

Greenwich Flying Squadron

HUMBUG

December 2015

This issue:

Youth Off The Streets visit

Adventures on the high seas

Emergency safety card

and much more...





Greenwich Flying
Squadron
Bay Street, Greenwich
www.gfs.org.au



Commodore David Edmiston

Vice Commodore Pam Joy

Treasurer John Veale

Membership Secretary Roger Gee

Sailing Secretary/Saturday Captain
Phil Hare

Twilight Captain Andrew Limmer

Safety Officer Julian Todd

Social Secretary Glenda

Cameron-Strange

Clubhouse Manager Mark Rhodes

Liquor Licencee Michael Murphy

Webmaster/Handicapper/GDB
Harvey Porter

Humbug Editor Tim Kannegieter

Cover image: Andrew Richardson
www.crossfirephotography.com

Commodore's Compass

February next year will mark the ninety-second year since the Greenwich Flying Squadron was opened. While much has been improved over the years, it remains one of the few historic boatshed yacht clubs on the harbour. I am proud that the club is maintained in such good condition by the work of the committee and loyal supporters and provides a location and focus for camaraderie centred around the sport of sailing.

In **Tim Kannegieter** we have an experienced editor for *Humbug* and he brings a fresh approach and enthusiasm to the role. I trust you will enjoy this and future editions of *Humbug* as our delivery of the publication evolves.

As Christmas approaches I wish you and your families all the best for the season and trust you will return safely in the new year.

David Edmiston is commodore of GFS and skipper on *Passion*.



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Editor's Echo

In this, my second issue of *Humbug*, I'm gratified with the response to my request for articles. I'm particularly pleased by the mix of stories – ranging from new to long-time member perspectives, from local triumphs to epic foreign adventures, from what people have done for the club to what the club gives back to the community. It shows that the spirit of the club is alive and well.

I'm keen to receive more articles for upcoming issues. So if you have an idea for an article, please send me an email on gfs_humbug@gmail.com.

Only a few copies are currently being printed so please access your own copy by going onto the GFS website (gfs.org.au) and clicking on the *Humbug* tab.

Tim Kannegieter is *Humbug* editor and crew on *Force Four*.



Editor's Quiz

1. What is a 'bumpkin' on a boat?
2. What was the commodore doing up his mast?
3. Why is GFS a 'flying' squadron?
4. How many steps are there up the path from Bay Street to Robertson Street?

(Hint: You can find the answers to 1-3 by reading the newsletter – check them on page 13).

Deck yourself out for Christmas

If you are looking for that special something special for yourself and your crew, while supporting GFS and longstanding sponsor **Helly Hansen** (HH), you can now purchase GFS long sleeved polos. The shirts are made from high performance HH cool material, with a UPF of 30+ to keep you dry and protected from the sun on hot days. They are available in white, with the GFS logo on the chest, at a special price of \$40 for GFS members (RRP \$79.95). Please place your orders with Glenda or Maree.



What was the commodore doing up his mast?

Find out on page 3.



Remembering our first Commodore

Last month, **Phil Hare** spotted a former GFS yacht, *Allsort*, on the hard-stand at RSYS, still in its original livery and bearing the GFS club insignia. It brought back memories of the club's first commodore and he contributed these thoughts in the article below

Past GFS President (1992 – 1993) and then first commodore Peter Downs campaigned his Holland 25 *Allsort* 5102 for several seasons in GFS races. His previous boat *Sandpiper* also sailed with the club. Following the sale of *Allsort*, Peter was a competitor in the GFS Etchells fleet in its heyday. Peter and his wife subsequently moved to Soldiers Point (Port Stephens).

Peter passed away some years ago, as recorded in *Humbug*, February 2010: “On a more sombre note we sadly acknowledge the passing of Peter Downs. Peter was a true club member, having served as commodore, and was a regular competitor in Saturday racing in the Holland 25 *Allsort* and later in the Etchells *Simply Irresistible* and finally *Pacific Edge*. His spirit, friendship and humour will be missed by all of us.”

The Downs family gifted *Pacific Edge* to the Soldiers Point Sailing School, and in November 2012 it was dedicated in a special ceremony at Soldiers Point Marina.

Cr Sally Dover, Deputy Mayor of Port Stephens, officiated and unveiled a commemorative plaque in front of Peter's wife Edie, their son Andy, daughter-in-law Emily and family and friends noting that Peter was a “well-known and respected yachtie and was commodore of the Greenwich Flying Squadron in Sydney during the period 1999-2000.”

Phil Hare is skipper on *Flair*.



Allsort at RSYS in November 2015

Commodore Aloft!

The impressive shots on page 2 were snapped by Lisa, who sails with Harvey Porter, when GFS commodore **David Edmiston** ventured up the mast of his yacht *Passion* after sailing on 25 November. His mission: to unwrap the genoa halyard after it rolled around the forestay. This mishap occurred because the top furler swivel was not close enough to the halyard exit box – it was the first time the small headsail was raised this season, and the crew forgot to add a short strop to the top of the sail. A wire in the forestay was damaged in the incident, but was fixed by GFS sponsor **Joe Walsh** in time for the following week's race.

The Term ‘bumpkin’
in a nautical context is
a spar projecting from
the stern of a ship.

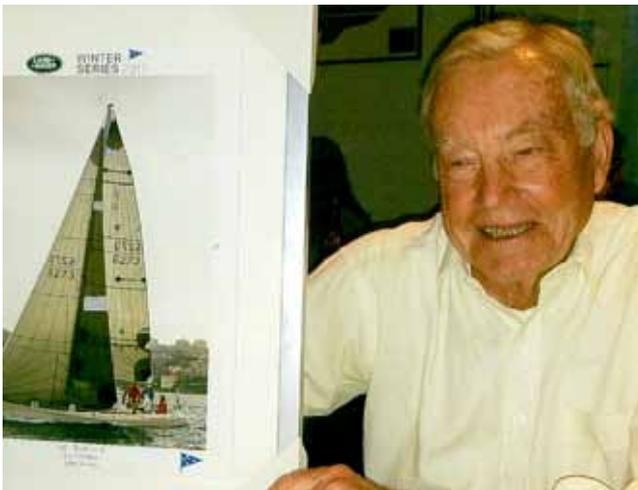
Two Winter Winners

Soundtrack victorious in CYCA Winter Series

GFS Member **John Amos**' J/35 *Soundtrack* won the 2015 CYCA Winter Series Division D. This year marked the fifth attempt by *Soundtrack* to win the CYCA series. She had twice placed in the top 20: coming 13th in 2011 and 4th in 2014.

According to John, his new weapon – a No.1 carbonfire genoa designed by Ian MacDiarmid and built by **Shane Guanaria** (see sponsor profile on page 5) – was the secret of his victory. “There were eight light air races in the 10-race series and my crew performed superbly,” he said.

Going into the last race, *Soundtrack* was two points ahead of Ian Guanaria's Beneteau First 35 *One More-No More*.



John Amos was presented with a photo of *Soundtrack* at the CYCA prize ceremony.

John tells the tale: “*One More-No More* passed us and we thought that we had lost the series. Then, with an inside overlap at the leeward (Junction Bell) mark we were t-boned by another 35-footer. At that moment, the wind and our hopes died completely.

“However, somehow, we managed to drift south to Nielsen Park where *One More-No More* was becalmed and waiting for us. A very light easterly came out of nowhere and we carried our old 0.5oz spinnaker to the Shark Island mark that we rounded just after *One More-No More*.”

Although *One More-No More* beat *Soundtrack* to the line by two minutes to win the race on handicap, *Soundtrack* took out first place in the series with 14 points over the Beneteau's score of 15.

Umzimkulu II wins West Harbour Winter Series

David Leslie's Holland 30 *Umzimkulu II* placed first in the 2015 West Harbour Winter Series Division 4. David spends the Winter Series crewing and skippering on the Sailors with disABILITIES boat, but this year decided to do the West Harbour series so that he could sleep in before going to GFS.

David said that his boat goes very well upwind in 5-12 knots, and he revelled in the light air races. However, he came up against some problems in the two heavy air races.

“Our main competitor, Michael Bleakley's Crossfire 20 *Loose Change*, rounded-up under spinnaker in 30 knot gusts and was driven across the harbour from Long Nose Point. We thought that we might have to stop racing and give her assistance but she regained control near the rocks at Manns Point,” he explained.

In the last five races, two were cancelled due to lack of wind.

Umzimkulu II won the series on line and handicap, beating *Loose Change* with two first places to their two second places.

David urges GFS members to enter their yachts in the series next year to experience the beauty and challenges of winter sailing.

Thanks to **John Amos**, skipper of *Soundtrack*, for these inspiring reports.



Sponsor Profile: Doyle Australia

A Life in Sailmaking

Shane Guanaria from GFS sponsor **Doyle Australia** has been a sailmaker for just under 20 years – starting work for Ian MacDiarmid as a 15-year-old in 1996, taking over the business in 2013 and merging with New Zealand owned Doyle Australia in March this year. For him, sailmaking is a passion and a seven-day-a-week job.

He believes it is vital for sailmakers to have sailing experience or extensive knowledge of relative performance in different conditions, so that they can design sails to get the best out of each boat. Shane has an impressive sailing resume – with offshore racing in several classes and nine Sydney to Hobarts under his belt. This year, he will compete in another Sydney to Hobart as a primary helmsman on Cookson 50 *Victoire*, and will work mainsheet on *Zen* in the World Championships in February as well as steering an Etechells in local regattas.

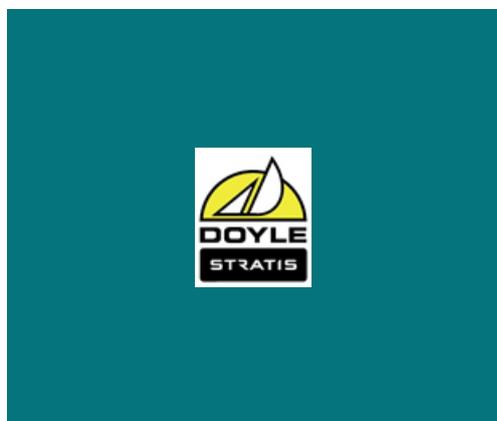
Although he has seen a lot of changes in sailmaking in the past two decades, Shane said that much has remained the same: a dacron sail is still the most durable on the market and a sewing machine and operator are still the backbone of any sail loft.

A significant advance has been the evolution of sail design to meet the challenge of improving performance while maintaining durability of materials. Laminate sails have also made it difficult for independent lofts to stay at the forefront of design for racing boats, which was a driver in Shane's decision to merge with a global company.

Computer design tools are integral to modern sailmaking. According to Shane, computer programs have become more powerful, and allow a lot more control over the design process. The programs now have many more tools for optimising sail shape, so it is possible to spend a lot of time in the design process, although this doesn't necessarily lead to a better sail. Computer-aided design and laser cutters have led to increased efficiency in manufacturing, as they provide much greater accuracy and less wastage than was previously possible.

Shane will host an open loft night for GFS members in early 2016 where he will walk through the sailmaking process from design to manufacture. "I'd like to give members a good appreciation of what goes into modern-day sailmaking," he said.

Please register your interest in attending the open night with Tim Kannegieter via email gfsbug@gmail.com.



*GFS wishes
you a Merry
Christmas
& Smooth
sailing in 2016*

New Member Perspective

Tim Harrington explores the mysteries of being a new yacht owner and GFS member

When we took possession of our newly purchased, unmarked, boat *Jester*, we sailed it down from Pittwater, initially borrowing a friend's yacht pen up near Riverview school. Arriving at dead low tide, we discovered that the (overlooked) starboard channel mark is way out past mid-channel for a reason, as we bumped on the bottom going down the middle of the channel. We also discovered pen moorings in a cross breeze or tide can be a challenge, especially if one doesn't gauge the drift. Having already put a scratch in the bulb we added some gunnel scratches from one of the pen posts in a big westerly.

Our difficulties with pen moorings hurried us into the administrative maze of Maritime for obtaining a mooring. We fell foul the forms: overlooking details about whose ID counted and which owner could negotiate with Maritime, and had to wait for mail in the letterbox as emails were not satisfactory... Eventually, however, Maritime were helpful and we now have a convenient mooring.

Next I tried to tackle the electrical devices that weren't working, only to discover a maze of unlabeled cabling behind the control panel. These faulty circuits have gone from the DIY list to jobs for the next slipping. One of the failed devices was the gulper pump so I took it out – the usual reaching into dark, messy spaces and trying to release screws and clips, some of which were dropped with a plop and the sound of cursing into the bilges. The pump worked, however, when I attached it to the car battery. I have since replaced the in-line fuses and the gulper now burps away happily.

We had been watching the twilight races from a distance, and our next task was to get organised to join in. We were assigned

to Gold fleet. When I asked how fleets were assigned I was given vague and differing answers. I was soon to discover that fleet assignment is a black art known only to Harvey. Can anyone explain why Gold fleet looks at the white board to find their course number?

Motoring up to the club to pick up crew for the first time at Bay Street I expected to come side-in to the jetty. What I saw however was something like a railway shunting yard with boats reversing in to pick up crew and zooming out again. When I tried this feat slowly and carefully, I soon had little steerage and less control with tide and wind. Oh and then the ferry loomed... I have since had explanations of prop walk and prop wash, though it seems you just have to go for it like all the experienced people.

I was to discover that the highlight of the Twilights is the after race dinner. There you realise that there are only one or two degrees of separation between you and most of the participants, as well as much of the Greenwich peninsula. I was surprised to find people there that I worked with, who I didn't realise were sailors. Even on the jetty there are tactics. Only the fast and the experienced get a table in the 'dress circle'. I look at the rafted-up boats and wonder... is there a record for how many you can fit together? What is the etiquette for making the raft?

I would like to thank GFS and its members for making us feel welcome to the best open secret in our neighbourhood. Whether it was sorting out glitches in the membership process or undertaking safety inspections, the club and its members have been very friendly and helpful.

Tim Harrington is skipper on *Jester*.



Tim Harrington on *Jester*

Adventures on the High Seas

Travemünde Sailing Regatta

In July Peter Rowley visited the Travemünde Sailing Regatta on the river Trave near Lubeck, Germany. He shares his international experience.

The Travemünde annual regatta, which follows the Kiel Week regatta also held on the Baltic coast, boasts large fleets of keelboats and dinghies from 19 countries, including Australia, Singapore and South Korea.

Around 3000 sailors and 800 boats competed. Keelboats started at 12m and included J22, J24, Nordic Folkboat, and Dragon class; dinghies present were 49, 420, 470, 505, Flying Dutchman, IC, Laser and Tornado class. The regatta featured two World Championships (J22 & Laser11); one Eurocup for International Canoe; and two German National Championships for Typhoon Canoe and Laser Radial.

The J22 class was hotly contested and the after-sailing activities – in the form of live music and food festivals, fireworks and partying – also proved a test of stamina.

It's always nice to be reminded of home when travelling abroad. A motor launch was tied up at the marina near the festivities. It reminded me of our own Harvey, and I imagined enjoying a coldie or two aboard.

Peter Rowley is skipper on *Annabella*.



The J22 class at the Travemünde sailing regatta

Sneak Preview: Coral Sea Adventure

Philip Lambe and his skipper on *Blue Chip*, **Malcolm Blomfield**, helped Ian Creak sail *Caliban* back from Hamilton to Mooloolaba last September. Look out for his account of this adventure in the next issue of *Humbug*.



Caliban crew member Ron Geekie, a friend of Glen Sanford and Jim Lelliot, before sunrise at Lady Musgrave Island on the Great Barrier Reef

What's in a Name?

Phil Dulhunty, past GFS member and local Greenwich resident, shares some insight into the history of the name of the club

GFS was born on 27 April 1924. I know because I share this birthday. But why was it called a 'flying'squadron'?

During WW1 aeroplanes were used for the first time. They were early birds like Bristol Bulldogs and Sopwith Pups, and very subject to winds. For pilots to appreciate the windflows they had to learn sailing, and what better way than to join a sailing club? GFS was formed especially to teach prospective aircraft pilots – hence it became a flying squadron.

My First Ocean Crossing

As a naïve youth, James Kearney made his first ocean crossing.

The year was 1978. I was 23 years old with all the promise and adventure of youth. I had just shipped onto a 48ft steel ketch called *Indigo* for my first ocean crossing. The destination was New Caledonia. The country of departure was New Zealand. The other crew were the skipper, a retired engineer aged 65, his girlfriend about 35 and Charlie and Margie, an American backpacking couple about my own age.

Things looked pretty good as we were leaving harbour. New Zealand looked soft, green and inviting as it slipped beneath the horizon with a rainbow to say farewell. We would not have been so relaxed if we knew what was coming.

After clearing the isolated rocky outcrops off the Bay of Islands, we set a course almost due north with nothing in the way for about 1500 miles. That first night at sea, a southerly gale hit. The storm built and built in intensity and as dawn broke, we were running with a tiny storm jib and nothing else. It kept up for three days. The second day the skies were full of scudding, angry black clouds and it continued to howl at 35-45 knots.

The Americans and I were taken on the boat as crew a few days before departure. Now by any standard I was inexperienced, having done some limited dinghy sailing and one trip offshore.

But I was more experienced than the Americans. The skipper's girlfriend didn't count. She hardly ever came on deck and spent the trip fussing below. The arrangements were that the skipper would do the navigation and I could assist (if I was lucky). This was before GPS. We used charts, a sextant, a chronometer, pencil and paper. I had studied navigation at night school but had never actually held a sextant in my hands.

The first night of bad weather the skipper headed for his bunk with seasickness. His head went into an enamel bowl and hardly came out until the end of the trip. From then on he didn't count either. That meant that myself and the Americans had to run the show.

The next day the big seas arrived. Great rolling mountains of water that dwarfed the 48ft yacht with complete calm in the troughs and howling gale on the peaks. For a few hours in the afternoon the already enormous seas picked up a gear and reached nightmare proportions. The stern cockpit felt like an elevator as it lifted under the swells, then the deck would pitch forward to a sickening angle. We were running dead before them and the heavy steel ketch actually started to surf down the waves like a surf-ski. With a theoretical maximum speed of about 7 knots the speedo once registered 18 knots with a bow wave spewing 20ft each side.



New Zealand farewelled the crew with a rainbow

It was heart stopping work on the helm. I feared the boat would pitch pole. If that wasn't bad enough, when the boat surfed, it would get the death rolls, rolling from one beam end to the other, all at 15-plus knots. A watery grave looked likely for a while.

The weather improved a little after the initial storm, but we had nearly constant strong winds and rain for the rest of the trip – perfect weather for the next misfortune.

As the skipper was sick, I took over the navigation. This was interesting given my inexperience. My first sight put our position somewhere near Antarctica, although I was reasonably sure we were somewhere north of New Zealand.

Each day the Americans would ask: “Where are we Jim?” and I would confidently assert “I’ll definitely know tomorrow”. My sights did improve as the days went by but generally the weather was so poor that only a midday sight (for latitude) was possible anyway.

After about a week the skipper’s health appeared to be worsening. His skin had gone a pasty yellow colour and he couldn’t even hold down water. A council of war was convened on deck. Present were myself and the Americans. We were frightened the skipper would die, and he certainly looked close to it. We had unhappy thoughts of arriving in port with a dead body on board. We decided to run for the closest land – wherever that was. So, if it was New



John experienced constant strong winds and rain during his trip



Running dead before the gale with just a storm jib

“That’s what sailing is, a dance, and your partner is the sea.”

- Michael Morpogo, *Alone on a Wide Wide Sea*

Zealand, we would turn around. On my rather suspect sight that day, the closest land proved to be Fiji. We had the charts. We headed for Fiji.

Days passed with a grim routine of 24 hours a day sailing, standing watches, and attempting to get some rest in between; while getting dry and keeping warm and trying to eat something. It was exhausting work for three novices to run a 48ft boat. We were seriously fatigued and sleep deprived but probably too young and inexperienced to recognise it.

We thought we were coping but after what happened next, that proved to be self-delusion.

The next problem was to make a landfall at Suva. We had been out of sight of land for two weeks. I was reasonably sure I knew where we were. We approached the Kadavu Channel from the south at dusk with the aim of confirming our position from the Kadavu lighthouse that had a massive loom of 60 miles. I was sure we would see it, but night fell and the light wasn't there.

Kadavu Channel is about 25 miles wide, dotted with islands and coral reefs with Suva Harbour at its end. We knew that we were close to land because we could smell the copra drying on the islands. The UHF radio had broken down so all we had was a pocket sized transistor radio (remember them?) that picked up signals from various commercial stations. By using the trannie as a radio direction finder we were able to triangulate our position



Arriving in the lagoon, breakers in the background

between the stations in Suva and Nadi. To say this was inaccurate is an understatement. The magnet in the transistor made the compass turn turtle each time it came near. Anyway, by this means we decided we knew roughly where we were. We still couldn't see land but did a right hand turn down what we hoped was the channel.

This decision could be classed as 'sub-optimal' because by now it was dark and the weather had closed in with a freshening breeze and rain. Of course, we should have stood out to sea until daylight, but instead we tacked down the channel and by chance missed the looms of the minor lights on the reefs (although we didn't know it at the time). I was dead reckoning at this stage. At about midnight it got too scary. We were in shipping a lane with not much visibility. We hove to, frightened of running up on the reef at 7 knots. In retrospect that was a dumb thing to do, because shortly after that the weather settled. We were so exhausted we dozed off.

The next thing I remember is somebody shouting "surf". I raced on deck to be greeted by a sight I'll never forget. The skies had cleared and in the moonlight, only 40ft away, I saw lines of breakers thundering onto a coral reef, stretching in each direction as far as the eye could see. Alas, the boat was caught in the suction. Within a minute or so the boat was side-on to the reef, its keel struck the coral and green swells started breaking over the top of the deck. I recall clinging to a hatch cover with the deck at 45 degrees as mountains of water passed over me.

Things didn't look so good just then, at least not nearly as good as when we were leaving harbour. That watery grave looked close again.

In between sets I made my way back to the companionway. The Americans were doing practical things like getting shoes on in anticipation of having to stand on the coral. The skipper's girlfriend came up the companionway, looked around, and started screaming in panic. In Wild West style, the American girl balled her fist and punched the screaming girl right in the face. The skipper's girlfriend fell backwards down the companionway like a sack of potatoes and didn't come up again for quite a while.

We hesitated before unshipping the dinghy or life raft. The swells appeared to be decreasing and the boat was actually moving across the reef. We could feel each wave lift the keel off the reef and hear the crunch as it put it back down a few feet further from the breakers. In a short time the boat actually got pushed right across the top of the reef and within half an hour was sitting in the lagoon. Low and behold, it was high tide!

Things weren't so bad after all, but could we get out of the lagoon?

At first light we worked out where we were. We were about 20 miles from Suva on Mbenga Reef. We motored into Suva the next day – very lucky to be alive. Incidentally, the big Kadavu light had been turned off for repairs but nobody was told.

I went on to make other ocean trips but none surpassed the first.

James Kearney is skipper and co-owner of *Red William*. This article was first published in *Cruising Helmsman* July 2013.

Youth Off The Streets Visit GFS

On 2 December, Youth Off the Streets visited GFS. Chris Gaskell reports

The stiff southerly that came through the previous night continued through the day, promising a great adventure for the skippers, crews, Youth Off The Streets kids and their youth workers. While the number of boats starting was reduced a little by the 'adventurous' conditions, the 21 kids and nine Youth Off The Streets support staff and youth workers were accommodated smoothly with Glenda and Maree's help as dispatchers. In fact, there were a number of hosting offers we were unable to take up.

The club has again demonstrated its generosity towards this annual event, which normally takes place in the rundown to Christmas and the holiday season. Many thanks to all the skippers and their crews who make Youth Off The Streets welcome year after year. This is the 18th such event – and it's timely to acknowledge the tremendous behind the scenes efforts which keep them running so smoothly. The catering staff again did a superb job to cope with an extra 30 meals, and came up with a great idea to introduce a voucher system to help with the accounting side. We also acknowledge the generosity of the sponsors, who have contributed to the welcome packs for the kids over recent years. A special note of thanks this year to Thule (manufacturer of car racks, products and accessories) whose generous contribution of high quality backpacks will be a valued addition to the kids' school kit.

While there is a lot of thought and planning that goes into hosting this event – including safeguarding the safety of the kids – there have been no reported major risk incidents issues over the

18 years the event has been held. Youth Off The Streets are always welcomed back, with many GFS members looking forward to their next visit.

The kids have always impressed members with their enjoyment and enthusiasm for the opportunity and their engagement with their hosting crews. Many have never been on the water before, let alone sailing, and it takes quite a bit of courage to take that first unfamiliar step onto a yacht. All of the kids made that step this year, and never looked back except to razz their friends and youth workers.

Congratulations to Bree and Brooklyn, new students at Craig Davis College, who represented Youth Off The Streets so eloquently in talking about their experiences and thanking the club for the event.

Bree really enjoyed the event, even though she didn't think her boat won. "It can just get your mind off stuff, and it's good fun to be around all the people that appreciate you," she said.

Suzi Kenney, manager at Cordeaux Heights Center for Youth in Wollongong, also attended, and believes sailing at GFS exposes the kids to something other than the insular communities they live in. "I remember bringing a boy one year, who had never been outside Wollongong, and he sailed and saw the Harbour Bridge for the first time. He was 15 years old. These kids come from families that just simply can't afford to give them the same opportunities that many of us take for granted," she explained.

About Youth Off the Streets

Youth Off The Streets is a non-denominational organisation working for young people who are facing challenges of homelessness, drug dependence and recovering from abuse. We support these young people as they work to turn their lives around and overcome immense personal traumas such as neglect and physical, psychological and emotional abuse.

It is our goal that these young people will leave our care drug free, with a high school education, living skills and a full or part time job in hand.

Since opening in 1991, Youth Off The Streets has grown from a single food van delivering meals to young homeless people on the streets of Kings Cross to a major youth specific agency offering a full continuum of care through delivery of a wide range of services.

Our 35 services include aboriginal programs, crisis accommodation, alcohol and other drug services, counselling, accredited high schools, outreach and residential programs. Volunteers support us every step of the way.



Chris Gaskell and Suzi Kenney

Suzi thanked the club for the event, which is an annual landmark for the kids. “It’s a challenge for us, because we’ve come a long way. It’s absolutely worth it, and I just love the fact that I see kids that are really scared heading out, and by the time they come back off the boats, they’re full of exhilaration.”

The GFS sailors often comment on the ‘out there’ characters of many of their young visitors – and are always amazed at their underlying resilience, knowing the tough times these kids have experienced.

We also acknowledge the efforts of the Youth Off The Streets youth workers, without which this event would not be possible. Many of the kids have a bumpy ride in their relationships with adults and sometimes need a firm guiding hand to help them relate to their elders. It is very clear that important bonds develop in the one-on-one relationships the kids have with the workers. I often wonder who supports the support staff when their reserves are getting low!

We are indeed blessed to have this beautiful facility in Greenwich, and the Youth Off The Streets visit is a good opportunity to give a little back to the community. We hope to continue this tradition going forward.

Chris Gaskell is crew on *GWIZZ*.



To donate to Youth Off the The Streets visit
their website youthoffthestreets.com.au

The Deck of Knowledge

Michael Coleman reflects on sailing wisdom and camaraderie shared at GFS

After Saturday racing at Greenwich, a select band of brothers gather on the deck of the club. We are the Spinnaker Men, the Intrepid Ones, (or so we like to think), the Three Times Around the Course Lads. We assemble to go over our mistakes, few as they were, and celebrate our wise decisions, which were many.

It was here that I learnt how to sail an Etchells, and how to sail on this part of the Harbour. One of the wonderful things about GFS, and the Saturday people, is their willingness to share knowledge with their competitors. Back when there were as many as six or seven regular Etchells starting, all their skippers were happy to share ideas and advice with my beginner colleague and I. This is, of course, not limited to this class – general tips about dealing with tides (“the Birchgrove shore on the run out, winner”); the rules (“don’t do anything silly”); spinnakers in a nor’easter across Gore Cove (“the sailmakers’ delight”); and tackling the Humbug (“prayer and the western shore”) are freely given. A good spirit prevails, and Phil often brings a nice brie.

Of course, as we are the Intrepid Ones, we are free to give advice not only to each other, but to the whole parade of passing 12s, Lasers, Cherubs, late finishing yachts and sundry others. We love the 12s as they bounce along under their huge kites with only their rudders in the water, as it will inspire reminiscences about how good we were as younger chaps. A good capsized with a big kite up can bring a standing cheer, and a further wave of nostalgia. Tactical suggestions fly as sailors come up the Humbug (“gee, I wouldn’t have tacked there”, “big mistake”, “when I was sailing 16s”, etc, etc).

We are particularly exercised by the vulgar nouveau riche who bring their small ocean liners to the river, in search of a quiet spot to anchor, and the large cruisers who pass at 10 knots – creating a nice breaking surf on the pontoon. Once again, lively advice is freely given, though as we are more mature men and women, kept *sotto voce*; the Saturday crowd is sharp tongued, but not rough.

Some time ago, in a short piece for *Humbug*, I christened this home-from-home the ‘deck of knowledge’ – reflecting not only on the real advice and help I have been offered here, but that offered sardonically to others as they pass by. I took this name from the alcoholics with whom I worked at Townsville Hospital, who, when sleeping rough, camped under a huge fig that grew on a vacant block just back from the Strand. One of them told me it was the ‘tree of knowledge’ – a truly witty Australian piece of self-deprecation. I thought it was just splendid, and I’m pleased that it lives on in another place.

Michael Coleman is skipper on *Eggshells*.



Last year, GFS got into the festive mood in style at the annual Christmas party. Look out for images and stories of the 2015 Yuletide hijinks in the next issue of *Humbug*.

Editor’s Quiz Answers

1. A spar projecting from the stern.
2. Unwrapping the genoa halyard.
3. It was formed to teach aircraft pilots to appreciate airflows.
4. Sixty-two.

Emergency Safety Card

Boat Name _____ Sail No _____
Owner(s) _____
Hull colour _____ LOA _____ DISP(tonnes) _____
Boat Brand / Design _____
RMS Registration No. _____
Skipper Name _____
Phone No _____
Shore Contact Name _____
Phone No _____

Emergency contact numbers

Emergency Services 000 or VHF Ch16
Marine Area Command (Water Police - Balmain) 02 9320 7499
Marine Rescue Middle Harbour 02 9969 3270
North Sydney Police 02 9956 3199
RMS – Maritime 131 236. Press 2.

Other Safety Information _____

Emergency pickup points

The following locations are places where ambulance services may pick up a person requiring urgent medical treatment for a serious injury or illness. There are other suitable safe areas, **don't just rely on this list**, familiarise yourself with these and other places you select. **You must give specific details to emergency services.**

Bay Street Wharf, (adjacent to the Club), Bay Street, Greenwich (nearest cross street Greenwich Road).

Note: Illegal parking often makes vehicular access difficult.

Northwood Wharf, Northwood Road, Northwood (nearest cross street Cliff Road)

Valentia Street Wharf, Valentia Street, Woolwich (nearest cross street The Point Road)

Woolwich Marina (Brokerage 9817 1020), 2a Margaret Street, Woolwich (nearest cross street Woolwich Road)

Drummoyne Wharf, Lyons Road, Drummoyne (nearest cross street St Georges Crescent)

Greenwich Wharf, Mitchell Street, Greenwich (nearest cross street George Street)

Noakes - Berrys Bay (9925 0306), 6 John Street, McMahons Point (nearest cross street Dumbarton Street)

Mort Bay Wharf, Thames Street, Balmain East (nearest cross street Darby Street)

Luna Park Wharf, Olympic Drive, Milsons Point (nearest cross street Fitzroy Street)

Watsons Bay Wharf, Marine Parade, Watsons Bay (nearest cross street Military Road)

RSYS (9955 7171), 33 Peel Street, Kirribilli (nearest cross street Carabella Street)

St Johns Ambulance DRABCD Action Plan

DANGER

Ensure the area is safe for yourself, others and the patient.

RESPONSE

Check for response—ask name—squeeze shoulders.

No response

- send for help.
- make comfortable
- check for injuries
- monitor response

SEND for help

Call Triple Zero (000) for an ambulance or ask another person to make the call.

AIRWAY

Open mouth.

If foreign material is present:

- place in the recovery position
- clear airway with fingers.

Open airway by tilting head with chin lift.

BREATHING

Check for breathing — look, listen and feel.

Not normal breathing

Normal breathing

- start CPR.
- place in recovery position
- monitor breathing
- manage injuries
- treat for shock.

CPR

Start CPR—30 chest compressions/100 per min : 2 breaths

Continue CPR until help arrives or patient recovers.

DEFIBRILLATION

Apply defibrillator if available and follow voice prompts.

YACHTING AUSTRALIA SPECIAL REGULATIONS PART 1

ADVISORY APPENDIX F

WHERE DOES IT HURT ?

WHEN DESCRIBING REGION OF PAIN, QUOTE THE LETTER ON THE CHART.

NOTE: Tell the doctor

- Where pain starts
- Course of pain
- Final station
- Severity of duration

STATE the type of pain:

- Sharp
- Dull
- Throbbing
- Constant or irregular

Chart by courtesy of the Royal Flying Doctor Service of Australia

A CLEAR DESCRIPTION WILL HELP BY THE DOCTOR DIAGNOSING THE CASE

A description of injury or illness must often be given to a doctor who cannot see the patient.

Chart by courtesy of the Royal Flying Doctor Service of Australia