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S. S. & S. 34 ASSOCIATION
OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA
NEWSLETTER



MONSIEUR TRENTE QUATRE





S & S 34 ASSOCIATION OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA

19th February 1981.

S & S 34 Association News Letter

and

NOTICE OF RACE

PRESIDENTS NOTES.

Summer Cruise:

Since our last Association Cruise to Bunbury, Busselton and Cape Naturaliste it has become necessary to rethink the annual cruise. Only a very limited number of families are able to get the time off to go on a cruise, and it is difficult to get starters during the Christmas to New Year break. Next year the cruise format will be quite different WE WILL BE ASKING FOR YOUR SUGGESTIONS AT THE A.G.M.

This year we were guests of the Bunbury Yacht Club for their New Year Eve cabaret, and then Guests of the Geographe Bay Yacht Club during three balmy days of magic short cruises along Geographe Bay. On Saturday afternoon we joined in the Geographe Bay Yacht Club race to Meelup, followed by a club barbecue on Meelup beach. (They stay the night and race back next day) After the barbecue we set sail for Fremantle at about 1945 hrs, arriving at the Fremantle Sailing Club at 1330 hrs Sunday. Meelup beach is in Eagle Bay next to Bunker Bay at Cape Naturaliste.

Each of the family took one hour turns at the helm for the 17.5 hr reach and beat back to Fremantle in overcast skies, with a warm strong East to North East wind. One of the features of this trip was the amount of activity 20 to 30 miles off the coast during the night. Three ships, two trawlers, and five set lines marked by lit spar buoys were passed very close. at times it looked like Hay Street with lights everywhere.

Easter Championships:

At the recent committee meeting held at the home of Henry and Mary Walker, details of the Easter Championships were finalised and THE NOTICE OF RACE IS ENCLOSED.

This year we will have company during our championships as the SS80s are holding their National titles at the same time and place. Your committee is very keen to get at least as many starters as last year. The 8 S & S 34s starting in the Fremantle to Bali race will be able to remain at the Fremantle Sailing Club after the championship for their final preparations and safety check.

Yachts on cruise

Simon Walker on WILD ROVER with Vic and Ros is settling in as navigator without finding the task difficult. Both WILD ROVER and KAMERUKA were in Albany when the Albany race yachts arrived so we were able to swap experiences of the trip down. They are at Esperance now and Peter Quartermaine has very generously driven down to fit his Aries wind vane on KAMERUKA so that Garnet can continue on in company to the Eastern states.

Fred and Audrey Green in COORONG are on the move again from South Africa.





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HANDOUT TO BE GIVEN TO CREW MEMBERS BY OUTNUMBERED SKIPPER

Small boat sailing can be fun - even for the crew. Indeed, contrary to general opinion, it can be more fun for the crew than the skipper. While most people think the only way to really enjoy a boat is to own it and sail it yourself, in fact the responsibility of ownership - and the associated responsibilities of care and maintenance, expense, and the onus of winning races - weigh heavily on the skipper's shoulders. So much so that the dedicated skipper who has spent most of the winter and more than half of his pocket money in getting his boat into peak condition, only finds it fun when he is showing his stern to the rest of the fleet, or crossing the line in a blaze of glory.

He sees little fun in a mess of knitted spinnaker sheets or fouled halyards, and a capsized - which was always part of the fun when HE was crewing - has him breathing fire and brimstone. To the skipper, small boat racing is an art that is pursued with a tight smile and a grim face, and a perpetual stream of un-nautical abuse for his crew men. Being the nearest thing to hand, the crew become the natural target for the skipper's spleen venting and a first class forward hand needs far more qualifications than just good sailing ability. He needs to be a friend, comforter, philosopher and whipping boy, to say nothing of tactician, diplomat and slave.

In order to perform his task well, he not only must be a good crewman, but must be understanding, diplomatic and tactful and immunised against all thoughts of mutiny. He must be capable of world shattering feats of crewmanship such as setting all sail in the wardrobe plus anything else the skipper may dig up, at the same time hanging fly-like to the safety rail to keep the vessel upright against a sudden squall. He must be able to anticipate every move of his own skipper, every other skipper in the race, every other boat in the race and the weather.

He must be capable of superhuman effort in preventing the boat heeling while not losing an inch of speed or direction, regardless of what goes on down at the tiller end. He must be humble and contrite when he makes a mistake and looking in the other direction when his skipper does the same. He must take the full blame when his boat loses a race and give his skipper full credit when it wins.

From all this it follows that the job of the crew in sailing is a very complex and very important one, however it should always be remembered that skippers are as necessary to the sailing of a boat as are masts and sails.

SAILING IS, AFTER ALL, JUST FUN.



CRUISING

• CAPERS

OF

• " COORONG. "

WITH FRED + AUDREY.

Royal Cape Yacht Club,
Tuesday, 2nd December.

Hi to my special buddies and what a slack correspondent I've been this past year. Don't know what it was about me, Knysna, marking time or what but it was certainly a year off from letter writing. You did at least hear now and again but so many didn't that I don't quite know where to start. I used to keep a record of letters to and from and towards the end I didn't even keep that. Dad died at the end of October and the little effort I had been making was to write to him regularly, couldn't seem to make once a week. Since then I have hardly put pen to paper, but also at the same time preparing to leave became serious.

I don't think that we could have had anywhere better than Knysna to mark time. There were no officials, it was quiet, the people were friendly and the climate not as cold as we expected it to be. Fred enjoyed his work at the boatyard and his wages while not great kept us and helped to stock up. Dear old Coorong is well down in the water, probably more stocked up than she will ever be again, making the most of the reasonable prices here, especially compared with some of the places we are going to. Fred slipped the boat a couple of weeks before we left Knysna, and scrubbed and anti-fouled her bottom. It was quite good, and not that long since she had been done, but who knows when and where it will be convenient and not too expensive to do her again.

The last two weeks in October we made use of the car and drove up to Durban, a two day trip and spent ten days with our friends to bid a final farewell to all our mates. It was great, but also so good to be in touch with the cruising fleet again. First morning there we went down to Point Yacht Club and there was an Australian Yacht just coming in to tie up. Fred called out to a young guy sitting on deck "Where from" and he replied "Fremantle. How are you Fred? what are you doing here?". In Onslow we met Sandy when he was working on a prawn trawler. He came and had a look at Coorong and what was best brought us a great heap of prawns. Told us he hoped to go cruising in twelve months time. These coincidences just seem to keep happening, but this was a good one. We spent quite a bit of time with Sea Honey and were just sad for them that they had to go straight back to Fremantle, but they had covered quite a lot of the Indian Ocean, Sri Lanka, Seychelles, etc. It was good to see that there were many Aussie yachts in, and at that stage only one Yank. However there were 30-40 waiting in Grand Bay in Mauritius to come across so no doubt the ratio would change. We will be ahead of the fleet again as R.C.Y.C. is closed to foreign yachts for the whole of December so all are still to come through here. Although it was strange to be there with no boat it was just the needle we needed to get going again.

From Durban we drove up to Jo'burg and stayed three nights with Jeanne and John Field (ex R.P.Y.C.). We had promised while in Reunion to phone our friend's sister and another of those coincidences Jean was arriving in Jo'burg the night before we were to leave. Couldn't talk Fred into staying any longer, but we did go and have coffee with her the next morning before we left. Fred wanted to see the country and we surely did that. Found it most interesting, but liked best of all Kimberley where we stayed overnight and went to see the big hole before we left the next morning. They have there the best museum we have ever seen in the reconstruction of a mining village, even to the music, half empty glasses, etc. in the pub and the highlight the authentic "Australian Arms" where deBeers do a lot of their entertaining. While still the same from the front it has been added to at the back, is airconditioned and has big gas barbecues. The open mine museum has been going for quite some time but they are still adding to it, up grading and changing displays, the idea being that it is as much for the Kimberley people as for the tourists, and that each time they go there will be something different for them to see.

We had done quite a bit of shopping in Durban (stores) at the hypermarket. When Fred drove Sandy and his mate around one afternoon this was the place they wanted to see. They went in the side entrance and Fred said it really did look impressive. 54 checkouts stretched out in line almost as far as one could see.

After we got back to Knysna Fred went back to work for a couple more weeks and I was flat out checking all the lockers, listing stores and packing away, and all the last minutes chores plus a few extra. Two days before we were due to leave I realised I hadn't had my eyes tested for 7-8 years and since we had a friendly optician I went to see him. New reading glasses as one eye had deteriorated but also I'm now shortsighted so more glasses and how it made a difference, what a clear bright and shiny world it became. Hair cut and permed and as I rode down to the yacht club on my treadle and met Fred his comment was "my God you look just like your Mum." It was busy but quite a fun time, and tremendous fellowship with the locals. I was lucky in that when I did anything crazy there was nobody about. My best effort was the potatoes. I got back to the dinghy and Fred had bought a bag of potatoes and left them on theseat. When I got back to Coorong I thought I'd try to lift them on board. Nearly made it first time so there I am balanced on the side of the dinghy legs apart and give an extra heave when the dinghy shot sideways and me and the potatoes in the water. I only went in up to the waist and managed to wriggle back into the dinghy when I spotted one of my shoes floating away. So out with the oars and as I started to row spotted the potatoes still floating. Got to them just as they were going down and managed to haul them into the dinghy before the bag disintegrated, then rescued my shoe, and then back for a change of clothes with the bottom of the dinghy awash in potatoes. But I never lost a one. Just had to get a new bag to put them in.

We had a stroke of luck with our eggs, 10 dozen, fresh from the farm, so Fred has vaselined them all as it will take us a while to get through that lot. The egg lady's daughter is cruising so she gave them to us. Also I went to the doctor for a cancer smear which was O.K. and he offered to go through our first aid kit, took out a few things that were out of date, replaced them and suggested a couple more items and charged me a minimal amount for all I came away with. We have heard that the sandflies are bad in the Bay of Islands south of Rio, and lots of insects up the Amazon (might not be all that's up there) and as the sandflies gave me a bad time in the Monte Bellos have all the guff from mild to stong to knockout. Also had read somewhere that calcium taken two months before exposure helps so am going to try it. Our first aid kit stock keeps getting bigger and bigger and all we seem to use is the occasional headache pill so hope it stays that way. Fred had a bad time with sinus but is hoping that now he has left the boatyard and is back on the ocean it will clear up. Also have just had all the makings of a VHF Channel 16 given to us, but no crystals which will be posted to Rio. This is just for entering harbour and or passing ships, but may be handy. Our meat is all tinned and mainly bully beef, but we do have a good selection of dehydrated vegetables, easily and cheaply available here and apparently very good. Not so much variety in the way of sweets, and nothing like the powdered egg custard I used to like or the tins of snakpak blancmange type things. I have a homemade Christmas cake and some small mince pies, but can't manage the turkey.

We were to be ready to leave Knysna on the Wed. and had everything on board but not stowed so I was glad the weather was not right. A N.Z. yacht Stoway had been ready to go since the previous weekend and were still waiting. Thursday not right but was a great day with mail arriving from Aussie and Friday morning too but as I came back I could see Coorong in at the pontoon so I knew we were off. Stoway had never left on a Friday before but decided to come too. It was quite a sad trip out through the heads for me with friends on the point to wave us off, but sunny and a nice light breeze. Stoway is about 42' ketch, a bilge keeler and she came out about 30 mins later but straight away started to drop back as she couldn't point like we could. We sailed along the shore but had to take a tack out to sea overnight. We kept watch, but the shipping was a long way away. Good sailing the next day with light head winds, but they died about

about 11 p.m. so Fred straight away on with the motor, for the rest of the night. He called me at 5 a.m. to see the dreaded Cape Agulhas, so peaceful with the sun just about to come up, We were only half a mile off-shore and amazed at the size of the village. Apparently lots of holiday cottages and even an hotel, and sadly not enough light to take a photo. The wind picked up about 9 a.m. and gradually freshened and we were sailing well on a nice reach. By now Fred's appetite was also improving and we both enjoyed a friend's home cooked chicken, while I had been nibbling at some chocolate cake the coloured girls from the yacht club kitchen had given us. We were off the Cape of Good Hope about sunset and a few hours later as we closed with Capetown it became very strong and gusty and confused seas. We were both on deck as with bright moonlight the mountains and cloud showed up so well it was quite spectacular. At first there was just a supper cloth, with a little bit of cloud nestling in the centre of the mountain, but gradually it started to slide and then to billow over and down the mountainside. Fortunately Fred found a sheltered spot and dropped the sails and we motored on. Once around the corner we were in the lee and we quietly motored into the harbour not quite sure of our bearings but expecting a police boat any minute. However it didn't happen so we quietly worked our way in the direction of the yacht club and found it. ~~We tied alongside a big powerboat and when I went below to put the kettle on it was~~ 2 a.m. After we climbed into our bunks the wind really began to pipe and there is no more comfortable feeling than for the wind to be whistling in the rigging when one is safely tied up for the night.

Next morning we came in to the yacht club to a very friendly and informal reception. They contacted the authorities who came almost immediately and within half an hour everything was done, the best since Aussie. Great was Fred's delight when Stoway arrived at 2 p.m. but now the challenge is out and with the trip to Saint Helena being 1700 miles and with luck down wind the tables should be turned. They are a great bunch of guys, and we really enjoy their company. Fred has been giving them a hard time here. First he pinned a big white star on their flag, got the idea because they said in Aussie they used our flag minus stars, and now has cut out a black Kangaroo and stuck it under the name on the bow. However this hasn't upset them at all, they rather like it and its still there. I just wonder what will happen next. Apparently last night they all came and rocked our boat but that backfired because we weren't on board. We should be together in Saint Helena for Christmas but then we go to Rio and they go to Salvadore, West Indies, Panama Pacific and home while we go up to the Med.

I've got my new passport, went in one day and picked it up the next, and now Fred just has to organise some grog, duty free whiskey and some beer. Of course I've got some shopping to do but just odds and ends plus a case of longlife milk and then fresh provisions. My list is so varied I love it. Yard red fasco, when cutting out the star we have most colours but no red from when Fred made the courtesy flags. Gloves. Coming into Capetown it was so cold I was wearing a pair of socks over my hands. Long nose pliers. Because Toffer (our doctor) gave us some sutures but said we should have a pair of long nose pliers to use with. Glasses cord as I've already once left mine in the shop when I was buying a haversack for going ashore at St. Helena which apparently is a bit tricky. Tin Xmas pud, etc.

St. Helena has no airport and only a mail ship once every six weeks so our next mail stop will be Rio in Jan. Unless St. Helena is bad news guess we'll stay for New Year and then its about 20 +- days to Rio. At present the plan is to go to the Bay of Islands and then back to Rio for the carnival, Feb 28 to Mar. 4th and then slowly up the Brazilian coast and up the Amazon +-100 miles then to the Azores and Gibraltar and into the Med to the Turkish coast and Greek Islands in summer, perhaps winter in Cyprus and another summer in the Med. Dalmatian coast and slowly out and across to America. So with two summers in the Med. and a couple of spare bunks how about it? (no question mark operational). In Rio we meet a Brazilian friend who was coming cruising with us but he married his chick when he got back, big wedding 300 guests, plenty booze and she was 5 months pregnant so guess he might not be cruising in company with us after all. Its great to be on the move again and really looking forward to new places and people

