



SASC NEWS

The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



June 2021

SYDNEY AMATEUR SAILING CLUB

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Office Manager	Paula Morel
Executive Secretary	Karen Ewels
Racing Secretary	Catherine Baker

Cover:

Waiting for
wind — *Valiant*,
Vagrant, and
Beowulf on
28 March 2021
(Photo John Jeremy)

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The SASC News is published six times per year.

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COMING EVENTS

April 2021

SATURDAY 19 JUNE 2021

Second race in the SASC Winter Series

SATURDAY 26 JUNE 2021

Annual prizegiving at the Club

SATURDAY 3 JULY 2021

Third race in the SASC Winter Series

SATURDAY 17 JULY 2021

Fourth race in the SASC Winter Series

SATURDAY 31 JULY 2021

Fifth and last race in the SASC Winter Series

SATURDAY 14 AUGUST 2021

Equipment audits and fire extinguisher service

THURSDAY 19 AUGUST 2021

First compulsory skippers briefing at the Club

SATURDAY 21 AUGUST 2021

Equipment audits and fire extinguisher service

TUESDAY 24 AUGUST 2021

Second compulsory skippers briefing at the Club

SATURDAY 4 SEPTEMBER 2021

Lion Island Race

SATURDAY 11 SEPTEMBER 2021

Opening Day Regatta and first point score races for the 2021–22 season

NEED THE TENDER?

Call

Nancy K

on

0418 678 690

or

Jack Millard

on

0418 678 819

(race days)

SAFETY REQUIREMENTS 2021–2022 SEASON

EQUIPMENT AUDITS AND FIRE EXTINGUISHER SERVICE AT THE CLUB

Saturday 14 August 2021

Saturday 21 August 2021



SIGNALS FROM THE COMMODORE

The Commodores of various yacht and sailing clubs began meeting online just as the pandemic emerged. Initially Sydney-centric, the group has expanded to include some interstate clubs and more are being invited. We have common ground and are discovering that, as a collective, we can petition various groups and associations on subjects important to sailing at all levels. We all live by the sea, we all pay dues to Australian Sailing, lease from various government authorities, employ staff and deal with multiple layers of insurance. It may be that we can press for some improvements to such things as crew insurance and find new destinations for cruising.

What is evident, even in the most well-resourced clubs, is that all are heavily dependent on volunteers — from the board down. The Amateurs would have no Newsletter were it not for the efforts of John Jeremy, we would start no races were it not for volunteer race crews, we could not open the bar were it not for volunteer officers, we could not operate the second tender without volunteer drivers and most certainly we could not have achieved the major works undertaken in May of this year without the significant volunteer labour that the Vice Commodore reports on in this issue. Hopefully, he will also be able to explain where my breadfruit seedlings ended up.

Many of you will have attended those air kissing gatherings where your social standing is assessed solely on the basis of the school you attended. Tudor and Timbertop has become my deferentially and almost reluctantly delivered response to such inquiries, this quickly establishes cache that can be maintained if I remember to generously tip my former class mates amongst the door, kitchen and wait staff. By contrast, no obfuscation is required when enquires are made about which sailing club I belong to. The sailors will usually have a story about the Amateurs and the non-sailors will ask if you know their uncle Fred who sailed in the Hobart sometime in the sixties on a boat they cannot identify — just say yes ‘great bloke, did he go to Timbertop?’

My life membership of the Sydney Grammar Father’s Association takes up very little of my time, whereas, nominal stewardship of the Amateurs, seems to be quite involved. What makes the effort so worthwhile is the genuine appreciation of members. It is difficult to determine whether the Club forms the member or the member forms the Club, but either way, the Amateurs is a very unique and informal institution which can only exist and prosper through the goodwill of all associated with the Club. We are not riven by cliques, we share our limited facilities well, we clean up after ourselves, we respect our neighbours and we can ask the last person out to lock the doors and windows. It cannot be an accident that we have managed to maintain such informality and comradery



over many decades, it is, in my belief, a product of the members and the board members past and present they elect.

It seems a long while between sails, fortunately, as I write, the winter series is about to commence with something like 40 yachts entered. The annual prize giving approaches which is always a great event at the Amateurs and we have another Water Womens' Rally being planned for late August. Hopefully many of you will be participating in these events.

Sean Kelly



Tarps and personal protective gear at the ready, some of the Club's magnificent team of volunteers assembled at the Green Shed on 30 April

THANK YOU INTERNATIONAL PAINT



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



A REMARKABLE MONTH OF MAY

I lived and worked for two years in a 12C Benedictine Abbey on the Isle of Iona off the West Coast of Scotland. The groups who currently run that place share some similarities with our Club's members. They too had inherited the custodianship of a beautiful building on the edge of the water, they wanted to preserve it as an ongoing centre for future generations and they were a disparate group which, through the restoration work, bound themselves together as a community.

As with that Iona Community I have found that the regular working bee's at the Amateurs restore not just the fabric but more importantly the community of the Club. This working bee was no exception as we had a great group of volunteers and staff working together on the boatshed upgrade. They were ably led by Trevor Cosh and Bruce Dover and the work was meticulously planned. Having appointed several team leaders, over 100 volunteers cooked lunches, trimmed gardens, removed electrics, prepped and painted, fitted cladding, rebuilt the lightwell, moved lots of gear and materials and skipped rubbish. It was a massive effort. Four weekends, many weekdays and no safety incidents.

Through the process we welcomed a lot of new members to volunteering. We shared jokes, told stories, ate cake (a very welcome innovation) and sausages in rolls, and at the end of each day sat back with a beer on the deck. At times it was hard work and at other times we just waited around, whatever the experience it got the job done and rekindled the

The boatshed on 1 May with work underway and the skip ready to be filled with waste and 'junk'

Photos John Jeremy



unique spirit of the Club. There was of course a financial benefit to the Club as well, for the work to be done by contractors it might have cost up to \$200,000 we did it for closer to \$50,000. We will need those savings for the next stages of work to the Club.

So on behalf of all the members of the Club I offer thanks to the group of volunteers that worked throughout May to restore the gardens, boatshed, workshop and Green Shed to a better state. Admittedly, when the dust settled (not asbestos dust thankfully) no one noticed that anything much had changed, but that is the outcome we were aiming for. Having completed the work there will be an ongoing job to keep the spaces clean and serviceable. Everyone who volunteered their time now has a stake in making sure rubbish is properly disposed of and gear is properly stowed. After all, we took pride in doing the work and I am sure we will take pride in keeping the place clean.

Peter Scott
Vice Commodore

Almost ready for the asbestos-removal contractor on 1 May



Peter Scott leading by example in the Green Shed



Linda Houlib and Amanda Sewell preparing the lunch rolls for the hungry hordes on 1 May



David Salter slaving at the barbecue preparing standard SASC sausages for lunch



Mark Pearse and Martin van der Wal removing the workshop roller door



Tony Hughes inspecting the range of material in the skip ready for the dump



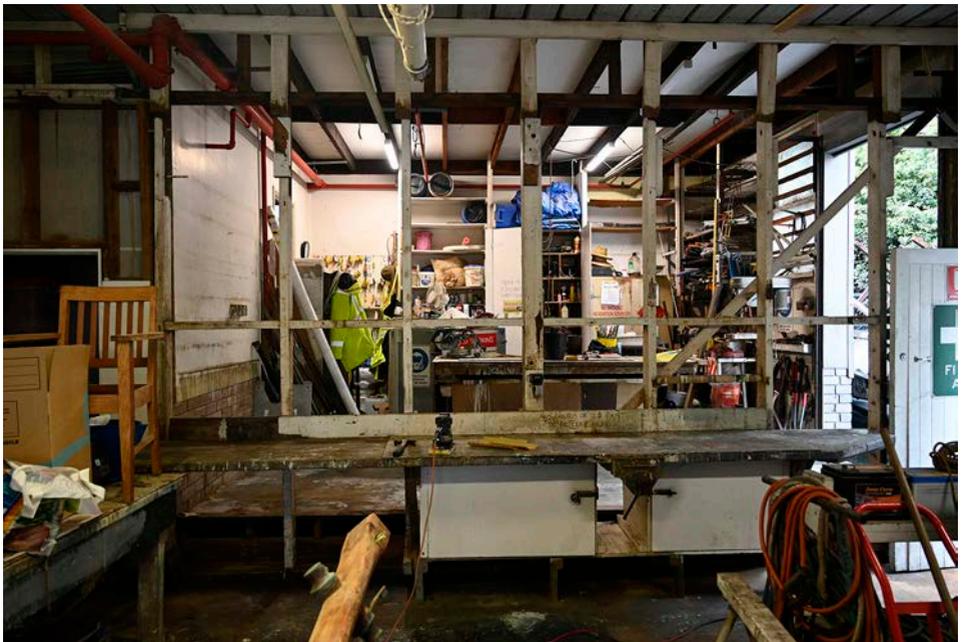
Lunch for all on the wharf on 1 May



Alice Murphy at work on the garden



The boatshed on 5 May after all the asbestos-related material had been removed



A new perspective on the workshop. Some suggested that a plate-glass wall might have been a good idea



Work underway to reclad the boatshed on 8 May



Catherine Baker busy painting the new cladding material



A new wall for the workshop — but not in plate glass!



Keeping everything level on 8 May as the boatshed gets a new wall

SASC NEWS



Tom Moul painting the Green Shed
(and himself)



Peter Scott giving
the Green Shed a
new look



Photo Matthew Lorimer

Even the head of the slipway received a makeover by the gardeners Jan Skov, Paul Brogan, Warwick Soden, Megan Greenwood and Alice Murphy



Peter Robinson cutting cladding to length on the wharf



Trevor Cosh (in the orange overalls) keeping an eye on the workers



The contents of the boatshed on the lawn awaiting return



The light well was a particularly difficult challenge



Herschel Smith at work



An orderly queue for lunch



Marco Tapia looking forward to lunch on 15 May



Denis Williams applying precise percussion



Megan Greenwood tended the hydrangeas and Matthew Tomaszewski painted the garbage bin enclosures



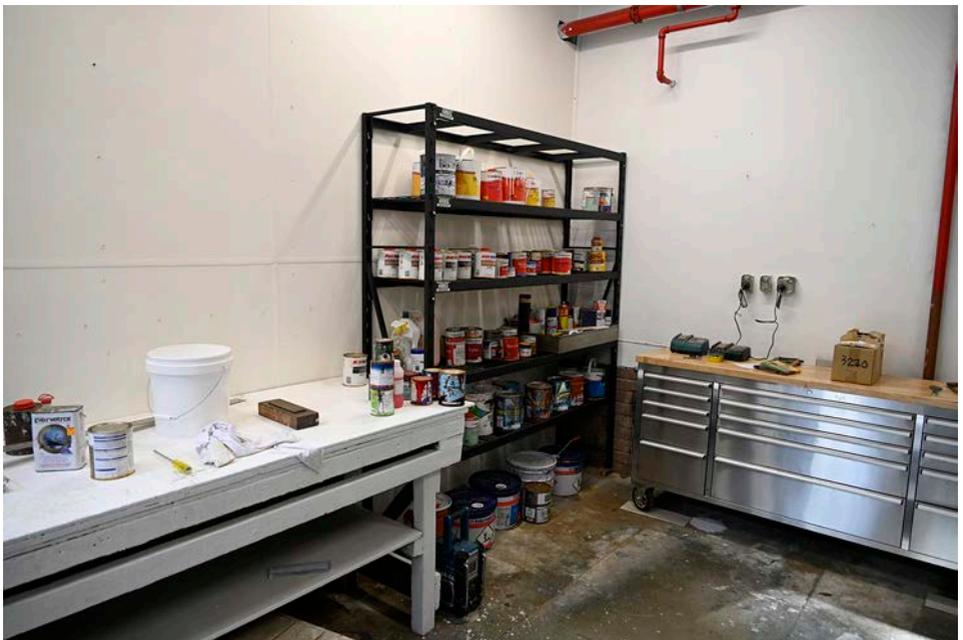
Work on the boatshed was well advanced by the afternoon of 15 May



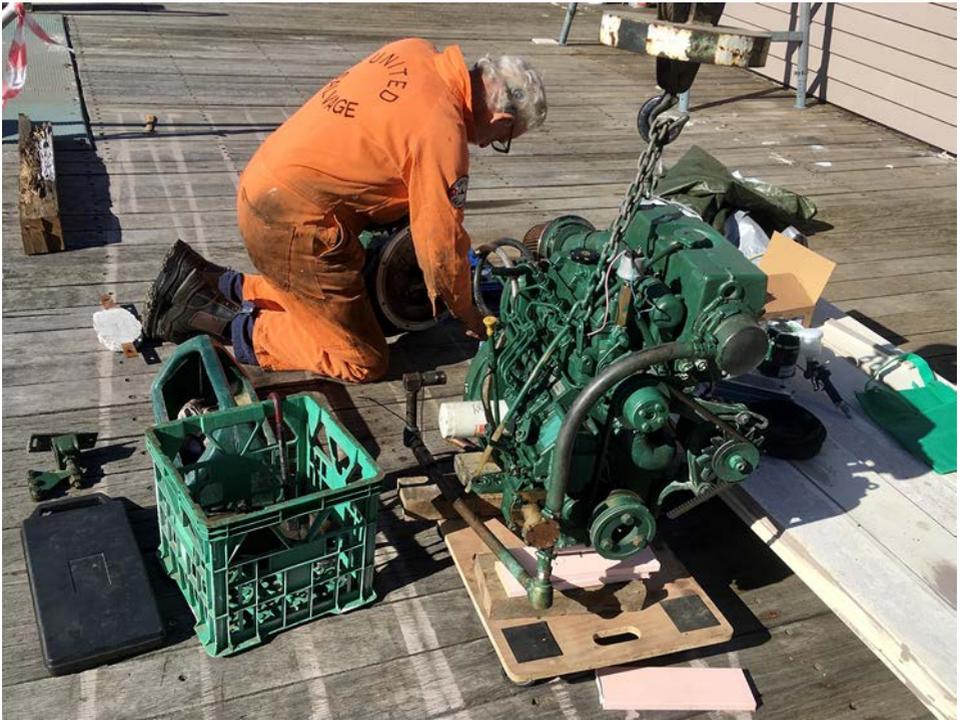
Scones, strawberry jam and cream for afternoon tea! Chris Manion, Louise Macaulay and Catherine Baker taking a break on 15 May



It has never looked so good — the interior of the Green Shed on 15 May



Is this the workshop? Looks much too good



Photos David Salter

In the middle of a major job naturally something has to go wrong. The faithful and hard-worked *Nancy K* developed engine problems demanding more of Trevor Cosh's time



All fixed. Reshipping *Nancy K's* engine



Photos John Jeremy

On the way to the start of the last twilight race *Captain Amora* broke down. An emergency repair team was dispatched in *Nancy K*. Fortunately the problem was easily fixed — a water pump impeller



Despite the breakdown the twilight race started on time, but much closer to the club than usual



A magnificent paella awaited the twilight sailors on their return after the race



Alice Murphy with the crew of *Red Cloud*, winners of the draw for the Sturrock's \$750 voucher

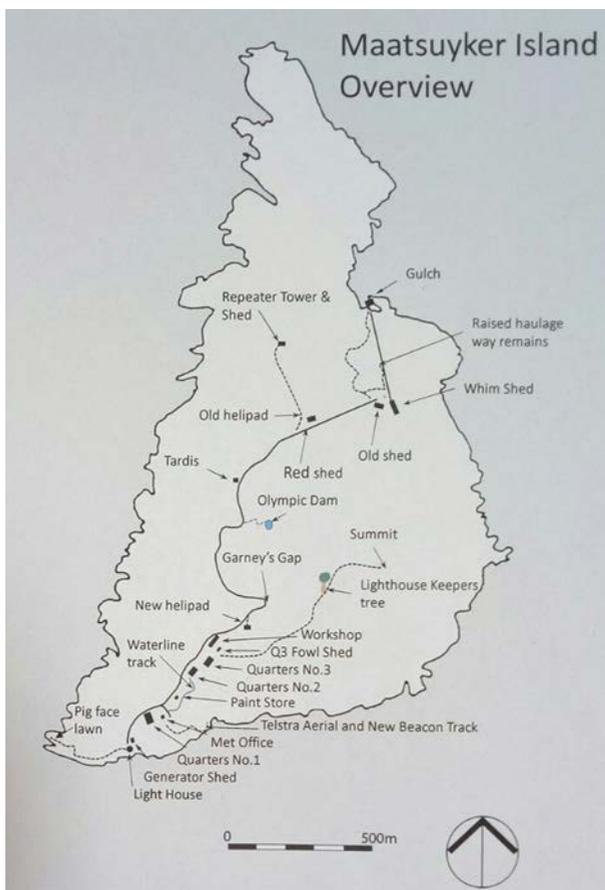
WEATHER, WORK, LIGHT AND POWER

April 2021

Stephen Anstee and Heidi Krajewsky have been living on Maatsuyker Island as voluntary caretakers. They have written this insight into their life on this isolated island.

Living in Australia's southern-most house, on an exposed ridge which sticks out into the Southern Ocean and taking daily observations, means that the weather has played a big part of our time here. Many of the observations are recorded by automated systems, but we still manually read: dry and wet bulb, max and min temperatures; cloud coverage, type, height and direction; visibility; and swell period, direction and height. The latter is determined by watching how waves wash over the two small rocks on the right in the photo. Small being relative as they rise 6 m (moderate rock) and 13 m (heavy rock) and during one of our storms the waves frequently covered heavy rock.

An interesting stat is that the overall rainfall of the Island is not that high. There are three rain gauges, one of them up near the garden where it is more protected so the rain falls a little more vertically. To allow for wind blowing the rain past the gauge we record the "wind run" (how much wind has passed the station) which averages just over 800 km and that has maxed out over 2000 km on some days. We have recorded gusts of well over 100 km/hr every month we've been here with a max of 161 km/hr (87 knots for the sailors). After 126 years of observation, the annual average rain is only just over 1.2 metres. The marine environment moderates the temperatures, so the difference between the max and min mean temperature is not that great. 13.9° C and 8.6° C respectively. Not really that warm, but we have acclimatised and a day





Contrasting views — calm seas and a storm with 8 m seas

above 20 feels pretty warm. However, the high humidity and wind do make those temperatures seem cool at times.

It's only just over a month until the FOMI working bee arrive and our replacements come when they leave. [Stephen and Heidi were writing in February — Ed.] It would be nice to have done a final road drain sweep, a mow of all lawns, a brush-cut of all edges, a clove oil of all houses, a full garden weed and tidy, a thorough clean of our quarters and vacuum through the other quarters, a weed and sweep around the outside of all buildings etc. all done within a day or two of them arriving, but of course that's not going to happen. So, the job list is being chipped away at to make things look the best we can.

Fresh vegetables grown on the island



It's not often you get to play with museum pieces, but another of our tasks was to keep the old light turning once in a while. Although there is no longer a lantern in the structure, the rest is in good working order and the plan is to keep it that way. Climbing the steps, you circle the chain holding weights that needed to be wound hourly for continuous operation. To wind, a large metal handle is slid over a square bronze bar which protrudes slightly from a glass door. After 80 turns, and a good work out, you raise the weights — about 150 kg — around 10 metres. To start the rotation, you open up the doors which surround a jigsaw of cogs, wheels and gears and with a couple of fingers, undo a small screw that forms the break on the governor. This starts nearly everything in motion and once the governor is purring away you can finally turn a smooth brass handle that allows the clutch to the massive turntable above you to engage. Thus, starting its nearly 3-minute rotation and historically providing a lifesaving service to mariners. The rotating part of many of these old lights used to float in a bath of mercury, thankfully this one sits on a perfectly level turntable with brass rollers. It really is an engineering masterpiece. The light first burnt six whale oil wicks which were changed to paraffin (kerosene) a few years later. In 1921 the installation of pressurised kerosene increased the candle power six-fold to 150,000. It was not until the 1970s that a Lister generator was installed and ran the 1000-watt halogen lamp and powered an electric motor to rotate the light. Such a contrast to the LED light of today powered by solar panels and serviced annually.

To power the rest of the island, we do still have a generator, but even that is hardly used. In the last five months it has only run a half hour a week on its maintenance cycle. Otherwise, our 6 kW monthly power consumption all comes from the sun and stored in an impressive battery bank.



Winding up the weight



Governor, gears and clutch for the light mechanism

MAY GENERAL MEETING



Photos Alice Murphy

The General Meeting held at the Club on 26 May to approve the fees for the coming year was well attended, with time to observe the lunar eclipse occurring outside



After the meeting Guy Irwin entertained everyone with stories of life in submarines. Having been asked to clarify a technical point, John Jeremy couldn't help adding some Tall Tales and True from the Legendary Past

by
Simon Rice

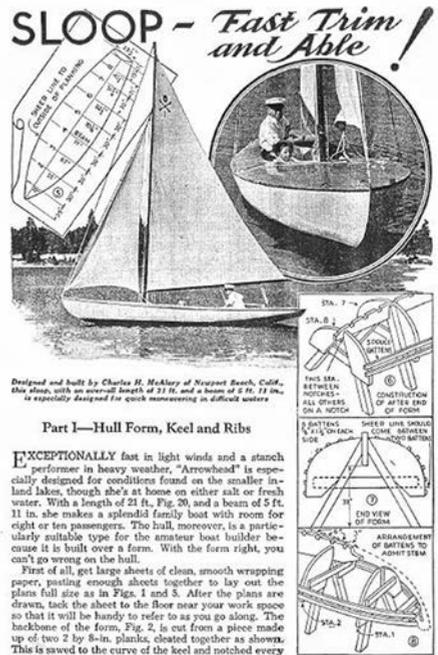
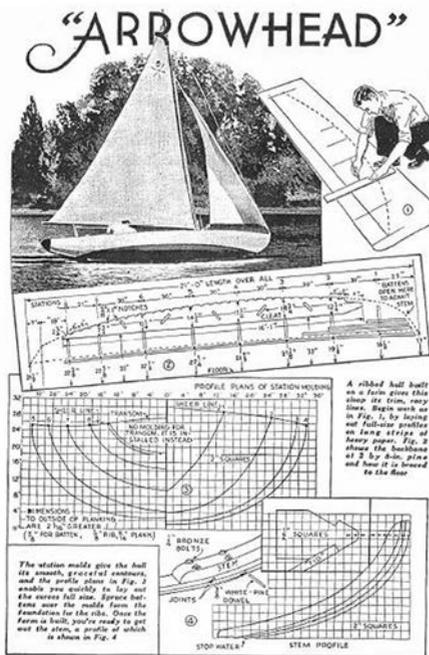
Members may have noticed a small wooden sloop moored east of the clubhouse. Some have recognised her as *Skylark*, a boat with a long history with the Amateurs. Under various names, she has been owned by three Commodores — Bill Psaltis (CYCA), George Girdis (CYCA), and Nick Cassim (SASC) — and an Amateurs' Vice-Commodore, Peter Scott, from whom I bought her with my brother-in-law, David Grinston.

I'm a long-time Club member and son of the late Kevin Rice who raced the Northshore 38 *Passepartout*. My earliest engagement with the Club was winning the SASC Centenary Regatta in 1972, in my Manly Junior sailed from Mosman Amateur Sailing Club, now the Green Shed.

I've put together *Skylark's* history from research based largely on what Peter Scott has told me, what he was told by MHYC member Peter Burt from notes in a book that his father, Graham, had on board in the early 1950s, from the generously-given recollections of David Walton and Nick Cassim, and from Fred Bevis's archive project. Not surprisingly, memories differ with each other and the written records, so what I've written here is my best accommodation of all the sources.

Skylark is an Arrowhead sloop, with an open cockpit and a centreboard. The plans for an Arrowhead are for a 21 foot boat, but *Skylark* is in fact 22 feet long; she is also broader in the beam than the plans specify.

Details of the Arrowhead sloop



The Arrowhead was designed and named for Lake Arrowhead in California, and the plans were published in *Popular Mechanics* magazine, at least as early as 1936 (Vol. 65, No. 4). The plans were later published in a 1950 book with an Arrowhead on the cover, *23 Boats you Can Build*, of which I have a copy.

It seems that that *Skylark* may have been built from those plans, in cedar, somewhere around Mosman Bay in about 1937. Nothing is known of her before 1949 when she was owned by Basil (Bill) Psaltis, Con Laird and George Girdis who raced her in Division 3 at the Amateurs as *Neraida*, a sea nymph in Greek mythology.

It may be that there was more than one 'Arrowhead' sloop around Mosman Bay, or the owners of *Neraida* had some trouble selling her. On 24 February 1950, a '22 ft Arrowhead' was advertised for sale in *The Sun* for £200. The contact phone number, XY1433, was Max's Boatshed, the current site and phone number of the Amateurs. Nick Cassim remembers Max Emkin, a Dane who had the lease on the boatshed which had previously been a tea house).

On the next day *The Sydney Morning Herald* ran an ad for 'Sloop. Arrowhead, Bermuda rig' with a different phone number, and two months later the *Herald* ran an ad for 'Sloop. Arrowhead, 21 ft. Slipped to inspect' with yet another Mosman phone number. A hint that there was more than one Arrowhead around is that one ad refers to a 22 ft boat, which *Neraida* was, and another to a 21 ft boat, which is what the plans specify.

Windigo (MH58)
in 1954



In any event, if one of the boats for sale in 1950 was *Neraida*, she didn't sell. It was in 1953 that Amateurs member Graham Burt bought her and sailed her as *Windigo* (A55). After a short stint at Fagan's Boatshed, next to Mosman Wharf, Burt moved her to R.P. Studdart's mooring at Clontarf, in front of the Burt family home.

Burt had *Windigo* up on the slips at Clontarf for three months, giving her a thorough refit. He then raced during in the 1953–54 and 54–55 seasons with MHYC (MH 58), winning the Harry Elderfield Trophy in Division 3, and in invitation races with the Amateurs. In the 1955–56 season *Windigo* was skippered by J. Brooks and B Finch in Division 3 at MHYC.

In 1956 the Walton family bought *Windigo* and brought her back to the Amateurs, mooring her in front of their home on Mosman Bay. David Walton is currently an Amateurs member,

and his father, Life Member and past SASC director Graham Walton, raced *Windigo* (A76) with the Amateurs 1956–59, winning the Kelly Cup in 1957.

David recalls that on an early outing in mid-winter 1956, *Windigo* capsized off Cremorne Point — the first of four of the boat's capsize that I know of — and drifted to Whiting Beach. After that, Graham rigged simple trapezes on the boat for David and his brother, creating an issue for the handicappers.

The Waltons sold *Windigo* to popular entertainer Lionel Long, a keen sailor who owned several boats of which *Windigo* was the first. In 1958 she was bought by Amateurs Life Member, director and Commodore, Nick Cassim, who gave her back her earlier name of *Neraida*, and raced her (A76) in Division 3 until 1965.

Nick tells of capsizing *Neraida* at the Lady Bay mark, and he and his crew getting a lift from a Maroubra Surf Club crew. They hailed a Navy workboat and paid £5 to take them to look for *Neraida*. She was found floating towards Old Mans Hat at North Head and; despite a shark sighting, Nick dived in to secure her to the Navy boat and they towed her in to Middle Harbour.

Nick sold *Neraida* to Amateurs Life Members John Gibson and Austin Grellman, who renamed her *Arrowhead*. They raced her (A119) in Divisions 3 and 4 from 1965 until 1974, winning Division 4 in 1967 and 1968. We can't trace the boat from then until she is reported to have wound up at Dangar Island in 1993, which is where Peter Scott found her in 1998, half sunk on a mooring. In light nor'easter and a low swell,

Skylark racing in
2019



with an accompanying yacht, Peter sailed her back to Sydney Harbour. Peter moored *Skylark* in Double Bay and Watsons Bay, and in 2005 raced her in the Amateurs Classic Division 2, with two or three crew and an Yngling's spinnaker. On one occasion they capsized but the crew were able to get her up again and finish the race; in another race in a forty-knot westerly they ran under bare poles to Rose Bay for shelter. When David and I bought *Skylark* in 2015 we moved her to a club mooring at the Amateurs in 2016, just by the mooring where my father Kevin had *Passepartout*. Soon after arriving in Mosman Bay *Skylark* broke free of her mooring one night in a southerly. She would have foundered on the rocks on the northern shore had she not bumped up against *Ghost Too*, where Amateurs member Roger Bartlett, up from Melbourne, was on board asleep. He woke to the sound of *Skylark's* arrival, and rafted her up until the tender could bring her back to her mooring. Thank you Roger!

With a Category 7 safety certificate we race *Skylark* from time to time, but we usually stick to casual outings in just the right breeze. As the *Popular Mechanics* plans say, the Arrowhead is 'especially designed for conditions found on the smaller inland lakes'. She is built wide and flat, with a fairly low length-beam ratio of 3:1, she doesn't take kindly to choppy waters, needs a good 10 knots of breeze to get going, and is hard for two of us to handle in anything over 20 knots — and especially hard for one, as I discovered.

On a blustery autumn day I reached over to Garden Island where I dropped the main, but coming home under the jib alone I was leaning out to windward and couldn't uncleat the sheet quickly enough, capsizing off Robertson's Point. A pleasure boat and police launch stood by while *Nancy K* came out to tow *Skylark* upright and back to the pontoon, where the police launch pumped her dry. I can't imagine how Peter and his crew got her upright from their capsize.

Despite her small size and advanced age, and her likely origins as a backyard project from plans in a magazine, *Skylark* is a tough little boat; she doesn't deserve the uncharitable 'put her in a skip' as couple of senior club members advised me recently. The design is very sound; I have a news report of an Arrowhead, built of Masonite, recovered intact after 20 years in mud under 18 feet of water in the Hume Weir. Being an old, wooden, home-made boat *Skylark* is, of course, perennially leaking. A solar powered battery keeps a bilge pump going, and she bobs neatly at her mooring, back where she likely first hit the water 85 years ago. I'm looking forward to enjoying a few more years with her. If anyone can add to or correct this account of the story of *Neraida* (twice), *Windigo*, *Arrowhead*, and now *Skylark* — particularly before 1949, and 1974–93, please get in touch.



THE SPIRIT OF THE AMATEURS

April 2021

It was a Friday night twilight and blowing 25 knots. Do we go out or not? There are only four of us and *Clewless?* goes sideways in this wind unless we have a full crew, and we don't know what 'reefing the main' is. We sensibly stay at the Club — eat, drink and be merry. We are good at that, it's our speciality.

The next day we head off with new crew from *Vanity*. Thank you, Pat and Richard, for joining us today. We are short of crew. The wind is lighter, gusting about 20 knots. It should be an interesting race. *Don't Panic* is joining the Super 30 Division for the first time. She looks great and Graeme and his crew appear to have done a fantastic job in getting her ready.

It's our warning signal and all is pretty normal on board, the usual banter, we are in a pretty average spot and work our way to the start line. Where is Bill? Where is Hershel? The highlight of both their days seems to be ruining our starts — all good fun. They don't have to today; we have an average start and it's all our fault. We tack to port and find ourselves behind *Don't Panic*. We are basically matching her for speed but not pointing as high. They tack back to Bradleys and a few minutes later we are on a parallel course heading up the harbour.

We are on the rail chatting. Do you think they are faster? Do we have enough beer? Anyone going out tonight? The usual. We are doing bits

by
Simon Burgess

Tidying up the
wreckage at the
pontoon



and pieces and I'm in the pit. Bang. What was that? I actually thought we had hit something in the water. Looking up, the top of the mast is gone. Well not really, it's just upside down. That's not good. No one is hurt, that's the main thing. Race over. The mast has folded in two so its still on the boat. We all just start doing stuff. That's good — kind of. Get the sheets in and start the motor. Suzi and Luke step up, as usual. It hasn't really sunk in yet. This is the second time I've been on a *Clewless?* and the mast has snapped. Obviously, it's my fault. It's actually less dramatic than you think, and not as loud. For some reason I always thought that a carbon mast would splinter in a blaze of final glory. Nope it just snapped in half. A bit of duct tape and some super glue, she'll be right.

Shambles came straight over to see if we were OK and needed any help. Thank you, Hershel. A bit dazed we tell him we are OK and head back to the Club deciding what we need to do. Tell Guy that's what we need to do. That's a hard one — he has been through enough recently. Paul, Carl and I are co-owners of *Clewless?* and we are both thinking 'this looks expensive'. We hope we have pretty good insurance.

Clewless? returning to her mooring with an abbreviated rig

Back on the Club pontoon we clean up, fold the sails, remove the main and secure the top half of the mast to the bottom. The riggers will do the rest. Trevor, thank you for your assistance, it appears that when something breaks around the Club, there you are. Ross was duty officer



and had the keys for anything we needed, including the fridge. We are mainly relieved that we didn't go out the night before. If the mast had snapped on a twilight race in nearly 30 knots it would have likely been whole lot worse. We are coming first in four different divisions at the moment. Can we get another mast for the Sydney Harbour Regatta in a couple of weeks? One drop in the Super 30 series, we can do that. Bouyed by the knowledge that there must be a Farr 30 mast lying around somewhere we decide that all is not lost.

Yes, it is. After ringing around we discover there isn't a mast anywhere in Australia. The only place that makes them is either in South Africa or New Zealand. With COVID South Africa is out and New Zealand is in the middle of the America Cup. Guy has done an amazing job in coordinating the insurance, sail repair, the riggers and ensuring *Clewless?* will sail again as soon as possible. He has always been the inspiration for the *Clewless?* crew and the reason that we are all still sailing together after all these years.

At the time of writing the mast has been cooked, whatever that means, and is being painted. Oddly we needed to send the spreaders to NZ and they will put everything back together with new rigging and then send it back. We don't expect to see it anything soon, certainly not in time for the CYCA Winter Series. This will be the first winter series any *Clewless?* hasn't sailed in about 25 years. We hope be back on the water for the SASC Winter Series. Thank you for the delay this year.

All of us on *Clewless?* would dearly like to thank everyone at the Sydney Amateurs. Many of you have offered us assistance, a kind word and sympathy. A spot for any of us who wanted to sail has been offered with another boat, every week. Some of us have eagerly taken up the offers and we all have enjoyed sailing with, and getting to know other crews, aside from back at the Club. That has been greatly appreciated and has made this season a special one for all of us that we will not forget. Again, thank you. That is the spirit of the Amateurs.



The rather naked boatshed on 5 May — ready for re-cladding

RANGER/FOLKBOAT SPRINTS?



Photos John Jeremy

It was a beautiful day on 28 March for the Ranger/Folkboat Sprints but there was no wind at the appointed time for the start. After a very long wait the racing was abandoned for the day



The laid-back crew on *Vanity* did not appear worried about the long delay before being sent home

NEW MEMBERS

April 2021

We welcome the following new members:

Asela Atapattu
Andrew Byrne
Nick Duncan
Nicholas Evans
David Field
Darren Hayward
John McKenzie
Timothy Rahr
Belinda Taft

TENDER HOURS

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

Saturday/Sunday (EST) 0900–1700
Saturday/Sunday (DST) 0900–1800
Friday Twilights 1600–2100 (approx)

TENDER DRIVERS NEED A BREAK TOO

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

SASC SHOP

Subject to availability

SASC Club Merchandise

Burgee – Medium 30 cm x 45 cm	\$41.00
Racing 'A' flag (new stock)	\$27.00
Racing 'A' flag (old stock)	\$20.50
Club Tie	\$25.00
Club Cap	\$20.00
Club Wide Brimmed Hat	\$30.00
Polo Shirt – Short Sleeve	\$40.00
Polo Shirt – Long Sleeve	\$45.00
Rugby Top	\$55.00
SASC Water Bottle	\$15.00

NEWSLETTER DEADLINE

The next *SASC News* will be the August 2021 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Friday 30 July 2021. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are also very welcome.



After the last twilight race *Captain
Amora* resting at her mooring
under a hazy moon
(Photo John Jeremy)

