



THE AMATEURS



The Second Century Begins
1972–1997



The Amateurs

The Second Century Begins
1972-1997

The Amateurs
The Second Century Begins
1972–1997

Compiled by Members of
Sydney Amateur Sailing Club



Edited by
John Ferguson



MARITIME HERITAGE PRESS
SYDNEY

First published in 1997 by
Maritime Heritage Press Pty Ltd
80A Queen St
Woollahra NSW 2025

© Sydney Amateur Sailing Club Ltd

National Library of Australia Cataloguing-in-Publication entry

The amateurs: the second century begins, 1972-1997.

ISBN 1 876059 02 8.

1. Sydney Amateur Sailing Club (N.S.W.) - History. 2. Boats and boating - New South Wales - Sydney - History. 3. Sailing - New South Wales - Sydney - History. 4. Yacht clubs - New South Wales - Sydney - History. I. Ferguson, John R. (John Raymond), 1937-. II. Sydney Amateur Sailing Club (N.S.W.).

797.12560609441

Typeset by Ian MacArthur Book Production, Hornsby
Printed by Ligare Printers, Riverwood, NSW

Contents

| | |
|--|------|
| Foreword | vi |
| Introduction | vii |
| Editorial Note | viii |
| 1. The First Century 1872-1972 | 1 |
| 2. The Spirit of The Amateurs | 11 |
| 3. The Clubhouse | 23 |
| 4. Racing | 32 |
| 5. Cruising | 62 |
| 6. Social Events | 78 |
| 7. Some Boats and Sailors | 95 |
| Appendices | |
| Office Bearers and Directors of SASC for Season 1997/98 | 133 |
| Patrons | 134 |
| Trophies | 135 |
| Yachts and Owners | 139 |
| List of Members | 141 |
| Office Bearers of SASC 1972-97 | 143 |

Foreword

It is a sad confession for the Patron of a sailing club to make, but I am no sailor. Perhaps that is the reason why I read the first draft of this book with such intense interest and admiration. It covers a wide range of experience, from a gripping account of the 1979 Fastnet to the romantic idyll of "The Wrong Way Home from Hobart".

The inclusion of the word "amateur" in the Club's title is a little misleading. It may have derived from the distinction to be made between the amateur and professional fishermen who encountered one another at Blackwall, under what is now the Spit bridge. The amateurs' Blackwall Sailing Club was, in a sense, a precursor of the present Club. I do not know whether there was in 1872 a professional sailing club from which the new club was to be set apart. Perhaps the title was influenced by the early type of craft favoured by those who formed the Club. They were called "fishing boats", but those who sailed them did not do so for professional fishing, but for racing.

At all events "amateur" cannot be regarded here as denoting any lack of skill or commitment, as "The Search for *Pacific Breeze*" thrillingly makes clear.

Racing at sea is highly competitive. It involves (and this is plain even to a landlubber) a contest between highly developed equipment and between those with the nerve and skill necessary to direct it. But, above all, the competition takes place in an environment which exerts a significant influence on the outcome. Opposing crews battle not only each other but the sea, and the sea may turn out to be the most powerful and uncompromising opponent of all.

I believe that sailing, alike with other sporting activities which include a spice of danger, develops a remarkably close comradeship and sense of community. It tends also to foster courage and endurance and, although some of the Amateurs may dispute this, a sense of poetry. Many of the pieces in "The Second Century Begins" carry an evocative feeling for the beauty and wonder of the world with which sailors live so closely.

These attitudes convey qualities of responsibility, perseverance and imagination which makes good citizens of which our society can be proud. I offer my warmest wishes to the Amateurs for a second century as successful and honourable as the first.

His Excellency The Honourable Gordon Samuels AC
Governor of New South Wales
Patron Sydney Amateur Sailing Club.

Introduction

The work to produce this book has been shared amongst the members, because it is largely a collection of their sailing experiences over the past 25 years from our centenary in 1972. It has been difficult to obtain some of the stories as many members were reluctant to appear forward or self-promoting. Persistent pressure, largely by Vic Dibben, helped overcome this reluctance, or where shyness or stubbornness won, the articles have been written by others.

This book is not intended to be a detailed chronological history of the past 25 years, but rather a collection of accounts, stories and experiences that can be shared by members and crews. It is hoped that the stories in each chapter will give an insight into the nature of the Club, its activities, its members and the Club ethos of self help. I think what comes through strongly is the benefit of a membership which shares a common interest in yachts of all ages and types, and in their racing and cruising activities.

Without the enthusiasm and guiding hand of our editor, John Ferguson, the book would not have been possible. I would also like to thank all those who contributed with articles, suggestions, research and encouragement.

Fred Bevis

Commodore Sydney Amateur Sailing Club.

Editorial Note

This book continues the story of the Amateurs from 1972 into the first 25 years of its second century. *The Amateurs*, the story of the first one hundred years was published in that year and is now quite difficult to obtain. It is a marvellous account of the formation of the Club and its subsequent activities. The first chapter of this book draws on it for background information; and historical snippets have been included as marginal notes by way of a reminder of the Club's heritage.

To compile this book much research has been done by a number of members. Old records and files have been reviewed, photographs have been acquired, donated or specially taken, and many members have contributed articles either directly as a response to our request or inadvertently from our burrowing among the records. All the subjects requested by members have been incorporated in one way or another. The response has been so enthusiastic that the book has grown somewhat from the original specifications. In the spirit of the Amateurs this book has been written by the members.

Sometimes articles were received on one topic by two members. These have mostly been edited together. We did receive a number of articles on events such as the Sydney-Hobart race which for reasons of space could not all be included. The thrust of the text is to reflect the variety of the Club's activities over the past 25 years; racing, cruising and social. The same criterion has been applied to photograph selection so that a range of boats and member profiles reflect the activities and spirit of the Club. We have not attempted another chronology of committee reports; these are all available in the archives anyway.

It has been a privilege to have had the opportunity to work on this book, to have had the assistance of a keen committee and the generous support of so many members. The outstanding features of this Club throughout its history have been the cooperation, the generosity, the unfailing good will, the unselfishness and the great sense of fun of its members both past and present. This continuing spirit will be obvious from the contributions to this book.

John Ferguson

Chapter 1

The First Century

1872-1972

The year 1872 was a quiet one on the international scene. Ulysses S Grant was re-elected President of the Union, The Brooklyn Bridge in New York was opened, Bertrand Russell and Roald Amundsen were born and Jules Verne published *Around the World in Eighty Days*. Japan introduced compulsory military service, England played Scotland in the first International Association soccer match, electric filament lighting was installed at the St Petersburg docks, and the proclamation of Don Carlos as Charles VII of Spain led to civil war.

1872 was a much more eventful year in Australia! The Prince of Wales theatre, Sydney, burnt down – for the second time. The first sheepdog trial, held at Forbes, was won by a collie named Kelpie. Ethel Turner, the writer, was born, and the population of NSW was 534 194.

In February the brig *Maria* with 70 prospectors ran onto a reef near Cardwell, North Queensland where 21 were drowned, 14 killed by Aborigines and among the survivors Lawrence Hargrave was rescued by John Moresby in HMS *Basilik*.

In March tin was discovered at Stanthorpe in Queensland, the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, was gutted by fire and Ralph Milner took 1000 sheep, the first overlanded stock, from South Australia to the Northern Territory.

In May, Thursday Is. and other islands within 60 miles of the mainland were annexed to Queensland. June saw Sir Hercules Robinson appointed Governor of NSW, while women at Clunes in Victoria, attacked Chinese miners and drove them out of town.

In July A G Scott, aka Captain Moonlight, was sentenced in Ballarat to 11 years gaol for the Egerton bank robbery, and in August the Overland Telegraph Line was completed.

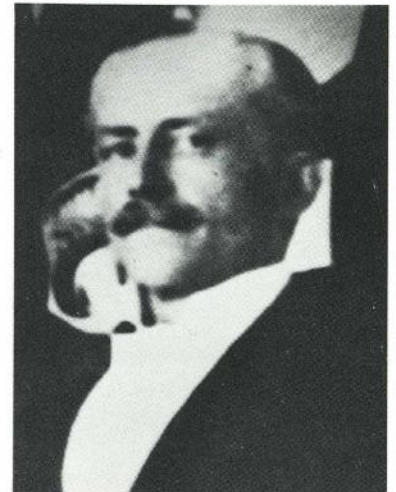
On Tuesday the 1st October in Tom Keary's hotel on the corner of William and Brougham Streets, Sydney, a meeting culminated in the formation of Sydney Amateur Sailing Club with four boats and twelve members.

These were:

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------------|
| Capt. J H Amora R N (Commodore) | <i>Inca</i> |
| C Bransby (Vice-Commodore) | |
| C B Boake | <i>Zingara</i> |
| W B Melville | <i>Firefly</i> |
| F Bremner | <i>Cynthia</i> |
| J B Holdsworth | |
| S H Hyam | |
| J Newton | |
| W J McLeod (Hon. Treasurer) | |
| J S Garling (Hon. Secretary) | |
| B Backhouse | |
| H Clarke | |

There is a legend which led to the foundation of the Club. The story was passed down to Jim Middleton by his grandfather, James Middleton (1850-1935).

Captain J H Amora R N





James Middleton



James Arthur (Jim) Middleton was chairman of the historical committee who produced *The Amateurs for the centenary* in 1972

Text on the plaque near the Spit Bridge

BLACKWALL
SITE OF THE FIRST
AMATEUR SAILING CLUB
ON SYDNEY HARBOUR
1865

It goes back to the 1860s when that part of the Harbour, then known as Blackwall, was without doubt the best place to catch bream and snapper. Blackwall is the area immediately on the starboard side travelling west under what is now the Spit Bridge. The distance from the city and the time involved precluded visitations by amateur fisherman except at the weekend, but those amateurs and professionals alike who constantly made the journey from the southern end of the harbour became known as the "Blackwall Boys". Over the years the practice evolved of having boat races to pass the time on the long run home from the fishing grounds. Races were initially individual challenges to destinations such as Shark or Clarke Island, Bradley's Head, Pinch Gut, Blues Point, or any other place where two or more boats were returning to anchorage. Slower boats were given a start; this start was not in minutes but was, "down to the point", "till you get around the Spit", or "till you are out of sight"! There were bets for shillings between crew members and pounds between owners and skippers.

In 1862 when the Australian Yacht Squadron was formed these fisherman, more out of devilment than anything else, began to refer to themselves as "The Blackwall Sailing Club". This informal group flourished for about 10 years. Its membership was never known, its subscriptions were nil, it had no overhead, no books, no records and no costs. Its rules were simple; you were a regular, you made your wages, sailed your race and paid your debts. Friendship, the helping of one another, the love of a "flutter", honesty and the common bond of Blackwall kept it together.

It was not until October 1872 that these open boat enthusiasts with a sprinkling of yacht owners who had been in the habit of meeting in Rose Bay and having the occasional race, met together and formed the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club. Captain Amora and Mr. Bransby were appointed Commodore and Vice Commodore respectively and Messrs. J S Garling and J McLeod become Honorary Secretary and Honorary Treasurer. Tom Keary's hostelry was the headquarters of the Club for about a year but later, owing to the distance that the North Shore and Balmain members had to travel, there being no trams in those days, the meeting place was changed to the Oxford Hotel and again, a couple of years later, to Aarons Exchange Hotel.

During the first few years of the Club's existence almost all the open boat sailing races with the exception of the Annual Regattas, were carried out under the auspices of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club. Perhaps the most important classes in those days were the 19ft and 22ft boats and the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club was responsible in no small measure for the degree of popularity which these two types of craft enjoyed in the 70s and early 80s. The Club originally fostered a class of centre-board boats called fishing boats.

Typical was the *Curlew* type which was primarily designed for fishing and general pleasure purposes. It was described in "The Anchor" of February 1912 as a boat of a fine, wholesome type that had justly earned the reputation for seaworthiness and handiness. It was said to have considerably more "power" than the ordinary fishing boat, whereas in her prototype rowing was equally as important (before the advent of the motor engine) as sailing. The boat was of fairly heavy construction and built of varnished cedar with Kauri combings and Kauri moulding at the gunwhale. Principal dimensions were- length on deck 22ft; waterline 22ft; maximum beam 8ft; beam at waterline 6ft 10.5 inches; draught with centre-board down 5ft 8 inches; freeboard at bow beam 2ft 8 inches and at stern 2ft; carrying an inside ballast of 672 lbs; the boat had a displacement of 3409 lbs; mainsail area 205 sq ft; jib 130 sq ft; topsail 38 sq ft. These dimensions, incidently, are almost the same as *Wungara* A30 which was built in Perth in 1912 as a 'gentleman's day boat' and which now regularly sails in the Traditional Division, making a direct link with the early type of boats on which the Amateurs was based.

On the 19th October, three weeks after this inaugural meeting the "fleet" met and held a short race. (It may be noted that Gaffers' Day 1997 is to be held on



Wungara A30, 1996. Very similar to the early Curlew class boats on which the Club was based. Wungara is seen here in Taylor Bay during the inaugural Slocum Trophy race in which she gained second place by 17 seconds to Hoana A100 (Photo: Rex Dupain)

19th October 1997 exactly 125 years from this first race!) A year later on 2nd October 1873 the first Annual Meeting was held in the Oxford Hotel in King Street. The club had grown to 120 members and 24 boats. In November of this year SASC boats filled seven of the first 12 places in the Balmain Regatta 1st, 2nd and 3rd class races and first and second in the Fishing Boat Race. (*Kingfisher* broke her mast when in the lead). In November a reunion was held at Chowder Bay. In December, in the Woolloomooloo Regatta SASC did well, one race being abandoned when the redoubtable *Kingfisher* sank whilst racing against *Bronte*. She was re-floated and later in the day won the 24ft Fishing Boat Race. It seems as if the spirit of the Amateurs was established early in the piece!

The Amateurs, published in 1972, being a documentation of the first hundred years, is an excellent reference book on the Club containing details of meetings, events and social affairs, early photographs, stories about boats and owners, lists of committees, members and so on. It is not the purpose of this book to dwell too much on this early period, but some extracts might serve well to help introduce the first 25 years of the Club's second century.

In its early years the Club's fortunes fluctuated somewhat, although a core of keen members always seemed to come forward to keep things going. In 1875 at the 3rd Annual Meeting at the Exchange Hotel, T Marshall was elected to the chair and announced that most of the members had neglected to pay their subscriptions! A revision of the rules followed and by 1878 at the Annual Meeting, affairs had been consolidated with 70 financial members on the register and a credit balance of £35.

What's in a name?

Why *Amateurs*? is often asked in relation to the Club's name. At the annual meeting in October 1880 Mr W Johnson gave notice of a motion that "members of this Club do not allow their boats to compete in any public or other Regatta unless manned by amateur crews". On the 5th November at a well attended monthly meeting the motion was opened for discussion. Mr Johnson said he had no personal objection to professionals and he was sorry if any member considered the proceedings harsh; his only object was to promote the interests of the Club. He considered that when they handed their boats to the professionals to race they violated one of the fundamental principles of the organisation. There was sufficient talent amongst them to man their own boats with amateurs without having to pay professionals the large demands they made. It had been argued that amateurs did not get the same pace out of the boats; perhaps not, but they had quite as much excitement in the races as did the professionals. The motion was seconded by the Hon Secretary E M Dietrich.

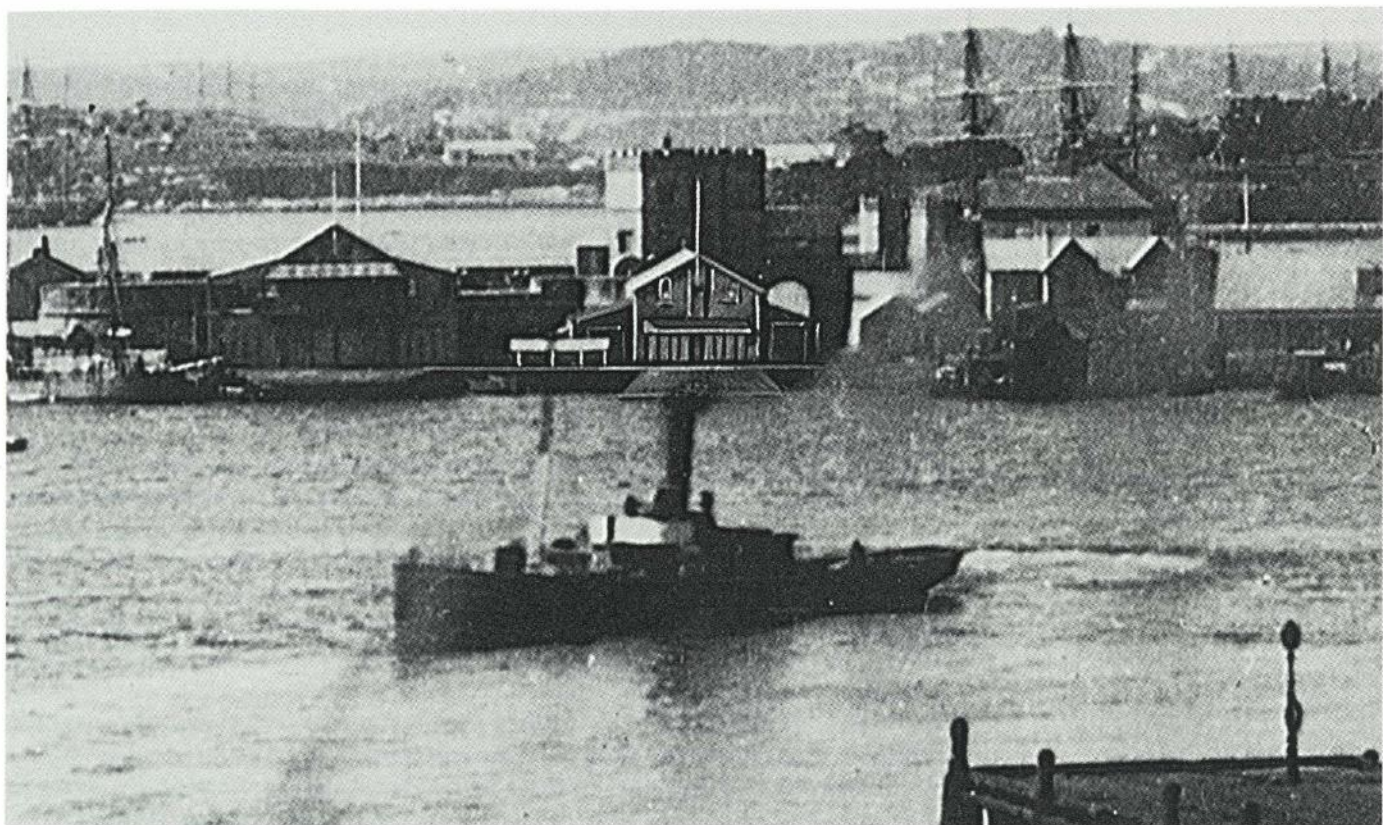
Mr P Williams opposed the motion on the grounds that it would split the Club although most were in fact in favour of encouraging amateur competition. By 1884 the matter appears to have been resolved when the newly published Rules were altered for rule 6 to read; "The word *amateur* shall exclude all fishermen, oystermen, boatbuilders, sailmakers and persons gaining or having gained their living on the water or any person who is or has been employed in or about yachts, boats or ships as a means of livelihood or any person who has received any monetary consideration for his professional knowledge". (So there!)

1876

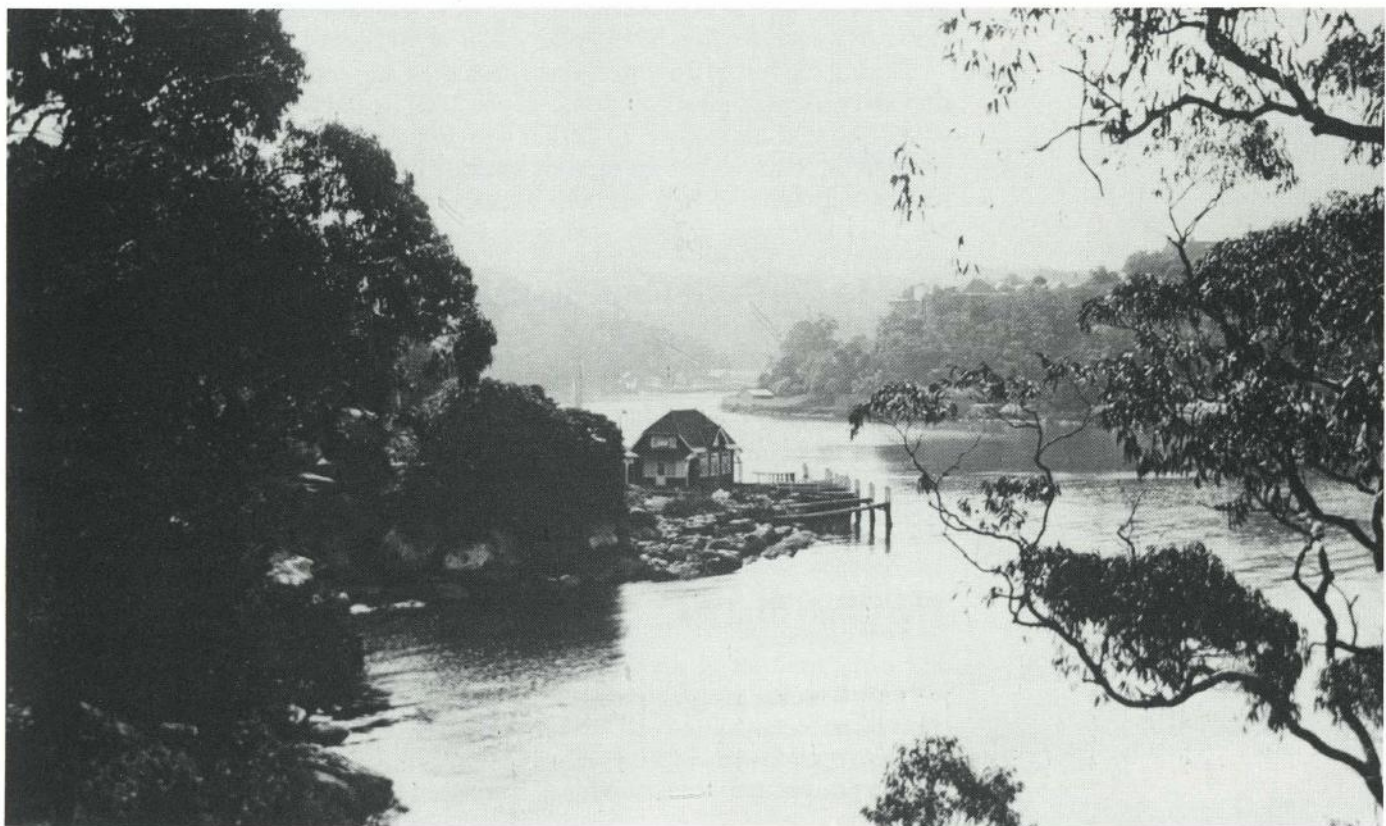
All regattas had their own courses but the Club course was from moorings in Farm Cove, round a boat off Manly Beach, round the flagboat off Fort Macquarie, round Fort Denison and back to the flagboat.

The Clubhouse

The subject of a clubhouse occupied the minds of the early committees and has continued almost to the present day when the Amateurs finds itself in an enviable



Detail from photograph of the Clubhouse and Boatshed on Bennelong Point (above), and Mosman Bay about 1915 showing the original building that became the present Clubhouse in 1962 (below)



 1881

January: Race entrance fees increased from threepence to sixpence a foot and no prize to be less than £5.5.0.

position in Mosman Bay. At a monthly meeting in April 1879 the secretary, E M Dietrich moved that the Commodore and Vice Commodore and himself be formed into a sub-committee to approach the authorities to ask for a grant of land for the purpose of erecting a clubhouse on the waterfront. Imagine doing that to-day!

A month later on 24th May at a Club picnic at Chowder Bay Mr Dietrich said that he hoped they would get a grant and if this could be done, and a boathouse built, SASC would flourish forever. By October at the Annual Meeting at Aarons Hotel it was announced that a block of land adjacent to the Sydney Racing Club's Boathouse on Bennelong Point facing Circular Quay had been granted to the Club. (Perhaps we could put in a land grant claim on the Opera House!)

After some uncertainty about tenure of this land it was decided to proceed and it was reported in October 1881 that a design be prepared. In March 1882 Thomas Rowe, architect, was requested to prepare plans and call for tenders. On 23 February 1883 the boathouse was completed, at a cost of just over £1000.

It was opened on 21 April 1883 and described by the Sydney Morning Herald on the 31st March, as "a most commodious 60ft x 45ft and well appointed building, certainly the best boatshed in Sydney. It is of two storeys, being constructed of wood and iron and has two splendid balconies, one at either side and a third smaller one in front. The two larger balconies will be found of great convenience for hanging and drying sails. In the upper storey there are lockers, baths and other conveniences and gas is laid on throughout the building. The staging in front of the shed is not yet complete, but shortly will be so, when the Club will have every reason to congratulate itself upon the completeness, commodiousness and excellent situation of its Clubhouse and shed".

However the earlier fears over the tenure on the land were realised when the Club received a letter from the Colonial Secretary dated 13 July 1883 offering £650 for the Club shed, the ground being wanted for development to Circular Quay. The Club had to carry a loss of £200 after donations from members to make up the shortfall, but after 12 months with a continuous racing programme and support of the stoic members, the club was solvent again. At this time the club had a membership of 160 and a fleet of 70 boats.

During the rest of the 1880s and 1890s the Club continued to consider various sites and proposals for a Clubhouse and in 1901 a fund was established to purchase a Clubhouse at a later date. In 1911 it was proposed at the AGM that a Clubhouse or room be acquired but the motion received little support. In 1914 a sub-committee was appointed to look into this again, but the outbreak of war put the matter off. They met again in 1925. And again in 1954! In 1957 it was finally established that members *did* want a Clubhouse and more investigation took place.

At this time a letter was received suggesting amalgamation of the CYC and SASC which was deferred, whilst the Sites Committee were busy looking at all possible sites on the north side. Finally a deal was made to purchase the Cremorne Club Ltd and Clover Equipment Pty Ltd for the boatshed and to form the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club Limited. Contracts were exchanged in January 1962 at which time Club membership was 320 of which 98 had contributed £500 in donations and £2200 in loans to this cause. On the 8th August 1962 the Inaugural Meeting was held in the Clubhouse attended by 93 members and guests.

The Club Starter

The early minutes of the Club indicate that a keen membership was occupied with a full racing programme and an equally full social programme. One of their constant preoccupations was with the Starter or lack of one and a boat for the use of. On occasions the Race Committee took turns at being starter and in 1912 when a Starter could not be found, one was hired at a cost of 10/- per Saturday.

However so many complaints were received about him that his services were dispensed with and Mr Asher took over using Mr Barker's launch. In 1919 Mr Stannard offered a launch each Saturday afternoon of the season for £1 for the day. This was accepted and racing continued as usual.

In 1931 a flagpole was erected on the rocks at Kurraba Point and used to fly flags to start races thereby saving the expense of a Starter's boat! This may not have lasted for long for in 1933 crowding on the weather end of the line again forced the use of a line buoy off the Starter's boat. More problems in 1935 when a Starter was urgently required and it was decided to hire someone. After advertising in the Sydney Morning Herald, three applicants were interviewed but found to be unsatisfactory. In 1936 starting from the shore had finally proved unworkable and it was decided to hire a launch. This did not seem to work too well either because the Starter was sworn at by members who thought he had selected the incorrect handicap! The matter was settled with apologies all round.

With the approach of war the Club battled on at first using a member's launch as a Starter's boat and then as petrol became scarce members started their own races. In 1940 activities were suspended for the duration of the war until in October 1945 a victory regatta was held. The Harbour Master gave permission for racing to continue in January 1946. Still there were Starter problems for in 1948 the Flag Officers and Committee were again taking turns as Starter.

In the years that followed occasional mention is made of problems with a Starter or usually lack of one, but the presence of J Millard on the scene obviously had the desired effect and in 1969 a presentation was made to him for his services as Club Starter. It has now become a professional occupation and no unseemly incident such as calling into question his parentage has befallen the Starter ever since.

The Racing programme

Captain Amora had said that the Amateurs was formed to race the open boats that other clubs did not cater for. These were usually 18ft, 19ft and 24ft boats. Through the 1880s 19ft and 22ft boats became the most popular in the Club and reclassification into five categories had been carried out. At this time the racing programme had grown to 16 races. In 1883 a new set of Club rules was printed. This was printed in full in the earlier book *The Amateurs*, and is wonderful insight into the racing etiquette of the day.

Changes occurred over the years either by classification in length, or the number of hands carried. "30 raters" became popular for a time and in 1909 an ocean race was held to Long Reef and back. By 1920 there were 169 boats on the register and 20 races were held averaging 12 starters per race. On 20th December 1921 the SYRA advised that letter "A" be granted to all boats on the Club's register.

In 1922 the Club was 50 years old and Closing Day was chosen for the celebrations. A steamer was hired for entertainment and refreshments, a silver cup to be known as the Jubilee Cup was purchased and a Hurry Scurry race was held. For this, boats were anchored on a line and a crew member started off the beach in the dinghy when the gun was fired, rowing 150 yards to his boat, secured the dinghy to the buoy, the sails were hoisted and the course sailed. Upon returning the boat was sailed onto the mooring and the crewman rowed the dinghy back to the starting point.

The Club came through the depression and had an ambitious programme for the 1932-33 season with 33 races, 20 for "A" class, 10 for "B" class, 7 regattas, 4 invitation and 2 special races. At this time a new handicapping system was introduced with automatic adjustments for placings. This system was still in place at

the Club's centenary in 1972. By 1939 there were 336 members and 99 boats on the register. This dropped off after the war and in 1954 there were 283 members and 87 boats on the register.

In 1952 a notice of motion was carried abandoning Rule 16, the length limit which had hitherto classified all boats. The new rule provided for boats to be grouped into numbered divisions according to their estimated speed and seaworthiness at the Commodore's discretion. Later divisions were created for individual classes such as Bluebirds, Thunderbirds, Endeavours, Southerlys and so on.

In 1972 the Club had grown to 407 members with 114 boats on the register with "A" and 43 unprefix sail numbers. By this time the Club was well established with a proud history of racing, cruising and social activities. It has adhered to the early principles of self-help, good sportsmanship, friendship and generosity amongst its members and has always been flexible in meeting new challenges and the demands of changing social and technological times.

Social activities

In May 1879 a picnic was held at Chowder Bay for the Commodore S H Hyam. 100 ladies and gentlemen turned up and learnt that the club had held 18 races in the last season and distributed £54 in prizes, plus trophies and not a single protest! After a toast to the "Press", (I have never heard of this before!), various amusements such as dancing, fern gathering, walking and sketching were indulged in before the steamer left for town at 6 pm.

The early accounts of the Amateurs indicates as much enthusiasm for social activities as for racing. Without the benefit of the Clubhouse we enjoy, the members held their functions at various beaches around the Harbour. In April 1889 the season closed with a dinner at Athol Gardens attended by 138 members and 69 boats. The following year the season closed with a luncheon at Chowder Bay.

For most of these occasions a steamer was hired and many a time musicians were hired also for general entertainment. One intriguing entry for 1904 says that a letter had been received from the Professional Musicians Association and it was decided that no further music would be provided on Club steamers. Unfortunately it doesn't tell us why. Perhaps some members thought the musicians were on a par with some of the starters! By 1910 music was back at a function for Opening Day. This was to be a combined effort shared by RSYS, PAYC and SASC, costing £75, but RSYS withdrew as it was too expensive! The others went ahead and hired a large steamer and a band. Never let it be said that a few shillings would get in the way of a good party for the Amateurs!

*Left: Picnic party on board Wungara about 1915
Right: Same boat 1995 Gaffers Day, Anthony Brockhouse, Barbara Jones, Nell Payne and John Ferguson*



Such activities appear right through the history of the Club. In 1951 the Sydney Showboat was hired for the Annual Ball and for those who do not remember it, she was one of the large ferries with a capacity of about 2000 people. In 1958 the CYC made its Clubhouse available for a cocktail party. Now our own Clubhouse has rightly become the focus for our entertaining which continues with as much enthusiasm as our forebears displayed.

I have included the following piece from the archives more as an indulgence than anything else. It was not in the *The Amateurs*, although it took place in the 1934. It was provided by Peter Luke, *Stardust A94*, who was a member at that time. It is the story of a voyage from Mosman Bay to Broken Bay by SASC member Norm Brooker, *Niad II*, with Bill Manning, *Ariel*, and Bob Sloman. It seemed to me to be a good introduction to the Spirit of The Amateurs for it includes all the elements of the sailing life we all enjoy, a sense of adventure, good company, a little drink or two, getting out of trouble when it comes along, and living to tell the tale afterwards; well at least to those who'll listen!

Unfortunate Episode of *Niad II*

It was the cutter *Niad* that sailed the summer sea,
 And Norman had shipped a couple of pals to bear him company.
 Calm were their eyes with trust and hope when they sailed from
 Mosman Bay,
 Shangai'd for a voyage in an ancient crate that wouldn't wear or stay.
 The skipper he stood beside the helm, a tops'l cap on his ear,
 And he said "my boys we've a can of beans, some rum and a dozen beer
 And a good sound ship and some Sargents pies, and look, what
 a lovely day,
 And Sullivan's catching our tea for us tonight in Broken Bay".
 Then up spoke Eye Splice Sloman, he'd sailed the stormy coast,
 "I'm a modest rig of a tary salt and not a feller to boast
 But the moon last night had a misty ring, and tonight no moon we see."
 "No you stupid bugger," the skipper said, "you won't till after tea."
 The breeze went cold and then went warm, and backed to
 a north west gale,
 "Blowed if I know" the skipper said, "if we ought'nt to take in sail.
 But we'd better break out the KB first, and get it across our chest,
 If it fetches adrift in a sea like this it's a cert she'll all go west".
 Down came the storm and smote amain the vessel in all its strength,
 And that lolloping heap of paint and worms shot loo'ard a cable's length.
 "Come hither, come hither, my Eye Splice Bob, and try not to stagger so
 For out to the bumpkin's rotten end I'm afraid you'll have to go.

So wrap yourself in your oilskin coat you pinched off a pal ashore".
 And Eye Splice answered, "OK skip, hold fast till I have one more".
 "Clap a stopper on that" the skipper cried, "no boozing aboard this tub
 You know what happened the other night in the lift at Aaron's pub".
 Said bosun Bruce as he broke adrift from his clutch on the starboard bunk,
 "She may be OK in Taylor Bay, but at sea by cripes she's punk.
 It's a frightful risk in a sea like this when she lies on her blinkin' ear
 And the bottles clink in the bilges, skip, I'm scared she'll bust our beer."
 And it looked to the skipper of the *Niad II* as she dived through
 a bursting wave
 That he and the bosun and Eye Splice Bob were bound for a watery grave.
 But Eye Splice said "well Davey Jones or the port of Kingdom Come
 Blow high, blow low before I go, I'll tuck an eye in the rum".
 Then the bosun yells in his tops'l roar, "Yo ho you buggers, yo ho

 1889

*Neutral Bay Amateur Sailing Club
 formed by a breakaway group who
 objected to "non-standard" or "freak"
 boats.*

 1894

The Club forwarded an emphatic public protest against the action of the Government in granting a lease of the Public Reserve (Cremorne Point) to a private company and permitting disfigurement of one of the most prominent points of the harbour by the establishment of a coal mine.

You can shiver me timbers and spring me spars but here comes
a flamin' tow.

She's only a lousy coastal barge, which is just our rotten luck
And she's got a funnel that's red and black and *Nimbin* across her tuck".
High on the *Nimbin's* reeling bridge her gallant skipper stood,
And he dreamed of his latest Lismore blond and he wondered if she would,
And he thought of all the nifty things he'd say to her on Wednesday night
And the yarns he'd spin to his Grafton girl when he raised
the Clarence light.

When the Mate burst in on the Captain's dream and yelled "a ship
in distress.

Look, scanties afoul the mizzen shrouds, it's the yacht club's SOS".
"Turn out the guard, I mean, call the men, stand by to take a tow",
The skipper yelled as he rang half slow," Oi, where do you want to go?"
And borne over the watery wastes by the gale to the *Nimbin* deck
Came the plaintiff call like the curlew's cry from the mate on
the drifting wreck

"We're battered and buggered and far from home and we've lost
our bloody way

But the prime idea of this blasted trip was to cruise to Broken Bay".
The *Nimbin* heaved on the heaving swell and the AB heaved a line
And the seasick passengers heaved as well and heaved all three in time,
"Gawd strike me pink" the skipper cried as he clutched his head in pain,
"Wind your line orf me flamin' neck, have a shuffle and heave again"
"Here's the chance of a life to to make your name for bravery at sea
There'll be grog for all at the Grafton Pub, and Lloyd's Gold Medal
for me."

"Aye aye Commander ", the bosun cried, " that man can't throw for nuts"
And chucking his line with deadly aim hit Eye Splice in the guts.
And that's how Norm and Bruce and Bob at the peaceful end of the day
Arrived at the end of the *Nimbin's* line at the port of Broken Bay.
And the yarns they tell and the tales they spin of the perils met at sea,
Well, they might go down with the Horse Marines, but they won't go
down with me!

Chapter Two

The Spirit of the Amateurs

What makes the Club

Vic Dibben

It is the members and families associated with the SASC that makes it an outstanding Club. It does not matter what their profession or standing in the community, in the Club the members are sailors.

My first contact with the Club was in 1972 when I met Tony Ashleigh. I went to look at a Bluebird moored in Mosman Bay, with the idea of purchasing it. Tony worked on the slipway and after discussing the matter, he lent me his dinghy and said 'take your time'. Next were Laurie Schneider and Ern Slocombe who respectively nominated and seconded my application for membership. Stephen Lloyd was Commodore and Nan Kartzoff reigned supreme in the office.

Some of the members whom we do not see often now but who from 1972 were very helpful in running and improving the Club, were;

Hugh Jackson, who became Commodore in 1974.

Bob Skinner, a Vice Commodore – one of Bob's outstanding achievements was to design and supervise the building in 1977 of the *Nancy K*, our tender, still operating successfully.



50th Anniversary Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race 1994 SASC entrants
Top Row: John Firth-Smith Archina, Commodore John Morris Phantom Middle row: Jim Lawler Charisma, Peter Haliday Silverado, James Davern All That Jazz, Hugh O'Neill Mark Twain, Rick Fitzgerald (Crew) Tactical Response Bottom Row: Pat Wilde Henry Kendall Akubra, Mike deBurca Emma, Past Commodore Bob Lawler Firetel, John Kealy Tactical Response

George Brackenbury, Tom Selby and Frank Buckley, a medical man, and enthusiastic member of the Boatshed Committee.

Jack Millard and his team who started the races on Saturday and who used to call me to help start the Holden engine in the old starters' boat when I was getting my boat ready for racing.

I make special mention of Irene and Vic Barnes, Jan and Max Miller, Dawn and Tony Saunders (now Treasurer), who were exceptionally helpful and worked very hard to help ensure that our social functions were successful.

Arthur Prigge, a Life Member and Secretary of the Club 1979 to 1984, was a real sailor with the skills to go with it.

Jack Earl, an exceptional sailor and world renowned marine artist, well remembered in the SASC who has left his presence in Sydney Harbour with the *Kathleen Gillet*.

Colin Crisp became Commodore 1978-79, a consulting engineer who initially designed many features of the Club when the existing premises were acquired.

Geoff McCorquodale, very much involved in racing, protest committees and Northcott Childrens Day.

Carl Speers, a first class shipwright whose skills helped in making and maintaining the Clubhouse structurally sound and looking good.

There are so many members who have helped to develop the Club to what it is today that I cannot name them all. However, I assure you by just being a member of the SASC makes you a privileged citizen; I certainly consider myself privileged to be a member. It has also been my pleasure to have held many positions in the Club including Commodore on two occasions.

I firmly believe everyone from Commodore to Director to Committee to voluntary workers and staff, are only concerned with the continuing success of the SASC and its sailing activities.

The Search for *Pacific Breeze*

James Davern

The Tasman Sea has attitude. Well look at the parents; the smilingly placid Pacific, schizophrenic in cyclone driven fury, eating people, buildings, whole islands, and the Southern Ocean, marching relentlessly and endlessly around the world, pounding ships to matchsticks with sheer brute force. With parents like that, how's the kid going to turn out? Dangerous.

The Farr 11.6 *Pacific Breeze* left Sydney for New Plymouth, New Zealand, on Saturday 12th March, together with four other yachts, in the Trans-Tasman race run by the Short Handed Sailing Association. Weather was lousy with a big high in the Bight compressing the isobars against a sluggish low in the South Tasman. Nice time to sit under a tree.

Pacific Breeze had the usual two up, skipper Bruce Hitchman, 66, and crew, Paul Stanmore 35. Qualifications and experience? Bruce served his time in the four masted barque, *Pamir*, completing five voyages under sail. He possesses a Master's Ticket in Sail and a Master's Ticket in Steam. He was a Sydney pilot for years and competed successfully in the last Melbourne to Osaka two-handed race with Paul Stanmore as crew. I've raced against Bruce many times in two-handed series and always managed to come second.

By midnight on Sunday 13th March the Tasman was showing definite signs of a childish tantrum. The gusts were piping 45 knots and walls of water were swelling up from a lot of anger down south. 250 miles out, Bruce pulled down the doubled-reefed main and reached under No 4 jib at 7-8 knots. At 0300 on Monday 14th the Tasman had had enough of playing games. It picked up the five tonne *Pacific Breeze* and threw it sideways into a deep trough. The yacht landed on

1894

"Flying Fish" sailed with colours on her sail thus contravening a By-law. Mark Foy to be notified that he must conform to regulations.



At Lord Howe Island, from left:
David Willis, Bruce Hitchman,
James Davern, Lani Tomaszewski,
Liam Nicholls

its port side with its mast in the water. The mast bent, and held, but both port windows blew in and she half filled with water. Bruce, down below, struggled up hoping that Paul was still on board. His harness had held but his desperate grasp ripped both wheel and binnacle off their moorings and Paul ended up trapped under the mess. They sorted themselves out and began to fight for survival. The yacht's windows were made of polycarbonate, a fancy name for a material which goes brittle with age.

The situation which Bruce and Paul found themselves in was not good. The yacht was half full of water, the steering gone, the HF radio was drowned, and the gaping broken windows invited the sea in. There were no lights and the night was black. Bruce activated the satellite compatible EPIRB. Then they bailed for their lives with buckets. The mess down below had clogged the pumps. Bruce tried to repair the windows with scrap plywood and a bunk lee cloth. Paul was sick and starting to shiver with hypothermia. The Tasman howled around them.

Far overhead the SARSAT satellites heard the cry for help from the EPIRB and sent it on to the Marine Rescue Co-ordination Centre in Canberra. They moved fast.

By 0730 Bruce and Paul, almost totally fatigued, had an emergency tiller operating and the yacht nearly dry. But the Tasman wanted *Pacific Breeze*. It picked her up and threw her on her beam ends again, and again half filled her with the sea. The two exhausted men went back to fight and wearily started to bail.

That's how the first plane found them at 0900. But there was no communication. The HF radio was out and they had exhausted the battery of the hand-held VHF calling vainly for help on CH 16. The plane dropped two life rafts which blew away in the wind.

But at least it was daylight and Bruce had got the motor going. A second plane dropped a box containing a hand-held VHF and a spare battery. They'd just managed to reach it when a trailing line wrapped around the propeller.

All through Monday they bailed and tried to seal the broken windows. But the stress and the exhaustion was taking its toll. Paul started to shiver and couldn't stop. The wind was too strong and the range too great for a helicopter from Nowra. So the MRCC in Canberra sent HMAS *Sydney*. She arrived at 0130 on Tuesday morning and the Captain wasn't taking any crap from Bruce wanting to stay on board *Pacific Breeze*. By the time he managed to get to the bridge to remonstrate, the

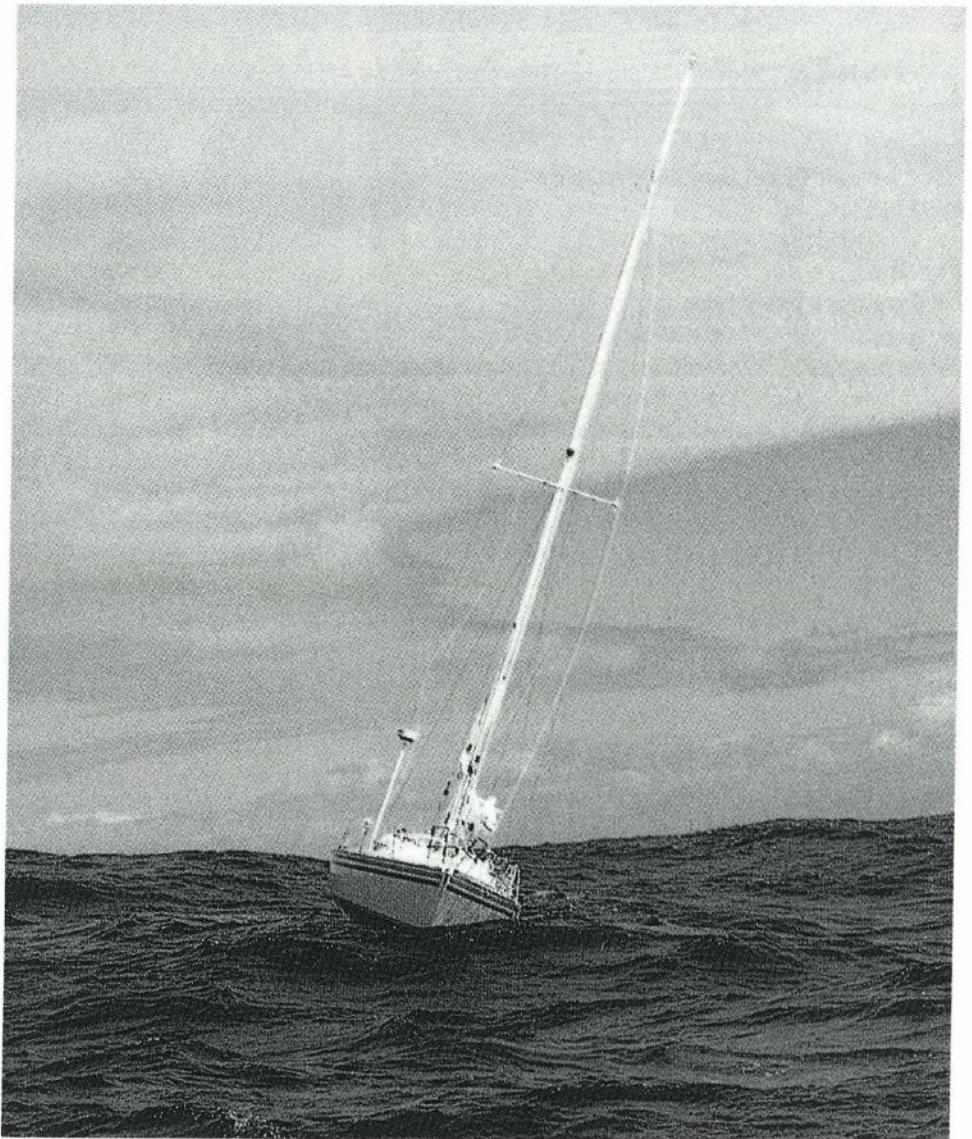
Captain very politely informed him that *Pacific Breeze* was ten miles behind, that he wasn't going back, that he wasn't in the business of letting brave men commit suicide, so please try some of our excellent food and go to bed.

So the Tasman Sea had claimed *Pacific Breeze*, and played with her and drew her away to the North East. But Bruce had one card to play. He'd left the EPIRB on.

I woke up to the 6 am news on Tuesday 15th to hear that *Pacific Breeze* was abandoned and that my friend Bruce Hitchman was safe and heading for Sydney, courtesy of the Navy. There was the usual inventive and creative news reporting on all stations about one man missing and the top of the mast being lost and whatever else they could dream up. After viewing in retrospect the media coverage of the Hobart race I confess I am ashamed of the behaviour and ignorance of some of my media colleagues.

I rang the Short Handed Sailing Association and volunteered to help if I could, then went to work.

At 10.00am on Wednesday 16th Bruce rang me. The satellites were still listening to the EPIRB. The MRCC had a position. Others were sniffing salvage. Planes were out from Lord Howe Island and a fishing boat was heading out from Eden. The salvage value of *Pacific Breeze* was about \$90,000. You have to catch a



*Pacific Breeze as she was found.
Where did the horizon go?*

lot of fish to make that sort of money. Would I help? I looked at Philippa. She nodded. Oh Boy, why don't I keep my big mouth shut. I told Bruce to get a couple of crew, each to bring five days' rations, and we'd leave the Sydney Amateur's wharf on *All That Jazz* at 1700. I thought that if an Amateurs' yacht was going out it ought to have a few Amateurs' crew. Phone calls.

David Willis "I'm sorry mate, I'm up to my ears in work, there's no way ... uh, I'll ring back."

Lani Tomaszewski "Would I like an adventure? Is the Pope Polish? I'll see you at five."

David Willis (after five minutes) "I've talked it over with my partners. Jenny says OK. I'll be in it."

According to the log, *All That Jazz* cleared Sydney Heads at 1840 on Wednesday 16th March on a compass course of 080 in an 8 knot south easterly looking for a yacht that by now was 330 miles out. Crew was James Davern, Bruce Hitchman, David Willis, Lani Tomaszewski, Liam Nicholls and Don Wood.

Our intentions were made clear to Derek and Janine Barnard at Pentacomstat and they established a line to the MRCC in Canberra who were still picking up signals from *Pacific Breeze*. But the EPIRB batteries were weakening. Estimated battery failure was Friday morning. We wouldn't be there by then. The entirely unlovable Tasman Sea sensed that it was in danger of losing its new toy. The wind began to freshen. By 0400 on Thursday 17th March we were 60 miles out in 25 knots from the S.E. The swells started to build. By noon that day we were running under double reefed main and a third of a jib, 30 knots and the swells hissing at us. Happy St. Patrick's Day! The log gets a little scatty after that because for the next 24 hours the bloody Tasman lashed us with 35 knots gusting to 40 and with enormous swells throwing us all over the place. But we'd survived the recent Hobart in *All that Jazz* without damage and we had confidence in the boat.

The EPIRB positions kept coming in from Canberra via Pentacomstat. Our Navstar XR4 G.P.S. Satnav quietly informed us that it was at present interrogating six satellites (altitude, azimuth, signal strength and signal to noise ratio available on request) and that it guaranteed position within 50 metres. Love that technology. We were getting closer.

The Tasman responded with bigger swells. I was on the helm when the Beneteau 405 gave a gallic shrug and seemed to say "I was designed to fight in the Bay of Biscay. Do you think your puny waves will worry me?" So the Tasman gusted to 45 knots and put a couple of metres on the swells and we rolled up the jib and ran under double-reefed main at 7 1/2 to 8 knots.

Friday afternoon and we were getting close. The EPIRB was weak but still going. *Pacific Breeze* had drifted 250 miles in nearly five days. We had calculated a range of drift angle and rates. At one stage she was doing 3 1/2 knots at 066 T. The unpredictable swirling currents for which the Tasman is notorious were pushing and pulling at her. Friday night and I knew we were going to pass her. A night as black as a handicapper's heart. But next morning we would go back and we'd have the rising sun behind us. Pentacomstat went silent at 2000. Nothing from the MRCC. I looked at Bruce. Here was a very tough man, still strong at 66, but exhausted now and worn. He loved that boat. We both exchanged what ifs? What if the batteries finally failed on the EPIRB? The last position we had would be ten hours old by morning. There's a lot of sea out there. What if we find her and she's under tow by that Eden fishing boat? We waited out the night and started back before dawn. We needed one last position from the satellites.

We waited. Pentacomstat waited. Then it came in. At 2104 Zulu on 18/3 she was at 33 06'S, 158 50'E. We were 15 miles to the NNE. Quickly we ran an intercept on the anticipated drift line and charged south. On the wind, of course. At the intercept, nothing, I didn't want to look at Bruce's face. We might be early, we might be late. We decided we're early. At 0845 we headed back up the drift

1902

Financially the Club was sound, having a surplus of £4 for the season and credit balance of £38.

 1911

Further strides forward—membership had risen to 122, boats to 58. Weekend camps had been a success for the last two years and were continued. Combined Opening Day again held with PAYC.

line. 230 on the compass. All crew on deck searching. Binoculars are useless, the motion too violent.

At 0930 I was down below at the chart table going over the figures again when there was a shout from Liam Nicholls. We scrambled around him and followed his pointing arm. There in the distance was the thin spine of *Pacific Breeze's* white mast, etched against the horizon by the early morning sun. I looked at Bruce. Must be very dusty up here, he's rubbing his eyes. We sailed up to her. It seemed to take a week. No fishing boat in sight. She was ours. But the Tasman hadn't finished with us yet. There was no way we could get near her. The sea was too violent and the thought of two masts entangled out there was mildly unpleasant.

I talked to Bruce. We agreed. We dropped sails. I started the Perkins 50 H.P. diesel, wound her up full bore because I needed all the control I could get in this sea and we charged down on *Pacific Breeze*, across her stern, getting within twenty feet or so. Liam and Bruce and Don Wood jumped in and swam for it, and made it. Liam helped Bruce Hitchman back on his boat.

At 1015 on Saturday 19th March at 33°00'S, 158°53'E the skipper once more resumed control of *Pacific Breeze*. Lani Tomaszewski and David Willis and I couldn't stop grinning. I reported to Pentacomstat who passed it on to Canberra. Then *Charisma* radioed in from Sydney Harbour yelling congratulations. The three on *Pacific Breeze* bailed her out and installed a tiller we had brought. They found one untorn sail on board, a No 3 headsail. At 11.30, *Pacific Breeze* and *All That Jazz* headed in company for Lord Howe Island, 80 miles away, and were brought into the lagoon by Clive Wilson at 0700 on Sunday, 20/3.

Without the great competence of the Marine Rescue Co-ordination Centre in Canberra, the unfailing help of Derek and Janine Barnard at Pentacomstat, and with our modern technology, the Tasman would still have *Pacific Breeze*.

A Christmas message from the Commodore , 1974

Hugh Jackson

The end of the calendar year appears to be one time when your elected Commodore is able to make a pronouncement of some consequence in his opinion, without precipitating a raging argument.

Such a theory in normal circumstances would perhaps be meaningless, but in this present day and age we are all rather preoccupied with the difficulties of life and what to do about them.

Never let us forget, we sail for relaxation and enjoyment and in order to pursue the sport we all belong to a very fine Club with wonderful traditions; these have to be nurtured and preserved, come what may, for our present need of them is perhaps greater than ever before.

To borrow a quotation from one of our members, "The next time you are passed by a seagull swimming in the same direction, don't be too depressed – in all probability a beautiful breeze is just around the corner."

A very happy Christmas to you all and let us hope that the New Year will bring a return to economic normality and substantial progress.

Rescue at Sea

Whilst proceeding from Sydney Harbour to Pittwater and several miles offshore, Tony Saunders, skipper of *Rapier*, sighted an object ahead in the water. Alerting the crew and sailing closer they observed a windsurfer exhausted and unable to get his new 'wave jumper' board upright. They managed to get him and his wave-jumper aboard *Rapier* where they gave him the necessary treatment, called up on the Radio to advise the Water Police. Following discussions, the Water

Police met *Rapier* at Pittwater where the windsurfer and his board were transferred to the Police boat. The windsurfer was drifting out to sea and no doubt would have disappeared forever if *Rapier* had not been there.

The Dismasting of the *Captain Amora*

John Jeremy

It is a considerable exaggeration to call this embarrassing incident a dismasting, but that tends to happen to stories of this kind over the years. I have always been very conscious of gun safety. It stems from the training I received in the School Cadets, where I learned how to safely handle the .303 rifle, the Bren and Owen guns, and even a 6 pounder anti-tank gun. As a result, I still cringe when I see an actor on television "palm" the bolt of a rifle!

As an occasional Starter in the *Captain Amora*, I have always tried to follow my own set of rules for handling the starter's gun. It must always remain unloaded until about one minute before discharge, the gun broken until about thirty seconds before discharge, cocked about fifteen seconds before discharge, and the muzzle pointed over the side whenever the gun is loaded. You can't be too careful, even with blanks.

Sometimes the ammunition can be particularly noisy and I like to keep the muzzle as high as possible to protect the ears of the rest of the boat's crew. This was in my mind one Sunday morning when we were starting a series of championships. The S80s were approaching the starting line, with several of them crowding at the starter's boat end – the distance mark was closer than our usual conservative distance from the stern of *Captain Amora*.

With consideration for the ears of the crew, I decided to point the gun up the hatch over the steering position completely forgetting the mast. The last seconds of the count down were accompanied by the usual flapping of luffing sails and shouts of "Up-up". In this case, the satisfying (and welcome) BANG of the gun coincided with a crash, shortly followed by splashing as pieces of shattered white painted timber rained down around the *Captain Amora* and those S80s in the immediate vicinity.

Apparently I had placed the muzzle of the gun immediately under the starboard yardarm, which was blown off by the discharge. It was hardly a dismasting. The beneficial effect was of course that the S80s kept a more respectable distance from the starter's boat for the rest of the series, but the moral of the story for all those who start yacht races is "Remember the safety firing arcs!"

Commodore Fred Bevis

Sydney Amateur Sailing Club
Green Street
Cremorne NSW 2090

Dear Fred,

You appear to have greater faith in my memory than most other people I know, however I'll do my best.

The "Supplement to the Amateurs" covers the Centenary pretty well. I remember the biggest problem about the dinner was finding a chair suitable for John Jackson who had a very bad back at the time through falling off his yacht whilst on the slips. We had a dry run before the dinner to approve or otherwise of the food which was thereby given the thumbs up.

We had a sailing treasure hunt around the harbour which was voted a great success except by one member who got into trouble. The day was won by Bob and Val Skinner.

1913

Notice of Motion by RHC Down, seconded by W Rayment, "that boats have numbers not flags as a means of identification and that a distinguishing number with the letters S. A. above it be carried on the sails" was carried by a large majority.

We had bronze medallions made to be issued to each member for the Centenary.

The directors decided to make a presentation to the Club of a ship's wheel. This was purchased from Ian Morrison (decendant from the old firm Morrison & Sinclair). Ian was also president of my old battalion association. Now and again in the following years we put on a wine bottling in the boat shed to raise money for the Club; these occasions were a very happy success.

I think it was John Jackson who started the yearly gala day for handicapped children. We all had to work like hell but it was well worth it.

There are some people whose contribution to the Club's well being should also be recorded. The ones who come to my mind are Nan Kartzoff. She was CO (assist Sec) in the office and had a wonderful knowledge of all members, and woe betide any who stepped out of line. Tony Ashleigh: In charge of the boatshed until losing his foot in an accident whilst slipping a yacht. Carl Spiers: A wonderful man who came to the Club when he retired from Burns Philp. He could make or repair most things, including the railway clock in the Clubhouse. There used to be a window in the N.E. corner of the Clubhouse that we wanted converted to a doorway. Carl said 'I'll go down to Eatons and select the timber and make the double doors" He did up the ship's wheel for the directors as well. Carl was one in a thousand. Colin Crisp: Engineer. He designed the fitting out wharf and crane, the slipway cradles, the pontoon, and anything else of that nature.

Fred if you want further details of anything I have written I'll do my best, but 30 years is a long time. I suppose you know about the two members who decided to go to Pittwater for the weekend. However a Southerly front was forecast coming up the coast, so they put into Camp Cove for Friday night. Saturday morning they found themselves off Taronga. They had dropped the anchor into an old pram that had been dumped in the harbour!

Fred, five years ago I developed cancer of the spine and consequently mobility and writing are not very good so please excuse.

Sincerely
Hugh Jackson

Rules of the Road

Under Sail

With the wind on the starboard, you hold sway,
The man on port tack must give way.
Hauling a wind or running free,
The weather ship luffs for one a-lee.

Under power

When two lights you see ahead,
Go to starboard — show your red.
If upon your port is seen, a steamer's starboard light of green,
There's nothing much for you to do
For green to port keeps clear of you.
But, if to your starboard red appear, it is your duty to keep clear.

And always!

To act as judgement says is proper,
Port or Starboard, back, or stop-er.
Green to green or red to red,
Perfect safety, go ahead.

Past Commodore Peter Garrow
hoists the Club's burgee (Photo:
Martin Van der Wal)



Man (well, forward hand) Overboard!

Ron Royle, *Sanctuary*. 8.2.97

"Whatcha jump over for?" was my not unreasonable question.

"Well I wasn't going to cop the boom in the chops, was I."

Typical forward hand. No guts, no glory.

Yeah, yeah I know you are supposed to finish the race with the same crew that you started with. Damn. Suppose I better go back and get him.

15 knot Nor Easter, our kite a bit too big. Just ahead *Impala* is rolling all over the shop, we can do better, bit past it those guys. Now off Taylors Bay, there's the Committee boat anchored and finish line set up.

So how did it happen?

A two metre ebb tide convinced us to rock hop down the western shore, gybing in and out of the bays. Great theory. Just completed a gybe and the afore mentioned forward hand was casually strolling back from the foredeck when whack, a Chinese gybe. So what did our hero do?

Casually dived over the side.

Mind you a split second later he regretted that decision, something about Bronze Whalers taking chunks out of boats and things in Sydney Harbour.

Meanwhile on board it was getting a bit lonely and pretty busy, with only two of us left and a Chinese gybe to contend with. Drop the halyard, dump the brace, drag in by the sheet and a beat back to the deserter, now no more than a distant black dot.

No jib of course, and Hollands go nowhere without it but as the broach was so wild we could crawl back in one leg. Now to get him on board. Here the Bronze Whaler factor helped. A surge of adrenalin, a big heave and back on board. Kite up again and away.

Hell, *Impala* is just about disappearing over the horizon.

Big reception from the committee at the finish, at least we brightened up their day; hope they choked on their gin and tonics.

And guess who got to buy the beers (and lots of them) back at the Watto Bay Hotel?

Gentlemen Sailors

At the annual prize giving in 1984 a new award was made called the "T Bone Trophy." Thankfully it has not been awarded since. It was presented to the then Treasurer and skipper of *Brigadoon* for spectacular pre-start manoeuvres which were not quite successful.

The incident involved *Brigadoon* penetrating the hull of the then Commodore's boat *Tingari* on the port side and becoming lodged. The skipper of *Brigadoon* moved rapidly to the bow to inspect the damage and the following exchange occurred:

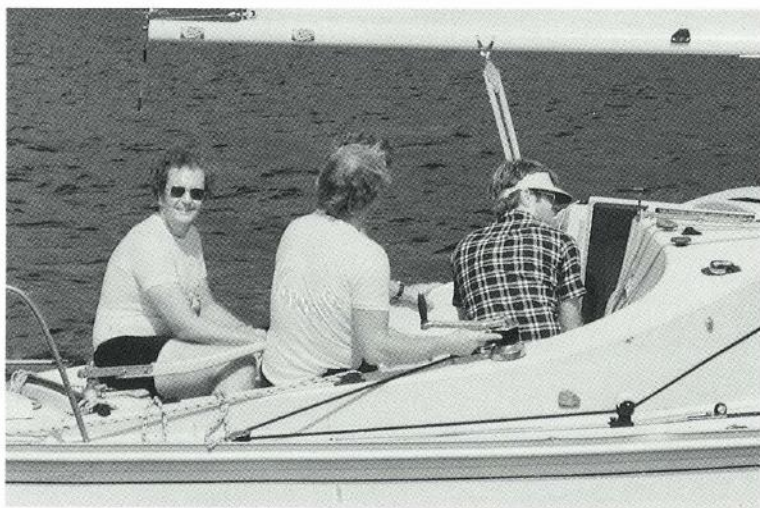
Skipper *Brigadoon* "John, I seem to have done considerable damage."

Skipper *Tingari* "That's all right Fred, but you understand that I will have to protest you."

Skipper *Brigadoon* "Of course, I understand perfectly."

The two boats parted with the sound of splintering fibreglass and the *Tingari* crew taped over the hole in the hull which fortunately was in the anchor well compartment.

A young Fred Bevis at the helm of Brigadoon during the 1980 Endeavour 26 Championships, which were conducted by the SASC (Photo: John Jeremy)



Another exchange took place shortly after.

Skipper *Tingari* "Fred, I believe that the collision took place before the preparatory signal for both our divisions."

Skipper *Brigadoon* "I believe you are correct, John."

Skipper *Tingari* "In that case we were not racing and I won't have to protest you."

Skipper *Brigadoon* "Thankyou and good luck."

Tingari went on to win her race in the Half Ton Division and *Brigadoon* came second in Division 4!

Grit and Determination S80 Championship. March 1990

Our congratulations to Bill Hogan and crew of *Hotspur*.

Bill entered the 2nd last race of the series placed in the No. 2 position and only a few points from the No. 1 spot. Things were going well, good start, boat pointing well, crew all in great spirits and obeying every command.

That is about the time the forestay wire parted from the masthead damaging the headsail foil. At this point the whole series looked like collapsing for *Hotspur*, together with the bit of wire as it crashed to the deck.

So a rather dejected skipper and crew turned back and headed for the clubhouse to see what could be done in the two hours remaining before the start of the last race.

By the time *Hotspur* reached the Club, "what if we could" plans were formulated.

Out went the phone calls. One crewman dispatched to the local sailmaker; hanks had to be fitted to three headsails, no time to muck about with the damaged foil.

The urgent calls to the mobile rigger were answered and *Hotspur* headed out for the last and deciding race with 10 minutes to spare. This time was utilised training new crew in the art of S80 sailing. You see, Bill also lost one of his crew during the two hours refit period through illness. In true SASC spirit, the boat and crew completed the series and were rewarded with 3rd place in the Championship.

Adams 10

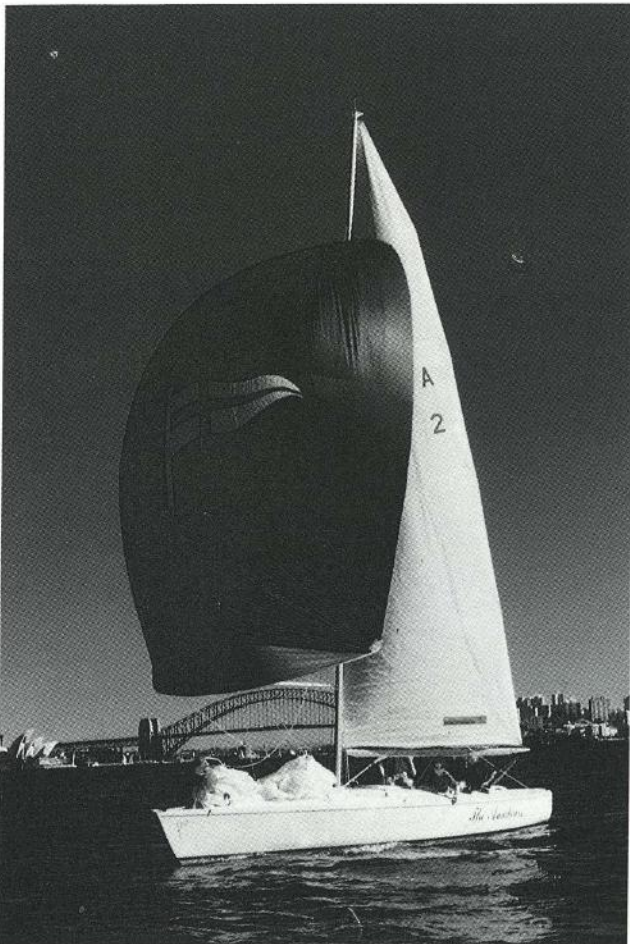
The association of Joe Adams with the Club goes back a long way and has many threads.

He joined the Club in 1956 and is a life member. His former boat, *Hoana*, in which he sailed around the world, has been restored and is now raced by Martin Van Der Wal. Joe has been to the Club to talk about his design philosophy and his thoughts about cruising boats. In 1980 a talk was given at a general meeting by a member, Graham Radford, about sailing an Adams 10 to Hobart!

The thread of association with Joe Adams continues with the donation to the Club of an Adams 10 by Ron Martin-Weber. This was an outstandingly generous act. His only conditions were the boat be well cared for and that it be used regularly.

Many members have now had the pleasure of sailing and crewing the boat. It's a regular participant in Twilights, SASC Winter Series, Idle Hour and for a season with the Metre division.

The Amateurs A2



Artillery Practice

The Les Ardouin cannon at the Club reminds me of two things. The happy good nature of Les and a picture of him, after discovering that a squash ball was the exact size of the bore, firing them from one of his cannon over the Gladesville bridge.

Apparently Les was walking past an auction one day, walked in, bid and departed with two ancient cannon. Not the usual purchase.

Saturday Salvage

In the course of a Friday Twilight race in 1996, *Tio Hai*, a very similar type of boat to the Victorian Couta boats, had a mishap and sank near Shark Island. Later, back at the Club, Jim Lawler was talking to the owner, John Buis, and asked about what he was able to arrange regarding recovery. It appeared that nothing could be done until Monday but he did have some tanks and thought that he would dive for watches and other valuables on Saturday and could he be of assistance. Jim Lawler said, in his usual quiet way, "...that he could help but Monday might be a bit late to recover the boat. I think that we will be able to organise something better".

Saturday morning saw a team of volunteers led by Jim, Trevor Cosh and young Jim Lawler. It appears they had "access" to air lift bags and plenty of dive tanks. The equipment was loaded onto the *Nancy K* and *Charisma*. *Charisma* was to be the Dive boat.

Tio Hai was located sitting upright on the bottom in the sand off Shark Island. The rig was removed under water and the boat partially raised with the air lift bags so that it would be towed, submerged, to Vacluse where a startled beach party of picnickers were pressed into service to help to dewater the boat.

Once afloat it was towed back to the Club and put up on the slips after removing a ton of lead ingots. No structural damage resulted from the recovery. Another member, Rob Evans then assisted when he observed that quick action was required to save the motor. It appeared that he had the same type of motor and a tool kit for it. He then assisted in dismantling the motor and clearing the water.

All was completed well in time to enjoy "a quiet drink" at the Club that afternoon.

Extract from Manners and Rules of Good Society, by a Member of the Aristocracy, 1912

Water-Parties.—There are many ways of arranging a water-party at yachting stations and at all riverside places. At yachting stations, for instance, a sailing yacht is hired to convey a party of from eighteen to twenty-five to some point of interest on the coast, in which case luncheon and tea are provided at an hotel in the vicinity of the place where the party have landed, and the expenses are equally divided. Not unfrequently, on the return journey, the yacht is becalmed, and does not reach its destination until between two and three the following morning. If it happens to be a fine moonlight night, this prolongation of a water-party is an additional source of enjoyment; but if there is no moon as well as no wind, and the calm betokens a storm, it is the reverse of pleasant. But these little *contretemps*, when they do occur, rather lend a zest to the day's pleasure, and are something to talk about afterwards.

Water-parties are often given by owners of yachts. These are invitation parties, and luncheon, tea, and sometimes dinner,

are served on board, and the party land and stroll about, but return to the yacht to be entertained.

Picnic and water-parties in general include as many gentlemen as ladies, whether they are invitation or contribution parties, although sometimes a majority of ladies is unavoidable. Ryde is a favourite station for water-parties, as the island itself, as well as the opposite coast, offer innumerable points of interest for picnicing, and many are able to combine the pleasures of the yacht with those of the steam-launch in one and the same water-party; thus a party sails from Ryde to Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, and then proceeds in a steam-launch to Alum Bay. Steam-launch parties are immensely popular, both on the river and on the coast, and parties are given by the owners of steam-launches, or a steam-launch can be hired by the day. Some picnic on board, and others on shore, as they feel disposed. When, however, a steam-launch is hired for the day, a good look-out should be kept upon the engineer, or he will insist on landing at the most undesirable spots.



Sean Langman in Vagrant 112, reckons a beer at the Clubhouse a better option (Photo: Rex Dupain)

Chapter Three

The Clubhouse

Clubhouse refurbishment 1988

Over many years various improvements to the Clubhouse's internal decorations, furniture and pictures had been made but a proposed refurbishment which involved replacing chairs and tables and other fittings was discussed by the Board. Refurbishment by a committee can be a dangerous exercise and a wise decision was made to have a plan prepared by an expert, Louise Sullivan.

Louise prepared coloured drawings of her plan for the internal alterations. It was simple and effective and included the suggestion that replicas of the original captains chairs be made. The cost at first seemed out of reach. By scheduling expenditure over a couple of years and the adoption of an idea of Peter Garrow to ask members to donate chairs acknowledged with a name-plate on the back, the project moved forward quickly. The value of the chair donations was \$10,000. Today we have a Clubhouse that is admired by visitors, acknowledged as a period piece and provides a pleasant ambience that all members proudly enjoy.

Kitchen upgrade

In November 1977 when Brian Woods was Commodore it was decided something should be done to improve the kitchen and its equipment. Graham McKinlay an architect and SASC member took on the job of designing the new layout.

After much discussion with the Board the design was approved with the architects' estimate of \$14,345. The Board at its meeting in September 1978 decided to proceed with the renovations in accordance with the architects' proposals but with a \$12,000 limit. The financial problem at the time was that a new Starter's boat was also required. There was no difficulty in obtaining a bank overdraft facility.

When the original lining of the walls in the kitchen were removed some of the supports were found to be in a far worse condition than was thought and substantial work had to be carried out to rectify the problems. One of the new items insisted on by the Commodore was an instant hot water system. This is still in operation today having served thousands of cups of tea and coffee.

Fore and aft moorings

Victor Dibben

In November 1986 the Government announced through a media release "there would be 1000 new moorings available to the Sydney boating community within six weeks and a further 1700 moorings will be made available in the next year which means everyone on the existing waiting list will have a mooring by the end of 1987."

This was the result of the introduction of new trot moorings.

Boatshed Clutter

This is our FINAL REMINDER about the heterogeneous mass of seeming junk that litters the boatshed from floor to rafters. All items not clearly labelled with owner's name and boat number will be sold or burnt within a week.

Would all the members who ordered Christmas pudding from Legacy, please collect them from the Clubhouse this Saturday afternoon.

 1921

Club accepted the invitation to identify ourselves with Sydney Yacht Racing Association and made application for affiliation with British Yacht Racing Association.

The SASC with only swing type moorings and a waiting list decided it had better look at this proposal rather than wait for a direction from the Maritime Services Board and invited Officers from the MSB to tour Mosman Bay with a committee from the SASC.

The changeover to trot moorings was not accepted by the boating fraternity in general and there were public meetings in many areas with standing room only. Finally in July 1988 the MSB instituted a comprehensive survey, the issue being whether the fore and aft (trot) moorings provided a safe and environmentally sound alternative to the swing moorings.

After the survey was published the furore that followed caused the Government to abandon the enforcement of trot moorings because in some areas they were not suitable.

However, while all this was going on, the SASC decided after careful deliberation, to co-operate with the MSB and change some swing moorings in Mosman Bay to trot type. In doing so the MSB would allow additional moorings in the space made available by the changeover. This meant that the moorings in the Eastern and North West areas would change to trot moorings as these were considered "safe" for this type of mooring. South of Old Cremorne Wharf and the Club would remain a swing type mooring area.

A new Starter's boat; The acquisition of the *Captain Amora*

In early 1978, The Race Committee decided that the existing Starter's boat, which had been bought by the Club in 1972, was too small for the needs of the Starter's crew. The boat was only 22 feet 6 inches long, and had a number of deficiencies. It had a petrol engine, and little in the way of facilities. The side decks were so narrow that two crew members had fallen overboard when going forward to raise the anchor, and the operation of the numeral boards was hazardous on the canopy top as the boat had a tendency to roll badly. The crew of the boat had also grown to six in order to handle the growing racing fleet, which had 140 entries for the 1977/78 season.

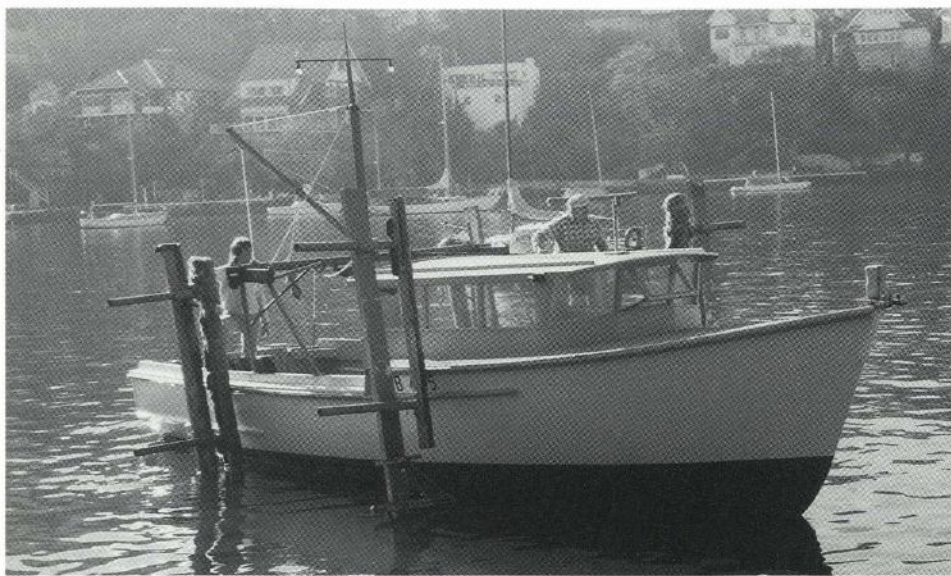
A sub-committee of the Race Committee was formed with John Jeremy as Chairman. The members included the Starter, Jack Millard, Peter Gregory, Peter Hamilton, Bill Lawler, and Bob Lawler. In April 1978 the committee presented a report to the Board, setting our requirements for a new boat, and recommending that a new boat be built or purchased in time for the 1978/79 season, if possible.

The new boat was planned to be diesel propelled, and about 30 feet long, with much improved facilities for the crew and improved anchor handling arrangements.

At the July meeting Commodore Colin Crisp reported that a number of suitable second hand boats appeared to be available. The sub committee was instructed to develop their designs and proceed with inspection of suitable existing boats, as it was felt that the conversion of an existing boat could be cheaper than the construction of a new boat, then estimated to cost about \$26,000.

During July, one boat was inspected that appeared to be ideal for the purpose. LFB 445 was a 30 feet long, round bilge fishing boat, which had been built by K Brown in August 1973. The hull was carvel planked in 1 1/8 inch oregon on spotted gum frames, and the engine was a hefty 90 HP BMC diesel, which had been factory reconditioned before installation in the boat. With current MSB survey certificate, LFB 445 passed survey on the SASC slip on 1 August 1978 with flying colours, and the Board, no doubt encouraged by Bill Lawler's sketch of the converted boat, approved its purchase for \$15,000 at the August Board meeting.

Design work was finished by the end of September and at the October Board meeting a budget of \$5,000 was approved. Shipwright David Moore was given the job to carry out the structural work.



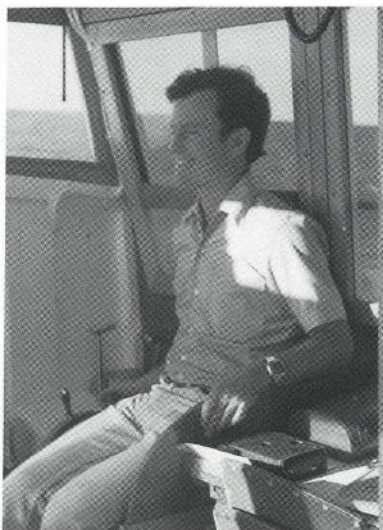
Tony Ashleigh slipping LFB 445 at Mosman Bay for survey before the boat was bought by the Club for conversion to the Starter's boat Captain Amora. (Photo: John Jeremy)



With Commodore Colin Crisp providing the commentary on the megaphone, Connie Crisp names the new starter's boat Captain Amora after the first Commodore of the SASC (Photo: John Jeremy)



Captain Amora at Coasters Retreat on Good Friday 1979 (Photo: John Jeremy)



Charles Maclurcan at the helm of Captain Amora at sea during passage to Pittwater to finish the Bob Brown Trophy Race at Easter 1979 (Photo: John Jeremy)

During the next three months, the new Starter's boat began to take shape. Bill Lawler prepared the detailed plans and sketches for the conversion, and supervised the work, a task made all the more difficult by the progression of a serious illness. Despite his disabilities, Bill spent many long hours on the task, coordinating the work of David Moore with the volunteers who did most of the painting. Bob Lawler took charge of the engine overhaul and the electrical installation. Sadly, Bill Lawler passed away before the work was completed.

In November the Board decided that the boat should be named after the first Commodore of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, Captain JH Amora. Work continued over the Christmas holiday period, and after trials *Captain Amora* was placed in service for the first race of the 1979 summer series on 20 January 1979.

The *Captain Amora* was officially named by Connie Crisp on Closing Day, 7 April 1979. As then completed the boat was valued at \$30,000 – including about \$7,000 worth of voluntary labour used during the conversion. A replacement would cost much more today.

In 1979, *Captain Amora* was still a rather austere Starter's boat. Nevertheless, the improvement over the old boat, which was finally sold in April, was dramatic. The space and safety of the boat made the work of the Starters much easier – and there are no records of any falling over the side when going forward to raise the anchor!

There were, of course some incidents during the early weeks – like the day the whole 150 feet of the anchor chain disappeared over the bows in a rush into 16 metres of water off Clarke Island. After dragging with a grappling hook for an hour, the crew was about to give up, when the boat stopped suddenly as the chain was hooked. Naturally it had been hooked in the middle of its length, and the effort getting it up ensured that some people never again forgot to check that the bitter end of the cable was secured with something more substantial than a length of twine!

The *Captain Amora* is also big enough to go to sea, and at Easter 1979 John Jeremy and Charles Maclurcan took the boat to Pittwater to finish the Bob Brown Trophy Race. In those days, the race began at 8 pm, so she sailed north in mid afternoon.

After an easy run north on smooth seas under a clear sky, and a leisurely dinner ashore at Church Point, *Captain Amora* was on station in Coaster's Retreat to finish the fleet at about 2am. It was a short and uncomfortable night for the crew – the full extent of the *Captain's* accommodation then was two narrow plywood benches and an elderly toilet in the corner beside the engine. After breakfast in the *Captain Amora* and coffee in *Morag Bheag* the return to Sydney (with Frank Crisp as a passenger) was a perfect run on blue seas with a gentle north easterly.

Captain Amora has not been to Pittwater since, but the boat has given nearly twenty years of good service to the Club around Sydney Harbour. Gradually, the on board facilities have been improved, with a proper galley and other equipment. All this has been made possible by the continuing work of the members who volunteer their time on maintenance tasks or donate equipment. One day, the boat will be finished!

Despite the success of the project begun in early 1978, one deficiency of the old boat has never been overcome; the *Captain Amora* rolls!

Nancy K. The Club tender

12th July 1976

Mr R Tearne,

Custom Built Boats Pty Ltd.,

Bradly Avenue, Milsons Point 2061

Dear sir,

We are pleased to advise that the Club has decided to accept your quotation for the construction and delivery of a 22'0" (approx.) work boat and tender for the

sum of \$6,374.50 (six thousand three hundred and seventy four dollars and fifty cents.)

This letter confirms discussions held with Mr RL Skinner Vice Commodore of the Club and details the acceptance of alternatives proposed in your quotation and as later discussed.

Hull, 22'0" approximately long, as shown on drawings accompanying your quotation, but with frames increased to 1 1/2" thickness and the hull sheeted with 3/8" diagonal oregon planking fixed and bonded with recorcinol glue and monel fastenings, screwed in stressed locations, with the following items supplied and fitted:

- Lister SW2, manual/electric start twin cylinder diesel engine;
- forward-reverse gear box integral with engine;
- stern gear, propellor and rudder assembly;
- Teleflex steering wheel and cable;
- 4" diameter rubber hose fender on gunwhale and stern.
- battery and exhaust system;
- hull primed on inside faces, finished with dynel and epoxy on exterior surfaces;
- hull fitted with floor boards, forward deck, splash board, forward bollard, heavy samson post fitted for towing, and full length seat on each side of boat and possibly on the transom;
- engine box of heavy construction, weatherproof and easily assembled and disassembled with only minimum use of screws, wing nuts, etc;
- rubbing battens fixed near bow and on the topsides near the transom.

Subject to the design of the engine it is preferred that the driving position be on the starboard side of the vessel at approximately amidship and that the exhaust shall be on the opposite side of the boat to the driving position. This is to avoid marking boats approached by the tender with exhaust smoke.

Your quotation includes the installation of a fuel tank and lines, and we understand this was intended to be of copper.

We require a stainless steel tank, stainless steel fuel lines and fittings and a water trap. Please advise any amendment of your quotation.

Painting of the boat except as included above will be carried out by the Club.

The acceptance is on the clear understanding that the boat is to be delivered prior to 31st August 1976 and that you accept a penalty of \$100.00 per week for any delays in delivery beyond that date.

You may if you wish place a neat permanent plaque on the boat in a position approved by the Club indicating the boatbuilder's name.

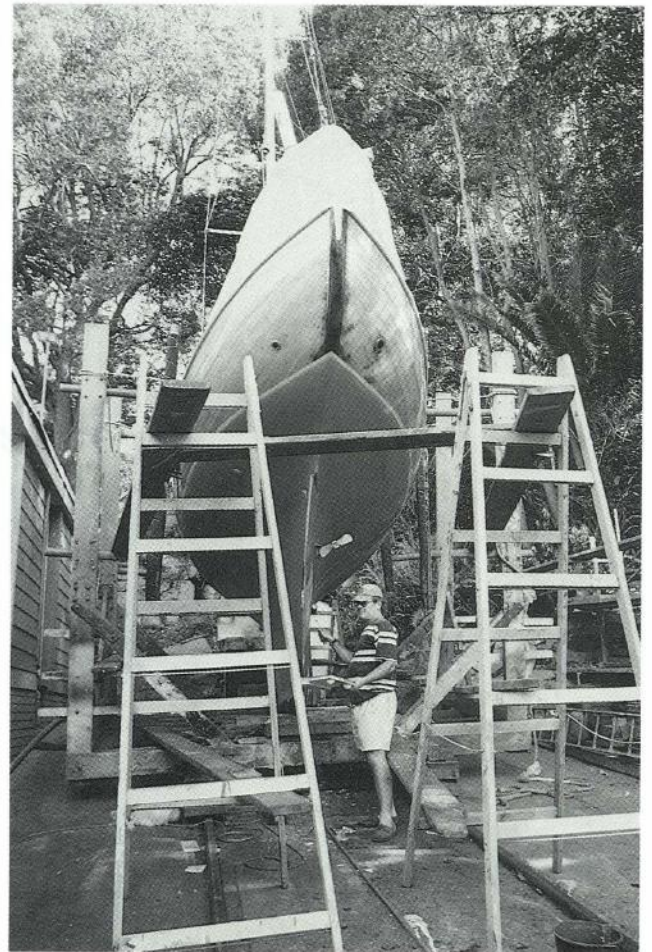
As you request, it is agreed that the Club will only be represented by the Vice Commodore during the building period.

The boat will be free of sales tax and we shall be pleased to meet reasonable requests for progress payments.

We look forward to receipt of a boat which you and the Club can both be proud of.

Yours Faithfully
VW Dibben

Rear Commodore Rob Evans completes restoration after Celeste sank at her mooring. A major feature of the Clubs facilities are the two slips with three cradles. The Club is also equipped with a workshop and chandlery for the use of members



The Nancy K has spent most of its time around Mosman Bay, but has also carried out many other duties. Here, under the command of Charles Maclurcan, Nancy K has been laying SASC marks to help with spectator boat control during the Fleet Review to celebrate the 75th Anniversary of the Royal Australian Navy in 1986 (Photo: John Jeremy)

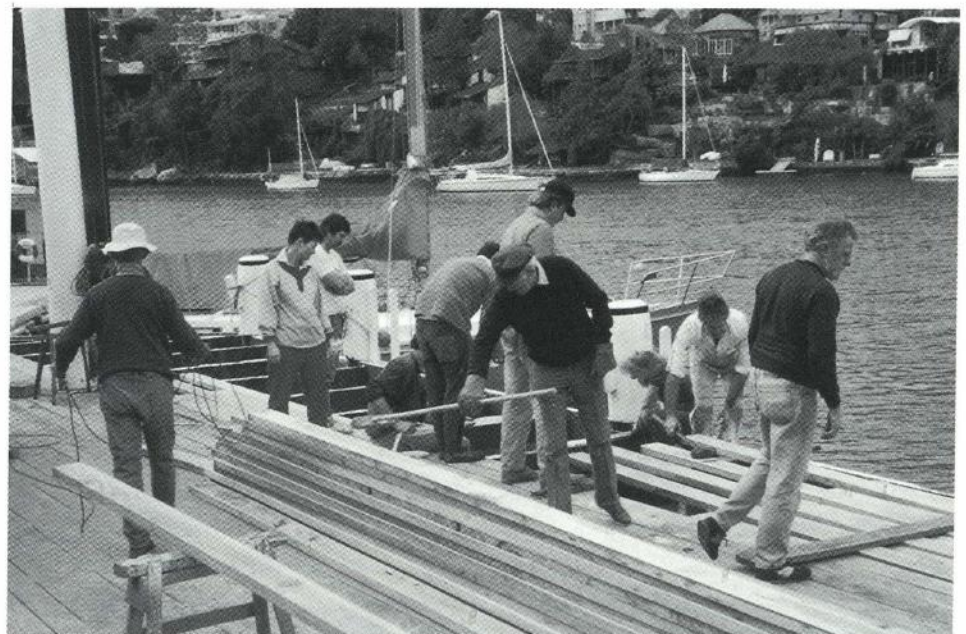


Wharf extensions completed

Members who visited the Club regularly in 1990 would have noticed by November the work being carried out on the wharf during the previous months.

A major asset of the Club, the wharf had given excellent service over the previous twenty years, but had been showing its age. Major repairs were clearly needed to ensure its safe use until at least the end of this century.

The new pontoon had been very popular since it was installed some years before, and the Club's Development Committee had been considering a further pontoon off the wharf as part of a long term plan for the development of the Club. In May 1989, the SASC Board decided that the need to repair the slipways and the wharf would limit the funds available for more pontoon space, and that priority should be given to maintaining the fabric of the existing facilities. It was



A willing crew of Amateur volunteers lay the planks for the deck extension. Nearly all maintenance work at the Club is carried out in this way

also decided to investigate the possibility of improving the wharf whilst the repairs were being carried out. In November 1989 the Development Committee presented the Board with an outline plan to make the steps at the southern end of the wharf more usable. and to fill in the gap next to the slipways. The latter would also provide space for the stowage of another tender/rescue boat, with a half tonne crane for handling. Approval was given to prepare a detailed proposal for submission to the relevant authorities.

Early discussions were held with the MSB in February 1990, and by May detailed working drawings and plans were completed and submitted to the MSB for approval. It was hoped to have the repairs and extensions completed, at the latest, by Gaffers' Day on 28th October. By August our proposal was with local government for consideration, and it was obvious that the plan was tight. Approval was given to order long lead material items to ensure a quick start when MSB approval finally arrived.

By late September, approval was expected, but not yet forthcoming. The contractor was nevertheless given the go ahead for the repairs, and approval for the modifications was received from the MSB the day he started. Despite the usual problems with work of this nature, it was virtually complete by Gaffers' Day as we had hoped. We made it, just.

Working bee at the Club. Please support the Club in this event.

SUNDAY 16TH FEBRUARY 1986

YOUR BOATSHED COMMITTEE HAS DECIDED TO REQUEST YOUR HELP IN THE FORM OF A "WORKING BEE" TO BURN OFF THE EXISTING VERY FLAKY PAINT AND UNDERCOAT THE SURFACE OF THE CLUBHOUSE AND PAINT THE DINGHY SHED WITH A FINISHED COAT.

THEY HAVE SET SUNDAY 16TH FEBRUARY 1985 AS THE DATE TO ALLOW YOU PLENTY OF TIME TO PLAN YOUR AVAILABILITY AND WOULD REQUEST YOUR SUPPORT IN THIS FUND-SAVING VENTURE!!!!

IF YOU HAVE BLOW TORCHES AND BRUSHES, PLEASE BRING THEM WITH YOU!

THE CLUB WILL SUPPLY A SAUSAGE SIZZLE AND LIQUID REFRESHMENTS TO MAINTAIN YOUR STRENGTH DURING WHAT WILL BE A REWARDING AND ENJOYABLE DAY.

PLEASE GIVE YOUR CLUB A HAND.

RING SUZIE ON 90 1433 RE YOUR AVAILABILITY!!!!

The day we nearly burnt the Clubhouse down

Working bees are fine but sometimes they can get out of hand. This was the case with the working bee to strip back old paint on the Clubhouse. The enthusiasm of members with blow torches has to be guarded against. Work had been in progress for some time on burning off old paint on the front section when a member, who had been sitting inside, noticed that smoke was coming into the Clubhouse through an air vent just near the Commodores' Honour Board, and asked "Do you think it should be doing that?"

Quick action with a hose allowing water to run down between the walls put out the small fire which had started inside the wall and averted what may have become a major catastrophe. The memory of this among Board members may have been subconsciously a factor in the decision to install the sprinkler system some years later.

===== 1922 =====

*Quarantine Beach was re-opened to
yachtsmen under conditions set down
by Director-General of Health.*



Faye Buckley, the Club's executive secretary, keeps the administration of the Club running smoothly, and tries to do the same with the Directors

Believe it or not, there is a pontoon in this picture. Its capacity for boats and people is tested to the limit on Gaffers Day 1988 (Photo: John Jeremy)

Back at the Office

One of the major contributors to the smooth working of the Club is the role of the office staff. Who could forget Nan Kartzoff who took no nonsense from anybody and without the aid of computers, kept the books, members register, racing results and dealt with the day to day needs and requests of members. Our boat the *Nancy K* is the continuing recognition of the outstanding contribution she made. She retired in 1977 but returned part time in the 1986 racing season to, as it said in the annual racing report "help tame the computer". If anyone could do that it was Mrs Kartzoff.

Since 1989 Faye Buckley has taken over this role. Faye has and is making an outstanding contribution to the Club and her professional approach to her job, attention to detail and follow up, (Board members know how persistent she can be) are the key to making things go smoothly.

The Pontoon

The options considered in 1983 by the Development Committee, led by John Rickard, were the repair of the existing facility, a similar replacement or a larger development extending the wharf area north of the boatshed and installing an extended floating pontoon suitable for launching dinghies, operating and mooring *Nancy K*, pick-up facilities for members' yachts and a breakwater for the slipway. The latter was the favoured option.

During 1984 the financial aspects of the project were considered and application made to the then Maritime Services Board for approval. A project of this size produced vigorous debate among members about the capacity of the Club to



fund the project, the structural aspects and the change in the nature of the Club this facility would bring.

A General Meeting of members was held on the 20th November 1985 which listened to the presentation by John Rickard on the engineering and construction aspects of the project and by the Treasurer, Fred Bevis, on the financial and funding aspects of the project.

The project was approved and a contract was let to R. Jenkins Constructions Pty Ltd. The project was completed in July 1986. The loans to fund the project were repaid some two years ahead of schedule.

It has proved to be the most significant improvement made to the Club facilities in the past 25 years. It has, however, not been without its problems with early failure of hinges and problems securely fastening the frame to the concrete structure, but not withstanding these, it has been an outstanding success.

One could not imagine the operation of the Club today without the pontoon.

What people will do for a BBQ and a keg of beer.

Over the years major structural work has been completed by volunteers, mostly members but also crew from members' boats.

A number of memorable afternoons have been spent lifting old planking from the wharf deck, later used for garden retaining walls, and replacing them with new timbers. The late Paul Slocombe was, as usual, one of the volunteers, and he took charge of a huge electric drill that was beyond the capacity of all but the most burly members to handle.

Another of Bob Lawler's working "parties" was the construction of the replacement slipway rails. The new steel rails and cross members were assembled and painted on the wharf in about three sections over a few weekends. Of course, the appropriate BBQ and keg were provided. When finished, the contractor in charge of locating them arrived with a crane and, after taking up the old slipway rails, lifted the new ones from the wharf.

These works, along with many others over the years, helped save members many thousands of dollars in maintenance costs and provided the cement that binds the Club together.



Maggie Stewart, assistant Racing secretary, joined in 1996



Denise Macintosh, wife of member Ian Macintosh, has always been on standby to help out with office duties

Chapter Four

Racing

Introduction

Charles Maclurcan

The focus of the Club's Racing Program has altered substantially in the last two decades. In the 60s and 70s, a typical Saturday would see the Starter's Boat leave about midday. She would be manned by a dedicated group of volunteers mainly led by Jack Millard and Ray King. They would determine the course, set the start



Thunderbirds were popular and competitive boats in the late 1960s and early 1970s (Photo: John Carnemolla)

line, start the Divisions, set the finish and record the finishers. From all points of the Harbour and the Lane Cove River, Bluebirds, Thunderbirds, Daydreams, Endeavours, Santanas, Stellas, Folkboats, Holland 25s and other small craft that comprised the fleet at the time would appear. Old stalwarts such as the John and Bill Merrington with *Warana* and *Eventide* would never miss a race. The numbers grew to over one hundred yachts.

Saturday Club Racing had reached its zenith. However, the writing was on the wall. An Etchell sank *Buradoo*, *Aroona* sank *Twain* and there were numerous complaints of crowded Harbour conditions and lots of accidents.

In the meantime the preparation of the results had become onerous. The finishing times were normally handed to the Hon. Race Secretary on Saturday evening. He then calculated the handicap positions, generated new handicaps, updated the pointscores and compiled the Race Instructions for the following week. On Monday morning he would deliver them to the Club and the paid secretary would type out the results and post them off to the competitors. Looking back at the complicated hand written spreadsheets that were generated and the enormous mailing that occurred each week, it is amazing that the system worked at all.

In mid 1978 Commodore Crisp was faced with a walkout by his volunteer Race Officials. Never daunted by such matters, he approached Charles Maclurcan, who had driven the tender some ten years before, to join the Club and take over the duties of Chairman of the Race Committee. Maclurcan offered his services and was accepted by the Board on 2nd August 1978. At the same meeting he was admitted to Board membership to fill a vacancy. Rosemary Hay, a rare, keen volunteer, was accepted, after much discussion, as Race Secretary. She became the first woman on the Board and was an extremely hard worker for the Club for some time.

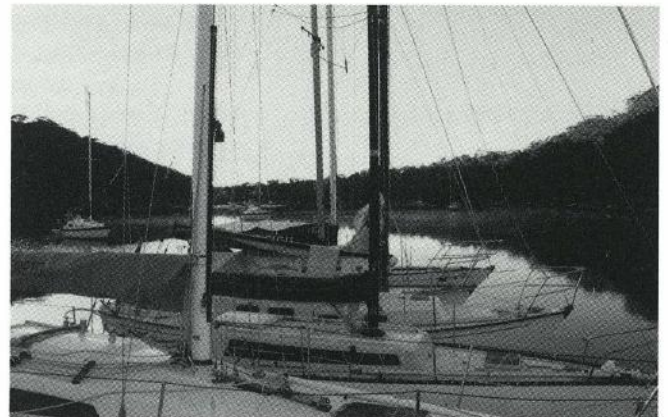
After a few years it was clear to these two, that volunteers were not going to be able to carry on much longer. Most Sundays were spent doing the race calculations and fielding phone calls from indignant competitors usually complaining about their handicaps. Computerisation offered a sensible solution. The amount of time taken to produce the results could be reduced and others could be trained to operate the Race System. Resistance was met in this matter. Some did not trust a computer to calculate the precious handicaps, others did not seem to understand that competitors now demanded quicker and more accurate results. As well, a few old hands had learned to manipulate the current system and feared the introduction of the new.

In the end it was inevitable and in 1986, Charles and Rosemary, with assistance from others, introduced a system designed by Ross Munn. It was in satisfactory operation at Middle Harbour. The Race Secretary and Chairman then put controversy to rest that year by recalculating the Season's Pointscores by hand under the old handicapping system. The overall results remained the same, however, the points under the computer were closer. Even now, when left to its own devices, the computer program, given a sensible starting benchmark, handicaps more fairly than any manual arbitrary system.

The owners of some yachts, for numerous reasons, did not support Saturday Harbour Racing to the same extent as those before them, however, they expressed a desire to participate at other times and in other ways. The Club responded. A Friday Twilight series was established, arguably the most successful continuing event ever conducted by the Club. Details of the impact of this series are described elsewhere.

Charles Maclurcan devised a four Race Winter Series in 1985. Each race had a different course and there was even a

Sugarloaf Bay in Middle Harbour the morning after the first Winter race raft-up in July 1985. The boats in the picture are Firetel (Bob Lawler), Qui Vive (Charles Maclurcan), Consensus (Peter Hamilton), Sisu (Denis Williams) and Morning Tide (Jim Lawler)
(Photo: John Jeremy)



Sir James Hardy's Nerida 33 during the inaugural Slocum Trophy race, October 1996, in which she gained third place (Photo: Rex Dupain)



mid-winter raft up. It is interesting to note the participants in July 1985. *Aroona, She, Consensus, Firetel, Morning Tide, Qui Vive, Thea, Rapier, Tingari, Innisfree, The Hum and Much Ado*. This series remains very well supported today.

Currently, there is a Tuesday evening series and regular events on Sundays. All in all, though the Saturday fleet has withered, the Club actually starts more yachts over a summer week than ever before. There has been some cost of course. Paid race staff now do the work of past volunteers and naturally competitors have become accustomed to a very prompt service. These days the Starter phones in the finishing times. With the computer in good fettle and the Sailing Office manned appropriately, the Race Results are calculated almost immediately. By the time the Officer of the Day gets ashore he may conduct the prizegiving. This has been a very popular development. Naturally, in fine SASC style, suspicion still exists about the handicapping.

Whilst some members may feel the loss of the Club's traditional role on Saturdays there have been two notable exceptions to the trend. The Offshore fleet, under the guiding hand of Bob Lawler has claimed prizes in almost all the important Yachting Classics held on the East Coast of Australia. Races are conducted in conjunction with the CYC. Details and tall stories follow.

The Traditional Fleet, incorporating gaff rigged, Ranger style craft and others, has flourished due to the untiring efforts of Bill Gale. His enthusiasm for the gaff rigged traditional timber yacht has seen the Club develop an excellent fleet of older yachts racing on Saturdays and Sundays. His Gaffer's Day Rallies are legendary and have resulted in the Club enjoying an enviable reputation as a mecca for those interested in preserving and enjoying older yachts.

The 1979 Fastnet Race

Reflections by Phil Eadie, member of Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, and navigator of *Impetuous*, one of the team of three Australian Admiral's Cup winning yachts.

The 1979 victory of the Australian team of *Ragamuffin*, *Police Car* and *Impetuous* was somewhat buried in the gale that violently swept the Irish Sea the night of Monday 13 August 1979, building quickly with little warning in the midst of the fleet towards midnight. A great deal has been said and written about this race, and a great deal learned from it. Nineteen yachts were abandoned, five sank. Fifteen yachtsmen tragically lost their lives. Only eighty-five of the three hundred and three yachts in the fleet finished, the rest retiring one way or another.

The following is quoted from the official inquiry conducted by the Royal Ocean Racing Club and the Royal Yachting Association, and supported by competitors and specialist advice from the RAF, HM Navy, Meteorology, Coastguard, and Irish Navy:

"The wind reached Force 11 and maximum wave heights were in the order of 40-44 feet. Search and rescue aircraft operating in the race area on 14 August reported winds of 60-65 knots and a wave height of 50-60 feet".

The speed with which the 980 millibar low (notable, but not that uncommon) both deepened and moved, caused significantly large and confused seas to develop quickly. To use the words of the well known English weather forecaster and writer Alan Watts, it created "a wickedly confused seaway as the Force 9-10 winds ahead of the trough were suddenly replaced by an almost right-angled shift to the north west. It is this feature, perhaps more than the wind strength, that had so many craft in terrible trouble".

From my own point of view, a few things which stay clearly in my memory of this race are:

- Tuning in to the BBC news at midnight, thinking this was getting to be a bit interesting but not necessarily expecting to hear anything about the race, to hear it was headline news with a number of yachts already abandoned or in serious trouble.
- Standing behind the helmsmen to make my own assessment of what heading and leeway we were making on the wind on the way to the Rock, with the compass doing occasional full "360s" (a phenomenon I'd not experienced before), as *Impetuous* was tossed about.
- Drilling out the chart table with a large brace and bit (with the owner Graham Lambert's enthusiastic permission), and navigating using a knife blade to mark the chart (pre GPS or Decca). The mast boot had been blown away on the way to the Fastnet Rock, so it was wet weather gear conditions at the chart table as seas broke over the yacht.
- The foam about a metre thick on the surface of the ocean near the Rock, and blowing up in to our faces then vertically straight up the mainsail.
- Rounding the Fastnet Rock at 2am on the Tuesday morning in racing mode at the height of the gale, quite close in, in big seas (it's deeper on the approach side). The whole scene was made more eerie and impressive by the sweep of the Fastnet light penetrating the blackness.
- One of our crew Ken Down being called up by Jim Hardy (now Sir James) for "a look" at the Rock; and as he disappeared down below saying "Thanks Jim, and I hope never to see the bloody thing again."
- Hugh Treharne (later Australian America's Cup winning tactician) calling to tack and cut inside other yachts standing further off the Rock, as soon as I reckoned we could clear the other side (which shelves out). Taking a special interest in that compass bearing, with the compass rose gyrating erratically.

1922

21st March: "Spray"—L Robertson was disqualified for shifting ballast during a race. He admitted being short handed and having tied two bags of sand on the floor, but between the Heads one had broken and run into the bilge, thus the second one had to be moved to trim the boat.

- Once round and off the wind, Hugh and Jim calling to maintain some sail on (triple reefed main) as long as possible in order to maintain steerage and control of where to head amidst breaking crests and/or steeper seas. This worked well with a full and very alert experienced crew and excellent helmsmen, as to go slow or to “mis-steer” was to risk destiny.
- We could to some extent choose our “mountains and valleys” to run down, by having both speed and steerage. This however was very selective, and demanding on helmsmen.
- Rob Brown, subsequently of 18 footer notoriety with *Prudential*, and Phil Walsh getting the jib off as we were running too fast down big steep seas, with the rest of the crew in the stern to keep the bow from burying. This whole move was planned with meticulous care.
- Phil coming back calling that he had broken all his fingers holding the flogging jib as it was dropped. They were OK, though battered and badly bruised.
- Occasionally getting fully dumped on by breaking waves, and the little *Impetuous* suddenly becoming leaden and vulnerable as she tried to shake herself free and drain the cockpit, a blessing with adequately sized cockpit drains.
- Rounding the Scillies as the gale eased, and seas starting to line up from the one direction.
- Owner Graham Lambert enthusiastically emptying the yacht of all but the barest provisions, as we sailed past The Lizard in the night, in the knowledge that we were well placed.
- Thinking that we had lost the mast as a huge salami flew out of the hatch hitting the deck with a loud “bang”, and seeing most of the off-watch crew appear at the hatch in time to see it rolling over the side, Graham grinning in satisfaction.

Strangely we saw no flares or yachts in trouble, in spite of the chaotic activity in the Irish sea. Particular lessons for me were, never to slow down unless you absolutely have to (but requiring adequate crew number, experience, and condition), and to always be prepared with gear and equipment thought out in advance to cope in the same situation, in case it should happen again.

I was also fortunate to have been with a top crew, and in having the depth of Hugh Treharne and Jim Hardy’s leadership, experience, and seamanship.

1928

11th January: Extract from Minutes—“Commodore referred to the loss by Stan Spain during the Christmas vacation in the wrecking of his boat ‘Mischief’, and also of the heroism displayed by members of the crew, and at the same time referred to the action of another Club member Charles Hayes and his son, who went to assist ‘Mischief’ and stood by for some considerable time and then sent a launch to assist. Stan Spain replied, thanking everyone for their expression of sympathy and explaining that the younger members of his crew had acted under the circumstances in a manner in keeping with the traditions of SASC”

Sydney to Hobart on *Morning Tide* 1982

Dennis Williams

The 1982 Sydney-Hobart Race was referred to after the event by seasoned salts as a gentlemen’s cruise and looking back some years later and years wiser, it seemed to me a fair description. However, at the time it was my first foray across ‘the paddock’ and it set a standard that has yet to be surpassed. How often can you enter a 600 mile race and do the first 450 of those miles going downwind at a good speed, in dry conditions and with excellent company?

The crew comprised of the owner one Jim Davern of Melbourne, the mighty Tommo, Mr O’Reilly, Sean James Kelly (the taller member of that dashing duo known far and wide as the Flying Foredeck) Greg “Caruso” Dwyer and your humble scribe. We had made each other’s acquaintance a month or so before the race, though Messers Davern, Tomaszewski and Oh had sailed down the previous year on the boat.

Being an S & S 34, a small boat in the fleet, we got away to a picture perfect start but were soon overtaken by the larger yachts. The wind was a light southeaster and as we left the safe confines of Sydney Harbour the atmosphere of

general apprehension at what lay ahead, especially for us novices in the crew, was apparent. But, lo and behold, within an hour of clearing the Heads the wind had swung to the East and soon thereafter to the Northeast, and away we went on a downhill ride for two days and nights.

Now the S & S 34 is not a renowned downwind flyer and we did nothing to enhance its reputation on that score but we sure covered some miles. "This isn't so bad after all" he says to himself as he lies in his dry bunk, wearing his dry clothes with a tummy full of good food and the boat swaying from side to side as she rolls down the waves at 8 knots plus before a building northeaster. "This can't last" he thinks to himself; and sadly he was right.

In 20 knots the boat was a handfull under spinnaker, and in 30 knots she was an accident waiting to happen. She had a steering wheel, which on a boat of that size was a pretence, and the combination of a solid gust, a biggish quartering wave and the slow reaction time of the wheel-steering saw the end of the first kite. That was followed by the demise of the wheel-steering itself, and shortly thereafter the second kite, leaving only the storm chute. It was decided (with little protest from the crew) that in that sort of breeze on that boat a poled out jib should fill the bill—and it did.

The nor' easter eventually died for us and we were left with a gentle work across the lower portion of Bass Strait. The weather continued dry and mild, then by the following day we were blessed with another northerly, which took us through the night, past Maria Island in pitch dark (and almost too close for comfort), and then evaporated by dawn.

Until you have been there, it is impossible to describe the scene. Your boat is barely moving, the sun is just up and it warms your tired bones as you look up on the majesty of the famous Organ Pipes forming the cliffs below Tasman Light. For once the tour brochure was telling the truth. "Why haven't I done this race before now?" he thinks to himself. The next race we did answered that question.

The wind eventually filled in from the south east and after turning Cape Raoul, we set the little (and only) kite for a shy run across Storm Bay. Muggins bravely volunteers to steer, and so for the next 20 odd miles he does just that, whilst the other crew members wisely go about eating, drinking, discussing matters of great religious and philosophical moment and generally lazing about. Take it from me that the S & S 34 is heavy on the helm when on a tight run in fresh air, but apart from the occasional nonchalant glance in my direction, there were no offers to take over the helm. By the time we were at the Iron Pot my right arm was about 75mm longer than it was back at the Raoul.



Who said Sydney-Hobart was hard work?



Breakfast in North Head, Hobart 1991

We squared off to go up the river and Gregory nipped down below to emerge again with a full bottle of 15 year old White Heather. It was empty before we crossed the finish line, but its medicinal properties worked wonders. We finished in a velvet fog, and were greeted by hundreds of smiling onlookers, who barely batted an eyelid when our skipper hailed in true captainly tones "People of Hobart, we are here to liberate you—send out your women." We cleaned up and headed off for a magnificent Italian lunch, then a good night's sleep. The following night was New Year's Eve and Tommo had organised a table at the Polish Club. That was a night to remember; but that's another story.

Sydney to Hobart 1993

Bob Lawler

As usual the media has reported high flying stories from the big name yachts and little from the privately funded yachts sailed by their owners and regular amateur crews. Out of the three SASC yachts to compete in the race, all finished without damage and were extremely well placed in their respective Divisions.

In the PHS Division *Charisma* (Jim Lawler) came 1st.

In the IMS *Mark Twain* (Hugh O'Neill) was 3rd in Division D, and *All That Jazz* (Jim Davern) was 9th in Division D.

The SASC was also well represented by crew members on other yachts. Andrew Crow and John Gibson (Jnr) from *Alice B* sailed on *Wild Oats* and *Hartz Mineral Water* respectively and were able to tell stories about last New Year's Eve in Hobart without fear of exaggeration charges. For the record *Wild Oats* was 1st in the IOR Division and *Hartz Mineral Water* (ex *Sweet Caroline*) was 6th in IMS.

Another SASC Club member who is now famous is John Quinn. John sailed his new IMS yacht *Mem* out of Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club. *Mem* was a member of the NSW A Team in the Southern Cross Cup Series. Following failure of safety harness equipment, John was washed overboard and spent some 5 hours in the sea in severe night time conditions before being recovered and taken to Eden by the yacht *Atara*. John's survival and recovery is a tribute to his own self discipline and to the procedures followed by crew members of *Mem*, and other competing yachts in the vicinity of the accident; also to the Master and crew of the tanker *Ampol Sorel*.

This year's Sydney-Hobart differed from previous races where bad weather conditions were experienced, in that the bad conditions lasted for most of the race and not just for a day or so. Also conditions this year were accurately forecast. The recurrence of very low pressure systems moving slowly from west to east meant that conditions which were experienced on day two of the race would make the passage south tough for several days and in fact, for the duration of most of the race. Weather conditions and race withdrawals are now a matter of record however, the *Charisma* story deserves mention in the SASC records.

For most of the day, December 26th, all yachts experienced good conditions until arrival of a southerly change which came as predicted, not too hard at first but gradually increased. By the evening of day 2, December 27th, the leading yachts were experiencing gale force southerly winds as they approached the far NSW south coast. Several of the yachts in the middle of the fleet eased sheets and travelled well to the east of the Rhum line where conditions were apparently worse than inshore.

Mark Twain A113 powering on to Hobart



Through the night of December 27th, news of *Clwyd* loosing her keel and crew recovery by *Nynja Go*, John Quinn lost overboard, several equipment failures and subsequent retirements came over the radio frequencies. With expectation of better sea conditions close to the coast and the possibility of taking shelter in Eden harbour *Charisma* stayed west of the Rhum line.

In the early morning hours of day 3, December 28th, Eden harbour was looking good and *Charisma* anchored at East Boyd Bay near the wood chip mill. During the day available radio frequencies and weather facsimiles were monitored and it became evident that yachts further to sea and further south were making poor progress and doing it tough. Retirements continued and news of the loss of the yacht *Adjuster* was reported progressively. By 11.00 am, the *Charisma* crew had rested and were fed and weather facsimiles indicated the possibility of easing conditions in Bass Strait. *Charisma* then quietly resumed racing observed only by the Eden Coast Guard and CYC's Dave Lawson.

Day 4, December 29th, saw *Charisma* entering Bass Strait still in hard conditions but easing. From Flinders Island and down the Tasmanian coast conditions became light and progress was slow. *Charisma* crossed the finishing line at 4.00pm on the 1st January 1994 and entered an almost empty Constitution Dock to be greeted by the crews of *Mark Twain* and *All That Jazz* who finished earlier that day. Congratulations again to Jim Lawler from all the *Charisma* crew and from all at SASC for a mighty effort in the toughest Sydney-Hobart race in 49 years and the first to bring back Gold to the SASC.

Charisma crew were:

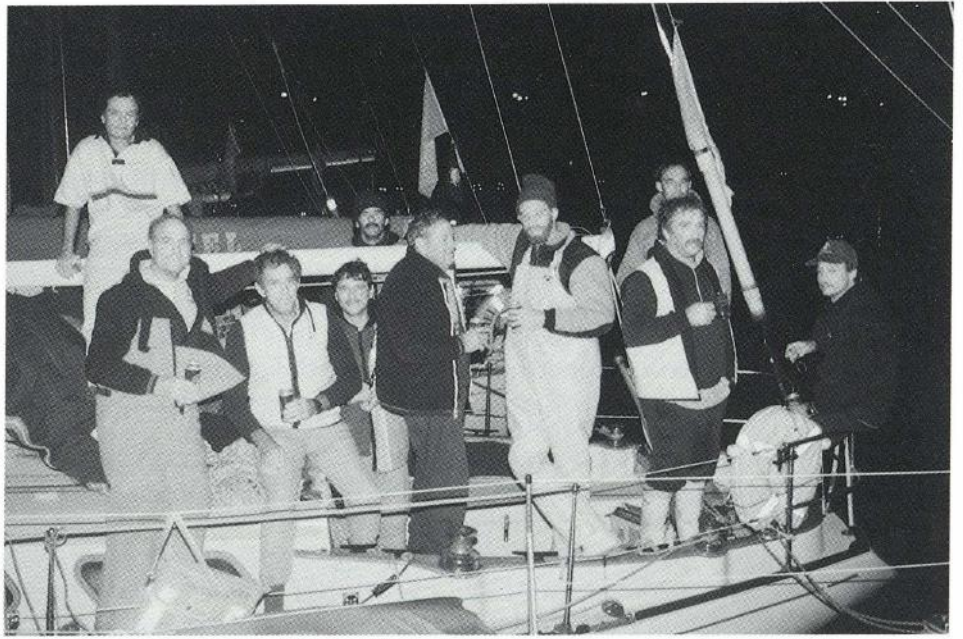
- Jim Lawler (Skipper)
- Peter Robinson (Navigator)
- Jim Lawler Jnr (Watch Leader and Camera man)
- Trevor Cosh (Watch Leader and Mr. Fix-it)
- Bill Loudon (Cook and Providor)
- Keith Radford (Shining Example)
- Bob Lawler (Senior Citizen)

Sydney to Hobart 1994

Charles Maclurcan

Fourteen members' yachts set sail on Boxing Day 1994 for Hobart. The results were as follows:

| <i>Boat</i> | <i>IMS Place Overall</i> | <i>Division Place</i> |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>Mark Twain</i> | 70 | 7 |
| <i>Rav 4 Celeste</i> | 86 | 4 |
| <i>Emma</i> | 95 | 5 |
| <i>Firetel</i> | 126 | 3 |
| <i>Silverado</i> | 140 | 17 |
| <i>Mistress Mercy</i> | 155 | 18 |
| <i>Archina</i> | 215 | 12 |
| <i>Anitra V</i> | 216 | 13 |
| <i>Tactical Response</i> | 217 | 17 |
| <i>Henry Kendall Akubra</i> | N/A | 9 |
| <i>Charisma</i> | N/A | 10 |
| <i>All That Jazz</i> | N/A | 20 |
| <i>Phantom</i> | RET. | |
| <i>Zulu Chief</i> | RET. | |



Firetel and Morning Tide finish eight hours behind Mark Twain, 1991

The Club's results were most satisfactory. *Firetel*, Bob and Michael Lawler gained third in Division H, receiving a trophy at the open air prize-giving for the effort!

Generally, the weather favoured the larger yachts as they were able to make the most of a short lived northerly air stream that rushed them across Bass Strait prior to the arrival of a south westerly cold front. This copy-book front provided spectacular evidence of its presence in the form of a low rolling wedge cloud mass that seemed to reach from the mainland right over to Tasmania. I am sure I saw angels walking across the top of this feature! Twenty minutes later I found out why they were on top. It was far too windy below; 40-50 knots for 24 hours was the result and a position west of the rhumb line was the order of the day. This year's current-induced chop was noticeable on many parts of the course and its element slowed many of the displacement yachts considerably. The smaller yachts were met with another south west change as they approached Tasman Light and most suffered a very rough trip across Storm Bay and up the Derwent.

All was quickly forgotten upon arrival in Hobart. Most members made it to the New Year's Dinner at the Ship Hotel which was better than ever thanks to our perennial host John Best. This function set what was to be a cracking pace for the next few days. The Quiet Little Drink followed, then the Custom's House Hotel and finally, the Shipwright Arms. Some famous names from the past joined us and we were pleased to welcome Kate and Sue, the daughters of Tony Furze and Steve Merrington. Wherever you strayed there was a member of the Amateurs there. For some the experience was more testing than the sail down!

On the evening of the 2nd, some of the Amateurs group dined at the Customs House Hotel, joined by friends from *Young Endeavour*, *Star Ferry* and *Hammer of Queensland* to mention a few. The next day our farewell lunch was held at the Ship Hotel.

Most yachts left on the 4th and struggled home against strong currents and northerly winds. I am advised that various NSW coastal establishments benefited greatly from Amateurs' thirsts over the following week or so.

Travelling with Jim Lawler on *Charisma* was Peter Luke, one of the co-founders of the race. Peter was a member of the Amateurs, his boat *Wayfarer* having been built on the site of the clubhouse and bearing the number A94. It was Peter's 5th Hobart at the age of 79 years.

It was a delight and source of pride to see the Amateur's burgee flown from the forestays of the finishers amongst the huge group of yachts moored in Hobart

this year. The town of Hobart and its inhabitants were splendidly organised and hospitable. Congratulations to all competitors, thanks to all the owners from the crews, and commiserations to those who had to to withdraw.

Division 2

This Division has been previously known as Division 3 which in the 1977/78 season had 20 boats regularly starting. In the 1985/86 season it was renamed Division 2. A number of boats have raced almost every season over the past 20 years. Kevin Tindal in *Impala* has been one of the most consistent winning the Gold Medal in 6 seasons and is a competitor who never gives up and successfully carries a spinnaker when others are more cautious.

Fred Bevis in *Brigadoon*, when not breaking masts or inadvertently hoisting the spinnaker by catching the halyard on a buoy, has won a couple of Gold medals.

Hal Wise in *Barubi* sailed the Endeavour 26 very quickly but set a dress standard in terms of knowing when and which flag should be flown that has not been matched since.

In the 1976/77 season the Reverend Bill Ostling won the metre Division in *Nemesis*, then switched boats the next season to *Gwenyth* in Division 3 and won the Gold medal and then again the following year. Was it Divine intervention or just good sailing?

Reg Humphrys in *Kalinda* has been a competitor in the division for 20 years. Reg has the ability to keep up with and beat boats that on paper are much faster.

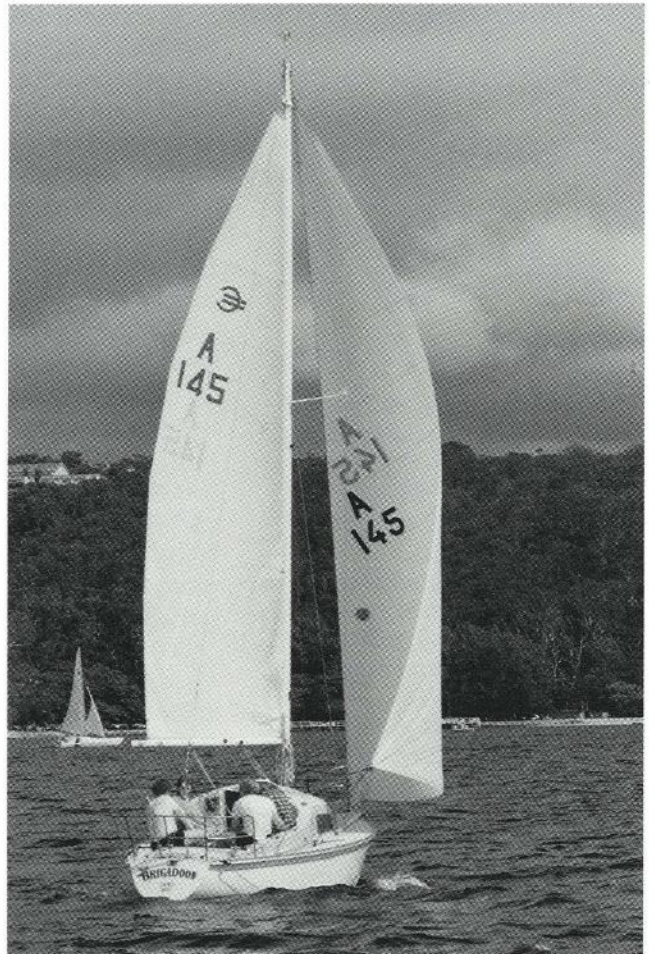
Who could forget the sheer pleasure and excitement which Peter Gray had when, in his eightieth year in the 1994/95 season, he steered *Honeybee* to the Gold Medal?

Tony Barry in *Ben Boyd Road* joined the division in the 1990/91 season from the 1/4 Ton Division and had 4 wins but *Impala* with its consistent performances won the Gold with just one win.

Tim and Sue Ingham in *Fresca* were consistent competitors with great speed on their day and Gold Medals to prove it.

There have been over the years so many great competitors who have or still are sailing in the division—Stewart Chambers in *Twain*, Peter Hamilton in *Concensus*, Richard Lavers in *Manhattan Transfer*, Ross Munn in *Zouave* and so many more.

The division provides great competition with boats of various designs and has been and is still one of the mainstays of the Saturday racing scene.



Brigadoon (Fred Bevis) during the 1980 Endeavour 26 Championships that were conducted by the SASC on Sydney Harbour (Photo: John Jeremy)

Cavalier 28 Fleet

Richard Lamrock

In the history of the Amateurs the Cavalier 28 stands out as the most successful one design racing fleet ever to have sailed consistently with the Club. The Class owes its success to the excellent design of the yacht and the extraordinary business skills of its original builder in Australia Mr Guy Keon, the original owner of Cavalier Yachts.

The Cavalier 28 was modelled on the Davidson 28 which has sailed in Auckland New Zealand since 1974. Designed by Laurie Davidson (designer of *Black Magic* for the successful 1996 NZ America's Cup victory) for David Blundell, an

OK dingy sailor, the Davidson 28 was so successful that approximately 120 were built and registered with the Davidson 28 Association.

The father of the Cavalier 28 fleet Norm Brown, recalls how he was involved with Guy Keon in the original concept of the Cavalier 28. "In 1978 Guy invited me to go New Zealand in a team of three yachties to try out the Davidson 28 and investigate the possibility of manufacture in Australia. We raced the yacht on Auckland harbour and subsequently evaluated several boats in detail on the slips, including their interiors. Having sailed 18 foot skiffs for 20 years with the New South Wales League I didn't want to be involved with a "slug". It had to have speed. As a result of this trip the Cavalier 28 was born in Australia. Guy purchased *Rhondo* in New Zealand which became the first Cavalier 28 in Australia and was subsequently used as the plug for making the Australian moulds."

One of the keys to the success of the boat in Australia was the modifications which were made to the original Davidson 28. The deck, hull, rig and mast, keel and rudder and sailplan were unchanged. Keel bolting structure, interior layout, headliner, and furniture were revamped. The result was a strong, fully fitted out production boat with enormous appeal for both cruising and racing. Whereas the Davidson 28s were finished by their owners, the Cavalier 28s were produced at Guy's Pendle Hill factory fully finished and ready to sail. In its first two years of production in Australia a staggering 35 boats were built out of the total of 68 on the water today.

The Amateurs owes its association with the Cavalier 28 fleet to Norm Brown. Norm started sailing eighteen footers with the New South Wales League in the 1950s and had 9 boats, all of which had extraordinary racing success on the harbour. In the early 1970s Norm slowed down and joined the trailer-sailor fleet where he was National Champion for three years. He then bought the first Cavalier 26 produced in 1975 which he raced with the quarter tonners at the Club. When the Cavalier 28 was conceived Norm built *Ariki* the first Cavalier 28 built in Australia.

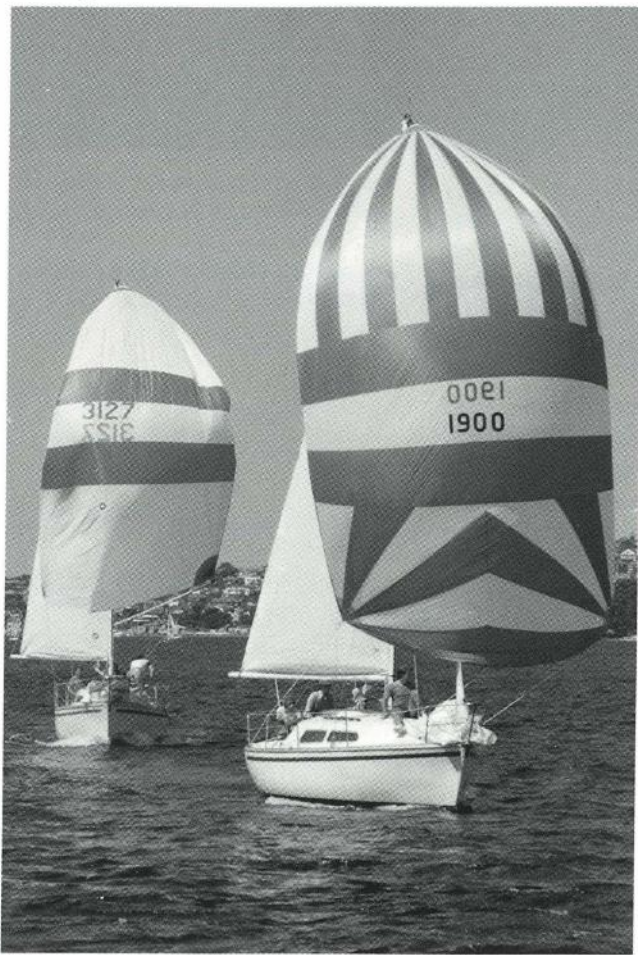
Soon in 1981/1982 several Cavalier 28s were racing together with Dr Rodney Mitchell, *Centaurus* (number six off the moulds) and included *Rusticana*, *Cavort*, *Cavalier 1*, *Ariki*, *Dee Jay* (now *Blind Justice*) and *Allegro*. These boats sailed with the Half Ton Division at first. Their performance was so good that they were asked to leave this Division and form their own in 1982-83. In the next season in their own Division eleven boats faced the Starter regularly.

In 1983-84 there were nine boats racing. This mushroomed to seventeen boats in the 1984-85 and nineteen boats in 1986-87. In 1988-89 it dropped to sixteen boats. In the following year a decision was made to sail on alternate years with the RSYS and the SASC. Numbers have decreased over the years and now twelve boats are racing regularly. The racing is still highly competitive with close margins between most of the yachts.

Guy Keon formed and fostered a strong Cavalier 28 Association to help promote the Class. A set of one design rules was put in place by the Association carefully drafted by its legal adviser Roger Selby, an early Cavalier 28 owner with *Following Sea* (formerly *Rusticana*). Since 1985 the Association in conjunction with the Amateurs and the RSYS has hosted the Cavalier 28 National Championships, a yearly event attracting up to 15 boats.

The Cavalier 28 Championships have been conducted in February/March as a five race series over two weekends.

Norm Brown's *Ariki* leading the Cavalier 28s during the Production Yacht Challenge in 1981. The Production Yacht Challenge was run by the SASC for a number of years in the early 1980s. It provided the opportunity for owners of popular modern boats to compete with similar yachts in a regatta format. It encouraged considerable competition between the manufacturers of these production yachts (Photo: John Jeremy)



Competitive spirit is at the core of any successful racing fleet and as a result the Championships have attracted its share of sailmakers and professionals from time to time. In 1990 the racing was being totally dominated by an unknown entry *The Black Duck* which was sailed by some professionals. The skipper of the *Duck* hoisted an unknown rag (a blooper) contravening the one design rules of the Association. The protest committee at the Club did not uphold the resulting protest and the Association then sought a more appropriate response to maintenance of the Class rules.

The Cavalier 28 has also appeared successfully in offshore racing. Several boats have competed in the JOG series and other long distance races and won significant trophies offshore, the most successful being Dr Bob Tinning in *Basilisk*. Other boats raced offshore regularly have included *Shoshana*, *Swashbuckler*, *Bolero* and *Trickerie Bay*.

Generally Cavalier 28's have been held by their original owners well into retirement. Few come on the market and when they do they are sold quickly. The Club has been instrumental to attracting and holding Class members. Dr Bob Tinning built his boat *Basilisk* in 1983 and hasn't missed a season racing either offshore or with the fleet in the pointscore series. This year will see Bob taking *Basilisk* on its fourteenth Squadron Cruise, the first year where Bob will be helming with a wheel instead of a tiller. Now with two wooden legs Bob is practicing hoisting himself onto the boat from his dingy single handed.

The Interdominion Cup between the Davidson 28 and Cavalier 28 Association was started in the early 1980's. Each year the competition alternated between Auckland and Sydney fostering the wonderful tradition of inter club spirit.

The S.80 Yacht Association of NSW & Impala Association of Hong Kong Interport Series

Jim Chambers

In July 1985, SASC member Jim Chambers returned to Sydney after a three year business posting in Hong Kong. During his time overseas he had not let his sailing suffer and had joined the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club and also bought a half share in an Impala class yacht in Hong Kong. The Impala is an English



Alice B (A157, John Gibson), Hot Shot (A67, Peter Chapman) and Riff Raff (A88, Jim Chambers) enjoying close racing during the S80 Championships in March 1990 (Photo: John Jeremy)

 1930

Motion to allow entrance of lady members was lost on a show of hands but arising from this it was decided to hold more functions or meetings which women (relatives and friends) could attend.

design, 28ft long with a fractional, sloop rig. It is popular in Hong Kong and, during Jim's time there, was actively sailed from the RHKYC and the Hebe Haven Yacht Club, which is situated in beautiful Shelter Cove on the eastern shore of the Hong Kong mainland.

One of the regular events in the Impala Association calendar was the 'Interport' with Singapore; an Interport being where one group puts together a team of, usually, four crews which fly to the host country for some racing and recreation. The established format is a weekend of match racing and team racing liberally interspersed with generous hospitality. All boats are, of course, supplied by the hosts and need to be of the same class and, preferably of similar performance.

Regrettably, the Singapore side was having more and more difficulty putting together the required nine boats (four for each side and a spare), to hold their share of these annual gatherings and, when Jim returned to Sydney, it was suggested that he keep open the idea of starting up an Interport series with a group there.

Soon after his return to Sydney Jim realised his ambition to own an S80 class yacht and bought what was to be called *Riff Raff* (A88), a boat that he still owns today. The S80 class was very active in Sydney with fleets sailing at the SASC and MHYC and the Interport concept quickly gained support amongst the Association members.

So it was that preparations began for the first Sydney-Hong Kong Interport. This was hosted by Hong Kong and was held in March 1988. To encourage interest amongst the Sydney people the Interport was timed for the weekend before the annual Hong Kong Rugby seven-a-side competition, and so the format was that the group flew to Hong Kong on a Friday, sailed the Interport that weekend, and then had a week's R&R in Hong Kong before attending the Rugby the following weekend. The group would then pour itself onto a plane the next Monday night to return to Sydney for some rest.

This first event was held by the Hebe Haven Yacht Club in the waters of Shelter Cove. This is a beautiful expanse of water with virtually no traffic. The whole event was considered an outstanding success and preparations immediately began for the return event in the following year. Hong Kong people are busy types and they were not able to give themselves the luxury of a week away from their tight schedules, so it became usual for them to organise their return visits to Sydney over the Chinese New Year break. The SASC was approached by the S80 Yacht Association of NSW to host the first return event and eventually did so for all the Sydney-side gatherings.

And so it was that the Sydney-Hong Kong Interport series developed. It ran for a total of five meetings, three in Hong Kong and two in Sydney. The last of the Hong Kong events was held in 1992 by the RHKYC on the fragrant(?) waters of Hong Kong harbour as the Impala fleet had by then concentrated itself at that club. This year was notable for the appearance of a pod of Pilot whales amongst the fleet. The poor creatures had strayed into the harbour but still managed to swim right through the fleet as it sat waiting for the next starting procedure. They were being carefully shepherded by a police launch to ensure they did not end up as the special for the night at any of the local restaurants. This gathering was also notable for the Sydney visitors winning the Trophy. Notable because, until then, the home town advantage had always prevailed and the trophy had stayed with the hosts.

Each year the hosts tried to improve on the hospitality of the year before and the Interports were renowned for giving a weekend of excellent racing and enthusiastic entertainment. Regrettably, however, the 1992 event was the last as worsening economic conditions around the world at that time made it impossible for either side to put together enough contestants to make up a team. (Team selection had always been on the basis of who could afford the time and money to join in.)

Several attempts have since been made to revive the Interport but have all met with the same problem, and so, at the time of writing of this article, the Interport trophy remains in the display cabinet at the SASC. Maybe sometime soon we will be able to give the Hong Kong people the chance to win it back again.

The combined Half Ton Division

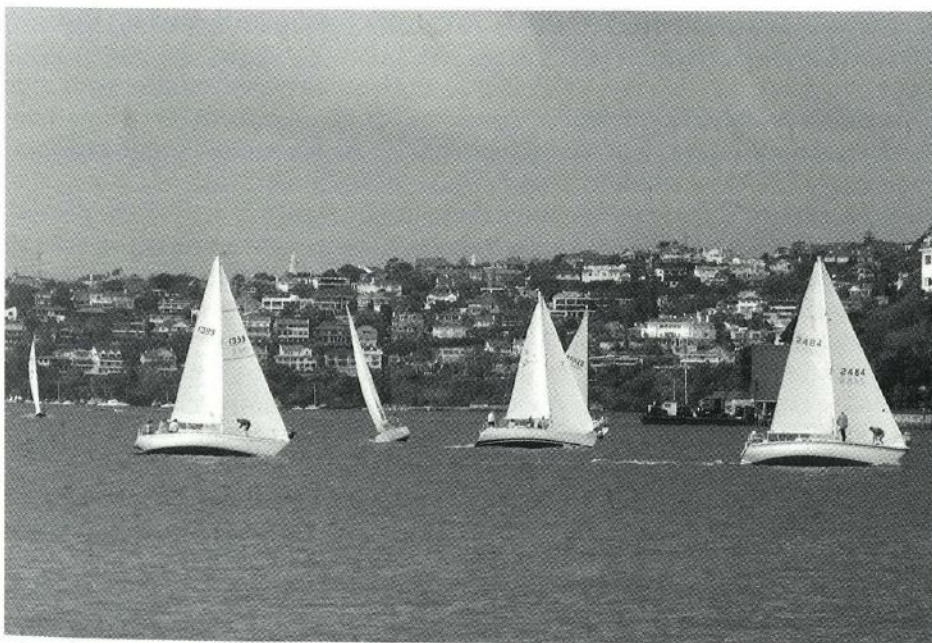
John Jeremy

During the early 1970s, yachts built to the IOR Half Ton rule became popular as comfortable and affordable cruiser/racers. About 30 feet in length, they were, and are still, ideal boats for racing with a modest crew and for cruising at other times with perhaps only two people on board. Some became regular competitors in the Sydney-Hobart, taking a respectable number of trophies over the years.

The first half ton yachts to race in the SASC fleet were Colin Bull's *Magic Dragon* and Warren Anderson's *Granny Smith*, both Joubert designed Currawong class yachts. In the 1972/73 season they competed in No. 1 Division, making a quiet debut for the class finishing 15th and 17th in the point score respectively. This performance soon improved, with *Magic Dragon* taking third place in No.1 Division the following year, and Warren Anderson winning the Dunhill Half Ton Trophy series in the green *Granny Smith*. *Granny Smith* also sailed in several Sydney-Hobart races taking third place overall in 1974.

These boats were soon joined by others, like John Richard's *Vandanick*, and past Commodore Ernest Merrington's *Forte*, a Cavalier 32. By the mid 1970s, many more half ton rated boats were appearing in the Sydney racing fleet. Some were light weight racing yachts, built to compete in the Half Ton Championships at State, National and International levels, but most were the increasingly popular stock production yachts like the Currawong, Cavalier 32, Holland 30, Defiance 30, and the Peter Cole designs including the East Coast 31 and the Nantucket 31.

In 1977, a Half Ton Division was formed within the SASC racing fleet for the first time. Eleven yachts competed in the 1977/78 season, with *Vandanick* taking the Gold medal, and *Magic Dragon* the Silver. Brian McGain's East Coast 31 *Volos* also competed for the first time that year, with her ninth position in the point score disguising a capability that was to be hard to match in coming years.



Typical half ton racing on Sydney Harbour. Lindabel (Lloyd Thornton) leading Norn (Otto Albert), Magic Dragon (Colin Bull) and Akimbo (Alex Williamson) approaching the Explosives 2 mark in the first race of the 1990/91 season (Photo: John Jeremy)

In November 1978, a meeting of members of the SASC and the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron who owned half tonners, decided to recommend to their clubs that a combined Half Ton division be established to take advantage of the growing popularity of these yachts, and to provide a competitive racing fleet. The initial proposal was for the SASC and RSY to each host half a season each year, but a subsequent meeting of SASC skippers decided that a better format would be for each club to host the division each alternate full season.

The first proposal was adopted initially, and the divisions were combined for the first time for the summer season of 1978. The following year, the division raced with the SASC for the spring season, and the RSY for the summer. Subsequently the racing was alternated between the clubs for each full season, a procedure that has been successfully followed ever since.

Whilst the division had been intended for yachts that could be expected to measure as half ton yachts under the IOR rule, by 1981 the popular Cavalier 28 had joined the division as it appeared then that the Half Ton division was the most appropriate for that class. In the 1981/82 Season, Norm Brown's *Ariki* won the scratch pointscore with a remarkable nine wins, five seconds and four thirds. *Ariki* also won the bronze medal that year. As the numbers of Cavalier 28s grew, it was soon decided that they should form their own division, a change that was to improve racing for both the half tonners and the Cavalier 28s.

1982/83 was the first season that the combined division was hosted by the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, and the benefits of the combined fleet were very evident with an extremely competitive season for all the boats. SASC boats took the honours that year, with *Magic Dragon* winning the overall point score, John Jeremy's East Coast 31 *Tingari* (which had joined the division the previous summer) coming second, and Brian McGain in *Volos*, third.

The following year was the best ever for the Half Ton division, with 24 boats on the programme. Two dozen half tonners starting in a fresh north easterly breeze always was a grand sight, guaranteed to keep the helmsmen on their toes, and the starter grateful for the distance mark. SASC boats in the division that year included *Magic Dragon*, *Tingari*, *Vandanick*, *Volos*, *Forte*, *Sea Major* Frank Tebbutt and *The Hum* Max Miller. Max Miller sailed *The Hum* regularly in the division for many years. Most skippers knew his boat by the stern view – *The Hum* had six wins, five seconds and four thirds on scratch in the 1983/84 season.

Since then there have never been so many entries, but the racing has always been competitive and satisfying. Boats from the Squadron (or other clubs) that have sailed with the division regularly have included the East Coast 31 *Triton IX* Pat Taylor, the Adams *Lindabel* Lloyd Thornton, the Nantucket 31s *Ambitious* David Mathews and *Mingara III* Phillip Crane, and the yacht with the rude spinnaker – *Grumpy* John Strutt. Other Amateurs' boats to sail in the division have included the Defiance 30 *Akimbo* Alex Williamson, *Dreamtime* Dennis Lovelock, and *Invader* Bill Mountford.

Since the late 1980s, the definition of the qualification for entry to the division has been more liberally interpreted, as the IOR rules have fallen out of fashion, and more owners of the existing fleet of half tonners have preferred to use the boats for cruising rather than racing. This has seen regular competitors like the Beneteaus *Norn* Otto Albert and *Joss* Terry McDowell join the division, and add greatly to the competition and enjoyment for all, thanks to a handicapping system that, despite the occasional doubts of some, actually works.

In an effort to encourage more boats to join the division, and to provide some novelty in the racing programme, a regatta for Half Ton yachts was conducted by the SASC in December 1991. The regatta was a success, with fifteen boats entered, including some that were not regular competitors in the division. *Lindabel* won on handicap, followed by *Grumpy* and *Akimbo*.

Despite hopes that the 1991 Regatta might be the first of many, the interest has not been there and it seems that most skippers and crews in the division



prefer the regular programme of point score races on Saturday afternoons. With a more varied fleet of boats including light weight fractional rig half tonners like *Half Hour* Jerry Hendry and the slower masthead rig yachts like the East Coast 31s and Currawongs, variety has been tried with two scratch divisions and shorter handicap series within the spring and summer series. Nevertheless, it is the spring, summer and overall point scores that provide the most effective competition, with the final positions often decided by the last few races—a true test of a keen division and a workable handicap system.

In the 1996/97 season, there have been thirteen regular starters, including some boats that have sailed in the division for many years. *Magic Dragon*, now sailing with the SASC for 25 years is still there, with other regulars like *Tingari*, *Lindabel*, *Ambitious* and *Mingara III*. Competition within the Half Ton division is as keen as ever, and SASC yachts have had their share of success over the years as the records show. Nine yachts have shared the Gold Medals in the Half Ton division - *Magic Dragon* (4 Gold, 4 Silver and 1 Bronze), *The Hum* (4 Gold), *Tingari* (2 Gold, 5 Silver and 2 Bronze), *Vandanick* (2 Gold and 2 Bronze), *Volos* (1 Gold, 3 Silver and 1 Bronze), *Norn* (1 Gold, 1 Silver and 1 Bronze), and *Forte*, *Akimbo* and *Half Hour* (1 Gold each).

Pittwater to Coffs Harbour 1993

Max Prentice *Speakeasy*

Whilst some of our good members were racing to Hobart and victory, two other club members competed in the Pittwater to Coffs Harbour race commencing the

Left: *Tingari* (John Jeremy) on the run from Manly before a perfect North Easterly in a Half Ton Division race in 1990;
Right: *Akimbo* (Alex Williamson) competing for attention with the Cunard liner Queen Elizabeth 2 during the Half Ton Division race on 27 February 1993 (Photo: John Jeremy)

day after the Hobart start on the 27th December 1993. This year the club was represented by Peter Haliday in the fast Davidson 40 *Silverado* and Max Prentice in the cruising Farr 1104 *Speakeasy*. Traditionally, Peter and the writer have had a wager on this particular event the prize being a dozen bottles of fine (or not so fine!) Italian Chianti.

In contrast to the Hobart where the fleet was battling wind up to 70 knots on the nose, the Coffs Harbour fleet, in which there were about 70 entrants started with a strong westerly gusting to 40 knots off Lion Island. This set the scene for a most spectacular start! All entrants went for glory right on the line and popped their spinnakers in 40 knots of breeze for a great skate up the coast.

Speakeasy was lucky enough to beat *Silverado* over the line and start serious surfing. It was colossal to be up with the J35s and NSX's for at least the first three hours of the race. Mind you it was very scary, white knuckles on the wheel being very much the order of the day. At one particular juncture, *Speakeasy* had the NSX *Midnight Express* below her with the Northshore 38 immediately above. There wasn't any more than 100 feet between the three boats; anyone who broached would end up clobbering the next boat. This set the scene for most spectacular sailing. No-one was game to look behind as the fleet broached its way into various problems.

The eventual line honours winner was *Vendetta*, an Inglis 47 and by far the largest boat in the fleet. Whilst the battle was going at the front of the fleet, a case of Chianti was being closely fought out in between radio skeds. For the first night *Speakeasy* was well and truly ahead of the race-tuned Davidson 40 *Silverado* on handicap. Then a decision was made to go out to sea in the morning and pick up the promised nor'easter. This resulted in *Speakeasy* sailing out into a hole about a mile wide where the westerly finished and the north easterly did not commence.

After three hours we fought, or more correctly plodded, our way back around Port Macquarie to exactly the same place where we went to sea. The race from there on was a lottery between land breezes and sea breezes often with only half a mile between dead spots and two conflicting wind patterns.

At dusk on the second night *Speakeasy* was approaching Smoky Cape. This is one of the most spectacular terrains on the NSW coast with a great old lighthouse sitting above a sheer drop with a couple of small islands just below it. The brave go below between the island and the lighthouse, the more cautious go above it. As night set in we were not making a great deal of progress and the decision was made to go just slightly above it, lest we run out of wind altogether. It took several hours just to round Smoky Cape because of the strong southerly set which comes in at that point quite close to the coast. No-one below us was making much headway in terms of braving it out and going between the headland and the island and eventually we were able to tack around into Trial Bay. A light westerly carried us up the coast with the new Norths lightweight Kevlar Mylar No 1 proving a major asset in these ghosting conditions. Progress was reasonable during the night with breezes around 8-9 knots off the land, principally from the nor'west. However "the gate had been shut" at Smoky Cape with *Silverado* getting around in daylight in a reasonable wind against the southerly set, whereas at dusk and at night the set is so strong it's only possible to make perhaps one to two knots against it.

Speakeasy arrived at 7 am to be greeted by the crew of *Silverado* all sitting around *Speakeasy*'s pen quaffing jugs of rum and coke and preparing water bombs. Rapid repartee was forthcoming with Peter Haliday performing a double back flip off the end of the pier and the rest of his crew unrolling fire hoses to appropriately bless the unfortunate *Speakeasy*. (Mind you a blessing at 7 am after a fairly frustrating night sail, does not add to one's sense of humour). We quickly learned that *Silverado* had arrived at 2 o'clock and that with the 4-hour start provided by the inimitable Peter Haliday, we failed by one hour to secure our second case of fine Italian red. The score now remains at one all, *Speakeasy* winning in 1992 and

1938

Following a collision between a yacht on SASC Register and a coastal collier all boatowners were informed that they must allow commercial shipping the undisputed use of the Harbour channels.

Silverado in 1993. *Silverado* however does hold the title for both years for crew double back flips let alone Bundy and coke bathing. This crew really could be all closet Queenslanders, bearing mind the amount spilt let alone consumed!

Overall the race is enormously enjoyable. The passage race is followed by two short offshore races of around 16 nautical miles. The course normally involves all the Solitary Islands group as marks. This is one of the prettiest sections of the coast with lots of dolphins around, great views of the beaches as well as the spectacular Solitary Islands at close range.

 1945

Victory Regatta to be held on 20th October, below the Harbour Bridge, but permission had not been granted for any other races and would not be granted till the boom was removed, perhaps at Christmas.

The Lord Howe Island Race; a trip to paradise

For the past few years the SASC Yacht *Mark Twain* and selected other Club Yachts have raced to Lord Howe Island in late October. It is rumoured that most of the crews travel there to participate in Bob Lawlers bike riding lessons. The following extracts from Charles Maclurcan's various logs of the trips will allow the reader to make up his own mind.

21st Gosford to Lord Howe Yachting Classic. *Mark Twain*, skippered by owner Hugh O'Neill was outright winner in the Performance Handicap Division and was placed 2nd overall in the IMS Division only beaten by last years Hobart winner 97.

Hugh was accompanied by Club members, Bob Lawler, Keith Radford, Dal Wilson and Charles Maclurcan. Hugh and his crew considered the race one of the most pleasant ever on the veteran yacht. She was making her tenth trip to the Island. They were delighted as the smooth seas and sunny conditions allowed her to make the most of her potential for fast sailing in flat water.

Mark Twain fortunately chose the correct side of the rhumb line heading for the Island. Others were not so lucky. *All that Jazz* and *Akubra* further north were becalmed for some time. *All that Jazz* subsequently retired and headed for home. *Akubra* eventually finished in time to ensure that Peter Pangas was able to add to Bob Lawler's cache of White Heather for the return trip. Those that chose to finish and attend the Official Ceremony were rewarded with a sterling rendition of *Mark Twain's* battle song, which, (not to put too fine a point on the matter) referred rather shabbily to her fellow Amateurs sailing abilities. Bob Lawler offered bike riding lessons to other losers.

It is a pleasure to mention the Sponsor of the Race, Fujitsu Australia Limited. SASC Club member John McInerney, General Manager of Fujitsu's Volume Products Division outlined his Company's continuing involvement with the event, thanking both the Administration of the Island and at the Gosford Yacht Club. He went on to announce that the Sponsor would pay the bar bill for the evening as it was the 21st event. This gesture was greatly appreciated by all.

1981 World 5.5 Metre Championships Nassau Bahamas

Peter Chapman

During the 1970s the Metre Division, comprised mainly of 5.5 Metre yachts, produced highly competitive racing for up to 15 yachts. From this fleet, two skippers, Roy Tutty and Warren Muir, went further afield in the class with some success. Four yachts from Australia contested the 1981 World 5.5 Metre Championships in Nassau. Roy Tutty had left the Club by this time, having sailed his *Zephyr* there for many years, to join the RPAYC which was the home of the class in Australia. Roy conscripted two hands to assist his campaign, Colin Beashel and Phil Smidmore (both of whom were to go on to be crew members of a yacht called *Australia II* in 1983 which won a certain well known regatta). Roy's campaign was well organised and competitive.



Rhapsody surfing during the regatta

Warren Muir on the other hand, first raced at the Club in the Metre Division in *Nemesis*. Warren was a boat builder and had a good track record in the skiff classes previously. He was adamant that the current state-of-the-art Luders designs (maximum displacement/maximum sail area) were not the way to go. He designed and built a radical minimum displacement/minimum sail area boat, which he called *Insurgent*. In his first Australian Championship she was disappointing, but to his credit and after constant sail development (she was quite different to sail to the other 5.5s) she came home for a second the following year behind Frank Tolhurst's *Arunga*, and in front of Tutty's Luders designed *Rhapsody*.

Warren was convinced of the merits of his design (which had not been generally accepted by some expert commentators) and committed to taking *Insurgent* to the Bahamas to confirm his ideas. He also built a conventionally designed boat, *Pop's John B*, for Bobby Symonette of Nassau who was to come third on his home turf in the World's. Warren's crew were Robert Stoddard and Peter Chapman, both sons of Amateur members. *Insurgent* was therefore solely crewed by Amateurs, the rest of the Australian contingent in Nassau being from the RPAYC.

The cost of appearing at Nassau for the Championships was not inconsiderable. The boats were carried on trailers as deck cargo and deposited in South Carolina some 1,000 km from Miami. The owners of the four Australian yachts clubbed together to buy a Ford F150 to tow the boats to Miami from where they again became deck cargo for the 300 km trip to Nassau itself. Remarkably, all of our boats arrived on time. Warren's plan did not involve *Insurgent* returning to Australia; he was successful in selling her after the series to a new American owner.

Around 20 5.5 Metre yachts arrived for the World's from Europe, North America and Australia, seven nations in all. Many competitors had sailed 5.5's in the Olympic Games prior to their exclusion from that event. A feature of the regatta was the presence of King Olav of Norway skippering *Norna XII*. Apparently the King was well known for his passion for the 5.5 Metre Class and consequently the people of Norway regularly gave him a 5.5 for his birthday. At that time he was said to own 11 5.5 s. He was a very personable man and well liked by all.

The Duke of Edinburgh Gold Cup was a four race lead up series for the World Championships – one race each day spanning a little over two weeks. For two weeks it blew 15–30 knots, usually 20–30, 30 being the limit to start a 5.5 Metre race. The venue was however magnificent.

The races were held outside Nassau on open but shallow water, with a reef some distance away with the resultant wind wave being testing on boats and crews. The Swiss crews reported that Lake Berne was never like this. The Swedish crew who had a radical boat which was part of the Swedish 12 Metre America's Cup campaign, soon realised they were mainly there for the parties, having difficulty keeping the boat afloat let alone being competitive. Meanwhile, at the serious end of the fleet the pecking order was being established.

Highlights of the Invitation Races were when the King lent *Norna XI* to sailing legend Buddy Melges and his daughter, who won a very rough race (most boats, including the Australians were using Melges gear), and the race when the Australian boats, including the one with SASC on the transom, twice insisted on putting the King over the start line, and were later politely told of the etiquette issues involved; both starts were the subject of general recalls!

Rhapsody's rudder assembly broke in the first race of the World's, and her fightback to win after this setback was both professional and epic, their victory well deserved. *Tolhurst*, previously 5.5 and Etchell World Champion, came home in second place, being pipped by Tully in the last race.

Insurgent, which had attracted a good deal of attention with her novel design ideas, revelled in the downwind legs. Most 5.5s do not plane, *Insurgent* did and she loved the fresh breezes. It was always a continuing fight to get her up to the windward mark in a competitive position. That having been achieved she would

more than likely be at or near the lead at the leeward mark. Her overall result was not assisted by a jammed spinnaker halyard sheave box resulting in a DNF after having won Race 3. Even so, a fourth place for *Insurgent* of the Amateurs was a creditable result for her young crew.

Insurgent was sold immediately after the regatta and did not return to Australia. However the performance of *Insurgent* resulted in a quiet revolution away from the accepted maximum displacement type boats. Warren returned to North America being in strong demand for his skills in building wooden yachts.

Participation of the King of Norway, receptions at the Prime Minister's residence, the hospitality of the people at the Nassau Yacht Club, a convivial introduction to the "Goombay Smash" and marvellous racing ensured that the regatta was a great experience for the *Insurgent's*, crew.

Queenscliff (Port Phillip Bay) to Grassie (King Island) Yacht Race, April 1994

Lani Tomaszewski

I must be mad. Many of my friends tell me so, and after this latest escapade, I am beginning to believe them! Anyone who considers doing a yacht race in Bass Strait after January needs to have their head read.

It all started with a quiet trip to Melbourne to visit my sister, Tiare. However, that all changed the morning I was due to leave with a call from *Wild Thing's* owner, Grant Wharington, asking if Tiare and I would like to race to King Island with them over the weekend. I said "yes" immediately and Tiare agreed also. In Sydney the forecast for Melbourne looked promising with sou'westers of approximately 25-30 kts and no mention of rain; this translated to fast and comfortable reaching conditions for *Wild Thing*. The reality of Melbourne's weather hit home when I arrived at the airport and promptly put on another layer of clothing.

Tiare had been filming during the night all week, and I had enjoyed myself too the night before at an Offshore dinner held at the Amateurs. Jokingly I told Tiare that she should be used to sleepless nights by now – not fully realising how apt an observation this was going to prove.

The Rip at the mouth of the Bay was a deciding factor in what time the race would start—and as it turned out the start was off Queenscliff at the ungodly hour of 01:00 Saturday morning. We arrived at Mornington to meet *Wild Thing* at 10:00pm Friday. The weather was bleak, a blustery southerly of 35-40 kts complete with rain squalls for the start of the race. A look at the weather forecast showed that this pattern was not going to abate. So much for the promised sou'wester and my misplaced optimism.

The motor-sail from Mornington Yacht Club to the start (approximately 2 1/2 hours) provided an extremely good indication of what was to come. It was wet, cold and on the nose.

Wild Thing had one reef and a number four up for the start. The conditions were pretty wild, with yachts ducking and weaving as we jockeyed for a position as close to the start line as could be judged through the rain squalls. Grant pushed *Wild Thing* through the line only seconds after the gun. This aggressive start enabled *Wild Thing* to lead the fleet through the Rip and out the Heads, a position that was to remain unchallenged throughout the course of the race.

The start also revealed another aspect of the fleet; from a registered 49 entrants, only 36 started, with many of the Melbourne big boats such as *Morning Mist III* and *Gee Whiz* (another Inglis 47) opting to stay at home rather than bash their way across the Strait to King Island. Our crew of six regulars and seven not-so-regulars were disappointed that we didn't have the expected big boat competition as we settled down on the rail for what looked to be a long bash across Bass Strait to King Island.

1948

Middle Harbour Club yachts had been handicapped by agreement as their spinnakers are far larger than ours.

Protests received re course sailed for Kelly Cup—all boats sailed the wrong course—resail.

By the time we were out of the Bay I was wondering if I had rocks in my head. It was past the middle of the night; I was freezing cold, wet and exhausted after having only three hours sleep the night before. Here I am sitting on the rail going to windward, and knowing that I will be sitting there for most of the next day as well. Sitting on the rail in the difficult conditions quickly sapped the strength and enthusiasm of the majority of the crew, some of whom were so sick that we put them down below and left them there with buckets.

Before dawn a not-so-quick headsail change from the four up to the three did nothing to improve the general morale on board including my own for, despite being mastman, I was decidedly soggy by the time it was completed. Dawn crept dully onto the horizon and I was still sitting on the rail watching the sky change. Grant was doing his best impersonation of sleeping at the wheel, while Scott Gilbert, the other principal helmsman, did the morning sked. We are still leading the fleet and can see two of our competitors in the grey light behind us, whom we identify from the sked as *Barcadi* and *Prime Example*. The fleet had diminished drastically overnight as yachts continued to retire in the rough conditions. Soon after the sked the wind kicked in again, and the four went back up and a very wet three was taken down below for packing.

The rest of the day passed in a blur of discomfort. The majority of the crew sat on the rail slogging it out, with everyone's eyes getting progressively more red as the spray flew and fatigue set in. The truly ill stayed down below surviving their bout of mal de mer. The quote of the day from one who had not raced in Bass Strait before, was, "It's not a race back too, is it?"

Saturday afternoon's sked revealed more retirements and jesting comments were passed around by our crew about the staying power of many of our competitors. I suspect this was prompted by a subconscious envy and desire to get off the rail.

Drama unfolded in Port Phillip Bay when one of the retired competitors, the S & S 34 *Flamboyant* out of Royal Melbourne Yacht Squadron, came in too close to Chalice Rock (a reef near the Point Lonsdale entrance to the Bay), and suffered the same fate as *Challenge III* and others before her by going up on the bricks at 03:00. The crew were uninjured and winched to safety at first light by a Police helicopter. *Flamboyant* was washed off the reef later in the day and was subsequently towed out of the shipping lanes to the Pilot's Jetty in Queenscliff by a Pilot boat.

Passing the top end of King Island was deceptive in that it felt as if we had nearly finished the race, when in fact we were only two thirds down the course. This meant that the 35+ nm to the finish line off Grassie seemed to take forever. Meanwhile the crews fantasies were getting more vocal and exotic as we came closer to civilisation. A hot shower. A cold Bundy and Coke. A hot King Island beef steak sandwich, may even some of that famous cheese or a bit of lobster...!!!

When we finally crossed the finish line, my major emotion was relief, followed quickly by the anticipation of some civilised luxuries—primarily warmth and dry clothes. King Island hospitality was everything it had been dreamed of during our hours on the rail. The residents of Grassie and the members of the King Island Boat Club welcomed us with cheers and greetings—the showers were hot, the Bundy and Coke cold, the steak sandwiches delicious, the wonderful potbellied stove provided pure, warm, bliss...They even billeted the majority of our crew of 13 out in their own homes.

Grant Wharington had skippered *Wild Thing* to a victory in both line and handicap honours in what was a fairly torrid race across the Strait with an elapsed time of 18-02-47. Only 15 entrants finished out of an original fleet of 49. Having raced many miles aboard *Wild Thing* I believe this race was a classic example of how a well-sailed ULDB can be both competitive and safe in adverse conditions when balanced by competent crew, sound seamanship skills and the good judgement of the skipper.

Tuesday Twilight trophy race

The Club's inaugural Tuesday Twilight Point Score Race was completed in 1994, members competing for the Paul Slocombe Trophy. The series was raced over five weeks and turned out to be a very exciting and competitive series. The winner for 1997 was Tony Barry sailing *Ben Boyd Road*. The pace was set by David Hart skippering *Jellicle*. In Race 1 he crossed the starting line with spinnaker in full flight and led the fleet of eleven yachts around the course to achieve line honours on the night. Thereafter each race was just as competitive, and at the start of the last race 6 yachts were well positioned to take out the trophy. A skippers' meeting which followed the last race confirmed that the Tuesday Twilight Series would become a regular event on the Club's racing calendar.

Subsequent winners were:

- 1995 *Qui Vive* Charles Maclurcan
- 1996 *Saldana Magic* R Richards
- 1997 *Ben Boyd Road* Tony Barry

1949

*Annual Subscription raised to £2/2/-.
(Boatowners paid £1/1/- since 1891.
Ed.)*

The 1988 Bi-centennial two-handed round-Australia race

Ian Lewis with crew David Adams on board *Zulu Chief*, A60

At 8.08 am on 8th day of the eighth month 1988, 15 starters left Sydney Harbour on the gun fired by Kay Cottee from the inshore minesweeper HMAS *Curlew* and included A60 flying the Amateurs racing flag on her backstay. Four yachts in the fully-crewed division followed; unlike the two-handers they could change crew at each of the eight stages.

The race had been promoted by Don McIntyre, who led the Short Handed Sailing Association with secretary Susie Jack and staked the race through his small yacht chandlery business. Apart from the offer of a grant for the short-handed from the Commission for the Disabled, there was no sign of the budgeted \$1m sponsorship within 6 weeks of the start and the McIntyres faced financial disaster. By chance I mentioned naming rights to Dr John Keniry, then Chief of the Goodman Fielder food company who stepped in at a bargain price but saved the day and the race.

The prospect of the race had finally made me do something about the dream of a new cruiser-racer and a year earlier I'd taken the plunge to phone Kel Steinman, a naval architect in Melbourne who had some successful designs. Followed by a couple of exciting weekends at his CAD screen my concept of a modern cruising yacht from a scrapbook of doodles and sketch designs developed, with building quotes from his close contact at Zulu Yachts.

David Adams, ex merchant navy and master mariner, supervised our fit-out. Zulu Yachts, a small company experienced in plastics for industry, had started a successful works team of Steinman half-tonners and in the optimistic spirit of the late 1980s had ambitions to exceed Beneteau's 2,000 boats a year. My yacht was a promotional offer and badly behind schedule so we named her *Zulu Chief* to put their reputation on the line. We were more fortunate than the 20.8m *Amazon* started earlier but still a shell after two years and evacuated to Sydney shortly before the yard was closed.

Half the fleet was financially sponsored, ranging from the multi-million dollar Steinlager beer promotion down to modest fees for naming rights. On 19th October 1987 the Wall Street crash had signalled the end of a wild era of easy credit with share and property prices then spiralling downwards and only now recovering to similar levels.

Disregarding the conventional IOR formula, a light displacement hull (8,500 kg) allowed the maximum length of 50ft for Div.2 at relatively low cost. After 8 years in the bowels of the flush-decked aluminium two-tonner *Mercedes V* a



Zulu Chief at the start of the
Round Australia Race 8-8-88

waterview from the dinette was important and the wide (4.5m) stern was potentially a spacious owner's cabin with access from the aft boarding platform. Short-handed sailing meant all controls from the cockpit and water-ballast of one tonne on each side fed by retractible scoop gave stability without 10 crew on the gunwhale.

Our opposition in Div.2 was from two Adams-Radford 15.2m boats, the well sponsored *Australian Pacific* and the older *Alstar* of legendary sailor Alby Bergin, 73 years old and winner of Hobart, Osaka, and Trans Tasman races, agreeing later with Peter Blake, that this was the hardest race they had ever done. Incredibly Alby had time to open his yacht to benefit a Newcastle charity at every port of call.

The 7,500 mile race was off to a stormy start. Over the next 24 hours the southerly wind increased to 60 knots and claimed the life of one crewman washed overboard at Mermaid Reef, Crowdy Head. A trimaran capsized and the rescuing police launch from Nelson Bay sank; the national press and Police Commissioner criticised the decision to start and sparked a defamation action by the organisers.

From the start we covered 280 miles in 24 hours, largely because the mainsail jammed at the first reef, making Mooloolaba at 10 knots average with nary a broach, where we repaired the damage. The boat had been launched only a week

before the deadline, for public display in the newly-completed Darling Harbour. The hydraulic steering failed periodically; the internal forward steering position continued to function, but at speeds of up to 28 knots the waves over the foredeck put the cabin windows under water, quite disorienting for the helmsman.

After a beachfront memorial service for our lost friend the race restarted for the next leg to Cairns. We pit-stopped at each destination for 2 to 4 days before resuming. Our average time between the 7 ports was 6 days at sea, the longest leg Darwin to Perth taking 16 days.

Watchkeeping was 4 hours by day, halved by night and reduced to 1 hour in bad conditions; mostly steering by hand and staying awake in those night watches was excruciating at times. The Australian-made Coursemaster was excellent but had been located under a deck-leak.

Evening cooking was by the man off-watch, usually a stir-fry in the wok on the gas stove, with plenty of cereals, dried or fresh fruit and salad from the eutectic fridge. We carried a few tins of beer but she was generally a dry ship, entirely due to David's desire to save weight. Everything else, from the bosun's gear to corn-flakes was stored on a large timber box secured to the cabin sole and we each slept in our own pilot berths either side.

Navigation was also by the off-watch, sat-nav intermittent and checked by hand-bearings, especially in northern waters where errors of up to 1/2 mile were a surprise when passing coral atolls. The written log and chart up-dated with the change of watch, radio position reports were twice daily with Derek and Janine at Penta station and excellent reception throughout. We lost a chart in the sequence through the winding channel of the upper Barrier Reef and for 50 miles had to follow the stern light of a boat a mile ahead obscured by heavy rain squalls, which caused some concern at the time.

Passing the warships steaming south for the Bicentennial Naval Review mixed with other merchant traffic whilst we raced under spinnaker at night up the confined inside channel of the reef near Cape Melville was also a sobering experience, especially for David up the mast clearing frequent wraps.

As the weather became lighter towards the north our lead grew shorter and going through the Albany Pass, past the long-abandoned settlement of Somerset, the three of us were in procession only 1/4 mile apart. Gung-ho to retain our lead with a fresh breeze, we alone retained our kite that night to be comprehensively flattened by a bullet off the Carnegie Ranges behind Cape York and were then too timid to get it up again early for the run down Endeavour Strait.

Approaching Darwin one of the fully-crewed yachts was wrecked on a reef. We also had a fright when the 20 knot south-easter dropped to nothing at 1800 exactly, whilst we were nearing a rocky headland with white water off the point. We started the engine, fouled the propellor on the trailing spinnaker sheet but it turned out to be only a tide-race at 6 knots which carried us around Cape Don.

We wallowed in the light breezes and long swells across the north in our wide-sterned boat whilst the slimmer Adams-Radfords got away. David was leaning on the radar-scanner pole on the stern, marking his territory, when it collapsed and he fell with a big splash. After a short cooling swim and up on the stern platform, he turned white as I pointed out the big tiger sharks circling in the crystal-clear sea.

David's ambitions to win the BOC Round the World Single-handed Race had nearly ended. He was using this race for serious training, as a less competitive 51 year-old office worker it was not my chosen pace but he was very considerate and I don't recall a disagreement - unlike several crews where relations became very strained.

Dark shapes underwater, some very large, followed us across the north and whales came close - one like a submarine surfacing a few boats lengths ahead.

Each port of call had a welcoming host and together with Caroline Adams, David's devoted wife and supporter, they helped an exhausted crew with sail-

 1952

January: AYF announced that to raise finance for the sending of yachtsmen to the Olympic Games at Helsinki an Art Union for a Motor Car was to be run by SYRA.

repairs, provisioning and fuelling in unfamiliar places, especially hard in the high humidity of the north. I slept on the boat, so faxes from Denis and Louise Williams, Jack Earl, the Tomos and friends at SASC were especially welcome. In Darwin our helpers the Devonports and their friend Brian Hallett properly reinstalled the steering system; little did we suspect then its other weakness.

Alby was well ahead at Perth where *Zulu* was slipped to tighten the keelbolts, narrowly avoiding a knock-down on the hardstand with midnight propping by the yard manager. Down to Cape Leeuwin and across the Bight was generally moderate with a 45 knot dusting up Investigator Strait to Port Adelaide which tore the spinnaker pole off the leeward deck, but with stronger following winds we had narrowed the lead on *Alstar* and the 60ft ultra-light (5,000 kg) *Technovator* which had lost time with rudder repairs.

Hobart saw us alongside Elizabeth Street Pier damaged by a tug out of control, and missing one blade of the folding propeller. But we were racing, self-starting again on time at 4pm, off to Bass Strait in pursuit, bound for Western Port and a westerly gale forecast on the nose.

After 48 hours and halfway across Bass Strait the steering was spongy and we saw the hydraulic cylinder gradually tearing off the deck at the base of its mounting. The engine was dead with water in the fuel from a lost deck filler cap and batteries low. The emergency steering was ineffective and the formidable entrance was 50 miles to windward with a regular winter westerly gale of 40-60 knots and big seas. With 4 reefs in the fully-battened mainsail and storm jib we were doing 6.5 knots and 40 degrees to the apparent wind; warnings were out for a new frontal system approaching from the west. Little alternative but to try for port while we had some control.

In these conditions, *Australian Pacific* astern we sheltered at Kent Island for 4 nights. The cat *St Therese* capsized off Tasmania with her crew rescued 56 hours later.

Touch and go on the final approach to Western Port, now dark but only 2 hours behind *Alstar* and *Technovator*, rain squalls to 66 kts, a tired and shivering crew not game to shake out reefs during the lulls to save the steering now literally hanging by a few threads of fibreglass, a cross-current setting us to Phillip Island a mile to leeward, a big breaking wave and we were knocked down helpless.

We rolled and were carried along with the wave, David was still in the surf on his lifeline when we went over again. I remember a thump while clinging to the wheel upside down breathing foam and when we surfaced was pinned down by the boom and top of the broken mast. David saw the rocks 10 yards away and leapt back on board. At some stage we had pranged the rudder as we were swept between the outcrops of Seal Rocks.

We were glad of the hull design with its recessed keel as we were waterlogged and immobile but otherwise structurally sound in calmer water beyond.

Tom Delaney and the Flinders pilot-boat volunteer crew came through wild conditions which David had judged impossible, to take us off at midnight, subsequently receiving the award for Victorian Rescue of the Year.

Next morning we retrieved the bedraggled yacht for tow to Hastings with help from local yachtsman Ron Bibby.

Of 15 starters there were 9 finishers in the two-handers, some taking 3 months to complete. The big cat came home in 33 sailing days, average speed 9.3 knots. Celebrations and drowning of sorrows followed at a memorable sponsor's dinner in the ballroom of the Regent Hotel.

Mosman Bay was glorious for our re-entry on a Sunday afternoon after a slow journey a year later. With sons Ben (13) and John (22) and the stump of the mast, steel plate rudder by Bob Lawler and Trevor Cosh, a progressively slipping clutch on the 48hp Bukh saildrive but fortunately the fresh westerlies now behind us, and still flying the Amateurs flag, we had returned to complete the circumnavigation.

Sunday racing

Bill Gale had a dream, to see Sydney Harbour filled with racing metre type yachts. As a result, in 1991 the SASC started the Metre/Veteran Division racing on a Sunday. The Division consisted of several 30 square metre yachts, 8 metres and 6 metres, Dragons and classic yachts such as *Windward II*.

The first season had seven races, but by the beginning of the second season the skippers were calling for more, so another three races were added. The start time moved from 1140 to 1200 noon in an effort to get a better breeze, but still take advantage of the traffic-free Harbour.

Around ten yachts raced consistently, with *Gretel II* sometimes gracing us with her presence.

In the six seasons of Sunday Racing, other changes have evolved.

The Metre/Veteran Division now consists of Metre type yachts only, with another Division starting for Heavy/Veteran Yachts.

In 1996/97 season, a third Division of Gaff-Rigged yachts also ran a short series of races. The first race of the series was the inaugural Captain Slocum race to commemorate the centenary of *Spray's* entry to Sydney Harbour. The Spray Trophy was designed for this event.

Provision has been made in the 1997/98 season, for a Fast Division, which it is hoped will get up and running.

The Sunday race days have been very social occasions, with many of the non-member participants returning to the Club to partake of the wharf sausage sizzle.

While the fleet of metre boats has been smaller the last two seasons, the best yachts have been there and the racing has been extremely competitive.



Hoana A100 (Martin Van der Wal) winner of the first Joshua Slocum Trophy race October 1996 (Photo: Rex Dupain)

The Sunday racing has evolved into a very close encounter. In the Metre and Heavy Divisions the series winners are rarely decided before the final race. The promise of more competitors for the coming season will see Bill's dream further realized.

The story of *Archina* and the 50th Sydney to Hobart Race

John Firth-Smith

I have been fortunate to have always lived near or on the waterfront. I learnt to sail when very young in a wooden box on the lawn with sails made by my mother; shifted around to learn the points of sailing. My first vessel was a metal cabin trunk with the lid taken off; rafts, corrugated iron canoes, double bed kapok mattress, anything that floated would do. Teenage sailing on Pittwater was spent at Avalon Sailing Club. I had progressed to Moths, VJs, and Flying Dutchman classes. I also sailed on *Southwind* a 61 ft ketch owned by Phil Rudder and renamed *Blue Waters*. Little did I know then that I would have a large ketch of my own one day.

My first larger yacht mid 70's, was *Lady Luck* a yacht that had sailed with the SASC, A 26. She was built by Lars Halvorsen, 32 ft long sloop rigged. My next yacht *Janaway* was a double ended flush raised deck sloop designed by Wally Ward for himself and built on a houseboat at the Spit. This boat was inspirational to Ron Swanson who with Ward based the successful Carmen class on her. *Janaway* was on the SASC register sail No MH4.

In January 1982, I saw an add in the paper for *Windward II*. I bought her immediately, trading *Janaway* as payment. *Windward II*, the former schooner now rigged as a cutter had won every major trophy on the harbour while owned by the legendary James March Hardie. Built by Percy Coverdale in Hobart to the plans of Norman E Dallymore in England. The yacht needed a lot of work to restore to racing condition.

Bill Gale left a message on the deck one day to suggest I race with the SASC. I immediately responded. We sailed with Division I and later the Metre Boat series. *Windward II* was a wonderful yacht, loved a big breeze and was loved by everybody. She taught me a lot about sailing and restoring old yachts.

The 50th Sydney-Hobart was comming up. I was researching the history of the race and decided to enter a yacht in the event. I immediately thought of the vintage Hobart Yachts. *Windward II* was not suitable because of its very original state and I did not want to alter this to bring it up to offshore racing standards.

I saw an add for a yacht I remembered on Sydney Harbour, *Archina* now in Tin Can Bay Queensland. I went to have a look. *Archina* was one of the nine yachts that started in the first Sydney - Hobart Race and now has been in six Sydney-Hobarts winning her Division I Benicia Cup and third overall in 1949. I arrived in Tin Can Bay - and there she was - beautiful; well almost. In 1967 the yacht had been turned into a gin palace - huge engine, raised trunk cabin with coachouse, raised cabin sole, huge galley, shower, head, curtains, teak magazine racks and carved mermaids. Tiller steering had been replaced with a wheel and huge quadrant on the aft deck. Sun awnings and clutter everywhere.

Underneath was a very good hull designed by Sydney naval architect Cecil E Boden. Built by Hayes and Sons at Careening Cove in 1935 of the best materials for Mr Luscombe Newman. Hull 52 ft long full length kauri planking with no butts. The masts were timber in good condition. I purchased the yacht and sailed it back to Sydney for preparation for the 50th Sydney-Hobart. We arrived in Lavender Bay in June and moored in front of my house where the enormous task of preparing the yacht got underway. The non-original interior was stripped out, old rusty fuel and water tanks old sails mermaid carvings endless pieces of teak. The yacht was taken to Balmain for a new cockpit, bridge deck, removing the coach house, new combings chainplates and tea tree knees; and a new engine instalation.



At this time Jenny Hazelgrove, whose father won the Hobart race with *Nerida* in 1950, was very much part of the team with her husband JP. They had helped sail *Archina* from Queensland with Fraser Johnston and myself. Jenny also won the SASC Metre division with her 6M *Juno* in 1991. Jenny was trying to obtain sponsorship and was responsible for the crew interviews. Sponsorship, however, was almost impossible to come by. The yacht was slowly coming together by November. Masts were in, sails were being made, rigging done. Painting and varnishing was left to the end.

I needed a Sailing Master who could be responsible for the crew and sailing the yacht while I could concentrate on the preparation. I was now known as PBO, poor bloody owner. Peter Wherry was appointed Sailing Master. We had raced against him on the harbour in his *Struen Marie* in the SASC. Peter and his

Archina off the coast of Tasmania approaching Storm Bay in the 50th Sydney-Hobart race 1995 (Photo: Richard Bennett)

 1956

January: Meeting attended by three generations of the Backhouse and Merrington families. Bluebird Division to be created in the coming season and six Star Class Boats to race with Club flying SASC Pennant over Star Class Sail Numbers

brother Brian had taken *Struen Marie* to Hobart in 1991, 40 years after she won the Sydney-Hobart in 1951. Peter moved things along rapidly with the help of his mobile phone and by the beginning of December everybody was working frantically. The crew consisted of a few old *Windward II* crew. Bob McCauley and Jimmy the Reb (USA) who used to sail on the big schooner *Astor* in the 50s. *Astor* was coming out for the event but declined because of the I.M.S. rating measuring requirements. *Archina* got her IMS certificate, stability certificate, interior certificate for accomodation, water, fuel plus radio certificates etc. The yacht was fitted with a new rudder and painted on the slipway where she was built 60 years before at Careening Cove.

The first sails arrived, main, jib and yankee, about 2 weeks before the start. The yacht having a long bowsprit needed a twin spinnaker pole system. The poles plus the mast fittings had to be made and modified. Jimmy the Reb arrived with the pole ends from North Carolina, USA. We were getting there, but we all wondered if we would ever get to the start line. I was obsessive and everybody very determined. All the sails were now made with one week to go! Everybody very excited for a shakedown sail at night miles off the heads; a southerly buster tested boat and crew resulting in one withdrawing. The crew was now 13. We discussed this, being naturally superstitious sailors, but decided to go with that number as we were coming together well as a team.

The yacht was sailing under the burgee of the SASC sail No. A2 for the race. The numbers were put on the sails. More shakedown sailing. Two days before the start it was drizzling and wet. We were unable to paint the cockpit with non-skid yet managed final touching up and last minute things in the rain while enjoying Christmas.

Start day; up early; load up food; check everything; photos, hugs, kisses, patting dogs, farewells; then off to the SASC for a raft-up before the race. We realized our HF radio, though new was not functioning properly; navigator and SASC people trying to solve the problem. Bob Lawler lent us a hand-held radio.

The start. The big yacht made no attempt to be first over the line in the 30 year veterans division. The spinnaker was up and we were moving up the harbour towards the marks which were drifting westward narrowing the gap between the bouys. Yachts were piling up behind from the other start lines and it became very tight rounding the seaward mark. We did not hit another yacht but came close, and were glad when headed for open sea. Once out the heads we headed south east close hauled with a southerly blowing.

We had won the race to be in the race. I must thank everybody who was committed to *Archina*, now A101. She is as good as new and could do the 100th Sydney-Hobart!

Anitra V

Philip Brown

Anitra V was designed by Trygve Halvorsen for his own use, built by the Halvorsens yard at Ryde in Sydney and launched in 1956, in time for the Hobart Race. Sailed by the Halvorsen brothers Trygve and Magnus, she came second on handicap to Vic Meyers *Solo* after surviving an 85 mph gale in Storm Bay. She won the Hobart Race in 1957 with a corrected time of 3 days and 55 minutes, the year that *Kurrewa IV* set a new course record of 3 days, 18 hours and 30 minutes for line honours. In 1958 the Halvorsens again came in second, this time to *Siandra* after a close finish. Later in the 50s the Halvorsen brothers shipped her to California for a series and sailed her back across the Pacific.

Built of Canadian cedar using the strip plank method, *Anitra V* was an advanced design for her time with short keel and spade rudder hung aft. She is 11.6m overall, beam 2.92m, draws 2.0 m and has minimum displacement of 2,837

Kg. She has five sea berths plus two in the for'csle. Her canoe stern design is a link to Norwegian design concepts adopted by Trygve Halvorsen, previously seen on his 1948 Trans Tasman winner *Peer Gynt* and later used on the most successful *Freya* in the early 60s.

Anitra V was owned for 30 years by Sir Garfield Barwick, a member of SASC, Dudley Stewart was Sailing Master. The 50th Hobart was the 14th for *Anitra V* and the last Hobart for Dudley Stewart and his crew, who sailed together one last time to win the CYCA Veterans Race in 1995. *Anitra V* was purchased by SASC member Philip Brown in 1995.

Under her new owner and the Amateurs burgee she has successfully competed in the 1996 Coffs Harbour Race and the 1997 Southprot Race in the Veterans Division.



Cutter rigged Anitra V sailing down the coast after the start of the 50th Hobart Race under skipper Dudley Stewart

Chapter Five

Cruising

Rainbird's Trip to Africa

Frank Talbot

"Cocos a hundred miles astern. Hydraulics losing fluid, so hand steering tonight. No.2 Genny pulling like a horse in this wild trade wind. White crests in the 3/4 moon. Flying clouds racing past the stars. 1,900 miles of ocean to Rodrigues." (Log: Oct. 18, 1979; 2100hrs.)

After years of modest coastal cruising we set off to sail to Africa and back. Our plan was to take *Rainbird* of Sydney up through the Torres Straits to the trade winds, through the islands of the Indian Ocean to South Africa, and then run our easting down in the forties back to Australia. *Rainbird* was one of Jo Adam's long-keeled forty footers, slightly modified to give us a traditional stern. This change provided a huge aft locker you could put the kind of gear we inevitably carry as collecting marine biologists, like big plastic bins for preserving fish for the Australian Museum, and plankton nets to satisfy Sue's love of collecting and studying minute swimming crustaceans, plus microscopes, bottles and jars. It turned out to be just as useful for Nick's island collecting, Santori whisky bottles, large plastic and glass buoys from Japanese longliners and interesting driftwood pieces.

We are very ordinary coastal sailors. For this big trip, planned over five years, there was a question between us—unspoken, but palpably hanging there. How would we handle long distance sailing? How would we face the problems of real cruising, when you cop whatever comes along and have to cope with it somehow, because there is no port to duck into.

We left the quiet of Tambourine Bay in the Lane Cove River exhausted by kindness. Then I finally opened the undiscussed question with Sue, by saying "Let us just go from harbour to harbour, one step at a time. And we shall turn back if we find it too demanding physically, or become too terrified at the risk". So that is what we did. We finished final things in Pittwater at the RPAYC, and took on board our sturdy middle son Jonathan as crew to Gladstone.

A strong south-east wind picked us up north of Barranjoey. The log on July 3rd; at 2200 hrs reads: "I should have reduced sail at dusk ... no fool like an old fool. Going like the clappers in Force 5-6 in building seas. Then a wild jibe and main sheet traveller off the track end. Much shemozzle." We sped north and waved at the lovely places along the NSW east coast, but did not stay, and found our first coral island, Lady Musgrave, just past midnight 4 days and 12 hrs from Barranjoey. Jo Adams gives his boats the gift of speed, and *Rainbird* is fast, even though overbuilt in 3/16 inch steel and overfilled with too many things.

1962

29th August: Several people had boats in the shed who were not members. Registered letters to be sent to all asking them to remove same. (All but one either removed their boats or joined the Club and about four months later that boat just disappeared!)

The Great Barrier Reef

The Great Barrier Reef remains a place of surprises. There are still many islands where there are beaches with no footsteps. Each night we anchored, for we were mindful of Captain Cook's painful episode on Endeavour Reef on a dark night 209 years and one month before our trip. When the sails were furled we would

put the ten foot tinny over and row ashore to stretch our legs for half an hour. Then back to cook the evening meal.

"Do not tow the dinghy!" the log narrative says sternly on July 15th. We had dropped Jonathan in Gladstone and picked up our fellow builders of *Rainbird*, Phillipa and Kevin Bannon of Mosman. They were to be with us to Bowen and we were having a great time moving slowly up the reef. On the day of this log entry we left the shelter of Middle Percy, having had showers on the beach and bought bottles of home made marmalade courtesy of kind Andy Martin's "yachtsman's comfort stop." Clear of the island we found ourselves racing down big seas in a gale of wind with the dinghy, with our outboard motor on its stern, getting up to all sorts of antics, surfing parallel with us, lying side-on to the crests of waves, and generally misbehaving. There was nothing I could think of doing, with the Digby Isles dead ahead, so I stopped looking, expecting to lose it. But as we swept into shelter we still had it in tow, half full of water. I learnt again one of sailings many little lessons.

"One bommie at a time!" (log narrative of August 7th). One evening, just short of Lizard Island, we anchored at dusk in the lee of Rocky Isles. The wind died and we had a peaceful night, but to my horror in the dawn I found I had driven her inside a set of huge bommies which were now showing pale close to the surface, just giving us room to swing to the anchor. I put Nick at the first crossrees to pilot us out. From the cockpit the bommies seemed everywhere, and I called out to him in some consternation. The 11 year old looked coolly down, "Go a little to starboard, Dad. One bommie at a time". This is now a family saying. If life seems full of too many problems, take one bommie at a time!

From Lizard Island to Cape York we ran each day, and anchored each mid-afternoon, fossicking on some island, bay or estuary. A few times we had one or two great sea eagles drifting over us, keeping close watch. In the whole distance (some 400 miles) we sighted only one other yacht, a smaller boat, *Islander*, which we very slowly caught and passed.

I remember leaving lovely Cocos Keeling lagoon as one of the hardest moments of our long trip, with tough questions on my mind. On board were just Sue and me (nearing 50 years old) and our youngest son, 11 year old Nick, and three weeks of ocean to cross.

The Indian Ocean

"I think I shall remember these nights forever. The wind is a steady, sturdy trade from the SSE, and the boat drives down the moon's path, with reflections of the



*Traffic in the Indian Ocean.
Believed not to be an SASC
member*

moon on every wave. Every now and then a bird comes to look at this strange, surging beast, then drifts back into the darkness. The self-steering keeps her steadily on course, with little rudder movement. Under one's feet she shudders as she slides fast down a wave, and one feels from her movement a sense of excitement and purpose." (Taken from the log narrative of October 10th.)

Talking to the 30 or so ocean travelling yachties in Durban, South Africa, most said they loved the Pacific, but the Indian Ocean was too blustery, and gave a hard, wet ride. We feel differently, for we found it, our first ocean crossing, an interesting and restful run. Running down the trades was a delight. No reading had prepared me for what this would be like.

The cyclone season

Below Madagascar, on November 24th, the log reads: "A huge waterspout is close, hissing on the surface and lifting water as a white mist. It must be spinning at 50 knots or more. Moves slowly past us at 5 knots, and at its upper end where it reaches into cloud it has that hollow look with thicker sides. Quite awe-inspiring! We stood by to drop sails, but its course was steady and slow, and it passed us by." In late November a waterspout like this is telling us that the trades are breaking down. Our Mauritius friends had said "Stay longer, the cyclones never come until January." We left because the South Indian Ocean Pilot says otherwise, and within ten days we found it to be right. We also carried new passengers from Mauritius, our first cockroaches, which we never got rid of, and whose progeny may still be on board.

Cyclone Albine, the first cyclone of that year in the Southern Indian Ocean, developed east of Mauritius on the 3rd December, as we were getting towards Durban. The yacht *White Wave* with Queenslanders Steve, Jenny and Garry on board, was caught. Over the ham radio we hear the wind is force 10 or more, the waves are huge. She has been rolled more than once and is dismasted. They later reach Maritius, but their circumnavigation is over. A few days later a Californian yacht, *Drambuie* with an American physicist and his wife on board, disappeared entirely southwest of Mauritius. We understand why the Chinese call cyclonic winds "the devil winds".

Africa

The thousand miles of South African coast from Durban to Cape Town is said to be the most difficult bit of sailing in a trade wind trip around the world. We had



Rainbird in Cape Town



Farewell to Cape Town

lost our Volvo engine two days out of Mauritius with injector trouble, and could get no spares in Durban. So, engineless, we learnt cautious ways of entering and leaving harbours. *Rainbird* and its cheerful holiday mob on board, took this robust coast in famous style, by turn ghosting south in light northerlies, having a good time in the hospitable harbours, and shouldering into the heavy weather when it was necessary.

Rainbird reached Cape Town in a wild southeaster (the normal summer wind, called the Cape Doctor), rounding Cape Point in a mass of white gannets dive bombing pilchards and a feeding frenzy of dolphins. Then a sleigh ride down the grand Cape Peninsula mountains, the Twelve Apostles, to rest and be refitted in the Royal Cape Yacht Club which gives a welcome to all cruising yachts.

The Southern Ocean

"We start the long trail. Wind dropped. Start engine, which is now running well. Going south to clear the Agulhas Bank." (log on 18th April, 1815 hrs.) We ran three hundred miles straight south of Cape Town to clear the huge shallow bank, made a port turn, and were off along the fortieth parallel, hastening back to Australia. Sue and Nick were back on board, plus a 27 year old South African, Ivan Cave, a very experienced sailor and one of our Durban crew. For this long run *Rainbird* is more heavily laden with food and water than ever before.

"This ocean is immense. We reach 2,000 miles in a few hours and we are not nearly half way." (log narrative on the 4th May, sixteenth day out of Cape Town). On the 24th day at sea, we "sight Amsterdam Island in the cloud ... Hooray!"

We anchored in an open bay below the French weather and satellite tracking station, occupied by 29 Frenchman and 2 Russians for the coming winter, and by their waves and beckoning it seemed the natives were friendly and wanted us to land. The last supply ship for the season to the station had come and gone, so we carried a bag of hastily written letters, and were paid in gallons of fresh water, long crusty bread, beef from wild cattle on the island, green vegetables, and some wine in plastic jars. The anchor came up at 8pm, and we set off to the east.

"Heavy water on deck and in cockpit. Staysail dropped. Storm jib up. Turn to run south before the wind. The sea is now a wild sight, with great sheets of white as waves break. Wind 38 knots, gusting 40." Thirty nine days from Cape Town, and getting close to Albany, we were hit by a three day gale. Steering became more difficult as the seas built up. The bigger, steeper waves looked dangerous, sometimes toppling, with white water then racing down the wave at what looked like 20-30 knots. We tried to avoid them, sliding to port or starboard when we saw them rearing. Occasionally we could not escape them, and the speeding, tumbling water would strike *Rainbird* heavily, shaking the crew below and soaking the helmsman. We had one dorade box broken off, but suffered no major damage. Ivan and I were now finding that steering tired us quickly, and in the worst of it took one hour watches, trying to rest or have a hot soup in the alternate hour, but were steadily getting very weary. Sue cooked hot dishes three times a day which was wonderfully sustaining.

43 days out of Cape Town and with just under 5,500 miles logged and close to land, we passed two vigorous sperm whales, the first we had seen, with blunt heads coming half out of the water as they drove past us and welcomed us to Australia. We entered King Georges Sound at dusk, and crept into Albany. For a tired crew it was good to have *Rainbird* lie against solid Australian wharf timbers, and to realise we were back home again.

Knockdown

Bass Strait gave *Rainbird* the worst moments of her 18,000 mile voyage. We sheltered from gales in the peaceful America's river in Kangaroo Island until the Adelaide weatherman we phoned said "Go, no strong winds about". The crew was now Ivan, son Jonathan and me, for Sue finally had to take Nick away from his roving life and back to school in Sydney.

Our weatherman had been optimistic, and as we approached the entrance to Bass Strait the wind strengthened, and we were finally surfing at 14 knots down relatively low swells before a following force 9 gale with only the No.2 genoa. The noise of our revolving prop reached a scream as we raced down each wave, and I went up to change the genoa for the storm jib. I had resistance from Jonathan, who was having a ball. "She is easy to steer, and we are going fast in the right direction" was his comment. But the going just seemed too wild, and after calling Ivan to get his wet-weather gear on I left the cockpit and started to move forward, clipped on to the port safety line running down the length of the boat. Too late! The first big wave we had seen in this gale lifted the boat high and she shot down into the trough, Jonathan actually giving a youthful yell at the huge fun of surfing. But things, particularly big waves, often come in threes. The next wave was higher, steeper, and she sped down into the trough, put her nose down, and gave a small broach. Jonathan cranked her straight. Then came our nemesis – a giant of a wave. From half way along the boat I looked up at a vertical wall of water a good deal higher than our forty foot length. The stern shot up, and for a few seconds we were vertical, plastered against the fast moving monster, until it toppled and threw us over and to one side like a surf breaker tossing a dinghy.

Rainbird had been thrown up and then over to starboard, lying for a second or two with her mast deep under and cracking both port cross tree base fittings (heavy aluminium castings) as she speared the water. Jonathan had been catapulted

upwards as her stern shot high, over her nose, then knocked back to the deck as she rolled to port and buried herself. Finally he was washed overboard out below the port lifelines – breaking a lifebouy as he went. His personal safety line traced this crazy movement ... back under the lifelines, up 5 ft to where he had gone between the two safety jacklines attached to the backstay, and then down to the attachment point. The helmsman's wooden chair was broken and gone, and minor damage included broken windows in the open cuddy, a dorade box and the shade awning gone, and down below the wine locker had opened and six bottles of red wine had shot upwards, embedding glass into the western red cedar ceiling, and making a cocktail with all the music tapes. The big aluminium dinghy was badly crushed, caught between 10 tonnes of boat and an unforgiving sea as she slewed over and sideways ... and hit the water hard.

How did it happen? The Southern Ocean is full of different swells, which may coincide to make big waves. I should also have been aware of the danger of shoaling water potentially causing big waves to break as we approached Bass Strait. Speed finally held us with the last wave until it did break. Going slower, even towing warps, might have helped and the big wave could have broken after it had passed us. Any boat would have been in a dangerous position if it had been in the spot where that monster vertical wave was finally breaking, but our fast sailing into shallowing water helped to make certain we would be in the wrong spot.

We shared our stories and showed our bruises anchored in Refuge Cove behind Wilson's Promontory. Then had an uneventful trip back to Sydney, finally to bring *Rainbird* back to her mooring in Tambourine Bay. After a year away, we looked at everything with fresh eyes. As the poet T. S. Elliott says:

And the end of our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started,
And know the place for the first time.

The wrong way home from Hobart January 1996

Dal Wilson and Keith Radford

Skipper: Hugh O'Neill, Navigator: Keith Radford
Crew: Dal Wilson, Charlie O'Connor, Tony Krakowski

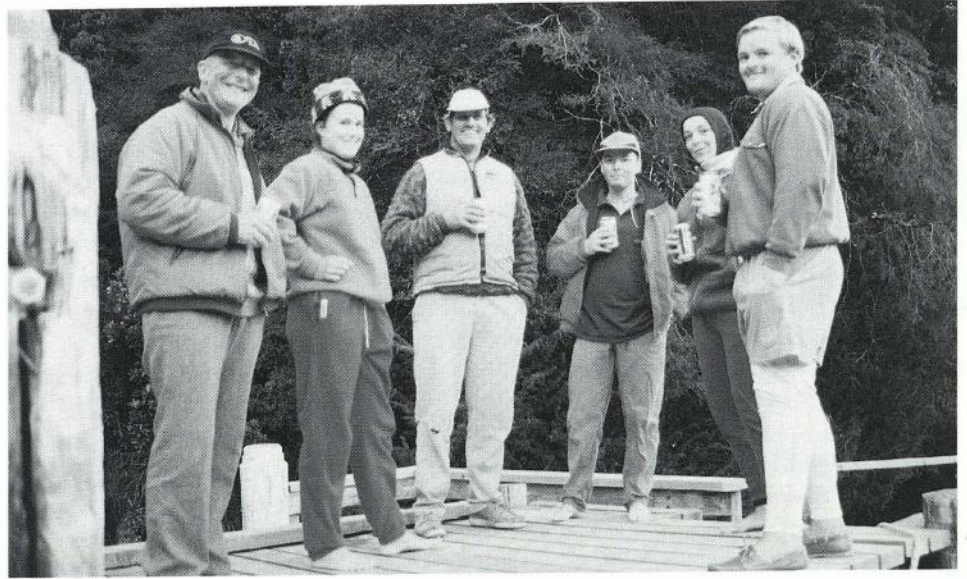
After enjoying a marvellous race to Hobart, the owner-skipper of *Mark Twain*, Hugh O'Neill, decided to get serious and do some real sailing. Hugh felt that the best way to get home was to take a cruise around the west coast of Tasmania.

After an extremely pleasant lunch at the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania, we departed for a leisurely sail down the D'Entrecasteaux Channel with an overnight stop at Kettering. The next morning after checking the weather we decided that we would make our way to Port Davey. This part of the voyage was extremely exciting; it took us past the most southern part of Australia, Maatsuyker Island, which we rounded at first light the following morning. Whilst this part of Tasmania is notorious for its bad weather, we experienced a light southeaster and smooth seas (even Bill Gale would have enjoyed it).

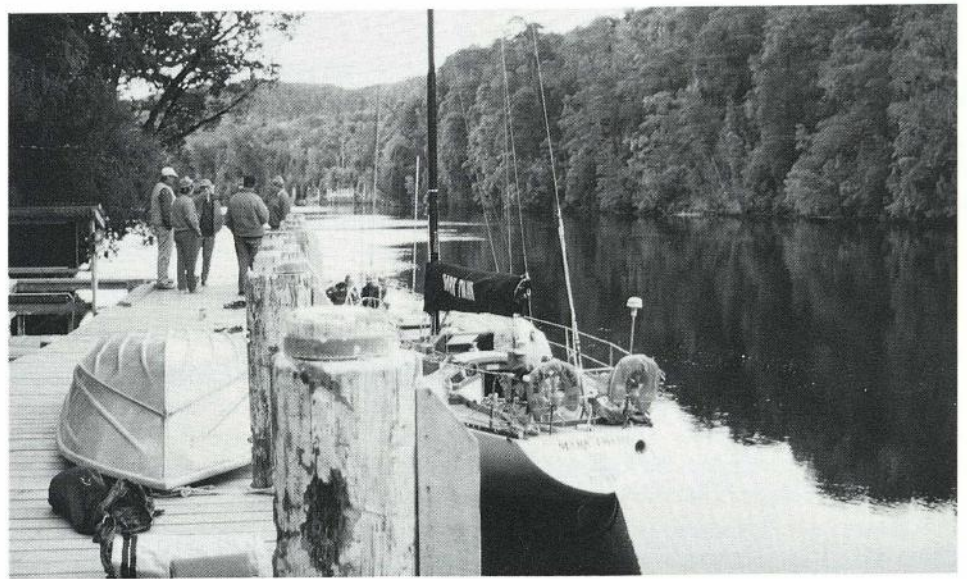
We arrived at Port Davey and entered Bathurst Channel at midday. We then cruised up into Bathurst Harbour. All of us were amazed at the huge expanse of water that opened up before us. The whole area is now part of a national park and supports no permanent residents. Anchoring in Clyde Cove in the company of two other yachts, we met Eric. Eric was a cruising sailor who was single-handing his 24ft steel sloop around Australia. He was obviously in no hurry as he had been there for some time. He came aboard *Mark Twain* for a chat and drink and did not stop talking for at least three hours. The next day we motored up to Schooner Cove where we inspected an aboriginal ochre cave and midden. Mount

1963

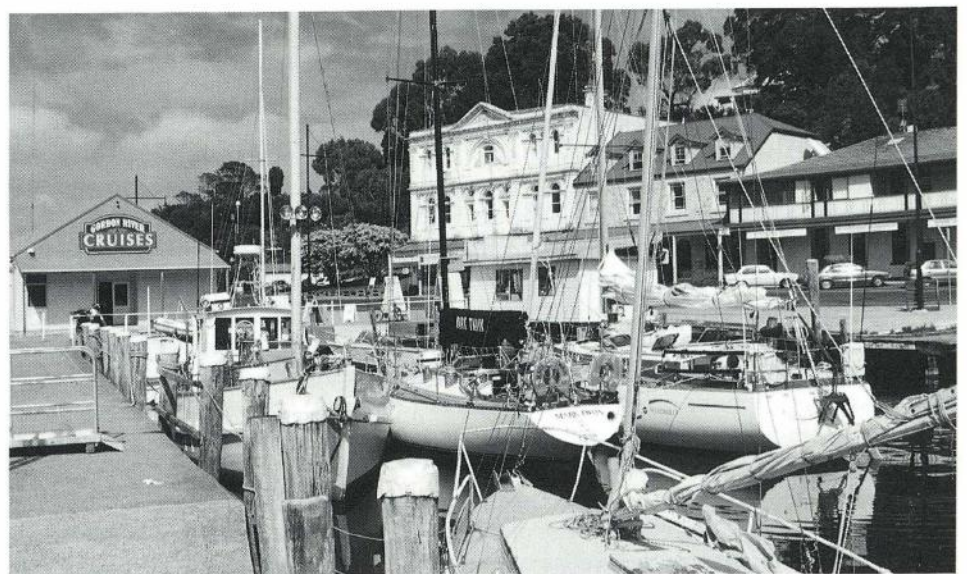
Club reported a speedboat that was weaving between the yachts at and over the Starting line and MSB took action and notified us of same.



A quiet little drink on the pier



The tranquility of the Gordon River



Mark Twain at Strahan

Nares (995ft) was climbed by Keith, Dal and Tony, basically because it was there, and enjoyed the superb views over Port Davey and Bathurst Harbour.

At six o'clock that night we departed Port Davey for Maquarie Harbour. After a pleasant night sail under spinnaker we arrived at 11.30am the next day. Stories have been told about the notorious "Hells Gates" but when we arrived it was no worse than entering Mosman Bay. After following the leads through the shoals we tied up alongside the wharf at Strahan. As the hotel was only 50 yards away, we did the right thing and went and paid our respects. The next day was taken up with leisurely sight seeing.

Tuesday morning came with mild hangovers and we thought "why not go up the Gordon River as far as we can go"; so we did. There is a landing called Sir John Falls 22 miles from the mouth of the river, where the protests over the Franklin Dam occurred. This is about as far as a keel boat can go. Stemming about 2 knots of current we arrived at 8.30 that evening. As we approached the landing the younger members of the crew took a sudden dive below grabbing for combs, toothbrushes, clean shirts and deodorant. Lo and behold on the landing were nine young, nubile, female white water adventurers. Greetings were exchanged from both sides and we settled down to dinner and a quiet little drink before retiring in preparation for an early start the next morning.

Wednesday morning arrived with a heavy mist and after breakfast we prepared for our trip down river. For the girls, having completed the Franklin River part of their trip, the rapids and white water were over. They faced a day and a half paddle to the mouth of the Gordon to meet their pick up ferry. *Mark Twain* being a very liberated boat offered to ferry them down to their pick up point. For once women actually outnumbered men on the mighty *Mark Twain*. The trip back down the river was memorable. Entertaining ladies and seeing the Gordon River at its best, a mirror-like surface, huge hills covered in huon pine and the most fantastic reflections on the river itself. In fact, it became difficult at times to gauge distance from the shore and to the next bend. We dropped our cargo at the ferry pick up point, then sailed the length of Macquarie Harbour to Strahan. We were met at the wharf by our new-found friends and an extremely pleasant evening at the Strahan Pub ensued.

Time was getting on and we needed to make our departure for King Island. Once again we passed through Hells Gates in very calm weather and set course for Grassy Harbour. Oh No, we've got to set the spinnaker again! Thirty hours later we dropped spinnaker and entered Grassy Harbour on King Island. We spent a very pleasant 24 hours sampling lobster, grand steaks and cheeses before setting sail for Wilsons Promontory.

Arriving at Refuge Cove, a delightful all-weather anchorage, we spent the night before setting off for Eden and the long haul up the NSW coast. Five days later battling adverse currents and headwinds we arrived back in Sydney. This was a small price to pay for the delights of the west coast of Tasmania and Bass Strait. It is impossible to do justice to the trip in a short narrative like this; you had to be on the boat to fully appreciate how wonderful it really was.

From a very lucky crew, many thanks to Hugh O'Neill for making it possible.

Sailing in the Greek Islands. August 1986

Bob and Val Skinner

In July 1986 my wife Val and I decided to combine a trip to Canada with a sailing holiday in the Greek Islands with our friends Dick and Shirley Downes. Val was an enthusiastic member of the crew of our two boats, *Mehitabel* a Thunderbird and *Aleena* a Compass 28, sailing and racing with the Amateurs.

Dick and Shirley who had been members of the Club's Cruising Division had acquired *Catriona* a 31 foot cruising catamaran, which had been built in England

 1963

Club to sponsor Thunderbird Class and if sufficient starters a Championship to be held.

for his brother. It was designed for cruising French canals. The Downes for several years avoided Sydney winters by sailing on *Catriona* in the Mediterranean. Friends were invited to accompany them on legs of their voyages and we were offered the leg from Kos to Samos, islands in the Aegean Sea. *Catriona* was a very sturdy craft, fitted for comfortable cruising, complete with a library, a modest sail plan, and two 20HP Bukh Deisels.

It was arranged that we would meet at Kos on 4 August 1986. This of course took some doing as we had been touring in Canada and the Downes had to arrive at Kos on that day after sailing in Turkish waters. Nevertheless we managed it, much later than scheduled, arriving at a very touristy town with a long crowded quay. I had innocently expected a smallish resort, but this place was crowded with discos, and noisy holiday makers, many riding smoky two stroke motor bikes.

We spent the next day checking out the town, endured another noisy night and set out next morning for Vathi on the Island of Kalimnos. Our introductory sail was in rough seas in a force 5 wind. Val and I soon settled down to sailing on a catamaran which was much different to our experience on monohulls. Even though the trip was only about 13 miles, the smog requires careful navigation. The islands are mountainous. As we approached I expected the wind on our nose to ease but it became very boisterous due to the chilling downdraft offshore breeze from the mountain tops.

Vathi proved to be a very interesting place. The approach is into a narrow deep fiord like harbour. There was a strong cross-wind which made steering and berthing difficult. Shortly after berthing, a caique, a small local boat, came in and moored at the quay. We were amazed when it disgorged about 120 goats, which on release expressed their relief on the quay very liberally. Vathi is a pleasant non touristy small village set in a fertile valley behind the rocky port entrance.

We left early the next morning to miss rough seas but were unsuccessful. The trip to Port Alinda on the island of Leros was about 15 miles.

Next morning, 8th August, we had a glassy run to Lipso which turned out to be a typical Greek island resort having a long quay lined with well patronised tavernas. We enjoyed surveying the shops, had a walk and swim and a typical Greek meal of calamari, veal chops in tomato and oil with fresh baked bread.

The next day we had an easy sail to Patmos, which is a tourist town and port. Patmos to Arkiwas sailed in force 6 head winds, which later dropped to force 5. This time our navigation was slightly incorrect. We went into a delightful apparently deserted inlet. When we were mooring our ladies noticed nudist frivolity on the beach; we were in the wrong inlet! Our destination was just around a small headland and proved to be a great spot with a small local population and a big rock to tie up to. Close by a very small friendly taverna manned by a woman saw that the local males were kept supplied with tobacco, food and grog for long lasting and earnest discussion whilst their wives were 'properly' at home caring for the screaming kids. We were made very welcome and enjoyed a meal she had prepared. A local man observing the Australian flag became very sentimental. He had lived at Maroubra, had returned to Greece, but wished he had stayed in Australia.

11 August. We left for Gaideros which was only a two hour run. Time and distance were saved by sailing through very shallow water between two islands. Clear water, sharp observation, together with the shallow draft of a catamaran made this possible. Gaideros proved to be a very pleasant place, an uncrowded quay and a pleasant taverna for a typical meal.

12 August. Early next morning we heard Dick letting go the lines and we were off to the port of Pythagorion on the island of Samos. The trip of about 10 miles was through rough confused water, requiring concentrated steering and careful navigation. The Turkish shore was nearby and Greek/Turkish mutual distrust could cause us difficulties if we strayed in Turkish waters. Our navigation was

spot on and we tied up at a quay with room to spare. After some time we realised that a raw sewer was discharging directly under the boat but it was too late to move. A spot is a spot after all in a crowded harbour. The port was the home on the ancient despot Praxilites who developed the harbour, built a temple and built a tunnel eight feet wide and eight feet high 1200 feet long to convey water to the port from the other side of Samos island.

We spent the night on board but as the Downes wanted to leave on 13th August for Kusadasi in Turkey and thence to the Dardenelles and our flight to Athens was on 14th August we attempted to find accommodation for the night. All beds on these islands are booked months in advance, but by dint of meeting a friendly Greek who had a pizza restaurant in a mountain village well out of town and who had spent some years in Australia, accommodation for the night was arranged with a couple of "old blokes." They turned out to be a very aged old man and his wife who spoke no English. They were kindly disposed as well as a bit fearful of us. Their home was in a tiny village house off a steep narrow roadway. It was built of stone rubble with very low headroom and was extremely stuffy. When we retired for the night we were locked in the bedroom behind a substantial iron gate. Our pizza friend had arranged for a taxi to pick us up early the next morning for our flight to Athens for our return trip via Yugoslavia and Canada.

The tensions in Yugoslavia were palpable compared to the friendliness of Greece. We consider ourselves fortunate having the Downes as friends. By cruising under sail they gave us this wonderful opportunity to see some of the Greek islands and to meet some of the people in a way not available to the general tourist.

Two years on and it's *POLARIS* for me

John Quinn April 1996

People have asked how I like the 25 year old Cole 43 *Polaris*; she is a true joy. She's not a competitive IMS racer particularly around the "cans", but I never expected her to be. I like Saturday racing, but the sailing I really enjoy is long ocean racing and cruising; yes including Sydney-Hobart. For that she is safe, comfortable and fun. Although, not competitive under the IMS, *Polaris* still won her division in the last Sydney-Hobart race. However, we were not up against the top IMS boats which beat us on the overall result. Some might take the results of the last Sydney-Hobart race and the success of some of the old boats to argue that the IMS rule is working. However, one or two long races are not an indicative sample and you only need look at the results of the RPAYC SOPS to see what I mean.

For us, the first real test of *Polaris* was the 1995 Lord Howe race which was extremely fast as we finished the 408 miles in under 59 hours. The conditions were most unpleasant with a 30-40 knot northerly whipping up a nasty chop for 30 hours. On the first night I came on deck to find the Watch had pulled up the spray dodger. Naturally, I castigated them severely, but thankfully mutiny was in the air so the "dodger" stayed and I scuttled under it. Despite the conditions *Polaris* was dry, comfortable, and well ventilated. She eased herself through the seas without slamming and crashing. Lying in my comfortable warm bunk, I remembered how my previous two boats would have felt and sounded as they crashed off the seas.

On the last day a southerly came in and we finished at midnight. A big stew went on the stove and one forward hand consumed a case of beer, as we waited for morning light to enter the lagoon. In the morning Clive Wilson escorted a number of boats into a holding area where we dropped anchor to await the tide. I had never been to Lord Howe before and couldn't believe my eyes. The crystal clear lagoon backed by the magnificent mountains Lidgbird and Gower with their sheer grey cliffs broken by the green rain forest made me feel as if I was in a

1964

June: Directors and two Club members stood guarantors for the Bank overdraft. Old Boatshed demolished by working bee Saturday and builder had commenced work.

picture post card. I sat on my beautiful yacht, with a glass of malt scotch, looking at this magic place and reflected that this was what ocean racing used to be about and should be again. After a couple of hours Clive Wilson came back and escorted us across the lagoon to moorings south of Rabbit Island, then the crews were ferried ashore to be met by the bus from Pine Trees.

The second test was the Sydney-Hobart. At the start I stupidly allowed us to get trapped and we were late on the gun, but at the weather end which was the game plan. Then *Polaris* took charge, with a bone in her teeth, she sailed through boat after boat, pointing higher and "footing" faster than we had seen her sail before. She had a mind of her own and was about the fourth boat off the second line to round the offshore mark, ahead of a number of boats that owed her time.

Typically for the Hobart race there were a number of wind shifts and to do well you had to be on the right side of them. The weather forecasts were remarkably accurate. Probably, the critical point in our division was the last day when the forecast was for sea breezes. We were on the rhumb line with a very light SSE wind laying us into the "Sisters". It looked like disaster until the wind backed to the East and allowed us to crawl along the rocks; boats farther to sea would not have been as fast as we changed from sprung headsail to shy 30/20 kite. Looking back at radio "sched" reports there is no doubt that *Polaris* was always sailed faster relative to other boats in her division. *King Billy* and *Mark Twain* were the main threats, but the former was trapped wide on the last day and *Mark Twain* sat with little wind.

Polaris



Hobart was fun and we met up with the other rogues from the SASC. We drank the rum owed by *Mark Twain*. Then met up for New Year's Eve and Day visiting our favourite haunts, singing along with Kate Maclurcan on guitar and telling tall tales but true from our legendary past. Once again I was reminded that this is what Ocean Racing is about.

Nev Fielding and Tom Dawson joined us for the trip home. We intended to do some serious cruising so the drum for the furling headsail was attached to the forestay and the rubber ducky and outboard, which had been freighted down, were stowed. The plan was to sail down the D'Entrecasteaux Channel then slowly make our way north stopping at Lady Barron (Flinders Island). We were unprepared for the sheer beauty of one of Tassie's best kept secrets. The D'Entrecasteaux Channel reminded me of the Fjords of West Scotland with pasture and forest coming down to the water edge and a background of magnificent blue mountains. The valleys holding the morning mist house a mass of small bays in which to hide and protect a number of small villages for the cruising yachtsman to visit. The Huon River which can be explored for many miles, runs into the channel.

We spent our first night in Barnes Bay, a deep and well protected anchorage; a truly pretty spot where a few boats rested peacefully while sheep grazed on the lush green pasture. Here I "wet a line" for the first time but dare not tell the tale for fear of Tommy's wrath.

The following day we motored across to Kettering which has a good marina and bought a few provisions and bait. We set sail for Port Esperance to visit Dover where we had a beer, then sailed on to delightful Tin Pot Bay. This was quite a different landscape to the previous night as we now snuggled into the good old Aussie bush. We were sorry to leave the D'Entrecasteaux Channel. Tommy said he thought it was better than the Bay of Islands; it also has the advantage of being a wee bit closer. It's probably appropriate that the only head wind during the trip home was across Storm Bay to Port Arthur. A fascinating place with an entrance guarded by huge cliffs opening into a long deep valley. We could not help wondering what those men and women must have thought many years ago as they sailed into this rugged place. I admit to getting a strange feeling when sailing into the Port.

We motor sailed to Tasman Island. The charts and pilot book indicated that there was navigable water between the island and mainland and we had seen fishing boats go through, but none of us had tried it. Tommy said the Halversons had sailed through so we decided to take the short cut. The crew were silent as we entered what seemed to be a small gap in a huge cliff. A line of white water lay across our path and the depth sounder showed the bottom rising quickly from over 50 meters. It looked like a tide race and were all relieved when we passed through the rough water where the least depth was 8 meters. Safe enough in good conditions but I suspect not a place to be in a big sea. We saw the remnants of the landing stage and flying fox used to provision the Lighthouse Keepers not so long ago. Sad to see the end of an era and I must express a concern about the absolute reliance on electronics; maybe it's my age.

The wind came in from the SE and we had a pleasant fast sail inside Maria Island on to Spring Bay. We motored slowly up the narrow channel to Triabunna and although it was almost low tide we only nudged the bottom once, sliding I suspect over a log. We found *Witchdoctor* beside the jetty and pulled alongside. The friendly publican allowed us to use the shower and this was followed with a few drinks and an excellent dinner.

The sou'easter was still blowing the next day so we sailed across to Coles Bay. The "Hazards" formed from pink granite, rounded by the weather to a beautiful natural sculpture, look over the Southern corner of the bay. We anchored for a short time and the shore party indulged in Devonshire Tea. We then sailed quietly down the shore to spend the night at Bryans Corner where we devoured the best meal of the trip. The two younger members of the crew (Dave and Bjorn) were

dispatched to negotiate the purchase of 2 fresh crays with the fishermen. Meanwhile the anglers caught four nice flathead. We then headed north sailing past Wineglass Bay, one of my favourite places. A minor mechanical problem prevented us visiting Lady Baron and we made for Eden.

After a night in Eden and we were back on the sou'easter that carried us to Pittwater. We took nine days to return from Hobart but only spent three nights at sea. The weather was kind and our marvellous yacht made the cruise enjoyable. Her gear is easy to work. We have a furling genoa and mainsail with full length battens on a Antal mast slide system. Anchoring is not a major chore with an electric winch, deck ware and proper bow roller which keeps the pick clear of the hull, so it can be left in place while moving around in sheltered waters. We always stow the anchor when at sea. *Polaris* is heavy displacement by today's standards (ten tonnes) so she doesn't move around on every ripple and the waves from the neighbours' outboard dinghy don't make you feel as if you're living in an oil drum.

What of the future? Well I'll be out there in *Polaris* sheltering behind the dodger when things get rough. I have to go back to Tasmania and Lord Howe and there is still so much of this country to see and explore. How much is actually ocean racing is hard to say because I fear my sport is heading for the rocks, in Australia. The Hobart could go the same way as the Montague Island race. My reasons for pessimism are threefold.

First, I remain today as concerned as I was two years ago, about the style of boat that the IMS rule seems to favour and their suitability for long offshore racing in the Tasman Sea and Bass Strait. There are many experienced seamen, writers and naval architects who have expressed similar feelings to mine.

Secondly, I don't believe the IMS rule delivers what it promised, that is a fair handicapping system for all boats. The heavy displacement boats appear to be significantly disadvantaged. These represented over 40 per cent of the IMS fleet in the last Hobart race. I have owned both a Farr 37 and a J35 and know how they can do a horizon job on heavy boats that have similar handicaps. The divisional structure is supposed to take care of this short-coming and so it could if race organisers were sensitive to it. But they seem to split the fleet between "racer" and "cruiser racer" and then use predicted boat speed solely to determine the divisions. No consideration appears to be given the displacement to length ratios. Thus in the Hobart race you find *Polaris* in the same division as a Farr 37. Added to this the veterans trophy was open to boats designed prior to 1986 and therefore included the light IOR boats of the 80s.

Thirdly, sponsorship and professional crews are a fact of life in the sport. I have no problem with this, but I, like many other owners, have no interest in sailing against these super-boats. I assume they have no interest in competing against a 25 year old boat either, it's hardly a contest. I was sad to read that George Snow was retiring from ocean racing. Apparently the fun and camaraderie is no longer there for him.

These represent the risks to events such as Sydney-Hobart. If a major proportion of boat owners cannot afford, or do not want, the boats required to win and there is not an alternative competition for the boats they can afford or want to own, the number of competitors will gradually dwindle. Eventually the publicity falls, the status of the event declines and the super-boats go elsewhere. Perhaps. I shouldn't care because two boats make a race and Hugh O'Neill in *Mark Twain* is a good competitor and always "on for a bet".

I believe the solution could be to form an Amateur Association which forms strict rules on boat type and crew. The boats should be restricted in size (say 29 to 55'). The minimum angle of positive ability increased. Minimum displacement to length and maximum beam to length plus draft to length ratios for various lengths of boat. Exotic materials for hull and spar completely banned along with advertising and sponsorship. The idea would be to create a ball park in which IMS rule can handicap boats fairly and at the same time ensure they are truly all purpose

1964

AW Merrington and JA Middleton to be a committee empowered to collect all available historical records of the Club and to arrange for their tabulation and storage in a safe place.

sea boats. Crew swinging can be discouraged by ensuring there is little to be gained due to the design. Crews must be entirely amateur. For this to work it would have to be managed outside the AYF by the boat owners. People from the industry should not form any part of the management committee.

I daresay by now there are readers thinking that I have finally lost my marbles. Probably true but there seem to be others with the same disease.

Cruise to Thursday Island and back

John Morris

After two years of preparation *Phantom* was ready for our planned cruise through the 1200 NM of the Great Barrier Reef and on to Thursday Island.

We commenced our first leg in July 1985 after leaving Sydney to head north in a 25 knot southerly with obligatory black clouds. The freshening conditions ensured a quick first leg, even under the extra weight of our 1.5 tons of creature comforts, fuel, water, and provisions, loaded on board for the trip.

Phantom carried two dinghies, a hard aluminium 2.5m plus a 3.0m rubber inflatable with a 10 HP Mercury motor which proved invaluable for reef viewing later in our cruise.

Following a previous trip to the Whitsundays we made the decision to carry all working sails on deck with only the two storm sails below so as not to clutter below decks. Lillian had designed and made up two special long deck sail bags to be latched along port and starboard bows, so with two sails in deck bags and one on the wire our sail locker was complete.

By the time we reached Coffs Harbour Lillian and I were down to summer dress during the daylight hours and by Mooloolaba for all hours, and also for the remainder of the 18 month cruise. A small diversion while sailing up the NSW coast was our 36 NM trip up the Clarence River to Grafton. At that period we were still able to have the highway bridge at Harwood lifted to enable *Phantom's* 15m mast to pass through.

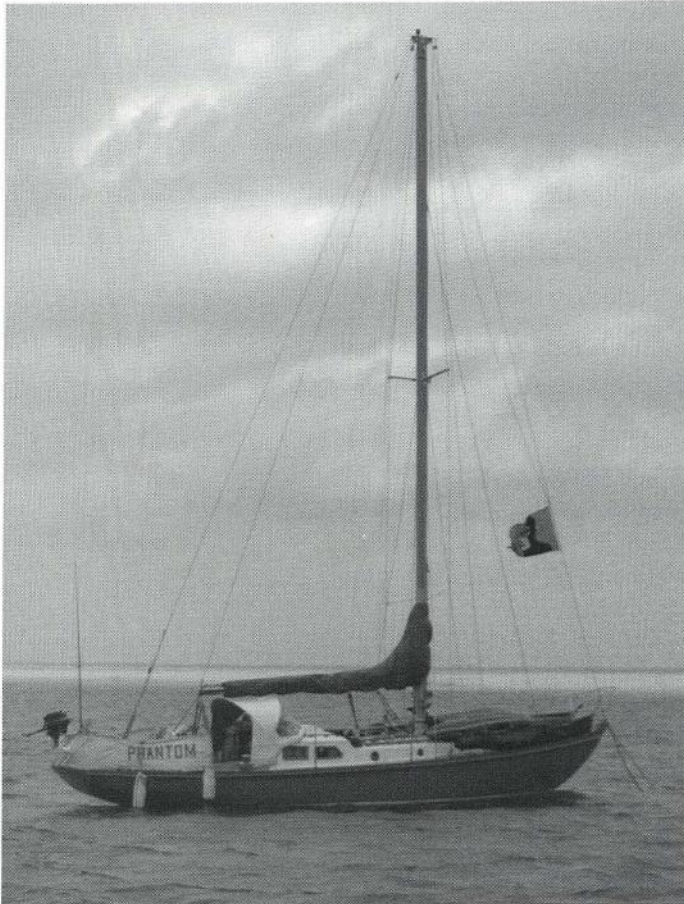
By the time we reached our first tropical island, Lady Musgrave, 50 NM off Bundaberg, the southern winter was well and truly behind us so we swam and dived on and over the local coral and the unusual reef surrounding this beautiful island, a wonderful first look at the Barrier Reef.

A stopover in Gladstone enabled us to meet fellow club members Mick and Cathy Earl who organised a welcoming roast dinner; it was a great night. Mick and Cathy owned a sister yacht to *Phantom*, named *Canimi*. Their yacht was built in the UK and sailed from Canada to Australia by Mick, Cathy and family. *Phantom* was built at the Royal Brighton Yacht Club in Melbourne.

Mick who had sailed *Canimi* through the narrows at Gladstone helped us with our preplanning for *Phantom's* trip through the same area. Mick estimated we would pass over the lowest point with 300 mm clearance at high tide. We were lucky and cleared with 500 mm. During low tide this shallow point becomes the road on and off Curtis Island. The main navigation problem in the narrows is two different tide times as you pass through. We were now in 6 m tide country once on the Great Keppel side of the narrows.

We sailed on to holiday brochure type locations, the months slipping by hardly noticed as we visited many islands including Great Keppel, Percy, Lindeman, Brampton, Hamilton, Hayman, Magnetic, Hinchinbrook and Fitzroy. With the arrival of the cyclone season we were reminded it was time to stop and look for a safe haven, so turned south passing Dunk and Hinchinbrook Islands to a safe berth located in the Ross River at Townsville.

During our stop in Townsville Cyclone Winifred formed and hit the coast 70 miles north at Ingham. It was a busy night for all boat people. We stayed on board. The wind peaked in Townsville at 70 km; at our anchorage it reached 50 km and it was lucky that the cyclone struck at low tide.



Phantom at "Morris Island"

We had already unloaded our motorbike in Mackay so took the opportunity to tour and look around while waiting for the new season. We sold the bike before leaving Townsville so we were now down to a pushbike to travel inshore; later this was given away to a mission at Cape York.

With the new season we sailed on to Port Douglas and were able to borrow a car from friends to visit the tablelands. Cooktown was the last chance to pick up supplies and fuel before reaching Thursday Island some 500 NM north so we carried spare food, fuel and water for two months. The stop at Lizard Island 60 NM north of Cooktown was without doubt the highlight of our cruise. We stopped for ten days travelling north and another ten days later on our return trip. At the peak on this island one can view the outer reef 12 NM east; Cook's and Cormorant Passages are also easily seen. On the home trip we sailed into Cormorant Passage to swim and dive among the giant Potato Cod, some estimated to be 70 years old and 3 m in length and friendly enough to eat from our hands.

Two month passed as we cruised on to Thursday Island from Lizard stopping at Flinders and Stanley Islands to view Aboriginal burial caves and paintings. Further north we stopped at a famous historical home built by the Jardine family which is preserved at Somerset in Albany Passage.

We had reached our goal, Cape York, 15 months after leaving Sydney and were excited cruising the area for three weeks. Our return sailing plan was to be home in

three months, while revisiting some of our favourite locations as we headed south. We arrived back in Sydney within 30 minutes of the start of the 1987 leg of the Sydney BOC around the world race and it was a thrill to see our Aussie yachtsmen heading out to sea.

It was a time to break out our last bottle of Champagne saved for this moment as we lowered sails, slowly motoring *Phantom* the last mile to the Club's wharf in Mosman Bay. Our dream cruise was complete; Lillian and I together with *Phantom* had covered 6000 NM safely and without mishap. We had prepared *Phantom* with loving care and she had looked after us both throughout all the prevailing conditions experienced during our 18 months cruise.

The dream goes on.

SASC and the Coastal Cruising Club

The Coastal Cruising Club was founded in 1969 by live-aboard boat owners who had formed a lobby group to oppose State government legislation to stop people living aboard their boats. Harbourside landowners were tired of having their million dollar views spoilt by washing hanging in the rigging. They were not successful although some concessions were made when legislation was finally passed which at least allowed boat owners to stay aboard their boats overnight for some days in a month.

Members continued to meet and from those early beginnings a club made up of boat owners whose common interest was the enjoyment of their boats, flourished. The association with the Amateurs began 18 months after the formation of the Coastal Cruising Club when they commenced having their meetings in

the Amateurs Clubhouse; and what better clubhouse is there on the Harbour? Coastal Cruising Club members have long enjoyed the perfect nautical ambience of SASC on the shores of Mosman Bay. The SASC and CCC have had quite a number of joint members over the years who have enjoyed both racing and cruising.

Very early in its history the Coastal Cruising Club encouraged its members to undertake long coastal and ocean voyages. Every year members head for the Whitsundays and the Great Barrier Reef or Lord Howe Island. Some go further afield with two recent voyages to Alaska and another in progress. Members have sailed to many parts of the world and several circumnavigations have been made. At monthly meetings in the SASC Clubhouse, often packed with 80 people, the screen is often up whilst slides are shown and members regaled with stories of swaying palms, tropical islands and distant lands. Of course any members of SASC are always welcome.

A popular raft up of the Coastal Cruising Club in America Bay, Broken Bay, 1997



Chapter Six

Social Events

Introduction

Over the past 25 years The Amateurs social scene has developed and improved particularly with the use of the Clubhouse encouraged by the work of enthusiastic committees.

New chairs and tables were purchased mainly with donations from members, the facilities in the kitchen were improved including such 'modern' innovations as dishwashers, microwave ovens, glass washer and new refrigerators. General cosmetic measures were undertaken including new framing of photographs, better lighting and painting by a group of volunteer members.

There has been an increase in the number and variety of functions always with maximum attendance of members, their families and crews. Who could forget some of the memorable functions and dinners over the past 25 years?

The English Dinner – a fancy dress function where the Commodore of the day and his lady (Vic and Beryl Dibben) were placed on a throne in robes and crowned king and queen for the evening. Santa Claus, aka Peter Garrow arriving on the *Nancy K* distributing presents to all who sat on his knee. Irene Barnes acting as interpreter to a full house during the showing of the film on the German four master *Pamir*.

We could go on; the National Gaffers Days, launch of the Jack Earl book, Opening of the Season functions and prizegiving dinners at the end of the season. Past Commodores dinners were always outstanding, one at the Club in particular with an excellent after dinner speech by John Jeremy. At times we have had up to 120 seated at dinners at the Club served by volunteers from the Clubhouse committee. The Friday night social scene at the Club after the Twilight races is always a maximum capacity event.

Commodores, Officers and their partners from other major yacht clubs who have attended our functions have often expressed their approval of the Amateurs social scene.

SASC members like sailing and they also appreciate well organised social functions. The enthusiasm generated by the Clubhouse committees over the past 25 years and the support for these activities ensures the continuing success of the Amateurs.

Northcott Days Afloat

In 1964 John Jackson was the Rear Commodore of the SASC and a member of Parramatta Rotary Club, which was a sponsor of the Northcott School for Crippled Children. John later became a member of the Board of that school, which was at Parramatta. John had the original idea of taking crippled children sailing on the harbour, and after a lot of hard work organising it, the first Northcott Day Afloat took place on 14th March 1965

Vic Dibben celebrating with crew and friends aboard Salamander A17, Mosman Bay 1975



Rotarians drove the children and carers from an area extending from Sutherland to Hornsby and from the lower Blue Mountains to the city, to wharves at Longueville, Rose Bay, and Mosman where after the difficulty of embarking wheel chairs and wildly excited children, yachts motored off to arrive at the SASC for lunch.

On the first outing a very hesitant officer in charge of the School decreed that sailing was too dangerous and that yachts should just sedately motor. Skippers from that day will well remember the cries from children to "put up the sails Captain", and they did! From then on the adventure began.

Pontoons were donated by Fenwicks and moored at the Club as landing stages. A member of the RSYS carpeted the pontoons with hessian. Members and friends brought speed boats for fun thrilling rides, the late Tony Ashleigh, boat shed manager fed the unsuspecting fish of Mosman Bay during the week before, Rob and Val Skinner provided all the children with fishing lines and plastic bags (to take home the catch) the Water Police called in to show the children over their boat, members provided everyone with lunch (large quantities of ice cream, cakes and apples were donated by various individuals) and even the Sydney Harbour ferries endeavoured to cooperate. Such was the interest in the day that newspapers and television stations gave coverage and everyone had to be home for the evening TV news.

The day was a great success, and the SASC, Parramatta Rotary and most of all, Northcott School, agreed that it should be held again the next year. For the first few years drivers from Rotary picked up the children from their homes, drove them to the pick-up wharves and came out on the yachts with them, together with a large number of teachers from the school, who were vital in looking after the most handicapped and frail children. After the outing the Rotarians had to return the children home. This was a very long day for the drivers, so it was changed so that the children had to assemble at their school, and were picked up and returned there.

Another school for crippled children from Warringah also joined in and this increased the number of children and helpers to well over 100 for most years. John Jackson became Commodore, and handed over to another member, Geoff McCorquodale of both SASC and Parramatta Rotary who organised it I think for 23 years.

First both schools were contacted and a date fixed. The principals of the schools then had to obtain permission from parents, and eventually a number from each school was known, approximately. Rotary organised the drivers, and in later years the school bus was used from Parramatta to add to the cars.

The long job was phoning yacht owners to see who was available and willing. The majority of yachts became regulars, but every year the date was unsuitable to some, some had sold their yacht, etc. But we were never short of yachts, in fact one of the disappointments was that on the day the number of children that came could be five or six less than expected, and sometimes a yacht was sent away without passengers.

Very quickly the number of wharves was reduced to those which were protected in all weather – Mosman Bay, Hayes Street Neutral Bay, Alexandra Street Hunters Hill and Northwood Wharf. At each wharf there was a wharfmaster from the SASC and a teacher-in-charge from the school, and the yachts came in appointed order to be loaded. They then went for a sail (motoring was considered dull by the children who had sailed the year before) and then came to the SASC Clubhouse. Quite a number were in wheelchairs, even more wore leg-irons, and some of the teenagers were astonishingly heavy and awkward. With a southerly blowing into the bay it was quite a job! Bill Gale with his foghorn voice was wharfmaster at the club for most years, but eventually he had to use a loud-hailer!

Ashore everyone was fed and watered, which was a fantastic job by the members, or more truthfully by the ladies. One member, Les Ardouin, provided steaks and ran the barbecue for year after year. Other SASC members were needed to

 1971

July: Office Bearers elected—assets \$26,545—membership 407—yachts regularly racing 110 with 114 on register with "A" numbers and 43 with unprefix numbers.

August: Two new Divisions formed, thus Club races eight—Thunderbirds, Endeavour/Southerly, Special, Bluebirds, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4.

help up and down the steps into the Clubhouse, and one of the most difficult jobs was assisting the children in the toilets. Fishing lines were then provided, and the excitement of a little handicapped lad catching his first fish had to be seen.

At the end of the day when all the yachts had left, the wharf and club area had been cleaned up, the Clubhouse crew assembled for a drink and to eat leftovers. One year we then received a phone call, one small girl was left at Mosman wharf with no-one to pick her up!

A few other incidents occurred over the years. A common one was that children would arrive at their school after the cars had left, so a taxi to the SASC was the answer. The most frightening was a boy wearing leg-irons falling in while fishing. An SASC member went in immediately, and the boy was out and on the pontoon without any difficulty. I think that was the nearest to anyone being hurt that occurred.

One year the Maritime Services Board objected because the event had not been registered as a Regatta! Some smooth talking fixed that, and thereafter it was listed on the SASC sailing programme.

The event was almost certainly the biggest effort by members that has happened at the club, with about one hundred members and ladies involved. Other events may be larger, such as the Gaffers Days, but much fewer members work on the day than Northcott required. I think it was this that made it such an event, plus the fact that the crippled children are a happy lot, and enjoyed the outing to the full. Some yachties requested the same wharf and the same children, they had enjoyed them so much. The other factor was the dedication and cheerfulness and enjoyment of the teachers who gave up a Sunday for it. They were a wonderful group.

In 1989 the Department of Education closed the special schools, and integrated the children into the mainstream schools. The following year we investigated holding the day, but it was not the same, the children had been scattered, it was nearly impossible to get the attention of the principals of the schools, and there was no point in continuing.

This must have been this Club's best activity for the 25 years that it took place. The enjoyment of the handicapped children was so real, and everyone involved went home feeling rewarded.

SASC National Gaffers Day

The first Gaffers Day was held in October 1972 as a Club centenary event. The inspiration was Laurie Schneider's. The rally was conducted in three divisions, in a light nor-easter, *Nerida*, Sir James Hardy being a popular winner in Division 1. There was great enthusiasm and coverage from the media, the spectator fleet was enormous, and many of the yachts were on show at the SASC wharf, *Playmate of Maldon*, Gino Coia, being the centre of attraction.

Lady Hopetoun was the Starter's vessel and MV *Kathleen*, Les White, the Flagship. A large spectator ferry fleet attended to carry interested people. Thirty five boats crossed the starting line on the day which was such a success that there was a very strong wish to continue Gaffer's Day in future years.

The 1975 Gaffers Day was again very successful, beautiful weather, a good turnout with many of the same boats present and some new ones.

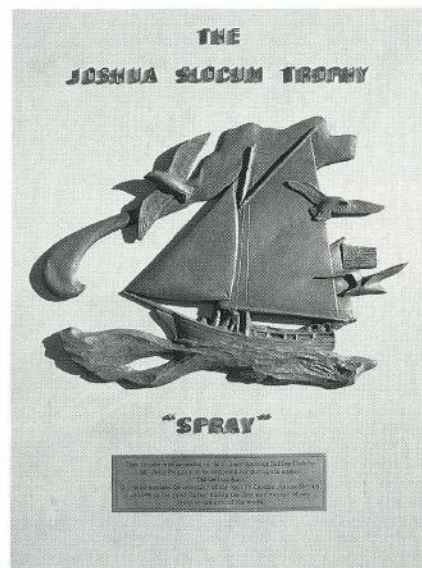
The *New Endeavour* was committee boat in 1978 and SY *Destiny*, David Swinfield, the Flagship. Numbers were up a little from 1972 and 1975, and included a new entry, the outstanding *Curlew*, Tim Carr. She is a Falmouth Quay Punt, 28 feet loa, built to meet sailing ships for orders when first alongside got the order so she had to be fast. She was constructed in 1896. No other vessel of moderate or heavy displacement up to 35 feet can successfully compete with this boat. She won.

New Endeavour was again the committee boat in 1981 and The Honourable Derek Freeman's *Silver Cloud* was Flagship. Again about 30 boats crossed the line in two divisions into a 14 knot nor-easter, Roger Gale taking the gun in a close finish in Division 1 from the magnificent fifty foot William Fife designed and built *Ron of Argyll*.

New Endeavour again in 1983 and Flagship Richard Wilson's *Karinya*. Three divisions this time. Gino won Division 2 in *Playmate of Maldon* by a handsome margin, flax mainsail and four other sails all drawing well. All went well with the usual fine weather, no untoward incidents and as always a great display at the Clubhouse.

The Sydney Maritime Museum provided their handsome vintage Tugboat *Waratah* as starting boat and Keith Storey's *Marabou* was Flagship for the 1985 Gaffers Day. Many old supporters started again and of course some new ones. Outstanding was *Yendys* a famous SFS 18 footer from 1925 rebuilt and skippered by George McGoogan and friends. She set 1936 cotton sails and won handsomely in Division 3.

The 1988 Gaffers Day was an official Bi-centennial Event and a record 102 entries were received, every state of Australia was represented with *Perception of Howick* entering from New Zealand. We were very pleased to have Governor Air Marshall Sir James Rowland and Lady Rowland as guests of honour. The TSMV *Monteray* was Flagship and as usual many prominent yachting people and other distinguished guests were royally entertained. Sydney Maritime Museum's *Boomerang* and the Steam Schooner *Ena* formed the start line. The Cousta Boat Club of Victoria sent seven superb boats to rally with us and they all were as pleased with the SASC as we were with them. They make such an impact that Sydney personality Philip Kinsella ordered one to be built and has attended every rally since. The New Zealand bi-centennial gift to Australia *Akarana* took part. She was



Above, the Slocum Trophy was presented to Martin Van der Wal by the trophy's designer, Dennis Adams, after Hoana won the inaugural gaff rig race in 1996.

Below, on Gaffers Day 1995. John Ferguson and two of Australia's great maritime artists, Jack Earl (left) and Dennis Adams (right)

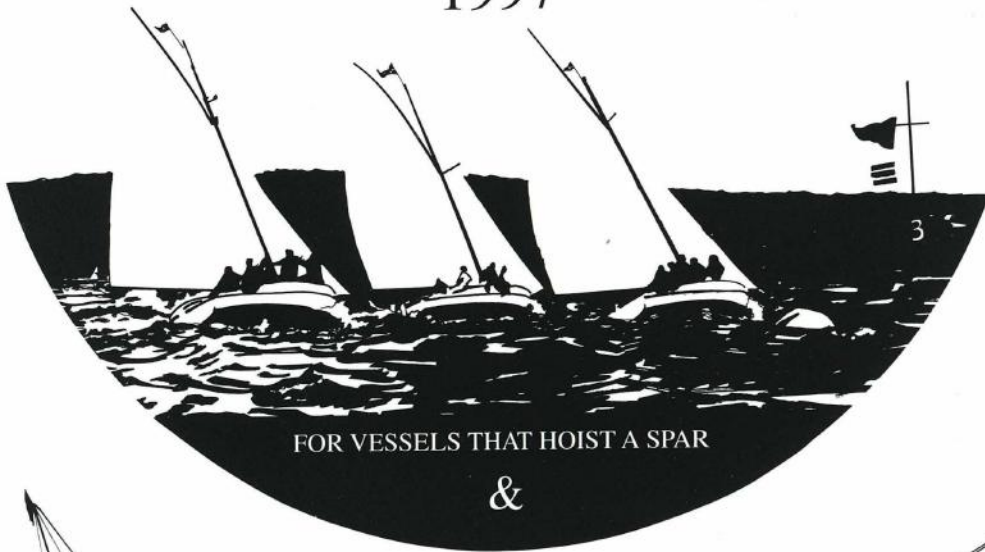
SYDNEY AMATEUR SAILING CLUB - FOUNDED 1872

ANNIVERSARY REGATTA

125 YEARS

NATIONAL
GATFER'S DAY

1997

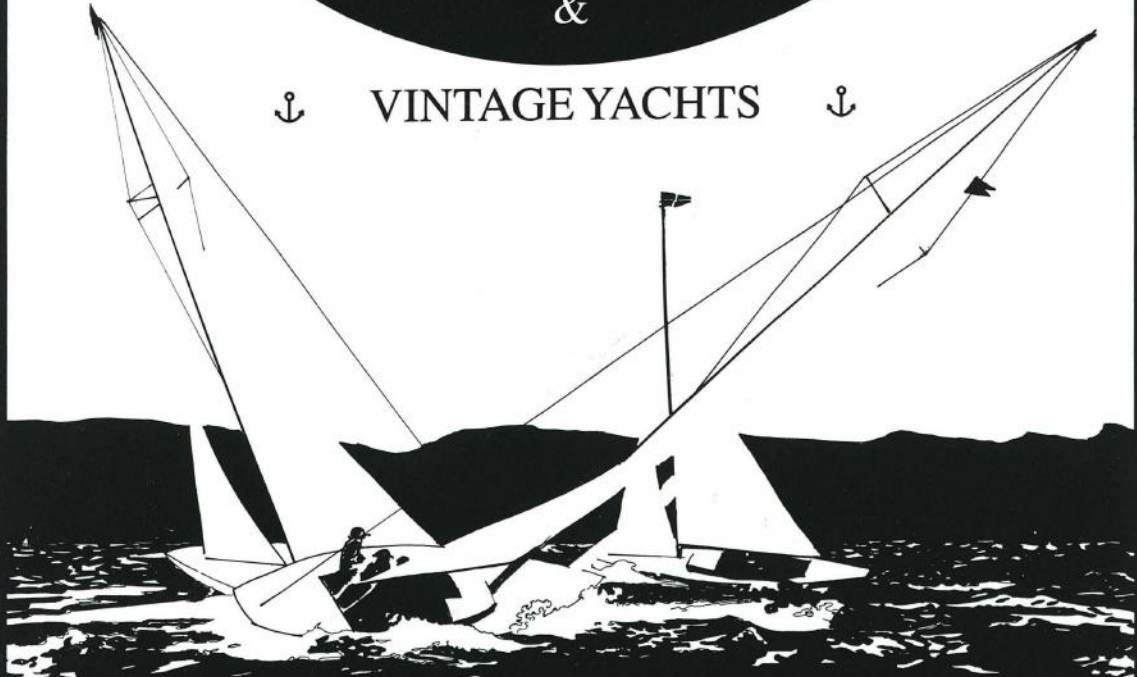


FOR VESSELS THAT HOIST A SPAR

&



VINTAGE YACHTS



TO BE HELD

SUNDAY 19TH OCTOBER 1997 ON SYDNEY HARBOUR N.S.W. AUSTRALIA

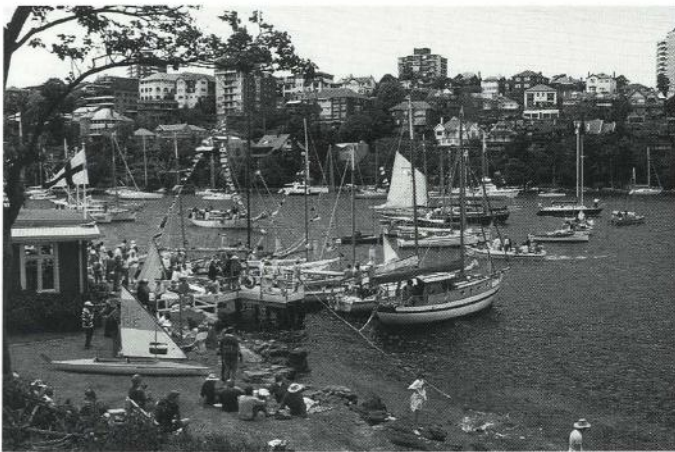
FOR INFORMATION PHONE 02 9953 1433 FAX 02 9953 0898



Bill Gale explaining a complicated aspect of gaff rigs to the Governor of NSW, Rear Admiral Peter Sinclair and Mrs Sinclair on Gaffers Day 1993. Commodore John Morris (who owns one of those other kind of yachts) is paying close attention, but Lil Morris is finding the Governor's Aide more interesting



Members are encouraged to dress for the occasion on Gaffers Day. Rear Commodore Peter and Kate Garrow set a fine example for Gaffers Day in 1983



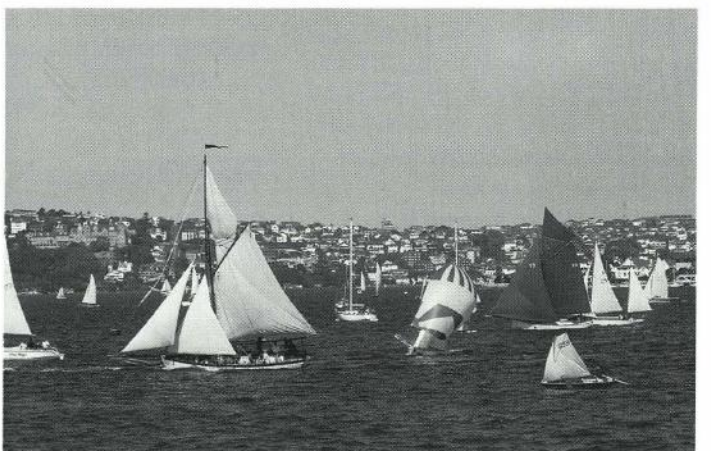
Colourful activity in Mosman Bay on Gaffers Day, 17th October 1993



Ranger after the start in a fresh southerly on Gaffers Day 1988



Commodore David and Jenny Willis with their daughter Rebecca, Gaffers Day 1985



Playmate of Maldon showing a modern 18 footer how it is done with style during the Gaffers Day regatta in 1983

Photos: John Jeremy

I believe 100 years old then and caused great comment. The southerly gusting to 34 knots did not suit her as she was designed as a light weather flyer. *Jessie*, Milton Green, took the gun in the fast Flying Division while *Soliloquy*, Spike Ross, won on handicap.

We were back to three divisions and 55 entries for 1990. We were blessed with sunny weather and a light nor-easter. The Australian National Maritime Museum's restored Couta Boat *Thistle* won in Division 1. It was pleasing to see fourteen dinghy type boats start in Division 3 and a very good turn out in Division 2. Schooners *Boomerang* and *Ena* were again the committee vessels and Hon. D. Freeman's *Silver Cloud* the Flagship. The steam launch *Kelly Jean*, Colin Wear, was in attendance. Guests of honour were Rear Admiral and Mrs Horton.

There was a small increase in numbers in 1993. The breeze was very variable, but the weather very bright; the fleet making a marvellous sight slowly sailing around with 50 or so gaffers bunched together before the start. Ranger class yachts *Etrenne* and *Valiant* won in Division 1 and 2, and the pretty double ender *Stardust* was successful in Division 3. For the first time historic skiffs had their own division having 6, 10, 12 and 18 foot gaff dinghies. They created huge interest, the winner being a superb replica of the 1930 *Tangalooma* built by Reg Barret. A group of canoes and dinghies was started on a short course around Clark Island, but this idea was not a success.

The tenth National Gaffers Regatta was held in October of 1995 with entries holding steady at sixty. The day was mostly light winds with patches of rain which led to some outstanding photography. *Silver Cloud* and *Trevassa* appeared again in their usual role. Richard Wilson's *Synergy* was an additional flagship in order to accommodate more guests. The outstanding yacht on the day was the fabulous *Waitangi* from the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria. She was built and designed by R Logan in 1894 in New Zealand. On the broad reach to the finish she showed amazing pace just pipping *Nerida* for second place. This writer will never forget the sight. The club were delighted to receive His Excellency Rear Admiral and Mrs Sinclair as guests of honour for the second time, the first being in 1993. The Governor and his wife again took great interest in the proceedings and the boats and were obviously very popular.

Wee Georgie a six foot replica was successful in the Historic skiffs and it was great to see *Kathleen Gillett* Jack Earl's old boat first in Division 2. A fun race for yachts dinghies was inaugurated the course being from the Club's pontoon across the bay to a floating mark and back. Jim Lawler gave a commentary and everyone, particularly children were greatly entertained. There were no handicaps place-getters or prizes. This is a morning event and will be a major part of future Gaffers Days.

The event to be held on October 19th 1997 will mark the SASC's 125th anniversary and is sure to be a great event. A number of traditional Bermudan yachts will be invited to rally in a separate division to mark our anniversary.

Flag Officer's Night, 25 October 1985

John Jeremy

When our Rear Commodore rang me to say that his social committee had decided that I should be asked to speak after dinner tonight – I must confess to some surprise, and some, well at least a moments, hesitation.

Why should I be asked? Could Frank Tebbut be recalling my debating years at school, when he was a master, and I a pupil? (I now realise, Frank, how young you must have been then).

But then, I reflected, perhaps the suggestion was not inappropriate. Take John Bertrand for instance, he is a well known after dinner speaker, and we have something in common – he is a brilliant helmsman and I, too, sail. In this passing moment I agreed, and what is more, waived the usual fee.

My real problem with facing the task I had now accepted was to think of a suitable topic. Perhaps something technical? As yachties we are always interested in keeping up to date. Hydrodynamics perhaps? – no, the flutter of submerged oblate spheroids could be soporific after dinner, moreover, I wouldn't understand it either.

Finally, I thought, what could be a better topic for flag officers night, but flag officers themselves.

What is a flag officer? The trusty dictionary (the Macquarie of course) defines a flag officer as “a naval officer, as an admiral, vice-admiral, or rear admiral entitled to display a flag showing his rank”. Not really appropriate – lets look under Commodore. Here we find “a naval officer next in rank below a rear admiral, usually in temporary command of a squadron”, etc, then “the president or head of a yacht club or boat club”.

That's more like it.

Actually, I rather like the naval definition – particularly the sense of command.

Some years ago, when engaged in post refit sea trials of HMAS *Yarra*, a destroyer escort, my ego was given a lift, at the end of one trial, when the captain turned to me and said

“Well John, what would you like to do next?”

The temptation to suggest a high speed run to Broken Bay, shooting up Long Reef on the way, was considerable. Could this have been the sign of destiny? – that in due course I should become Commodore of the Sydney Amateurs? After all SASC Commodores are definitely “temporary” and a yacht club fleet is a bit like a squadron.

There is, of course, an origin in the naval use of the word commodore which links it to its use today in the very civilian position as a “president or Head of a Yacht Club”. The influence of the traditional chain of naval command can be seen if we look at some of the early activities of our yachting forefathers.

Take for example, the opening function of the Australian Yacht Squadron (now the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron) on Saturday 18th October 1862. Newspaper reports before the event stated that it was intended that yachts should muster under orders of the Commodore, who will proceed to sea, and, by a series of evolutions give the aspirants for fame an opportunity of showing what a deep keel squadron can do in crawling to windward in a seaway.

The A.Y.F. safety regulations hadn't been thought of in 1862 – no doubt yacht squadron manoeuvres and signal code books were the rules to study in those days.

I quote from the squadron's history:

The procedure was eloquently reported in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of the following Monday, 20th October 1862. The wind on Saturday morning had set in “Eastward of South, with heavy squalls, accompanied with rain and thick cloudy weather”. At 11am the yachts took up their stations at the rendezvous to the leeward of HMS *Orpheus*, which lay at anchor in the stream. Commodore Walker's schooner yacht *Chance*, in a squall off Bradley's Head on the previous Thursday, had carried away her jib-boom, along with the standing ironwork. Although every effort was made to repair the damage in time, this work was not quite completed. The Commodore accordingly gave orders that Vice-Commodore Milson should take command of the squadron.

At signal 87 from the Vice-Commodore the yachts weighed anchor, following in line at half a cable's length distance in the wake of the Vice-Commodore to abreast of Moore's Wharf, where the yachts hauled their wind, tacked in succession, and stood down the harbour. Off Dawes Battery, the Vice-Commodore hove to, and made signal for yachts to close up in line abreast at equal distances. By the time the yachts were abreast of Fort Macquarie, the evolution was completed, when signal was made to “proceed”.

1976

June: The Club has now erected a flagpole in a very prominent position. Our thanks to Dr Tom Selby who donated it. As you know we have several small flagpoles on top of the Clubhouse and to have one like this donated to us called for a major decision on a suitable site. The Directors considered it, referred it to the Development Committee who decided upon a sub-committee, who thought of building a stone breakwater as the only possible site ...

Eventually the rigging and setting up were carried out expertly by Tony Ashleigh and his assistant Peter Wargent.

Note: It had to be removed subsequently due to wharf extensions

On reaching Bradley's Head, on signal given, yachts again formed signal line, open order, following in the wake of the Vice-Commodore, and it may fairly be said that this evolution was not only carried out by the yachts with creditable precision, but the effect of the manoeuvre from the shore was "picturesque and beautiful in the extreme".

In view of the squally south-easterly weather conditions, the Vice-Commodore decided not to make for Manly Cove, but to bear up for the more sheltered anchorage at Watson's Bay. The newspaper reported "He sent up signal for Watson's Bay, at the same time hauling his wind, with starboard tacks aboard, standing over for the south reef. The effect of this change was again very interesting to witness; the skill each displayed in maintaining position was to be commended. Several boards had to be made before reaching the rendezvous, when the squadron anchored, by signal, in two divisions, the Vice-Commodore taking position to the westward of the Bay."

The members then "piped to lunch and fortified themselves below, so as to contend with any kind of difficulty above", but when they come on deck again they had "an agreeable surprise". The Commodore's yacht, *Chance*, was in sight, sailing at a smart clip down the harbour to join the squadron! Her jib-boom had been repaired, and she had set sail in pursuit one hour late – but not entirely too late. She could lead the squadron home.

The Commodore hoisted his pennant, and took up his position. After the exchange of a few complimentary signals, the order went up "Prepare to get under way"; next, "Are you ready?"; next, "Follow me". The Commodore then led the squadron up the Harbour. On reaching Fort Denison, the

Bill Gale with Vice Commodore
John Jeremy and Commodore Vic
Dibben ready for anything on
Gaffers Day 1981



Commodore shortened sail, with signal, "Prepare to salute". He then hove-to on the starboard tack, with signal, "Salute", when each yacht in succession saluted the Commodore's Flag as they passed under the stern of his splendid vessel. On signal being given, "Part company", each yacht gave three cheers for their Commodore and three for their Vice. Then, each member wishing the other "Goodnight", the yachts proceeded to their own moorings, gratified with the day's proceedings.

I must say times have changed. The degree of respect shown to the Commodore of today is positively appalling. As immediate past Commodore, I have had to give some advice to Commodore David – in order that he should not be over-awed by his position. For example, he should know that, when running free on the port tack from Manly, and coming upon the whole of No. 3 Division, in line ahead, on the starboard tack, the clear and commanding call of "Commodore" will bring forth entirely the wrong response.

I can almost hear members of the Amateurs say – what do you expect, all that sort of bull is typical of the Squadron, not the Amateurs! Indeed, I recognise that there are members of the Amateurs who would choke on their chilled refreshments at the suggestion that they might wear a cap with a badge on it, let alone engage in evolutions!

Careful, Ladies and Gentlemen! Let me remind you of the SASC sailing directions of 1884, which, naturally you will have read in the club's history. In a section headed "Evolutions, denoted by the telegraph flag being hoisted above numerals", it says:

Yachts assembling on certain days to cruise together under the direction of a Commodore, having a far different view from racing, and as order and regularity tend to the comfort of all, especially of the ladies who may honour the meeting with their presence, the following regulations should be adhered to:

Each yacht having taken a station is to preserve the same throughout the day, unless directed to the contrary or permitted to part company. The starboard division is always the van, and forms on the starboard quarter of the Commodore. The port division is always the rear, and forms on his port quarter. The division leaders are always to keep the Commodore four points on their bows. The distance between each yacht is always to be a half a cable's length (50 fathoms), unless otherwise directed; and the distance between the lines is always to be one cable's length (100 fathoms), unless otherwise directed.

There follows a long list of signals, each with quite a precise and readily understood meaning, although No 21 "Follow Commodore's Motions" could be subject to some misinterpretation, particularly in moments of extreme stress.

Noting the old motto of the SASC "We Strive to Excel" I propose Commodore, that we suggest that the racing committee might like to review the 1985 sailing directions to see if we can set new standards in order that we may be the envy of the yachting fraternity.

Flags, signals and flag officers seem to go together. Naval flag officers make their intentions and orders known by signal, nowadays mostly by radio, of course. Whilst much of their signal traffic must be very dull, there are occasions when quick wit emerges. I have often thought that a dry and cutting sense of humour must be a pre-requisite for naval flag rank.

Flag officers are very senior people however, and one must be careful when addressing them by signal. The British aircraft carrier *Formidable* was a little indiscreet late in World War II.



Commodore John Jeremy presenting the Idle Hour trophy "pot" to the skipper of Hoodoo at Store Beach in December 1983. Tradition requires the pot to be filled with beer and drained by the skipper of the winning yacht. Today most skippers seek help from their crews, no doubt concerned about being caught "three sheets in the wind" on the way home (Photo: Terry Spilling)

From *Formidable*, after being attacked by Kamikaze, to *Indomitable* (flying flag of Admiral Vian):

LITTLE YELLOW BASTARD.

Reply from *Indomitable*:

ARE YOU REFERRING TO ME?

Another place, another time:

On a foreign station. A cruiser squadron at sea. One cruiser is leaving the squadron to return home and pay off. The departing cruiser signals the Flagship:

I HOPE I HAVE SERVED YOU WELL.

Reply:

ADMIRAL IS CONSULTING SQUADRON VET WHOSE VERDICT WILL BE PROMULGATED IN DUE COURSE.

Somewhat less than proper respect is apparently all right, provided the flag officer in question is out of the way, as in the case of:

Two submarines were returning to harbour after the annual inspection by their Admiral, Rear Admiral Dent. He was embarked in one of the submarines and had just retired from the bridge. During the inspection the submarines had to carry out an attack on a battleship, firing a torpedo with a crushable head. After attacking, each submarine recovered its own torpedo and lashed it to the casing. The submarine carrying the admiral had obviously scored a hit for the head of their torpedo was well crushed. There was no visible damage to the 2nd submarine's torpedo. The following signals were exchanged.

From 1st submarine (with admiral) to 2nd submarine:

DID YOU GET A HIT?

From 2nd submarine:

YES, DENT IS IN THE HEAD BELOW.

From 1st submarine:

HOW DID YOU GUESS.

Some people can't get it quite right even when trying hard.

From flag lieutenant to senior officer, Port:

WHO DO YOU RECOMMEND FOR ADMIRAL'S WOMAN?

The senior officer ashore was most perturbed, and asked for a repetition of the signal. In due course he received this amendment.

From flag lieutenant to senior officer, Port:

REFERENCE MY SIGNAL PLEASE INSERT WASHER BETWEEN ADMIRAL AND WOMAN.

Naval evolutions have spawned many good signal exchanges. One which I like would be entirely appropriate on occasions to be made to members on yachts in the vicinity of the Clubhouse by the Commodore.

A cruiser was trying to secure to head and stern buoys near her flagship in a congested harbour. The Admiral watched the proceedings from his quarterdeck. The cruiser made a good approach and appeared to be judging the manoeuvre well. The Admiral signalled:

GOOD.

Then things started to go wrong for the cruiser. She missed the buoys and got more and more tangled up. After watching for some time the Admiral again signalled:

ADD TO MY PREVIOUS SIGNAL, GOD.

Whilst the introduction of evolutions might improve the skills of members in yacht handling, and boost the egos of the flag officers, perhaps it is better that we

simply encourage Vic Dibben with his inshore skippers course and leave our evolutions to those involved in completing a racing course on Sydney Harbour on a summer Saturday afternoon.

Flag officers will just have to dream of leading columns of yachts in close order around the harbour. After all, they are not Admirals, but officers of a yacht club. In this role, not only do they perform an important administrative function, they do enjoy a special position.

A skipper of a yacht is, in the manner of the captains of all ships, master under God. He leads a group of friends, knitted together as a team, to pursue a common interest and to enjoy the satisfaction of skillful sailing, be it racing or cruising. The Commodore, Vice Commodore and Rear Commodore represent and lead the membership of the club, a band of people with a common interest who get together to share common adventures and traditions.

Tonight it is our honour to entertain flag officers of other clubs whose members share those same interests. We welcome them not only as individuals, but as representatives of the members of their clubs, all members of the fraternity who go down to the sea in small ships.

Footnote: The Naval signals quoted are from *Make Another Signal*, by Captain Jack Broome, William Kimber & Co. Limited, London 1973.

Jeanette Percival

A regular face at the Club each Saturday, Friday Twilight, General Meeting, Gaffers Days and other club functions for over 16 years in the last 25 was Jeanette Percival.

Her pleasant manner was appreciated by members and crews who, after returning from a harrowing day's sailing, were met with Jeanette's happy smile as she dispensed their choice.

Her retirement after so many years was a loss to Club members and their appreciation of her efforts were generously expressed at her farewell. The crew of *Tingari* decorated the Clubhouse and a number of speeches were made acknowledging her contribution to the happy working of the Club. Bob Lawler's speech will be remembered with interest.



Jeanette Percival's departure after 16 years was honoured on the evening of the last Twilight race of the season on 29th March 1996. The gifts included a rather large cake here being carefully handled by Lindy Danvers as Michael Tomaszewski and Commodore Fred Bevis look on. The cake was soon demolished by all present (Photo: John Jeremy)

Club liquor function licence

After some twelve months of negotiations with Lands Department, MSB, Cremorne Precinct Committee, Police, North Sydney Council and the NSW Liquor Licence Court, a licence to sell liquor on 26 specified occasions per year was granted in June 1992. The reason for applying for the licence was to rationalize club bar operations for Friday Twilight barbeques and other major functions when significant quantities of liquor are being sold.

In the negotiations which preceded the court applications, undertakings were given to the North Sydney Council and the Cremorne Precinct Committee that no increase of noise or traffic would result and that the Club would be shut down at the closing times nominated.

As Council approval of our licence application was given in spite of several letters of objection from near-by residents, it was essential that those residents were not given cause to complain about noise at the club, members or guests ignoring parking regulations, noisy behaviour of members and guests when leaving the Club, particularly late at night. Any serious breach of our assurances of concern for our neighbours would prejudice our licence and so upset Friday Twilight functions and the like. It is pleasing to note that Council and residents have had no cause to complain.

Friday Twilights

The idea of twilight races being conducted by the Club developed from the positive response to a survey of members conducted in 1984. Following the survey an extended period of consideration and debate took place regarding the organisational requirements and workload of the Racing Committee, manning of the Starter's boat and catering. The decision to commence the Twilight races was finally made and racing commenced in 1986-87 season. The then Commodore Peter Garrow and the Vice Commodore Frank Tebbutt crewed the Starter's boat for the first races. Peter Garrow has continued his commitment to the event by continuing as Starter every year since.

The development of the Friday Twilights has changed the social scene at the Club. The workload placed on the Rear Commodore by the event was dramatic.



Flying Circus, A57 close on the heels on Tingari during the Twilight Race on 8th January 1993 (Photo: John Jeremy)

At times up to 300 people have returned to the Club after the race wanting to be fed and watered and be seated at a table. Dennis Williams was Rear Commodore at the inception and, with the help of his volunteer team, did a great job coping with the after race gathering.

John Morris, and his Clubhouse Committee helpers, in his term as Rear Commodore, quickly found the catering demands on the same people each week not sustainable. He addressed the problem by coming up with the idea of having a roster where the crew of one of the boats would be nominated as the "Duty Crew" for the night. These "volunteers" would, once each season, help serve behind the bar, sell meals, collect glasses etc.. This extra help has shared the workload and (as described in a letter to the Club) "bond members to the Club". This largely volunteer structure has continued and has been the key to making the catering arrangements work.

This after race social aspect of having a meal, relaxing with friends and mixing with other members at the end of the working week is a successful formula. It has been a great innovation in increasing the use and enjoyment of the Club by members and their crews. It would be hard to imagine the Club today without the Friday Twilight.

The History of the Castle Lagoon Sailing Club (or the Les Ardouin Story)

Tony Saunders and Peter Garrow

Many members would remember the late Les Ardouin, a magnanimous fellow who used to provide the barbeques at the clubhouse for the crippled children's sail, year after year. Members would also note the Les Ardouin cannon in our clubhouse as an Idle Hour trophy. Les was also instrumental in the formation of the Castle Lagoon Sailing Club (CLSC) as its one and only Commodore.

The CLSC was formed for fun around 1980, and operated for eight to ten years. It was an "informal Pittwater sub branch" of the Amateurs (no memorandum of articles, fees or anything fancy). Castle Lagoon, also known as Sams Hole, is a small well-protected inlet on Cowan Creek, not far from Cottage Point. The Lagoon is steep sided, where dropping an anchor in the middle, and tying



1982

The first breakfast on the wharf was organised in 1982 by Peter Garrow and his committee. These have continued over the years and are a popular social occasion. At one of these breakfasts a string quartet played Bach and Mozart; who said we don't have class at the Amateurs?

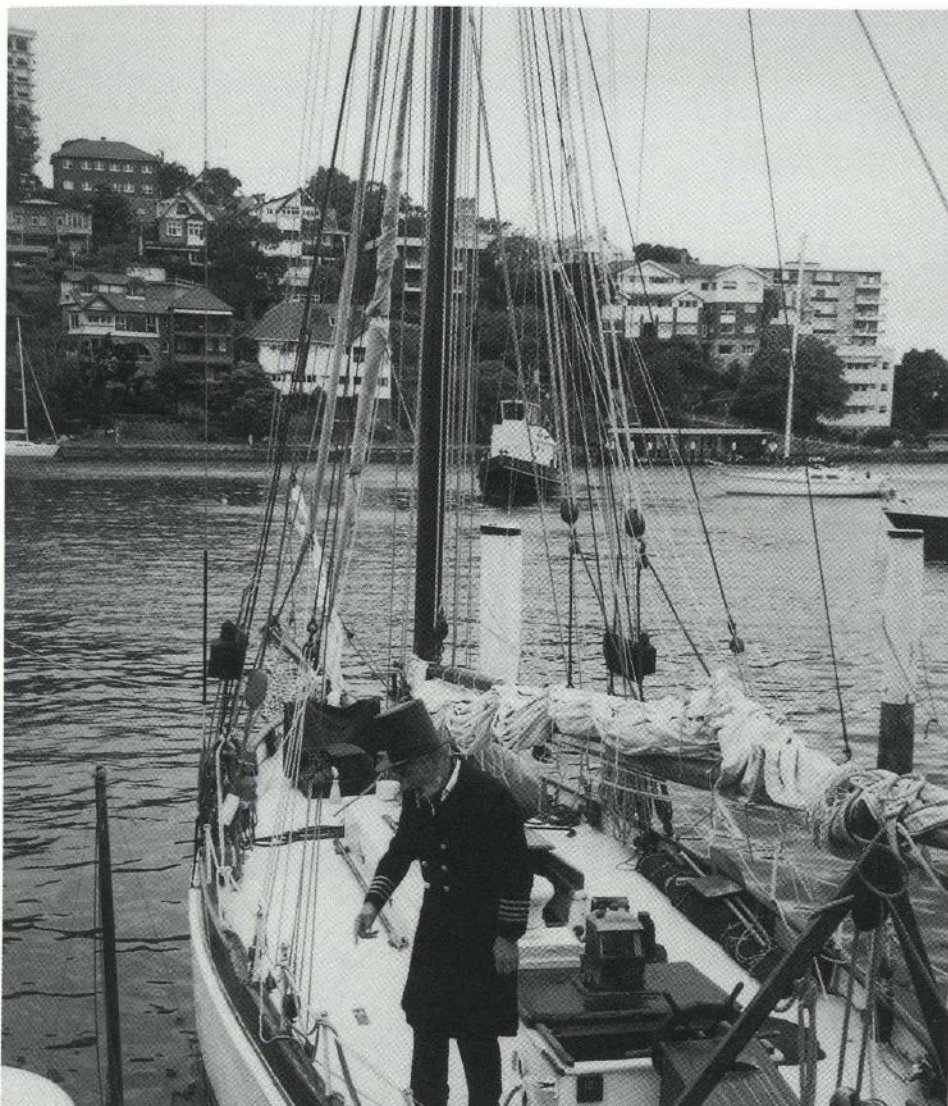
Castle Lagoon at Easter 1985. The cheerfully decorated raft-up includes Sunchaser (Peter Garrow), Scaramouche (John Emery), The Hum (Max Miller), Sea Major (Frank Tebbutt) and Volos (Brian McGain) (Photo: John Jeremy)

the stern up to a tree is possible, allowing easy rafting up. Every year, a bunch of Amateur yachts used to drop anchor to celebrate New Years eve in Castle Lagoon, and being a sociable lot, we used to form a raft, stern to shore. Notable regular attendee yacht owners included Les Ardouin, (and brother Harry in his H28) Max Miller, John Gents, Peter Garrow, Frank Tebbutt, myself, and other Amateur members who dropped in from time to time. One year, I took the kids' Laser along, and Peter Garrow borrowed another sailing dinghy and we had an Americas Cup challenge around the half dozen boats moored in the middle of the Lagoon. Great fun we thought, and the next thing we knew, it had grown into a rowing dinghy race, then a powered dinghy race with 2 horsepower motors (in later years "unlimited" horsepower) around the same moored boats.

As it was now getting serious, we decided to make a Commodore of the fleet and Les Ardouin was unanimously elected as he was a quiet fellow and had a generous nature. Les took his new duties to heart, and for the following year kindly purchased us "Amateur-sub branch" members, CLSC pennants and tee-shirts with individual nicknames. My tee-shirt had the name "Topal" as I was supposedly always fiddling with equipment on-board *Rapier*, Max Miller was "Cruise Director" to plan our movements, and so on for other members' nicknames. The following New Year, Les took it one step further and together with some of his staff from work brought a small cannon on the back of his ute down to Cottage Point wharf to load onto the bow of his Columbia 27, *Lakatoi*. It was a working field cannon, about quarter size with large wheels, and from memory Les had purchased it at an auction, along with the cannon with small wheels which now resides in our clubhouse. This was the starting/finishing gun for the dinghy races, and caused quite a

Past Commodore John Merrington's yacht Warana approaching the start for the Ladies Day race in 1979 (Photo: John Jeremy)





Gino Caio in his usual rig aboard Playmate of Maldon, Gaffers Day 1995. Playmate of Maldon turned 100 in 1996 and was given a birthday party at the Club

stir in the Lagoon. Les tied it down, loaded it up with some gunpowder and chaff, and off it went, his yacht rolling somewhat on firing. The black marks made from the gunpowder on his foredeck were virtually impossible to remove, despite many subsequent scrubblings. After the finish, Les called the winners over to his yacht and presented prizes of bottles of Scotch which he had paid for. Needless to say, at no stage over the years, did anyone ever suggest another Commodore. The New Year dinghy races expanded and went on for a number of years, and people started to use larger outboards with subsequent occasional tipping over, barging, throwing buckets of water and so on. One time, someone lost a new 4 horsepower motor over the side when there was a bit of jostling whilst rounding a mark.

Another notable CLSC event included a Sunday lunch in the clubhouse when Vic Dibben, our Commodore at the time, was presented with a CLSC pennant by Commodore Les. This pennant is still part of our collection.

The CLSC were also responsible for commencing the Castle Lagoon New Years eve raffle. A dinghy was rowed to every boat in the Lagoon (could be around 50) with an entry fee of 4 cans of beer, or the equivalent; including baked beans from one tee-total yacht. Commodore Les drew the winning ticket for the dinghy load of beer/baked beans each year, and used to donate extra cans.



Overcast skies seem to be a regular part of the scene at Easter, but the showers rarely dampen the enthusiasm of the participants in Bob Brown Trophy race to Pittwater. Here on Good Friday 1989 Honey Bee, Invader, Idle Hour, Mark Twain, Firetel, Morning Tide, Grumpy and Sunchaser place great trust in a single mooring at Coasters Retreat (Photo: John Jeremy)

What caused the subsequent demise of the CLSC? Well unfortunately Les passed away, his brother Harry sailed his yacht to Queensland, Frank moved to Lake Macquarie and Max started going up there for the Christmas/New Year period. It also started to get a bit rowdy with hangers-on due to the popularity of the powered dinghy race, so those Amateur members that were left, drifted over the coming years to the third arm of Smiths Creek, where we were subsequently joined by Tony Clarkson in his motor yacht. Despite the success, at the time, of the CLSC, there has never been any suggestion of the formation of Smiths Creek Sailing Club.

Chapter Seven

Some Boats and Sailors

Ramblings of an Old Salt. September 1996

(This is a true story of an early introduction to sailing by an anonymous member, widely thought to be Mr Bean.)

It was approximately 30 years ago. My father was visiting from overseas and I arranged to hire a yacht and take out him, my secretary and her husband for a pleasant Saturday afternoon sail. I had only sailed once before, in a Heron but I had read all the books.

We were dropped on board by the boatshed tender at a mooring in Balmoral Bay. The yacht was 24 feet long and in a sorry state. There was no motor, all we had were old sails, an anchor and a dinghy with two different length oars (this turned out to be a bit of a blessing). I thought the boatshed was most trusting in just leaving us on board to do our own thing.

We managed to sail off the mooring without too great a drama and started to head towards Manly. We were a quarter of a mile from shore when all of a sudden we got hit by a bullet, and as I was somewhat inexperienced we rounded up. In the ensuing drama, the tiller which was not fixed into the rudder, came free and went over the side. We managed to pull the dinghy alongside, grabbed the short oar and stuck it into the hole in the rudder to use as a tiller. It was like a decapitating sweep. We sailed back towards the boatshed, got somewhere close to Balmoral Baths, rounded up, and dropped anchor, not wanting to risk sailing through crowded moorings with an oar for a tiller, particularly as it was discovered there was no boathook! We also discovered there were no dinghy rowlocks, so we hailed somebody on the beach and they went to the boatshed.

Shortly thereafter, out came the tender. Back at the boatshed the manager was most annoyed with us for having lost his tiller. He proceeded to take a piece of scrap wood and fashioned something which could be stuck in the hole in the rudder. He also gave us some rowlocks but had no boathook. Whilst we were in the boatshed, a message came through that the yacht was now scraping alongside Balmoral Baths. (I hadn't put out enough scope.) This made the manager even more annoyed and he sent out the tender to retrieve the yacht.

Eventually, we boarded again, jammed the make-shift tiller into the rudder, and had the tender tow us out into the open to set sail. After this drama we decided to have a few drinks to calm our shattered nerves. In mid-afternoon, we had sailed around Watsons Bay and having run out of liquid refreshments, decided we would drop anchor and row ashore to the hotel. There was a large square-rigged vessel in Watsons Bay from Norway, over a hundred foot long moored in front of the hotel. I cleverly dropped anchor just in front of this Norwegian vessel (those drinks had really made me confident) and as the dinghy could only hold three, it was decided that my secretary, her husband and myself would go to the hotel leaving my father on board. We decided to have a drink whilst we were at the hotel, so it was half an hour before we set out from the shore to row back to our yacht. It was nowhere to be seen.

 1986

18th January: Nominated skippers' race—while there were a number of starters in this annual event unfortunately there were no winners! Due to lack of breeze no yachts finished within the specified time

Finally we noticed a mast on the other side of the square-rigger and rowed around to see my father fending off from this massive hull. Again I had failed to put out enough scope and we had dragged anchor. We raised the sails, started pulling in the anchor but it was stuck solid. It was later realised that the fluke of our anchor was caught up with the enormous anchor chain of the square-rigger. We hailed a passing speed boat and he started to tow us forward in front of the square-rigger to pull the anchor free. After many attempts he stated that he had to leave and released the tow rope. We drifted back and the bowsprit of the square-rigger went in between the starboard cap shroud and the mast just above the spreaders. By this time a bunch of curious Norwegian sailors on board started to take notice. We shouted to the speed boat not to leave us in this predicament so he decided to give it one more go. Having now realised our problem with the anchor, we firstly cut the anchor rope, a fatal mistake. The speedboat again took the tow line, and this time proceeded to pull us sideways. I shouted at him to pull us forward, but he kept going. The strain was too much. Next thing we knew the mast had fallen over and in the ensuing drama the boom hit my secretary on the head.

Our new friend in the speed boat immediately shouted that he had to get home and headed off at a rate of knots. As we were now free, we started to drift back towards the Pilot Station in Watsons Bay. So there we were; no motor, no sails, no anchor, no boathook trying to grab a passing mooring, and no more power boats to give us a hand. We tried lassoing as we drifted past moored yachts; no go. I eventually jumped into the dinghy, and as we were drifting back, I managed to drag the vessel over towards the pilot jetty. Eventually we came alongside and tied up. I was absolutely exhausted having dragged the yacht in a cross wind so that we could bump into the jetty, and being such a well equipped vessel, of course, we found out there weren't any fenders either to protect the topside. There were some pilots in an office at the shore end of the jetty and they were most surprised when four bedraggled sailors walked through from the wrong way (from the ocean side), saying "good afternoon".

It was then over to the hotel for a beverage for shattered nerves, whilst I made a phone call to the boatshed. The words of the boatshed manager are unprintable. I told him that the mast had "just fallen down" and neglected to mention the bowsprit on the square-rigger incident. The next day he gave me a call to tell me I had lost my \$20 deposit. My father never went sailing again, my secretary had a couple of stitches to her forehead and also never went sailing again but I had the strength of character to return to the sea, eventually gaining a TL4 Certificate! I presume our anchor was taken aboard the square rigger and ended up in Norway.

Thunderbird, *Kaldari* 1965/72

Richard Wilson

It is amazing to me how much influence the Gale family has had on the SASC not least of all Bill Gale who has been a close friend and great guiding influence to me. This recollection has been brought about by Bill's insistence that I should put something down on the time that I spent sailing in the Thunderbird class with the Sydney Amateurs. I had sailed for quite a number of years in small boats, a number of which I had built myself. After meeting Bill in the early 60s I started sailing with his father, Cliff, in *Ranger* and while with him learnt a tremendous amount about all aspects of sailing. During this time I also become aware of the strong Thunderbird fleet and this appealed to me as I wanted to do some class racing and the thought of being able to build my own boat had even more appeal. Another Gale, Roger, also showed great interest in the building of the boat and gave guidance and assistance over the nine months it took to build.

The people involved in the class were also of great assistance and were always willing to help in any way. People like Fred Wrobel, Dick Christian who had Boy Messenger sailing with him, Laurie Schnieder, Rob Skinner, Grahame Day, Peter Gregory, among many others. The racing was always very competitive and I enjoyed so many aspects of it. My youthful enthusiasm and the assistance of so many all went to make up a tremendous seven years in the Thunderbirds.

I am not comfortable with putting some of the results down but through Bill's persuasion here are some:

We won three point scores with the club to give us the Jubilee Plate in the year the Club had its centenary. I then presented a Trophy as is customary which became the Centenary Plate. We were lucky enough to win three state titles and were placed in the top three in every other of the seven years.

We were also placed second with the help and guidance of Roger Gale in the world Championships that were held on the Harbour, finishing behind Tony Parkes with Mike Fletcher aboard calling the shots.

They were great times with the Club and although I am no longer a member I still enjoy being able to help the Club out in making available my motor cruiser for the purpose of taking their guests around on special occasions and enabling me to still enjoy what sailing is all about.

Arthur Prigge 1939–1989

Vic Dibben

Arthur Prigge, a Life Member, joined the Club in 1939.

He purchased a yacht *Thurloo* about 1937 from Ern Merrington. Then he built *Thara* MH 82 launched in 1948. Readers may wonder about the MH sail number. This was brought about because Arthur, like a number of others who were members of the SASC or raced with the SASC, moored their yachts at the Spit. To get to the Spit after work on Saturday mornings and sail around to the SASC in time to start in the races was difficult so a number of yacht owners including Arthur started the Middle Harbour Yacht Club so they could race there. Arthur won many events and a bulkhead of skite plates to prove it. Although he was a foundation member of MHYC he was very attached to the SASC.

He was Secretary of the SASC from January 1979 to July, 1984. Arthur in business was a Company Secretary and his professional skills were very advantageous to the SASC. It was during his term of office the Government tightened many controls and changed the regulations governing Clubs. This meant we had to change our Articles of Association to bring them up to date. Working with Nick Cassim, the Club Honorary Solicitor, Arthur was able to satisfy the Corporate Affairs Commission on this matter.

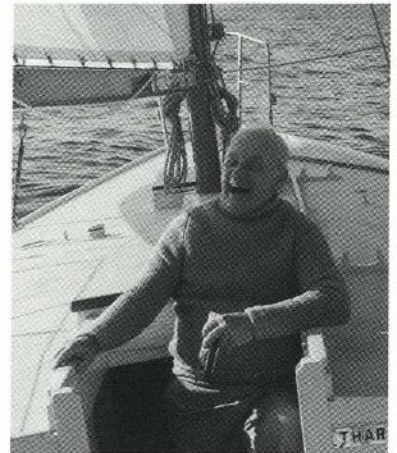
When the Club started the AYF TL4 sail training courses Arthur was an enthusiastic supporter as a lecturer and using *Thara* for practical exercise on the water, where he always emphasised safe sailing.

Cruising as often as possible in Pittwater, *Thara* was always in contact with other SASC yachts and I have many happy memories of sailing with Arthur from Sydney Harbour to Pittwater and back again.

E J Merrington. Past Commodore and Honorary Life Member

Whilst the history of the Merringtons is set out in *The Amateurs*, it seems appropriate to outline some of the details of Ern's most interesting life.

He commenced a lifelong association with yachting from childhood at Huntley's Point, picnic sailing in his father's 18 footer *Merlin* and then as skipper in their



A jovial Arthur Prigge at sea in his yacht *Thara* on a beautiful day in August 1983 (Photo: John Jeremy)



Bill Merrington (right) with son James on Eventide A38, 1997. Bill is Ern Merrington's brother. The family has been involved with The Amateurs since the early days. Bill is on the Board of Directors and has just entered his 50th racing season (Photo: Martin Van der Wal)

Ranger class *Wanderer*, winning the 1934 point score gold medal. At the age of 18 Ern joined the Amateurs in 1929. Throughout his membership he has continually worked for yachting, serving on the Committee for 26 years. He has held the office of Rear Commodore, Vice Commodore and Commodore from 1950 to 1958. He has been Chairman of the Protest Committee, Club delegate to the SYRA (from which the AYF developed), YA of NSW 1952-72 and President 1966-68, President of the AYF 1968-69 and elected to Honorary Life Membership of SASC in 1958.

He represented the AYF at the Pacific Games in Port Moresby and for the selection trials for the Olympic Games in Botany bay. During his term as Commodore he vigorously pursued investigations for possible Clubhouse sites.

Commissioning his first *Thurloo*, a modified Bambridge class three quarter decked Bermuda rigged yacht, built by Jack Lucas at Drumoyne and raced successfully with the Amateurs, he sold her to the late Arthur Prigge, who like most who worked on Saturday mornings, would catch a tram after work to the Spit where she was moored, sail around to Shell Cove to the Amateurs start.

Ern graduated in optometry in 1932 and commenced business in 1938 which continued until his retirement in 1984. In the late thirties Ern bought from the Navy a damaged whaler. With a crew of half a dozen and several empty fuel drums it was towed from Clifton Gardens to the Lane Cove River, carried across the flats at low tide and onto the land in front of his house. She was repaired, fitted out internally, mast, rigging and an engine fitted. She served as a family holiday and cruising vessel for several years. In 1966 he acquired the *Bellbird* a 22ft half decked yacht probably well known to members. She had successfully sailed with the Amateurs for many years. This was inadequate accommodation for his growing family, and he sold it.

In 1947 Alan Payne was given his first commission to design the steel *Thurloo*. She was built in Alexandria by Fabricated Products and was immediately successful, not only providing full family accommodation with Mary and the four children but capable of winning races, including the Division 1 Point Score in 1960-61. She took part in many off shore events and was the first yacht to carry the Amateur's burgee to Hobart in 1960. After a trip to the Reef in 1976 she was sold to a Queenslander who has since sailed her around the Pacific.

He then acquired the Cavalier 32 *Forte* (which he said looked like a yacht ought), successfully campaigning with the Club for many years, again winning the 1978–79 Point Score.

At Past Commodores' Dinner at the SASC Ern was given the honour of being the first speaker and later happily joined in the discussions on the Club and its activities. Ern Crossed the Bar on 16 October 1996.

W.A.(Tony) Ashleigh

Peter Wargent

As the history of the SASC lengthens, the list of those who had more than a passing influence on it grows; thus the second volume contains this reflection of Tony Ashleigh, who ran the Boatshed from 1965 to 1983.

Tony (or "Cracker" to his mates in Squadron days), was a Queenslander. Information on when he deserted his Brisbane family is not readily available, suffice to say that he left home at an early age to seek his fortunes in the world at large, and mostly at sea. He gradually worked his way north, mainly as a deckhand on fishing boats and traders, and spent some time in Papua New Guinea waters, especially around the Fly River. Of fair complexion and known as "Snowy" in those days (1940s), Tony was often the only white man in an area covering thousands of square miles, and, dealing and trading in anything and everything to make a quid. Learning to live off the land in such circumstances sharpened his survival instincts and his powers of improvisation were quick and ever creative, faculties that were to be of enormous benefit to the SASC in the early years at Green Street when money and material were in very short supply.

Returning south, Tony worked for Queensland Harbour and Lights servicing navigational aids up and down the coast. By early 1950s he had scraped together enough money to buy his own trader, an old Colin Archer style of vessel, hugely strong and voluminous, and ideal as a work vessel and home (he was now married and had a young son and daughter). Fate then turned heavily against him and he was caught in a tropical cyclone off the Queensland coast. His strength and toughness enabled him to save his wife and daughter, but the boat went down (including of course all his worldly possessions), and his baby son died before reaching shore.

Wishing and willing to start afresh Tony sent his wife and daughter down to Sydney, arriving himself as crew on the big yacht *Active*. Within a few days he managed to find work as a yard hand at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, under the capable and caring eye of Ron Aitken. This was about 1954.

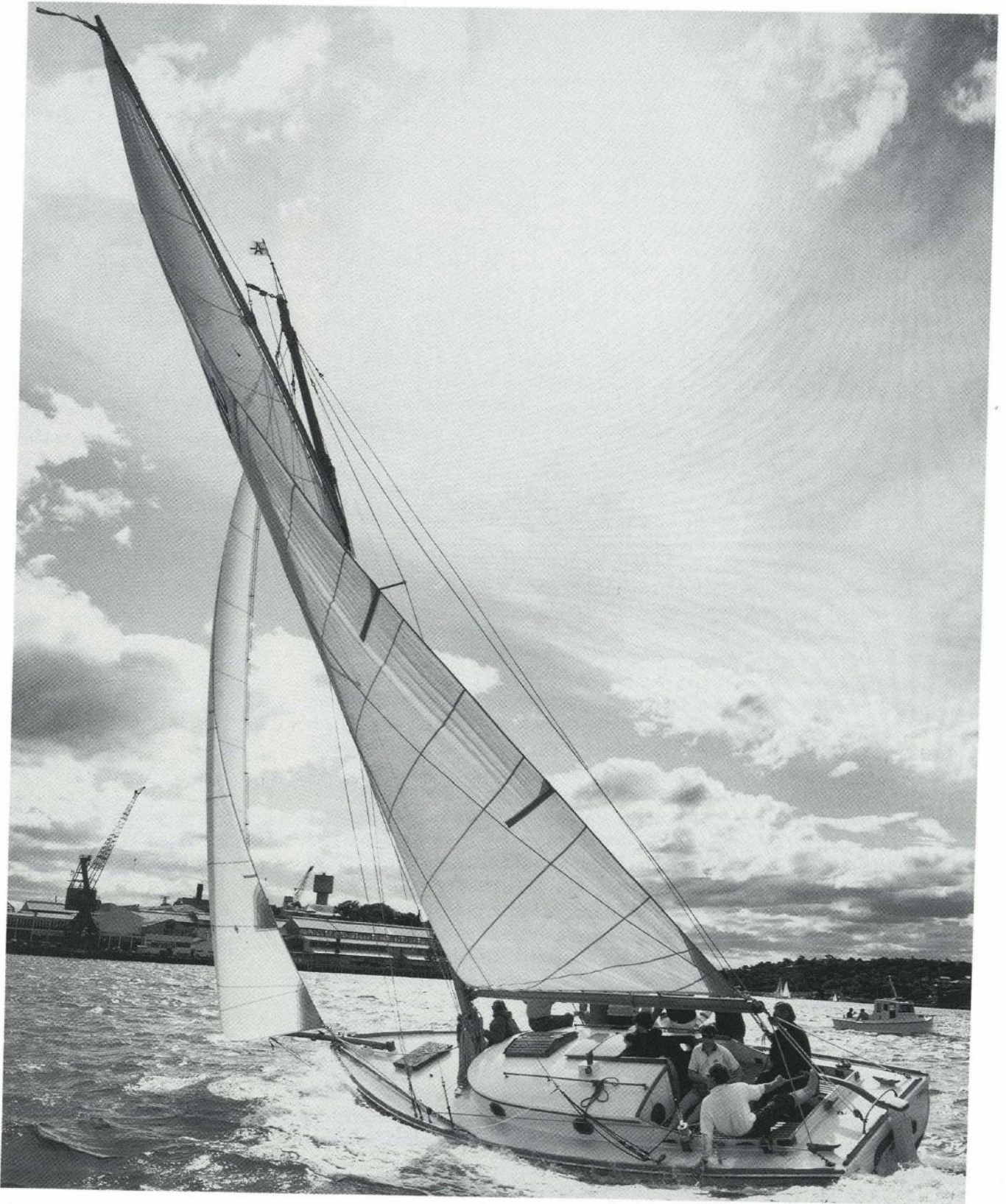
Although his wife and daughter eventually tired of Sydney, Tony slowly started to rebuild his life. His enthusiasm and willingness to pitch in to any work presented to him won respect and friends at the Squadron and around the waterfront that would last until the end of his days. He lived for a while at Elizabeth Bay House, and rowed to work every day for a couple of years, always equipped with newspaper and matches to use as a beacon if a ferry came too close. Later he sailed to work in *Dolphin*, an old 22 ft Colleen class yacht he managed to acquire and restore.

Also working at the RSYS at that time was a young skiff sailor and yardhand called Alan Lucas. Ashleigh's stories of sailing and life in the tropics contributed to firing the Lucas imagination, culminating in much travel and Alan's famous and informative books on cruising.

As time progressed another twist in the tale occurred. *Junebird*, a fast little yacht originally owned and successfully raced by EC Gale in the twenties, lay wasting away in Woodford Bay. Mick Earl (son of the irrepressible Jack) the current owner, had run out of funds to rebuild her. Approximately of the same style and nature, Cracker and Earl had become great sailing and drinking mates.



Tony "Cracker" Ashleigh at the helm of *Carefree A96* in 1988



Hoana A100, Martin Van der Wal. Built in 1920 this 30ft boat was the original Hoana. In 1924 another 32ft version was built leading to some confusion over the two. From 1947 Hoana has been on the Club register. In 1965 she left Sydney on a world cruise with Joe and Anne Adams for three years. Martin Van der Wal retains Hoana in superb condition and is a regular competitor in Traditional and Gaffers Divisions (Photo: Peter Bateman)

What quantity of alcohol consummated the deal is not recorded, but Tony exchanged £50 for *Junebird* and a bucket of screws and nails. As one famous Sydney shipwright said "about the only plank left on the stem was the garboard, and the centreboard case was a bonus".

Unperturbed, Tony Ashleigh lashed a couple of 44 gallon drums to what was now "his" yacht, and floated her up to the old ANW wharf and shed at Careening Cove (later rebuilt to the plans of SASC member Charles Maclurcan, and currently the site of Geoff Tyers' yard). Within a matter of months, improvisation to the fore, he had her shipshape, sailing again, and his "taxi" to the Squadron. Tony had become an Ordinary Member of the SASC in 1958, and in 1960 *Junebird* reappeared on the Club Register under her original sailnumber of A19. She was to be Cracker's sometimes flagship, sometimes home, and sometimes bolthole, for about twenty years.

The Amateurs acquired the current site at Green Street in the early sixties. It was ramshackle, very run down, and only even partially habitable after enormous voluntary effort by many members. In January 1963 they started hiring Tony Ashleigh on a part time basis. He was still permanently employed by the Squadron, but gradually started putting in more and more weekend and evening time at Green Street; driving the tender for weekend racing, assisting repair the shed, Clubhouse, slips, and attending to a myriad of jobs as the SASC gradually clawed its way upwards at what was hopefully to be a permanent home. As mentioned before, his powers of improvisation were exceptional, and at Green Street they were tested and used to the limit.

In 1965, John Jackson then Commodore, Tony became a full time SASC employee, in charge of the Boatshed. (This involved some delicate discussions as the SASC has always had cordial relations with the RSY and didn't want to appear to be pinching one of their valuable men!) Slipway work initially involved just slipping and anti-fouling boats, but Crackers' talents and self sufficient philosophies soon enabled general repair work to come under the SASC's wing, and "The Boatshed" became his working home and living for the next 18 years. In the early days a great many of the Boatshed tools were out of Tony's personal kit. He was an amateur yachtsman himself, from personal experience he knew what it was like to be without, and lent his tools and gear continually and unstintingly. But, like most, he disliked having his generosity abused, and "how are you off for socks and underpants?" would be growled at those who tried to borrow a screw-driver five times too often!

Cracker, as his nickname implied, was often an impatient man, although in fact it derived from his family, he was born Anthony Crack. He had survived and made his living by getting on with the job; this sometimes caused consternation to those running the Club, used to long deliberations at committee meetings and considering wider implications. From time to time there would be adverse comment from both sides, but compromise and a willingness to keep the interests of the SASC to the forefront remedied abrasive situations. Certainly most directors and members recognised that Tony's methods were ultimately beneficial to an impoverished and struggling sailing club, for Tony's part, after living and working with a variety of native settlements for many years, the SASC were a relatively amenable bunch (and they didn't throw real spears!).

In later years, modern yachts, their materials and building, bothered him. He had cut his teeth on working boats and working sail. If a boat couldn't sit in a cradle on her own bottom or keel, without supporting ropes or slings, she was an abortion. He accepted winches, but fibreglass was regarded as messy and smelly stuff (correct of course), and masking tape was of more use as a quick and cheap elastoplast than to give a straight line. Paint rollers were OK, but who really needed them (Tony had an incredibly quick brush action and the strength of wrist to go with it, a necessity learnt when having to beach a vessel and antifoul

between tides.) This and much more he contemplated as the SASC grew into the 20th century. But Tony couldn't and wouldn't slow down, regardless of what "abortions" were filling the slips the boatshed went on apace. Ever loyal to the Club and generous with his time, he was always behind major club functions, supporting and working tirelessly, and the Northcott Days for handicapped children especially exposed the charitable side of his nature.

For all the usual and valid reasons, Tony Ashleigh was voted an Honourary Life Member of the SASC in 1988. Along with the other life members he should have been able to live into retirement with the satisfaction of a great contribution. It was not to be. Whilst slipping a boat single handed in 1983, his foot got trapped under a cradle wheel. Although discharged from hospital as an amputee and no longer able to work the slips, Cracker carried on, extracting what he could from life, always improvising ways and means of continuing to sail *Care-free*. But it was an accident from which he never fully recovered. It slowed him down considerably, something which he was not used to and which his fighting spirit never fully accepted. He passed away on 2nd July 1990. In his own words, "I'm off on my last spinnaker run". The SASC had finally lost a great and loyal crewman.

The above has been written from the memories of many people with particular thanks to some of Tony's oldest friends:

Ron Aitken, for many years Foreman par excellence at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron.

Ron Balkwell, one of Sydney's great shipwrights, and for many years custodian of the Albert's 'fleet'.

Alf Lean, originally shipwright at the RSYS, later draughtsman for Alan Payne and chief draughtsman and designer for Warwick Hood, especially during the *Dame Pattie* 12 metre years.

Alan Lucas, sometime Sydney water rat, Tony's informal "apprentice" at the Squadron, and well known cruising author.

Jack Earl – Artist, Sailor and Father

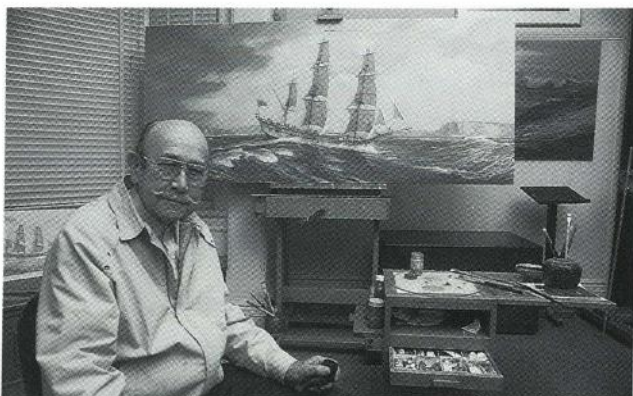
Michael Tomaszewski, May 1994

It was a moonlit ominous night, rain squalls and lightning on the horizon. It was a long weekend in October, perhaps 1957, somewhere off Shellharbour. We were sailing Jack Earl's recently launched Tasman Seabird *Maris* for a family weekend in Kiama. Jack, Kosti Simonds and my brother Matt were down below, off watch; Maris and I, on the helm for an hour or so, spellbound by the shore lights, the lightning and the clouds, sailing before a dying Nor'easter; the lights before me veered, the boat jibed; from below came Jack's calm voice "are you OK Mick?" "Yes", I replied, and Jack went back to sleep; we sailed on.

Jack Earl had that rare gift and enormous capacity of character to inspire confidence and give strength to those he came in contact with. He never knocked people, those he didn't respect he just dismissed. Jack Earl was the man who taught me humility, love and respect for the sea; gave me understanding, and above all Maris, my mate.

Jack Earl, joined the SASC 1970. He was one of the great pioneers, adventurers, seamen, artists and characters of Australian sailing. He was a legend in his own life time and his contribution to the sport in Australia and particularly in Sydney was huge. He was a founding member of the Cruising Yacht Club. There would be no annual pilgrimage to Hobart if Jack hadn't been the first of a bunch of friends to say that he was thinking of taking a trip south around Boxing day in 1945.

Jack Earl with his painting of Endeavour (Photo: Valerie Martin)



He was one of the first Australians to circumnavigate the globe in 1947 in his Colin Archer designed ketch, *Kathleen Gillett*, a bold adventure in a world only just out of the grip of war, he and his three crew were treated as heroes wherever they went and especially in their homeland. The voyage lasted two years. *The Kathleen Gillett* is now fully restored and maintained at the National Maritime Museum in Darling Harbour as a tribute to her voyage, her designer and especially old Jack.

As an artist of the sea Jack is thought by many to be one of the greatest. He had an amazing ability to capture the true feeling and motion of the sea. He had meticulous attention to detail and would spend literally months researching a boat before he'd even begin to lay brush to canvas. Jack Earl's paintings grace the walls of yacht clubs around the world and are in private collections of people such as Dennis Conner as well as the many people who were fortunate enough to know and love him as a friend. His life has been documented in books and film, but he will always be remembered around Sydney Harbour not only for his vast talent as an artist and seaman, his warm smiling heart.

Jack moved to Mosman Bay on board the *Kathleen* late in the second world war with his wife, after whom he named the boat, and their two children, Michael and Maris before setting off around the world. And it was to the Bay that he returned after the trip as well, living first on the eastern shore and then on the western where he lived for the many years until he died at the age of 86.

The *Kathleen* was sold not long after her historic voyage, but was soon replaced by the beautiful Alan Payne designed Tasman Seabird named *Maris*. After thousands of miles of sailing all over the Pacific, *Maris* was sold and replaced by a little ketch called *Smoky Cape*. She was the little boat that Jack grew old in, meticulously kept and always had a good supply of rum and coffee on board.

Jack Earl, OAM, Honorary Life Member of the Amateurs, died on the 14th of April 1994 at the summit of his remarkable life, aged eighty five years and 11 months. On Sunday the 24th April, many Amateurs joined the Governor of NSW, Rear Admiral Peter Sinclair, his wife, and some 400 other people at our family home in celebration of Jack's life. We are all grateful for what he has given us.

"Tom" Selby (Member 1964-86)

Colin Bull

One of the most respected and affectionately remembered SASC members of the period now under review was "Tom" Selby, alias Lt Colonel Dr CH Selby MID. The nickname Tom was dubbed on the baby Charles Herbert by his grandfather and remained for ever.

Tom sadly passed away in 1996 having retired from sailing and parted with his *Maide Maryke*, A21, some years earlier. Seeking information about any memorable event associated with Tom and his yacht I found the answer was that every outing seemed to be an adventure. This may or may not have been true, but on the water Tom was noted for his sporting and gentlemanly behaviour, rarely if ever, pushing for his right of way. Tom was known also for his sense of humour. Who else would wear a red sock on his left foot and a green one on the other?

Being a doctor in general practice, as he was in Cremorne for many years, Tom Selby was occasionally called to advise on First Aid. He wrote a paper "Medical Emergencies on Boats" and at one time gave a talk to members on First Aid. Remembered from this talk was his advice that First Aiders should always carry brandy, never to be given to the patient, but to be kept for the First Aider whose need could be greater!

Decorating the wall of the Club House is a painting of the sail training ship *Tingira*. This forms a perpetual trophy given by Dr Selby in recognition of the part played by crews in the successful racing performance of yachts. It is awarded to the nominated forward hand of the winning yacht in No. 2 Division. An appropriate engraved plate is attached to the painting each year. This gesture tells something of the nature of the donor. Another gift to the Club from Tom Selby is the "knot board", samples of artistic creations made of ropes and cords.

Meeting Tom Selby in the boat shed one could be forgiven for not knowing that he had given distinguished service to his fellow man as a front line doctor during World War II. Tom was three times Mentioned in Dispatches. After graduating in 1932, Tom Selby worked for some years in England, returning to Australia in 1938. At the outbreak of war he was quick to enlist in a combat unit and had the low AIF number NX22. Captain, later Lt Colonel, Selby served with the 6th Division in Libya, Greece, Crete and Ceylon, spent time as DADMS Second Australian Army, and later served in New Guinea, notably in Milne Bay. Here Dr Selby did a great deal to improve hygiene, argued for and won better conditions for convalescents and considerably reduced the incidence of malaria. Finally Lt. Colonel Selby commanded the 2/7 Field Ambulance at Aitape and Wewak.

After the war, Tom Selby practised in Cremorne and among other things, raised funds to supply text books to a village in Greece and to another in New Guinea. A quiet, even shy, but fun-loving man, Tom was the kind of man we were privileged to have as a friend and fellow member.

Ian Macdiarmid

Doc. Selby delivered me into this world in May 1951. From an early age he attended to everything from tonsils, measles and appendixes and was always available when needed. As I was a kid from a poor family Doc supplied almost all medication from the top drawer behind his desk, a generous gesture to keep the cost down.

He was a man of great humour and loved to hear a good joke. I remember him saying that the matrons of Cremorne and Neutral Bay were not a good source for off-colour humour!

His Top Hat, *Maid Maryke* was a great joy to him and I had the pleasure of making the odd sail for her. This diversion from the old 24 hour a day style medical practice allowed him to relax amongst his friends at the SASC. In his later years when his sailing days were over, he and his wife would often take walks in the park around the Club and were always willing to stop for a chat about life in general.

Doc Selby was a man who gave so much to this country and to his community; he influenced people wherever he went, a truly great man.

Rod Mitchell

In the interim between selling my yacht *Careel* and buying *Centaurus*, I was asked by Bill Gale to sail a season with Tom Selby as his sailing master. Tom had not done a lot of sailing but was very keen and Bill felt that with a bit of experience that I had, we could help to improve Tom's performance. We had a wonderful season. Tom was a man of great humour and Saturday afternoon was a great social occasion as well as a fun day.

I remember a very funny day on a very strong NE and we'd all bashed our way to Manly in *Maid Maryke* and were coming back with spinnaker up (it was very square) and we were hit by a tremendous clout about 30° from the north. We were knocked completely flat. Tom was quite astounded that the boat didn't sink, the mast hit the water (we even had water in the cockpit), but we righted her

and sailed off and there was not much spoken. However, the next week Tom had his inclinometer pasted over with dymotape and it also had on the inclinometer a sign that showed "upside down".

As a medico, he was a very precise and careful man and was not likely to do anything irrational or foolish. We had some experiences in that year that I will remember for a long time. At the end of it all when we did actually win the gold medal, I have never seen anybody as happy as Tom.

Colin Crisp

Charles Maclurcan

Colin Crisp was born on the 17th November 1928 in Adelaide where he completed his tertiary education in engineering. In the mid fifties he took a job in Sydney and lived at the Alexa Boarding House on Cremorne Point. He and his long time friend Rinus Barneveldt watched the weekend yachting activities from the lodging and determined that they would join in. Colin purchased a VS and taught himself to sail with Rinus. On one occasion he was heading for the rocks and told Rinus to fend off. Rinus jumped off whereupon Colin found out how to go about and left Rinus stranded.

Colin sailed from the Amateurs and was on the Committee for some years.

He then assembled a Flying Fifteen named *Currawong* under John Riley's house in Lower Boyle Street. They sailed it together and moored it at the Amateurs. Colin spent part of his honeymoon with wife Connie cleaning its bottom and sailing it around to Clontarf where they lived at the time.

Currawong was sold to finance a move to private consulting and Colin joined with Geoffrey Hughes and others to buy a Bluebird *Finnegans Wake*. He joined the SASC in January 1962 and raced the boat with modest success there. The mast was subsequently rebuilt in the hallway of his new home in Guthrie Street, Cremorne. Colin joined the SASC Board in 1964.

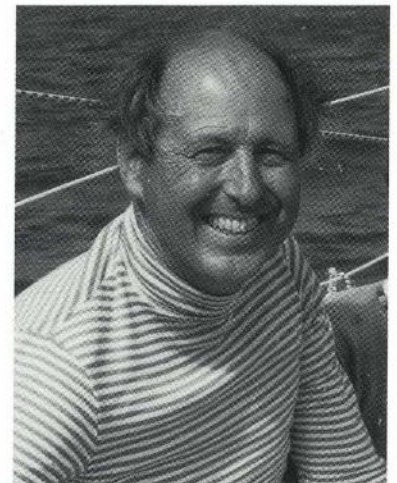
The Bluebird syndicate folded and Colin, unable to afford a boat of his own, sailed for awhile with Rob and Val Skinner in their Thunderbird *Mehitabel*.

In 1972 Colin heard that the well known 5.5 Metre *Buradoo* was for sale. He purchased it and sailed from Pittwater to Sydney with Rinus and George Brakenbury. Rob Skinner photographed them leaving from West Head. George was later heard to say it was lucky that they survived as *Buradoo* leaked a great deal. In fact, she had been built to a Luders design, in a great hurry, by Savage in Melbourne for the 1956 Olympics. She was lightly built of poor mahogany and her planks would constantly split when she was out of the water. Colin had her placed in a neighbour's yard where he and Keith Ravell worked on her. After replacement of cracked ribs, stabilisation of the hull by splining and a new deck, the whole structure was Dynelled. Colin built the neighbour's garden wall which was part of the deal and *Buradoo* was re-launched.

Colin had some success in this boat. He won the Tempest Trophy and the 5.5 Silver Cup (handicap) in the 77-78 Season. *Buradoo* was eventually sold in 1979 to Club member David Davis. About 1981, with Colin's son Frank at the helm, *Buradoo* was hit by an Etchell in a strong westerly. Almost cut in two, she quickly sank beside one of the naval buoys. Her location and raising caused some inconvenience to the Navy. Bill Barnett subsequently repaired her at Waverton and Davis quickly sold, her purchasing something smaller in fibreglass.

1978 was a big year for Colin on the yachting front. He was elected Commodore of the SASC. They were changing times and Colin was required to conscript a new Race Committee. Never set back by such prospects he quickly organised Charles Maclurcan and Rosemary Hay to take over the Race Organisation. They were new members to the Club and found themselves on the Board almost

Colin Crisp



immediately. Colin did his utmost to smooth over the ensuing period of adjustment, but it was many years, if ever, before older members of the Club accepted the fresh faces, especially the female one!

More importantly, in 1978, Colin began the design of his ultimate yacht, *Aroona*. It was his own work although it is rumoured that Ben Lexcen had offered advice. Keith Ravell began the mould for the hull in a factory unit at Manly Vale in 1979. Colin built the mast in the backyard. Charles Maclurcan carried out the electrical installation and *Aroona* was launched in winter 1981. Much of *Aroona's* internal joinery was constructed from cedar rescued from old Government furniture. The whole exercise was a great tribute to Colin's wife, Connie, who as an accomplished draughtswoman/architect designed the interior fit out.

Aroona showed promise almost immediately. She had of course cost far more than anticipated and was a little undercapitalised in terms of experimental development. In 1982 she was slipped at Birkenhead and Colin began to apply sheet lead to her keel to stiffen her slightly. A failure of the cradle occurred and *Aroona* fell destroying the mast and loosening the keel. The excellent Klegcell hull, however, survived virtually undamaged. A revised keel and new mast were subsequently fitted and despite losing that mast *Aroona* went on to prove herself a very capable harbour and ocean racer.

Colin's formal sailing involvement did not end with the SASC. He had joined the Council of the Yachting Association in 1980 becoming the President soon after. He was also on the Board of the AYF, and President in 1990. He took part in the selection of the 1984 Olympic yachting team. He was for a long while, the SASC's most prominent member in Yachting Administration.

Aroona remains on the Club Register to this day but not so Colin.

Shortly after his involvement with the YA came to an end, Colin's life took a new direction. *Aroona* languished on the mooring and Colin was noted playing tennis on Saturday mornings! Although he now lived up the road from the Club, he was a rare visitor and had reduced contact with many of his old friends. A farm subsequently took the boat's place and Colin settled comfortably in a new berth. In 1991 his cradle failed like *Aroona's* a decade before. Unfortunately for him new parts were not available and, sadly, he died on the 23rd of November 1991 shortly after his 63rd birthday. He will be remembered by his sailing mates for his boyish grin, wry chuckle and businesslike determination to succeed against the greatest of odds.

Sir Alexis Albert

The SASC has been honoured to have Sir Alexis Albert as a Member for 75 years having joined the Club in 1921; possibly a record for a club membership.

One of Sir Alex's early yachts was *Boomerang* a 21 footer designed to comply with the new restricted class agreed on by the SASC, RSY, and the RPAYC in the early 20s. Another was the 8 metre *Norm* (7) in which he had competed regularly and successfully on Sydney Harbour for over 30 years, including a defence of the Sayonara Cup in 1931-2. Lex was well known for his good sportsmanship when sailing.

He was elected a Life Member of the SASC in 1953 and was knighted in 1972. A member of Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, he was their Commodore from 1971 to 1975.

Sir Alexis passed away in 1996 and a Memorial Service was held at the Parish Church of St James in King Street, Sydney at which the Club was represented by Bill Gale and Vic Dibben. During the service Tony and Robert Albert reflected on the life of their father and his influence on them and how he maintained a great interest in all things until his last days. During the service, grandson David

read an extract from the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" by CT Coleridge changing the last paragraph to reflect the family feelings ;

The Mariner, whose eye is bright
Whose beard with age is hoar
Is' gone.
But we're the richer for life
We'll miss him evermore.

Norn, still No 7, now a competitive modern yacht with skipper Robert Albert, SASC member, has been racing regularly with the Half Ton Division, winning the Clarke Island Trophy and a Silver Medal in the SASC 1995/96 racing programme.

Roger Vining Gale 1917-1994

Bill Gale and Charles Maclurcan

Many of us have come to know Bill Gale. He skippers the yacht *Ranger* with a jovial crew and a strange rig. But what of his brother Roger? Roger enjoyed a large profile and contributed a great deal to yachting for many years and his death prompted these few notes.

Roger was born to Cliff and Marge Gale in 1917. From early childhood he spent time on Cliff's yachts and in the family sailing dinghy. With his older brother Brian he competed in Vacluse 12ft Club events skippering the clinker dinghy *Geebung* with some success. At 16 years of age he became for'ard hand in Lex Buckle's Fife designed cruising 9 metre, *Josephine* (later owned by John Quinn's father). She was named after Lex's daughter who subsequently became Roger's wife. Skippered by Cliff Gale *Josephine* was scratch boat in Division 1 of the Royal Clubs for the three years he sailed her.

Roger remained for'ard hand until WW11 except for a break in Queensland. One day at Bowen, in a 16 footer they were capsized and swept out to sea being rescued the following day. He spent his working life in the Bank of New South Wales except for Army service commencing in 1940. He rose to Battery Sergeant Major. In 1941 he transferred to the RAAF becoming a Flying Officer Navigator, returning to the Bank in 1945. During the 40s he skippered the 16 footer *Forward* belonging to Russ Pearson at Middle Harbour 16 ft Sailing Club. In 1956 he tried out for the Finn Class dinghy at the RSYS. He was one of three selected for the Olympic Trials. Subsequently, Colin Ryrie represented Australia. Roger continued in Finns sailing *RSYS One* until 1968. He was considered old for the Class when he began in 1956 but despite this, he went on to win a NSW Championship. He claimed he enjoyed this sailing more than any other.

His contemporaries speak of his tireless efforts helping others and passing on his knowledge to new and particularly young people. He is also remembered for his ability to take the difficult Finn Class dinghy to windward in strong winds effortlessly. He joined the SASC on 1st January 1933, appointed a Life Member in 1968 and remained a loyal member up to his death in 1994. A member for 61 years. Always interested in the Amateurs, with regular attendance at our Annual General Meetings, asking questions and not hesitating to direct thanks and congratulations when he felt it was due.

He skippered *Ranger* on many occasions in Club events and showed his wide range of skills as a yachtsman in the repair and maintenance of the yacht. In 1968 Roger helped Tony Hudson fit out the Swanson 27, *Yolanda* and designed a fractional rig for her. It was contrary to all current expert opinion, masthead being commonly acceptable as unbeatable. She went on to win the Second Division Pointscore for 1969-1970 in Roger's hands and was later promoted to Division One. She was a very successful boat.

1986

February: On Saturday 1st February steaks were available at the Club for cooking on the gas barbecue and many members and their crews took advantage of the opportunity.

Members are recommended to try this new innovation arranged by the Rear Commodore and the Clubhouse Committee.

In 1974 Roger and Bill shared the skippering of the 5.5 metre *Southern Cross 11*. She was nearly always scratch boat in the popular Metre Division and there were great sailing days with Bikky Arnot as forward hand.

In 1957 Roger was elected a member of the RSYS. He sailed from there in the Finn Class for some years and later at Botany Bay when the Class moved there. In 1961 he became Joint Chief Instructor for Junior Sailing at the RSYS. He insisted on very high standards and strict discipline. Many well known sailors of today jumped and shook at his direction in the early sixties in the Squadron Moths. Many have since realised the value of his approach and have expressed gratitude and appreciation. He subsequently joined the Boatshed Committee becoming Chairman in 1969. He served two terms on the General Committee and many other terms on various Committees. In 1981 he became the RSYS Delegate to YA. Such was his contribution to the RSYS that in 1980 he was elected a Life Member of the RSYS. Roger was rightly very proud of this as his first association with the RSYS was in 1933 through *Josephine*.

Roger passed away at the end of July 1994 after a very long and debilitating illness. He was tough and courageous to the end.

Victor Dibben

Vic Dibben, well known to members, is possibly the only member to have passed through so many offices at the Club. Vic became a member of the Club in 1973, the proud owner of a Bluebird yacht *Marauder A130*.

In 1975 he was elected to the Board of Directors and in the same year was appointed Secretary of the Club. With the move he purchased a Daydream yacht *Salamander A17* from Geoff McCorquodale, who had sailed it very successfully with the Amateurs.

Then in 1976 Vic was elected Rear Commodore and with his Clubhouse committee set the objectives to improve Clubhouse facilities, general meetings and social functions at the Club.

1977 he was appointed Chairman of the Membership Committee which he has been on ever since. 1978 he was elected as Vice Commodore and again made a change of yacht to *Stella Claire* sail No 1037.

1979 he was elected Commodore. Vic completed his term of office in 1982 ensuring continuing good rapport with other major Sydney Yacht Clubs.

All Club social functions had maximum capacity attendances, the Saturday racing fleet numbers successful. The annual Northcott days for crippled children, usually 95 children and 100 adults, were well supported by members.

1984 Vic qualified as an AYF instructor for the TL4 sailing training programme and the SASC became an approved AYF Training Establishment. Assisted by Arthur Prigge, Brian Woods and John Jeremy Vic saw many members and Flag Officers successfully complete a number of courses.

1985 Vic was appointed by the Board as Commodore again, as the elected Commodore, David Willis, had to resign due to business pressure. He continued in this position until the Annual General Meeting in 1986, at which he was elected as an Honorary Life Member.

A number of major works of importance that had been started were completed during this period, comprising the new pontoon, wharf and ramp, wharf improvements and slipways upgrade. A Committee was formed to refurbish the Clubhouse and a "furniture fund" started to provide the finance for this purpose.

Vic made another change of yacht to a Top Hat *Silver Gull 1122*.

1986 to 1989 After completing his second term as Immediate Past Commodore Vic continued on, a tireless worker for the Club, always available to assist in any project.

Beryl and Vic Dibben at the 1986 SASC Dinner dance and prize giving night



His current activities are Director, Editor of the SASC since 1979, Honorary Race Starter since 1990, Chairman of Membership Committee since 1977, SASC Representative YA Harbour Area Committee, SASC Delegate to YA of NSW, Committee Member SASC National Gaffers Regatta

VH O'Neill

Charles Maclurcan

No description of the SASC's offshore yachting exploits would be complete without mention of one Hugh O'Neill, arguably the Club's greatest all round sailor in recent times.

"Hughie" as he is known to one and all, started sailing in VJ dinghies. He played football and cricket with a sailing mate, and, as he was a strong swimmer was conscripted as crew. They sailed for fun from Hen and Chicked Bay. He purchased a Northbridge Senior and raced for three years from Western Suburbs Sailing Club. A Flying Fifteen followed which he campaigned at Pittwater and Yowie Bay for a few years.

Mrs O'Neill sold both boats and home duties and business conspired to keep him off the water for the next ten years. He was to return with a vengeance. In 1979, O'Neill met Bob Lawler at Navigation Classes at Sydney Tech. An invitation followed and he sailed with Bob on *Bettina*. A year later he purchased the Duncanson *Rebecca*. It was off to Hobart in 1981 for the first time with Bob and Patrick Lawler on board. Hugh sailed *Rebecca* to Noumea subsequently, and in successive Hobarts until 1985 when he purchased the *Mark Twain*, a Sparkman and Stephens 39 ft IOR racer.

Hugh O'Neill and crew in a typical stance on Sydney Harbour on Mark Twain (Photo: Martin Van der Wal)



Over the years O'Neill has raced and cruised *Mark Twain* consistently. To date 11 Hobart races (the yacht has completed 18), numerous Lord Howe Island races, a race to Nelson in New Zealand and one to Perth for the Bicentenary in 1988.

Highlights for O'Neill include this race to Perth. Five crew members came from an advertisement in the paper. He remembers the hospitality offered in the West with fondness and swears that the return cruise, via Adelaide, with Don Lang as navigator, was one of his best seagoing experiences. The race to New Zealand with Club members, Keith Radford, Peter Pangas, Rod Whereat and Bob Kenyon was a triumph for *Twain* as she won the event! Hugh cruised through the Sounds, voyaged north to Auckland, explored the Bay of Islands and returned home via Lord Howe Island. As recently as 1996 Hugh completed a wrong way return from Hobart with other Club members aboard. Apart from visiting Port Davey he took the boat right up the Gordon River almost to the falls.

O'Neill's worst moment? He remembers approaching the Hippolytes off Tasman Island in thick fog, completely lost, as a very unpleasant experience and feels that night-time entries to Perth and Adelaide leave a lot to be desired.

O'Neill's ancestors were publicans, whalers, farmers and others with a strong Irish connection thrown in. His Dad was a Master Mariner. He is normally mild mannered and unobtrusive but given a head of steam or the challenge of a voyage to a distant destination, he blossoms, typifies the adventuring spirit, blustering bravado, brave deeds and beautiful company that must have been prevalent in the days of windjammers. Hugh often advertises for personnel, rather than filch others fellows' crews. Consequently, he has introduced large numbers of disparate beings to the sport and in many cases to Club membership. O'Neill has given the opportunity to more men and women to sail on a well-found yacht than any other Club member. The legacy of his generosity and infectious laugh will benefit the SASC for many years.

The Tomos

Matt Tomaszewski

This is a brief ramble about the Tomaszewski family and their relationship with the SASC, Sydney Harbour, and sailing in general.

The Tomaszewskis are one of the family units at the Amateurs. Every one of them is a dedicated and competent sailor. The Amateurs is a major part of this whole family's life.

Just up from the Club house sitting amongst the trees on top of the hill, overlooking Mosman Bay and out to the Harbour is the house lived in by the Tomos. It's a big old place with walls echoing with tales of countless sea miles, races and adventures by sailors from all over the world, of all ages, sexes, colours and shapes.

Central to most of these stories and the characters telling them is the family itself. Formed by the marriage of Michael, to Maris, the daughter of Jack Earl, one of Australia's great sailing pioneers, they raised four children; Ben Hawke, the twin girls Lani and Tiare, and Matthew, all of whom were raised on and around boats. Together and apart they've crewed on champion boats in most of the major Australian off-shore races, have been State and National JOG class champions in their own little 24ft Allen Warwick designed *Trangie* and have a few CYCA winter series point score wins under their belts. Lani has raced aboard the legendary *Wild Thing* in Kenwood Cup in Hawaii and received the prestigious Chako cup for all-round sailing commitment; Matthew has raced on Sydney Harbour icons like *Ragamuffin* and *Love and War*.

They hold dear the passion and the spirit of sailing. The Amateurs is a club that embraces this and as such all of the Tomos call it their own.

1987

March: We are sorry to report that "Twain" A8 skippered by Stewart Chambers foundered near the Eastern Channel Mark following a collision when racing in No. 2 Division on Saturday, 28th March.

Fortunately no one was injured although Stewart and crew worked hard to get the sails down and don lifejackets. Stewart said he was sucked down about 2 metres as the yacht sank.



Trangie A747, Michael Tomaszewski reaching across Athol Bight

John Jeremy

John Jeremy started sailing with the Amateurs in the early 1960s as crew in Mac Shannon's *Chione*. He joined the club in 1971, and soon after, in 1972, took the helm of his first yacht, *Tiarri*, which he sailed with some success in Division 4. *Tantani*, a quarter tonner, followed in 1977, and in 1981 John bought *Tingari*, which he has sailed in the Half Ton division ever since.

John soon became active in Club affairs on the Racing Committee as Safety Officer. In 1977 he led a small sub-committee of the Racing Committee which examined the possibility of acquiring a new starter's boat. His report and specification was endorsed by the board, and in due course LFB 445 was bought, which, after much voluntary work by Club members, became our present Starter's boat *Captain Amora*. John has had plenty of opportunity to assess the value of this

choice, taking on the job as Starter for many special events and championships over the years.

John was elected a director of the SASC in 1978, and in 1979 he was persuaded by the Commodore, the late Colin Crisp, to stand for election as Vice Commodore. As chairman of the Boatshed Committee he oversaw the operation of what he often called his "second dockyard", the first being the rather larger Cockatoo Dockyard. He succeeded Vic Dibben as Commodore in 1982.

As Commodore John supported Vic in the introduction of the A.Y.F. TLA training courses, and helped Vic as trainer when the courses were run. He initiated the project to replace our small dinghy launching pontoon with the larger pontoon which is such a major asset of the Club today. John has continued as a director of the club since he joined the ranks of Past Commodores in 1985, and has been active on the Development Committee, working to ensure the future of the Club we all value so much.

John's role in the maritime world through his "other" dockyard enabled him to assist the Club in a number of ways. Both *Captain Amora* and *Nancy K* visited Cockatoo Island at times, and when that dockyard closed at the end of 1991, John was able to divert to Mosman Bay a range of useful tools and equipment for the boatshed, together with a few novelty items he felt should be preserved in an appropriate place. John is not the only member to have worked at Cockatoo over the years, and to recognise the connections he donated the Codock Trophy to be awarded to the winner of the Half Ton division competition each year. His contacts also helped during 1988 when he took on the task of preparing the sailing directions, in close liaison with the MSB, for the Parade of Sail which was a dramatic part of our Bicentennial Gaffers' Day.

Romance of the Rangers

John Crawford and Bill Gale

18th June 1997

Since the late seventies, all around the world there has been a growing interest in wooden boats. They have been recognised as a repository of history, beauty, lost skills and of an era that has passed. They have become sought after by those with an appreciation of the finer things in life and those that recognise that "old boats" have a great contribution to make in this modern era, in which rather sterile mass produced plastic boats are perceived to be of low maintenance.

The SASC has perhaps made the most significant contribution to the promotion and revival of the interest in wooden boats in Sydney. Continuing to host, manage and encourage the racing of traditional yachts with the Traditional Division, Gaffers Day events, and more recently the Metre boat racing. While there has always been an interest in wooden boats, the Amateurs active role has acted as a catalyst for the re-building and restoration of a number of yachts that without such support and interest may have been lost. The best possible way to keep a wooden boat alive is to use it.

The Rangers are perhaps the most identifiable group as they are similar in appearance. Seen together they look identical at first glance, gaff rig, raised deck, bowsprits, three portholes, varnished sponsons and all around 24ft (7.3 m) LOD and 30ft (9.1 m) LOA.

Built between 1933 and 1953, they are the archetypal Sydney harbour day boat with their huge cockpits and handy size, good for fishing, racing, sailing and motoring. *Ranger* (1933), *Vagrant* (1937), *Valiant* (1938), *Etrenne* (1946), *Cherub* (1948/49), *Careel* (1948) and *Kilkie* (1953) each is a copy of *Ranger* herself, but each carries modifications and "improvements" by owners and their boat builders,



which add a personal touch. In addition there are the “big Rangers” *Mathana*, *Maluka* and *Retreat*.

Few of the Rangers are in their original condition. *Ranger* herself was designed in 1933 by SASC Honorary Life Member EC (Cliff) Gale as a centre-boarder with a lug rig. Over the years the quest for greater speed has resulted in continuing changes to both hull and rig. Gaff rig replaced lug, and the centre-board gave way to a full length keel. Cotton sails were replaced with synthetic cloth, more lead was required to counter-act the greater loads and so on. Still more lead, an aluminium gaff, a folding propeller, a modern light weight rudder, faired hull and a skilled and competitive crew, led by the indomitable Bill

Vagrant 112, Sean Langman, closes on Ranger A1, Bill Gale, during the inaugural Slocum Trophy race in October 1996 (Photo: Rex Dupain)



Bill Gale on board his beloved Ranger A1 (Photo: Martin Van der Wal)

Gale, have kept *Ranger* at the front of the fleet, and provided a benchmark for all Ranger owners.

Having been raced continuously and hard for over 60 years, *Ranger* understandably is a little tired and in need of restoration to enable her to race for another 60 years. Bill Gale's friends (of which there are very few) have been pleading with him to spend a little money on *Ranger* and it appears that that come summer 1998 he will do just that – *Ranger* will have a new coat of paint.

The last seven years has seen the restoration and rebuilding of several of the Rangers. The first was *Kilkie*. Built by W Holmes for the late Dr M Deck, to Ranger specifications and now owned by Alick Osbourne, who has restored her to a very high standard, setting an example to all other Ranger owners. Alick also raced *Kilkie* for a very competitive season, giving *Ranger* a big fright on more than one occasion.

This competition between the Rangers sparked more interest in the "class". Dermer Bennett, owner of *Etrenne*, based at Elvina Bay on Pittwater, has one of the most original Rangers which is kept in pristine condition. *Etrenne* was built in 1946 by Les Steele at Lake Macquarie for the late Bert Grout. She has recently had a lead shoe added to her keel, which has transformed her performance and made her unbeatable amongst the wooden boat fraternity on Pittwater, and an unknown quantity amongst the Sydney Harbour contingent. *Etrenne* is a regular Gaffers' Day participant and like her owner is a dark horse (or black sheep?).

In 1993 Sean Langman acquired *Vagrant*. Previously owned by the Langman family in the fifties, *Vagrant* was nearly lost on North Head during a rescue attempt in the early sixties. *Vagrant*, at nearly 60 years old, was very tired and a little rotten. Under Sean's skilled guidance she was completely stripped and rebuilt. The deck and hull (to the waterline) was clad in a heavy duty fibreglass cloth and epoxy coated, faired and filled. Laminated ring frames were installed at the shroud positions internally and the mast step increased in size to cover more floors. Known as the "million dollar Ranger", *Vagrant* with her buff sails and gleaming brightwork, not only looks superb, but has proved very fast in the expert hands of Sean and his crew. So fast, that she has displaced *Ranger* as the Ranger benchmark during the 1997 sailing season.

Valiant was the next candidate for a major restoration. Built by Vic Hoyle at Drummoyne for Life Member Oz Dowling, *Valiant* has been owned and sailed by

John Crawford for the last nine years. Like all Rangers, *Valiant* had undergone a number of improvements. New and bigger sails, extended gaff, increased internal ballast, followed by the addition of a lead shoe to the keel. This, plus some hard racing and 60 years on Sydney Harbour resulted in another tired Ranger.

Under the guiding hands of Sean Langman and John Crawford, *Valiant* has become the "second million dollar Ranger". Completely stripped and allowed to dry out, caulking removed, epoxy filled, fibre-glassed from deck to keel, filled, faired and re-assembled with new ring frames, mast step and additional floors, plus a lightweight rudder and feathering propeller she is virtually a new boat. *Valiant's* performance in recent times has improved dramatically as she becomes increasingly competitive with both *Ranger* and *Vagrant*.

More recently *Cherub*, owned since new by Lou d'Alpuget has been purchased by John Westacott. Bermudan rigged (at present), *Cherub's* arrival on Sydney harbour from Pittwater, has revived a spirited debate about the merits of gaff *v* bermudan. *Cherub* has had little use in the past 20 years and is in very sound condition, requiring cosmetic rather than major work at this stage. It is expected that growing pressure on the new owner will eventually see *Cherub* with her proper gaff rig.

Also on Pittwater are *Careel* and *Retreat*. *Retreat*, owned by Graeme Proctor is a slightly longer Ranger at 26ft and has the potential to be an extremely quick boat. Apart from a new suit of sails and an extended gaff in 1993, *Retreat* is maintained in excellent original condition. She is a candidate for future restoration, but in the mean time she is in good hands.

Careel, owned by Linton Morris, is one of the smallest Rangers. Rumoured to be for sale she has been little used in recent times, however she is in good condition and will no doubt undergo a full restoration in the next few years. *Careel* has been a regular at the SASC Gaffers' Day events.

Mathana and *Maluka* are the big Rangers. At 35 feet *Mathana* was built for the Clark brothers by Vic Hoyle at Drummoyne. Originally gaff rigged, she was converted to bermudan rig in the sixties. A magnificent yacht she is today owned by Peter McCallum who intends to participate in SASC events in due course. *Maluka*, who was also owned by the Clark brothers, is a 28 footer, similar to Ranger. The Clarks completed many significant voyages in *Maluka*, which are recorded in the SASC's one hundred year history. She appears at most wooden boat events each year and is undergoing a gradual restoration.

Depending on the original condition of the boat the cost of these major rebuilds is between \$30,000 and \$60,000 and while this might sound expensive the estimated price of a new Ranger in 1997 is over \$100,000. The use of modern boat building techniques and materials in the restoration of these boats has divided the wooden boat fraternity. The traditionalists claim they should be rebuilt in the same manner as the original construction, while the others claim that if the original builders had the technology we now have they would have used every bit of it. Given the hard racing it is doubtful that traditional methods of construction would stand the strains of synthetic sails, wire-strong kevlar sheets and powerful two speed winches. Whatever your view, nobody would disagree with the fact that constant and frequent use is the very best method of restoration, and if the Rangers are an example they will go on forever.

Warren Anderson, A16

Granny Smith, A16, was a 30 ft Currawong designed by Prof. Peter Joubert of Melbourne to the Half Ton level rating rule of that time. She was launched in 1972 and while working up for the Hobart Race it was obvious that she would be very competitive. In the Hobart Race she had her first success, coming second in



Granny Smith A16

the Half Ton Division. *Mark Twain*, then owned by Ron Langman of Victoria won the One Ton Cup division; now owned of course by Hugh O'Neill of the SASC.

In 1973 *Granny Smith* started the new season with a 2nd overall in the Montague Island Race, then went on to win the International Half Ton series run by the RSYS. In between these major events she was regularly placed 1st, 2nd or 3rd in the CYCA's Long Ocean Point Score races. In 1974 she came 3rd overall on handicap in the Hobart Race, also winning the Half Ton division. *Saracen II* from the SASC also sailed in this Hobart Race.

In 1975 *Granny Smith* came 2nd overall in the second Lord Howe Island race. On the trips back from Hobart and Lord Howe Island, my wife Verna used to sail with us and, as my daughters Seaforth and Leonie,

became a little older they also joined us. Returning from the early Hobart Races we had no trouble catching large flathead and so on but this has changed dramatically over the years. We also called into the old settlement on Maria Island which was mainly deserted. It has now been restored and is serviced by a regular ferry. There was also a concern at that time that Cape Barren Geese were becoming extinct, so several were placed on Maria Island. When we called in this year (1997) with *Wide Load* they were everywhere – no worry about extinction!

As I like to cruise with my family, I was worried about the safety of the design trends from 1975 on and therefore the yachts that we built at that time were a heavier displacement and not competitive. During this time I mainly sailed with other people in the Hobart Race – on the Swarbrick's S&S 34 in the Three quarter Ton series and the Hobart Race, with Peter Joubert in his 34ft *Magpie*. I also navigated the original *Apollo* to Hobart in 1976 when we came second over the line behind the maxi *Ballyhoo*. This became a race of attrition for *Apollo* as on the first night all the bunks on the starboard side collapsed (they had just been rebuilt before the start of the race); the cook was seasick and not seen until we arrived in Storm Bay; my bunk and clothes were saturated on the first night by a solid stream of water through a hole over the bunk that had not been sealed; the boat started to work and we had to be careful where we walked as the flooring could easily cut off our toes; the mast started to work down into the boat (about 1 1/2 inches) – it was found after the race that the stainless steel bracing had broken; and finally, the hydraulic ram on the backstay was damaged when the lazarette hatch came open due to a large wave. To finish the race, I suggested triangulating the backstay to the deck, but we pulled out a cleat, and then used the genoa winches, which proved strong enough.

In 1982 we built *Encore II*, again designed by Prof. Peter Joubert, in which we had a reasonable amount of success, including third overall in the race from Hobart to Perth (for the 1987 America's Cup). Hugh O'Neill in *Mark Twain* gave us a hard time in this race. During the race I had my longest spinnaker run, over 700 nm. I could not be on the boat for the return trip from Perth to Sydney, but my eldest daughter, Seaforth, was one of the crew. From Albany, WA, to Portland, Victoria, they had a continuous wind of over 60 knots and at times up to 70 knots – a very hard trip.

In 1993 we launched *Wide Load*, a two-handed yacht designed by Kim Swarbrick and based on the BOC single handed yachts. Verna and I sail her regularly



Phantom A27, John Morris, Past Commodore (Photo: Martin Van der Wal)

together, but have decided not to race the boat two-handed – we race it fully crewed, winning the PHS division of the Coffs Harbour regatta in 1995 and coming 2nd in the Coffs Harbour race itself. The boat rates very poorly under IMS so we mostly race PHS. We were very pleased to win this year's Bob Brown Memorial race to Pittwater. *Wide Load* is an exceptionally exciting boat to sail with few vices. On the trip back from Hobart this year we did 18.9 knots with a triple-reefed main and no headsail in about 45 knots of wind!

Because I have sailed in 23 Hobart races I would like to do at least another two to complete twenty-five races – so *Wide Load* at this stage will be entering the next two Hobart races.

We have had the sail number A16 on all our yachts. I originally chose this number as at that time I was skiing on A16 Attenhoefer skis!

King Hit

George Kompolthy

Here is an account of *King Hit's* adventures/misadventures on how to sail a boat at 180 degrees.

Ingredients: one new boat very light in weight and a 240kg keel. One new skipper, two crew from *Emma*, one opera singer/sailing student and one robust female from parts unknown. This was the first race *King Hit* had attempted; 25 knots plus with a ring-in crew. Everything went well, with the boat reaching and running at between 8–12 knots during the first few legs and everyone settled down. At this stage we hadn't attempted a gybe in such gusty conditions. We approached the mark west of Shark Island at about 9 knots and tried to slow the boat to a manageable speed. The turn happened and the gybe didn't quite work out as we expected. The mainsheet hand, God bless her, had tried a heavy displacement gybe; you know, centre the main then ease through the gybe, release the main. The release part didn't happen. Well all of a sudden the boat was on its side with crew trying to clamber up and stay dry by standing on the mast and boom. This only aggravated the situation. The boat started to turn turtle and within no time was upside down with keel taking the place of mast and sail.

Hello, we are one crew short and a few seconds later we realised Jenny was below. She shouted that she was all right and still dry and staying put out of the weather and keeping things from falling through the hatch and thus adding to the bottom of the harbour deals of the mid-eighties. Now we were sailing/drift-ing down the harbour when Bill Merrington came up and offered to tow us in, but his bow thudded into our side during the manoeuvre so it was decided to right the boat first. Well three of us grabbed the keel and heaved. Blow me down the boat came upright with only about one foot of water in her which was bailed within 15 minutes. Jenny emerged dry from the knees up and said the spinnaker was packed while upside down and we were ready to continue. However it was decided that enough was enough and we gratefully accepted Bill's offer of a tow.

Arriving at the Club pontoon every one abandoned ship and went to the bar for a stiff drink. We hosed out *King Hit* and vowed not to race in its current configuration without the water ballast if Huie was over 20 knots. This crew never returned to sail *King Hit* again except for myself and our intrepid submariner Jenny. Funny about that.

Three months later an additional 100 kgs were added to the keel. Since then *King Hit* has performed well within the Club winning the Performance Trophy 95–96 season, numerous 1996 Trailer Sailer titles and decisively winning the 1997 NSW Titles on Botany Bay with a great crew effort. Sailing is without doubt a character building experience and I will continue this sport till the day I cross the bar.

The *Kelpie*

John Wood

One yacht which has been a familiar sight in Mosman Bay in past years is *Kelpie*, A188. Built in Balmain in 1884 by George Ellis, she is owned and raced by SASC member John Wood. A gaff cutter of 21 ft waterline, she was designed by William Fife of Scotland in the English classic tradition, clipper bow, counter stern, flush decks, a narrow 6ft 6in beam and long lead keel. Ray Hollingsworth, a former crewman, remembers *Kelpie* in 1924 in Mosman Bay, when she lay on one of Bert Collie's moorings between Old Cremorne wharf and Corner Beach.

The name "The *Kelpie*" is that of a mythical Scottish water faerie. The *Kelpie* haunts the waterways, and allows unsuspecting humans to board, but will then dash through the water to give them a ducking. And this indeed is what she has given many a crew when sailed through storms on her many blue water voyages during the past 113 years. Her original log has been lost, but past owners, relatives and crew, have come forward to relate some fascinating voyages. A number of sources have confirmed that during the 1920s, she sailed from Sydney to Perth and back across the Bight, with a crew of three. The story goes that on the return trip, they were becalmed mid-way across, as they were passing the majestic coastal cliffs which drop to the sea from the arid central desert plains. It was decided to launch the dinghy and photograph *Kelpie* with the spectacular cliffs towering in the background. All sails were set, the sea like a lake, with a wisp of breeze hardly moving the yacht forward on a balanced helm. The crew rowed abeam about 30 yards and started taking photos. Unfortunately the little breeze sprung up, and *Kelpie* duly responded. Our crew took a minute or so to realise that the yacht was now out of frame. It required three hours of rowing by an exhausted crew to catch *Kelpie*, as she effortlessly sailed herself ever closer to the looming cliffs.

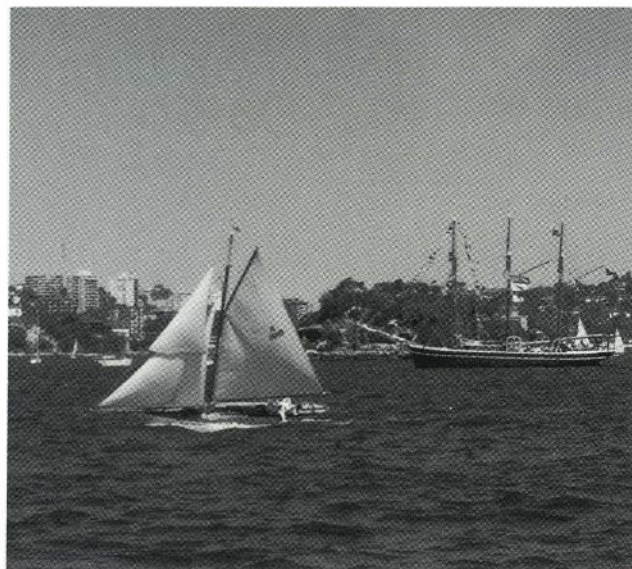
The *Kelpie* is generally recognised as the oldest yacht surviving in Australia. One of the reasons she has continued to be loved and sailed by her 13 or so owners is due to her fast sailing ability, classic lines, her compact size, and the fact that she was built with the best available timbers by Ellis, a master boat builder. George Ellis operated his boatyard in Mort Bay Balmain, and built some notable vessels in the 1870s and 80s.

Ellis knew how to construct a strong vessel. For *Kelpie*, he gave her planking of one inch thick teak in single lengths, copper fastened to sawn blue gum, with steam bent intermediate frames of flooded gum, locked into keel, stem and stern post of iron bark. Her original deck was seven eighths thick NZ Kauri. All deck furniture is original, and is constructed in teak.

The gaff rig of course has special capabilities, as all SASC members are reminded by Bill Gale. In the early 1960s Bob Millar (the late Ben Lexen), sailed *Kelpie* on Pittwater, and became fascinated in her ability to point high when heeled over in a strong breeze. Bill Gale will also relate how Ben Lexen once proposed a gaff rig for the 12 metre America's Cup challenge, until the NY Yacht Club Committee ruled it illegal (after all, Ben was right, because the modern fully battened radial rigs today are only the next technological step up from the gaff!).

In the 1950s, *Kelpie* made her home on Pittwater, and was cruised extensively for the next 22 years by Peter Leigh from the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club. Peter fitted a 'dog house' over the companionway and enlarged the cockpit, to give him protection at sea, allowing him to make many single handed coastal trips, and voyages to Middleton Reef (about three times), Lord Howe Island, and once by misadventure, almost to New Zealand, when he was caught for three weeks in gale

Kelpie sailing to windward on Gaffers Day 1981. The Starter's "boat" New Endeavour is in the background (Photo: John Jeremy)



conditions, hundreds of miles East of the coast. Peter also added a complete set of secondary steam bent frames in spotted gum, as the original frames constructed in flooded gum, were 70 years old and near the end of their life.

Reluctantly Peter sold *Kelpie* because she became too much to manage on his own, and Brian Hunter made her his home for a while at Palm Beach Marina. Brian sailed her in the first SASC Gaffers Day in 1972 and she has raced in every Gaffers event since, winning her Division twice. In 1974 *Kelpie* returned to her mooring in Mosman Bay under the ownership of William Baker, and he had the doghouse removed and the cockpit restored. Bill Baker placed his own identification number on the sail as Ano 1884, to reflect her Balmain launch date. Some years later when I brought her into the Club, Bill Gale suggested removing a few digits, so it became A188, and she has carried that number ever since.

Bill Baker sold *Kelpie* to Tim Lloyd of Matilda Cruises in 1977, but he found he was not using the boat, and she passed to me. For a number of years in the early 1980s I raced her in the SASC Second Division Point Score, winning races and the occasional Spring or Summer Point score series. I intend to actively bring her back into racing again with the Traditional Division in 1998.

The *Kelpie* is currently in excellent order, having undergone an extensive restoration programme during 1986–87, by shipwright Rick Wood, with interior fitout in Australian cedar and casuarina by Larry Pardy. She has the ability to survive and sail for another century, as all her many owners have appreciated her style, easy sailing ability and unique character, and hence have been kind and caring to her upkeep. *Kelpie* gives you a true sense of yachting history once you step aboard, and each owner appreciates the fact that they are merely temporary custodians of a special little historic yacht.

Mystic Seven

Neville and Val Chidgey

In the 1960s, Val and I were racing *Mystic III*, a timber Tophat to the original Illingworth design in the JOG, on the SASC register. This gave us a yen to make longer passages together. So, in 1974 we commissioned *Mystic Seven* from the Swanson yard. She was built off the Swanson 36 mould, but with some design



Mystic Seven has rounded Tasman Island and is changing course to cross Storm Bay towards Hobart in the 1982 race from Sydney

and structural modifications to suit our ideas of a strong, medium displacement passagemaker.

Being higher wooded, she was perhaps not as pretty as the original sleek 36s but she has turned out to be a damn good boat in a seaway with airy cabin spaces and reasonable load carrying capacity desirable on longer passages. The outfitting was done on our own slipway at Hunters Hill.

In 1976 she made her shake-down cruise. Her racing programme opened with the Montague. She then settled down to a steady annual racing and cruising schedule which included the Lord Howe Island and Hobart races and periodic race/cruise visits to New Caledonia and the surrounding Pacific Islands. This programme completed with the Tall Ships Race from Hobart to Sydney in 1988. *Mystic Seven* had logged about 45,000 sailing miles of combined cruising and racing.

By 1990, a calculated decision had to be made. Val and I loved the association with our young crews working at sea but *Mystic Seven* was no longer rating well enough to race successfully. Her hull shape was influenced by the RORC rule. She was measured and raced under the IOR rule and was facing re-measurement under the IMS rule. The family really needed a yacht suited to our Sydney location, where some of the best cruising and racing is south of 40 degrees in the summer and north of 33 degrees latitude in the winter. That is, a vessel suited to longer passages with reasonable speed, able to sustain unlimited heavy weather conditions in safety and in reasonable comfort.

On balance, as she had the capacity to absorb the additional weight, *Mystic Seven* was re-outfitted for passage making having regard to the changing needs of the family and experience gained in the past decade. This included a new engine, alternative cutter rig and a whisker pole arrangement, the emphasis being on comfortable cruising and sea-keeping. Val and I visited old friends on Lord Howe Island with her in 1993. She joined a Naval sail training exercise to Queensland, did some coastal cruising and introduced the grandchildren to yachting.

In late 1997, she is scheduled to sail to Hobart to cruise south then to circumnavigate Tasmania in the RYCT Bass and Flinders Bi-Centenary Cruise, returning to Sydney in March 1998. This should further test her newly arranged two up qualities.

Letter from Donald Titchen August 1994

I am reminded by the belated receipt of correspondence sent to our former address in Sydney, that I have both neglected to resign from the Amateurs and express my appreciation of the various phases of membership I have enjoyed.

We have moved here to Sandy Bay in Tasmania and do not intend spending any significant amount of time in Sydney, therefore I have to submit my resignation.

I was initially a member of the SASC in the latter forties although we sailed with the then reviving MHYC. My father and I enjoyed meetings in the RAHS rooms in the company of such as Keith Adams, the brothers Clark, Cliff Gale, Alva (father of Frank Likely) and many others. To us, all of them were wonderful company and remarkable in that all of them seemed to have designed their own boats and to different degrees, supervised their construction, perhaps none as closely as the engineer, Wally Ward, who was reputed to have weighed the fastenings used in his lovely double ender, *Janaway*.

We were very pleased to collect a trophy for the SASC's invitation race to MHYC (in the B Division) on 4th October 1947. This, added to a trophy we had received from the RSYS for a similar invitation race on their opening day that year 27th September 1947, led to us sailing pretty hard and spectacularly losing our mast on our way back to the Wedding Cake from Manly in a MHYC club race sailed in a black nor-easter.

I went to the UK for what I planned to be a tour of study for a year or two, was regarded as going on leave, or onto absentee list, but we did not return until 1979. We started sailing with the SASC again, this time in a boat my family and I had built in Melbourne, but rigged and launched in Sydney. After many changes to her keel and rudder we got *Emma* going and did well enough to be awarded a gold medal for the 81-82 season. In that period, and subsequently, when we sailed our Swanson Dart, *Data*, we especially enjoyed the encouragement we received. My family and I were uniformly impressed with how we always got a greeting and appropriate comment from the Starter and crew whenever afloat or ashore.

It was thus particularly pleasing in the third phase of my membership with the Amateurs to be one of the Starter's mates, first with Vic Dibben and Bob Skinner and then with Vic in the chair (if that's what Starters have) on his own. This association proved easily one of the most enjoyable I have ever had. Although I was struggling a lot of the time to keep going in the face of reactions to environment pollution in Sydney I think that, with one exception, I always found our Starters' activities a source of interest, fun and information.

With my kindest regards to you all and my very best wishes.

Donald Titchen



Jack Millard (second from the right) on board Captain Amora with his starters team for the day (left to right) Peter New, John Jeremy, Jon Talbot and Charles Maclurcan. The photograph was taken during the SASC Endeavour 26 and Timpenny Championships in January 1980 (Photo: Colin Crisp)

The view from the Starter's boat

Jack Millard June 1990

Jack started sailing with the Amateurs in 1924 and except for several spells in the country enjoyed mucking about on the Harbour.

He joined the Club in 1929 and became the Starter in 1955. There were very few absences from the boat from that time. We are told that the first Starter's boat, was a temperamental 20 footer with a temperamental driver, who did not always turn up. On these occasions Jack did the whole job. His knowledge of the Harbour, its tides and breezes, the boats, their skippers and crews, as well as the Racing Rules, was outstanding. He was a quiet cheerful man, with high standards.

Les Ardouin June 1990

Mr Les Ardouin became a member in 1978 and then with his Columbia 27, *Lakatoi* became well known in the Club as a very enthusiastic cruising member. He was a regular amongst the SASC members who used to meet at the Castle Lagoon in Pittwater during holiday periods. This group formed a social club with the SASC which was known as the Castle Lagoon Sailing Club and Les was elected "Commodore".

His efforts contributed greatly towards good camaraderie within the SASC.

When the SASC entertained the Northcott Homes for Crippled Children, Les was always there with his barbeque and ample donations of steak and sausages.

One of his last gestures to the SASC was to donate a cannon as a perpetual trophy. This is known as the Les Ardouin Cannon and is awarded to second place in the Idle Hour race. Les also donated a number of nautical items which have been put to good use in the club. His cheerful presence is missed by all.

Daydreams and the Daydream Shield March 1991

John Jackson

Following the SASC victory in the Daydream Shield this year, members might be interested in a little information about the late Peter Fletcher, donor of the Shield.

Peter joined the Amateurs in 1950, coming from a seafaring family. His father was a Master Mariner who spent some of his early life in the polar region and later along the coast. My brother George and I were next door neighbours of the Fletchers in Fletchers Glen at Tamarama Beach. His family were pioneers of the area and as children we used the glen and beach as our back yard, sending mirror signals to his father as he sailed past the beach.

Our first venture into boating was with a corrugated iron canoe which we launched into the surf with the inevitable result. Peter bought a VJ when he was about 18 and subsequently sold it to me for £11. He crewed for several years before buying a very pretty 20ft sloop which brother George and I helped sail and paddle from Como to Double Bay. This also finished up in my hands some years later and was then bought by SASC member Rose Boxham.

Peter was a very popular addition to many a crew, with his mouth organ and never ending tales and songs, he livened up many a crew below decks and around the yacht clubs. It was always his ambition to cruise, so after selling his yacht he set about building a Daydream at his home at Tamarama and many an hour was spent by his friends sitting in the cockpit of the unfinished yacht dreaming and planning grand cruises, as well as helping to hold the odd piece of timber.

*Left: Ichabod competing in the Daydream Shield competition against the Middle Harbour Yacht Club in February 1981. Peter Gregory sailed his Holland 25 in the Quarter Ton Division in the 1977/78 to 1981/82 seasons
Right: Bob Skinner sailing Aleena A9 in the Daydream Shield competition in February 1981
(Photos: John Jeremy)*



 1987

*April: Sharks-crocodiles.
Swimmers in Mosman Bay beware. A
shark was caught in the Bay last week.*

Peter was never an enthusiastic Harbour racer and he built the Daydream to fulfil his dream. He did this by sailing his new boat to Lord Howe Island in preparation for his big voyage.

On a Saturday afternoon in the fifties, Peter, his brother Doug, an ex RAAF navigator and two other, crossed the SASC starting line heading for New Zealand. This voyage completed, his brother returned to Sydney and the rest cruised before starting in a race to Fiji. This was an eventful voyage and Peter later on his return stated that though not a religious man, when caught in a gale with the cockpit full of water, he and the crew resorted to the Lord's Prayer. They subsequently finished the race and cruising home Peter collected the turtle shell which he donated to the Club for SASC - MHYC competition.

Peter sold the Daydream and built a Blyth Spirit and he also formed a company selling boat plans and kit boats. It was one of his boats that Past Commodore Laurie Schneider built to become the first Club tender.

Peter died rather tragically some years ago, but I am sure he is remembered by many yachtsmen of his era with great affection.

Waitangi

Tony Clarkson

Although comparatively new to the Club, we are pleased to have *Waitangi*, one of the oldest yachts in pristine condition in Australian waters, on our register.

The story of the restoration of *Waitangi* began with a small luncheon party which met on inclement Saturdays at the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria. It had been suggested that a group of members should form a syndicate and buy or build a maxi yacht. Whilst there was some support for the idea, nothing ever really happened.

One rainy Saturday in 1986, Hanke Shilte, who later became chairman of the syndicate, announced he had found a yacht. It was smaller than a maxi and much older than we had planned, but it was very cheap. After some discussion it was suggested that a few of us should have a look at the boat which would be on the slips in Sydney in the next week. After inspection it was agreed that the boat was in good condition for its age, 92 years, and the following weekend the syndicate was born and the yacht purchased.

Over the next few years the boat lay at Williamstown, Victoria, having limited use and receiving basic maintenance. During this period some discussions were held about carrying out a restoration in time for its 100th birthday. In early 1993 a budget was prepared and the go-ahead was given by the syndicate for the restoration.

We were lucky to get permission to use an old cargo shed at Victoria Dock so that *Waitangi* was lifted from the water in October of that year and restoration began. Fifteen months later the boat was relaunched in time for its 100th birthday party. Then having been completely restored and celebrated its 100th birthday in December 1994, it immediately sailed for Sydney. On board was our Vice Commodore, Tony Clarkson, one of the syndicate responsible for the restoration.

Taking a stopover in Eden and arriving in Sydney, *Waitangi* berthed at the Australian National Maritime Museum marina. While it was there SASC members Bill Gale, Philip Brown, Ross Munn and Vic Dibben arrived to go sailing one afternoon, an experience to remember! *Waitangi* attracted considerable attention with its gaff rig, black hull and superb lines. The overall restoration could only be described as *magnificent*. It has to be seen to be believed and is a great credit to Australian craftsmen.

During the restoration pretty well everything on the boat apart from the hull was scrapped, a complete new deck installed, the entire hull re-fastened, a complete new interior in a similar layout to the original was crafted, and the sail plan reverted to the original gaff rigged specifications. The winches were all sold off and heaps of blocks made so that the boat would be sailed the same as when first launched.

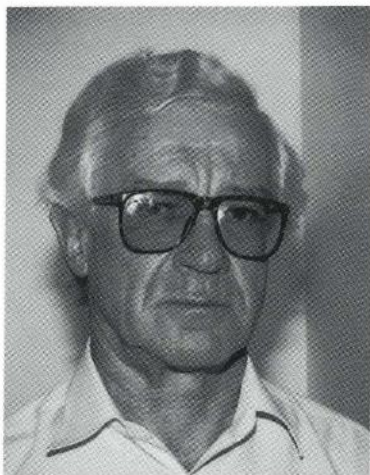


Since the restoration *Waitangi* has made three voyages to Sydney and has made the Amateurs its Sydney base. The boat has been entered on the Club register and given the sail number A6 (its original number in NZ was A6), and the entire syndicate has joined SASC. Needless to say the syndicate, having all stuck by the project, have a great sense of pride and satisfaction in the restored vessel.

A lot to handle without winches, *Waitangi's* major specifications are:

| | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Sparred length 75 ft | Boom 43 ft | Length of deck 58 ft |
| Spinnaker pole 30 ft | Beam 11 ft 6 in | Gaff 26 ft |
| Draught 9 ft 6 in | Mainsail 1200 sq ft | Displacement 22 tons |
| Spinnaker 2300 sq ft | Mast 49 ft above deck | Genoa 585 sq ft |

Waitangi approaching the Taylor Bay mark in pouring rain on Gaffers Day 1995 (Photo: John Jeremy)



Brian Sproule

Tamaris A64

Brian Sproule

Tamaris was designed as a 6 1/2 ton cruising Marconi yawl for himself by the English naval architect Maurice Griffiths. She is one of his Dreamship series and very representative in style of the more than 140 boats he was to design.

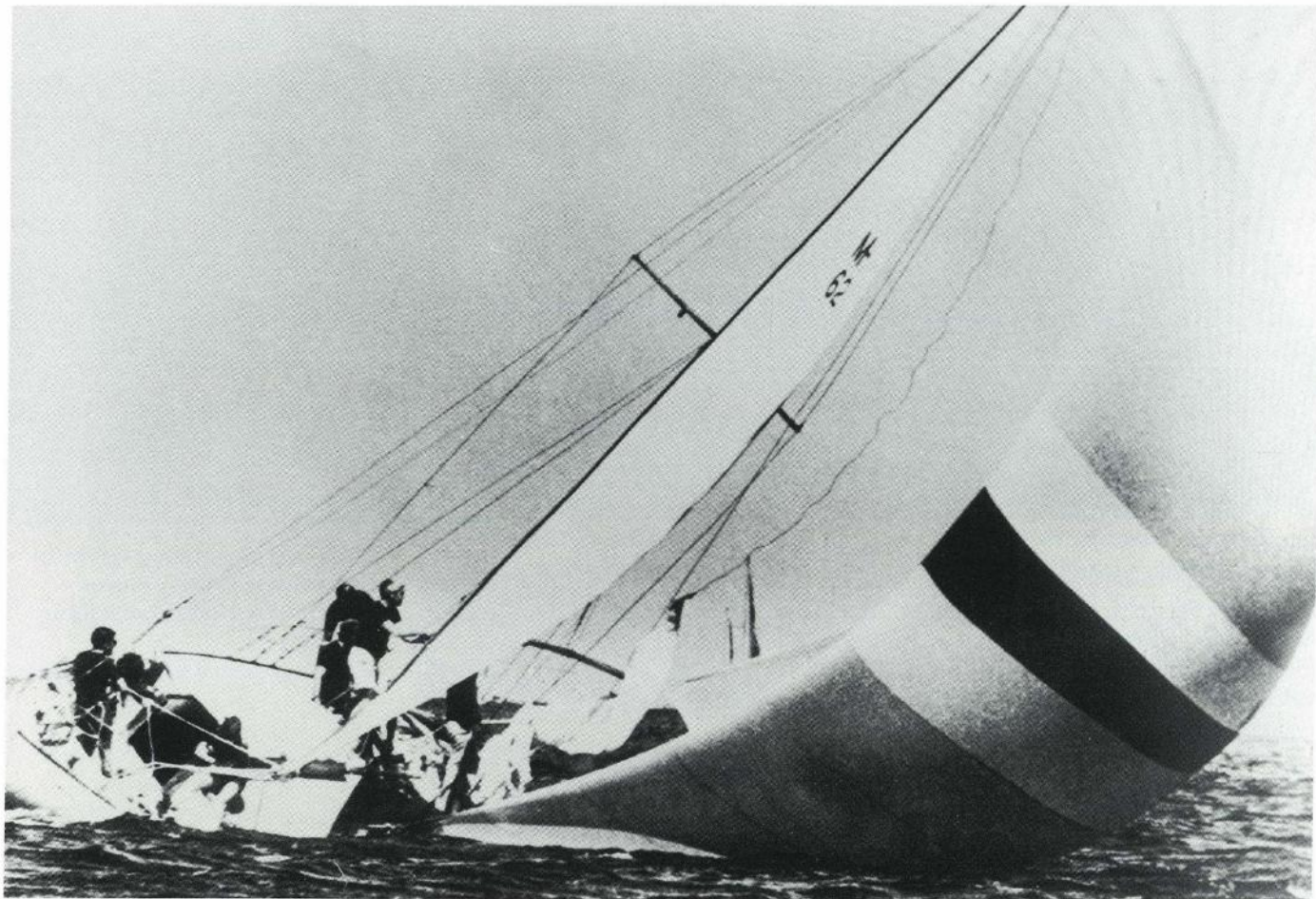
Built in 1949 by F Masters, she was purchased by Dr Brian Sproule in 1960. At that time she was rigged as a masthead cutter. Rigging modifications to make her more competitive in racing were carried out by the naval architect Warwick Hood and the late Cliff Gale. Two of Cliff Gale's sons, the late Roger Gale and Bill (Gaffer) Gale have also contributed greatly both in suggesting modifications and ongoing improvement.

Tamaris is a full-bodied wooden boat weighing 7 1/2 tons. With her three portholes, raised deck amidships, cutter rig and canoe stern she is a distinctive figure in the Amateurs traditional racing division. She is 28 ft. by 8 ft 2 in and draws 4 ft 8 in. Planked with Queensland maple of 7/8 in scantling and timbered with laminated spotted gum, she has a cast iron keel of 2 1/2 tons. Standing headroom of 5 ft 10 in throughout gives an impression of great roominess and comfort below, with a skylight in the deck providing plenty of light.

Tamaris's original lines were featured in Peter Heaton's Penguin book classic *Cruising*. A dramatic photo of the boat, under full spinnaker suffering a knock-down leaving Middle Harbour in 1956 has been reproduced in many yachting magazines (once with the caption "How to lose your mast!"), see below.

Over her many years of constant racing with the Amateurs *Tamaris* has managed to acquire a respectable share of prizes and trophies, including 1981-82 Idle

A well publicised photograph of *Tamaris* sailing at the limit



Hour and silver medal, 1984–85 H.S. Lloyd Trophy and gold medal, 1986–87 bronze medal, 1987–78 The Jack Millard Trophy, 1991–92 The Spray Trophy and gold medal, 1994–95 silver medal, and in 1995–96 won the Gale Trophy, in addition to seasonal point score wins. She also holds five RANSA Traditional division 1st Prize Trophies (including two 1st Prizes in 1994 when the race was re-scheduled to coincide with Navy Week).

Three generations of the Sproule family now sail regularly on *Tamaris*. Brian Sproule's eldest son Greg is the usual helmsman nowadays, with his son Mark acting as forward hand.

The Foundering of *Peregrine* 25 September 1976

Harold Goulder

The *Peregrine*, a modified Star class yacht, was sailing in Division 5 with Club member Robyn Miles and Frances Johnson and Margaret Price on Course "V" in a steady 15–20 knot breeze, when approaching Chowder Head the sky gave the impression of a terrific storm approaching. At that stage *Currency Lass*, sail No. 88, sailing close-hauled on port tack tipped her mast in the turbulent air when abeam of *Peregrine* and both masts collided.

The skipper of *Currency Lass* later reported he presumed *Peregrine* was OK as she was still upstanding with main set, however, the crew on *Peregrine* found water entering the hull rapidly and donned life jackets. In the process the mast toppled, the crew gathered what personal belongings they could and were soon left floating above a disappearing deck, but were able to hail *Kalinda* who immediately responded by gybing, starting her motor and proceeding to rescue stations.

Two small army boats under power also headed for the scene.

Kalinda, skippered by Harold Goulder, by this time had returned to the scene and recovered some personal possessions, and *Tafareel* with Peter Chesser remained in the area in case anything else appeared. It is estimated the whole incident took place in about two minutes and demonstrates the necessity for extreme vigilance at all times.

Peregrine sank in about 80 feet of water in a tidal stream, and despite considerable efforts has not been located.

Qui Vive, A160

The history of a typical Amateurs Boat

Qui Vive 2 m wide and 9 m long with reverse sheer was built by Bill Pepper on O'Rourke's Slipway at the Spit in 1963. She is an Illingworth and Primrose derivative with many of her features able to be traced back to the famous *Myth of Malham*. She was built as a flyer to capture the honours in the Middle Harbour 2nd Division.

Bill constructed her of 3 layers of 3/16th 3 ply and she suffered her first rot problems when illness interrupted her building on the slip and fresh water damaged the plywood layers. He subsequently modified the boat, fitting a spade rudder. He later built a similar, slightly wider yacht incorporating these changes. He also named this boat *Qui Vive*, as he had all his vessels since the 1930s. This has led to some confusion over the years.

Qui Vive was purchased by Charles Maclurcan in 1976. It was an immediate love affair and he has owned her ever since. She has suffered problems with her construction typical of many of the Daydreams, Bluebirds and Thunderbirds of the

Qui Vive A160



time. Marine plywoods tend to be very susceptible to dry rot and *Qui Vive's* hull has been no exception. Consequently, over the years extensive work to her hull has seen all oil based paints removed inside and out and the whole structure coated with modern epoxy finishes. Rot in the hull has been removed and the plywood replaced with oregon strips where necessary. She is now clad externally with fibreglass. Like the old axe, *Qui Vive* has had just about everything renewed including the rudder, cockpit and mast. A 7 hp. inboard Vire engine was fitted in 1981.

Qui Vive has raced in most Divisions over the years. Among her victories are the following: HS Lloyd Memorial Trophy, Bob Brown Trophy, Tempest Memorial Trophy, Ida Trophy twice, the Centenary Plate outright, the Cliff Gale Medal, three bronze medals, three silver medals, and six gold medals. She has been successful at other clubs as well and has won the New York Yacht Club Trophy as overall winner of the RSYs Cruise twice.

At time of writing she is still afloat in Shellcove looking better than ever. It would be lovely if her original builder could see her today!

Emma

Michael deBurca

Emma was designed and built by John Ducanson in Adelaide in early 1977 and raced there for 12 months. In 1978 *Emma* was sailed down the west coast of Tasmania and up the east coast to the Whitsunday Islands where she cruised for a short period.

Emma A194, Mike deBurca, finely tuned on Sydney Harbour (Photo: Martin Van der Wal)



She was sailed down to Sydney, then back up to Forster where she stayed until 1986. In 1987 *Emma* was purchased by Michael deBurca. She was in a very run-down condition; Mike had her restored, giving her a new deck, a complete repaint and refitting her from a cruising vessel, to a Category 2 in preparation for offshore racing. Her inaugural, long offshore race, was from Pittwater to Coffs Harbour in 1988.

In 1989 *Emma* was entered in her first Sydney-Hobart race, under the guidance of the late Paul Slocombe who showed Michael deBurca the way to Constitution Dock! In 1990 *Emma* returned to Hobart.

In 1994 she competed in the 50th Sydney-Hobart, arriving in Constitution Dock early in the morning to find it almost empty, which was no mean feat considering the number of starters were about 300 boats.

She has done four Sydney to Southport races. *Emma* has competed in offshore racing from 1989 till 1997, nine years in total. *Emma* has received three Gold, one Silver and one Bronze Off Shore Medals. Also in 1991 she won the Kelly Cup, the SASC, Club Champion Trophy. Under the guidance of her owner-skipper Michael deBurca, *Emma* has been a very active competitor, both in offshore and interclub racing.

The First Outing

Tony Curtis

Tony Curtis (*Anonyma II*) won an essay competition at Burnie High School with this story when he was 12 years old in 1951.

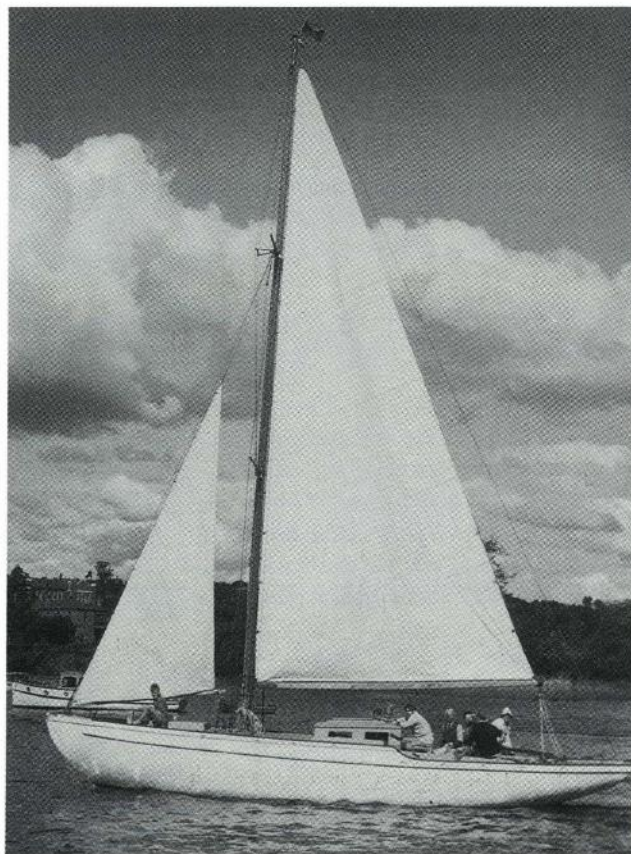
The last flag fluttered down and the sound of the gun echoed across the water as the yachts converged on the starting line. We were off on the first race of Dad's 36 ft Bermudan sloop *Anonyma*. The race was from Lagoon Bay to Devonport, a distance of 25 miles, and our crew consisted of Dad, Graeme Muir and yours truly, rather a small crew as we were to find out about ten minutes later. *Alceste* led over the line, followed by us, then *Kathleen*, *Jason Pinga*, *Wanderer*, and well up the river could be seen a sail which we correctly guessed as the *Vite*, late as usual. The wind was a light southerly of force 1-2, so on signs of activity on *Jason*, Dad gave us the order to get our spinnaker up. Our spinnaker was of 1915 vintage, but still had the main characteristic of modern spinnakers, the habit of filling at the wrong moment and dragging one overboard.

But to our eternal pride, we hoisted it smartly, hooked it onto the spinnaker boom, poled it out, and broke it out. To our great admiration it filled and we returned to the cockpit to control it from there and gaze with admiration at it.

Our joy was shortlived however, as the wind veered to the east and we had to sheet the spinnaker so that it was shy. No sooner had we adjusted the sheets than the spinnaker pole decided that it would go for a fly in the air. We rushed forward to prevent this, and after a little gentle persuasion followed by brute force, we lowered the boom so that it was horizontal. Did I say it was horizontal? No fear! This 12 foot length of 3 1/2 in. by 2 1/2 in. King Billy was horizontal to the position to where we set, but forward of that was a curve that Mr Walker would describe as a perfect hyperbole.

Graeme and I went for about a mile sitting on that boom as we reached for Hebe's Reef, when with a warning screech

Anonyma II A131, Tony Curtis, launched in Launceston 23 December 1950, seen here in her first race on 20 January 1951. She is still sailed by Tony Curtis



the boom snapped, letting the spinnaker go until it fluttered useless in the backwind of the mainsail. We hauled in the spinnaker and stowed it below, and squared off after rounding Hebe's Reef at last. Taking stock, we found we had passed *Alceste*, but *Jason* and *Kathleen* had passed us and we were now without a spinnaker with a following wind.

We "spliced the mainbrace" and discussed the problem, finally solving it by securing one end of what was left of the spinnaker boom to the spinnaker, then placing a cushion on the pole and making Graeme sit on it. While we had made up this scheme, *Alceste* had passed us again, but with our kite flying we caught up with and passed him again, as he was only sporting a poled out genoa.

But despite all frantic efforts we could not catch *Jason* or *Kathleen*. *Jason* beat us to Devonport by about 15 minutes and *Kathleen* by ten. We had no chance in the prizes as we were almost scratch boat, as expected for our first race.

On arriving we moored alongside the other yachts, but perceiving that there were some "menaces" in the fleet we retired up the river and dropped our pick. Later on we were joined by *Vite* who also wanted a quiet and reasonably dry night.

Sydney Amateurs in Southport, 1997

Michael Tomaszewski

The club sent off eight boats north to Southport ending up with two division wins, a second and a third overall in PHF.

Past commodore Bob Lawler didn't pack the scum in the bar like he did five years ago but he was there in body and in spirits and so was the Lawlers' *Firetel*—probably the only boat that has so far participated in every one of the twelve Gold Coast Races.

The Rear Commodore Rob Evans nearly didn't make it after his "flying splinter", the beautiful varnished hulled double ender *Celeste* sank on its mooring in Mosman Bay some two months before the race. Rob said "... at least she won't get dry rot ... its beech being soaked in salt water ...". And after having, almost single handedly, rebuilt the ship for last year's Gold Coast race he again got into her, ripped out and rebuilt all the damaged furniture, linings, electrics etc. and got her to the start line.

Having blown some gear and ripped the spinnaker pole track off the mast the first night out, *Celeste*, crewed by club stalwarts "El Ricardo" Fitzgerald, Dal Wilson and Commodore's son, MacDiarmid apprentice James Bevis, didn't finish up in the money in the Veterans' Division. The baton was nimbly picked up by another Amateur, "Mudguard" Phillip Brown, coming second on Handicap in his beautiful veteran *Anitra V*.

The best performed Amateur was laconic Warren Anderson's Steinman ULW one-off forty footer *Wide Load*. With less than half his regular crew, Warren sailed an exemplary race, didn't break any gear and finished first in division and third overall on PHF.

As is her habit, Warren's watch captain Lani Tomaszewski greeted her father "Tomo", on the dockside in Southport with a bottle of Champus when he arrived in Jim Davern's *Ratu VI* some hours after her.

Ratu, having previously won this race a couple of times, was first in and again won her division on PHF. Jim in his deceptively fast elderly Kiwi Stewart 34, with his well tried crew of the two Kelly boys; Sean and Chris, "Tomo" and previous owner Ken Peterson revelled in the reaching conditions. When the big blue, asymmetrical kite disintegrated sometime on Saturday evening; Davern came up the companionway, saw us retrieving the bits and pieces; quick as a flash came up again holding the next biggest shute saying with a smile "... you better put this up ...".

1996

The lost Rolex: John Pennefather August: I had just finished scrubbing the Anstee's yacht, 'Caballero', before the 1996 Bob Brown race when I was asked to look for Peter Gray's Rolex. Peter, a senior and great Club member, had slipped whilst launching his dinghy from the pontoon. With visions of a delightful man losing a treasured retirement gift, I swam over and spent about ten minutes searching the area. After not finding anything shiny, I went to say I was sorry but he needed a diver with tanks and possibly an underwater metal detector. Peter seemed in good heart and said he would not worry as they were only \$3 a pair. Realising that Rolexes did not come in pairs I sought more details of the loss. It seemed that the member who had asked me to help had misheard; the lost articles were a pair of rowlocks!



*Bob Lawler and crew concentrate on getting the best out of Firetel
(Photo: Martin Van der Wal)*

The “almost” Sydney Amateurs’, Ian Kiernan’s Canon *Maris*, chasing her second win in the Veteran’s division did not have such a rosy run. Having fuel problems, *Maris* was somewhat late for the start and the boys were pushing the elegant old lady hard passing quite a few boats that did start on time.

Kiernan’s “heavy” crew including “Sightie” Hammond, Kiwi importation Marty Farnad, Queensland skiffie Jamie and late Jack Earl’s grandsons, Amateur’s members (and late *Maris*’ sons) Ben Hawke and Matt Tomaszewski, just rounded Seal Rocks and were contemplating change of shute when the Mick Earl built thirty year old Oregon mast decided to call it a day.

Bikkie and the crew were sadly missed in Southport’s post race celebrations. Sightie drove up and at each headland looked out to see if he could sight Mickleborough. On arrival at Southport he poured over *Southerly*’s charts to see how much *Maris* would have beaten them by “... if not ...”. Nautical gourmet Ben Hawke was more philosophical about it ...to save weight *Maris* had not pots – only a bucket to cook in.

FarrHorizons ... Jim “the Viking” Anderson somehow got this lovely Farr 11.06 to the start and eventually in bits and pieces up to Southport and back ...



Above, Penny Evans, the Club's latest member as this book goes to print is also the Club's first fifth generation member

Right, Celeste A26, Rob Evans, makes a fine sight on the Harbour, winter 1997. Celeste races with both inshore and offshore fleets. She is a Knud Reimers design 33 ft double ender, built by Alan Jordon from white beech on monel metal frames in Adelaide in 1953. The Amateurs has become home to many classic yachts like Celeste (Photo: Martin Van der Wal)



1997

A small boy, when caught helping himself to the chips behind the bar, said, pointing to senior citizen Bob Lawler, "The man who owns the club said I could".

Appendices

Office Bearers and Directors of SASC for Season 1997/98

Commodore:

Fred Bevis – *Brigadoon*

Vice-Commodore:

A. (Tony) Clarkson – *Mausi*

Rear Commodore:

Rob Evans – *Celeste*

Immediate Past Commodore:

John Morris – *Phantom*

Hon. Treasurer:

A. (Tony) Saunders – *Rapier*

Hon. Secretary:

Charles Maclurcan – *Qui Vive*

Hon. Chairman of the Racing Committee:

Chris Oh – *Classic Blue*

Directors:

Victor W. Dibben, Duncan Goodwin Hill, John.C. Jeremy, R. (Bob) Lawler, A.W. (Bill) Merrington, Michael Tomaszewski, P.A. (Tony) Waugh, Randal Wilson

Honorary Solicitor:

N.G. Cassim

Executive Secretary:

Faye Buckley



The Board of Directors of the SASC, 1997/1998

Seated, left to right; Fred Bevis (Commodore), Tony Saunders (Treasurer), Michael Tomaszewski, Tony Waugh, Bill Merrington, John Morris, Victor Dibben
Standing, left to right; Tony Clarkson (Vice Commodore), Chris Oh, Charles Maclurcan (Secretary), Duncan Goodwin Hill, John Jeremy, Randal Wilson, Bob Lawler, Robert Evans (Rear Commodore)
(Photo: Martin Van der Wal)

Patrons

- 1965-1981 His Excellency Sir Roden Culter, V.C., K.C.M.G., C.B.E.,
The Governor of New South Wales.
- 1981-1988 His Excellency Air Marshall Sir James Rowland, K.B.E., D.F.C.,
A.F.C.,
The Governor of New South Wales.
- 1988-1990 His Excellency Rear Admiral Sir David Martin, K.C.M.G., A.O.,
The Governor of New South Wales.
- 1990-1996 His Excellency Rear Admiral Peter Sinclair, A.C., A.O.,
The Governor of New South Wales.
- 1997- His Excellency The Honourable Gordon Samuels, A.C.
The Governor of New South Wales.

Trophies

Kelly Cup

A perpetual trophy for competition between the leading yachts from all divisions in the handicap point scores. It was donated by Commodore T.H. Kelly in 1893 as a Championship trophy. However, the types of yachts became more varied and numerous and in 1933 Arthur Stone, a very successful skipper moved that "Owing to the diverse types of boats in the Club it was not possible to arrive at a handicap which was fair and equitable to all starters" and "that three or four boats be selected from each class or division to race for the Kelly Cup." (See *The Amateurs* pp. 65 & 135.)

Awarded 1996/97: Bill Hogan – *Hotspur*

The Anitra V trophy

A perpetual trophy donated by Sir Garfield Barwick to mark the transfer within the Amateurs of *Anitra V* after his 30 yrs of ownership. It is to be awarded to the winner of A Division handicap in the Lion Island Race.

Awarded 1996/97: George Girdis – *Marloo*

The Awanui trophy

A perpetual trophy donated by Hugh Jackson as a memorial to his father-in-law, A.C. Saxton, who accidentally drowned whilst sailing his 9-Metre yacht of that name. This trophy used to be presented to the silver medal winner in Division 1. It is now presented to the winner of the Metre Boat Series in memory of past and present metre class yachts.

Awarded 1996/97: Graham O'Neill – *Theme*

Bill Gately Memorial trophy

A perpetual trophy presented by the family of the late W.J. Gately originally awarded to the leading Hood 23 at Christmas in No. 3 Division. It is to be awarded to the winner of Division 2 in the Spring Short series.

Awarded 1996/97: David Pryke – *Snowgoose*

Bill Lawler Offshore trophy

A perpetual trophy presented by the Lawler family to the winner of the Offshore Division handicap point score. It is a memorial to the late Bill Lawler, a very active club member, who was well known for his ability as a navigator and took part in many international yachting events.

Awarded 1996/97: Bob Lawler – *Firetel*

Bob Brown trophy

A trophy presented by the late A.W. Furse and G. Crichton to the winner of a race to be held at Easter. It is a memorial to Bob Brown who sailed with them and was the victim of a light aircraft crash in southern NSW in 1957.

Awarded 1996/7: Warren Anderson – *Wide Load*

Brooker trophy

A trophy donated by Doug Brooker to the Club in 1996 which was originally won by his father racing in a Sydney Amateurs race in 1938. To be awarded to the winner of Half Ton Summer Series.

Awarded 1996/97: Tim Wilson – *Hebe*

Bryan Kirkwood Memorial trophy

A perpetual trophy donated by Max Miller and the crew of *The Hum* as a memorial to Bryan Kirkwood who was a member of the Amateurs from 1953 and raced in *The Hum* for four years until his untimely death in 1985. The trophy is awarded each year to the winner of the handicap pointscore race held closest to December 2 in the Half Ton Division.

Awarded 1996/97: Tim Wilson – *Hebe*

The Cavalier Cups

These are two antique silver cups purchased by the Cavalier 28 Owners Association to be presented to winners of the Handicap and Scratch pointscores.

Awarded 1996/97: Rod Mitchell – *Centaurus*, scratch, R. Craigie/R. Moore – *Marabou*, handicap

Centenary Plate

Each Skipper who wins the overall handicap point score has his/her name engraved on the Centenary Plate. The first person to score three times wins the trophy outright. This trophy is the successor to the "Jubilee" trophy, initiated in 1922 to commemorate the club's Jubilee and won outright four times. The final winner was R.F. Wilson who won in *Kaldari* in 1973 and donated the Centenary Plate.

Plate four was won 1990/91: Charles Maclurcan – *Qui Vive*

Centenary trophy

A perpetual trophy awarded to the skipper who, on handicap, wins by the greatest margin within his division in the race held nearest to Founder's Day (October 1)

Awarded 1996/97: Graham Day – *Stormy Petrel II*

Clark Island trophy

This perpetual trophy was donated by Alex Williamson of the yacht *Akimbo* during his term as Divisional Representative for the Half Ton Division in 1994. It is presented to the winner of the overall scratch pointscore for Half Ton Division B.

Awarded 1996/97: John Jeremy – *Tingari*

Cliff Gale Medal

Bearing the inscription "Club Gold Medal 1928/29 'A' Class won by E.C. Gale in *Hoana*". This will be awarded to the winner of A Division of the Opening Day Regatta.

Awarded 1996/97: Tim Wilson – *Hebe*

Codock trophy

A perpetual trophy donated by Cockatoo Dockyard Pty Ltd in 1990 to commemorate the many links over the years between the dockyard and members of the SASC. It is a model of a long 12-pounder cannon, the original of which was cast in Birmingham in 1797 and installed as a bollard by convicts between 1846 and 1857. It is to be awarded to the winner of the overall handicap pointscore in the Half Ton Division.

Awarded 1996/97: D. Matthews – *Ambitious*

Currawong Cup

A perpetual trophy donated by the crew of *Firetel* in memory of the late Patrick "Currawong" Lawler and presented to the winner of Division "A" in the Winter Series.

Awarded 1996: Bill Ward – *French Connection*

Daydream Shield

A perpetual trophy donated by the late Mr Peter Fletcher for competition between MHYC and SASC in inter-club races. He was one of the original "Daydream" builders who sailed her to Fiji and whilst there acquired a turtle shell which is now the centrepiece of the trophy.

Winner 1997: MHYC

Gale trophy

A perpetual trophy donated by the Gale family and presented to the winner of Division B in the Winter Series.

Awarded 1996: Peter Chapman – *Hot Shot*

Gately Champagne trophy

A perpetual trophy previously awarded to the winner of the Nominated Skippers Day "B" Division and now to be awarded to the winner of Division 2 Summer Short series.

Awarded 1996/97: Kevin Tindall – *Impala*

Gretel Trophy

A perpetual trophy of a Gold Cup presented by the late Sir Frank Packer in 1963 to the winner of the No. 1 Division pointscore, to commemorate his challenge for the America's Cup. (He was an active member of the SASC for many years.)

Awarded 1996/97: A.W. (Bill) Merrington – *Eventide*

H.S. Lloyd Memorial trophy

A trophy presented by the Lloyd family to the winner of the No. 2 Division point score. It incorporates the many Gold medals he won during his years of active racing with the Club.

Awarded 1996/97: Kevin Tindall – *Impala*

Ida trophy

A perpetual trophy awarded to the winner of the No.7 Division pointscore. This was awarded originally to N. Johnson in 1877 and was returned to the Club in 1976 since when it has been awarded to Division 7.

Awarded 1996/97: Bill Hogan – *Hotspur*

Idle Hour trophy

A perpetual trophy presented by the late A.W. Furse awarded to the winner of a picnic race finishing at Store Beach.

Awarded 1996/97: Rick Fitzgerald – *The Amateurs*

Jack Millard trophy

Awarded by Jack Millard to the yacht adjudged to be the consistently best starter throughout the year, based on the number of starts.

Awarded 1996/97: Randall Wilson – *Rambull*

John Taylor Cook Memorial trophy

A trophy presented by H.E. Pfeiffer to the winner of the Traditional Division 1 point score. It has been donated annually by the Pfeiffer family since the 1930's. (See *The Amateurs* p. 131.)

Awarded 1996/97: A.W. (Bill) Merrington – *Eventide*

JOG plate

A perpetual trophy awarded to the winner of the Quarter Ton Division scratch pointscore. Donated by the newly formed JOG racing club to the Amateurs in appreciation for help the Club gave, it was first awarded in 1963 to the winner of a race around Lion Island and back. Now reinstated for the Lion Island Race Division B handicap.

Awarded 1996/97: Richard Lamrock – *Ca Va*

Les Ardouin Cannon trophy

A perpetual trophy donated by the late Mr Les Ardouin, who was a member of the SASC from 1978 until his death in 1990. It is to be awarded to the second place getter of the Idle Hour Race. The carriage of the Cannon is stamped 1856 W D.

Awarded 1996/97: Greg Sproule – *Tamaris*

Magic Dragon trophy

A perpetual trophy presented by Mr and Mrs Colin Bull to encourage racing the Half Ton Division – awarded to the winner of the Spring Scratch point score, this season to be awarded to the winner of the Scratch pointscore Division A.

Awarded 1996/97: B. Ure – *Figsaw*

Merrington trophy

A perpetual trophy presented by the Merrington family to the winner of the overall scratch pointscore S.80 Division and now to be awarded to the winner of the Line Honours in the Lion Island Race.

Awarded 1996/97: Martin James – *Infinity*

Mischief medal

A Club Gold Medal won by Stan Spain in the 22 foot yacht *Mischief* carrying sail number "A 2" in 1921. To

be awarded to the winner B Division of the Opening Day Regatta.

Awarded 1996/97: Sean Langman – *Vagrant*

Modern Boating Magazine trophy

First awarded in 1975 for small production yacht challenge and now to be awarded to the Light Displacement Performance Series

Awarded 1996/97: Jim Chambers – *Riff Raff*

Paul Slocombe trophy

This perpetual trophy was purchased by donations from the members in recognition of the contribution to the SASC made by the late Paul Slocombe. The winner of the overall handicap pointscore of the Tuesday Twilight Pointscore series is presented with this trophy.

Awarded 1996-97: Tony Barry – *Ben Boyd Road*

Phar Lap Film trophy

A perpetual trophy presented by John Sexton Productions to the winner of the I.M.S. point score of the Offshore Division. The trophy acknowledges the assistance given by Amateurs' yachts in background scenes during the making of the film.

Awarded 1996/97: Mike deBurca – *Emma*

P.J. Worrall trophy

A perpetual trophy awarded to the winner of the S80 Division overall handicap point score. It was donated by Mr P.J. Worrall for a contest of the extremely fast "Payne-Mortlock" racing canoes. It was designed by two young Naval Architects and the first competition was in 1954. In 1962 it was contested by the Thunderbirds.

Not awarded 1996/97.

The Platypus trophy

Presented by HMAS *Platypus* to the International Dragon Association, the trophy is half model of a RAN "Oberon" Class submarine, to be awarded to the winner of the Short Series Summer Half Ton Division.

Not awarded 1996/7.

Ranger trophy

A new trophy consisting of a half model of the Gale family's *Ranger* A1 presented by Garry Ferres. This trophy is to be awarded to the winner of Traditional Division Spring Short Series.

Awarded 1996/7: Tony Curtis – *Anonyma II*

Sainora Medal trophy

This medal was won by James MacIntosh in the first *Sainora* at the Federation Regatta in 1901.

His son, grandson and great grandsons have continued to own yachts and race with the Club. Donated by Robert Evans 1997.

To be awarded to the winner of Sunday Gaffer series.

Awarded 1996/97 : Martin Van der Wal – *Hoana*

Slocum trophy

The idea for the Joshua Slocum trophy was conceived by John Ferguson (*Wingara* A30) to commemorate the centenary of the visit of Captain Slocum in 1896. John commissioned the renowned marine artist and sculptor, Dennis Adams, to make the trophy in relief bronze representing Slocum's boat *Spray*.

Awarded 1996 to the first winner of the Captain Slocum Gaffers race:

Martin Van der Wal – *Hoana*

Short Summer trophy

A new trophy created for the summer pointscore season of the Half tonne Short series.

Not awarded 1996/97.

SOR trophy

A perpetual trophy donated by James Davern for the inauguration of the S.O.R. Division. To be awarded to the winner of the Short Offshore Division.

Not awarded 1996/97.

Spray trophy

A perpetual trophy donated by Miss Rosemary Hay to the winner of the Traditional Division 2 pointscore. Awarded to the winner of the JOG pointscore.

Awarded 1996/97: Alan Clark – *Tasmanian Devil*

Tara Ipo trophy

The Trophy was donated to the Club by Alan and Robyn Norton-Smith in appreciation of the use of the Club's facilities during the fitting out of the ferro-cement yacht *Tara Ipo* in 1971. It was originally awarded for a Le Mans start off the beach. It will be awarded to the winner of the race of the name, which is run in conjunction with the Kelly Cup, comprising yachts which do not qualify to contest the Kelly Cup.

Awarded 1997: Frank George – *Pajo*

Tempest Memorial trophy

A perpetual trophy was awarded to the winner of the Cavalier 28 Division handicap point score. It is named after Alf and John Gale's *Tempest* and donated by them in memory of the young men Alf had trained in sailing and seamanship and of whom 15 were killed during World War I. (See "The Amateurs" pp. 90 & 121.)

Awarded to the most outstanding Offshore Performer in 1996/97 : Hugh O'Neill – *Mark Twain*

Tingira trophy

A perpetual trophy presented by Dr C.H. (Tom) Selby in recognition of the part all crews play in the successful racing performance of yachts – to be awarded to the nominated forward hand of the winning yacht in the No. 2 Division point score. The trophy consists of a plaque with the Tingira crest and a plate attached to the oil painting of the square-rigged *Tingira* now on the clubhouse wall. (The donor has provided plaques to 1999.)

Awarded 1996/97: Don Pryor – *Impala*

Vagabond Medal trophy

The Vagabond Medal won by Cliff Gale in *Vagabond* for coming first in the "A" Class of the Club Championship of the Snail Bay Amateur Sailing Club. The medal was worn as a

brooch for 60 years by Mrs M.J. Gale before she passed it to D.W. Gale in 1964. He presented it to the SASC in 1995.

Awarded 1996/97 : Ian Anstee – *Caballero*

Valiant trophy

A perpetual trophy donated by John Crawford (owner of the Ranger *Valiant*) awarded to the most improved skipper in Traditional Division 2 in the Spring/Summer Pointscore. The trophy is made from floor joist timbers from the John Sands Bonded Warehouse Building which was built in the 1880s. This season it is to be awarded to the winner of the Half ton Division Summer Short pointscore

Awarded 1996/97: Nick Cassim – *Lolita*

Vic Dibben trophy

A trophy awarded to the yacht with the most points for the most starts of point score races in Division 2.

Awarded 1996/97 : Gary Corstorphan – *Sanctuary*

Yachts and Owners at 30 June 1997

| | | | | | |
|-----|-----------------------|--|------|------------------------|--|
| A1 | <i>Ranger</i> | Bill Gale | A57 | <i>Flying Circus</i> | Peter Donnelly |
| A2 | <i>The Amateurs</i> | SASC Club Yacht | A58 | <i>Sally Lightfoot</i> | Frank Talbot |
| A3 | <i>Kilkie</i> | Alick Osborne | A59 | <i>Wairangi</i> | Anthony Davis |
| A4 | <i>Stardust</i> | Peter Rayner | A60 | <i>Zulu Chief</i> | Ian Lewis |
| A5 | <i>Elaine</i> | Brian Woods | A61 | <i>Leather Jacket</i> | John Blewitt |
| A6 | <i>Waitangi</i> | The Syndicate | A62 | <i>Eunice May</i> | Steve Allison |
| A7 | <i>Centaurus</i> | Rod Mitchell | A63 | <i>Idle Hour</i> | Mike Van Der Helder |
| A8 | <i>Twain</i> | Stewart Chambers | A64 | <i>Tamaris</i> | Brian Sproule |
| A9 | <i>Monsoon</i> | Robert Anderson | A65 | <i>Bingarra</i> | Herbert Stoddard |
| A10 | <i>Wahoo</i> | Joseph Adams | A66 | <i>Freestyle II</i> | Peter Gregory |
| A11 | <i>Sunchaser</i> | Peter & Kate Garrow | A67 | <i>Spectre</i> | Peter & Russ Chapman |
| A12 | <i>Tangmalangaloo</i> | Bill Grant | A68 | <i>Coochie Mudlo</i> | Mark & John Brady |
| A13 | <i>Annie Wag</i> | William Wall | A69 | <i>Elph</i> | Tom Moul |
| A14 | <i>4 Now</i> | Bill Urquhart | A70 | <i>Wizard</i> | Walter Glover |
| A15 | <i>Myra</i> | John Newton | A71 | <i>Hot ice</i> | Paul Brown |
| A16 | <i>Wide Load</i> | Warren & V. Anderson | A72 | <i>Skagerrak</i> | Lindsay Buckmaster |
| A17 | <i>Merinda</i> | Donald & Heather Adamson | A73 | <i>Top Odds</i> | Trevor Butler |
| A18 | <i>Syona</i> | Mathew Holliday | A74 | <i>Bungaree</i> | Barry Rutter |
| A19 | <i>Junebird</i> | Kep Enderby | A75 | <i>Regardless</i> | Len Van Veelan |
| A20 | <i>Zouave</i> | Ross Munn | A76 | <i>Dream Keeper</i> | Robert Harbour |
| A21 | <i>Mausi</i> | Tony Clarkson | A77 | <i>Mathana</i> | Peter McCallum |
| A22 | <i>Aland</i> | Paul Eklund | A78 | <i>Elle</i> | Scott Hodson |
| A23 | <i>Escape</i> | Ivan Jensen | A79 | <i>Megan</i> | Ernest Finckh |
| A24 | <i>Taluna</i> | Martin Pagett | A80 | <i>Nareda</i> | John Snell |
| A25 | <i>Gem</i> | John Hunt | A81 | <i>Kalinda</i> | Reg Humphreys |
| A26 | <i>Celeste</i> | Robert Evans | A82 | <i>Lotus IV</i> | Andrew Bird |
| A27 | <i>Phantom</i> | John & Lillian Morris | A83 | <i>Epsilon</i> | Timothy Dalton |
| A28 | <i>Renada</i> | John Tomasetti | A84 | <i>Harlequin</i> | Clayton McLellan |
| A29 | <i>Waitere</i> | Jim Hamilton | A85 | <i>Rouseabout</i> | Bill Miller |
| A30 | <i>Wungara</i> | John Ferguson, Nell Payne & Barbara Jones | A87 | <i>Capeline</i> | Keith Clarke |
| A32 | <i>Top knot</i> | Patrick O'Keefe | A88 | <i>Riff Raff</i> | Jim Chambers |
| A33 | <i>Solveig</i> | Peter Leonard | A90 | <i>Tafareel</i> | Peter Chessher |
| A34 | <i>Kyuma</i> | James Nash | A91 | <i>Viking</i> | Patricia Dallen |
| A35 | <i>Etrenne</i> | Dermer Bennett | A93 | <i>Rhythm 'n' Blue</i> | Keith Radford |
| A36 | <i>Shoshana</i> | Mike Rosenberg | A94 | <i>Charisma</i> | Jim Lawler |
| A37 | <i>Warana</i> | John Merrington | A95 | <i>Leander</i> | Richard Palfreyman, Bruce Haigh & Peter Collins |
| A38 | <i>Eventide</i> | Bill & Jim Merrington | A97 | <i>Daisy</i> | David Tregoning |
| A39 | <i>Windsong</i> | Hugh Nossiter | A98 | <i>Hinny-B</i> | Victor Bear |
| A40 | <i>Nyora</i> | Kate Delaney | A99 | <i>Gracie II</i> | John Flachs |
| A42 | <i>Ozone</i> | Russell Moore | A100 | <i>Hoana</i> | Martin Van Der Wal |
| A43 | <i>Caprice</i> | Harry Pfeiffer | A101 | <i>Archina</i> | John Firth Smith |
| A44 | <i>Magic Dragon</i> | Colin Bull | A102 | <i>Synergy</i> | Craig Turnbull |
| A45 | <i>Wild Swan</i> | Simon Hedge | A103 | <i>Defiance</i> | Jonathan Finlay |
| A46 | <i>Strider</i> | Stephen Lloyd | A104 | <i>White Cap</i> | Stephen Ainge |
| A47 | <i>Valiant</i> | John Crawford | A105 | <i>A Fine Balance</i> | Leone Lorimer |
| A48 | <i>Purdey</i> | Philip Brown | A107 | <i>Sainora IV</i> | Tony Waugh |
| A50 | <i>Firetel</i> | Bob & Michael Lawler | A108 | <i>Whisper</i> | Neil Wilson |
| A51 | <i>Fia</i> | Mike Cranitch | A109 | <i>Svalan</i> | Neil Wilson |
| A52 | <i>Jolie Brize</i> | John Winn | A110 | <i>Classic</i> | Gary Franklin |
| A53 | <i>Lyn-B</i> | J. & R. Gardner | A111 | <i>Ca Va</i> | Richard Lamrock |
| A54 | <i>Emily Truro</i> | H. Smith | A112 | <i>Oxygen</i> | John Young |
| A55 | <i>Nirvana</i> | Brian Woods | A113 | <i>Mark Twain</i> | Hugh O'Neill |
| A56 | <i>Taylor Maid</i> | John Gibson | A115 | <i>Viking Lady</i> | Doug Bryden & Richard Falk |

| | | | | | |
|-------|--------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| A116 | <i>Crossbow</i> | Peter Marsh | 540 | <i>Fiona</i> | Arthur Chapman |
| A119 | <i>Shadow</i> | Robert Young | 744 | <i>Evander</i> | Stephen Paskalis |
| A120 | <i>Antares</i> | Graham Drayton | 931 | <i>Chi Squared</i> | Clive O'Connor |
| A123 | <i>Interlude</i> | Roy Brough | 975 | <i>Cavort</i> | Chris Smith |
| A124 | <i>Aroona</i> | Duncan Hill & Paul Berkemeier | 1064 1403 | <i>Ragtime</i> | Peter Thorp |
| A131 | <i>Anonyma II</i> | Tony Curtis | 1463 | <i>Volos</i> | Tim Samway |
| A132 | <i>Goobragandra</i> | Robin Foster | 1640 | <i>Rapier</i> | Tony & Dawn Saunders |
| A135 | <i>Yeromais V</i> | John Diacopoulos | 1927 | <i>Brolga</i> | George Lukins |
| A138 | <i>Tactical Response</i> | John Kealey | 2064 | <i>Kirribilli</i> | Brian Poole & J. Punch |
| A142 | <i>The Entertainer</i> | Michael Morris | | <i>Hot Bubbles Too</i> | P. Eadie, C. Rodowicz & S. Austin |
| A143 | <i>Reverie</i> | Nigel Berlyn | 2131 | <i>Tingari</i> | John Jeremy |
| A144 | <i>Plum Crazy</i> | John Howard | 2191 | <i>Hang Loose</i> | John Jackson |
| A145 | <i>Brigadoon</i> | Fred Bevis | 2254 | <i>The Hum</i> | Tim Murray |
| A146 | <i>As Time Goes By</i> | Maurice Luttman | 2466 | <i>Deep Blue</i> | John Cahill |
| A147 | <i>Wariuka</i> | Ian Bryan | 2522 | <i>The General</i> | G. Weise |
| A148 | <i>Rambull</i> | Dal Wilson & Nial McIver | 2591 | <i>Second Fling</i> | Graham Walton |
| A150 | <i>Caballero</i> | Ian & Wendy Anstee | 2604 | <i>Ghost Too</i> | Rod Whereat |
| A151 | <i>Retreat</i> | Graeme Proctor | 2939 | <i>Firefly</i> | Brian Wilson |
| A155 | <i>Camaleis III</i> | Geoff Driscoll | 2997 | <i>Sawasdee</i> | R.M. Gillespie & Bruce Dover |
| A156 | <i>Lolita</i> | Nick Cassim | | | Bruce Watson |
| A160 | <i>Qui Vive</i> | Charles Maclurcan | 3100 | <i>Italizard</i> | David Van Kool |
| A164 | <i>Friar Tuck</i> | David Hay | 3132 | <i>Ginger Mick</i> | Max Prentice |
| A167 | <i>Honey Bee</i> | Peter Gray | 3548 | <i>Speakeasy</i> | Cec Williams |
| A170 | <i>Pajo</i> | Frank George | 3608 | <i>Joka</i> | Ben Adamson & Frank Rochelle |
| A171 | <i>Sentina</i> | Paul Maurer | 3644 | <i>Sorine</i> | |
| A176 | <i>Tomcat</i> | Frank Mackenzie | | | |
| A181 | <i>Careel</i> | Linton Morris | 3759 | <i>Ben Boyd Road</i> | Tony Barry |
| A185 | <i>X-fire</i> | Herschel Smith | 3767 | <i>Mistress Mercy</i> | James R. Murchison |
| A186 | <i>April</i> | Johanna Watson | 3787 | <i>Rosenkavalier</i> | John & K. Emery |
| A188 | <i>Kelpie</i> | John Wood | 3918 | <i>Hotspur</i> | Bill Hogan & Noel Plumb |
| A189 | <i>Hebe</i> | Ray & Tim Wilson | 4025 | <i>Passepartout</i> | Kevin Rice |
| A191 | <i>Vagabond</i> | Ian Lewis | 4190 | <i>Farr Horizons</i> | Ivan Resnekov |
| A194 | <i>Emma</i> | Mike deBurca | 4408 | <i>Arabesque</i> | Phillip Watts |
| A200 | <i>Anembo</i> | Erik & Louis La Hei | 4795 | <i>Lorelei</i> | Tony & Linda Cox |
| A747 | <i>Trangie</i> | Michal Tomaszewski | 4834 | <i>Aeolus</i> | Peter Tesoriero |
| AUS4 | <i>Wyandot</i> | Bryan Riddell | 4838 | <i>Wild Goose</i> | John Betts |
| | <i>Camette</i> | J. Rhemrev | 4926 | <i>King Hit</i> | George Kompolthy |
| M263 | <i>Georgette</i> | Ray Hudspeth | 5030 | <i>Magic Pudding</i> | John Simmonds |
| SA 82 | <i>Arcoorie</i> | Ken White | 5171 | <i>Fast Forward</i> | Laurie Bishop |
| 7 | <i>Norn</i> | Robert Albert | 5201 | <i>Starlight Express</i> | David Willis |
| 77 | <i>Anitra V</i> | Philip Brown | 5296 | <i>Manu Kai</i> | Andrew Lucas |
| 86 | <i>Cherub</i> | John Westacott | 5497 | <i>Saturn</i> | Vic Dibben |
| 112 | <i>Vagrant</i> | Sean Langman | 5661 | <i>Ratu VI</i> | James Davern |
| 139 | <i>La Vaudoise</i> | Pierre Metraux | 6362 | <i>Classic Blue</i> | Chris Oh |
| 298 | <i>Impala</i> | Kevin Tindall | 9509 | <i>Chilly Bin</i> | Alex Williamson |
| 328 | <i>Snow Goose</i> | David Pryke & J Yenn | KA45 | <i>Orient Express</i> | George & Walter Glover |
| 355 | <i>Mystic Seven</i> | Neville Chidgey | 58 | <i>Merinda III</i> | Geoffrey Nott |
| 357 | <i>Chowringhee</i> | John Jentsch | 217 | <i>Morag Bheag</i> | Donald Maclurcan |
| 364 | <i>Paper Moon</i> | Denis Williams | 660 | <i>Gina M</i> | Brian Gilkes |
| 428 | <i>Zoe</i> | Austin Grellman | 880 | <i>Stormy Petrel</i> | Graham Day |
| 440 | <i>Intrinsic</i> | John Ward | | <i>Matafa II</i> | John Freedman |
| 444 | <i>Panache</i> | Dave & P.M. Murton | | <i>Streeton Maid</i> | John Starkey |
| 446 | <i>My Mistress</i> | Philip & E.A. Skelton | XK366N | <i>Gee Bee</i> | Harrison & L. Gee |
| 481 | <i>Kaiami</i> | John Maconochie | PH7 | <i>Desanna</i> | Peter Nelson |

List of Members at 30 June 1997

Honorary Life Members

| | |
|----------------|------|
| Cassim N G | 1958 |
| Dibben V W | 1973 |
| Gale D W | 1948 |
| Garrow P T | 1975 |
| Jackson J | 1954 |
| Jeremy J C | 1971 |
| Lawler R H | 1977 |
| Lloyd S B | 1938 |
| Merrington A W | 1946 |
| Middleton J A | 1959 |
| Scheider H L | 1964 |
| Skinner R L | 1963 |
| Woods B W | 1949 |

Life Members

| | |
|-----------------|------|
| Adams J A | 1956 |
| Anderson W M | 1961 |
| Barclay F A | 1946 |
| Chambers W S | 1948 |
| Coxon J M | 1938 |
| Crichton G | 1948 |
| Crowley L | 1951 |
| Cuthbertson A K | 1935 |
| Eklund P J | 1959 |
| Freeman J H | 1947 |
| Gilkes C K | 1945 |
| Halloran J A | 1946 |
| Halvorsen H | 1927 |
| Lewis D R | 1946 |
| Maclurcan D C | 1962 |
| Merrington D R | 1956 |
| Mitchell A L | 1936 |
| Nott G C | 1956 |
| Pfeiffer H E | 1929 |
| Starkey W J | 1935 |
| Tomasetti J | 1961 |
| Trimble T H | 1939 |
| Tyson A R | 1961 |
| Walton G | 1956 |
| Ward J P | 1946 |
| Wearne C H | 1932 |

Ordinary Members

| | |
|----------------|------|
| Adamson B M | 1992 |
| Adamson D | 1996 |
| Adamson H | 1996 |
| Ainge S | 1995 |
| Allison S H | 1995 |
| Anderson R J | 1994 |
| Anstee I B | 1985 |
| Atkins K N | 1980 |
| Austin S B | 1990 |
| Barker J W | 1994 |
| Barry A L | 1983 |
| Bear V D | 1970 |
| Bennett S D | 1980 |
| Berkemeier P R | 1989 |
| Berlyn N R | 1989 |
| Betts J M | 1993 |

| | |
|-----------------|------|
| Bevis F J | 1977 |
| Bird W J | 1976 |
| Bishop L W | 1993 |
| Blewitt J | 1995 |
| Brady J K | 1996 |
| Brady M W | 1995 |
| Brell M D | 1966 |
| Brough R V | 1983 |
| Brown A | 1995 |
| Brown G C | 1995 |
| Brown P E | 1989 |
| Brown P L | 1977 |
| Bryan I J | 1976 |
| Bryden D H | 1996 |
| Buckmaster L C | 1978 |
| Buis J A | 1995 |
| Bull C H | 1969 |
| Butler T S | 1997 |
| Cahill J P | 1992 |
| Chambers J S | 1978 |
| Chapman A A | 1986 |
| Chapman P J | 1972 |
| Chapman R | 1972 |
| Chesser P | 1972 |
| Claman J | 1996 |
| Clark J S | 1985 |
| Clarke B T | 1988 |
| Clarke K C | 1987 |
| Clarkson A M | 1985 |
| Collins P A | 1993 |
| Cooper D | 1996 |
| Cosh T K | 1995 |
| Cox A A | 1989 |
| Cranitch M J | 1985 |
| Crawford J | 1985 |
| Curtis T | 1989 |
| Dallen P E | 1990 |
| Dalrymple-Hay C | 1986 |
| Dalton T | 1977 |
| Danvers L | 1992 |
| Davern J E | 1977 |
| Davis A D | 1990 |
| Day G L | 1964 |
| Deburca M B | 1987 |
| Delaney K | 1996 |
| Denney J R | 1983 |
| Diacopoulos J A | 1988 |
| Dickson G A | 1994 |
| Donnelly P J | 1993 |
| Drayton G R | 1977 |
| Driscoll G L | 1989 |
| Driscoll K J | 1994 |
| Drummond P H | 1978 |
| Eadie P A | 1986 |
| Elliott B E | 1997 |
| Emery J F | 1981 |
| Enderby K E | 1979 |
| Evans R J | 1991 |
| Evans R F | 1991 |
| Falk R A | 1996 |
| Ferguson J R | 1993 |

| | |
|------------------|------|
| Finlay J J | 1993 |
| Firth-Smith J | 1989 |
| Fitzgerald R | 1994 |
| Flachs J J | 1993 |
| Foster P | 1991 |
| Foster R A | 1973 |
| Franklin G D | 1994 |
| Freeman I R | 1987 |
| Gardner M | 1978 |
| Gee H | 1991 |
| George F | 1980 |
| George P A | 1996 |
| Gibson J H | 1962 |
| Gibson J | 1992 |
| Gilkes B W | 1976 |
| Gillespie R M | 1981 |
| Glover W E | 1982 |
| Goodwin-Hill D S | 1990 |
| Gothé J M | 1987 |
| Grant A | 1992 |
| Grant M J | 1982 |
| Grant M A | 1991 |
| Gray J P | 1982 |
| Gray R H | 1980 |
| Gregory P C | 1965 |
| Grellman A F | 1966 |
| Griffiths C J | 1994 |
| Haigh B D | 1993 |
| Hamilton J L | 1977 |
| Harbour R M | 1993 |
| Harris R | 1991 |
| Hawke B B | 1983 |
| Hay D M | 1983 |
| Hennessy K | 1992 |
| Hetherington F M | 1986 |
| Hinton P D | 1985 |
| Hodson S | 1994 |
| Hogan W T | 1979 |
| Holliday M | 1992 |
| Howard J | 1985 |
| Hudspeth R | 1993 |
| Humphreys F R | 1969 |
| Hunt J | 1996 |
| Ingham T | 1985 |
| Irish R | 1995 |
| Irwin C W | 1996 |
| James B K | 1987 |
| James L R | 1987 |
| Jensen I B | 1987 |
| Jentsch J D | 1971 |
| Jones B L | 1997 |
| Jones P D | 1993 |
| Kealey J R | 1987 |
| Keessen R | 1991 |
| Kompolthy G M | 1993 |
| La Hei E R | 1991 |
| La Hei L R | 1992 |
| Lamrock R A | 1985 |
| Lane J C | 1984 |
| Langley R C | 1997 |
| Langman S A | 1992 |

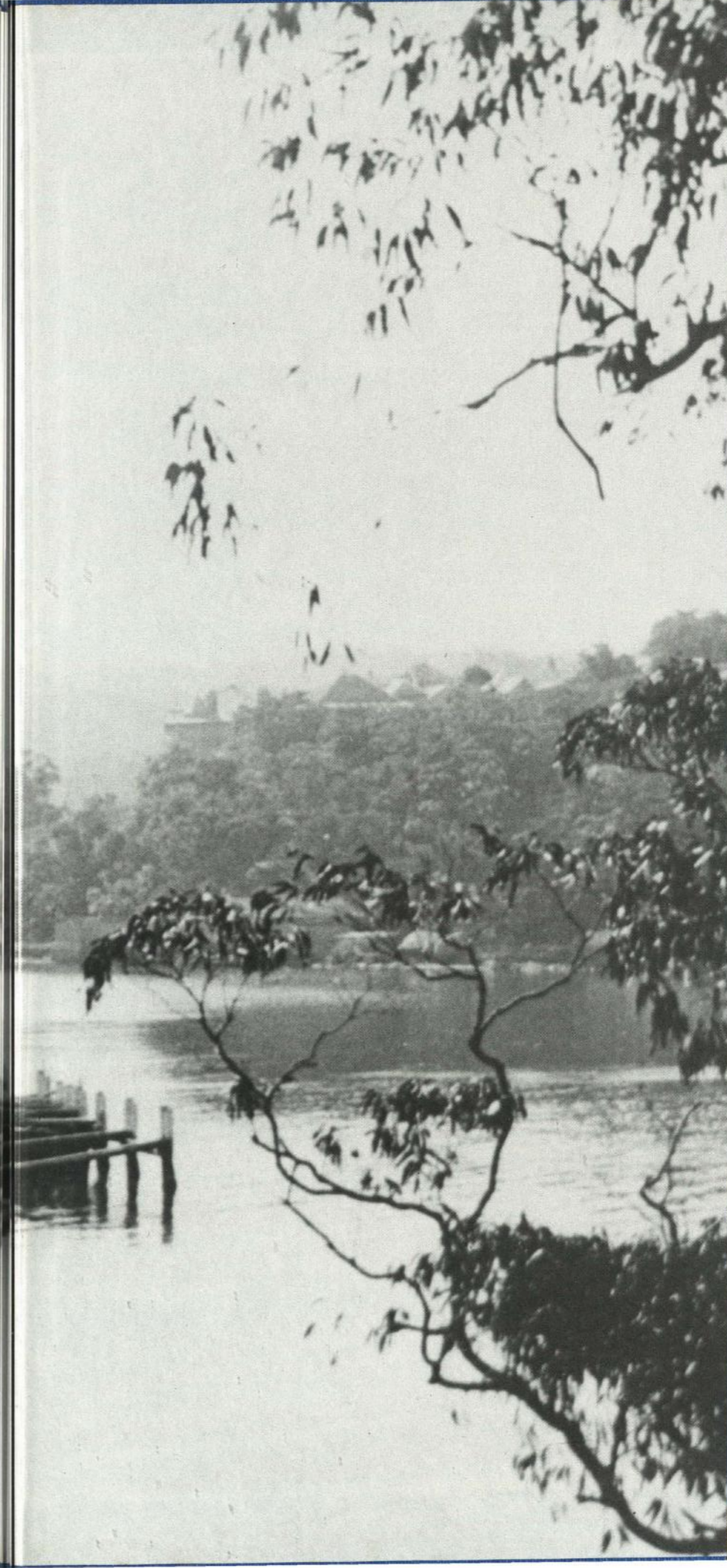
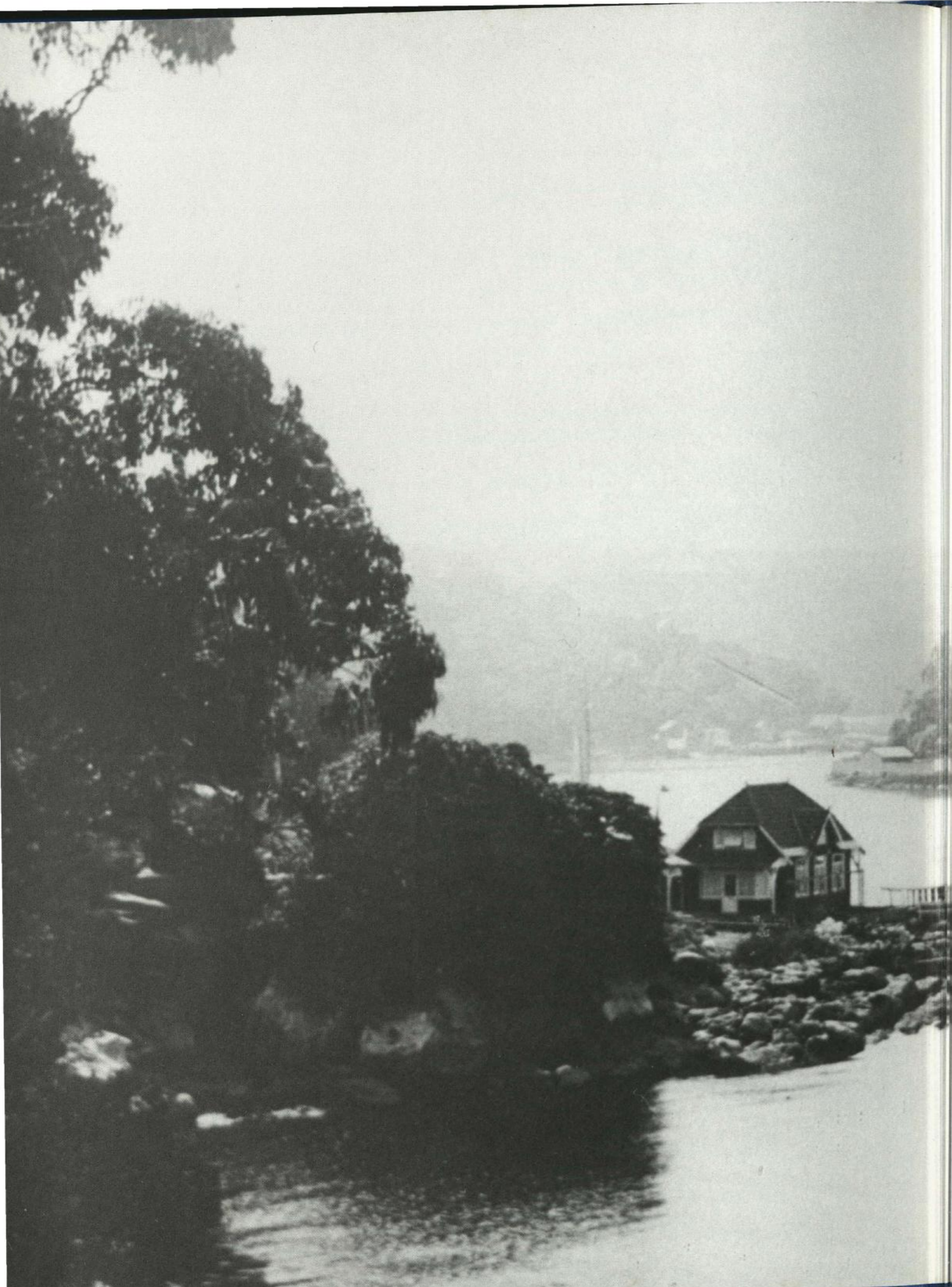
| | |
|----------------|------|
| Lavers R | 1986 |
| Lawler J M | 1965 |
| Lawler J V | 1979 |
| Lawler M R | 1990 |
| Lee D J | 1991 |
| Lees J | 1993 |
| Leon P A | 1994 |
| Leonard P G | 1982 |
| Leslie R | 1995 |
| Lewis I T | 1987 |
| Lochhead R N | 1981 |
| Lucas C A | 1986 |
| Luczycki J | 1989 |
| Lukins R G | 1962 |
| Luttman M T | 1988 |
| Macdiarmid I C | 1986 |
| Macintosh I R | 1987 |
| Mackenzie F S | 1991 |
| Maclurcan C B | 1978 |
| Maconochie J M | 1979 |
| Malouf G T | 1989 |
| Marsh P C | 1993 |
| Maurer P L | 1987 |
| McCallum P | 1995 |
| McCallum S | 1997 |
| McCorquodale G | 1963 |
| McCquordale P | 1987 |
| McCulloch V | 1993 |
| McDonald D | 1987 |
| McIver N D | 1994 |
| McLellan C | 1994 |
| Meagher A M | 1996 |
| Merrington J C | 1962 |
| Metraux P | 1992 |
| Millar W A | 1980 |
| Miller M R | 1975 |
| Mills R J | 1986 |
| Mitchell R H | 1970 |
| Moore R E | 1988 |
| Morris D J | 1996 |
| Morris J K | 1977 |
| Morris L M | 1988 |
| Morris M W | 1991 |
| Moss A E | 1985 |
| Mostyn R M | 1975 |
| Moulson P T | 1994 |
| Moult T E | 1989 |
| Mountford W R | 1987 |
| Munn R G | 1988 |
| Murchison J R | 1987 |
| Murton E D | 1990 |
| Nash J A | 1995 |
| Newton J E | 1991 |
| O'Connor C P | 1983 |
| O'Keefe P | 1985 |
| O'Neill H V | 1979 |
| Oh C G | 1982 |
| Osborne A C | 1987 |
| Palfreyman R D | 1993 |
| Pangas P J | 1985 |
| Paskalis D S | 1986 |

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|------|--------------------|------|-----------------------------|------|-----------------------------|------|
| Paton G K | 1962 | Stewart G | 1995 | Wilson B C | 1984 | Rowe R | 1986 |
| Pennefather J W | 1996 | Stoddard H J | 1965 | Wilson N | 1994 | Ryan P D | 1987 |
| Peterson R J | 1979 | Stuckey J A | 1990 | Wilson R A | 1988 | Samway T R | 1989 |
| Pfeiffer A D | 1962 | Sturrock J N | 1996 | Wilson R J | 1978 | Saunders A A | 1973 |
| Philpot A J | 1994 | Talbot F H | 1965 | Wilson T J | 1980 | Saunders D | 1988 |
| Pitts O F | 1992 | Taylor G R | 1994 | Winkler D G | 1996 | Schilte H | 1996 |
| Plumridge A P | 1987 | Tesoriero P | 1987 | Winn J R | 1969 | Seaton D R | 1974 |
| Poole B F | 1990 | Thorp P J | 1988 | Wood J A | 1981 | Sherry A P | 1987 |
| Prentice M W | 1990 | Tindall K W | 1967 | Woolfe K F | 1989 | Shields D | 1996 |
| Proctor G C | 1993 | Tomaszewski L M | 1987 | Yates C J | 1992 | Sticha J | 1991 |
| Pryke D | 1990 | Tomaszewski M J | 1986 | Young R A | 1990 | Taylor B | 1996 |
| Punch J | 1993 | Tomaszewski M K | 1976 | | | Thistlethwaite S | 1996 |
| Quinn J H | 1981 | Tozer J I | 1994 | Absentee and Country | | Wallington A M | 1987 |
| Radford K R | 1985 | Tregoning D A | 1987 | Members | | Walsh F T | 1994 |
| Raffan G | 1988 | Turnbull C A | 1993 | Anderson C | 1996 | Watson J M | 1988 |
| Rayner P E | 1990 | Tyler J F | 1975 | Brown W G | 1972 | Wherry B W | 1989 |
| Read-Smith F D | 1993 | Urquhart B | 1994 | Cappelen J C | 1988 | White K P | 1993 |
| Resnekov I R | 1995 | Van Der Helder M C | 1988 | Chidgey N D | 1966 | Wilde P A | 1994 |
| Rhemrev J | 1982 | Van Der Wal M P | 1987 | Close L | 1996 | Yates F J | 1988 |
| Rice K J | 1977 | Van Kool D | 1978 | Costello T H | 1996 | Young J D | 1983 |
| Rice S J | 1987 | Van Veelen L A | 1988 | Cranna R G | 1986 | | |
| Richards R J | 1989 | Wainwright S | 1990 | Currie D | 1996 | Intermediate Members | |
| Rickard J A | 1975 | Wall W P | 1986 | Dover B L | 1987 | Bevis J F | 1991 |
| Riddell B A | 1994 | Ward W A | 1992 | Dwyer G J | 1983 | Prentice M C | 1996 |
| Rochelle F | 1994 | Wargent P M | 1986 | Finckh E S | 1969 | Urquhart C W | 1996 |
| Rodowicz C T | 1993 | Wark T C | 1989 | Frecker D C | 1991 | | |
| Rosenberg M P | 1985 | Watson B J | 1985 | Geary G | 1996 | Junior Members | |
| Ross-Smith G | 1979 | Watts P J | 1984 | Grant W H | 1971 | Bevis P J | 1996 |
| Rutter B | 1969 | Waugh P A | 1987 | Haydon G V | 1980 | Brown G W | 1992 |
| Sainty K A | 1987 | Weise G J | 1995 | Hedge S | 1994 | Brown R G | 1996 |
| Sheridan J Y | 1988 | Wesley S D | 1997 | McCorquodale D G | 1985 | Haigh A | 1994 |
| Simpson P | 1988 | Westacott J D | 1982 | Morrissey P | 1996 | Haigh R | 1994 |
| Skelton P J | 1974 | Weston C O | 1997 | Nelson P J | 1986 | Hogan T | 1994 |
| Smith C | 1983 | Weston H A | 1987 | Nossiter H G | 1962 | Macintosh A J | 1991 |
| Smith H S | 1967 | Whereat R G | 1987 | Oakley B A | 1986 | Macintosh S C | 1991 |
| Snape F | 1964 | Wiegand M H | 1990 | Pagett M R | 1983 | | |
| Snell J L | 1987 | Williams C E | 1983 | Pearce R I | 1994 | Associate Members | |
| Sproule A M | 1988 | Williams D P | 1977 | Robertson V G | 1990 | Morris L I | 1978 |
| Sproule B C | 1977 | Williamson A K | 1989 | Rolfe A J | 1984 | Tomaszewski T H | 1986 |
| Sproule G C | 1977 | Willis F D | 1975 | | | | |

Office Bearers of SASC 1972-1997

| | <i>Commodores</i> | <i>Vice Commodores</i> | <i>Rear Commodores</i> |
|---------|-------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1971-72 | S.B. Lloyd | H.H. Jackson | E. Slocombe |
| 1972-73 | S.B. Lloyd | H.H. Jackson | E. Slocombe |
| 1973-74 | S.B. Lloyd | H.H. Jackson | B.W. Woods |
| 1974-75 | H.H. Jackson | B.W. Woods | R. Withers |
| 1975-76 | B.W. Woods | R.L. Skinner | A. Merrick |
| 1976-77 | B.W. Woods | R.L. Skinner | V.W. Dibben |
| 1977-78 | B.W. Woods | R.L. Skinner | V.W. Dibben |
| 1978-79 | C.F.C. Crisp | V.W. Dibben | J. Tomasetti |
| 1979-80 | V.W. Dibben | J.C. Jeremy | G.K. Paton |
| 1980-81 | V.W. Dibben | J.C. Jeremy | F.D. Willis |
| 1981-82 | V.W. Dibben | J.C. Jeremy | F.D. Willis |
| 1982-83 | J.C. Jeremy | F.D. Willis | P.T. Garrow |
| 1983-84 | J.C. Jeremy | F.D. Willis | P.T. Garrow |
| 1984-85 | J.C. Jeremy | F.D. Willis | P.T. Garrow |
| 1985-86 | F.D. Willis | P.T. Garrow | F. Tebbutt |
| | Retired 4-12-85 | | |
| | V.W. Dibben | | |
| | Appointed 4-12-85 | | |
| 1986-87 | P.T. Garrow | F. Tebbutt | D.P. Williams |
| 1987-88 | P.T. Garrow | R.H. Lawler | J.K. Morris |
| 1988-89 | P.T. Garrow | R.H. Lawler | J.K. Morris |
| 1989-90 | R.H. Lawler | J.K. Morris | I.T. Lewis |
| 1990-91 | R.H. Lawler | J.K. Morris | C.B. Maclurcan |
| 1991-92 | R.H. Lawler | J.K. Morris | A.A. Saunders |
| 1992-93 | J.K. Morris | A.A. Saunders | R.J. Munn |
| 1993-94 | J.K. Morris | A.A. Saunders | R.J. Munn |
| | | Retired 1-9-93 | |
| | | F.J. Bevis | |
| | | Appointed 1-9-93 | |
| 1994-95 | J.K. Morris | F.J. Bevis | R.J. Munn |
| 1995-96 | F.J. Bevis | R.J. Munn | D. Goodwin Hill |
| 1996-97 | F.J. Bevis | R.J. Munn | D. Goodwin Hill |
| | | Retired 2-4-97 | |
| | | A.W. Clarkson | |
| | | Appointed 2-4-97 | |
| 1997-98 | F.J. Bevis | A.M. Clarkson | R. Evans |

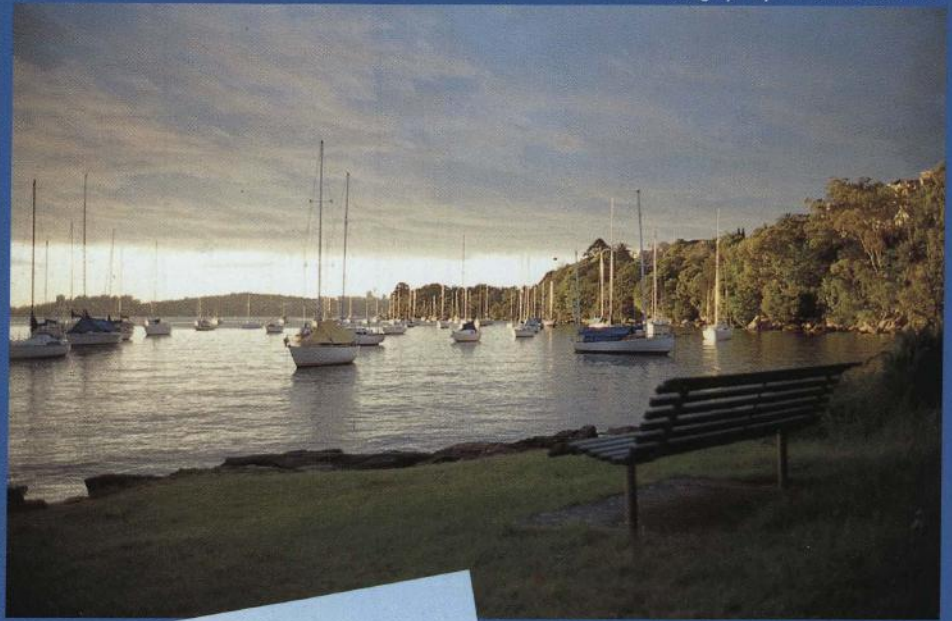
| | <i>Secretary</i> | <i>Treasurer</i> |
|---------|-------------------|------------------|
| 1971-72 | J. Tomasetti | D. Stokes |
| 1972-73 | J. Tomasetti | D. Stokes |
| 1973-74 | H. Goulder | D. Stokes |
| 1974-75 | H. Goulder | D. Stokes |
| 1975-76 | H. Goulder | A. Newton |
| | Retired 1-10-75 | |
| | V. Dibben | |
| | Appointed 1-10-75 | |
| 1976-77 | G.K. Paton | A. Newton |
| | | Retired 4-5-77 |
| | | F.J. Bevis |
| | | Appointed 4-5-77 |
| 1977-78 | G.K. Paton | F.J. Bevis |



Photograph by Martin Van der Wal

In this year of publication, 1997, the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club is 125 years old. This book brings to life the spirit of the Club over the past 25 years, the beginning of its second century.

The Club was founded in 1872 by group of enthusiastic amateur sailors who maintained that although professional sailors might get a better performance out of a boat, the amateurs had just as much fun anyway. This principle has seen an enviable Club spirit develop which will be clearly evident to the readers of this book.



In 1972 *The Amateurs* was published by the Club to record the events of the first century. It is a remarkable book and the result of much research. Whilst it recorded details of meetings and decisions made, this book is an attempt to capture the feeling of the Club through the activities of its members. Their stories, descriptions of their boats, and historical notes enliven the text which also includes details of the Club's trophies as well as lists of

members and their boats and Flag Officers over the 25 years period the book covers.

Many photographs illustrate the text showing a wide range of boats from those over 100 years old up to modern craft. One of the charming aspects of the Amateurs is its ability to change with the times and provide the infrastructure and services the members expect at any moment in time. It has also become a rallying point for those whose interests lie in restoring and sailing classic boats.

This book is published for Sydney Amateur Sailing Club members, their families and crews, yet it will be of interest to anyone who enjoys sailing, especially on Sydney Harbour.

Jacket designed by Katie Jordan and Bobby Wen

Photograph by John Jeremy

