



SASC NEWS

The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



April 2010

SYDNEY AMATEUR SAILING CLUB

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Cover:

Rambull, winner of the Paul Slocombe Trophy, charging to the finish in one of the races in this popular Tuesday Twilight series

(Photo John Jeremy)

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The SASC News is published six times per year.

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Print Post Approved PP 255003/01708

Printed by B. E. E. Printmail (02) 9437 6917

COMING EVENTS

April 2010

SATURDAY 17 APRIL 2010

Classic Rally

SATURDAY 15 MAY 2010

Winter series point score — race 1

SATURDAY 29 MAY 2010

Winter series point score — race 2

SATURDAY 12 JUNE 2010

Combined Clubs Race — SASC/RSYS/RANSA

SATURDAY 19 JUNE 2010

Winter series point score — race 3

SATURDAY 26 JUNE 2010

SASC Annual Prizegiving

SATURDAY 3 JULY 2010

Winter series point score — race 4

SATURDAY 17 JULY 2010

Winter series point score — race 5

**NEED
THE TEN-
DER?**

**Call Mike, Al-
lan or Denis
on
0418 678 690**

Sat: 0900-1800
Sun: 0900-1700



GENERAL MEETING

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THERE WILL BE A
GENERAL MEETING OF MEMBERS ON WEDNESDAY
19 MAY 2010 AT 2000 AT THE CLUBHOUSE, 1 GREEN
STREET, CREMORNE, NSW**

At the meeting members will be asked to consider and approve the subscriptions for the following year. The Board proposes and recommends the following fees for 2010–2011:

Joining Fee	\$545
Subscriptions	
Ordinary	\$464
Absentee/Country	\$226
Associate	\$175
Intermediate	\$59
Junior	\$41

P. Chapman
Honorary Secretary

SIGNALS FROM THE COMMODORE

Summer is over, the Kelly Cup has been snaffled by Fred Bevis in *Warana*, followed by Sean Kelly in *Supertramp II* and *Anonyma II* sailed by Tony Curtis. Fred always seems to save the best till last, most annoying for the rest of us.

For those who were there it was a very pleasant day. Your Commodore demonstrated zeal and over enthusiasm at the start by being OCS. The only saving grace was that we were in good company as *Very Tasty*, with Chris Sligar at the helm, was also OCS. So a gaff rigger and a super thirty were both at the sharp end of the fleet at the start which I thought was very Amateurs. From there *Vanity's* day deteriorated. Half way up the first work the genoa block at the mast head disintegrated and the genoa came down the forestay. The only other halyard we have is a spinnaker halyard, so the genoa was hoisted while we contemplated our next move.

Decisions, decisions — having been OCS we weren't exactly first in the fleet, and the prospect of sailing bareheaded while we sent someone up to replace the block was countered by the alternative, which was leave the genoa hoisted and sail without extras while having a quiet ale and watching the fleet fight out the Kelly Cup. Guess which we chose? We had an excellent crowd back at the Club for end-of-summer drinks and congratulations to Fred and his crew on a fine win. Suffice to say his cherubic smile got wider as the afternoon progressed. He positively glowed.

Watching Tony Curtis sail *Anonyma II* in and out of Mosman Bay without an engine is a lesson in seamanship to which we should all aspire. I know that we have a number of yachts without engines and I know that many of us sail on and off our moorings on occasion but to sail everywhere including onto the piles at the Club requires some skill, patience, anticipation and planning and I doff my hat to you Tony. I recall it used to be a pleasure to watch the late Jim Lawler bringing *Charisma* onto the piles singlehanded and I encourage everyone to become less reliant on their engines and more reliant on their sailing skills.

I have often contemplated the Club running some sort of yachting gymkhana, where skippers were tested on sailing skills alone “around the cones” in Athol Bight. Points would be awarded by our judges for completing a series of pre-ordained manoeuvres. Any takers?

Winter Racing is next on 15 May, so in the mean time get on with the maintenance and be there on the 15th.




THE MOSMAN AMATEUR SAILING CLUB — A HISTORY

April 2010

by
Geoff Ruggles

At the request of the Flag Officers of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, who may have heard me mention that I was there when the MASC was formed, I have set out a collection of memories of some of those who have since survived from about 1945–46 onward and from various other sources involved in the establishment of the club.

It is necessary to begin in about 1940 when the Sea Scouts in the bay (of which I was one) were asked by Mr George Mills for assistance to teach tyro air-force pilots to sail. These student pilots were to go to Canada for training with the Commonwealth Air Training Scheme. Mr Mills had been a pilot in the first war and was severely wounded in his right arm but he was still able to practice his dentistry together with his brother Brig. Arthur Mills (Rtd.) Arthur had a small yacht *Betty* built along the lines of a Ranger but smaller which he generously allowed us Scouts to use. The idea Mr George Mills had was that the touch on the tiller of a small sailing boat was much like the delicacy needed to fly an aeroplane. It should be remembered that the planes of those days, flown with a joystick, were primitive by today's standards. Mr George, as we knew him, bought three VS sailing boats. One was named *A. H. Cobby* after one of his air force friends — the other names have been forgotten. We Scouts were able to help on many occasions as we only had our old *Seagull* — a 16-foot skiff of rather great vintage and the change up to more efficient and speedier craft was welcome. The VSs were designed by Charles Sparrow and were being built at that time in increasing numbers by amateurs in Sydney at Vacluse and Mosman and also in many country areas. They were built in marine plywood with sails of a cotton material known as Japara silk — they held their shape fairly well and could be designed with quite fair draft. Our expertise in the Scouts grew from this activity as some of our number went on to be well-known ocean or round-the-buoy racing experts — no doubt the air force trainees found the fundamental training helpful also. Mr George also started to manufacture parachutes for the air force (Dominion Parachutes) and later expanded this enterprise into sail making.

With the end of the war, activity on the waterfront increased. Bruce Wallace tells us that in 1945 the North Shore VS and VJ Club sailed out of Max's boatshed — which was operating out of the premises we now have at Cremorne. The Cremorne Social Club, for card games such as bridge or poker etc., was also there. Bruce also advises that Alan Steel, father of one of the early members John Steel, was the starter and rescue officer, but the report that A. J. Mills' boat *Betty* was used cannot be confirmed. It is likely other boats were used from time to time.

John Steel also confirms that his father operated in those capacities. He



Gordon Ingate sailing *Sea Fever*, State Champion for three years in the 1940s. Geoff Ruggles was forward hand

also states the club was formed in 1946 and the driving force was Mr. George. He tried unsuccessfully to purchase the Cremorne Club to give us a permanent home as we were allowed use of Max's facilities on sufferance.

Another early member was Gordon Ingate who is shown in the accompanying photo sailing *Sea Fever* across Mosman Bay at the time of the formation of the club. He built the boat in his family's garage in Willoughby and has gone on to reach great heights in the sport even into his eighties. Gordon confirms the start up of the club with fond memories of those early days.

An extract from an article from the magazine *Seacraft* of November 1955 about the club and the story of its construction is reproduced below. Some of the details cannot be confirmed, such as the launch being bought and its use being tied to fund raising, etc.

Sailing Clubs! Build a Clubhouse for Yourselves

Although the south side of Sydney Harbour has for many years been blessed with several Vee Jay and Vee Ess clubs, the north side has had them few and far between. And it was not until 1947 that Mr George Mills, still a Vee Ess skipper despite his 60 years, realised that there were enough boats sailing from sheds around Mosman Bay to organise a Vee Jay and Vee Ess sailing club.

This, to cut the story short, was soon done. But after a few years of having boats spouting from nearly every boatshed in Mosman Bay, it became evident that boats scattered throughout several boatsheds was not in the best interest of the club .

The answer, obviously, was to get a clubhouse; but then arose the old question HOW? — and members set about finding the answer in realistic fashion.

Money was the first part of the problem . Nobody had much of it and the banks weren't interested in financing anything so frivolous as a sailing club.

So the members bought a launch from the fees which had accumulated over the years and began taking friends out to watch the racing on Saturday afternoons. This did not cost the friends much individually but netted quite a tidy sum over a period.

Mosman's next step was a debenture issue, paying 5% interest, and these were taken up by both members and friends as well as a number of local identities and yachtsmen. R. K. White, F. J. Palmer, N. B. Love, and Jack Halliday generously bought large blocks of debentures.

This solved the money problem for the moment. Capital repayment and interest has since been met by the old standbys of members' fees, launch trips and social functions.

Having raised the money, it was then a problem of how to spend it. At one stage it seemed

as though the club would buy an existing boatshed but, perhaps fortunately, the deal fell through. So it was decided to build and here the club was considerably assisted by having among the members two architects and an engineer. (Ken Digby one of the architects, designer of the club house and now the president of the club).

The club was also luckier than most in having an enthusiastic committee which set about getting the clubhouse built in quick time from the design prepared by the honorary club architect.

Getting the clubhouse built was quite a job, but with the exception of five piles which were driven by a hired pile-driver, the entire clubhouse and pontoon was built by volunteer labour.

The total cost was £1200 in cash and nine months of hard work.

Beginning with the inevitable lessening of interest in the VS and VJ when plastic emerged and with the coming of so many new classes, over time the club saw use of craft such as the Sabot, Gwen 12, Finns, Moths, Lasers, 470s and latterly OKs. These last were sailed up to a few years ago by a small group of rather senior enthusiasts.

The history of the continuous leasing process with both Mosman Council and the Maritime Services Board reveals that it was necessary to renegotiate the lease every few years instead of a continuous lease with extensions. This renegotiation on each occasion produced variable results for length and cost each time. Some examples follow. In 1965 the water lease with MSB was for three years and it was renegotiated in 1967 — a year early. (the signatories were S. Somerville, A. Gay and B. Wallace). At that time the council lease was also renegotiated (the signatories were A. Gay, G. Mills, R. House, D. Treglown, G. Stephens, D. Smallwood and C Barr). The lease cost for the premises was \$453.44 payable in four installments with renegotiation after that time.

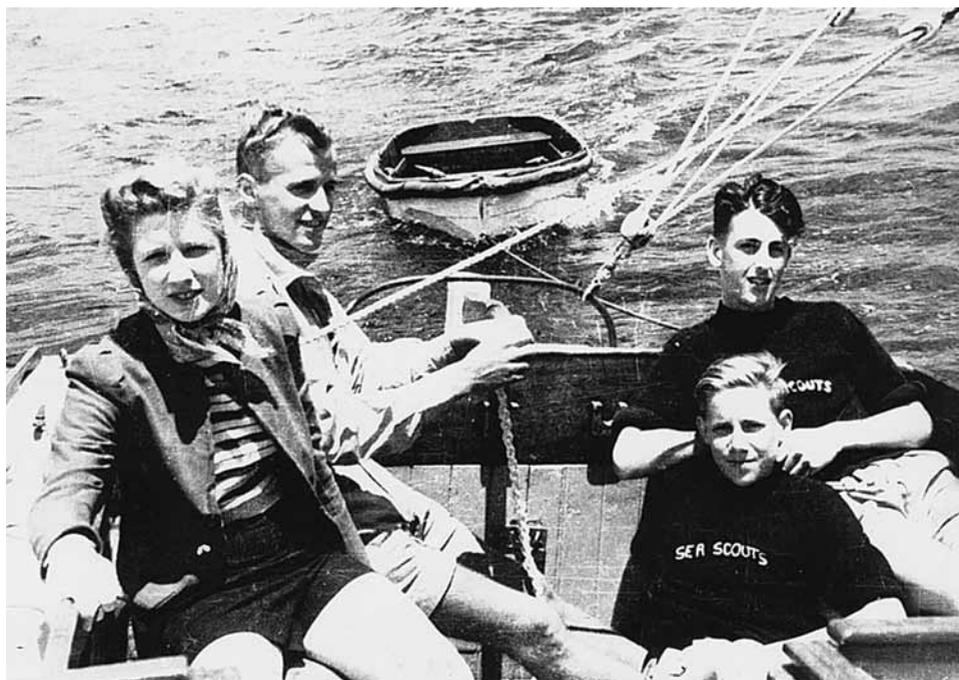
A substantial job of reclamation and sea wall construction was required next to the club as part of that year's agreement. The cost of this work was \$1,133.63 of which the club agreed to pay half in five equal installments. In 2000 the lease was transferred to the SASC.

Aged memories, sometimes sharper images, recall times of great pleasure from the competition and the friendships made. We who sail are able to experience a profound physical sensation employing something unseen but felt and exploited in its practical manifestation. It is therefore incumbent upon me to include mention of all those whose contributions helped over time to form the Mosman Amateur Sailing Club, the source of so much for us all.

Early members and helpers included George Mills, John Header, Ken and John Churcher,

The MASC boatshed in 1955





In *Betty* — Lew Fox on tiller, Beryl Mullgannon, Bill Longley (right foreground) and Geoff Ruggles

John Steel, Bruce Wallace, Gordon Ingate, Russ Whitmont, Geoff Love, Lloyd Shemwell, Ken Walters, Stewart Sommerville, Ashley Gay, Ralph House, Daniel Treglown, Gary Stephens, Donald Smallwood and Colin Barr. No doubt I have omitted some who have contributed — for which my apologies.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

On a recent Saturday A1 was close hauled in a nice nor-easter proceeding to the eastern channel mark. A large motor cruiser came from astern and to leeward doing in excess of twelve knots and creating large waves. On drawing nearly level with A1's stern the helmsman cut his throttles back and passed behind me. As he was very close I was able to thank him profusely. I do not know who he was but I was very impressed.

On a couple of occasions this summer I observed small groups of teenagers diving off the SASC premises and swimming around in the bay. No doubt this practice is safer than being in a motor car however it would only take one bronze whaler to compromise the enjoyment of the Club for some years. I agree that I am a dinosaur and a backside pain but I believe it would be wise to put an end to diving and swimming from our wharf and pontoon.

Southerly

Dear Sir,

Up until a few weeks ago the number of diesel-motor fuel filters I had replaced numbered zero, but when the motor started performing badly it was obvious something was wrong and, as I had a spare filter, I thought — well why not. During the operation I found a really superb looking O ring in the new filter box, this is a nice piece of work I decided and I did wonder why the filter I had removed was not equipped with such an elegant device.

With no room for timidity, I decided that the previous owner had obviously neglected to fit the O ring through oversight. I was not going to be so derelict. I found a nice place for this O ring, it fitted absolutely perfectly around the inner rim of the filter, it slipped in like a silk glove. With the filter back in place and all lines attached I found that the motor still would not start. Denis Williams kindly helped me, while advice came from other quarters but still she would not go. Over the coming weeks I rowed each battery ashore for recharging, fiddled with various bits and still had no success. For reasons known only to my parole officer I study law in the evenings and between hours in front of the law books I had soon replaced the lift pump, been to Enzed in Brookvale four times to replace all the fuel lines and replaced a variety of other parts that needed attention. I made many friends in auto-parts stores as they explored their shelves for “bits that might fit”. Throughout this time the motor resolutely failed to fire. I had certainly been getting my money’s worth out of the mooring fees and there remains a definite waft of diesel about me that even Dettol baths fail to relieve.

As I had an exam on the Wednesday it became important to me that after the final slog for this semester I could use the boat, so I got a man in on the Monday. Oh it took him a while — this was no easy case — in fact I’m led to understand he had rarely seen this problem before. After he had blown here and tapped there, opened this and closed that we narrowed down the issue. The O ring possibly has some purpose in life, some reason for being, some overarching goal, but whatever this may be, it was not designed to be placed in the position where it fitted so well, like a round block in a round hole and block it did. This O ring proved to be extremely effective at preventing any fuel getting through the filter at all. Sure when you blew hard enough on the tank vent, fuel would be forced through reluctantly, but on no other occasion would it allow fuel to pass.

Thanks to Scotty of the Squadron the motor is now running beautifully and I have a very nice O ring available free of charge to a good home. O’Reilly, who’s had fish in his lines, reminds me that it was an O ring that brought down a space shuttle. I still have absolutely no idea what this O ring it is used for and I intend to write to the manufacturer suggesting that they place a label on the part that says Do Not Use.

Sean Kelly
Supertramp II



Photos John Jeremy

The Holy Gale beating to windward in the fresh breeze on 16 February



This year all the races in the Paul Slocombe Trophy series (the Tuesday twilight races) were sailed on windward-leeward courses. The fresh southerly on 16 February provided plenty of action for the competitors





The Paul Slocombe Trophy for 2010 was won by *Rambull*, seen here at the finish of the race on 16 February (above)

Even champions can make mistakes occasionally, like this interesting spinnaker hoist in *Rambull* at the start of the Bob Brown on 1 April (right)



AN AQUATIC ROLLER COASTER

April 2010

David Salter recalls a remarkably uneven season for Mister Christian racing with the SASC Classics

At the beginning of our customary post-Winter Series slip and antifoul weekend, co-owner Ben Gray unveiled The Secret Weapon: a second-hand folding prop to replace the enormous fixed three-blader *Mister Christian* had been dragging around the previous season. Surely this would add half a knot and promote us to the front of the fleet where our beloved old Swanson 36 belonged!

No matter that the barrel was too big, the blades too long, the taper all wrong for our prop shaft and that a new holding bolt would have to be turned up from a blank. These were all mere engineering problems that money and ingenuity would fix — and did. 2009–10 would be our first full season racing with the Classic Division and we were determined to make our mark.

The Opening Regatta brought together the “core” crew: myself, Ben, Tom Murphy, and Bob Moore (ex-*Carinya*). With the occasional addition of Ben’s sister Meredith and my old ABC colleague Gordon Bray, this would be the *Mister Christian* team for the 2009–10 season. The new folding prop did, indeed, make a huge difference and we were delighted to finish a respectable 7th in the entire SASC fleet for the Opening Regatta.

We approached the first race of the Spring/Summer series full of confidence. By the second uphill leg were lying second with the leader in our sights. Regrettably, we can’t have been in the sights of *Flying Brandy*. Bang! Their rig collided with ours, dismasting them and causing considerable damage to *Mr C*. It was our first DNF and a brief inspection revealed rig and hull trauma that would take professional fixing. Oh well, these things happen. Should be back racing in a fortnight or so...

.... and nine weeks later we finally returned. Don’t get me started on insurance companies and boat yards. But the wait was worth it. The boat was all back together and looking quite spiffy. Even better, we finished 2nd in that first race back, then followed it with an imperious 1st the following week (OK, Sir James Hardy was steering, but the crew work was all ours.). Over the next two months we sailed pretty well: two 2nd places, a 3rd and a 4th. Counting drops, we were now lying equal first in the Division for the Summer point-score with just two races to go. Glory beckoned!

Er, not quite. We put in a shocker for the penultimate race (7th) then disgraced ourselves in the last. During pre-start positioning we didn’t see *Wathara* approaching on starboard behind our big No.1 genoa and collected them with a fearful whack on their bow

David Salter at the helm of *Mr C*

Photo Ben Gray





Photo John Jeremy

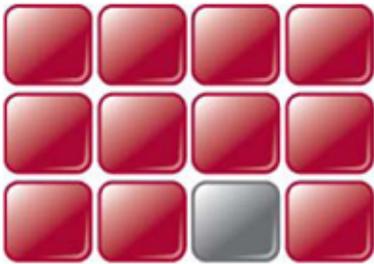
Mister Christian setting out for Pittwater after the start of the Bob Brown Trophy race on 1 April

quarter. It was awful to again experience — so soon — that sickening feeling of a collision.

All we lost this time was a little paint but, as we discovered afterwards, the damage to *Wathara* was significant and they couldn't continue racing. Under the rules we had to retire and commence — again — the long, horrible process of protests, lodging incident reports with NSW Maritime and re-joining battle with insurance companies. It was small comfort to discover (while drowning our sorrows in a succession of rums) that *Mister Christian* had somehow managed to finish 3rd for the Summer point-score.

But hope springs eternal in the hearts of incorrigible yachtsmen. Ron Swanson had designed and built our lovely double-ender in 1965 as the first offshore yacht for the legendary Peter Kurts. We wondered how she might go in blue water, freed of the quick-tacking constraints of harbour racing. There was only one way to find out: give her a run in the Bob Brown race up to Pittwater.

And dear old *Mister Christian* did us proud. We roared up the coast under spinnaker and did the whole race in just 3 hours, 1 minute and 9 seconds — faster than I'd ever done that passage in over 40 years of racing. What's more, we won the damn thing on handicap! How's that for an uplifting way to end our topsy-turvy season? And anyone who still thinks yacht racing is like watching paint dry has obviously never followed the roller coaster fortunes of *Mister Christian*.



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All photos by John Jeremy

The tricky and variable wind conditions for the Young 88 and Super 30 regatta on 14 February were made even more difficult by two scheduled shipping movements which restricted the course placement for the first races. Clever timing ensured that the outbound tanker made a perfect start, albeit outside the starting line, but she didn't finish the course

YOUNG 88 AND SUPER 30 REGATTA

April 2010



The winds were light and shifty for the Young 88 and Super 30 Regatta conducted by the SASC on the weekend of 13/14 February. Nevertheless, mark roundings were interesting to watch, like that of the Young 88s above. The next few images of Super 30 competitors rounding show that it was probably a good thing that the winds were gentle





This could, technically, be a collision (above)

This definitely is (two of them) (below).
By this time considerable good advice was being exchanged between the crews





Clear, at last (above)

Peter McCorquodale keeping a close eye on proceedings in *Jack Millard* (below)





All photos by John Jeremy

Julnar preparing for a start during the Audi Sydney Harbour Regatta



Only a modest number of SASC boats competed in this year's Audi Sydney Harbour Regatta, conducted in ideal conditions on 6 and 7 March, but those which did enjoyed some great sailing. The above photo shows the start of a non-spinnaker division race. One boat has started in the wrong division — guess which one

Spinnakers everywhere on the first day of the regatta. Conditions on the second day were less benign, with a fresh north easterly keeping everyone on their toes





Lahara, winner of the Classic Division in the Audi Sydney Harbour Regatta, crossing the starting line

SASC ANNUAL PRIZEGIVING

The annual prizegiving will be held at the SASC Clubhouse,
1 Green Street, Cremorne on

Saturday 26 June 2010

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

Cost \$50 per head (incl. GST)

Put the date in your diary now!

**Bookings essential — please telephone Megan or Judy on 9953 1433
no later than Friday 11 June 2010**

Copies of some historical material have been put in folders on the shelf with the magazines in the Clubhouse. There are a number of articles about the SASC, famous SASC boats and sailing in Sydney Harbour.

Bill Gale has provided a copy of the 1926 NSW Anniversary Regatta Official Programme. He noticed that the “service cutters under canvas handicap” race states “De Horsey rigs not allowed”. A check with Google reveals that Sir Algernon Frederick Rous de Horsey (1827–1922) was a British Admiral and the de Horsey rig was used in the larger pulling boats carried by British warships. The rig was introduced by Admiral de Horsey in the early 20th century and has a single tabernacle-stepped mast and a loose-footed gaff mainsail with a single foresail, or a gaff sloop rig. The photo shows the rig on the foremast in 27-foot whalers being sailed by Sea Cadets from Schnapper Island in 1937.

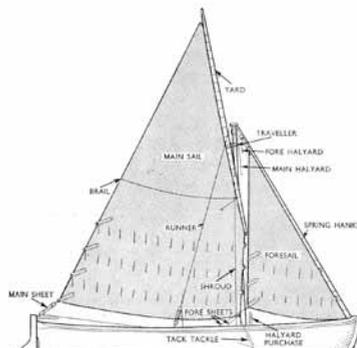
Further, it turns out that Bill is also correct in that the term Bermudian was widely used as opposed to the contemporary Bermudan — see *The Australian Aquatic Annual 1936* in one of the folders.

Mark Pearse



NSW State Library photoarchives image 16524r

Navy sea cadets at Schnapper Island, 1937



The sailing rig of a naval 32-foot cutter

DEFIBRILLATORS FOR SASC

Late last year the directors of the SASC approved the installation of automated external defibrillators in both the clubhouse and *Captain Amora*. The clubhouse installation occurred just prior to Christmas.

Approximately five Australians die each day from sudden cardiac arrest which can affect anyone, at anytime in their life with no risk factors and no cardiac related medical history. Sudden cardiac arrest is when the electrical rhythm of the heart is disrupted and becomes irregular. A casualty has no signs of life. An electrical shock is needed to 'reset' the rhythm of the heart.

Sudden cardiac arrest is not a heart attack. A heart attack is when there is a blockage in the arteries to or from the heart. The casualty is still breathing and has signs of life.

In a real case study at the Melbourne Cricket Ground of incidents of sudden cardiac arrest showed that out of 28 persons who suffered sudden cardiac arrest, 20 left the venue having been treated with a defibrillator. This is a survival rate of 71% compared to the average survival rate of less than 5%.

When someone suffers sudden cardiac arrest, for every minute that passes their chance of survival decreases by 10%.

The automated external defibrillator is located on the wall in the hallway adjacent to the ladies powder room. Please familiarise yourself with the location of the defibrillator. It is alarmed, so when removed from its holder it will set off the clubhouse alarm which will also dial out to the security company and the directors.

If you are unfamiliar with the use of the defibrillator, please do not hesitate to ask a staff member or a director.

NEW FLARE DISPOSAL SYSTEM

NSW Maritime has introduced a new system to collect out-of-date distress flares. Flares can now be placed into special containers at NSW Maritime coastal centres where they are stored for collection and appropriate disposal. The expired flares will then be destroyed at ultra-high temperature at the Sterihealth facility at Silverwater, Sydney, under strict environmental conditions. The trial will run until July 2011 and will be reviewed before that date.

The new flare disposal system is the result of a close partnership between NSW Maritime, WorkCover NSW and the Department of Environment, Climate Change and Water.

There are some 230,000 vessels registered in NSW with around 10% being used offshore. Distress signalling flares can help save lives in an emergency but are only as good as their use-by date. Flares are essential emergency signalling equipment for boats in open waters. Therefore it's a compulsory safety requirement for boaters to carry them when operating offshore.

The issue is that flares expire after three years. After this time, there is no guarantee that they will fire when needed. This is why flares must be replaced before they expire and old flares, which are classed as explosives, must be disposed of properly.

Every boat going on open seas should carry a minimum of two red hand flares (for night or day use) and two orange smoke flares (for day use), although some exemptions may apply.



Yputakiteup and *Ticket of Leave* at the start of the Bob Brown Trophy race which was sailed in ideal conditions on 1 April (above)

Joka, *Reverie* and *Paper Moon* heading for sea (below). The race was won by *Mister Christian* with *Torquil* second and *Rambull* third

Photos John Jeremy



THE SINKING OF BISMARCK

by
Southerly

There was quite a lot of interest in the articles on *Hood* and *Bismark* (*SASC News* June and August 2009) so I take the risk of boring members some more. The great vessel was launched at the Blohm + Voss yard in Hamburg on 14 February 1939. Thousands attended and cheered themselves hoarse for the ship and the Führer.

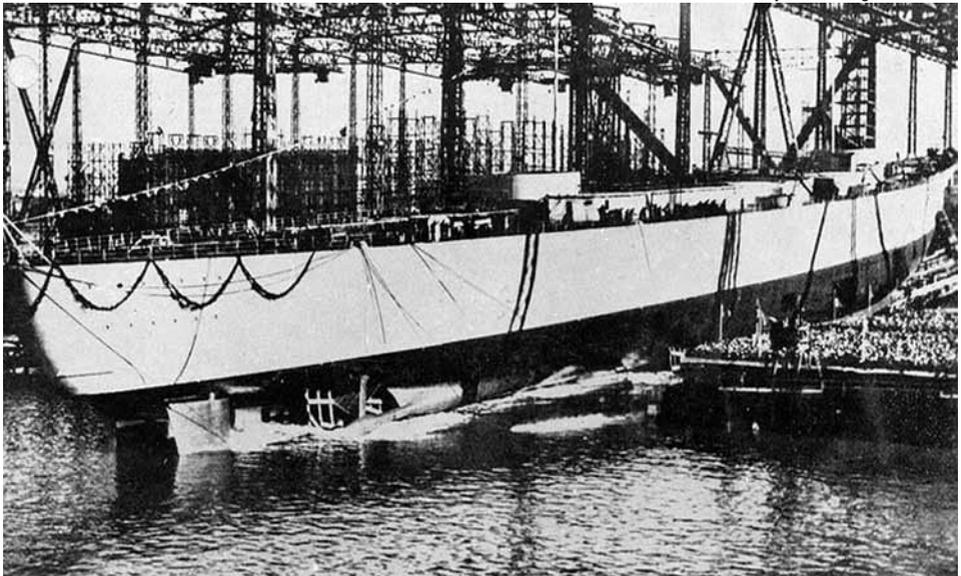
Her designers did not have the chance to experiment by destroying ex-enemy battleships and continue design development from 1919. *Bismark* had the most armoured deck at the lower border of the armour belt instead of at the upper and the communications and staff were less protected and she was easily disabled. The armour itself was inferior to that of British battleships and she had separate secondary and anti-aircraft weapons instead of dual purpose which added greatly to the weight and size of the ship.

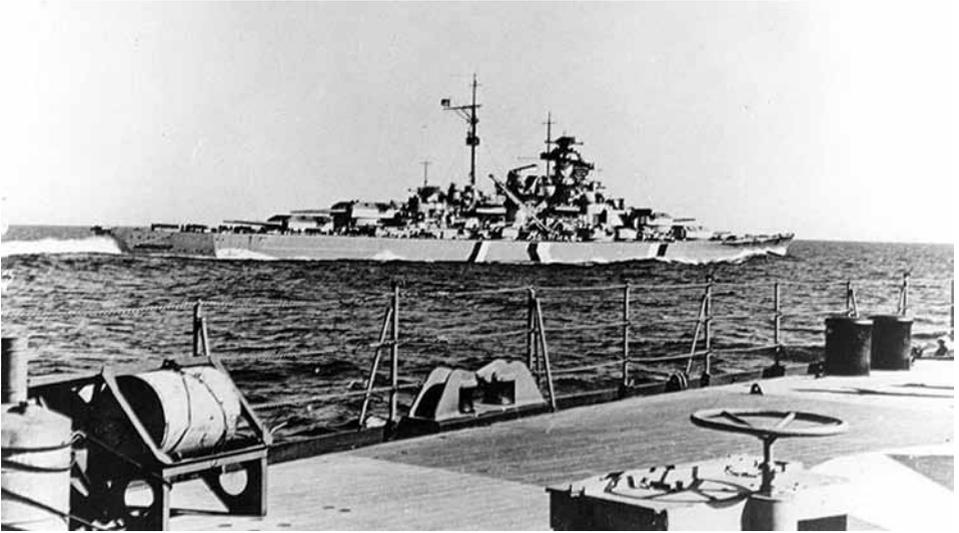
Gross Admiral Raeder had planned to send fast battleships *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* into the sea lanes with *Bismark* and *Prinz Eugen* — an awesome squadron. This was prevented by RAF damage to *Gneisenau* by Kenneth Campbell and his crew when they torpedoed her in Brest harbour on 6 April 1941. The massive defensive gunnery destroyed the aircraft and Campbell was posthumously awarded the VC.

After intensive training, *Bismark* sailed on 18 May 1940 to Grinsted Fjord in Norway. She was seen in transit by the Swedish cruiser *Gotland* and the British were informed. Shortly before, Hitler had inspected her in Göttenhafen and seaman Alois Haberditz found himself looking directly into Hitler's eyes. They looked so cold and evil that he was

US Naval History and Heritage Command

Bismark entering the water for the first time on 14 February 1939





US Naval History and Heritage Command

Bismark at sea in May 1941, taken from *Prinz Eugen*

disturbed by this event for the remainder of his life. I know of a lady who had the same experience in 1938 — she did not sleep properly for weeks. The crew were absolutely confident — their battleship could throw six tons of HE shells with accuracy up to 22 miles.

The RAF sent a Spitfire fighter to photograph *Bismark* in Norway and subsequently the RN detailed a huge fleet to sink her on the direct order of Prime Minister Churchill. Baron von Müllenheim–Rechberg, a lieutenant commander in charge of the main turrets, had a very strong sense of foreboding when he saw the failure to top up the after fuel tanks in Norway — it was fatal, after hits from *Prince of Wales* she could not access the forward tanks and had to slow down on her way to France.

Lütjens' squadron was detected by RN cruisers in the Denmark Strait so he turned and drove them off for a while. When the titans clashed the British concentrated on *Prinz Eugen* which was of very similar appearance to *Bismark*. This, I believe, greatly affected the outcome. When *Hood* blew up, the German chief gunnery officer gave the order to switch to *Prince of Wales* without raising or showing any emotion in his voice which shows how professional the training had been.

After *Prince of Wales* left the scene Lütjens believed that the RN cruisers were in radar contact but in fact he had evaded them and he sent a long, gloomy uncoded-signal to Germany and therefore was quickly found by a RAF Catalina flying boat piloted by Ensign Leonard Smith USN, later an Admiral. *Bismark* was then attacked by Swordfish from *Victorious* — they scored one hit which severely damaged the catapult and the Arado seaplane could not be launched. It was to carry the ship's log and other papers back to Germany — the crew had been given the Gladiator's salute 'We who are about to die salute you' before the



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Bismark engaging HMS *Prince of Wales* during the Battle of the Denmark Strait

attempted launch. This torpedo attack was led by Irishman Commander Eugene Esmonde RN, a consummate airman. The next year Esmonde led a Swordfish attack on *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* during their famous Channel dash. Unusually that day there was great cooperation between the Luftwaffe led by Adolf Galland (a General at 29 years) and the Kriegsmarine ships with Admiral Ciliax in command. Swarms of Me109 and FW90 fighters destroyed Esmond's squadron. He was awarded a posthumous VC. One of the pilots, a 22-year old, was pulled from the water and awarded the DSO. He died last year.

The Führer sent *Bismark* a personal signal at this stage 'All Germany is with you, what can be done will be done. Your performance of duty will strengthen our people in the struggle for its destiny'. The crew viewed this as a death warrant. On 26 May *Ark Royal* launched her Swordfish looking for the enemy. First they found the RN cruiser *Sheffield* but, fortunately, their torpedoes did not explode. Their latest model detonators did not work. Horrified at their error they returned to *Ark Royal* and reloaded with torpedoes fitted with old detonators and then found *Bismark* as described in the last article.

When attacked by the RN the Germans' superb gunnery quickly straddled *Rodney* but the Brits quickly evaded as, of course, they still had steerage. When *Bismark's* fire control was quickly wrecked Baron Rechberg ordered his after turrets to continue the battle by direct eyesight — the guns were soon silenced. The RN stopped gunfire, the cruiser *Dorsetshire* delivered the death blow with her torpedoes. The scene in *Bismark* was hell afloat. Alois and his mates reached the deck through a cable shaft. They had great problems standing — they were standing in a shallow sea of blood.

The Baron observed Captain Lindemann standing on the keel saluting and endeavouring to persuade his seaman aide to leave his side. At this point the RN destroyer *Tartar* passed close by. Her skipper refused Ludovic Kennedy permission to film the stricken ship — I think this is a sad loss to history. In 1940 Ludovic's father, a Captain RN, commanded the armed merchant cruiser *Rawalpindi*. He was escorting a convoy which was attacked by *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*. *Rawalpindi* was a passenger liner armed with old 6-inch guns. She was sunk when she sailed straight at the enemy and Kennedy was awarded a posthumous VC.

Lieutenant Commander Gerhardt Junack, chief turbine officer in *Bismark*, records that when gunfire ceased the engine room, brightly lit, was like a Sunday afternoon in port. He set the explosive charges to sink his beloved ship, he believed more could have been done to free the jammed rudder. In an attempt to free the rudder Jusack repeatedly cycled the turbines between fully ahead and full astern. The engines withstood this abuse, a miracle of design and manufacture.

Dorsetshire, the destroyer *Maori* and the German submarine U74 saved 115 out of a total of 2,200 men. The heavy cruiser mistakenly believed that they had sighted a U-boat and promptly left the scene, leaving hundreds in the water. Later she buried some enemy sailors who had died with full military honours. The sailor's lament *Ich hatt' einen Kameraden* was played on a mouth organ. Strong men, both German and British, wept unashamedly.

As she sank, *Bismark* capsized and the enormous weight of her turrets tore them from their mountings and she now lies resting on her bottom miles down on the sea bed. The hated Swastika can still be seen on the foredeck, there is little corrosion and she will remain there for centuries.

All this makes a very exciting read, however it was a terrible human tragedy. After 68 years one becomes somewhat impartial, I feel very sad for them all. Just before *Bismark* sailed a large body of seventeen-year old midshipmen boarded the flagship of the Kriegsmarine to gain experience at sea. Their uniforms were immaculate, their trademark dirks strapped to their side and they were bursting with pride and excitement. They were probably all lost — those brave lads were only on the doorstep of life.

If Lütjens had struck his flag before the final battle and scuttled his ship he would have been reviled in naval circles throughout the world and, no doubt, severe reprisals would have been taken against the families of all the senior officers. His ship achieved nothing in the final battle and a great many lives would have been saved. In the 21st century I believe it possible that the Admiral would be seen as a hero if he could have overcome his honour and refused battle.





Photo John Jeremy

Cherub beating to the finish past HMAS *Ballarat* on Sunday 7 February



Photo John Jeremy

A very happy crew in *Vanity* after the race on Sunday 7 February



Photo John Jeremy

Some of the race management crew awaiting the finishers during a Paul Slocombe series race — left to right: Charles Maclurcan, Andre van Stom, Tony Clarkson and Tom Maclurcan



All photos by John Jeremy

The Cunard liner *Queen Mary 2* at Fleet Base East on 7 March



The Dutch tall ship *Stad Amsterdam* in Walsh bay during her recent visit to Sydney (above)

All ready and nowhere to go — the frigate *Adelaide* at Glebe Island awaiting the Court's decision on her planned sinking off Avoca Beach



NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members:

Anthony Hughes
James Johnston
Dean Veverka
Darren Vincent

WELCOME JUDY

Visitors to the Club on week days will notice a new face — Judy Wogowitsch has joined the team to job share with Megan Keogh. Welcome Judy — we all hope you enjoy working at the Amateurs.

SLACK HALYARDS

It has been reported that some boat owners with boats on moorings in Mosman Bay are leaving their boats with slack halyards which can slap on the mast in wind or wakes.

Not only does this practice shorten the life of the halyards and mast paintwork, it can drive local residents nuts — the irritating and unnecessary noise in the night you can't do anything about.

All members with yachts in the bay are urged to check their rigs when leaving the boat to ensure everything is shipshape so the locals can sleep in peace.

SASC SHOP

(AKA The Office)

The following items are available in stock:

Racing 'A' Flag	\$10.00
Burgee – Small – 25 cm x 42.5 cm	\$21.00
Burgee – Medium – 30 cm x 54 cm	\$25.00
Burgee – Large – 60 cm x 90 cm	\$60.00
Burgee – X Large – 160 cm x 290 cm	\$132.00
YA Blue Book (2009–2012)	\$37.50
Laminated Course Map	\$5.00
SASC Patch	\$6.00
Club Tie	\$25.00
Tee Shirt	\$25.00
Polo Shirt	\$36.00
Rugby Top	\$49.00
Sweat Shirt	\$40.00

NEWSLETTER DEADLINE

The next SASC News will be the June 2010 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Friday 28 May 2010. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are also very welcome.





This year's Bob Brown Trophy race was sailed in ideal conditions but in 1984 it was cold and very wet. Max Miller's *The Hum* (above) competed that year, as did *Tingari*, skippered by SASC Commodore John Jeremy (below) who was clearly keen to get the race over and done with. The practical sou'wester (bought in 1961) only gave up the ghost a couple of years ago — they don't make them like that any more

Photos Terry Spilling





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