



SASC NEWS

The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



February 2007

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Cover:

Maluka heading to sea after the start of the 2006 Sydney to Hobart yacht race
 (Photo Lisa-Anne Parker)

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COMING EVENTS

February 2007

SATURDAY 24 FEBRUARY 2007

Seventeenth point score race for Super 30 Division. Eighteenth point score race for Division 2 and Classic Divisions.

SUNDAY 25 FEBRUARY 2007

RANSA Regatta

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY 3 AND 4 MARCH

Audi Sydney Harbour Regatta

TUESDAY 6 MARCH 2007

Last race in Paul Slocombe Trophy twilight series.

SATURDAY 10 MARCH 2007

Eighteenth point score race for Super 30 Division. Nineteenth point score race for Division 2 and Classic Divisions. Tenth point score race Cavalier 28 Division and eleventh point score race for Division 1 and Super 30 and Division 2 short series.

SUNDAY 11 MARCH 2007

Seventh point score race for Gaffers Division and Division 6.

SATURDAY 17 MARCH 2007

Nineteenth point score race for Super 30 Division. Twentieth point score race for Division 2 and Classic Divisions.

SUNDAY 18 MARCH 2007

Sydney Harbour Bridge 75th Anniversary Regatta, conducted by the SASC.

FRIDAY 23 MARCH 2007

Last Friday twilight race.

SATURDAY 24 MARCH 2007

Summer Trophy Day. Twentieth point score race for Super 30 Division. Twentyfirst point score race for Division 2 and Classic Divisions. Eleventh point score race Cavalier 28 Division and twelfth point score race for Division 1 and Super 30 and Division 2 short series.

TUESDAY 25 MARCH 2007

Last race in the Paul Slocombe Trophy twilight series.

SATURDAY 31 MARCH 2007

Club Championship — Kelly Cup and Tara Ipo Trophy.

**MUST
HAVE
THE TEN-
DER?**

*Call Mike or
Allan on
0418 678 690*



As someone who was raised on a diet of Arthur Ransom and Erskine Childers I have always felt rather smug about the fact I could do my sailing in waters where I didn't have to worry too much about the tide and, if I did, it was because I was looking for a lift off Bradleys Head. There was always the slight disappointment that there wasn't the little pub at the end of a withy-lined channel but not enough to worry me, until last week I discovered Moreton Bay. What a revelation!

I spent last week on Moreton Bay learning about the RYA training method and how it unlocks a 40 by 20 mile stretch of island and sand-bar filled waters which were filled with pubs at the end of narrow channels and the most welcoming and hospitable people you could wish to meet. Very little could give more satisfaction to the navigator than a transit through the Rous Channel with its giant turtles, dugongs and dolphins, to arrive at The Little Ship Club and have the barman reply to your question as to the what time they close with the answer "ten minutes after you leave."

I, like so many others, have sailed past Moreton Bay on my trips north because it looked too hard to navigate and I had never bothered with the skills that made it easy.

The RYA has introduced a structured learning program which takes the average novice sailor from first time on a boat through a progressive series of levels to the stage where as skipper he or she can safely navigate a boat on difficult waters like Moreton Bay and enjoy the experience. As someone who has had to learn by the "Idiots Guide" method this has been a revelation and a system I would recommend to anyone who really wants to enjoy their sailing. Hopefully, in the not to distant future we may be able to offer it through the Club.

On a domestic note you will notice that the kitchen upgrade is now complete. The kitchen and Club room is there for your use but please, if you want to use the Club, ring Patrick or Megan and book so we don't have the problem of too many members trying to use the Club at the same time.

So welcome to 2007 and may all your voyages be pleasant ones.

Rob Evans



Photo John Jeremy

The start of the Classic Division in the Australia Day Regatta on 26 January

MALUKA THE HISTORY

February 2007

More than 70 years ago the brothers George and William Clark asked by father Cliff to design a 28-foot Ranger-type yacht capable of ocean voyaging as well as cruising and racing. The result was *Maluka*, built by Billy Fisher and Sons at La Perouse. The brothers raced her in the A2 class of the SASC. I remember this happening but I cannot recall any performance records. Every Christmas they cruised her to Broken Bay and I remember this clearly.

Voyages to Cooktown, Lord Howe Island and a circumnavigation of Tasmania were successfully completed with a large hiccup on the first trip to Tassie, very well documented in the 1972 SASC history *The Amateurs* after an interview with Willy Clark. In about 1938 they sold her to Sil Rohu who converted her to a big-game fishing cruiser and she was very successful in this role.

After various owners she was purchased by Warwick Thompson, Sil's grand nephew, who sold her to Sean Langman in 2006.

Maluka was then refurbished at Woolwich to a standard of strength and appearance that has to be closely examined to be believed. Ian Macdiarmid made a large wardrobe of sails in the gaff rig and off she went to Hobart in the annual race. The little vessel had not been under sail for 68 years until 16 December but she sure had not forgotten how to do it! It is probable that *Maluka* is the oldest yacht ever to compete in the Sydney-Hobart race and is the only gaffer to complete the event in over fifty years.

Not even a difficult stern-first slipping of the motor yacht *Cambria* could distract attention from *Maluka's* safety inspection at Berrys Bay in December

Southerly

Photo John Jeremy





Maluka is quite roomy down below. There was still quite a bit of work to do when these photos were taken on 11 December

Photos John Jeremy





Photo John Jeremy

Are you sure this bandage is the right size? A safety audit for *Maluka* before the big voyage south
(above)

Maluka heads to sea on Boxing day (below)

Photo Lisa-Anne Parker



MALUKA TO TASMANIA

by
John Crawford

Maluka's outstanding performance in the 2006 Rolex Sydney Hobart Race, 4th in Division and 8th on handicap was a fine result for the smallest and oldest yacht in the fleet. She very nearly stole the show and created much interest and a certain amount of controversy amongst yachting experts, of which there are an enormous number.

I felt fortunate to be invited by Sean Langman to join *Maluka's* crew shortly after he acquired the boat over twelve months ago. He and I had both coveted *Maluka* for many years, while she languished 'up the river' on a mooring. A twenty-eight foot 'Ranger', (the majority are 24 foot) she has an interesting history, with close links to the Sydney Amateurs history and sailing spirit through past members the Clarke brothers.

Fortunately for *Maluka*, Sean prevailed and having bought her, he then set about converting his dream into reality. I felt privileged to be able to share that dream, for a second time, *Vanity* being the first. The world needs a certain number of Sean Langmans (not too many..!). Their drive, enthusiasm and sheer bloody mindedness is wonderful to watch and exciting to be part of and so it was.

As *Maluka* thrashed her way out of Sydney Heads on Boxing Day 2006, by no means 'last out the Heads' she gave a good account of herself as she departed Sydney Harbour for the first time in 70 years. It had to bring a little lump to the throat, and to wonder what the Clarke brothers might be thinking as they watched from above.

Photo John Jeremy

Boxing Day 2006
— *Maluka* heads
for the start line



Contrary to all expectations, my own included, *Maluka* proved to be an outstanding little sea boat. In summary the race went like this. Firstly we have the crew — Sean Langman, John (Hector) Crawford, Sarah Wilmot, Lauren Howard, Marni Raprager (Marni and Lauren both sail at the SASC in *Ranger* with Bill Gale) and John Crawford (your scribe and the ‘real’ John Crawford). Two John Crawfords, my God, the mind boggles..... Hector has done many sea miles with Sean and Sarah Wilmot ditto, a very capable sailor.

The Start

Departed Noakes at Berry’s Bay around 1130 and motored down to the start. Lots of well wishers came across to say hello.

Motored into the start area and hoisted sails in the freshening south-easter. Jilled around feeling a little threatened by the maxi’s as they rushed by in a welter of foam and testosterone with what looked like a full regiment lining the rails. Gone in a flash.

Sean’s starting instructions were simple. *Maluka* would not be making a flying start at the front of the fleet. We’d let the fleet go and follow up behind. We were, after all, the slowest boat so why push it to no purpose — we were getting back to our sailing roots weren’t we?

This was a bit of a revelation, a new relaxed Sean — or was it..? With three minutes to go, *Maluka* was on her run to the line. Excitement was rising, we were well positioned, a gap appeared between boats and Sean shoved *Maluka* through it — Sean, what happened to waiting?

Maluka smashing
Vanity’s speed
record on the way
to the Heads, but
she is a bit longer
on the WL

Photo John Jeremy



SASC NEWS *Maluka* leapt forward down a wave and across the line. Then we heard the gun. Hearts in mouths we waited for the re-call, but none came and we were ploughing down the harbour at 9 knots, 9.1, 9.2, 9.3 — wow the Ranger-class speed record set in October 2006 (*Vanity*) had just been demolished and we'd only been sailing five minutes. Sixteen minutes after we started we were out at sea and working our way into the brisk south easterly. That was quick.

The Race

The majority of yachts went to sea. *Maluka* stuck to the coast for the first few hours, tacking seawards off Bondi and again off Port Hacking. The wind was 15–20 knots, the seas a bit messy with wind waves atop a south-easterly swell. Four of us sat ‘on the rail’ until around 1700 and then split into watches, three hours on, three hours off with three on deck. At the same time navigator ‘Hector’ and Sean decided that the ‘making leg’ was out to sea, so somewhere off The National Park, *Maluka* tacked out to sea for the last time. We stayed on this starboard leg for nearly 80 miles and ended up being the most easterly yacht in the fleet. The wind was due to go east and then north east, but when was the question.

We ‘stacked’ the boat — life raft to windward and off-watch crew in the windward bunks, but no-one on the rail. *Maluka* was not that sort of boat. The wind didn’t give up and the first night was uncomfortable, but she was proving to be a stable solid and predictable vessel. The dodger provided excellent protection from flying spray, but very little water came over the deck and I don’t think the leeward rail ever went under in the whole trip.

The helm required a tackle to reduce the load. The considerable roach in the main giving a little more weather helm than was needed, even with one reef and the staysail, which was the preferred rig in the stronger conditions. We all settled down. The watches were altered to two hours on and four hours off which was luxury. People’s appetites began to re-appear and the stove was fired up. As the wind backed off the reef was shaken out and the full cutter rig installed in favour of the staysail only. On the third day we were entering the Strait steering 180° then 195° and then 200° and 205°. Sheets were cracked and with the assistance of a helpful southerly set which varied from one to two and half knots *Maluka* was making up to eight knots over the ground.

The Tasmanian coast appeared through the haze in the south west as we came back in from our excursion toward New Zealand and as the wind backed we were able to set a spinnaker to keep her moving consistently around seven to eight knots, but generally closer to seven.

A glorious ride to Tasman Island with the, now, nor-easter pumping in at around twenty knots. The spinnaker was doused and *Maluka* gybed over and raced across Storm Bay passed Cape Raoul and on up the Derwent. We had rounded just before sunset. The wind thankfully stayed with us initially on out quarter, but later as we followed the Derwent we ended up working our way into Hobart.

Maluka crossed the line at 0320, 4 days and 14 hours after having left Sydney. I have never got off a boat feeling more relaxed than I did in Hobart. We were all very comfortable, very dry and very well rested.

Thank you Sean for letting me share your dream and thank you crewmates for being such convivial and relaxed people to sail with and a special thank you to *Maluka* for being such a great little sea boat.

SYDNEY-HOBART START

February 2007



Overtaking vessel keep clear! — *James Craig* catches *Endeavour* as the Tall Ships parade before the Sydney Hobart start (above)

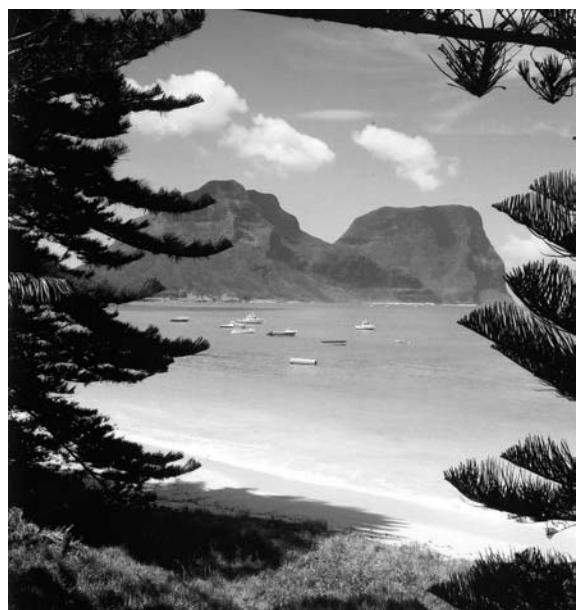
The spectator fleet lined up expectantly (below)

Photos John Jeremy



COME and ENJOY SASC FRIDAY TWILIGHT RACING 2006/2007

A FUN WAY TO WIND DOWN ON FRIDAY NIGHTS AND A CHANCE TO BECOME ELIGIBLE TO



David Salter photo

Win a trip for 2 to
LORD HOWE ISLAND
(Valued at over \$2,000)

HOW? Simply sail in the SASC Friday Twilight Series and when you make a season entry and complete 5 races your boat becomes eligible to enter the draw for a trip for two to Lord Howe Island. The more races

you compete in increases your chances of winning. Potentially you can be entered in the draw 12 times. The trip for two will be drawn at the completion of the last race in the series. Contact the club and enter now!

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The Start — the big boats cross the line as the gun goes off. *Maximus* (before her mast became minimus, right) made a fine sight as she tore down the Harbour (above)

The usual crush on the water as the boats head to sea in perfect conditions (below)

Photos John Jeremy



BATON CHANGE ON CAPTAIN AMORA

February 2007

by
Tony Barry

After almost seven years on *Captain Amora* as a member — some would say boss — of the Saturday Race Management Team, Ben Williams has retired. Ben was deckhand, general dog's body, responsible for the results and will be sorely missed.

Ben recently graduated from the University of New South Wales with a Bachelors Degree of Commerce in Marketing, Tourism and Hospitality Management and will pursue a romantic attachment and a career, in that order, in Chico California. Ben's collection of cars has inexplicably been rejected by the Powerhouse Museum and has been disbursed among friends for safe keeping and loving care.

From all the members of the Saturday Race Management Team 'thanks for your help Ben' and best wishes and good luck for the future on both counts. We in *Captain Amora* look forward to meeting Ruth again sometime in the near future.

Meet Cameron Edwards from Bilgola who is the newest member of the Saturday Crew in *Captain Amora*. At age 16 Cameron will make a significant contribution to reducing the average of *Amora*'s starting crew. Cameron is a year 12 student at Pittwater High School and, unlike Ben whose passion was cars (mostly in need of repair), Cameron is a sailor. He sails a Laser, number 169...something, from the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club on Pittwater. Previously he was Club Champ in 2004 and 2005 at the Avalon Sailing Club driving a Spiral 820 *The Angels Whisper*.

Welcome to the Amateurs Cameron — and especially to your place on *The Captain*. Us oldies are not so hard to get along with — ask Ben!

Photos Tony Barry



Cameron Edwards
— the Laser Ace

Ben (right) and First Substitute Ed Lee who also recently graduated from UNSW and is pursuing local ladies and career





A fine fleet of 86 boats started in the 171st Australia Day Regatta on a perfect Sydney Summer day.
Division 2 boats cross the start line (above)

Shortly after the Classic Division start, *Sylvia*, *Reverie*, *Redpa* and *Gumleaf* (A40, Orion Alderton — the winner in the division) beat to windward (below)

Photos John Jeremy





As usual, the historic skiffs made a fine sight during the Regatta, and all finished except *Australia*, which capsized near the flagship HMAS *Manoora* and attracted the attention of some very capable Water Police (below)

Photos John Jeremy





Ranger crossing the finish line as the modern 18-footers start in the background (above)

Duyfken (below), *South Passage*, *James Craig* and *Endeavour* (right) were a spectacular sight in the Tall Ships race as the north easterly gusted in a 20 knots

Photos John Jeremy







The RAAF displays were very well received by everyone around the harbour on Australia Day. Having dropped the Red Berets into Sydney Cove, the Hercules made a low pass over the Tall Ships — seen here with Endeavour and James Craig

Race 7 – Qingdao to Victoria

by
Richard Falk

The race across the North Pacific was always going to be a tough one. More than 5,600 miles in spring across some of the coldest, most unfriendly water on the planet. Originally our route was to take us from Qingdao to Yokohama in Japan where we would stop, catch up on some sleep, re-provision and carry out maintenance and repairs. However, our Subic Bay delay meant that Yokohama was dropped from our race schedule and we were now faced with a passage of somewhere around 28 to 30 days.

Our boat faced an additional challenge. We were very short handed for this leg. Whilst we had only been fully crewed for one leg of the race so far this was the lightest we were to be in the whole event so far — just 12 crew and myself on a boat built to be sailed by 18. My crew happens to be rather small in size as well as number with the majority of them being of Asian descent.

We set off into a headwind (again) of about 25 knots and beat into that for the next five days or so. Crossing the line mid fleet and falling back to 8th we then elected, once clear of our turning mark, to head off on a starboard tack while the rest of the fleet headed off on the port tack.



A nip of rum as we crossed the international date line was in order

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My nervousness dissipated when the wind shift I had hoped for came in and we were nicely positioned for a more or less straight run towards the southern tip of Kyushu, Japan, still 400 miles away. That also put us at the front of the pack!

We led around Kyushu with *Liverpool*, *Durban* and *Glasgow* close to us. However, as we rounded the bottom of the island and headed ENE we sailed into a massive wind hole. We sat there and we sat there and we sat there. We weren't lonely though as *Liverpool* came and joined us. Unfortunately one of those horrible events in yacht racing then took place. Despite being parked in the middle of the "Black Snake", the current that runs from south to north up the east coast of Japan, we were still not in any wind. Whilst we sat and watched less than two miles away three boats came out of the blue behind us and then sailed straight past us at perhaps six knots in what was their own private breeze. To add insult to injury the breeze evaporated again once they were past. We sat for perhaps another eight hours before finally starting to move again and now finding ourselves mid fleet again.

We set off up the east coast of Japan chasing the leaders. In what was an uncharacteristic weather pattern for that time of year we carried head-winds for the next 2,500 miles. Despite being at the correct latitudes and in the right place most of the time systems would slip above or below us to continually ensure that we copped a thorough beating.

Its getting colder
— three degrees
Centigrade!



Bearing in mind we were down to 12 crew and I was missing two of my three watch leaders I had elected to run a watch and to have my one remaining watch leader (Thong Meng, or just Meng as he is known) run the opposite watch. He is a bullet-proof young school teacher from Singapore who would be an asset on any boat. He is fearless and has been frequently seen at the masthead in all conditions. I was very happy to have him running the opposite watch, but it did mean we were awfully thin on the ground for experienced helmsmen in the event of any really bad weather and also meant I had no-one as back up in the event that either of us was injured.

After our first decent blow of perhaps 45 knots for three days or so the seas were just settling down when we had a bit of a setback. It was mid morning and we were close reaching in a sea of maybe six metres. It was abating and had been reasonably predictable to date. All in all it was quite pleasant given what we had put up with during the previous three days. I was helming and was sitting on the high side when out of the corner of my eye I saw a wave coming towards us at 90 degrees to the prevailing wave train. Unfortunately it was somewhere between 12 and 15 metres high (above our first spreader) and while most of it broke just before it hit the boat I managed to cop a solid wall of water right on my back. The next thing I know I am upside down in a hell of a lot of pain on my head and in the aft rails 15 feet from where I had been

At minus two degrees on deck, everyone was keen on sail repairs



SASC NEWS

sitting. I have no idea how long I had been there. I couldn't breathe having been winded but managed to get back and get the helm under control and get the boat going in what was passable for a straight line.

I was in pain all over and wasn't actually sure what I had done to myself. I had someone replace me on the helm and very slowly got myself down below. A quick check revealed a bit of a mess. I was pretty sure my right arm was broken, my left ankle was a mess and my ribs on both sides were also affected. Breathing at this stage was a bit of an issue. To say I was worried would be a bit of an understatement. Being at this stage perhaps 1,000 miles from Japan and somewhere around 3,500 miles to go to Canada, being responsible for the lives of the 12 people on board suddenly hit home. I decided to wait 24 hours and see what developed.

We have a doctor on board with us — a young GP from Edinburgh. Unfortunately without an x-ray all she could do was confirm what I already knew — I was a mess. However she was very good at dispensing lots of little pills that made me very happy for a while. After a day or two my arm was improving — nice colours but at least able to move. All the other bits were feeling a little better other than my back which actually was now quite painful. Given that I didn't remember actually jarring or impacting it I was somewhat at a loss to explain it. In any case I decided that provided I put myself on light duties we would press on.

Then it got more interesting. We dived into our second major storm of the crossing. About 45 to 50 knots on the nose and very steep waves. Meng managed to strain some ligaments in his knee during a sail change and then it was his turn to be confined to his bunk. We were now down to two good helmsmen and two back ups. Not good for a long race. The temperature was now also plummeting. Air temperature at 48 degrees north was between zero and five degrees below decks and I don't even want to guess at what the wind chill factor was. 50 miles north east of us *Durban* and *Victoria* were in a blizzard and were chipping ice off their decks. Because of the conditions we could only leave people on the helm for a maximum of 30 minutes with one crew in the cockpit as lookout. The others would be below drinking anything warm they could get their hands on. Everyone was quiet and introverted. We were cold, constantly wet from the waves over the deck and with no means of drying off. This went on day after day after day.

About four days after I injured myself I was below at about 1900 when the dreaded call of "I've lost steerage" came out. We were in 12 metre seas and in about 45 knots of wind. Rod Simpson, who had joined us in Qingdao as a last minute replacement crew member, volunteered to help me with the repair job. We grabbed some tools and headed into the lazarette as Meng and his watch rigged the emergency steering.

Replacing the broken steering cable, a job that would normally take 20 minutes, took us over two hours in the violent and pitching environment of the lazarette. Several times we almost had arms and legs crushed as the quadrant spun from mid point to full lock as a wave caught us awkwardly. When we finally emerged from the lazarette and went below Rod confided that in all his years of living and growing up in Liverpool he had never heard so many profanities uttered in a two-hour period. He had even learned a few new ones!! Unfortunately on his way below Rod also slipped and managed to crack three ribs — injury number three for the trip and now three people on restricted duties.

Later that night with no visibility and the sea state now at 12 metres and starting to get steep

with no backs on the waves I made the decision to heave to. I was still unable to helm as I couldn't stand up, Meng was in a bit of a state and my other two helmsmen were exhausted having taken the load for most of the previous 24 hours. It was a tough decision to make but the only sensible one for the time being.

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At first light we were able to get moving again but we had lost nearly 80 miles during the night between the broken steering cable and having to heave to. Ultimately it would prove to be a deciding factor in our overall placing for the race. We slipped off the back of the weather system and the boats we had been close to were able to make enough northing to pick up tail winds while we got clobbered by the top of the next low coming through. In 24 hours boats we had been 40 miles behind were over 250 miles ahead of us.

Whilst we were going through the worst of our weather *Qingdao* was SW of us. They were medivacing a crew member with a dislocated shoulder onto a Japanese Coast Guard cutter. After attempting for two days to relocate the joint they had to admit defeat and rather than risking long-term damage to nerves the decision was made to medivac the crew member out. He later rejoined in Victoria. Soon after *Jersey* was caught by a cross wave similar to the one that injured me. As well as injuring three crew members it jibed the boat and then jibed it back again. The end result was a broken traveller, a badly damaged mainsail and three injured crew. One of the crew was suffering from internal injuries and *Jersey*'s stand in skipper Simon Rowell arranged for a rendezvous with a US Coast Guard cutter from the Aleutian Islands to medivac their crew member. The crew member eventually recovered but would not be well enough to rejoin the race before its conclusion.

The next two weeks went very slowly and painfully. Morale was low, the temperatures remained below zero and the seas continued to be on the nose with winds from 35 to 50 knots. Nice! It became a long and arduous task just getting to Victoria. Eventually the wind came around and we had 50 knots on the beam which while a little breezy was a lot more preferable to having it on the bow. We got very lucky and eventually the wind abated and came behind us. It was time for some spinnaker work.

In perhaps 26 knots of wind we had our newly-repaired mid-weight kite up and we were moving along quite nicely, ever so slowly reeling in the rest of the fleet. We were in 9th place. Unfortunately our luck was not to hold — our 1.5 again ripped across the head from luff to leech and down to the foot. The rip had started about six inches below where the rip had started on the last leg. We were crushed. We immediately started a sweat shop (or shiver shop as the crew called it) and all of us took it in turns to hand sew the 180 feet of stitching required by hand. Because we were short handed it took the best part of four days to complete. However, to date it has lasted well — better than the professional repair carried out in *Qingdao*.

We eventually reached Victoria about 36 hours after the lead boat and about two hrs after boats six, seven and eight. We were in 9th place with *Jersey* eventually retiring and electing to motor to the finish. However, their luck was still not in and their engine failed due to a faulty high pressure pump and they needed to be towed the last 150 miles.

We were exhausted, as were all crews. The North Pacific had certainly taken its toll but we had come through it more or less in one piece. The welcome into Victoria, Canada, was as warm and friendly as our 60 mile surf up the Juan de Fuca Straits had been spectacular.

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Whales, dolphins and spectacular snow-capped mountain vistas were all just what we needed to restore our energy after our 29 day endurance test.

As I still couldn't stand or lie down for long periods of time I thought I had better go and get checked out by the local medicos more as a formality than anything else. I was slowly getting better and just wanted to ensure there was no long-term damage. I was quite surprised when the doctor rang my results through and told me that fortunately I didn't have a broken arm but I did have a fracture of my T7 vertebra. He said it looked like it was healing and given that it had occurred some weeks earlier it should be OK as long as I didn't do anything too strenuous. Lucky I guess — all things considered.

We enjoyed our stopover immensely with the locals taking a great interest in the race and plenty of beer and good food. We were accommodated in a very nice hotel courtesy of the Victoria Tourism Board and generally enjoyed the place. The west coast of Canada and Vancouver Island in particular looks like a must-do on the list of places to go and cruise around. Next time no time limits though.

Next race we are off to Panama. Stay tuned — there are some interesting twists to that one too!

*Richard Falk
Skipper *Uniquely Singapore**

All photos courtesy Richard Falk

Arriving in Victoria
— a beautiful
sight after four
weeks at sea



QUEEN MARY 2 TO VISIT SYDNEY

February 2007

Tuesday 20 February 2007 will be a day to celebrate the great ocean liner with the visit to Sydney on the same day of the Cunard liners *Queen Mary 2* and *Queen Elizabeth 2*.

Both ships departed Fort Lauderdale in Florida on 11 January on their world cruises. The only other time they will meet up together will be in Sydney.

The 151,400 gross ton *Queen Mary 2* will enter Sydney Heads at 0630 on 20 February and will berth at Fleet Base East in Woolloomooloo (at the fitting out wharf beside the big crane). The 70,327 gross ton *Queen Elizabeth 2* will arrive about twelve hours later and will sail by Woolloomooloo at about 1915 when the two liners will salute each other with a blast on their whistles – loud enough to be heard ten miles away. QE2 will berth at the Overseas Passenger Terminal in Circular Quay. At 2040 there will be a spectacular fireworks display over the harbour accompanied by cannon firing from Fort Denison.

Queen Mary 2 will depart at 2300 on 20 February and QE2 will leave at 1830 on Thursday 22 February.

QM2 is undertaking an 81-day circumnavigation of the world for her maiden world voyage and QE2 is sailing on her Silver Jubilee World Cruise, a 108-day voyage celebrating her 25th cruise around the world. Sydney will be QM2's only port of call in Australia but QE2 will also visit Hobart, Melbourne, Brisbane and Cairns.

More information can be found at www.queenmary2.com.au.

The Cunard Line's
151,400 GRT
passenger liner
Queen Mary 2

Aker Yards photo





Cherub (Peter Scott) enjoying the north easterly on Australia Day (above)

Some water for the cockpit for *Lolita* as she passes the Flagship on Australia Day (below)

Photos John Jeremy





The Sydney Harbour Bridge turns 75 on 19 March 2007. To celebrate this important milestone in Sydney's history a Regatta for gaff-rigged and classic yachts will be conducted on Sydney Harbour on Sunday 18 March 2007. Owners of gaff-rigged and classic yachts are invited to join in the celebrations by participating in this colourful event.

The SHB 75 Regatta will be conducted by the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club on behalf of the NSW Premier's Department, Office of Protocol and Special Events.

**The Notice of Race and entry form are available
at www.sasc.com.au.**

The anniversary will be celebrated by a range of events around the Bridge and on the Harbour.

Full details are at www.ourbridge.com.au

*Even if you do not own a gaffer or a classic timber yacht,
come out and enjoy the fun!*

FRIDAY TWILIGHTS

The Friday Twilight races are proving as popular as ever. If you plan to come sailing on Friday nights and to stay for dinner afterwards, please ring Megan, Patrick or Maggie as soon as possible and definitely no later than Thursday when Patrick polishes the Club's crystal ball and orders the food.

No table bookings can be accepted after 1200 on Thursday

A booking sheet is also available on the notice board, and members are encouraged to use this facility when they are passing.

Volunteers are also needed to help clean up and ensure a great evening for all. Add your crew to the list on the notice board now!

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members:

Rob Firth
Sean Kelly

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

On Saturday 20 January I had a good look at the clubhouse kitchen. The standard of the refurbishment is first class and in keeping with the premises ‘oldy worldy’ feel. I congratulate everyone involved with the project — I realise a great deal of work and planning was involved and I am confident that all members appreciate the result.

Southerly

THREE CHEERS!

It is a fine Saturday Harbour tradition for the crew of the second boat in a race, if possible, to give three hearty cheers to the winner who then returns the compliment.

It would be nice if yachts would greet newcomers to their division in this manner, they would very much appreciate this welcome. The three Rangers do this within our group. When a new or refurbished bat is launched it is great to hear three cheers as she is about to hit the water.

Obviously not everyone is aware these days of this fine tradition and I would be very pleased to see its full return to the SASC. It is very dispiriting to give the cheers and not have them returned.

Southerly

OLD CANS PLEASE!

The boatshed is always in need of clean used cans (tins, if you will) for use around the slips to clean brushes or hold paint etc. Any donations will be gratefully received — there is a box under the paint bench in the workshop

**NEWSLETTER DEADLINE**

The next SASC News will be the April 2007 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Friday 23 March 2007. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are also very welcome.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

February 2007

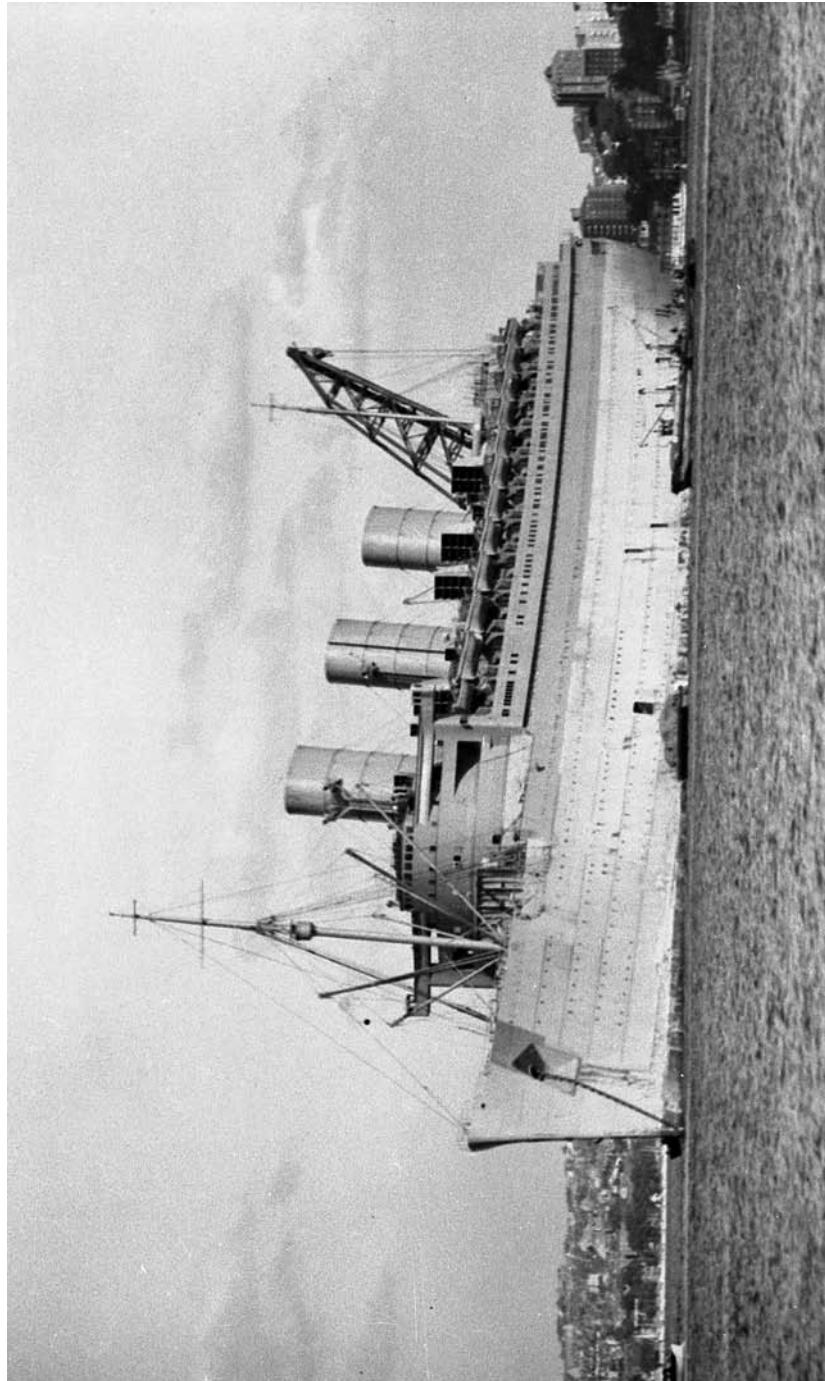


Photo John Jeremy Collection

The visit of *Queen Mary 2* on 20 February will stir recollections of the visits of her famous predecessors during World War II. The famous *Queen Mary* arrived in Sydney in April 1940 from New York for conversion to a trooper. The work was completed by Cockatoo Docks & Engineering Company Ltd in fourteen days while the ship was anchored in Athol Bight. The ship almost dwarfs the floating crane *Titan* which is moored on the starboard quarter



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