

Jib Sheet



An Avalon Sailing Club Publication

September 2006

OPENING DAY SAILPAST

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From the Tiller

Greetings to all for the new season, and a particularly warm welcome to our new members for 2006/2007.

We are very fortunate this season to have attracted an even larger group of sponsors than last year. Mainsheet is adorned with the logos of Ateco Automotive, Blackmore's, Bainbridge International and North Sails who are jointly funding the maintenance and repair of the clubs training boats up to the value of \$10,000. This will ensure that the fleet is in tip top condition for our training programs. Special thanks to Michael Coxon for arranging this, and to Steve Wheeler for the work being done on the boats.

Other sponsors include Cumberland Charter Yachts, Nippa Sailing, Ace Flagpoles, Harry West Flags, Lee Sails, URM, Afloat, Careel Bay Marina and Mark Humphrey – Shipwright. Many other small businesses have provided sponsorship by way of prizes for a major raffle. Links to the sponsors' websites have been put on the sponsor page on our website, so check them out and repay their generosity by supporting their businesses.

Opening Day was unfortunately disrupted by a cold, squally southerly, which had occasional gusts lifting the surface from the water....a bit too unpredictable for a season opener. Nonetheless, the crews of Red Herring, Incahoots, Young Generation, Scaramouch and Presto motored past to take the Commodore's salute from the end of the jetty, and for the first time in recent years, a centreboarder joined the procession...congratulations to Peter Kendall and Louis Halford in Ace for braving the conditions. Koolong dressed for the occasion, however honoured the new season from her mooring, whilst the most brightly coloured Etchells ever, Bruce Dey's new Sharona, similarly rested at mooring hoping for the weather to improve. Prize for the most dressed boat again goes to David Lyall and Red Herring. Congratulations

David,.....there is a real challenge there for next year for someone to upstage the impressive international flagging on Red Herring, not to mention the athleticism of the crew retrieving the flag halyard which at one stage found its way to the top of the mast (see Guess Who, Don't Sue for details). Due to the extreme conditions, Retriever Trophy Heat 1 has been transferred to the 15 April 2007 and the Centreboard Spring Pointscore 1 was held on 17 September 2006.

A number of changes have been made to the Sailing Instructions for both the Centreboard and Yacht divisions for this season. Skippers should ensure that they read the SIs carefully so that they fully understand the way racing is to be conducted. The Centreboard instructions have been significantly modified including, the start and finish line now located midway up the windward to significantly simplify race management, inner and outer marks at every rounding and changes to the start order and division flags. For the yachts, changes mainly relate to additional course options, in particular there are now options for windward return style races for Retriever Trophy heats. Best discard those old course sheets!!

The combined fleet centreboard committee has reinvigorated interclub competition with the reintroduction of the Pittwater Trophy and Pittwater Championship. Points will accrue on an individual and club basis for competitors in the Flying 11 and MJ classes. It is intended that progressive results be kept updated regularly to stimulate the competition....go Avalon.

In addition, Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club has arranged a combined fleet yacht series to be held over three Saturdays during the season.....16 September 2006, 13 January 2007 and 14th April 2007. Entry is gratis with a social gathering and presentation at RPA after each race. This is a great opportunity to race in a different fleet and maybe even bring home the bacon for ASC!!

Round 1 of the MJ State Champs is being hosted by our club over the weekend on 21-22 October. When we last hosted the event we set a new standard which all other clubs have tried to copy. So to ensure another successful event we need the support of all members to assist with such roles as parking marshalls, BBQ hands, response boat drivers, canteen and so on. If you haven't already got a job and are able to help, please contact Andrew Kendall on 9416 6673.

Yachties, don't forget the Cumberland Cup being sailed in association with the Family Races. Participate in the race and BBQ for an entry in the draw for a \$2000 contribution towards the cost of a Whitsunday charter very generously donated by Cumberland Charter Yachts (Murray and Julie Sheer).

Another reminder that with the dropping of the joining fee, it is now cheaper than ever to join the club. So what better time to get all the crew to become legitimate members of the club. All skippers and boat owners are asked to put the hard word on their regulars (ie who sail more than three times in the season) to get with the strength and join!!

And finally, tickets for the major raffle to raise funds for a new rescue boat, will be distributed to all members in the coming weeks. Everyone is asked to sell as many tickets as possible and make it a bumper fund raiser....I think we can achieve \$10,000 with the support of friends, families and your local community all vying for some fantastic and valuable prizes.

Happy Sailing

Geoff Fogarty
Commodore

'Twas the night before opening day

(With apologies to Clement Clarke Moore)

'Twas the night before opening day and all through the club-house
Not a creature was stirring, not even the (rat) mouse
The boats were all nestled all snug in their racks
With visions of victory - of gybes and of tacks
When out on the deck, there arose such a clatter
Don sprang from his bed to see what was the matter
The moon on the sheen of the incessant rain
Gave the luster of midday through his window pane
When what to his wondering eyes should appear
But a half naked committee member frozen with fear
With a torch in his hand and no shoes on his feet
Don knew in a moment - it must be St Pete !!
His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples so merry
His cheeks were like roses, his cheeks like a cherry
More rapid than eagles, he jumped in the waters
To get the split-pin for the boat (yep - his daughter's)
And then in a twinkling he was under the deck
The torchlight was sweeping, he was swearing like heck
He returned empty-handed, poured a beer in his gob
Hhmmm... a modified pop-rivet might just do the job !!
He toiled away silently, then put everything away
And returned all his tools to his toolbox, OK ?
There was no-one around, the gent was a loner
In one hand a lime - the other, Corona
Then laying a finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod up the stairway he rose
He sprang to his car, to his team - Gave a hoot
The footy was on, they were winning to boot !!
Then off up the driveway, the pedal was down
Don wanted to ask him "When didya get back in town ?"
But he heard him exclaim - with a smile on his face
"Happy Opening Day to all, and to all a good race !"

Anon

Breakthrough for Breakaways

ESSENTIAL AND EFFECTIVE CHANGES TO THE NSW MARITIME PRIVATE MOORING LICENCE CONDITIONS.

NSW Maritime in consultation with the Boat Owners Association of NSW has revised the licence conditions that form part of the yearly licence approval for private moored vessels. These revised conditions will be included with each renewal and should minimise the annoyance and damage of vessels breaking away from unserviced moorings.

The key points of the revised conditions are –

- Cancellation of licence – “Failure to comply may result in the cancellation of your mooring licence and/or your liability insurance may be null and void.”
- Responsibility of the mooring licensee – “The mooring apparatus (block and chain) must be suitable for the vessel in question and for the mooring area allocated having regard to possible adverse conditions. In view of the Mooring Licencee’s responsibility it is strongly recommended that a professional mooring contractor is consulted in this regard.”
- Condition of apparatus and proof of service – “The mooring apparatus must be kept in good condition and be serviced on at least an annual basis or more frequently if subject to specific mooring conditions. It is strongly recommended that it be serviced by a professional mooring contractor. Proof of mooring service will randomly required documentary proof of mooring service.”

WHY? . . . Most boat owners in built up mooring areas or bays

have suffered or know of the damage caused by vessels breaking loose from inadequate or unserviced moorings. Unnecessary time, expense and trouble is incurred not only by NSW Maritime, Water Police and the owners of other vessels but also the flow on effect with the insurance companies raising premiums to cover claims and costs.

SO IN A NUTSHELL

- If you have a mooring licence you are responsible for all the apparatus.
- The apparatus must be serviced annually or more frequently if the corrosive conditions of the seabed are excessive and warrant more frequent service.
- It is strongly recommended that the selection, laying and servicing of the apparatus be carried out by a professional contractor.
- NSW Maritime will be randomly checking proof of mooring service.

AND FINALLY – “Failure to comply with any condition may lead to cancellation of your private mooring licence.”

The Boat Owners Association of NSW strongly support the revised changes to the mooring conditions and endorse the intention that any boat owner who can not be bothered to maintain their mooring apparatus can - leave and take their boat somewhere else.

David Lyall - Director BOA of NSW

A Day in the Life, or Why We Can't Just Take You Out to Your Yacht

The Response Boat Drivers (formerly known as Boat Boys) are often asked to take people out to their yachts, and I thought it might help to explain why we often have to say no - indeed, the Committee have instructed the Drivers to refer all such requests to the Officer of the Day, who I'm afraid will most often have to say no.

Here is why.

We are by far the busiest club on Pittwater each Sunday, because we run three centreboard divisions plus yachts, and on the worst-case days have to cover Pittwater from Bayview out to the O Mark off Lion Island, or up to the Juno mark in the Hawkesbury. To do this we have three big powerboats and two tinnies (assuming nothing breaks down that day) and three Response Boat Drivers plus rostered club members to assist (assuming they all show up on the day).

The result is a very tight schedule for all the powerboats and drivers:

- 0830 - 0930 prepare boats, get fuel from Careel Bay
- 0930 - 1100 support Blue Div centreboards
- 1000 - 1100 if Blue Water Shield / Koolong, lay O and K marks
- 1100 - 1230 support Red Div centreboards
- 1200 - 1300 do yacht start (1200 - 1330 if handicap start)
- 1300 - 1400 lay Gold Div centreboard marks (1230 - 1400 if Sprints at BYRA)

1400 - end support Gold Div centreboards, possibly shorten yacht course

1600 - end (often 1730 - 1830) bring in Gold, M, O and K marks, put all gear and tinnies away, moor big powerboats etc

By and large it works, but all we need is one flat battery, one crook VHF radio, or one rostered Gold Duty person not showing up, and the OOD's task becomes immensely more complicated. And that assumes there are no actual rescues to do for Blue, Red or Gold (or yachts).

So you can see that our busiest time of the day is between 1100 and 1400, when the OOD and the Red, Gold and Yacht Coordinators are juggling boats AND drivers very tightly. Even if you can see a Response Boat tied up at the wharf, it doesn't mean that resources are available: the Drivers will probably be busy on another boat, or inside the shed preparing marks, handicap board and starting flags. Even if a Response Boat is headed out past your yacht just at the right time, it will be on a specific job, and even short delays may well ripple through to other jobs later in the day.

So just when you'd like someone to run you out to your yacht, we are at our very busiest, and resources are stretched tightest. That's why you MUST ask the OOD rather than the Response Boat Drivers, and that's why the OOD will probably still say no.

We know you understand.

Glenn Sanders

AVALON SAILING CLUB BLOG

<http://avalonsailingclub.blogspot.com>

What is a blog?

No it's not that bit of wood floating around under the rigging deck.

Blog is the contraction universally used for weblog, a type of website where entries are made (such as in a journal or diary, displayed in a reverse chronological order). Blogs often provide commentary or news on a particular subject, such as food, politics, or local news; some function as more personal online diaries. A typical blog combines text, images, and links to other blogs, web pages, and other media related to its topic. Most blogs are primarily textual although some focus on images, video and audio (podcasting) and are part of a wider network of social media.

How do I find the Avalon Sailing Club Blog?

You can go to <http://www.blogger.com/start> and sign in (see arrow)

Our sign in details are for all club members as follows

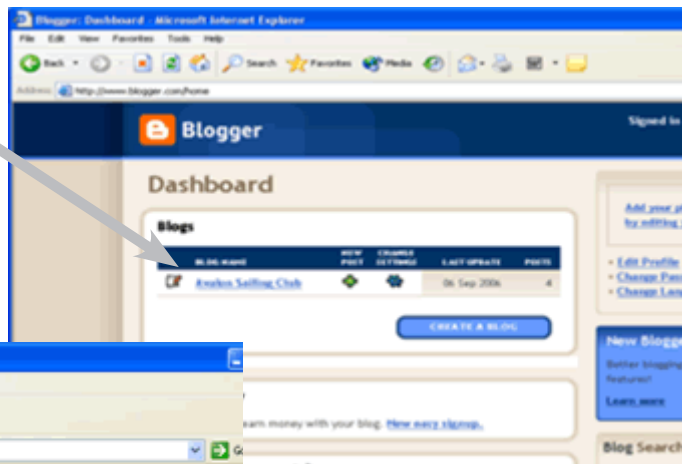
Username = avalonsailing Password = avalon

You will then be directed to the blog dashboard where you can add your posts or upload your exciting photos of the day. Its easy and fun and a great way to communicate with club members. Click Here.

The web address you can bookmark to see the latest action.

<http://avalonsailingclub.blogspot.com>

Our Blogg looks like this (below).



A Test of Strength

Part Two of a story submitted from local sailor and musician James Morrison

I reluctantly made my way down the now empty hatch (Bob had fallen back inside) and into the cabin, which resembled a teenager's bedroom after a slumber party. There was about 20 centimetres of water swirling around the floor and stuff was everywhere. All our neat packing and careful placement of food, bedding, personal belongings and clothes had been for naught, as the movement of the boat threw objects off shelves, bunks and tables, landing them in the water to begin swirling around the cabin floor like some mad washing machine. The water was a worry; I wondered if the boat was leaking from somewhere, hopefully not underneath. My question was answered as we took another wave over the deck and water streamed in around the closed hatch. This was not a relaxing place to be.

Bob was sitting on the starboard bunk and, while I searched for the first aid kit, he explained what had happened. It appeared he'd decided a visit to the head was called for. Aboard Capretta the ablutions were taken care of in the bow, which was the worst part of the boat to venture into as the climb up over each wave sent that end of the craft skywards like an elevator, only to drop violently as we came over the crest. It was on one particularly big drop that Bob had been thrown across the small cabin and struck his face on the bulkhead, splitting his cheek open and making him rather dizzy into the bargain.

I spotted the kit on the other side of the cabin and began the slow process of retrieving it. With the boat moving as it was, I couldn't just stand up and walk the metre or so to my destination. I had to brace myself the whole time and move very slowly, always keeping a firm grip on something so as to prevent a repeat of Bob's acrobatics. With the first aid kit firmly in my grasp I attempted to open it with one hand; the other was busy holding me into the bunk. I don't know why but these kits are always designed to open with a 'pop'; maybe they're sealed for freshness or something. This is no big deal with two hands and on a dry table, but in a tossing yacht with water rushing around the floor it's much more exciting. The lid flew off

and the contents leaped with glee into the water, only to be swept away as we launched over the next wave. I waited like some Neanderthal fisherman, hand poised, as the bandages came surfing down the cabin while the boat rolled the other way. A quick snatch and I finally had what I needed to begin work on Bob's now blood-soaked face.

His wound needed stitches but there was no way I'd try stitching somebody's face in an operating theatre at a top hospital let alone in a violently tossing yacht,

so we settled for things called Steri-Strips. These are basically short bits of fancy sticky tape that are used to hold together torn flesh. Apparently they are best applied to a dry surface with two hands in a still environment. Lacking all three of those requirements, I think I did a sterling job to save Bob from being called Scar Face for the rest of his life. After I'd finished my handiwork, Bob complained that his face hurt quite a bit so I decided to administer some painkillers. All I had to do was find them. The cardboard packets they came in had disintegrated in the swishing water so I eventually ended up with three foil strips of pills which were either for sea sickness, dysentery or pain relief. I had no way of knowing which was which, so I gave him a pill from each packet. This way I knew he'd not only get some pain relief but also a settled stomach and calm bowels (you'd be lucky to get such good service from your own doctor).

I helped Bob into a lee berth. This is a kind of hammock-type arrangement that you tie a person into so that, even if the boat rolls

completely on its side, they can't fall out. Just as well I did. I think one of the packets may have contained sleeping pills because Bob was already drifting off as I said, 'Don't open the cabin hatch until I come back to get you. We'll let you know when it's safe to come outside.' With that I headed back topside.

If I'd thought things were chaotic in the cabin I was numbed by shock when I stuck my head out into the cockpit. The sea had turned an angry green colour and the wind was making an evil howling sound in the rigging. David sat stoically at the helm with a grim expression and a look in his eyes I couldn't quite place—it was the beginning of fear.

I shut the hatch quickly as another wave washed over us. How much water was inside? How much more water had to get in before it became a problem? We decided to lock the hatch as that held it more firmly shut; Bob was now imprisoned downstairs and I wasn't sure if I envied him or not. Water ingress wasn't the only worry; what about the pounding the rudder was taking? If it broke we'd be helpless to steer a course, and with our beam to the waves we'd surely be rolled over. What about the rigging? Any rollover would probably take the mast off and a 12-metre aluminium pole is not something you want bashing against the hull of a fibreglass boat. Then there was the hull itself: every time we fell off a wave we could feel the pounding through the soles of our feet as she landed heavily. How long before she started to break up? And finally there was the question of the crew.

We were sitting in a gale, drenched and hanging on with clenched fists; how long could we keep doing this? If exhaustion or cold took over, we would end up swept into the sea. The fact that we had safety harnesses fastened to the boat and life jackets on was little consolation in this weather. The harnesses would ensure that we remained tied to the boat while we drowned and the life jackets stood about as much chance of keeping our heads above water as I had of joining the Bolshoi Ballet.

As night approached, so did the worst of the storm. Darkness added a dimension to the experience that I'd prefer not to remember but can't forget. Driving rain limited our vision to a few feet in front of our faces; by squinting I could just make out the dimly lit compass in front of me—and so steer a course. The waves were now like mountains and tossed Capretta around with sickening ease. Every few minutes we'd hear the sound of a freight train, deep, loud and terrifying, as a larger than normal wave broke and came tumbling down to push the boat under the water.

We'd hold our breath and wait for our little boat to pop back to the surface, like a kid's foam surfboard after being dumped at the beach. Each time I heard that bass rumbling of a rogue wave I'd peer to windward through the gloom, straining to see what horror approached; and each time, upon seeing the monster bearing down on us, I'd wish I hadn't looked.

I'd been scared before, even scared for my life, but it had never lasted very long—I'd experienced the two-second scare when I thought I'd die in a car crash, and the ten- to fifteen-minute scare while passing through a storm in a plane—I'd never actually been terrified before. What's more, this wasn't a monster-jumping-out-of-the-closet terrified (over in five seconds). This was a constant fear of dying that went on hour after hour. Little did we know that we'd sailed right into a fully developed storm. I don't mean your afternoon summer thunderstorm, I mean a storm that stretched for a couple of hundred kilometres and swirled around an eye—just like the storms they give names to. We were 800 kilometres from the

nearest land and very alone. The satellite phone was unreachable in the cabin and would be a futile exercise under these conditions. Who would you call and what could they do anyway? The life raft would be absolutely useless if Capretta foundered as, in this much wind, as soon as we inflated it she'd blow away and we'd need to file a flight plan.

It's an interesting feeling, thinking that you're going to die for so long. After a while, you actually get used to it. I couldn't see how we could possibly survive this for much longer and there was no end in sight, the storm seemed to go on forever. Given that we'd eventually be swept off the boat or she'd just break up, I wondered why we persevered. Was it just a simple case of having nothing better to do? There was a moment before the storm was fully developed where we could have gone below if we'd wanted. At that point David and I had briefly discussed our options: should we go below and, with the boat hove to, leave her to her own devices? Or should we stay on deck and attempt to 'fight' the storm? We had both felt that somehow things would be better if we made an effort, not because anything we did would actually make a difference, but more because it seemed we'd deserve better fortune if we didn't 'run and hide'. Soon afterwards, the option to go below disappeared anyway. If we'd opened the hatch the boat would have certainly filled with water.

By now I was wishing I could hide somewhere. The strain of holding on each time the boat was knocked down was almost unbearable. My whole body ached from being thrown against the railing and the feeling in my hands only returned as a deep throbbing pain from the bitter cold. I realized that I'd never actually been cold before. All those times I'd thought I was cold had just been 'surface' chills. Real cold is when the chill goes all the way through you, when your innards lose their warmth, when you can feel the temperature of your bones dropping, and with it, your strength. It was a bitter feeling that left me feeling uncharitable. I sat there, hating the wind, hating the sea, hating sailing and hating everything about boats. I wished I could be anywhere else. I promised to give up everything—all that I owned, all that I would ever own, all that I'd achieved, even my music; everything but the lives of my family—if I could just be delivered to shore, now. The sea just laughed and sent another avalanche of water over my wishes. It had no need of anything I owned; it didn't care whether I played again or not. Nature would do away with me and my pitiful attempt to tame her in the same way a dog scratches a flea: a minor annoyance dealt with unthinkingly.

David and I hadn't spoken for a few hours, as even yelling into each other's ears was pointless against the unholy sound made by the wind. Thunder had now joined the cacophony of wind, rain and waves to make a symphony fit for hell, complete with a display of forked lightning that briefly lit the furious sea. Just when I thought that at least it couldn't get worse, the rain turned to hail and we were pelted mercilessly by ice driven at 60 knots into our backs. This was too much and I wept with rage. When would it stop?

Suddenly there was a deafening silence, all rain had stopped, the wind was still, the boat stood upright and I could actually hear my heavy breathing as I looked up to see a starry sky. We were in the eye ...

Behind us we could see an actual wall of water—the inner edge of the storm so clearly delineated that, even staring right at it, I couldn't accept what my eyes were seeing. Above, there was a distinct circle of cloud around the stars and I could see the far edge of the eye about ten minutes ahead. The sea was far from flat, with waves going in all directions, but it had no fury; it was almost comical in its confusion.

The relief was so great that I lost all reason and said to David, 'Let's stay here; we can motor along in the eye, going with the storm until it blows out.'

Apart from being a stupid idea it was also impossible, as the speed at which the eye travelled across the ocean was about five times what we could make. As we approached the other side and prepared to go back into the hell of rain, wind and terror, I remembered a line I'd read in my book on ocean sailing. It had contained all sorts of good advice on how to avoid bad weather but in particular had stressed, 'No matter what you do, never sail straight through the eye of a storm—the worst weather can be found right at the edge of the eye'. And then we were back in it.

We battled through the rest of the night and by morning I knew at last that we were going to make it. The wind had dropped slightly and we were obviously through the worst. The seas, although still mountainous, looked somehow less frightening in the daylight. The sun shone with increasing frequency through scattered clouds and I actually felt hopeful. We'd been motoring all night and, with fuel running low, we needed to get a little bit of sail up. The storm jib had long since been taken down as even the bare poles had caught enough wind to knock us over during the night. With a small amount of sail and the motor now resting, David went below to sleep; I'd get my turn in two hours and after that hopefully Bob would take over for a while.

Exhaustion was my enemy now. Every few minutes I'd start to doze off and the boat's heading would wander just enough to let her get broadside to the waves. 'BANG!' We'd be slapped on the side and a metre of icy water would wash straight over the cockpit and throw me against the rail—rude awakening is an understatement. I just had to stay awake until David came back up, but somehow it seemed a near impossibility; I'd had enough. After my next dousing I began cursing out loud at the sea. I called her all sorts of names and when I ran out I wished I'd paid more attention in school when the guys were swearing in the playground. My rage kept me awake until finally David came on deck looking more tired than I'd ever seen a human being look before or since. He had a vacant aspect to his eyes and his automaton-like movements gave the impression that he'd long ago lost awareness of his surroundings. I stumbled down the hatch and fell, still wearing my soaking overalls, into the bunk. Sleep came instantly and I was awoken after what seemed only seconds to take another watch.

Gradually a semblance of normality returned to our battered crew and the next day saw Bob at the helm while David and I lay on the foredeck amongst the crumpled sails, chatting about our ordeal. We'd decided to make for Lord Howe Island to gather ourselves and get some proper medical treatment for Bob. I was curious as to whether the experience had affected David in any lasting way and, watching a pod of dolphins playing about our bow, came up with a question to satisfy my curiosity. 'If I told you that it's an old mariner's superstition that, after a night storm at sea, if dolphins swim around your boat you have to throw salt over the stern, what would you say?'

David leaped to his feet, 'Where's the salt?'

It's funny how the experience of staring death in the face for a day or so can help to broaden your mind.

Bob and I both left Capretta at Lord Howe; I had a concert to get to and he also had commitments that couldn't wait. We'd taken longer than expected and still weren't home. David was joined by his good mate and fellow Young 88-owner Greg Reid. They had a hard ride to Sydney and arrived happy to be home.

Would I undertake a voyage like that again? Absolutely, I would. I hope I never see weather like that as long as I live but I feel compelled to go to sea again—it's part of who I am. Even though I wanted to be anywhere else at the time, it was a challenge that couldn't be ignored. Facing that sort of test is a perspective-changing event; it could take years to learn that much about yourself safe at home in bed and, although it's usually drier, it wouldn't be nearly as much fun.

Golf Day



The air was crisp and birds sang in the distance.

The clubhead swung back slowly and then exploded with an almighty crack as it came in contact with the golfball.

The silent crowd watched in awe as the ball streaked down the fairway and then quietly applauded - as one - in appreciation of a master at work....

Yeah right!

What really happened at the ASC 2nd Annual Golf Day?

A motley crew of 16 staggered into "Royal Av" with cries of

"Get some shoes on.."

"You dont look well.."

"Where'd ya find those clubs..?"

With a swing that roughly resembled a helicopter, a whoosh, then a faint "snick" - the ball dribbled of the edge of the tee...

A silent crowd in awe ?....nope.

More like guffaws and a decent laugh.

The SAG Day (Second Annual Golf) was a rip-roaring success and everyone had a great time.

Sure there were some laughs, but there was also some great golf played. The four groups of four shared the prizes at a Gala Prize-Giving ceremony back at the Club at lunch time and I think someone also had a glass of wine.

Come and join us next year - beginners very welcome - for a fun morning.

Many thanks to Toni Fear for organising the day!

Winners were:

Best Scratch Scores - John "Tiger" Knight and Sue "Karrie" Flaye

Longest Drive - Mike "Shark" Maher and Sue "Karrie" Flaye

Closest to the Pin - Peter "Wally" Gale

Handicap prizes Male – Eric "Ernie" Flaye, Lex "Arnold" Dickson, Dug "Vijay" Russell

Handicap prizes Female - Jennie "Wie" Fogarty, Michelle "Jan" Gale, Sharon "Laura" Dickson

Best non-winners - Neil "Jack" Gregory and Geoff "Faldo" Fogarty

Best dressed - Michelle "Jan" Gale

Peter Gale



Notice Board

October Long Weekend Cruise: 30 Sept - 2 Oct

The first Cruising Division event of the season will be a trip to Sydney Harbour, to explore either Middle Harbour or to go up to the Fish Market and Balmain. Details will be available from Sue Flaye nearer the time. Please let Sue have your email details if you would like to be kept informed. Phone: 9918 9213.

Moorings & Dinghy Rack

The Club currently has three moorings available.

Be quick these will not last long.

Also available is one external dinghy storage rack.

For more information call
Ross Trembath on 02 9983 9824



CREW WANTED

Looking for a ride on Pittwater?
I am looking for crew to help sail
"The 830 News" a Ross 830
Please phone Stratton Amos
9999 1387



Instant Boiling Water

*Avalon Sailing Club
gratefully acknowledges
the extremely generous*

*donation of a boiling
water unit from Zip
Heaters - no more
waiting around for the
jugs and urns to boil.*

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

*Avalon Sailing Club is proudly hosting
the "MJ States" at ASC*

Sat 21st Oct & Sunday 22nd October 2006.

Volunteers needed to help run another smooth event. Many hands make light work so even if you can only spare a few hours we will can find a job for you - parking attendants, canteen, bbq professionals, if you have a boat you might think about taking some of the visiting parents out to watch the races.

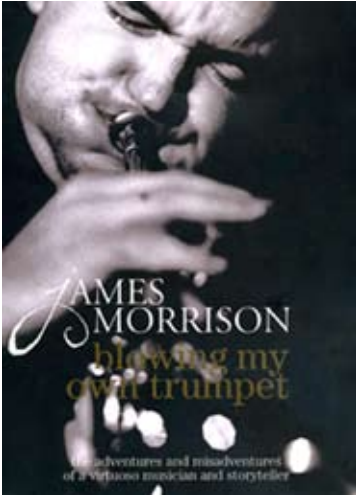
Please contact Andrew Kendall 9416 6673

*Don't forget to mark
your diary 9th Dec for
the Christmas Party!*



BOOK REVIEW

Blowing my own trumpet



By James Morrison

If you like jazz and boats you will love the double whammy that you get with James Morrison's recently released book, *blowing my own trumpet*.

Described on the cover as "the adventures and misadventures of a virtuoso musician and story teller", the book was for me, one of those you can't put down.

James is predominantly a jazz musician but as those

that know his music would be aware he is no musical snob, he is interested in a wide range of music and has played with all sorts of bands and in all sorts of company. His passion for water born craft is just as catholic...like Ratty he just likes mucking about in boats. He has owned many boats from old clunkers, through to classic beauties and plastic fantastics, he just loves boats...and cars and music and life; and it all shows through the pages of this book.

I had the pleasure of showing James some boats including a beautiful Couta Boat a few years back. As a fan I was busting to talk jazz and ask him about his times playing with some of the greats in America but he was having such a good time talking about sailing and boats in general I felt I might spoil his day. Having read his book I'm now quite sure he would have happily answered my questions with good humour, (an opportunity lost).

As most would know James is a local lad who grew up on the shores of Pittwater. His sea stories range from an attempt at the age of nine to sail to New Zealand in a boat made of string, 44 gallon drums and planks, to helping to deliver ASC member David Green's Young 88 Fifth Avenue from New Zealand to Australia. (currently serialised in the Jib Sheet).

The adventures that James and his brother John had as they grew up on Pittwater will strike a chord with others who have done the similar but I doubt that many have pushed the envelope quite so hard.

At one point the young brothers, James and John decide to make an overnight passage to The Entrance in their 13ft Tasman Tiger, completely unaware that The Entrance was NOT an entrance. The tale is very funny but quite scary and could have had a nasty ending.

Then there are their live-aboard antics both here and in New York. They make it clear that financial considerations were the driving force for these decisions but you get the feeling that it was the preferred option. They just loved being on the water.

I was as rapt by the music stories as the boat tales but there is much for those ASC members without an ear for jazz, there are as many water based tales as music in this book all told in a funny often self-deprecating way.

Recommended to ASC members, an easy read book but one that will make you laugh out loud.

Mike Maher

James Morrison Enterprises are a sponsor of Avalon Sailing Club

Guess Who, Don't Sue!

Certain T.V. weather reporters are registering State temperatures by "Ugg boot numbers."

Maybe we could record wind strength at A.S.C. by hat loss and mainsail overboard.

For example Windy Fogarty's opening day went something like this.5 hats and 2 mainsails overboard.

The sail past with best dressed boat went to the only boat that made it. That coloured Herring boat was immaculate, but the Prince of Denmark struck back.The flag halyard snapped at the Danish flag.A quick whip around the court elected "Horatio" Van Den Bosch to go up the mast and retrieve the halyard.Meanwhile the first of the hats had blown off - "Ophelias". The ever courtly Hamlet Lyall lept into the dinghy and retrieved said hat.At this stage "Horatio" up the mast said "Alas poor Yorick,I need to go

higher," to a fairly vacant cockpit below. Denka (muscles) V.D.B obliged,the halyard was retrieved but off went the second hat,score one recovered,one lost.

My apologies to Will Shakespeare.

Y.Generation was next. Two lost and one mainsail overboard while motoring back to the mooring,having decided the wind was blowing dogs off chains.

The Owl boat with Doug steering,one hat lost,and then Koolong who got the coolest recovery,no hats but main overboard and then the main lightly furled on the deck waiting for the rain to wash the salt off as Ian knew the Judge was watching.

Windy your second Sunday was perfect..

Norm Field

CLUB NEWS:

A Blast From The Past! Color 7

Our club Patron Ian Murray launched the new 18 foot skiff Gotta Love It 7 last week. Ian will be guiding the handpicked crew for the 18 footer season 2006.

Ian dominated the class in the old Color7 with six consecutive world championships 1977 to 1982.

We wish Ian the best of luck and a successful year with the new team.

Mat Butterworth



photo Simon Dean C/O Cumberland Newspapers

AVALON SAILING CLUB **MAJOR RAFFLE**

*Get ready for the biggest raffle yet for
Avalon Sailing Club!*

**Support the Club that teaches young people of
Avalon to excel at sailing.**

PRIZES INCLUDE:

- Slipping fees for boat up to 40 ft
- 4-hour cruise on luxury yacht on Pittwater
- hot air balloon flight
- mooring service
- original painting by local artist
- framed historic sailing print
- dinner at Clareville Kiosk to value of \$120
- dinner at Pittwater RSL
- 6.5m flagpole
- computer health checks
- Hood gear bag
- autographed James Morrison book/CD pack
- Hot air balloon flight
- gift vouchers
- wine
- various boat and household itemsand much more.

TICKETS - \$5 each, 5 for \$20, 10 for \$30

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Toni Fear - tonifear@optusnet.com.au or call on 0416 006 088
Celia Craig - ccraig@bigpond.net.au or call 94887416

Raffle drawn 9 December 2006 at the Christmas Party



www.avalonsailingclub.com.au

IT'S OFFICIAL . . HALVORSEN BEATS ETCHELLS

The very first impromptu RPA to ASC race between the Halvorsen "Trina" and the Etchells "Satchmo" was soundly won by the Halvorsen.

Despite the Etchells having a crew of two, a good following breeze and flying their spinnaker, the Halvo restricted to the driver and a self imposed limit of 1000 rpm arrived back on its mooring well before the competition

Mike Maher



Running by the Lee

Welcome to Sailing Season 2006. Huey did not disappoint our brave salts on opening day with a 35 knot South Westerly. This must be a good omen as last year was very much the same. (See jib sheet cover page)

The following Sunday was glorious we had 25 eager blue division sailors arrive at 8:15 am. A warm afternoon and a true North Easterly provided a spectacular run from Clareville toward the Island. The centreboard fleet were close and competitive with clean mark rounding's and only a few swimmers on the day. MJ States here we come.

The number of new sailors in our blue division is growing for summer. The new Nipper sailors need our support with development into boat ownership as well as membership. If you know of any boats coming onto the market please let us know and we can communicate via the newsletter, website or at the club. Also, any spare hands available on Sunday mornings would be greatly appreciated.

Our Nippers are vital for development of our young champions so please lead by example and ensure everyone follows the rigging and de rigging requirements on each Nipper. A special Thanks to everyone who made the effort on opening.

Happy Sailing

Mat Butterworth



Dates to Remember

October Long Weekend Cruise to Sydney Harbour

The first Cruising Division event of the season will be a trip to Sydney Harbour. Please let Sue have your email details if you would like to be kept informed. Phone: 9918 9213.

9th December Christmas Party

November Sailing Camp

2006/2007 Season Yacht Safety Inspections

It is essential that all boats have their Safety Certificates.

We suggest phoning and making an appointment for your Safety Audit.

Ian Craig - 9488 7416

A \$5 donation for this service is requested – you can also see Geoff Fogarty or Peter Kidner.

A

www.avalonsailingclub.com.au

***For the fostering, encouragement, promotion, teaching and above all
enjoyment of sailing on the waters of Pittwater”***

Affiliated with the Yachting Association of NSW. Patron Iain Murray

PO Box 59 Avalon NSW 2107. Clubhouse: Old Wharf Reserve, Hudson Parade. Phone (02) 9918 3637

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