



# SASC NEWS

The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club

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August 2003

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**Cover:**

Yachts gathered at the Club on 21 June after the third race in the SASC winter series.

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## COMING EVENTS

AUGUST 03

### SATURDAY 13 SEPTEMBER 2003

Lion Island Race.

### SATURDAY 20 SEPTEMBER 2003

First race for the Cavalier 28 Division, OK Dinghies, Classic Division and Division 2.

### SATURDAY 27 SEPTEMBER 2003

Second race for the Cavalier 28 Division, OK Dinghies, Classic Division and Division 2. First race for Division 1, Cavalier 28 short series and Division 2 short series.

### SATURDAY 4 OCTOBER 2003

Idle Hour Race.

### SATURDAY 11 OCTOBER 2003

Third race for the Cavalier 28 Division, OK Dinghies, Classic Division and Division 2.

### SUNDAY 12 OCTOBER 2003

First race for Division 6 (non-spinnaker) and Gaffers Division.

### SATURDAY 18 OCTOBER 2003

Fourth race for the Cavalier 28 Division, OK Dinghies, Classic Division and Division 2. Second race for Division 1, Cavalier 28 short series and Division 2 short series.

### SUNDAY 19 OCTOBER 2003

Gaffers Day 2003

### SATURDAY 25 OCTOBER 2003

Fifth race for OK Dinghies, Classic Division and Division 2.

### FRIDAY 31 OCTOBER 2003

First Friday Twilight race.

### SATURDAY 1 NOVEMBER 2003

Fifth race for Cavalier 28 Division. Sixth race for OK Dinghies, Classic Division and Division 2.

### SUNDAY 9 NOVEMBER 2003

Second race for Division 6 (non-spinnaker) and Gaffers Division (Captain Slocum Trophy)

**NEED  
THE TEN-  
DER?**

**Call Robbie  
on  
0418 678 690**

Sat: 0900-1800  
Sun: 0900-1700



I am not often required to dynamically relive the past these days. At least not beyond the gentle conversations held round the bar on cold and darkening winter afternoons where one can excuse oneself and walk away from someone being aggressively nostalgic prior to coming to blows. Recently however, I was transported back to the immediate past, an era I really never thought I would revisit. It began one day when Mr O'Neill phoned and dictated that due to insurance considerations, I had been selected to race *Mark Twain* in the winter series. On two accounts this presented somewhat of a challenge to me. Firstly, it had been some-time since I had sailed the old girl and I thought her rather large for close harbour work and secondly *Qui Vive's* crew were alert and ready to race the smaller boat. Mr O'Neill produced the requested copy of his insurance and I was in no position to refuse.

I duly turned up each race date with various members of my own crew and a motley assortment of Twains. Gosh we had a great time! Whilst I did not cover myself in glory over the series, I relived some of the best aspects of the old boats relaxed racing style and indeed I was moved to remember the total confusion, mixed directives and hopelessly misguided actions of a good bunch of guys recreating together. One first was achieved though. My crew insisted on having a conversation whilst on board with some intellectual content. Gradually as silence fell about them I could sense that even they felt some guilt. Naturally, I was too busy at the helm jumping up and down complaining about the lack of wind to interfere with a truly legendary moment as my crew adjusted their outlook and descended into the scrum of cheap shots and constant carping!

We have survived another AGM with election results that will please some and not others. Despite this, it was inspiring to see so many members turn up or avail themselves of the new proxy voting system.

Whilst the vote was counted we were entertained by a first class documentary program on the *Voyager* disaster by David Salter. This yet-to-be-released treatise fascinated with its detailed research into the treatment of the personalities involved.

It was my great pleasure to announce Bill Gale as the Club Member of the year. Bill's relentless pursuit of suitable boats to race with our club and his enormous effort keeping the Ranger Class at the cutting edge of gaff sail technology makes him a member of whom we may all be proud.

Special thanks to my fellow directors, the volunteers and staff of the Club who have made it work over the past year. I look forward to this coming year and wish all members well for the new season.

*Charles Maclurcan*



Tuesday 13 May was not a good day. It was wet, cold and miserable, the sort of day you go down and check on the boat to see if the covers are still secure and the rain is not filling the bilges.

That was part of the plan when I dragged the best club dinghy out of the boatshed and pulled it towards the ramp to the new pontoon. It was very low tide and the ramp was steep.

I was downhill of the dinghy facing the pontoon when the boat seemed to hit a slick patch. It took off, hitting me behind the knees and rolling me down the ramp onto the flat of the pontoon.

I won't bore you with all the details but the injury to my legs was severe, resulting in total loss of function.

All praise to the boat yard boys as well as Patrick Munn and Rob Evans who turned up in time to open the bar and restore my spirits with a large rum.

The boys then used the boatshed stretcher to load me in *Nancy K* and get me over to the Mosman Wharf. It's a long drop from the deck of the wharf down to *Nancy K* but they managed to get me onto the wharf without dropping me. The ambulance arrived promptly and delivered me to North Shore Casualty.

After surgery and months in hospital I am beginning to learn to walk again with braces on both legs and a walking frame for support.

I hope in time to return to something like normal and get back to sailing so I can beat Bill Gale and John Crawford as usual.

I am telling this story for several reasons. Firstly, it is a cautionary tale. The new ramp can be slippery in the wet. I won't labour the point by suggesting that the dinghy should be pushed down the ramp in wet weather rather than pulled, and that nobody is on the ramp or pontoon immediately below.

However the main reason for telling this story is to make some comment on the nature of our club.

Membership of a yacht club is a very personal thing. Each of the various clubs around the harbour has a particular character which attracts a particular type of sailor.

My accident and the long rehabilitation have brought home to me just how special our club is. The concern of the members and staff has been a huge boost to the spirit. Frequent visits and phone calls from the Flag Officers and directors to see how I was going and to check the level of beer and wine in my hospital fridge made the tedious days go by in cheerful succession.

Calls from Faye and Patrick to check on my wellbeing and to keep me up to date on club business were most welcome. The feeling that I had been letting the side down by being unable to attend meetings and working bees was very strong but tempered by the reassurance and support of our Commodore.

While mentioning Charles, his initiative in kicking off the risk management programme has been most timely and appropriate in the light of any mishap. It shows how easily we can overlook the most simple causes of potentially serious events.

I would like to thank all members who have been so generous with their time and have shown such sympathy and concern. The little personal niggles which have appeared at some levels in the club recently seem to have been swept away by the deep and underlying current of goodwill which runs so strongly in the club community. It is this goodwill which has surfaced so clearly that has made me realise how lucky we are in our club membership.

I look forward to returning to active participation as soon as my legs will let me.

*Philip Kinsella*  
*Sylvia*

## VALE KATE GARROW

We regret to advise that Kate Garrow passed away on the morning of Thursday 10 July 2003. Kate was well known to members of the Club as a tremendous supporter and helper for Peter Garrow during his time as a Flag Officer and Commodore. Kate worked tirelessly to make social events at the Club a success. Many of us will have fond memories of evenings with Kate and Peter when rafted alongside *Sunchaser* in one of the bays off Cowan Creek — solving the affairs of the world over a meal and a bottle of wine. Kate and Peter were a great partnership for 49 years and we offer Peter our deepest sympathy.

# **SAFETY REQUIREMENTS 2003–2004 SEASON**

Safety Audits will be required for Category 7 Safety Certification

**SAFETY AUDITS AND FIRE EXTINGUISHER SERVICE**

***AT THE CLUB***

**Saturday 30 August and 6 September 2003**

“We have just sailed back in to Sydney Harbour, after two and a half months at sea — which had begun to feel a long time to be away from family, friends, house and garden! We still walk carefully in case the ground moves, and after two nights in my bed I still have difficulty sleeping, because the boat is not rocking me to sleep as it should! We have returned in fair shape — in fact we have each lost about 10 lbs. But what memories!”

by  
*Frank Talbot*

I wrote this in early September last year after a final cruise in our 33-foot (10.2m) Granger-designed cat *Janthina*. We had sailed to New Caledonia via Lord Howe, and had a magic trip, though Lord Howe turned on the foulest weather we have ever experienced there. The wind was over 65 according to the island Met. office, and a gust which tore off our wind generator as we rounded the northern cliffs was well above this. This was a full storm — which in a lifetime of sailing we had been lucky enough to avoid, even during *Rainbird's* return trip from Africa down in the forties.

The evening before leaving Sydney we rested at Quarantine to have a meal and to stow thoroughly for the trip. As if to see us off, a whale breathed at us out of the quiet darkness, and his bulk moving the water in the shallow bay made *Janthina* jiggle. We took it as a good omen (but it may have been a warning), and set off for Lord Howe just before midnight. At mid-day on the third day we heard from harbour master Clive Wilson on the rented satellite 'phone that that the lagoon was closed, with waves breaking across the entrance. He warned us a further strong SW front was expected during the night. So thirty miles off the island we put our 18-ft (5.5m) parachute anchor out (for our first time), and hung at the end of over a hundred metres of springy nylon warp, with the parachute held 30-ft (9m) deep by a surface bouy. *Janthina* danced about but rode easily over the big seas and was safely held. Cats are lively,

*Janthina* in the southern lagoon at New Caledonia



and in our seventies both of us find that we are not able to hang on as well as we used to, and Sue got flung across one of the hulls and bruised her hip badly.

After a restless night with the wind and waves picking up we waited for a lull after dawn, and sons Bill and Jo did the foredeck work to get the big parachute and long line back on board. Under instruction from harbour master Clive we went round to the lee side of the island and in Middle Bay lay to two anchors, one of which we lost with the rode chafing through on coral or rock. The swells steadily increased, and came round the island on both sides, with the waves breaking further and further out and getting nearer to us. In these conditions there just isn't much lee! For a while we became one of the tourist sights of the island, as we hung and lifted just outside the huge breakers roaring down to the beach. With nothing much else to do in the high winds, visitors would offload from a few tourist busses each day to look down from the cliffs and take photographs.

It was three days before we were able to get into the lagoon, and take Sue to a doctor. There were no kidney complications, and after a couple of days under observation she was given the OK to leave, though she was told the bruise would be painful for another two weeks.

*Janthina* out-bound through the pass at Lord Howe Island

We got clear of Lord Howe and its filthy weather in a short break the next morning, with another front forecast. Keen surfing son Bill checked the entrance, and under his confident guidance we motored through the pass against fairly scary seas.





The destroyer HMS *Nottingham*, pride of the British fleet, had managed to run aground on the Wolf Rocks the night before we left. The rocks were obvious and visible to us while we were at anchor, with roaring breakers on them night and day — they must have tried hard. In those seas we felt she was lucky to get off and still be afloat, and we listened to the mayhem on the radio as we raced north. The great cliffs of Mounts Lidgbird and Gower faced gloomily into the rain and wind of the southwest, and for the first time we were happy to leave the usually idyllic island.

With each degree nearer the tropics the weather slowly improved, and three days later we were running at 12 knots in sunny trade winds, under the big orange GPS. We knew we were in the true tropics when we were boarded by a shower of thirty flying fish, landing from the trampoline forward to the dinghy in the davits. New Caledonia is delightful with excellent cruising inside the lagoon and wonderful coral. We found the people friendly, and ate delicious French food in small restaurants in Noumea. It is a strange island, with seventeen species in the same group as our Bunya and Hoop pines, with their tall thin forms making distinctive landscapes. Open sluicing of hillsides for tin and other minerals has exposed bright red scars and done much damage, but the island is still beautiful, with one quiet anchorage after another among the islands and bays inside the huge lagoon. Putting a light over the stern at night we were visited by black and white cross-barred sea snakes (named the striped jersey), and we photographed them creeping up the islands to rest in the morning sunshine. This is a superb cruising ground, and

Food! Frank and Bill Talbot with fresh catch between Lord Howe and Noumea



there is every kind of modern charter yacht for hire. Bill and Jonathan, having safely got us to Noumea, had some much deserved local cruising, dived the reefs, and caught lots of fish trolling and hand-lining. We ate like kings on board and ashore. They then flew home and we were joined by an old friend for the five-day sail back to Brisbane. This was a close reach all the way, and we got to Moreton Bay in the dark. The bay's great overlapping sandbanks facing the open ocean scare the living day-lights out of me each time I enter. Maybe it was a bit easier at night with the lighted buoys. We put the boat on the market in Brisbane's Manly, catamarans being much more popular in Queensland than NSW. As we sailed down the coast and stopped at Coff's Harbour a boat hungry yachtie became enamoured of lovely *Janthina* and we put him in touch with the broker. By the time Sue and I sailed her through the Heads she had already been sold subject to survey.

Now, a year later, we have bought our eighth (and last?) boat — this time a lug-rigged 24-foot Scruffie Scintilla yawl that can be trailered for quiet water sailing. We are back to a monohull again. We have now had 5 monos and 2 multis, and it is difficult to choose between them. The steel Adams 40 we took to Africa was a safe and sturdy boat, and though she was capsized by a near vertical sea entering Bass Strait she righted herself, and we survived. But I can think of no sail in a monohull quite as exhilarating as a sizzling run at 17 knots off Coff's one night that we had in *Janthina*, racing down the moon's path. Though fast for us cruising folk that is a modest speed for well-designed cat. Anyway, comparisons are odious: both in good cats and good monohulls (by Herreshoff, Sparkman and Stephens, Jo Adams) we have been given a lifetime of glorious sailing. But we do know as we potter about the Hawkesbury or the Gippsland Lakes in the new *Nutmeg*, that we shall miss the incomparable feeling of being way out on the open ocean with the birds and the flying fish. Anyway, see you on the harbour at the Gaffers.

A small island with pine trees in the southern lagoon at New Caledonia



# SAILING RULES

***Members and their guests are invited to attend the  
SASC Sailing Rules night on***

**Tuesday 30 September 2003**

***Presented by Tony Mooney***

Tony Mooney has recently retired from the AYF after having held positions as Executive Director and Technical Manager since 1969. He is currently a member of the International Sailing Federation (ISAF) and has been on the Racing Rules Committee since 1980. During that time Tony was on the 6 person ISAF Rules Committee working party that produced the 1997-2000 and 2000-2004 racing rules.

Tony has been an ISAF Certified International Judge since 1982. He has judged at many sailing events around the world, unfortunately to many to list here — but notable events include the Olympic Games 1984, 1988, 1992, the Admiral's Cup, Whitbread and Volvo Round-the-World Yacht Races, Sydney to Hobarts and World Championships for many classes.

Tony has also been an Umpire for such prestigious events as the World Match Racing Championships 1990, the Citizen Match Race Series 1989 and the ANZ 12 Metre Series held in Sydney annually from 1989 to 1991.

Tony has a pedigree in racing rules, judging and umpiring that is unsurpassed and it is a presentation that anyone who is serious in racing should not miss. He will cover all facets of the rules and his presentation will be as interactive as possible with time allocated to questions and answers as well as demonstrations and examples.

This is a great chance for skippers and their crews to update their knowledge of the rules of racing.

***Tuesday 30 September 2003 at the SASC Clubhouse  
6.00 pm for 6.30 pm***

***Cost: \$25 per person, including a light meal of pasta with wine at \$1.00 per glass***

Numbers are limited, so reserve your spot now by calling Faye or Patrick on 9953 1433, fax 9953 0898 or email office@sasc.com.au

REBUILDING *REDPA*

by  
Tony Tyson

*Redpa* was designed and built in Launceston Tasmania in 1908 by E.A. (Ned) Jack for Stanley Tasman Perrin who at the time lived with his parents at *Goorak*, 16 York Street Launceston. Perrin had been elected Secretary of the Tamar Yacht Club at the annual general meeting in September 1908. Her exact launch date is not known, but it was just prior to the opening of the 1908-09 season, so probably in October. Over the following four years, she raced successfully on the Tamar.

Apparently it was common at this time for yachts to cruise down the Tamar some weekends and many families took up residence at Low Head at the mouth of the Tamar for the summer holidays, the Perrins among them. On one of these down river jaunts in 1912, Stan in *Redpa* was accompanied by his mate J.L. (Jack) Tyson in his yacht *Ventura*. Someone reported to Stan's father Walter that there was beer and tobacco aboard *Redpa*. Walter was a devout Methodist and whilst he used to import gin for his wife and scotch for himself he did not condone such behaviour in his offspring. He disinherited Stan and ordered him to leave Tasmania. Stan made his way to Sydney and *Redpa* was sold in Hobart.

*Redpa* (left) and *Ventura* (right) on the Tamar River, Launceston between 1908 and 1912.

In 1984 Stan's daughter Lorna who had married Jack Tyson's son Richard and their son Anthony (Tony — the author), purchased *Redpa* in Hobart and shipped her to Sydney where I used her until 1994 on Broken Bay. By the early 1990's *Redpa*'s structural condition was deterio-



rating. I had considered strengthening *Redpa*, yawl rigging her and using her for coastal cruising. I consulted the late Alan Payne whose advice was unambiguous: ‘What ever you do to her, other than restoring her to original condition, you will have a bastard’.

In 1994, I gave *Redpa* to Carl Ryves and Dick Sargeant, who were interested in undertaking her restoration and in 1996 I travelled to Launceston and Hobart to find out as much as possible about the original *Redpa*.

I have sailed since I was 8 years old and the vast majority of this time has been sailing Dragons and earlier in Flying Fifteens. This, plus family knowledge, gave me an idea of where to look. *The Tamar Yachts* by Betty Percy, *A Hundred Years of Yachting in Tasmania* by E.H. Webster and L. Norman and *Sailing On* the centennial publication of the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania helped further. I knew that most of Ned Jack’s boats were built from half models — I already owned the models of *Ajax* and *Pona*, both built for family members. I discovered that the yard where *Redpa* was built was sold by Ned Jack’s family in the early 1970s. There were many half models there at the time — quite likely *Redpa*’s among them. The new owner disposed of them all. Discussions with many sources and a thorough search of the *Weekly Courier* (an illustrated



Hobart Regatta Day on the Derwent River in Hobart Tasmania some time after *Redpa* was sold to a syndicate in 1912.

*Redpa* before the start of restoration.





Work in progress on the restoration of *Redpa*.

weekly published by the Launceston Examiner from roughly the 1890s to the mid-1930s) produced much information and a number of photographs some of which accompany this article.

Unfortunately there were no photographs showing the underwater shape and so, with no half model either, it has not been possible to determine the exact original underwater shape. When the hull was stripped it can be seen that the rudder has been in at least three different locations. The original rudder size and shape can be guessed but are not known. Similarly when the hull was stripped it is clear that there was once a centre-board in the keel but again the original exact size and shape cannot be determined.

Perhaps the best advice I received came from Mr John Philp, a shipwright from Gravelly Beach: ‘Significant alteration and experimentation were common. You’ll never know what was the 1908 version, or the 1912 version or the 1920 version. Don’t worry — trust your common sense and judgement and just go sailing.’

In Hobart, I was able to spend a morning with Mr Barry Bedford of Bellerive who owned *Redpa* from 1958 to 1975. Barry gave me the following information about *Redpa*’s time in Hobart.

The purchasers in 1912 were a syndicate of three people whose names are unknown. *Redpa* would have travelled to Hobart via bullock dray. Her next owner was Mr Harry Gourlay, who owned her until 1938. During the 1930s he tried a marconi rig on *Redpa* but it was a failure



and he reverted to a gaff rig. *Redpa* was purchased in 1938 by a Mr Delabere who joined the Royal Australian Air Force at the outbreak of World War II and was lost in action. The Delabere family had the well-known Hobart boat builder Cuthbertson raise the deck in 1946-47. *Redpa* subsequently lay at Bellerive for some time, derelict and without a mast until Mr Neil Batt bought her and put *Tassie Two's* rig in her. Neil sold *Redpa* to Mr John Wedd, who put the first (petrol) engine in her. John sold her to Barry Bedford. Barry added the coach house (1965) and bowsprit and the aluminium mast which was built as a foreign order in the workshops of the Tasmanian Hydro Electric Commission, and which needed three strong men to carry it. In 1970 the petrol engine was replaced with a single cylinder Volvo diesel engine. Barry took *Redpa* as far a field as Bicheno and Recherche. Knowing *Redpa* as I do, I admire Barry's bravery.

Barry sold *Redpa* in 1975 to an owner who went bankrupt soon after. Again *Redpa* fell on hard times until she was purchased by Dr Alan Grice, from whom I bought *Redpa* in 1984.

In 2000 Carl Ryves and Dick Sargeant told me that they were not able to undertake the restoration and they gave *Redpa* back to me. After the Olympics I placed *Redpa* in the hands of Mr Michael (Wally) Bartley, a shipwright who has undertaken the restoration.

Rather than undertaking a pedantic restoration I has taken the advice given in 1996 by Mr John Philp. *Redpa* when relaunched at age 95 will be an evolved version of the 1908 boat. The deck beams and everything above is new. All of the planking is original except the garboards which have been replaced. The original keel is there and it has been added to (which wasn't discovered until it was stripped which is why I didn't know in 1996). There is no way of knowing what the original rudder was like so we have come up with an optimised shape. The layout aft of the cabin including the self-draining cockpit is a repeat of what was known to be the original. The photographs are good enough to scale the rig dimensions with an accuracy estimated at plus or minus 6 inches.

There will be no internal fit out and no mounted engine. *Redpa* will have an outboard fitted to a removable bracket. Simon Sadubin has designed a rig using the scaled spar dimensions from the original photographs. *Redpa* will be a gaff rigged sloop setting either a Dragon or Etchells spinnaker and a ringtail. Spars will be made of carbon fibre and she will utilise modern technology where appropriate, consistent with the need not to over stress an old wooden yacht. I am sure that my grandfather would approve as he loved technology and would have wanted her to be as fast as possible.

*Redpa* will be on the Register of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club and will be moored there and will race with the Amateurs Classic Division.





Nigel Berlyn addressing the gathering at the Club after receiving the Kelly Cup (won by *Reverie*) at the annual prizegiving at the Club on Saturday 14 June. The Commodore seems to be feeling the weight.

John Merrington (*Warana*) receiving the Caress Trophy from Commodore Charles Maclurcan.







In Division 2 in *Impala* Kevin Tindall won the Bill Gately Memorial Trophy, the Gateley Champagne Trophy, the H. S. Lloyd Memorial Trophy and the Gold Medal .

Prizewinners and guests enjoying a perfect winter's day on the wharf at the annual prizegiving.





Chairman of racing Guy Irwin, Commodore Charles Maclurcan, director John Crawford and Kate Maclurcan on the wharf.

One participant at the annual prizegiving, believed to be connected with *Caress*, who contributed in good voice during the applause.





The popular post-race sausage sizzle on the wharf after the third race in the SASC winter series.

On the afternoon of 5 July the ferry *Lady Herron* lost power and anchored off the Club. Robbie White promptly rescued *Captain Amora* while the engineer in *Lady Herron* got everything going again.





## DOING THE SOUTHPORT SHUFFLE

*Revenge was sweet for the boys on the blue boat. David Salter reports.*

Let the record show that *Azzurro* beat *Bright Morning Star* to Southport by more than two hours in the 2003 Sydney-Gold Coast race. Well sailed, lads! Believe me, that's not an easy thing for anyone from *BMS* to say. The tragic reversal of last year's result cost us a bottle of rum and bucketloads of pride. But be rest assured: *we had more than enough excuses.*

The omens weren't too flash from the outset. John Sturrock helmed us to an impressive getaway but with gusts of up to 30 knots in the Harbour and at least another 5 outside we opted not to hoist a kite for the run to the Heads. Neither of our two passengers had raced offshore, and the close-quarters mayhem of the start shocked them into gaping silence. We stuck with a full main and No 3 genoa. Result? Both our SASC scratch opponents, *Azzurro* and *Farr Horizons*, popped their heavy chutes and had rolled over us by Lady Bay. Never mind, there'd be plenty of time during the next few days to make up that lost ground. At least we hadn't broken anything.

Don't speak too soon. Off the southern end of Manly we finally sent up the 2.2oz kite, only to discover the leeward luff had been neatly slit by one of the genoa battens during the hoist. Down came the spinnaker to be hauled below for a hasty stickyback repair job. Up it went again, but the patches didn't adhere to the salty surface of the chute. "Damn. I knew I should have put a few stitches in that." Down it came again, to be washed with detergent, wiped with metho, dried, patched and carefully stitched by Richard Falk. By the time the sail was finally fixed the wind angle had narrowed. Sturrock (our Honorary Onboard Philosopher) put this pantomime into perspective. "Well, that's the whole idea of spending two hours fixing a spinnaker — to allow enough time for the breeze to come forward so we can't use it anyway." Thanks for that, Johnno.

ON THE WAY...  
Spinnakers  
appearing as the  
starters cross the  
line



Worse was to come. Towards 1700 on the first day we'd settled into a nice, hard-reaching rhythm on remarkably flat water and were only a mile or so behind *Azzurro* and *Farr Horizons*, both standing a little further out to sea. But then Dal Wilson broke our concentration with a sudden outburst. "I don't believe it! I've just lost the bloody America's Cup!" (*Translation*: "I have dropped our hospital-style 'male urinal' bottle overboard.") For traditional offshore yachties this was a tragedy of epic proportions.



SEA ROOST...  
Charlie the Pigeon shelters in the dodger

Hugh O'Neill, Chris Oh, Tony Purkiss, Rob Hugall and myself were seized by a common thought: our beloved pissaphone lost in the tide! We'd be forced to use the head like civilized people. The indignity of it all!

Shortly after this disaster, a most curious happening. Just as we were noting gusts around 35 knots a rather wet and bedraggled pigeon made a crash landing in the centre cockpit. The moment was like one of those legendary "omens" that so unsettled the Roman emperors. Disoriented and exhausted by battling the wind, the pigeon had clearly decided the broad deck of *Bright Morning Star* was as close to dry land as it was likely to come that afternoon. We picked up the poor bird and gave it a protected roost inside the companionway dodger. Hardened ocean racers then revealed their tender side by feeding it scraps of bread and setting out a dish of water. Promptly named "Charles" after a certain club Commodore, the pigeon stayed with us through the night.

FIRST AID...  
adhesive bandage helps fix the main

Conditions now suited *BMS* down to her bootstrap. With the fleet reduced to two-sail reaching our waterline length came into play and we passed both *Azzurro* and *Farr Horizons*. But the dawn light brought more bad news. The mainsail luff now had a nasty, vertical 2-metre tear near the second crosstree, damage we'd most probably done shaking out a reef in the dark. Breakfast was abandoned while we wrestled the sail on deck and dragged it below for repairs. That job took four long hours of patient stitching by the well-known sailmaking firm of Sturrock & Falk. The luff was then sealed with lengths of wide adhesive bandage raided from the First Aid kit. By the time we were ready to hoist the main again Cape Byron was in sight and *Azzurro* quite literally crept up onto our stern





WEATHER WATCH... Richard checks the latest BoM info via mobile phone and laptop

ROCK HOPPING...Azzurro slips beneath Cape Byron



with *Farr Horizons* close behind. Meanwhile, Charlie the Pigeon had regathered his strength. As we cut in close to a headland he hopped up on deck, took a deep breath and flapped off toward *terra firma*. He's presumably now become a North Coast hippie.

Approaching the entrance to Ballina towards dusk the wind began to strengthen from the west and it was time to change down from the big No.1 genny. "Let's have the 2, guys!" No problems, except that when the new sail started going up the foil we found a split that would have been aggravated by the feeder. "OK, don't worry. The 3 will do fine!" Er, not quite. As the No. 3 came out of the bag the foredeck team found the boltrope separated from the peak for the first 30 cm. "Bugger! Suppose it'll have to be the 4." And indeed it was.

From that moment our race-within-a-race against *Azzurro* and *Farr Horizons* was effectively over. Now vastly underpowered, the generous displacement of *BMS* became a handicap. To make matters worse the breeze slowly went soft and swung onto the nose for the last 10 hours. By the time we could change back up to the No. 1 our rivals had waltzed away. We shuffled along and finished just before midnight, with an elapsed time of 2.10.40. Oh well, it'd been an enjoyable trip — despite all the sail problems.

After a quiet on-board party we went looking for the *Azzurro* boys in the Southport Yacht Club. Congratulations were in order. Quite by accident we stumbled on some of them still favouring the bar with their custom at 0300. Jim Lawler was in a particularly expansive mood but too much of a gentleman to rub our noses in their victory. "Wanna make it best-of-three?" I asked as everyone shook hands. Jim responded with a grin and a nod. Looks like we'll all be racing to the Gold Coast again in 2004.

HONOUR IS DUE  
... Hugh and Dal  
settle their wager  
with Jim Lawler





## WORKING BEE AT CLUB

It was a great day at the Club for the working bee — I did enjoy it.

*by  
Southerly*

Forty years ago when we took over the premises there were many working bees over a couple of years. We achieved a great deal, lawn mowing, painting and endless removal of rubbish. There was a very active ladies committee at the time, catering for a lot of money-raising functions — the ladies really worked hard. I well remember staggering down the steps with an enormous kava bowl full of coleslaw, all cut up by hand.

In my view the SASC is the best place in Sydney Harbour and I am well aware that this is largely the result of members and families contributing so much voluntary effort. It is good to see it all still happening.

Many newer members may not know that without the Merrington family we would be unlikely to be at Mosman's Bay. Bill spent an enormous amount of time away from the family business to negotiate almost endlessly with several authorities to obtain the premises. Fortunately Bill's brothers Ernest and John were prepared to allow this.

Guy Irwin, Lindy Danvers and Peter McCorquodale busy painting the clubhouse.







Robbie White, David Salter and Ian Anstee tackle the piles from Nancy K



## DINNER AT THE CLUB

*Enjoy the special atmosphere of the SASC Clubhouse for the Flag Officer's Dinner to welcome visitors from our fellow clubs and celebrate the new season.*

**FRIDAY 29 AUGUST 2003**

7 pm for 7.30 pm

*Cost: \$50.00 per person (incl. GST) plus drinks*

Bookings can be made with Faye or Patrick at the Club on 9953 1433 during business hours

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Sixty-one members attended the Annual General Meeting at the Club on Wednesday 6 August 2003.

In presenting his annual report the Commodore nominated Bill Gale as Club Member of the Year. He referred to Bill's tireless efforts in promoting racing at the club, particularly for classic yachts, over a great many years. He also referred to Bill's successes in persuading otherwise quite sane people to spend large amounts of time and money restoring old wooden boats. This highly popular nomination was loudly applauded by those present, but the recipient was busy in the office preparing for his role on the evening as one of the scrutineers for the election of directors. When called out and told of his honour, Bill Gale replied: " !". All agreed that it was the first occasion in memory that Bill had been rendered speechless! Luckily he recovered sufficiently to respond later in the evening.

An election was conducted to fill eight director positions on the board from ten nominations. Those elected were Peter Blunt, Peter Chapman, John Crawford, John Jeremy, Philip Kinsella, Robert Langley, Peter McCorquodale and John Sturrock. Commodore Charles Maclurcan, Vice Commodore Robert Evans, Rear Commodore Randal Wilson, Hon. Secretary Tony Saunders, Hon. Treasurer Fred Bevis and Chairman of Racing Guy Irwin were re-elected unopposed. Tony Clarkson continues on the board as Immediate Past Commodore.

Club member of the Year Bill Gale doing his best to convince Peter McCorquodale that *Torquil* would sail faster with a gaff rig.



The SASC has conducted Sunday races for some years, with a non-spinnaker division and a Gaffers division in recent times. Race officers John and André do a top job and the days are a mile of fun, not least being the prize giving and sausage sizzle back at the Club.

Racing starts at midday and we are the only yachts racing [well, almost — Ed.]. The picnickers have gone to their anchorages and the harbour is very clear. The non-spinnaker fleet is a very suitable for people starting off racing or for those who may be competing with a family crew. New entries will be most welcome, and this year efforts are underway to reform a Metre division.

*Southerly*



## GAFFER'S DAY 2003

Now is the time to mark your diary for

***Sunday 19 October 2003***

Planning for the SASC Gaffer's Day is well advanced.

Gaff-rigged and traditional bermudan-rigged yachts will rally at the Club before displaying their glories sailing on Sydney Harbour.

*A ferry will be available for spectators — all will be welcome to join in on this popular day.*

## ***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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We welcome the following new members:

Michael Daniel  
John Dean

## CLASSIC DIVISION

For some years the SASC has been conducting Saturday races for Classic yachts. At the moment they are all timber built, however GRP Folkboats, Clansmen and other classic designs will be welcome. Handicaps are set at the start so that the yacht that gets the gun wins. This system is also much safer — these yachts are intrinsically valuable. We would like to extend this activity to two divisions so owners of suitable yachts are invited to consider joining the fleet this coming season.

*Southerly*

[I think that *Tingari*, an East Coast 31 designed in 1973, is also a classic design. Unfortunately after a great quarter of a century of close competition it is becoming hard to muster enough boats for a half-ton division — do I sense an opportunity? — Ed.]

## CODE OF CONDUCT FOR ADVENTURE VESSELS

In line with the work to prepare a Sydney Harbour Traffic Plan of Management, a Code of Conduct has been established for the Commercial Adventure Vessel (CAV) operators on Sydney Harbour. The code provides a set of procedures, operating areas and navigation restrictions in the interest of optimum safety levels for these craft.

Waterways has designated areas for adventure vessel operators to conduct irregular manoeuvres (eg. power turns and stops, zigzags etc), taking into consideration local traffic conditions, proximity of residential areas and environmental issues.

The operators have agreed to be bound by the provisions contained in the Code.

## NEWSLETTER DEADLINE

The next SASC News will be the October 2003 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Wednesday 24 September 2003. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are also very welcome.



Our nautical language is a wonderfully rich heritage that is surely worth preserving for sailors past and future. One member (he is frequently seen around the Club, but wishes to remain anonymous) has grown tired of reading about sheer pins failing and causing pushpits and staunchions to part from combings (or something like that). He correctly believes that we all have a responsibility to get it right. A reference to a dictionary will reveal the right words.

**NO COMBINGS PLEASE!**

*COAMING* — (*naut.*): Raised border around hatches and scuttles to keep out water. It has nothing to do with the way you do your hair!

**PUSHPIT — PUSH WHAT?**

*PULPIT* — (*in a small sailing vessel*): Guard rail, usually waist high, fixed at bow or stern. It has nothing to do with pushing or pulling! [perhaps preaching? — Ed.] The correct terms are bow pulpit or bow rail, stern pulpit or stern rail.

**STAUNCHIONS?**

*STANCHION*: Upright bar, stay or support. Those stainless steel tubes supporting your lifelines were never staunchions — ask any navy personnel!

**SHEER PIN?**

*SHEAR PIN* — a pin intended to be distorted or broken by the strain called shear. Sheer pin in sheer bad spelling!

## SYDNEY HARBOUR TRAFFIC PLAN OF MANAGEMENT

Waterways is currently considering more than 70 submissions received in response to the Sydney Harbour Traffic Management Plan Issues Paper. The paper sought ideas and suggestions from the general community on issues that should be addressed in the Traffic Plan.

It was clear from the submissions that the harbour is greatly valued for the variety of working, living and recreational opportunities that it provides. The majority of the issues raised in the submissions relate to one of the following key areas: safety and compliance, equity of use, natural resource management and infrastructure provision.

A draft Traffic Management Plan will be released for public comment shortly. It is anticipated that a final document will be available for consideration by Government prior to the next boating season commencing in October 2003.

### ADAMS 10 OPPORTUNITY

A syndicate is being formed to purchase a second-hand Adams 10 for racing and cruising. Anyone interested in participating should contact Garth Stewart on 9953 5005, telephone or fax.



The recent announcement by the Tasmanian Government that a ship was being purchased by TT Lines to re-establish a ferry service between Sydney and Tasmania brought back many memories of the previous service by the Australian National Line. *Empress of Australia*, seen above at sea off Sydney in December 1970, was the largest roll-on/roll-off passenger/vehicle ship in the world with the longest ocean route when she was completed by Cockatoo Dockyard in 1965. She had a gross tonnage of 12,037 and a service speed of 18 knots and could carry 250 passengers in air-conditioned accommodation. The *Empress* was transferred to the Melbourne/Tasmania service in 1972 and was replaced by *Australian Trader*. The latter ship was withdrawn from service in 1978 and later became HMAS *Jervis Bay*.

*Empress of Australia* was sold overseas in 1985, entering service between Cyprus and Lebanon as *Empress*. In 1989 she was converted into a cruise ship in Greece with totally new accommodation for 623 passengers. Intended initially for Carribean cruises, she was then proposed for cruising out of San Diego, and then for Baltic cruises. Eventually, when the conversion was completed in 1991 she moved to Singapore as *Royal Pacific* for cruising to Indonesia and for weekend gambling cruises to nowhere. She sank in the Malacca Strait on 23 August 1992 after collision with a Taiwanese fishing boat. All 534 people on board survived.

The new ship, *Spirit of Tasmania III* will be much larger than the *Empress*. Built in Germany in 1995, she is 23,633 grt and has a service speed of 27 knots. She will be able to carry 626 passengers, 250 vehicles and 40 semi-trailers. *Spirit of Tasmania III* will commence service between Sydney and Devonport on 15 January 2004.



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