



SASC NEWS

The Newsletter of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



October 2010

SYDNEY AMATEUR SAILING CLUB

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Cover:

The start of Division 1 in the Lion Island race on
4 September

(Photo John Jeremy)

CONTENTS

Coming Events	3
Signals from the Commodore	4
Sailing the Trades with Captain Ann	5
Seamanlike Precautions	10
Is it That Time of Year Again?	11
Lion Island Race 2010	21
The Boats of Jimberan Bay	22
SASC Opening Day	25
One Designs and 100 Years	27
New Members	30
From the Archives	31

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COMING EVENTS

October 2010

FRIDAY 15 OCTOBER 2010

First race in the Friday Twilight series — continues each Friday during the Spring Season until 10 December

SATURDAY 16 OCTOBER 2010

Point score race for Super 30 Division (long series), Division 2 (long series), Classic Divisions and Cavalier 28 Division

SATURDAY 23 OCTOBER 2010

Point score race for Super 30 Division (long and short series), Division 2 (long and short series) and Classic Divisions

SUNDAY 24 OCTOBER 2010

Point score race for Division 6 (non-spinnaker) and Gaffers Division (Captain Slocum Trophy Race)

SATURDAY 30 OCTOBER 2010

Point score race for Super 30 Division (long series), Division 2 (long series), Classic Divisions and Cavalier 28 Division

THURSDAY 4 NOVEMBER 2010

Classic Twilight race

SATURDAY 6 NOVEMBER 2010

Point score race for Super 30 Division (long and short series), Division 2 (long and short series) and Classic Divisions

SATURDAY 13 NOVEMBER 2010

Point score race for Super 30 Division (long series), Division 2 (long series), Classic Divisions and Cavalier 28 Division

SATURDAY 20 NOVEMBER 2010

Point score race for Super 30 Division (long and short series), Division 2 (long and short series), Classic Divisions and Cavalier 28 Division

SUNDAY 21 NOVEMBER 2010

Point score race for Division 6 (non-spinnaker) and Gaffers Division

SATURDAY 27 NOVEMBER 2010

Point score race for Super 30 Division (long series), Division 2 (long series) and Classic Divisions

SATURDAY 4 DECEMBER 2010

Point score race for Super 30 Division (long series), Division 2 (long series) and Classic Divisions

**NEED
THE TEN-
DER?**

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

Sat: 0900-1800
Sun: 0900-1700



SIGNALS FROM THE COMMODORE

I have missed the start of the 2010-11 sailing season because of family commitments overseas. The nearest I came to water was Loch Ness in Scotland, where the water temperature never varies from 5°C with a depth of over 300 metres. The air temperature varied from 5°C to 15°C and it rained consistently for the week I was there. So it was great to be back on Sydney Harbour for the Idle Hour Race. A strong rain squall even added a little sparkle and interest to the day!

You will notice there have been improvements to the Club's amenities recently. Thanks to Herschel Smith for his work on the men's shower and the roof above, and to Mike deBurca and Trevor Cosh for their work on the Mosman Shed pontoon. *Captain Amora* has also had extensive new paintwork, keeping the slipway staff fully occupied.

The Flag Officer's Dinner on Thursday 7 October was well attended, with a good roll-up from other clubs and our members. I am reliably informed that that the night was a great success, and a "jolly" time was had by all. Thanks to Vice-Commodore Liam Timms for standing in for me.

The initiative to upgrade the slipway is progressing steadily with the critical step of calling for tenders — the make or break item which will determine how viable our wish is to build a level and compliant slipway. It seems that the Development Approval process has changed. This information came to the attention of the members and the Slipway Committee via Nick Cassim and follow up work was done by Liam Timms. This means that we now have two more years to commence the slipway upgrade, removing the necessity to start work by January next year.

The racing programme is now in full swing. We have good numbers in all divisions, with the Super 30 short series having over 25 starters jostling on the starting line.

I look forward to catching up with you at the Club soon.

Bill Hogan
Commodore



SAILING THE TRADES WITH CAPTAIN ANN

October 2010

by

Michal

Tomaszewski

Early in August my daughters Lani and Tiare and I were planning a short safari to Lake Eyre, Uluru and the Olgas. They have worked at all those places filming many times but I have never been. But, as so often happens, some of the best laid out plans never materialise. I received a call from good friend Ann Cleghorn in Vanuatu asking if I could come and help her take the yacht she is skippering from Vanuatu to Honiara in the Solomons. Off course I said yes and that's how the planned safari was scuttled!

On 17 August, Tiare and I landed at Luganville on Espiritu Santo to board *Blaze II*, a luxury 60 foot sailing catamaran designed and built by Sunreef Yachts in Gdansk, Poland. Ann, who lives at Airlie Beach in Queensland, has been the skipper of this American-registered and owned yacht since taking command in the Med nearly three years ago.

Well, from one of our coldest winters we arrived in the blissful tropics! *Blaze II* was anchored off Oyster Island Resort, minutes from the Luganville "CBD". After stowing our gear on board, Ann packed us off on a tour of Espiritu Santo.

Sandy, our tour guide, took us on a whirlwind, all-day tour of amazing spring-fed crystal-clear fresh-water lagoons, beaches and wonderfully protected bays with cruising yachts from all corners of the globe. Not on crowded marinas, just peacefully rocking at anchor in romantically-named Oyster and Champagne Bays and Gold Beach. We snorkelled on the "Million Dollar Beach" where yanks in 1945 pushed hundreds of surplus trucks, jeeps, cannons, cranes, bulldozers and artillery into the sea and didn't think of giving at least some hardware to the islanders who, after all, were their hosts for three or four years!

Hiding under abundant tropical vegetation everywhere were mementoes of fiercely-fought World War II battles. It is hard to believe that in the 1940s Santos was home to some 200,000 mainly American but also Kiwi troops. There were four or five military airfields and this sleepy Pacific paradise had the constant roar of fighter planes, bombs and an armada of warships and supply vessels.

Next day we moved the yacht to the "fuel wharf" which comprised a pick-up truck with a few 44 gallon drums of diesel, 600 litres of which were then siphoned into *Blaze II*. That afternoon we moored a few miles north in front of the Aore Resort for that evening's weekly feast of barbequed seafood rice and crayfish. Entertained by a group of musicians and dancers from one of the distant Banks group of islands, we were served Kava by their village Chief — it was revolting — I mean the Kava!

Blaze II under power



All photos courtesy Michal Tomaszewski

SASC NEWS

After snorkelling some local reefs we left the mooring mid-morning in a 5 knot NNE breeze and motored on one engine at about 5.5 knots. When the Trades kicked in and moved to ENE at about 15 knots we set the big genoa and mainsail giving us good speed of over 7 knots. We were reminded that *Blaze II* is not a light-weight catamaran flyer but a 40+ tonne world cruiser. Our next landfall was to be Vanua Lava, one of the volcanic islands of the Banks Group.

The afternoon was spent doing housekeeping chores. Trawling two lines, Ian hooked what was a very large fish but could not land it. During the day we did not run watches. At night, with four of us on board, we ran three hour watches, which meant each had one watch per night. As the breeze wanders you push a button to trim sails or another to adjust the auto pilot and the revs and you must keep a lookout for the very rare traffic — a tough life!

We had a few rain squalls overnight with gusts over 30 knots. The wind shifted more aft and we thought of sailing with just the genoa and the staysail. In this configuration the main was of not of much help so we decided to take it down. Try as we might it would not budge — the halyard was stuck and we had no option but to wait until we were at anchor in the morning. We were lucky it was not blowing a gale.

Approaching the island in the morning we saw the spectacular waterfalls and the breeze eased to no more than 5 knots. We anchored a fair way off the beach in Sasara Twin Waterfall Bay and proceeded to try to lower the main. After considerable time Ian, going up on the main topping lift, realised that one of the track rivets had pulled away and jammed the top double mainsail cars, spewing their ball bearings in the process. Some time later we managed to hand the main but knew that until we found some spare cars and could repair the track we would not be able to use the sail.

Our hosts at
Vanua Lava



We moved the boat closer inshore and were met by one of the village elders who paddled out in his dugout outrigger canoe. I have never seen real dugout canoes before except in a museum. We, as is the protocol, asked permission to anchor off his village. He was followed by Kareely Malau, the village Chief and a whole flotilla of canoes manned by men, women and children. None of the children wore life jackets (what a surprise!) but they all swam like fish.

The Chief invited us ashore where we were treated to a very formal welcome in a purpose-built hut on the beach front.

Kareely, flanked by some village dignitaries, gave a formal speech of welcome which was followed by a welcoming song and only then were we invited into the hut proper to sample a feast of finger food prepared for the occasion. Of course we also had some presents for them in the form of some school aids, pencils, books and crayons etc.

The hospitality was overwhelming. We were invited to tour the impeccably-neat village and swim in the freshwater Twin Waterfall basin streaming directly into the bay. Our hosts all spoke excellent English as well as Pidgin and their own tongue. The Chief told us that they are visited by no more than ten or twelve yachts per year.

The welcoming hut is called “The Sasara Twin Waterfall Bay Yacht Club” and of course we joined it. As we were leaving next morning we were farewelled by a fleet of dugout canoes and the Chief presented us with six beautiful crayfish wrapped in banana leaves. They told us they



Local kids having a ball

The Sasara Twin Waterfall Bay Yacht Club



SASC NEWS

are virtually self sufficient, grow their fruit and vegetables, have water, plenty of fish and grow copra for cash flow to buy sugar and soap etc. They looked very healthy and happy.

In the morning we sailed some five hours NNW to Ureparapara which is a little extinct, 760 m high, volcanic island. Again we were welcomed by one of the village elders and we anchored in Lorup Bay which used to be the crater and now is a picturesque natural harbour. The cove is some three or four miles deep, a mile and a half wide and is flanked by 300 m high headlands. The entrance faces north-east and is protected from the prevailing SE trades but, whilst safe, the swell makes for turbulent anchorage.

Because of time constraints we only stayed there for a few hours. The Lorup Bay population, of some 700, live scattered around the rim of the old volcano. Again we were amazed at how neat and tidy their village was. Being there and seeing it first hand one realises that global warming and even minor rising sea levels will spell disaster to this and similar coastal dwelling societies.

We were escorted to the island's "custom garden", a beautifully-tended, secluded palm grove, with carefully-ordered paths bordered by beautiful orchids. There we saw beautiful, semi-abstract coconut sculptures depicting dolphins, whales and other real or mythical creatures. It was like the village chapel where they could worship their deities and meditate.

The girls having
a chat

Tiare sat and chatted with the ladies and the complexities of chieftainship



were explained to us. In the distant past the chief's title was hereditary but nowadays there are levels of chief to be earned by aspiring candidates. To be the paramount chief one has to prove one's worth by deeds of valour, show civic worth, prowess in fishing, catching wild pigs single-handed, leadership and wisdom.

We met an English yacht *Pagos* anchored in Lorup Bay which has been sailed for the last seven years by a couple in their fifties with their eight- and ten-year old sons. I asked the older boy how he liked the cruising life and he said he loved it. They had been in Ureparapara for the last two weeks and it appeared they were not worried about overstaying their welcome.

That evening we left Lorup Bay and sailed in a SSE breeze on a WNW course bound for Guadalcanal and Honiara in the Solomon Islands. The trade winds were behaving and for the next couple of days or so we had winds of between 20–30 knots, occasionally gusting to 40, mainly from the south east with a steady, short 2–3 metre swell.

We hooked and landed a couple of good fish — a metre long Mahi-Mahi and a slightly smaller Reef Runner, the latter I had not tried before but it had particularly fine texture and firm white flesh. When landed



Tomo and a Mahi-Mahi



Tiare about to have a swim in paradise

SASC NEWS

the Mahi-Mahi displays brilliant rainbow-like colours which instantly disappear and the fish turns silver when killed. Ian filleted the fish and I used the heads and fins to make a wholesome soup.

To keep up speed we sailed or motor-sailed depending on the vagaries of the breeze, at times with genoa and staysail, wing and wing, and at others just the genoa with one motor at 1800 revs. When the wind died to less than 10 knots we would run both motors. It was not stressful sailing! Both Tiare and I alternated the dawn watch — our favorite — there's nothing like seeing the new day being born in the middle of the ocean.

We arrived in Honiara about eight o'clock in the evening. The port entrance is not well lit but, helped on VHF by a Kiwi yachtie who was already there, we picked up a mooring just outside the "yacht club". It was the day before the election of the new Prime Minister of the Solomons.

The next day was declared a public holiday. The situation was a little tense and it was not possible to clear customs till the following day. For three days, including the election day, you could not buy grog except in the two international hotels. The Solomon Islands comprise a diverse population made up of Micronesians, Melanesians and a minority of Polynesians. All this creates ethnic friction, particularly at election time. However, the presence of Aussie, Kiwi and Papua New Guinean peace-keeping troops and police helped to keep it all very calm.

We sailed 663 beautiful nautical miles at an average speed of 7.3 knots, all downwind. Except for a few rain squalls the weather was beautiful and even on watch at night you just wore a tee shirt. It was never too hot, averaging 27°, and the Trades kept it all very pleasant. Every sensible person should only sail with, never against, the Trades. Thank you Captain Ann.

SEAMANLIKE PRECAUTIONS

In view of my preposterous antiquity prominent yachtsman Dermer Bennet has advised me to tow a ready-use coffin or, at least, carry a body bag in A1 whilst racing. Being of a somewhat dilatory nature I have never complied but have instructed my crew to take the following steps if I shake off this mortal coil.

1. Finish the race.
2. Place me on the centreline of the cabin sole if a running finish, and
3. In a working finish place me on the windward bunk and change position when going about.

The recent first point-score race was a significant temporal event in my family's SASC history. In view of this our member Ian Macdiarmid came alongside and presented me with a bottle of champagne and a body bag crafted at his sail loft. The gorgeous ladies in his crew came forward and offered their cheeks for a kiss which is more than most of my lady crew will do.

Ian's gesture is greatly appreciated — if I depart on the water my crew can carry the bag up the hill. The members will think it contains a mainsail and therefore there will be no interruption to the drinking and prizegiving.

Southerly

IS IT THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN?

October 2010

If it's the last Saturday in July it must be time to race up to Southport. David Salter reports on another happy passage in EZ Street.

You know it's been a good three-day race when the only gear failure happens after you've crossed the finishing line. There's not much space between the outer mark of the line and the Southport seawall (a bit more than between Battery Point and Elizabeth Wharf in Hobart, but that's another story). So, with an exhausted crew at 0200 on a breezy night, it seemed prudent seamanship to keep the boat steady and not drop the main until we were in flat water after crossing the bar and safely on our way up the channel to the yacht club.

Great theory, except that when we let the halyard go, the big sail would only come halfway down. Everything stopped at the third batten, where the car at the mast refused to budge. Our skipper, Bruce Dover, had seen it all before. "It'll be a rivet come out of the track, boys." He was right, yet no amount of furious jiggling would ease that recalcitrant car past the protruding rivet. Meanwhile, at low tide in the narrowing channel, we were rapidly running out of water, let alone turning room. Sandbanks on both sides made a solution to our problem rather, well, pressing.

Inevitably, it took a man up the mast with a hammer and screwdriver to somehow bash the sail free. Our tired cheers of relief were slightly hollow. The sailing gods had reminded us of what might have been if we'd needed to take a reef in the strengthening NW that had turned the

Photo John Jeremy

Final preparations at the SASC before the start



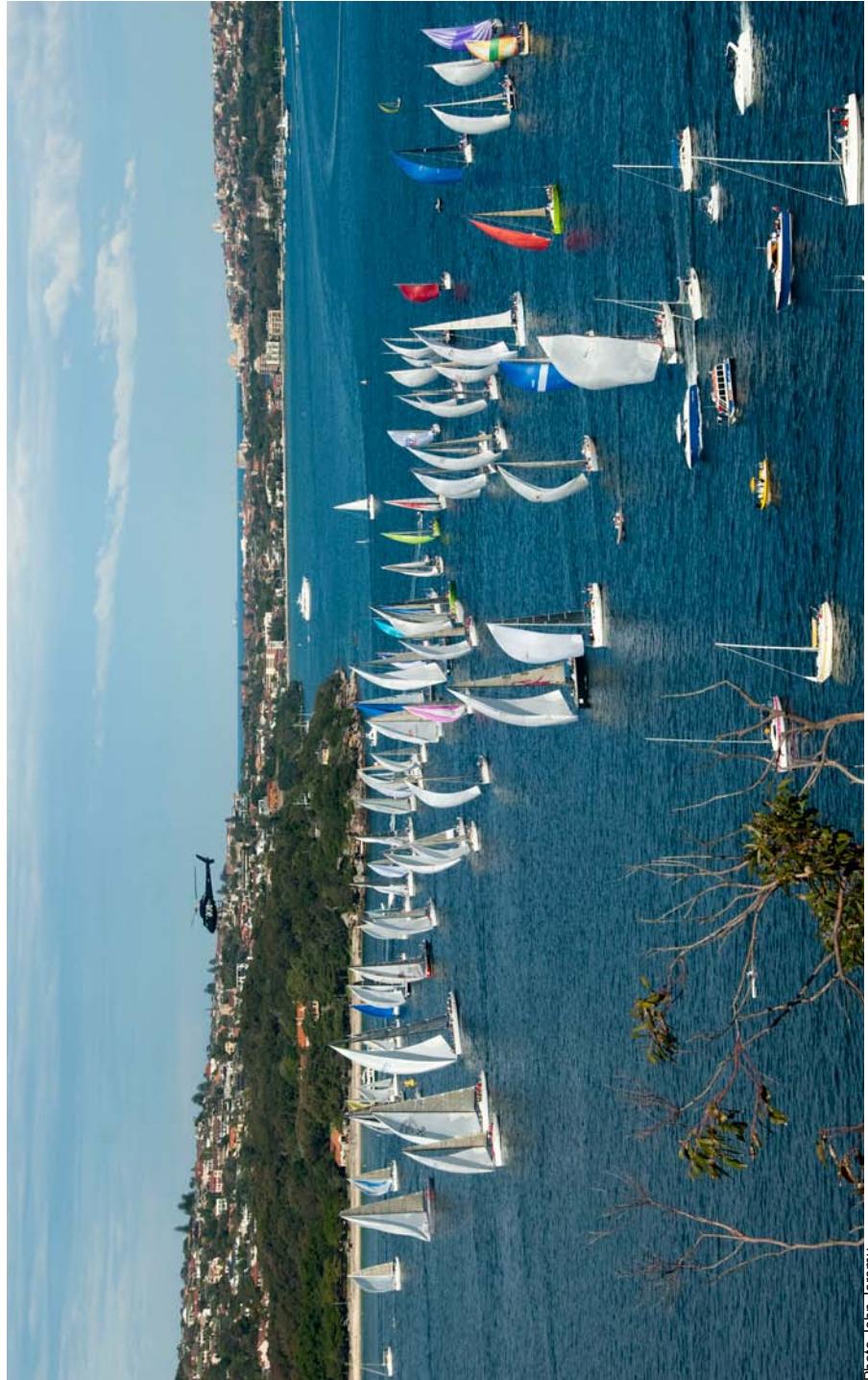


Photo John Jeremy

A colourful start for the 2010 Southport race

fetch to the finishing line off Broadbeach into a genuine slog. It was a sobering moment — just as we began to anticipate devouring the icy-cold slab of beer passed aboard from the finishing tender.

EZ Street had a terrifically balanced crew for this race although most of us are, I must admit, a bit stronger on experience these days than strength and endurance. (The CYCA website tactfully described us as “a group of SASC members who have been racing together offshore for 21 years”.) Duties at the pointy end were shared by Sean Kelly and Mick Brennan. Charles Davis, Dal Wilson and I toiled in the middle of the boat, while John Sturrock and Bruce shared the tactics and most of the driving. Trevor Cosh, who’d normally be with us, was in China building tugs (as usual), so the eighth crewman was a welcome “guest”, Rick Cranna. He’d come south with us on *Bright Morning Star* in the tough 2004 Sydney-Hobart and was keen to have another crack at racing offshore.

EZ Street was the sole entrant in the fleet of more than 70 yachts racing to Southport this year to fly the Amateurs’ burgee. I will spare you another meditation on the regrettable decline of offshore racing within the club, but what also struck me about our ship’s company was that the majority of us also skippered our own boats on the SASC register. With boat ownership comes a more measured regard for preparation, safety and for preserving a yacht’s rig, sails and equipment. No doubt that collective prudence helped account for the fact that despite racing hard for long periods in more than 30 knots, we broke nothing and

Photo John Jeremy

EZ Street on the way

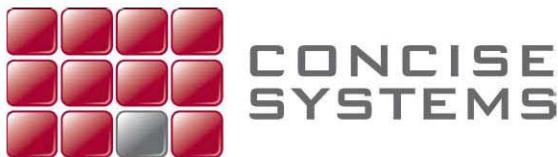


TWILIGHT SAILING IS HERE AGAIN!

Sailing in the SASC Friday Twilight Races is a great way to relax after a busy week. Sail with friends and enjoy a barbecue at the Club afterwards.

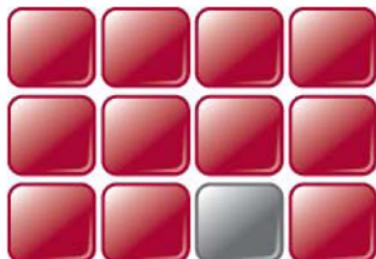
Sail regularly and you can win a trip for two to Lord Howe Island, valued at over \$2,000.

Sponsored by:



To qualify for the draw you must enter for the whole season and complete at least five races. For each additional race which you complete your boat gains one entry in the draw for the trip to Lord Howe Island. The more races you complete, the more chances you have! The trip for two will be drawn after the last race of the series.

Friday Twilight sailing with the SASC is always popular and space at the barbecue is limited. Table bookings are essential and must be received no later than midday on the Wednesday of each week. Catering is based on the number of people booked — so don't miss out!



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SASC NEWS

suffered no injuries during the entire trip. There was an added point of interest for me in that two of my regular *Mister Christian* crew were racing against us in the same division — Bob Moore on *Copernicus* and Tom Murphy on *Sailors With Disabilities*. It gave the traditional pre-race rum wagers between boats some additional edge.

Southport always seems to start in very light harbour airs and this year was no different. Never mind, *EZ Street* may be a big, triple-skinned lump of a boat, but with some alert trimming she'll still keep moving in a drift — just! By the time we were properly clear of North Head a decent WSW breeze kicked in and was soon building nicely. “Too much puff! Better get this big heady off pronto!” Mick and Sean went forward and set about the first of our many sail changes that afternoon and through the night. (Later, a friend on *Occasional Coarse Language* told me they'd logged 15 changes in the first 24 hours.)

Eventually, after sundown, we settled into some robust three-quarter running — the B&G had us doing 17.1 knots for one glorious stretch. *EZ Street* is a tad low-wooded for her length, so the thrill of gobbling up so many easy miles was tempered by just a touch of anxiety about the possibility of burying the nose. In fact, there'd already been so much water over the foredeck that all my spare clothes, snugly stowed in a locker up front, were already soaked. But the discomfort was worth it: we were well past Port Stephens by sunrise and leading our division on handicap. “Break out the champers, boys. We're wearing the yellow jersey!”

Chasing *Kioni* up the coast under the big assy kite

Photo David Salter



Every wind-strength fluctuation seemed, perversely, to be right at the upper or lower limits of our sail wardrobe. First the No. 2 felt right, then the No. 3, then back to the No. 2. Take a reef; shake it out again. On and on it went. Sean and Mick were tireless and uncomplaining, but, as is the way with good foredeck crew offshore, they pushed themselves relentlessly for the first day and a half, then suddenly ran out of puff and needed a bit more sleep than their next scheduled spells might provide. We older hands have seen this a million times before. Thankful for their tremendous contribution, we were happy to let “the young blokes” sleep well into their next watches to recharge the batteries. (And let me also confess to a hint of self interest here. There’s no way you’re going to catch *me* going North of the mast in anything above 15 knots. I’ve got a Senior’s Card!)

And speaking of senior’s moments, it was about now that Charles announced to the assembled multitude that he’d lost his personal EPIRB. These newfangled beacons required for Cat 1 and 2 races are quite pricey, so Bruce had organised to hire us a batch of the devices which he issued to each crew member before the start. Most of us just stuffed them into a pocket of our oilies, but somehow Chas managed to become separated from his. The prospect of a \$700 loss-and-replacement charge was too horrible to contemplate. Eventually it turned up, buried under the spinnakers in the forepeak, but not before Mr Davis had driven us all half mad with his constant “I just can’t imagine where I put it” mutterings.

Photo David Salter

Patient trim and a soft hand on the helm helps us through the light stuff





Photo David Salter

Sean Kelly takes a well-earned spell from fore-deck duties

The breeze stayed more or less on the beam which meant that we sailed plenty of miles being dragged along by the very useful asymmetric kite flown off a low pole. It's made of tough fabric that works through a broad range of wind strengths and angles, but late on the second day, as we romped along at 10 knots, the apparent slowly went forward and the boat started to get hard in the mouth. She was still controllable — *EZ Street* has a big rudder and tracks well — but as the wind strength increased the weather helm was acting like a hand brake. The instruments were showing a consistent 20–22 knots true. There are no prizes for blowing out a key sail half way through a long race. That kite had to come off.

"I'll run the brace!" "No mate, this breeze is really getting up. Reckon I'll just fire it." "OK. That should be safer. D'ya reckon you can handle the drop, boys?" "No worries. This way the sail should collapse behind the main." "OK. Ready?" "Yeah, let's do it!" Bang! The pin released perfectly, the big asymmetric dutifully flopped to leeward and was quickly gathered and stuffed down the companionway. "Great work, fellas!" And it was then that we realized that at *exactly* the moment the pin had fired the wind suddenly dropped by 10 knots. "Better get below and pack it, lads. We'll be needing that kite shortly." Ah, the joys of offshore racing.

Unless the wind is directly up the fleet's clacker, every race to Southport presents essentially the same tactical question: do we go out to sea looking for consistent pressure and a good angle back in, or hug the coast to play the currents and hope for a land breeze to get us through

the inevitable quiet patches? Historically, the Southport has tended to reward the “rock hoppers”, but last year the boats that went well offshore — some up to 60 miles out — reached back in to Point Danger on a solid sea breeze while we traditionalists wallowed about chasing cat’s paws along the beaches.

As usual, we opted for a conservative track — more or less the rhumb line from cape to cape — and, as the wind died, found ourselves swiftly descending to 7th place. Pride cometh before the fall. But we had an engaging battle with the big Beneteau *Kioni* to keep us motivated (they were rarely out of sight for the whole 380 miles) and gradually dragged ourselves back into third place by the finish early on Tuesday morning. It was deeply satisfying to have helped put *EZ Street* on the podium in one of Australia’s classic blue-water events.

And how pleasant it would have been to then savour that achievement by passing a relaxing few days sinking the odd XXXX on the sunny deck of the Southport Yacht Club. Instead, I had to scurry down to Coolangatta airport and get a flight back to Sydney to be in the office by first thing the following morning. It would be tempting to denounce all this unseemly haste as yet another example of how our sport is being distorted by the pressures of modern life, but I had only myself to blame. After all, where is it written that work is more important than sailing?

The happy
EZ Street crew
after confirmation
of third place

Photo David Salter





Division 1 on the way to sea after the start of the 2010 Lion Island race

Photo John Jeremy

LION ISLAND RACE 2010

October 2010



Forty five yachts started in this year's Lion Island Race, started by *Captain Amora* in Watsons Bay on 4 September — 25 in Division 1 and 20 in Division 2.

These two photos show Division 2 boats after the start. Division 1 was won by *Mr Z* (Phillip Rowe) and first in Division 2 was *Gecko* (Stephen Face)

Photos John Jeremy



by
Tony Barry

THE BOATS OF JIMBERAN BAY

Jimberan Bay is a crescent of brilliant white sand about four kilometres long with clear blue water located on the south-west corner of Indonesia's Bali, immediately south of the island's airport. The bay is home to five-star resort hotels such as 'The Intercontinental' and 'Four Seasons'. The north end of the bay provides a safe anchorage from the prevailing south-east trade winds for Bali's fishing fleet. The Island's fish market is located adjacent to the anchorage although there are no facilities for boats. Crew, diesel, water, ice and other supplies are taken to the boats that lie at anchor aboard outrigger-stabilised perahu — traditional outrigger canoes.

Further protection of the anchorage is provided by the airport runway's extension into the bay at the north and the many popular surfing breaks at the end of the runway — airport left and right in surfer parlance. The bay is filled with ever-moving sand shoals which provide shelter from occasional westerly storms and are a significant navigation hazard. Many boats and their crews have been lost in these dangerous waters.

Most fishing takes place at night and the catch, from large yellow fin tuna to sardines, is landed at dawn and offered for sale on the spot. The sight of the bay at night filled with the lights of kerosene pressure lamps used to attract prawns and squid is special and resembles another large town off Bali's west coast. Most fishing is confined to the waters of the bay but large yellow fin tuna are sought much further afield, perhaps as far as a ten-day return voyage. Where these boats go is a highly guarded secret, but they take ice to preserve the catch which wouldn't

The beach at Jimberan Bay

Photos Tony Barry





last more than about ten days. These tuna boats are very beamy and up to twenty metres long with very large crews — as many as 25 or 30 traditionally Muslim fishermen who come from Java, Indonesia's most populous island, just 40 miles to the west of Bali's Jimberan Bay. The crews are paid a proportion of the catch profit, the largest to the captain and then to the boat owner. There is a large kampong, or village, of Muslim fishermen with the essential mosque located just behind the fish market. The car park every night at sunset is transformed into a bustling night market with all kinds of goods, second hand clothes, fake CDs and DVDs, hardware, and tools for sale. You must bargain hard.

These large wooden boats are unlike the traditional Indonesian Bugis sailing schooners even now used in inter-island trade and commerce. They are more like Arabian sailing dhows with high stem and stern, but like all the boats of Jimberan Bay, sailing is no more, it has now been superseded by multiple diesel engines mounted on either gunwale driving long free propeller shafts and, on smaller boats, outboard motors. The largest wooden boats are built in Java to a design that may have been imported from the Middle East perhaps along with Islam many centuries ago when Islam took over as the predominant religion from the dominant Hindu religion at that time. Indonesia's population of 240 million is now 95% Muslim, the most populous Muslim country in the world, with the Balinese, about 4 million, still practising a unique kind of the Hindu religion.

The boats of
Jimberan Bay



Ice supplies

Many of the smaller boats operate close to shore and are narrow beamed, more like large canoes, stability being provided by bamboo outriggers and are hauled to safety on the beach by teams of men. Traditional perahu, cut from a single tree, firstly by chainsaw, then by adze and axe are becoming rare, replaced by fibreglass replicas.

Bringing the catch ashore



Australians form the largest national group of tourists to Bali and most go to one of the hundred or so fish restaurants on the sand at Jimberan Bay to watch the sun set, eat barbequed sea food and sample local Bintang beer. For boaters an equally interesting time to visit Jimberan Bay is at dawn or early morning — at the fish markets to see the boats return and unload the night's catch for sale.

SASC OPENING DAY

October 2010



The weather for the SASC Opening Regatta for the 2010-11 season was not particularly enticing. Nevertheless 21 boats started in the race which was won by *Nocturne*. The photos show the second boat, *Out of Sight*, crossing the finish line (above) and *Magic* and *Hickup* approaching the finish (below)

All photos by John Jeremy





Photo John Jeremy

Jim Chambers' new boat *Knockabout* finished ninth in the Opening Regatta

ONE DESIGNS AND 100 YEARS

October 2010

In the last two editions the *SASC News* has featured in *From the Archives*, photographs of a beautiful old yacht called *Culwulla IV*. I thought it could be of interest to members to provide some information about this yacht. Charles Lucas of Battery Point, Hobart, Tasmania built her for Messrs Tarleton, Douglas and Knight and she was launched in February 1911 under the name of *Curlew*. She competed locally and her win of the Bruny Island Ocean Race of 1912 is one of a string of achievements. In 1913 Andrew Wilson brought her to Sydney where she raced over the years from the RPAYC, SYS and SASC. It was some time after she arrived in Sydney that she acquired the name *Culwulla IV*.

The August 2010 issue of *SASC News* shows her with a gaff rig circa 1930, but by 1931 she had been converted to a Marconi rig. *Culwulla IV* had a noteworthy racing history in Sydney and in 1931 and 1934 she won the SASC Kelly Cup. In 1967 she was still registered with the RPAYC and today we know she is in Queensland undergoing restoration.

If you look closely at the photos of *Culwulla IV* you can find a striking resemblance to *Weenè* of the SASC. The reason for this is that they are both of the same class and built by the same builder, Charles Lucas, from the plans originally drawn by the American designer, William Hand Jr., dated 25 October 1899 and published in *The Rudder* in February 1900.

These boats were designed to be of a “knockabout” nature with 21 feet on the waterline, the construction to be “strong and durable”. Under the instruction of Edwin H. Webster, Hobart designer Alf Blore modified



An early photo of *Weenè*

the design to suit local Tasmanian boatbuilding methods and sailing conditions. It was the blue print of this adapted design which was finally approved as a One Design class by the Derwent Sailing Club (later the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania [RYCT]).

Webster then persuaded several yachtsmen to follow his lead and a number of these gutsy yachts were commissioned. They were built for the sum of about £200 and became known simply as “One-Designers”. All seven of these yachts still exist and I also understand that they are the first one-design class of fixed-keel yachts in Australia!

As *Spindrift*, *Weenè* was the first of these yachts and was launched on 17 October 1910. Over the next year, six more followed. *Curlew* (later *Culwulla IV*), the third to be built, was brought to Sydney to establish the “One-Designers” in NSW. In fact, at RPAYC in 1914, six yachtsmen placed orders but the plans were put on hold due to the start of World War I and unfortunately the idea never resurfaced.

Spindrift was renamed *Weenè* when the well-known sailing family, the Batts, bought her after Webster had owned her for less than a year. She had a successful racing career in a variety of events in and around the Derwent River “and was perhaps the most well known boat on the Derwent” as reported in the 1936 book *A 100 Years of Yachting*, compiled by Webster and L. Norman. Amongst her many wins were the Lipton Cup, North v. South Cup, John Colvin Cup and the Bruny Island Ocean Race. *Weenè* was still competitive in the 1920s when the one-designs became part of the A-class fleet and raced against similar but larger yachts.

In 1925 she adopted the new Marconi rig. By the end of the 1920s, the one-designs were being out-classed by newer and larger yachts and some left racing to become cruising yachts. To stay competitive *Weenè* was simply cut in half as an experiment in 1930 and lengthened by three feet, to 36 feet. Stories conflict as to whether this was done by another well-known Hobart boat builder, Percy Coverdale, or the original builder. Needless to say the experiment was a success as she continued to lead the fleet up to WWII.

In 2005 *Weenè* was moved from Tasmania to the mainland. A year or so later my wife and I were lucky enough to become her 10th owners and it was in 2007 that she joined the SASC ‘family’. Since then she has been undergoing a steady program of work to restore her and has been racing with other classic yachts.

The weekend of 16th and 17th of October will see *Weenè* taking part in the Classic and Wooden Boat Festival 2010 at Darling Harbour and on the Sunday she will turn 100 years old.

For more on the “One-Designers” go to: <http://www.virtue.id.au/Onedesign/index.htm>



Two beautiful photographs of *Weenè*, almost 100 years old, taken by Andrea Francolini in August 2010



NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members:

Philip Damp
Gary Donovan
David Mandelberg
Kayth Pisani
John Warburton

CLUB ARCHIVES

As part of the wider effort to bring together historical material & records on our club, we will assemble a digital record. So any article, photo, racing programme etc, would be scanned & the scans archived in an accessible form.

If anyone has anything at all — magazine articles mentioning the club, photos or documents — we would like to borrow them for scanning, or take charge of them if they are being donated.

Please contact me directly — I would be responsible for copying and returning material.

Mark Pearse

Telephone: Work 9282 9932, Home 9389 9098 or mobile 0419 124 530

Email: markpearsearchitect@bigpond.com

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	\$30.00
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 December 2010 edition. Contributions from members, which are always welcome, should reach the editor by Friday 26 November 2010. Contributions can be in hard copy or sent by email. Photographs are also very welcome.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

October 2010

SYDNEY AMATEUR SAILING CLUB.—A special meeting of the above will be held at the Oxford Hotel, King-street, on FRIDAY, 22nd instant, at 7.30 p.m. Business important. S. STUBBS GARLING, Sec.

Sydney Morning Herald, 12 August 1872

SYDNEY AMATEUR SAILING CLUB.—A few weeks ago a number of gentlemen owning boats of too small a tonnage to be admitted into either of the Yacht Clubs suggested that another club should be formed for boats of a small class. The idea was well received, and the club was at once started with eight boats and forty-eight members. Mr. S. S. Garling was elected secretary; Mr. J. H. Amora, commodore; and Mr. W. Backhouse, vice-commodore. The two former gentlemen have proved themselves efficient officers, and they are to be complimented on the success which has attended their labours. Saturday afternoon was fixed for the opening cruise, and at 3 o'clock the following boats took up their moorings in Farm Cove:—Arancano, J. H. Amora; Argo, W. M'Leod; Circe, T. Allison; Clytie, J. Thompson; Dolly Varden, W. Backhouse; Kuasarawa, H. Lane; Now Ever, S. S. Garling; and Undine, J. Hill. The commodore at once gave orders to heave up anchors and follow in line, which was done in good order, the boats proceeding round the Cove, then to Lavender Bay, and from thence taking a stretch down the harbour, where they saluted the commodore and dispersed. In the evening a dinner, to celebrate the inauguration of the club, took place at the Oxford Hotel. About fifty gentlemen sat down, the chair being occupied by Mr. Amora. After the appetites of the amateurs had been somewhat appeased, the following programme of toasts was duly honoured:—"The Queen," "Royal Family," "His Excellency the Governor," "The Ladies," "The Sydney Amateur Sailing Club," "Our Commodore," "The Press," and "Our Secretary." A most pleasant evening was spent, and the party separated shortly after 10 o'clock, wishing every prosperity to the infant club.

Sydney Morning Herald, 22 November 1872

A great way to pass a few hours is to explore Australia's archives, and one easy way to do this is at trove.nla.gov.au. Mark Pearse found these early reports on the formation of the SASC during a recent search



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