



SASC NEWS

The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



April 2002

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Cover:

The Amateurs
competing in the
Super X National
Titles on Sydney
Harbour

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COMING EVENTS

APRIL 02

SATURDAY 4 MAY 2002

First race in the Winter Series.

SUNDAY 12 MAY 2002

Mother's Day Breakfast on the Wharf.

WEDNESDAY 15 MAY 2002

At 2000 — General Meeting of Members to approve proposed joining fees and subscriptions for 2002/03.

SATURDAY 25 MAY 2002

Second race in the Winter Series.

SATURDAY 15 JUNE 2002

Third race in the Winter Series.

SATURDAY/SUNDAY 15/16 JUNE 2002

Classic Yacht Association Concours D'Elegance at the Superyacht Marina, Rozelle.

SATURDAY 22 JUNE 2002

Annual Prizegiving at the SASC Clubhouse, Cremorne.

SATURDAY 6 JULY 2002

Fourth race in the Winter Series.

SATURDAY 20 JULY 2002

Fifth race in the Winter Series.

SATURDAY 3 AUGUST 2002

Combined RANSA/SASC series race 1.

SATURDAY 10 AUGUST 2002

Combined RANSA/SASC series race 2.

SATURDAY 17 AUGUST 2002

Combined RANSA/SASC series race 3.

TENDER!

***Call Robbie
on
0418 678 690***

Sat: 0900-1800
Sun: 0900-1700



In the last few weeks I have visited a number of the other sailing clubs in Sydney. Indeed, I have just returned from the announcement of Rolex sponsorship of the Sydney Hobart Race at the CYCA and a two-hour session at another club dealing with regatta management procedures. Each organization deals with similar issues that face the members and board of the SASC. As I hear the lofty aims and ambitions and listen to the trials and tribulations of the house managers, sailing managers and CEOs, I feel a warm glow of pride as I think of how lucky we are at the SASC to have most of these problems in perspective. I believe that we occupy an appropriate position in the Sydney sailing scene and that the balance of paid and volunteer labour which we use to achieve this is fitting.

No better example was the recent Cavalier 28 championships. The series was beautifully run and the Club proved yet again to be the ideal venue for this type of regatta. To all those involved, the on-water team and those back at the clubhouse, my heartfelt thanks and admiration for a great job well done.

Other aspects of Club life are flowering with the help of a small army of dedicated participants. The Adams 10 is a good example. Those involved have the boat in top order and ready to give pleasure to whoever is interested. It is terrific to see a tradition of service to the Club growing around this asset and a band of people apparently enjoying the involvement. Speaking of service to the Club, I take pleasure in once again thanking Bob Lawler for recent efforts on the Club's behalf. Not in the best of health, he has taken in hand the little motor boat *Patrick Whittington*, inherited from the Mosman Amateurs and supervised its restoration into a serviceable asset. Overall Bob accomplishes the finest job with the least money and is without doubt one of our best volunteers.

Charles Maclurcan

The cheerful
SASC on-water
team during the
Cavalier 28
Championships



David Salter reports on a brief cruise-in-company where the only way to get your feet wet was to paddle in a trout stream

We forgot the beer. This, you will appreciate, is a profoundly serious admission for any sailor to make, but there was a good excuse: we weren't going to sea. Rather than provisioning *Mark Twain* or *Bright Morning Star* for a blue-water trip, we were headed inland — and a long way above sea level. The fateful 'Who brought the beer?' question was asked as our three-car convoy paused at a dusty mountaintop in the Brindabella Ranges about 30 miles south-west of Canberra. The closest grog shop was now much too far back, but a quick stock-take revealed that between us we had a dozen red wines and an unopened bottle of Bundy. Phew! That might just get us through the next couple of days.

Our destination was an old trout-fishing shack at the far end of a beautiful valley that adjoins the Snowy Mountains National Park. Through that valley runs the wild and unspoiled Goodradigbee River. I've been going there to relax with family and friends — and cast a dry fly — for the past 30 years. The job of organising a mob of SASC mates to join me at the shack for a few days of R&R proved a bit like trying to herd stray cats, but eventually a 'window of opportunity' opened between the last Slocum race on Tuesday evening and the resumption of regular sailing hostilities on the Saturday morning. Our party of five comprised Rear Commodore Dal Wilson (the Datemaster-General himself), his lovely bride Karen, Hugh O'Neill, John Sturrock, and myself as all-round ghillie and cook.

MISSION CONTROL ... the SASC shack beside the Goodradigbee River, ('Maclurcan Annexe' visible on right)





As befits their exalted flag-officer rank, the Rear Commodore and his Consort were allotted the Bridal Suite (the corner of the shack with a rickety double bed). John and Hugh took opposing pilot berths out towards the lean-to verandah while I, mindful that most smokers also snore, decamped to the tiny drop-log cabin 15 yards away (hereinafter referred to as the 'Maclurcan Annexe'). An ancient kero fridge functioned well enough to keep our meat fresh and make ice for the rum & cokes. An even more antique fuel stove did honourable service boiling water and provided plenty of heat to cook the mountains of bacon, eggs and toast we consumed for breakfast. Collecting dry kindling and splitting logs for the stove kept the menfolk amused during the afternoons. A combination of bottled butane gas and hurricane lamps gave us plenty of light and we made a modest bonfire outside the cabin each morning and night.

HONOUR IS DUE
... Hugh pays his
respects to the
Rear Commodore

Speaking of which, the lighting of this bonfire became the subject of some distinctly pyromaniacal competition between Messrs O'Neill and Wilson. Claiming precedence as a former First Class Scout, Hugh demonstrated it was possible to light a warming morning fire from the faint embers of the previous night's blaze — entirely without the benefit of paper or matches. This ritual usually took an hour or two, but never mind. Rising to the challenge, Dal then displayed his own fire-lighting skills. These involved assuming a variety of unflattering poses while blowing like buggery. (Rumours that our Datemaster-General was drummed out of the Cubs for Loitering-Without-Intent remain unconfirmed.) Next year we expect Hughie to show us how to start a fire without matches, wood — or even oxygen.

Apart from the odd desultory attempt at fishing — never has so much trout line been so comprehensively tangled by so few — our sporting activities were decidedly non-strenuous. The first afternoon was devoted to an extended session of cross-country boules (or *pétanque* if you want to be pedantic). The second saw us on the grassy river flat to play the historic first round of the Brindabella Open, a four-ball 'nearest the pin' competition in which the standard of golf swiftly declined in

exact inverse proportion to the amounts of wine being consumed.

APRIL 02

Peter and Fran Smith, the delightful couple who own the property where we stayed, joined us for an extended picnic lunch at a stunning bend in the river about a mile from the cabin. The Smiths have done some bare-boating in the Whitsundays and were interested in our sailor's yarns about the dangers of sunfish. Peter asked, 'What are they like? I've never seen one.' Dal explained: 'They're big, slow, really dense and bad news if you hit one.' 'Oh. Just like a wombat,' was Peter's instant response. 'Wombat of the Sea' has a certain piquancy. It may well become the standard description.

In the end there was no grand narrative theme to the Inaugural SASC Alpine Cruise, no central 'story', just a wonderful string of relaxed moments and images. V.H.O'Neill Esq plunging naked into the Goodradigbee to perform his morning ablutions (photos available on request); Dal Wilson standing in the dawn mist for his first fag of the day, clothed in a flannie, elastic-sided boots and not much else; John Sturrock putting all we scruffs to shame by having an immaculate shave each morning; Karen endlessly washing up dishes in her doomed attempt to keep the flies down. Everywhere the peaceful beauty of the Australian bush and soothing murmur of the river.

Maybe we can arrange a similar inland excursion next year. Every now and then it's good for the seafaring soul to spend some time beside water that isn't navigable. And I promise to remember the beer.

TIGERS IN THE WOODS ... at the 18th tee after the First Brindabella Four Ball, (l to r) John Sturrock, Hugh O'Neill, Dal Wilson, David Salter





BLOW JOB ... Dal assumes the position in the fire-lighting competition (above)

AFTERGUARD ... Karen moderates a serious tactical debate as to how long breakfast should last (below)



CAVALIER 28 CHAMPIONSHIPS

APRIL 02



Shoshana and *Dancelot* approaching the windward mark (left)

The SASC conducted the Cavalier 28 NSW Championships on 10 and 17 February 2002. Thirteen boats contested the five race series sailed on windward/leeward courses. Congratulations to the winners.

Handicap Series

- First: *Marabou* (Pam Joy)
- Second: *Shoshana* (Jonathan Rosenberg)
- Third: *Blind Justice* (Stephen O'Halloran)

Scratch Series

- First: *Centaurus* (Rod/Craig Mitchell)
- Second: *Shoshana* (Jonathan Rosenberg)
- Third: *Whisperer* (R. Harper/R. Glasson)

Centaurus leading *Whisperer* near the windward mark (below)





An estimated 4,000 sailors took part in the 166th Australia Day Regatta on Sydney Harbour and in eleven other associated regattas throughout New South Wales, with a perfect summer's day attracting record crowds around the Harbour to celebrated our National Day afloat.

by
Peter Campbell

The Governor of NSW, Her Excellency the Honourable Dr Marie Bashir AO, followed the racing on the Harbour after lunching with members of the Australia Day Regatta Management Committee at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron.

The RSYS again conducted the Regatta with the on-the-water assistance of 166th Australia Day Regatta Management Committee members Charles Maclurcan and John Jeremy. Philips Medical Systems sponsored the Regatta, maintaining the ongoing support of Philips.

The 166th Australia Day Regatta on the Harbour attracted just on 100 entries, ranging from historical skiffs and classic yachts through to modern harbour racing boats and state-of-the-art 18-footers. A further 50 boats raced to Botany Bay and return for the City of Sydney Sesquicentenary Trophy, a race conducted by the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia.

For the second year in a row the Classic Yacht non-spinnaker division went to Phillip Kinsella's 'couta boat, *Sylvia*, from the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, while the winner of the Division 3 non-spinnaker division was *Riff Raff*, owned by Paul and Suzie Haas.

The City of Sydney Sesquicentenary Cup for the 166th Australia Day Regatta ocean race was won by *Sorine*, one of the smallest yachts to contest the 2001 Sydney Hobart Race and, in fact, the last boat to finish the 630 nautical mile blue-water classic. Owned by Ben Adamson from the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, *Sorine* is a Carter 30.

She won PHS Division 3 of the traditional Australia Day offshore race to Botany Bay and return, conducted by the Cruising Yacht Club and, as the yacht with the lowest corrected time overall under PHS handicaps, was awarded the City of Sydney Trophy.

Built in 1982, *Sorine* is a regular competitor in CYCA offshore events and last October scored her second successive win in the PHS division of the Gosford to Lord Howe Island Race. In the Sydney Hobart Race, although last boat to finish the 630 nautical mile bluewater classic, she placed fifth on corrected time in the PHS division.

SASC boats *Yeromais V* (A135), *Wisper* (A96), *Monsoon* (A9), *Ranger* (A1), *Vanity* (A2) and *Sylvia* (CB80) at the start during the 2002 Australia Day Regatta (left)

A SLOW SYDNEY SUNDAY

The last Sunday race for the season on 17 March was a challenge for the starter and competitors with early autumn heat and light winds. John Crawford with crew Robin Crawford and Andrew Buckland sailed Vanity to line honours.

*by
John Crawford*

We lolled around, rolling on the crossed wakes of power boats as the mindless owners raced down the harbour leaving a trail of oaths spat from drifting yachts as they plunged and corkscrewed astern. The drivers of these floating disasters, cocooned in oxygen tents several decks above sea level, divorced from the water they had come to enjoy had no idea of the trail of verbal abuse they left behind.

It was hot, sweat trickling down necks and dripping on decks. A thin band of light air was dusting the water towards Rose Bay. A nor-easter, pushing gently against a light westerly which was flicking the flags on the harbour bridge a mile in the other direction. The opposing wisps of air were meeting over our position and nullifying each other, leaving us to wallow on warm oily water.

Our mother ship, *Captain Amora*, moved indecisively in one direction and then another. Not sure which breeze was going to dominate and determine the day. Maybe neither. A postponement had been signalled and hot irritable crews made small talk about being back in the club drinking ice cool beers. Finally, decision made, the starter accelerated towards Garden Island, laid an inflatable orange mark with SASC on it

Division 6 sets off in a light north-westerly breeze.



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Sydney to Mooloolaba

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and took station at the opposing end of the line. The warning signal and shortened course flag followed soon after. Everyone reached for their sailing instructions.

This prompted much activity amongst crews who were dozing in the shade of slatting mainsails. Jibs were hoisted and engines silenced. We still drifted in faint westerly air, but there was a hint of breeze from the north, with a promise of more to come. Countdown for the Division 6 start was on, with the gaffers starting five minutes later.

With three minutes to go to the gaffers start, the leading yachts which had been racing for two minutes were only 100 m from the start line, moving slowly, in painfully light air. We hugged the start boat, not wishing to be caught with no wind going in the wrong direction. Even so we were 30 seconds late across the line, but we were at the pin end and we were moving. Just.

The far end of the line had very little breeze. We had a little more and clear air. *Vanity* began to surge forward and heel slightly. A small chuckle from the bow indicated that she was away. We quickly assumed the lead and, as the wind shifted to the north east, sailed toward Shark Island

Vanity searching
for the wind.



with the others trailing in our wake. Some yachts tacked toward Bradleys Head, very much the right move in normal conditions with a strong ebb tide. The tide sweeps around Bradleys and combined with the increased wind pressure that is nearly always present, makes this the place to be. Not today.

Well, maybe? Our private breeze began to fade, stronger air further west, not at Bradleys, but more toward Taylors Bay and in the middle, where we were not and where *Vagrant* was. She certainly made the most of it. Up the centre of the harbour, swept by the tide and with her own private breeze, while *Vanity* languished on the edge of a tantalising nor-easter, which vanished like a mirage as we approached. *Vagrant* powered on, centre harbour, the place to be. She cleared

out and had the race won before she even reached the first mark! Or did she?

We were well behind *Vagrant*, but the rest of the fleet was well behind us and scattered. Some near Bradleys, where conventional wisdom had failed them, some attempting to follow *Vagrant* up the centre and some followed our now dubious lead up the eastern shore. Committed to the eastern shore, we stayed east, or at least middle to east. The breeze filled in a little off Steel Point and again off Bottle and Glass. We dug into Watsons Bay, now moving quite nicely. *Vagrant* still well ahead, but we had pulled her back. *Vagrant* rounded the Beashel Buoy in good shape, probably nearly eight minutes ahead of *Vanity*. We rounded, gybed, hoisted our spinnaker and headed for the western shore, which by now had more consistent north to nor-east wind. *Vagrant* chose to stay east and poled out her headsail. *Vanity* reached down wind. A long leg toward Taylors Bay, tucked well in out of the tide and travelling nicely. A gybe under Bradleys and a new heading, to Clark Island, our next mark.

Vagrant had struggled, no spinnaker and in the middle of the tide. We crossed a boat length ahead of her off Bradleys Head and ran down to the mark with two of the Division 6 boats that we had overhauled. We rounded Clark Island 100 m ahead of *Vagrant* and headed for Point Piper on the eastern shore. There was not a lot of breeze, but we were moving. Two Division 6 boats ahead tacked toward Bradleys. We stayed on. *Vagrant* tacked toward Bradleys. We stayed on. Most of them tacked toward Bradleys. We stayed on.

The wind was dying again particularly toward Bradleys and even in the middle. We had tacked under Point Piper, headed towards Bradleys, but not for long. Those yachts that had tacked earlier were dying. We still had breeze and there was more coming from the north-east. We tacked into in and continued to step into the incoming air. Those in the middle had stopped. The difference between stopped and not was 100 m where the wind just vanished. We sailed nearly to Shark Island before we tacked for the finish in Taylors Bay. We may have overstood, but we had pressure and we were moving. The wind had shifted north again, pushing us down below the finish line. We took another dig to the north and tacked again for the finish, moving all the time.

The finish was within sight, we began to relax and assess our position. There were lots of yachts not moving very fast. We led the fleet over the line by ten minutes. We, with our ancient gaff rig, had passed all the modern yachts that had started five minutes ahead. We were very, very, pleased with ourselves.

Of course, luck played a part in our win. The great lesson learned was to watch ahead, watch the tide and keep the boat sailing even if it was in



the wrong direction. Use the tide. Always step into the freshening breeze and tack on the knocks. Do not rely on what you think might happen, rely on what you see is actually happening and concentrate hard. We never gave up, even though we were well behind at one stage, and I have learnt more than I've ever learnt before about sailing on Sydney Harbour.

Vanity sails past *Captain Amora* as Andrew McMillan conducts Boarding Ladder (Interim) trials. The trials were generally considered to be a success, but may have to be repeated on warm days in the future.



MOTHER'S DAY BREAKFAST

Sunday 12 May 2002

Book early for this popular event

Cost (incl. GST) \$17 for adults, \$8 for children under seven

Telephone Faye at the Club on 9953 1433 NOW!

The following broad base Commandments have been devised by US Sailing Senior Judge Don Becker, in an attempt to simplify the racing rules of sailing.

Ten Racing Commandments:

1. Port keeps clear of starboard.
2. Windward keeps clear of leeward.
3. The boat astern keeps clear of the boat ahead.
4. A boat tacking or gybing keeps clear of one that is not.
5. Avoid collisions. Racing rules are defensive to prevent collisions, not offensive racing tactics.
6. If you gain right of way or change course, give the other boat time to keep clear.
7. The inside boat(s) at two boat lengths from the mark is entitled to room to round the mark.
8. A boat that is backing up or not racing keeps clear.
9. If you have violated a rule, take a penalty.
10. It is better to give way than to spend hours in a protest room.

GENERAL MEETING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THERE WILL BE A GENERAL MEETING ON WEDNESDAY 15 MAY 2002 AT 2000 AT THE CLUB-HOUSE, 1 GREEN STREET, CREMORNE NSW

At the meeting members will be asked to consider and approve the subscriptions for the coming year.

The Board proposes and recommends the following scale of fees for 2002/2003:

Joining Fee:	\$420
Subscriptions:	
Ordinary	\$355
Absentee/Country	\$170
Associate	\$135
Intermediate	\$40
Junior	\$30



RESTORATION OF SCARAB

APRIL 02

SASC member Charles Fitzhardinge is restoring the Prince-class yacht *Scarab*, designed by Archie Barber and built by Lars Halvorsen and Sons in 1925. She is a 28 footer and was built to the order of Dr C. Shepherd who raced her with the SASC.

Simon Sadubin, husband of member Cathy of *Etrenne* is the shipwright on the job and when finished she will be very close to her 1925 configuration. *Scarab* was rechristened by Carl Halvorsen at the Australian National Maritime Museum on Sunday 3 March during the Wooden Boat Festival.

Carl was obviously delighted. He had originally worked on her after school. *Scarab* was order no. 5, and was fitted out alongside order no. 6 *Maud* that was raced with the SASC in the 1930s and the 1960s. Simon must be very proud that, in his speech, Carl said how impressed he was by the standard of restoration.

Charles intends to race *Scarab* next season in the Classic Division and I believe she will give the Rangers a bit of a hurry-up. It is very gratifying to see this fine yacht rejoining our fleet after so many years.

Charles and Simon are very keen to obtain information on the other three Prince class yachts. If members have any knowledge of their whereabouts, histories or photographs, please phone Simon on 9460 6565.

Southerly

Scarab alongside at the Maritime Museum (below).

A happy gathering on board *Lolita* (A156) during the Wooden Boat Festival (left).



THE AMATEURS

The Board and Members of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club would like to express their sincere appreciation to the following for their interest and generous support in the maintenance and running of the Club's training vessel, the Adams 10 - *The Amateurs*.

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SUPER X NATIONAL TITLES 2002

The one that got away

APRIL 02

The SASC was represented once again in the Super X National Titles over the January long weekend by *The Amateurs* sailing under its new sail number A121.

by
Bob Langley

The event, comprising six races over three days, was held in good to steady conditions within the harbour between Middle Head and North and South Head (the Sound). East-south-east breezes on the Friday and Saturday made for a fair racetrack, complemented by a 10-15 kn north easterly on the Sunday.

Preparation

The crew, led by James Bevis on the helm, comprised Shane Guanaria, maintrimmer (also from McDairmid's loft), Rick Fitzgerald and Steve Highfield, headsail trimmer and kite, Jonathan Gibson, cockpit/halyards and Bob Langley, bow.

The preparations began in earnest in November with James organising a rigorous training schedule and spending many late nights in the McDairmid loft. Ian McDairmid joined us on board for a late training session and put us through our paces — once the forgotten, but essential, mainsail was recovered from the loft! Ian gave us the enormous benefit of his vast experience, bombarding us with his usual colourful vocabulary ‘*\$@** sailors only a mother could love’!

Nevertheless the training sessions proved instrumental in getting the boat on the pace, as shown by the two Middle Harbour Saturday races prior to the Nationals. The only hiccup to our training schedule was the discovery two weeks before the regatta that mast-head kites would not be used. Our fractional kite was very tired. Once again the McDairmid loft came to the rescue with James Bevis making a new kite in time for the regatta. Needless to say, the superb sail gave us a very competitive edge downwind.

The racing begins

All courses were windward leeward only, and the competition began at the wharf. The old fractional kite was hoisted to dry with the desired result drawing disparaging comments and snickers from two boats.

Day 1

Race 1: ESE 8-10 kn: Result — Second

As with most one-design fleets, the order after rounding the top mark does not often change, barring any ‘majors’ as James would say. So



after rounding the top mark with three boats in front, James' kite came to the fore and allowed us to not only keep in touch but chip away at the boats in front. On the run to the finish, three boats hit the line within seconds and *The Amateurs* was given second, one second ahead of third.

Race 2: ESE 10-12 kn: Result — First

On the first leg, we rounded the top mark in touch with the lead pack. Our persistence and good calls on subsequent windward legs put us ahead of the fleet for the last windward rounding, a position we were able to hold until the finish.

A second and a first on the first days racing — a very satisfying result after all the preparation and effort. By the time we had tied up at the piles and adjourned upstairs we were now 'invincible'. We now knew the boat was on the pace, but could the crew keep up? Post-mortems continued at the crew dinner at Harry's Cafe with a little too much liquid accompaniment. A great night was followed by a fairly ordinary morning.

Day 2

Race 3: ESE 8-10 kn: Result — Fifth

Our previous day's racing had not gone unnoticed so we were crowded

The Amateurs heading for the leeward mark during the third race.



for room at the start. A difficult first windward leg saw us follow the lead pack around the top mark. The order changed little over the rest of the race and we finished fifth. A little excess nervous energy on top of fogginess from the night before cost us some pace.

Race 4: ESE 10-12 kn: Result — Second

Determined to redeem ourselves, we managed to find some space on the start line. Even with the fleet splitting to the extremes of the course on the first windward work, we rounded the top mark in the lead pack, back where we needed to be. With our new kite we held our position on the downwind legs. On the final run to the finish we were travelling in third place and able to engage the boat in second, and with some sharp and well timed jibing, sailed ourselves into a second place. The other boat who had been in a solid second place was unable to set their kite after our final attacking jibe 100 metres from the finish and slipped to third. Our training paid dividends of the sweetest kind — again a very satisfying race.

More crew bonding that evening and some tactical discussions, but much less wine!

Day 3

Race 5: ENE 10-15kn: Result — OCS

After four races we found ourselves in equal second place in the series. Consequently we were targeted at the start (or so it seemed to me). On approach to the line the start boat end became very crowded and we were right in amongst it. *SSV*, which was leading the regatta, came in on starboard above us, was forced away at the start boat and tacked about. This bought us a little leeward space (but not enough — we were forced up ourselves and, as we were later informed, over the line early by three seconds). Ironically, *SSV* came back perhaps only 5-10 seconds late with boat speed and clear air.

Having lost most of our boat speed at the line the first work was a difficult one. At the top mark the leading boats coming in on starboard had picked their lay line from the far right of the course. We were 100 metres below the lay line, but a good tack onto port and a little lift saw us tack back onto starboard in the lee of the lead boat, which, having overstood the mark, was now cracking sheets. We rounded the top mark first, bow to stern with the next boat and a clinical kite set allowed us to creep away to a small advantage. We maintained our position throughout the race, only to cross the line first to a deathly silence. The second boat, *SSV*, received the gun. We were shattered.



Race 6: ENE 10-15 kn: Result — Seventh

Putting the pieces back together as best we could we stayed clean for the last start — but we were not on the pace. Somewhere between the finish of race five and the start of race six we lost our boat speed and, I think, our concentration, and so followed the lead pack around the top mark after the first windward work. Once again the order did not change and we finished the race in seventh place.

Our overall result was a creditable fourth, but what could have been.

In spite of the highs and lows of three days hard racing, we are resolved enthusiastically to have another go. The competition on Lake Macquarie next year will present new challenges, and the new sails have been put to bed for another year.

Grateful thanks

Our successes on the course were due in large part to the fantastic and ongoing support of the McDairmid loft. Our thanks also to John Sturrock and Sturrocks Chandlery for his generous support as we prepared the boat.

The support we received on the water from SASC members was inspirational.

And finally, congratulations to John Hurley and the team at MHYC for, again, conducting a successful regatta.

SAY THAT AGAIN?

Those of us who race reach eagerly for the paper on Sunday mornings to see if our Saturday successes have been published for the benefit of posterity (and our egos). Sadly, the sailing results frequently suffer the unkind cuts of sub-editors, and don't appear at all. At other times the names can be interestingly scrambled, suggesting a code to disguise the results so that they can be understood only by a select few.

These forces must have been at work when the SASC results published on a recent Sunday included a win for *Talk Well (Torquil)*, a second each for *Stu and Marie (Struen Marie)* and *Penguin Goes Bush (Penguin Goes Whoosh)*.

Some people say that the test of a boat's name is to be able to clearly understand it when shouted across the water in a gale. Perhaps that definition should have added — and understood at the end of a telephone line!



HE DID IT!

APRIL 02

On the morning of Wednesday 13 March Don Maclurcan (eldest son of Commodore Charles Maclurcan) completed a mission that few of us would contemplate — running from Perth to Sydney.

Completing 3,956 km in 67 days, an average of about 60 km per day, Don reached the finish on the steps of the Sydney Opera House looking lean and fit and bounded up the steps to be greeted by an enthusiastic crowd of supporters and family.

During the run Don raised nearly \$30,000 for the Fred Hollows Foundation. More information can be found at www.seeaustraliarun.com.



Don Maclurcan arriving at the Sydney Opera House on 13 March.

SASC ANNUAL PRIZEGIVING

This year the annual prizegiving will be held at the SASC Clubhouse, Green Street, Cremorne on

Saturday 22 June 2002

The prizegiving will commence at 1200 sharp, and will be followed by a 'happy hour' and lunch.

Put the date in your diary now!

**Bookings essential — please telephone Faye
Buckley on 9953 1433 no later than
Friday 14 June 2002**

Welcome to the following new members:

John Bagshaw
Meredith Betts
Andrew Doyle
Charles Fitzhardinge
Bjorn Larsen
Robert G. McMillan
Andrew McMillan (Intermediate)

TUESDAY TWILIGHTS

Some thirteen yachts enjoyed fine racing in the five-race Tuesday evening twilight series this summer. Congratulations to the placegetters:

First: *Celeste* (Rob Evans)
Second: *Clewless?* (Guy Irwin)
Third: *Struen Marie* (Ken Pryor)

LAUNCHING FOR VICE COMMODORE

Congratulations to Trish Osborne and Chris Oh on the birth of their daughter Brontë.

Launched at 1410 on Tuesday 1 March 2002, Brontë displaced 3.3 kg (7lb 4 oz), and measured 510 mm in length with a circumference of 345 mm, according to her proud parents.

Brontë was introduced to the traditions of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club at Coaster's Retreat on Good Friday during the Bob Brown Trophy Race picnic.

GIVE THEM A CHEER!

There is an old tradition on Sydney harbour for a winning yacht to be given three cheers by the crews of the boats that finish near her. It often happens when two yachts have a close tussle around the course. Many people do not realise that it is obligatory for the cheered boat to return the honour. It makes the cheerer feel very flat if the compliment is not returned.

Southerly

NEWSLETTER DEADLINE

The next SASC News will be the June 2002 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Wednesday 22 May 2002. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are also very welcome.



The above photograph of the wreck of the vehicular ferry *Lurgurena* on the beach at Trial Bay, NSW was taken in May 1972. After service in Hobart and Newcastle between 1926 and 1970, *Lurgurena* left Newcastle on 1 January 1972 under tow for the Philippines in company with *Kalang*, *Kooroongaba* and *Koondooloo*.

Kooroongaba sank on 3 January, and the others were anchored in Trial Bay whilst the tug freed a fouled propeller. However the weather deteriorated and the ships washed ashore to be swallowed by the sea and sand. The second photograph shows Charles and James Maclurcan inspecting the remains on the beach in February this year.





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