

AN AVALON SAILING CLUB PUBLICATION

Jib Sheet



MAY 2005

THIS ISSUE

This Sailing Life

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All The Winners

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Reflections on
Hobart

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The Final word

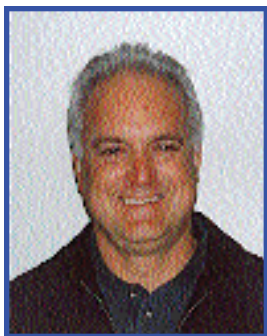


Getting on top of things ...see page 9
Amy Lee, Sarah Lee, Carla Sexton, Andy Kidner and James



www.avalonsailingclub.com.au

From The Tiller



I thought the off season was supposed to be less busy – not at ASC!! Lots has happened at the club since the last Jib Sheet. In March we enjoyed the "First Annual Wine Tasting", I know all who attended enjoyed the evening and showed their enthusiasm and support for the event by ordering a whopping 53 cases of wine!! Our thanks for a great evening must go to Tanya and

Phil Deer for coordinating and catering the event and Michelle and Peter Gale for promotion and bookings. Approximately \$1,600.00 was raised for the club through wine orders – well done and thanks to all who supported what we hope will become a regular event.

The NSW Secondary Schools Teams Racing Championships were held at Woollahra Sailing Club in early March. Congratulations to our three local teams from Barrenjoey, Pittwater and Mater Maria College who contested the event. After a hard fought battle Mater Maria with ASC members Amy and Sarah Lee, James and Andy Kidner, Carla and Samuel Sexton, Tom Spithill and Jared Cook won the event. Mater is off to Perth in July for the Australian Championships. For more about this great event read the Yachting NSW report later in the Jib Sheet.

The inter club picnic was held at Portuguese Beach in early April. A superb Autumn day was enjoyed by all with time to catch up with our friends from down the Pittwater. Once again the "Sherman Shooters" went down a treat with ten dozen oysters being consumed in Geoff's famous shooter recipe! Thanks Geoff for your commitment to what has become a picnic tradition along with the tug o war and the egg toss. The games were fast and furious under the watchful eye of Ross and Ritchie with a number of people wearing their eggs for their efforts. Again this year Avalon showed its superiority in the tug o war against the valiant efforts of the combined RPA and BYRA teams. It was a great day as always, a fitting end to the sailing season.

Last weekend saw the start of our winter training program for dinghies. Thirty boats across the three classes and 56 sailors were put through their paces under the guidance of Pat Langley from Rob Brown Yachting, Peter Gale and Chuck Bradley and our junior coaches Nina Curtis, Lisa Sherman, James Kidner and Dean Curtis. The reports back from coaches and sailors was all positive and we look forward to the next training day. Many thanks to Andrew Kendall and his team for all their efforts in coordinating this training program. As we all know training leads to improved results and it was with great pleasure we were able to award our centreboard sailors at their Presentation Day. It's a huge task to coordinate results, trophies and engraving. A very sincere thanks must go to Celia and Ian Craig for once again organizing the engraving of our mag-

nificent trophies and to Greg Bolton, Jim Dargaville, John Koerner and Peter Gale for compiling the results. Congratulations to all those who won awards, your results show how commitment to training and perseverance pays off. Our trophies and their history is featured later in the Jib Sheet, have a read you will be amazed at the number of high profile sailors who started their careers at Avalon Sailing Club.

With the end of the financial year looming can we remind members they can make fully tax deductible donations to the "Dinghy Appeal" through the Australian Sports Foundation. Application forms are on the notice board at the club.

Upcoming events are:- Centreboard training 22nd May, the Commodores Ball (Theme your initials) on the 28th May, and a Rules Night (Yachts and dinghies) on the 28th June.

Enjoy the Winter break.

Peter Kidner

Welcome to new Members

Stephanie and Sam Allsop,
Rupert, Rebecca, Harriet, Matilda and Tom Morton,
Adam and Brendon Seage

Thanks to all those who toiled on the Working Bee

Peter Hudson, Ian Craig, Warwick Barnes,
Jane Durham, David and Monica Hyde
Simon Hill, Janet and Paul Hurley,
Andy, Harry and Nell Bate,
Chuck, Aaron and Adam Bradley
Claus Bayer, Eric Gidney



"JUST LOOK AT THIS OBJECT- THE SYMMETRY,
THE SUBTLE HUE, THE JUXTAPOSITION OF
ORGANIC ROUGH HEWN STONE & FUNCTIONALITY
THE WAY THE LIGHT PLAYS ON ITS FACETS..."

Come as your INITIALS

Places limited

The Commodores Ball

Please Join us for the time of your life

28th of May, 6.30 for 7.30 at the Clubhouse

\$55.00 per head

includes champagne and nibbles on arrival

Send cheque payable to "Avalon Sailing Club" to Helen Cornish-Bayer
13 Brindisi Place Clareville, NSW 2107 Phone: 9918 3712 eventmanager@avalonsailingclub.com.au

Here is my cheque for \$.....

Name..... Phone:.....

AVALON SAILING CLUB CREDIT CARD AUTHORITY

Please debit my:

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Expiry

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please reserve..... places for me

Vale Alan Chung

10 April 2005

A collection of photos on the dining room table being sorted out and carefully stored by son Alex, holds a store of special memories for the Chung family - memories of happy times together, messing around in boats.

Soon after he and Sue married in the early '70s, Alan learnt to sail at a sailing school based at Balmoral Beach. It wasn't long before they purchased their first boat, a Hartley 16 which they sailed on the mighty waters of Sydney Harbour and later on Pittwater.

Shortly afterwards Alan purchased a business at the Sydney Showground, which in those days was the venue for the Sydney Boat Show. Like any good sailor, he spent hours looking at boats and set his heart on a Careel 22 which he eventually purchased.

"Overture" was huge in proportion to the Hartley 16 and soon it became an integral part of family outings - entertaining friends of Sue and Alan's and, of course, the children. There are pictures of the kids rowing dinghies, building sandcastles on the beaches of Sydney Harbour and Pittwater and taking leisurely cruises with friends.

With time, of course, Alan set his sights on bigger and better things and he purchased "Dragonfly", a Columbia 27 which had been built in San Diego as a display boat for the Sydney market. This made Alan at that time a "fleet owner" - he and Sue often took both yachts out at the same time with groups of friends (the big boat and the little boat)!

By then it was the early '90s and after mooring his boat near Taylor's Point, Alan decided to join Avalon Sailing Club where he could get a mooring closer to the shore.

Within a short time he was on the Committee, a position he held during the time when John Taylor, Helen Carlson and Norm Field were Commodores. In his role as a member of the "House Committee" (probably the only member), he was responsible for Club maintenance - organising working bees, refurbishing the Canteen (installing cupboards and bringing us a more workable and attractive Canteen) and generally keeping the Club in working order. Such was the financial state of the Club

at the time that he repainted a fridge in an effort to make us look more attractive.

Meanwhile on the water, Sue tells many a tale of days on "Dragonfly", from their rescue by the Navy from the shipping lanes of Sydney Harbour near Sow and Pigs when the motor failed and the sails shredded before their eyes, to the time she beat Noel Lewis in a Family Day Race after a near collision with a boat (from another club ... Sue was in the right, of course) which subsequently ended in the dismasting of the other yacht ("You don't mess with my Mum", said Simon).

"Dragonfly" was built for comfort rather than speed, and it's on cruises that she excelled. So many happy memories of Alan and the family ... Smith's Creek, Jerusalem Bay, America's Bay, Soup Nights at the Basin, the Hallett's Beach Race, evenings at Cottage Point and of course the riotous Family Day BBQ's on the deck.

Who could forget Alan wading across the mudflats of Jerusalem Bay with his 'hidden treasure' - a piece of a valve/pump - definitely a relic - which he 'saved' from the sand and resurrected to become the Cruising Trophy. They were the golden days of cruising: shared stories and experiences, quiet moments, rowing races, bush walks, tall tales and true - all fortified with copious amounts of the best wines and a wonderful sense of camaraderie.

Sadly Alan passed away on Sunday 10th April after a short and difficult battle with pancreatic cancer.

We shall all remember Alan with great affection: a gentle man, unassuming and a quiet, hard-working achiever who in his own determined way, got on with the job without seeking any reward beyond his own satisfaction with a job well-done.

Our most heartfelt sympathies to Sue, Alex and Simon at this time of their loss. We certainly hope that they will remain members of the ASC family and we look forward to welcoming them back to the Club for a BBQ or the occasional race.

Vale, "Chungie".

This Sailing Life

The Myall Lakes Saga More of those vivid memories

We glimpsed the Myall Lakes while traveling the Lakes Way from Forster to Bulahdelah. The large expanse of unoccupied water was impressive and called for a visit which took place in the last week of the Christmas school holidays some 20 odd years ago. The first impression was confirmed, and how. Crystal clear, warm water, and white sand guaranteed an enjoyable few days which the Christmas crowd and a couple of grapples with a persistent snake could not spoil. When at the next Boat Show we discovered a couple of guys who had Sonata 23 trailer yachts for charter at Bulahdelah the die was cast.

First two families, then in subsequent years up to five, renting yachts, house boats or bringing their own craft, enjoyed some memorable holidays, and, as you'd expect where boats are concerned there was the odd incident of note that burned indelibly into the collective memory banks. These included wading waist deep in my pajamas at about 3:00am pushing two yachts off the beach, and then in a wet suit wading in neck deep water re-setting the anchors to account for a wind-shift, only to have the wind go back to its original direction and ease, several on-board fires, some really wild storms and a few other happenings.

For our second charter we decided to hire a canoe for the kids, old and young. Towing a canoe can have its moments. On our previous trip we had learned quickly some of the hazards of navigating the Myall River. If the centre-board was not down a bit the boat tended to skid sideways, at best making a very wide turn. If as a result you got too close to the bank, the mast would interact with the overhanging trees bringing a rain of dead branches down onto the deck, an alarming prospect, especially the first time it happens.

On this occasion, with canoe in tow and armed with the knowledge of a previous year's boating, we headed off confidently down-river. We were to tie up at a small make-shift wharf and wait for our fellow charterers who, as usual, were running behind schedule. Soon we reached our destination and gingerly I maneuvered the craft bow to the shore alongside the few planks that constituted this wharf. Mistake! "Watch out for the trees" my son shouted. I looked up just in time to see the rain of branches coming our way. With the reactions I am known for I put the vessel into reverse. Too bad my thought processes did not keep up with my reactions, we were now clear of the trees, well out into the stream in fact, but with half a dozen turns of rope around the out-board's propeller.

Not a problem, really, we had a canoe. All I had to do was grab another bit of rope, untie the canoe, tie it to the front of the yacht and paddle to shore. Easy? Well you'd think so. I sat on the back of the canoe with paddle in hand, dipping it first right, then left, and, being now very aware of the overhanging trees, keeping an eye on the top of the mast. I was startled when my

daughter called out and as I went into a sort of rotary motion I realized she was telling me that I was in danger of capsizing the canoe. So now I was in the river, fully clad, with an upturned canoe tied to a yacht that had a disabled motor. There may be people who can right an upturned fiberglass canoe in deep water but I am not one of them. After more attempts than I care to remember I settled for lying across the canoe's bottom and kicking my way to shore where I was finally able to tie up the yacht and sort out all the other items.

At least I had been well out of the sight of other boaters, not like the guy who returned to the charter office for a few more instructions before setting out on his week away. This poor coot came up-river at a rate of knots. Those of us on the shore who had some idea of how to make an approach, including the owner, immediately sensed a problem and started towards the floating office as the yacht swung into a turn. The desperate driver shoved it into reverse and turned up the wick only to have the outboard rise out of the water, accompanied by a great racket and clouds of spray. We were unable to fend him off but somehow the boat and the office survived.

I mention the above to emphasise that even when the sailing is over and the boat is back at the dock the dramas go on. Gear has to be landed, cars retrieved and meanwhile the boat is cleaned out and the on-board sewage holding tank has to be pumped out. On one occasion in the midst of all this activity the sewage pump blew a seal sending a geyser of you-know-what skywards only to rain down on our companion and all his gear. Unfortunately I missed the show but my children gave me a colourful account of what had transpired. Oh yes, boating has its ups and downs, but, as I've said before, we keep coming back.

Bob Batchelor



All the Winners



The Club Centreboard Trophies

A look at the history

VULCAN TROPHY

Overall handicap winner, Sabot/MJ. In memory of Ross Field who died in a flying accident in 1982. "Vulcan" was built by Norm and Wendy in 1972 and the three Field boys all sailed her at Avalon. Restored in 1997 –the red boat – used by the training division and shortly to be used by the Field grandchildren.

W.N. ALLAN TROPHY

Overall scratch winner. Won in 1953/54 by John Lingard who managed to beat David Forbes in most of the races they sailed in. John's father Frank was in charge of the torpedo firing range at Taylors Pt. from 1942 and a lot of the spare parts for Avalon VJ's came courtesy of the R.A.N. Won in 1954/55 by Ken Hudson who became commodore of R.P.Y.A.C. and whose brother Don, was also a member and became commodore of R.S.YS.

GUTHRIE TROPHY

Sabot/MJ. Club Championship Originally the M.J. opening day trophy in 1968, donated by Mr. Guthrie who owned the house next to the Club. He was also Don MacLachlan's father-in-law. Won in 1979/80 by David Field by default when a southerly buster decimated the fleet, the race was abandoned by 0the rescue boat could not catch "Vulcan" which planed all the way up Pittwater and finished at Sandy Point.

HEAD-AKE TROPHY

Originally Flying 11 scratch. Donated by Geoff Carter's parents. All of Geoff's boats from M.J. on have been called some form of "Ed-ake" and most of us know why. Now given to a sailor who shows commitment and perserverence in Gold Division.

ARCHINA CUP

{resented by Mr. Phil Goldstein, patron of the Club in and owner skipper of the magnificent yacht "Archina" the Club flagship built before the first world war and moored at Clareville. Won 1950/51/52 for interclub competition by David Forbes. Given to a sailor who shows considerable improvement over the season.

THE BELLINGHAM SHIELD

This trophy is awarded to an outstanding Club centreboard sailor for being a good sports person, contributing to the running of the Club, inter-club events and good seamanship. This Shield was donated originally in 1946 by Mr. H>G> Bellingham, a vice-president and patron for many years. A notable winner in 1951-52 was David Forbes, for many years the Club V.J. Captain and who has probably represented Australia internationally in world championships and the Olympics (winning a gold medal) more than any other yachtsman. Another winner in 1965 was Jim Catts. The Bellingham family, courtesy of Peter Bellingham, presented us with a restored trophy in 1997.

THE CREW'S TROPHY

The crew giving the most support to the skipper during the season and being a non boat owner.

PHILLIP BAKER TROPHY

Awarded to an outstanding male sailor who has provided assistance and inspiration to other sailors. Named in honour of Phillip Baker, a keen young club sailor, who was crew on the yacht "Montego Bay" which sank with the loss of all hands during a race off Botany Bay.

MARY IFOULD TROPHY

Given to an outstanding female sailor who provided assistance and inspiration to other sailors. Presented by Mary Ifould in 1966. Mary for many years sailed her Flying 15 "Trio" out of Avalon in the 60's and was probably one of Australia's first woman Flying 15 skippers. Her son was also a member of the Club and her husband Lister was a crew member on the yacht "Struan Marie", winner of the Hobart race in 1951(when men were real men).

THE CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY

For outstanding representation of the Club at national, state and interclub events. Our first Club trophy presented by Mr. J.G. Vaughan, the founder of Avalon Sailing Club in 1938. The Vaughan boys, Les and Harold started sailing their VJ's in 1933 off Clareville Beach which inspired the local families to share a jig frame and combine to build a small fleet. By 1937 there were 10 boats built and Mr. Vaughan organised, started and finished the fleet on the area in which we now sail. In 1938 he officially formed the Club and donated the handsome silver cup. The first winner in 1939 was Harold Vaughan who became a great character on the Australian sailing scene and wrote many books on sailing. David Forbes was also a recipient as was Jim Catts in 1965.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN TROPHY

Presented to the most outstanding junior family for services to the Club.

SAN PEDRICO TROPHY

Overall scratch winner. Presented by Captain and Mrs. Aitken in 1962. captain Aitken was a Torres Strait pilot who used to navigate the ships through the Great Barrier Reef and Torres Strait. Won in 1969/70 by Grant Simmer, navigator on Australia 2 when Australia won the Americas Cup. Won in 1970/71 by Phil Bate, rigger and crew member of our Americas Cup yachts. Won in 1989/90 by James Spithill, young Australian helmsman in the Americas Cup.

WARREN PAYNE TROPHY

Overall handicap winner. In memory of Warren Payne a 17 year old VJ skipper who drowned off Long Nose Point in a 30 knot southerly. His 9 year old forward hand was rescued. In those days life jackets were not required and the Club had only one rescue boat which could not cope with the conditions and the search was carried out the Commodore's 48 foot sloop "Janet M".

HOLIDAY TROPHY

The most enthusiastic sailor in the division. Won in 1968/69 by a young Ross Trembath.

The Final Word

This really is the final word on the great "dunny debate". We have canvassed all the compliance options on these pages and yachts such as Red Herring have taken steps to meet the required standard.

However, your editor could not fail to get excited when he came upon a boat on the aptly named "Perfume River" in Vietnam. Illustrated below, this is an option that fits right into the Aussie outback tradition. Here we have the opportunity to combine

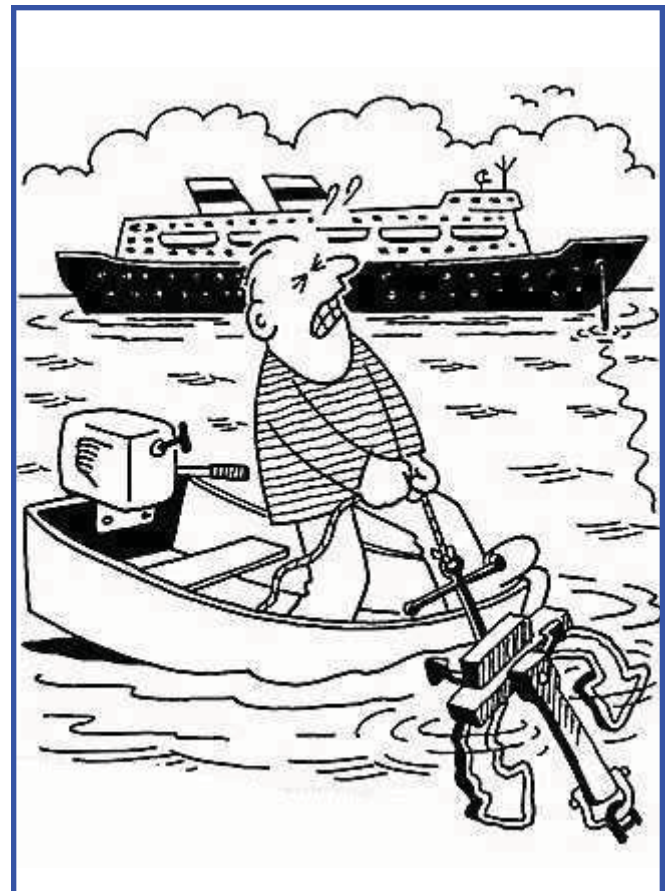


form with function and stay true to that Australian institution...the outside dunny. Why we didn't see this before is beyond me.

Think of the advantages. No more crouching in confined spaces; great ventilation; storage in the roof for those extra sails; plenty of room for the holding tank (the version above uses a gravity system and would NOT conform to regulations) and where better to relax for half an hour with a copy of the Jib Sheet...all this plus we could one day have a knock down the dunny party. In time you may even get a heritage order on your yacht.

Windage, (no pun intended), might be an issue but this would be a small price to pay for such an Australian solution and the handicapper could easily work out adjustments.

Mike Maher



Mater Maria Catholic College Wins the 2005 Evolution Sailing Team NSW Secondary Teams Racing Championships

A jubilant Mater Maria Catholic College fought a hard and consistent campaign to win the 2005 Evolution Sailing Team NSW Secondary Schools Teams Racing Championships on Saturday. The eight teams experienced gusty, overcast conditions on both days with the 8-15 knot southerly winds challenging sailors of all abilities.

In the petite final, Scotts College won a clean sweep victory from Knox Grammar School positioning them in third and fourth place respectively and ending a well fought campaign from both schools.

In the grand final series, the Mater Maria team fought back from a narrow first match loss to produce three thrilling wins against Cranbrook. Both teams demonstrated superior boat handling and communication skills in a tightly locked, tactical battle around the course, but it was the ability of the Mater Maria team to perform consistently under pressure that won them the series in a nail biting finish.

Mater Maria has been training hard for the event since Christmas. This preparation included training sessions with Knox, Pittwater and Barrenjoey teams. This paid off not only for Mater Maria but also the overall competition with Mater Maria team member Tom Spithill describing the Championship as tougher this year. "The standard has risen across the board," said Spithill. Mater Maria Catholic College and Cranbrook will now represent New South Wales at the Australian Secondary Schools Team Racing Championship in Perth. Spithill believes Mater Maria need to focus on 'boat speed, boat handling and starts' before the nationals in July while according to skipper Ted Hackney Cranbrook will be working on 'tactics and mentality'.

This event was kindly sponsored by Evolution Sailing Team, the current Rolex Farr World Champions, skippered by renowned sailor Richard Perini who also currently holds the Mumm 30 World Championship Title and is being nominated by Yachting Australia for ISAF Sailor of the Year.

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CONFESSIONS OF A FURTIVE FOGARTER

Having just read the hilarious article on the new extreme sport of Fogarting, I feel duty bound to reveal our hitherto suppressed tale of a synchronized double power-driven Full Fogarty into Pittwater one memorable winter's day.

It was mid August and a typically very windy, choppy day on the water. We set off for our far-flung mooring in a somewhat overburdened dinghy for a sailing lunch out on the water. The one-man dinghy was holding its own against the choppy waters, with the ancient outboard keeping us going - just. All was going well until the mounting wash from a passing stinkboat surged in over the stern of the dinghy and before you could say "Bob's Your Uncle" the unhappy craft flipped, hurling both of us and all the gear into the cold winter water. Having put in much training on the tennis courts, my quick reactions hoisted the bag containing the mobile phone and

various other non-waterproof articles up over my head and kept high and dry. Amazingly, most of the other items floated long enough for us to retrieve them and put them on top of the upturned dinghy - the Esky, Jim's boots, various bags, jumpers etc. Some items were blown back onto the beach and collected later. We only lost one sock in the end!

We were rescued by another club member who was working on his yacht nearby. He shall remain nameless at this stage as he kindly heeded our pleas NOT to put us the Jib Sheet, but he could verify the story if pressed! Jim stripped down the long-suffering outboard and it is still working to this day and yes, we did buy a bigger dinghy after this event!

Susan Flaye,

Founder Member of the Flying Flaye Fogarting Formation Team

Memories of a First Hobart

Ross Trembath continues the story of his first Hobart

I was pumped up for this race. It is difficult not to be as the media close in on the event, the CYC docks take on a Hollywood atmosphere with contrasting sights of Jazz Bands playing as storm jibs are stretched on the grass and storm crews go through final preparations.

Our crew of eight met on the boat at 0900, decked out in our new crew shirts. By 1000 the dock was a seething mass of bodies, the 50-yard walk from the club along Pier to Shenandoah 111 taking 10 minutes. Just as well we had taken Julius' advice and provisioned the boat on the previous Thursday. Many people came to wish us well; the morning for me was really a blur. I was starting to focus on the race and on the start in particular. I had managed to string a couple of plausible starts together during the season so I was starting helmsman and my thoughts were on getting over the starting line in one piece. My greatest fear was making an error at the start and either being too early or colliding with another boat.

We were all itching to go and were glad when 1100 came and we slipped the mooring lines and headed out through the parade of yachts to the starting area. The breeze was touching 15 knots from the North East as we made our sail selection - full main with Jiffy Reef and No.2 Genoa. We headed towards the official starting boat, circling her, as is the custom to register Shenandoah 111 as an official starter in the 1993 Sydney to Hobart. The race officials did a wonderful job keeping the spectator fleet away from the starting area, I remember saying to Graham Hams, our skipper "When is this going to get hectic, so far I have had worse lead ups to a start on Friday night Twilights?"

The last half hour before the start seemed like 5 minutes as we maneuvered Shenandoah 111 into a favorable starting position on the windward end of the line. 10 - 9 ... 3 - 2 - 1 and we were off. A conservative start - we were 20 seconds behind the gun and in clear air. Just to leeward of us were the girls on 'Telecom MobileNet', all decked out in pink. We had a starboard start about mid-line and in the freshening breeze I remember being pushed under Middle Head, time to tack. The plan was to get over to the east shore as soon as possible, weaving on port through the fleet, tack onto starboard and sail down the east side of the harbour, approaching the wing mark at South Head on Starboard. We managed to choose the right time to make our dash for Watson's Bay, dipping 2 boats and setting up our run for the heads perfectly. Easy!!

We rounded South Head, freed the sheets a little and headed for the Z mark, a seamark laid one mile off the coast. The breeze was now a good 15 knots, we had put in the Jiffy Reef before the start and were pleased to see the way the boat settled down in the chop created by all the spectator boats. My log entry shows we rounded the Z mark at 1350, the trip out the harbour taking 50 minutes. We were feeling good - the start was adequate, our run out the harbour about the best we could do and we guessed we were positioned about half way in our particular division, PHS. The 3 divisions are IMS - for all the hot shot boats; IOR - for the older hotshot boats (though I am sure that Sid Fischer would not agree) and PHS or Performance Handicapping System for all the Club Racers. Shenandoah 111

is 10 years old and not in the same league as the top boats, we don't even have a microwave!! The Hobart is really three races in one, with each division offering First, Second and Third Place.

I remember feeling a great sense of relief as we rounded that mark, we were finally on our way, all the preparations were over, we were out the heads in one piece, we were all on a high and settled down to sail the boat with the 1.1 oz spinaker on a shy lead pushing us along at a steady seven knots. The afternoon was fairly uneventful with the exception of our unexpected trip up the mast to the spreaders. At about 1500 we noticed a couple of strands of stainless steel wire had unwound from the top of the inner port lowers. John Harrison our resident iron man and Paul Godsell the mainsheet trimmer, hoisted me up the mast with a roll of electrical tape. We wanted to see how many strands were broken and then secure them so that we did not rip the brand new kite. I found three of the total 16 strands broken, no big deal but certainly a little worrying, as we were only one hour out of the heads. Julius had arranged for a rigger to check the boat the week before, but unfortunately twisted stainless steel wires usually shows no signs of fatigue. I found the tape did not stick to the wire, so gave the idea away and bent back the wires on themselves as best I could.

The first radio sked was at 1505 with the fleet divided into group 1 and group 2. We were in group 2 and about number 70 on the list of 108 entries. It took about 40 minutes to run through all the boats and seemed a bit of overkill as we had only been sailing a few hours and here we were required to sit through a one-hour radio sked. As it turned out this would be one of the last times we were able to make easy radio contact with the race control vessel, the 'Young Endeavor.' Our log entry at 1320 records a front passing through Broken Hill with a low situated over Gabo Island of 979 Kpa with winds freshening from the SSW.

Nightfall saw us off Kiama as the NE breeze eased. We were making good time, were in touch with about half a dozen boats as dusk fell and the wind started to swing to the SW. We dropped the kite and set the main with a Jiffy Reef and the NO.3 Headsail in anticipation of a freshening breeze. The log recalls the evening safety sked at 2205 issuing the following forecast. "20/30 knot SW winds freshening on 2-3 metre seas with a 1-2 metre swell." Sailing at night is very different to sailing during the day, especially in a fresh breeze, however the wind in fact eased on our first night at sea, swinging back to the NW, blowing at a fluky 8 -10 knots. We had a comfortable first night, seeing the sunrise off Ulladulla, we had travelled 50 miles at an average of just under six knots.

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Memories Continued

Our first full day at sea. The daily routine begins with the morning sked at 0605. In order to have our batteries fully charged to power the radio, we had been in the habit of running the engine before both the morning and evening sked. We tried to start the motor. Nothing! On pressing the engine start button, just a sickening dull click.

Without a radio we were in serious trouble. The radio is any yacht's lifeline and this is especially so in a deep sea ocean race. If a vessel fails to report their position after two successive radio skeds all hell breaks loose. After two failures to report, search and rescue procedures are put into place. This, at the discretion of the race control vessel can be anything from a full air/sea

rescue controlled from Canberra to an all ship alert in the vicinity of the last reported sighting of the yacht concerned. If, as was the case with us we were not in danger, just unable to communicate, a white flare should be struck in anticipation it would be seen by other yachts, who would be able to pass on our position to the race control vessel.

We had now missed the first sked at 0605. Our next plan was to try and crank the diesel into life, a task none of us had attempted before. We removed the engine covers, fitted the crank handle into place, called on the iron man John Harrison and crossed our fingers. No luck. She would not fire, not even close. John only succeeded in taking the skin off his knuckles, and if he could not start the engine, there was no way any of us weaklings would be able to manage.

With it clear the engine was not going to start we turned to our emergency radio battery, a 12-volt motorcycle battery that Julius had brought on board specifically for such an occasion. Thank goodness the weather was reasonable during this next stage. The battery consisted of 2 parts – the battery and the acid in a separate bottle. We had to get the acid into the battery. How on earth were we going to do that when the boat was pitching in the 2 metre swell, the acid was in a bottle the size of a vegemite jar and the opening on the top of each of the cells was the size of an eye dropper? This was a difficult task, as battery acid and skin do not mix. Peter Clark and I had the first attempt and managed to pour more acid on the rag we were holding the battery with, than in the battery itself. Paul then took over from me and amazingly in no time at all he and Peter had accomplished the

task. They poured the acid into one of our empty water bottles and by making a small hole in the lid were able to squeeze the acid into each cell of the battery.

Peter Clark then spliced the motorcycle battery into the main radio and we were back in business.

While all this activity had been going on down below, the crew on deck had been sailing on a course that hopefully would bring us into eye contact with another yacht. We noticed a distant sail on the horizon and planned a course that would intercept while at the same time not lose us too much time. About two hours after the 0605 sked we came into visual contact with 'Scorpio', a yacht of similar vintage to ours. We were both on a starboard tack with 'Scorpio' to leeward. We approached her from astern intending to inform her that we had temporarily lost radio contact and to request that they pass this information on race control. At this time the wind had freshened to about 20 knots and we had no hope of making ourselves understood. They simply could not hear us. In hindsight we would have been better making a sign and holding it aloft as the crew of 'Wang' did when in danger of losing their keel.

To get the emergency radio rigged took about three hours and as the log recalls we were then able to contact the yacht 'Scipio' by radio and relay our position as 15 miles off Bateman's bay. We were relieved to be back on the sked and thankful for the efficient way in which Scipio was responding on our behalf. We were still far from happy though as we had no way of charging the motorcycle battery and once the juice ran out, that was it! So we restricted communication to the minimum, transferring our position to the nearest yacht half an hour before the morning and evening skeds. We had no way of receiving updated weather information or knowing what was happening to the rest of the fleet.

Ross Trembath

To be continued



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enjoyment of sailing on the
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COMING EVENTS

Centreboard Training

22/5/05
19/6/05
24/7/05
14/8/05

Commodores Ball

28/5/05

Interclub Rules Night

28/6/05

And don't forget
The Winter Series Yacht Race
Last Sunday of the month

RUNNING BY THE LEE

I've been away for a few weeks, on holiday in Vietnam, and therefore not much to write about. So, I thought I might talk about my travels...it could be worse I could sit you down and show you the photo's. Let me start by saying that Vietnam was wonderful and has the added benefit of being very cheap...I would recommend it as a holiday destination to anyone. The country is quite unique and the people a delight to be with. But I should try and write this as close to a sailing topic as possible.

The most picturesque waterway was Ha Long Bay, dotted as it is with rocky islands which just come straight up out of the water. When we were there it was misty and mysterious, the water as flat as and no wind...typical conditions I think. Not the place to be in an ASC yacht.

Ha Long Bay would be an ideal anchorage and I half expected to see a well travelled cruising yacht as our Junk chugged along. But I'm not sure what the entrance to this Bay is like and the depth of water may not be so inviting. I'd be interested to know if cruising yachts ever visit this place.

Mike Maher



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