but Nigel Stoke, the owner and skipper of *Fidelis* has definitely consumed *at least* nineteen sausages, missing out only once to prepare for the 75th Hobart.

On board *Fidelis* had a strong crew of experienced regulars, who are mostly Amateurs members. Along with Stoke, Cook, and me we had Tom Griffiths, Pete Inchbold, Ben Grey, Rob Geraga on board for the outbound trip. It's fair to say that between us we have a pretty good idea of what weather to expect but this year we got quite a surprise, there was no spending three days at 45 degrees, most of the way it was like a millpond. Basically we *drove* there! After enjoying a nice sail up to Port Stephens, the donk was king, guzzling 160 litres of diesel.

A dawn arrival for  
Tom Moulton





The Blinky Beach swim club — Herschel Smith, Catherine Baker, Tom Moulton and Nigel Stoke

On the island I can report that everything is much the same. The welcome and the assistance from the locals was as warm and as generous as ever — with special mention going to ‘Macca’ Wilson. The success of the rat eradication programme is evident in the dramatic increase in the bird life. It’s quite amazing — there are more birds in the sky than you can ever hope to count. However, another introduced species

seems to be spreading fast on the island — the Hipster. The obvious signs are everywhere. Micro-breweries and cool bars are springing up everywhere, Japanese inspired cuisine is starting to threaten the indigenous Thompson’s Burger and locals fear that there soon will be more coffee options than Kentia palms.

For some reason we had fewer yachts turn up this year, but at the fabulous barbie, laid on yet again by the P&F, we were still able to raise over three grand for the school due to some clever price-gouging and a great game of toss-the-bob masterfully run by Felicity Nelson and Alex Seja of *Sequel*.



Take no mistake, sailing to Lord Howe Island is never a breeze, but if you prepare your boat properly you'll be rewarded with a most enjoyable passage topped off with an absolutely stunning landfall. As always, the Barbecue will be held on Neill's Beach. In exchange for a modest donation you'll be presented with a feast of local food prepared by P&F of the School. You just have to bring yourself, a tale of the high seas, a drink and a glass. All money raised goes to The Lord Howe Island Central School.

**The 20th Classic Australian Barbecue. 5pm, 15th November 2022**

The 2022 poster was, well, different!



For the return *Fidelis* swapped out Inchbold and Grey for the younger Quentin Reeve and Cam Taylor which reduced the average age of the crew by 37 years. We were all ready to depart after the barbie but a South-Westerly gale kept us locked in the lagoon for a couple more days.

Without boring you with the detail it's enough to say that we more than made up for all the wind we didn't get on the way there, on the way back. We had four different strong breezes each separated by mysterious periods of calm. The first was horrible, the second two were thrilling and the final Sou-westerly gale was just plain nasty — and bloody cold! We knew it was coming so we headed for Newcastle to get into the lee of the shore as soon as possible. It hit us as we were approaching Port Stephens and the sea became very lumpy, very quickly. Once we could see stained glass of Newcastle cathedral, we hung a left and followed the shore to Sydney, arriving just before dawn. After three vigorous nights out, we arrived home cold and a tired and, oddly, very thirsty.

But we counted ourselves lucky. *Fidelis*' long waterline meant that we were able to travel faster than the smaller boats. We got back to the 'big island' with only a minor pasting, while *Indefensible* and *Double Dutch* had a tougher time, lying a-hull and marching slowly backwards for a couple of days until the gale abated. *Sequel* and *Ariki Tai* managed to get into Port Stephens and wait it out to get back to Sydney. I can't start to imagine how thirsty they must have been.

The full *Fidelis* crew, out and back: Nigel Stoke, Rhod Cook, Cam Taylor, Pete Inchbold, Ben Grey, Tom Griffiths, Tom Moul, Rob Geraga and Quentin Reeve



## ON THE DROGUE AGAIN

*Or what to avoid coming back from the LHI BBQ*

by  
Herschel Smith

Awoken from a fitful sleep with a bit of ruckus up top and more than usual boat movement and Phil's calm, but increasingly enquiring voice — so got up and stuck my head out of the companionway. Phil not looking overly happy. 35 knots plus of breeze, sea increasing in height in that short trough arrangement that you get in the Tasman sea. Breaking off the top more than not. I pulled on my wet weather gear and told Tim to get his on but stay below.

The boat, *Double Dutch*, was within its capability but it wasn't much fun trying to sail into a westerly when that was our intended direction of passage. The fantastic No. 4 that Phil had just bought in preparation for the LHI passage was going ok but, as some of the gusts got to in excess of 40 knots, even it was too much sail. The main had come down completely from the second reef in the previous watch.

But it wasn't anything like this for the previous parts of the trip.

We left the Amateurs mid-morning in early November in lovely weather. We had four people on board, the skipper Phil Tanner, an incredibly fit cyclist, Tony an old workmate of Phil's and the previous owner of *Double Dutch*, Hamish a *Shambles* twilighter and me. The remnants of a stiff sou'wester give us an almost lively and quick sail north overnight to Port Stephens. The sea was flat, the night sky beholden and we made good time, arriving at Tomaree for daybreak. Motor sailing into Port Stephens we were again impressed by the spectacle of the tall headland peaks as you enter. It is glorious coming into Port Stephens, but a long way to Soldiers Point Marina. We were tied up with no problem only to be greeted by other club members with stories of fierce winds on their respective trips north in the previous days. *Samphire* and *EZ Street* had stayed overnight in the more protected anchorage around the headland because the wind was too strong to enter the marina.

The news, of course, only increased the enjoyment of our afternoon G&Ts knowing that our decision to leave Sydney later was a good one.

The BBQ went well and was enjoyed by around 30 sailors. No tables were harmed by anyone this year. It is a great facility at SPM with their decked in area between two marina arms with cabana, table, chairs and big BBQ — very comfortable.

We stayed another day enjoying the lovely marble tiled bathrooms and a gorgeous meal at the Deck Restaurant.

At a sensible hour in the morning we headed out to Broughton Island and weaved our way onto a very sheltered and secure mooring, just of the beach in Esmerelda Cove. We spent a couple of nights relaxing, swimming and walking on the island. Nicola had come up to do the passage to Port Macquarie and organised a dive with a local dive

company so she could get a free transfer to *Double Dutch* on Broughton. The overnight trip to Port Macquarie was very calm with the wind dropping out in the early hours but made more interesting by a ship which would not go away and eventually we changed course by 100 odd degrees to get away from them. It turned its nav lights off, so I guess it did go away.

Nicola left us as Tim Manion joined us at Port Macquarie. Tim is a young emergency doctor and as big as his father without the bulk. He was very handy to have on board, although keeping the calories up to him was a job. The first day was very pleasant with a good breeze and good speed. But alas, the breeze was elusive and eventually dropped right out until there was a completely glassy sea as far as you could see. You could have paddle boarded to LHI from Port Macquarie...

I think we used 60 L of fuel to get to LHI with other boats using even more. As usual, for us, a gorgeous landfall at LHI. The two peaks with their customary white cloud caps and beautiful teal colour of the water of the lagoon. After a circuit of the island to fill in some time (and show off the island splendour to the newcomers) we waited for the tide to come in and motored onto our customary mooring just South of Rabbit Island. We had a relaxing five days ashore with the 20th annual BBQ at Ned's beach the highlight. However only five boats made it this year, Nigel Stoke in *Fidelis* leading the pack, *Ariki Tai* with Dennis, *The Indefensible* with Hughey O'Neill, *Sequel* with Felicity and Alex and of course *Double Dutch*. It's always a great night with good company in a spectacular setting.

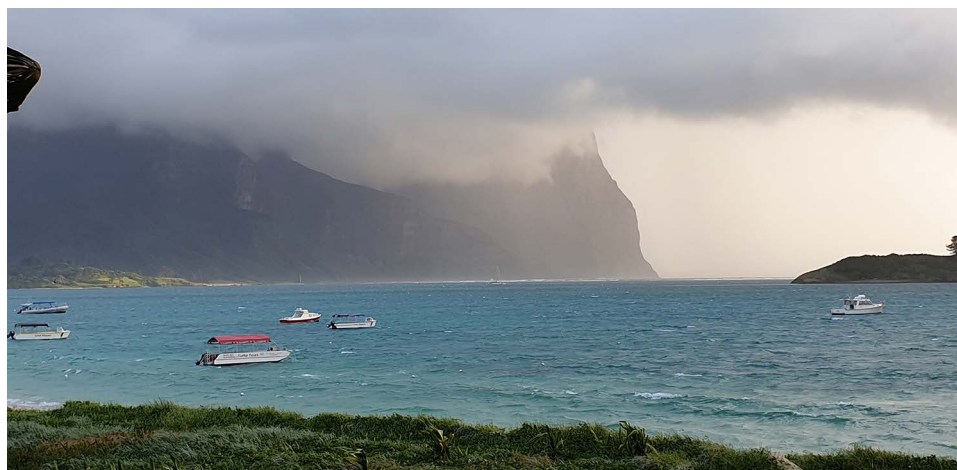
An interesting change this time was having the kids from the school we donate to come along and be able to add further to their education by joining the competition throwing our \$2 coins at bottles of rum! (Gambling and alcohol, great)

Heading for the  
Barbeque

So remember to come along. It's always the third Tuesday in November!







The view from the shore of the lagoon — *Double Dutch* is in the middle of the photo

The only negative to our time on the island (or more accurately, out thoughts of leaving) was the wind which had been blowing from the SE the last few days on the island closing the exit to the lagoon. We went out to *Double Dutch* on the Friday afternoon on Macca's boat *Firefox* with a squally wind blowing and a bit of rain. We wouldn't have got there in the rubber duck. As we jumped onboard Macca noticed *Ariki Tai* adrift and headed for some rocks. Radioing to the copper on the Island to grab Dennis, Macca raced across the lagoon and heroically managed to get a line aboard *Ariki Tai* and pull her away from the rocks to a new mooring. Apparently no major damage. The miracle of *Ariki Tai*!

After an eventful evening we were able to get away with the rising tide at first light the next morning. *Sequel* left the same time as us with *Ariki Tai* and *Fidelis* leaving a few hours later. *The Indefensible* waited until the afternoon to leave.

On preparing to leave LHI we were conscious of the impending weather patterns. Phil had been watching the various models for a number of days and it became obvious that we needed to get going west as soon as we could exit the lagoon or get stuck in the lagoon for an unforeseeable period. There was a big westerly system coming. Speed was important to cover the miles before the system hit.

Of course, with the SW wind, we were pretty much sailing to Brisbane. At least we were sailing. The wind eventually came around to the NW. Now our course was to Melbourne. Caught between the devil and the deep blue sea and knowing that westerly was most likely going to be ahead of us.

We said hello to the westerly 1.5 days out and, of course, it all happened around midnight. Seas were starting to come aboard and it was getting hard to hear anyone above the wind noise.

Phil and I chatted about options, and we decided to pull down the No.



4. This was not an easy thing to do, to put a man on the foredeck (of course Phil and tethered on) and to keep the boat relatively stable and safe in these conditions as the wind was increasing, as was the wave activity over the boat. The sail luff was held in a foil, so it had to be pulled down at the forestay. Phil, commando style, crawled to the bow keeping under the flogging sheets as I had to luff the boat to keep it to a slower speed. I think he still managed to get a whack on the back of his head — ouch. When I had to pull away to get manoeuvrability, the boat would take off again, making it very wet up front. Phil managed to get a small bit of sail down and whoosh, the sail rips out of the foil,

Heading out to  
*Double Dutch* in  
*Firefox*

and now we have the equivalent amount of sail flogging around held only by the tack, sheet and halyard. To keep the flogging jib away from Phil I pulled away from the wind and off we went at warp speed again. In these seas that was very scary; back up into the wind, more flogging.

Phil decides the best option is to cut the tack and get the new No. 4 down assy style. Good plan, foiled by the fact that his knife was inside his wet weather gear and he can't stand or kneel up to get it out for fear of being KO'd by the sheets and or clew. He turns around to crawl back aft to get the safety knife from the cockpit when a large wave comes aboard and flattens the dodger backwards and into the cockpit. Now Tony was trying to control the halyard with a dodger in his lap! It's very obvious now that the sail has to come down, and soon. Phil's nearly back to the safety knife when bang, the halyard breaks at the mast head (that's lucky). Sail falls down into the sea beside us. *Double Dutch* slows down, the waves stop breaking on deck and Phil is safe to make his way back to the bow. Tony is still stuck under the dodger. Tim eager as always down below. I am soaked by waves coming over the stern on the helm.

*Double Dutch* was lying with the waves on the quarter doing about 6 knots with the jib in the water, and not where Phil would like it to be. Phil started to pull the sail back on deck, but obviously was struggling with the weight and the pitching of the bow, plus the occasional wave breaking over him. Then our secret weapon unleashed himself out of the front hatch. Tim, 6ft 4in, standing on the front v-berth could lean over the railing and pull the wet sail back on deck, easily! Down the front hatch and with it a couple of waves onto the v-berth (Phil's bunk), we reorganised the dodger on the top of the cabin and tied it down.

After we tidied up the deck, the attitude of the boat was still with the wind on the quarter, with helm down hard, doing 6 knots, back to LHI! So Phil pulled out the trusty drogue. Readers might remember an article in the *SASC News* in 2015 when we took *Shambles* to LHI and managed to lose some rudder bolts, necessitating us to take the rudder off and sail the last 80 n miles to the island with a drogue behind us.

Well, "on the drogue again". I can only say it is an essential and very useful piece of equipment to have on board. When Phil deployed it, our attitude was beam onto the waves and the course back to LHI and over the sea mounts reduced to about 2 knots. Down below, it was very comfortable, apart from Phil's wet bunk, with the strong breeze and windage, *Double Dutch* was heeled slightly and just rising and falling with the waves. Occasionally a breaching wave would smash into the boat and sometimes you could see white water over the cabin hatch. But generally ok to continue with normal activities below deck. Mainly reading and sleeping.

We stayed on the drogue for 36 hours, quite comfortably, making 75 n miles back to LHI. Our only real concerns were work commitments, food (Tim eats a lot!) and potentially saying hello to the sea mountains.

The wind and seas abated, the drogue was pulled in by secret weapon Tim and off we went on a pleasant NW breeze. This turned to SW then S then SE so the assy was set for a day of champagne sailing. Clear skies and a long rolling, smooth swell escorted by a mob of around 300 dolphins. Beautiful and hard to believe what the seas had been just 48 hours earlier! We pulled down the assy at sunset and then the wind died, so we motored overnight and entered Sydney Harbour 6 am next morning. The trip took six days, when it normally should take three to three and a half days. We ate the last of our real food the evening before. Thank god for pasta.

Safely home,  
*Double Dutch*  
enjoying more  
benign sailing  
conditions during  
the twilight race  
on 9 December





## VALE NICK CASSIM

*The Passing of a Legend*

17/12/1929 to 26/01/2023

Nick Cassim died in Royal North Shore Hospital on Australia Day this year. He joined our Club in 1958 after purchasing his first yacht *Julitha*. It didn't take long for Nick to get involved in Club affairs. In 1960 he was Division Representative for Division 3 and also joined the Social Sub-committee. He joined the Board in 1962 and had a rapid elevation through the ranks being elected Commodore in 1965. He was elected an Honorary Life Member in 1970.

His subsequent yachts were *Neraida*, *Ondine* and then his beloved *Lolita* (A156), which he has owned since 1965. His last race was about three months ago in the Classics, and since then he enjoyed the occasional Saturday afternoon lunch cruise with the oldest average age crew in the Club! Nick's crowning achievement at the Club was finally winning the Kelly Cup in 2014 — it took him 56 years. With *Lolita* Nick also did some Hobarts and a number of offshore races.

Nick was the Club's Honorary Solicitor until he died, having been appointed in 1962, a period of 61 years. What an outstanding period of service.

*Tony Saunders*

Nick Cassim on  
board his beloved  
*Lolita*





# SKIN FRICTION

February 2023

by  
*Stuart Anderson*

The biggest regular maintenance expense for yachts is typically the yearly anti-fouling of the hull. This cleaning is often supplemented with a quick underside scrub before each race. Instinctively we know that this is a very useful activity, just how much of an advantage can this regular cleaning create?

As a yacht moves through calm water it encounters a force acting opposite to its direction of motion. This force is the water's resistance to the motion of the yacht and the total hull resistance is a function of hull skin friction resistance, wave making resistance and air resistance. At low speeds skin friction resistance dominates. The smoother the hull, the less resistance the yacht will have, and the faster it will go for the same driving force. Compare this to an iceboat that can sail faster than the wind because it has so little forward motion resistance.

Yachts spend a lot of time stationary on their moorings and this enables the hull to become colonised with marine organisms. This biofouling is made up of two main components: micro fouling and macro fouling. The micro fouling refers to the formation of biofilm and adhesion to the surface, and macro fouling is the attachment of organisms such as barnacles, diatoms, and seaweed to produce a fouling community.

Biofouling on the  
hull of a yacht



The growing bacteria and the chemicals that they secrete creates a micro fouling slime which will develop within hours of the boat's immersion in water. A few days later after that macro fouling develops in the form of unicellular eukaryotes, such as protozoa and diatoms. Then multicellular eukaryotes begin colonising the surface after a week or so, including the settlement of meroplankton larvae and algal spores.

Curiously, barnacles secrete a fast-curing organic cement that has a shear strength of 2.4 MPa making it perhaps the most powerful natural glue known. Once on the hull they stay attached even long after the organism dies.

This fouling causes surface roughness and is responsible for a dramatic increase in the skin frictional resistance of the sailboat. Anti-fouling is the usual method of hull surface treatment to control or to prevent the attachment of these unwanted organisms.

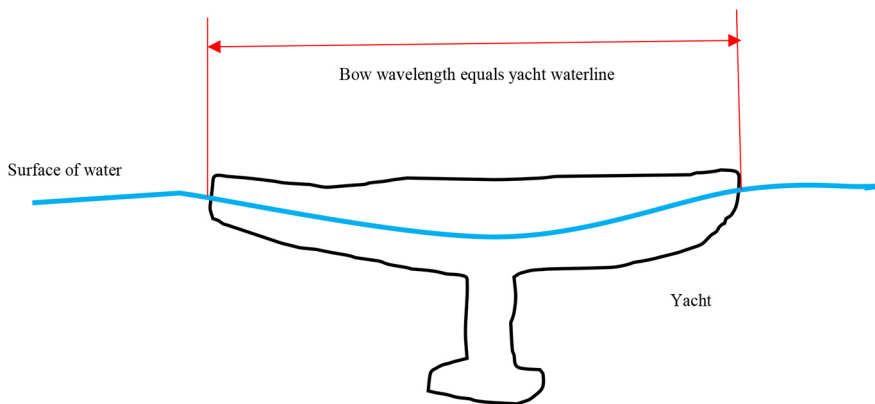
Antifouling has a long history: highly toxic methods were used as early as the 5th century BC. An Aramaic papyrus details the antifouling strategy of those days:

*"...the arsenic and sulphur have been well mixed with the Chian oil that you brought back on your last voyage, and the mixture evenly applied to the vessel's sides, that she may speed through the blue waters freely and without impediment."*

Modern eroding antifouling, also known as soft or ablative antifouling, is a gentler process, working by releasing a relatively safe copper or zinc biocide. The antifouling slowly erodes in seawater and eventually leaves little or no antifouling on the hull. Wiping the hull will cause a small cloud of product to wash away.

Some numbers can be put together to demonstrate the effect of biofouling on the speed of a yacht. The first calculation is to establish the upper limit of how fast the yacht can reach. For a sailboat the main resistance comes primarily from having to plough through the water and creating waves. The creation of these waves needs energy and as the yacht speed increases, the wave height produced also increases, requiring more energy.

This lost energy from wave making becomes the limiting factor in the speed of the yacht. From wave theory the hull speed limit, in knots, is equal to the  $2.43 \times \sqrt{\text{waterline in m}}$ . For example a yacht with a 9.4 m waterline will have a hull speed limit of 7.45 knots. At this speed the yacht will produce and literally sit within a wave length equal to the waterline of the boat. Unless the yacht is able to plane out of this wave then resistance to forward motion increases dramatically. There is very little a skipper can do to change this effect.



Sketch of when the bow wavelength is the same length as yacht waterline  
the hull speed limit of the yacht is reached

Hull skin friction is the other big contributor to resisting the forward motion of the sailboat. As the yacht moves through the water the friction of the water acting over the wetted surface of the hull causes a force opposite to the direction of the yacht's motion. The skin friction force associated with a yacht moving through the water is given by the equation:  $F_R = C_F S \frac{1}{2} \rho V^2$ , where,  $F_R$  = total skin friction resistance (Newtons),  $C_F$  = coefficient of friction resistance,  $S$  = wetted surface area of the underwater hull ( $m^2$ ),  $\rho$  = sea water density ( $1025 \text{ kg/m}^3$ ),  $V$  = velocity of the sailboat (m/s). Determining the coefficient of friction resistance,  $C_F$ , becomes the critical factor.

This coefficient is dependent on whether the water flowing around the hull is smooth and order and in the direction of travel or if it is moving as a chaotic and energy hungry turbulent flow? Water molecules closest to the sailboat are carried along at the boat's velocity. Moving away from the hull the velocity of water molecules becomes less until the outer edge of the boundary layer is that of the surrounding water.

Biofouling causes an increasing in the roughness of the hull surface and will increase the size of the boundary layer and consequently the overall skin frictional resistance. Deciding if the flow of the water next to the hull is smooth or turbulent can be worked out by calculating the so called Reynolds number,  $R_e$ . A Reynolds number greater than  $10^6$  is considered turbulent.  $R_e = VL \rho / \mu$  where,  $R_e$  = Reynolds number,  $V$  = velocity of boat (m/s),  $L$  = waterline of boat (m),  $\rho$  = sea water density,  $1025 \text{ kg/m}^3$ ,  $\mu$  = viscosity  $1.07 \times 10^{-3} \text{ kg/m.s}$ . For example, our yacht with a waterline of 9.4 m and wetted surface area of 25 sq.m. moving at 6 knots (3.1 m/s) will have a Reynolds number of  $R_e = (3.1 \text{ m/s}) \times (9.4 \text{ m}) \times (1025 \text{ kg/m}^3) / (1.07 \times 10^{-3} \text{ kg/m.s.}) = 2.8 \times 10^7$ , which is greater than  $10^6$ .

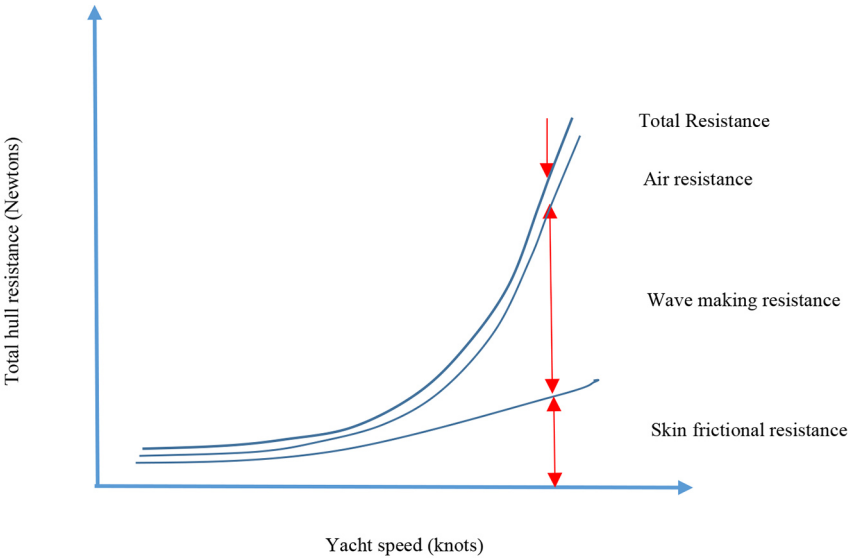
In this case the flow of water along the hull is turbulent. Knowing that the flow is turbulent the correct formula can be looked up in a textbook. The formula for the coefficient of frictional resistance,  $C_F$ , for a fully rough turbulent flat plate is:  $C_F = (1.89 - 1.62 \log (\xi/L))^{-2.5}$ , where,  $\xi$  = is the surface roughness in mm,  $L$  = length of waterline, in our case 9400 mm. If the yacht has been idle and developed biofouling barnacles with an average surface height of say 10 mm from the hull, then using the above equation,  $C_F = 0.0086$ . For the yacht in our

example the hull skin friction force will be  $F_F = (0.0086) \times (25 \text{ sq.m.}) \times \frac{1}{2} \times (1025 \text{ kg/m}^3) \times (3.1 \text{ m/s})^2 = 1059 \text{ Newtons}$ . The force associate with hull skin friction is 1059 N and is opposing the motion of the yacht.

To put this opposing force into context it is useful to calculate the driving force,  $F_{\text{Driving}}$ , of our yacht sailing downwind in, say, a 15 knot (7.76 m/s) wind with 60 sq.m. of sail spread out perpendicular to the wind. Using the same equation for the hull skin friction resistance,  $F_{\text{Driving}} = C_F S \frac{1}{2} \rho V^2$  but this time  $\rho$  = air density ( $1.21 \text{ kg/m}^3$ ), and using a sail frictional drag of coefficient,  $C_{F_s}$  of 1.3, gives,  $F_{\text{Driving}} = (1.3) \times (60 \text{ sq.m.}) \times \frac{1}{2} \times (1.21 \text{ kg/m}^3) \times (7.76 \text{ m/s})^2 = 2842 \text{ Newtons}$ . The force from the wind driving the yacht is 2842 N.

In this example, the barnacles have caused the hull skin frictional force to use up well over 30% of the available driving force that the sails can offer. A clean hull may only have used around 10% of the available force. That suggests that instead of the yacht reaching its hull speed of 7.45 knots it may only manage 5 knots. In a two hour race that adds up!

Predictions based on model tests confirm that a covering of small barnacles and weeds over the entire wetted surface of a boat can typically increase total skin frictional resistance to become over 30 percent of the total hull resistance. This is similar to sailing with a drogue behind the yacht. What is the maximum speed a sailboat can reach? The trick is to reduce resistance and regular cleaning of the hull will certainly do that.



Graph of the components of hull resistance for a typical sailboat. Resistance rises sharply when the yacht speed moves past the hull speed limit when resistance due to the wave making along the hull dominates





Photos John Jeremy

*Cherub* seeking the lee of a rather large obstruction in Athol Bight  
before the start of the twilight race on 9 December



*Tula* enjoying a perfect breeze on 9 December





The start for Division 2 in the twilight race of 9 December



On the way back from the Beashel Buoy





Photos David Salter

The 'Big Boat Challenge' on Sydney Harbour in December featured the nation's supermaxis in close-quarters battle



*Andoo Comanche* dominated the race, sailing at her characteristic extreme angle of heel



Photo John Jeremy

As usual, the Rolex Sydney to Hobart yacht race was a highlight of the December sailing programme. We may have more space for photos in the April SASC News, but we must include this one of *Maluka* (A19) taken before the start. *Maluka*, skippered by Peter Langman, won Division 5 with a corrected time of 3 days, 14 hours, 19 minutes 22 secs





Photo John Jeremy

With last year's celebrations fresh in our memories, why not another Gaffers Day photo from the past? This colourful scene was on Gaffers Day 1993



## NEW MEMBERS

February 2023

We welcome the following new members:

Andrew Case	Analeise Collins
Benjamin Dodd	Helen Impey
Margaret Keen	Marie Morey
Roberto Padoan	Geoff Summerhayes

## SASC SHOP

*Subject to availability — Stock is limited — Check with the Office*

### SASC Branded Merchandise

Racing 'A' Flag	\$27.00
Burgee (Medium – 30 cm x 54 cm)	\$41.00
Club Tie	\$25.00
Club Wide-Brimmed Hat	\$36.00
Polo Shirt (short sleeve)	
— white and navy in limited sizes	\$75.00
Polo Shirt Quick Dry (long sleeve)	
— white and navy in limited sizes	\$60.00
T-shirt	
— Anniversary and Gaffers in limited sizes	\$30.00
Stubbie Holder	\$7.50
Anniversary tumblers, non-slip unbreakable	
Four off	\$50.00
One off	\$14.00

## TENDER HOURS

Members are reminded that the hours of operation of the

Club's tenders are:

Saturday/Sunday (EST) 0900–1700

Saturday/Sunday (DST) 0900–1800

Friday Twilights 1600–2100 (approx)

## TENDER DRIVERS NEED A BREAK TOO

On some days the demands on the duty tender driver never slacken. They need a break just like everyone else, so please avoid calling them between 1245 and 1315 so they can grab some lunch.

## NEWSLETTER DEADLINE

The next *SASC News* will be the April 2023 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Friday 30 March 2023. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are very welcome.



*Yvonne (2929) and Windemere (3671)*  
at the start of a twilight race  
(Photo John Jeremy)

