

FROM THE

FEBRUARY 2019

BILGES

THE OFFICAL NEWSLETTER OF PORTARLINGTON SAILING CLUB

**INDENTED HEAD
TRI-CLUB A
RAGING SUCESS**

25 BOATS BATTLE IT OUT

MUSSEL FESTIVAL

WINDY SAILING FOR ALL

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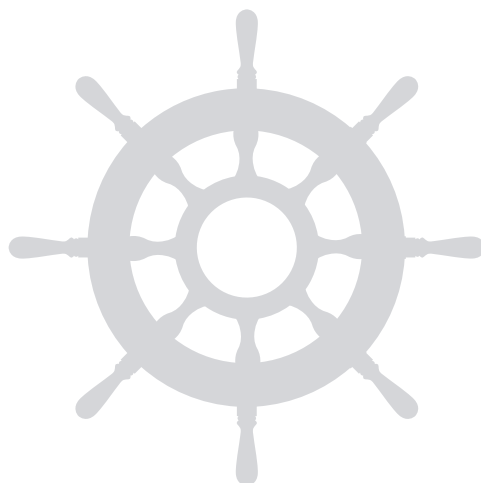
"That's Windy!"

INDENTED HEAD TRI-CLUB

A Sailing Success

CRUISING ABOUT

The Adventures of the PSC Cruising
Group



Apologies

I would like to apologies for the missed issue in January and for the late issue of February. I'm sure we can all relate to the business the first couple of months in a New Year brings. This year, it was surprisingly full of activities and new projects.

Speaking of projects, this is my reason for being late and distracted these last couple of months. I'm building an ARTEMIS Sailing Canoe—designed by Axel Schmid—in my house. Yes, that is my main bedroom, much to the joy of my fiancé (I'm kidding, she's amazing and was actually the one who suggested it) and I am currently spending all my time after work labouring over it.

However, I am back on a balanced schedule and ready to report on our clubs happenings and sailing adventures —*Tom*



COMMODORE'S REPORT

PSC BLOOMS IN THE COMMUNITY

Over the Christmas period, the club has been approached by a few different associations in regards to upcoming events! It's great to see that through our ongoing growth and continual advertising, our club and our position within the yachting community is blooming.

Coming back from the Christmas break, it was awesome to see a few keen and avid members, jump into the early beginnings of the new year! A particular shoutout goes to those who came and played a part in the the Mussel Festival. After a few issues with one boat, and many mixed crews out on the water, Malcolm McDonald and myself took safety as a priority and had to use the RIB as the course boat. With no markers, minimal flags and a whole lot of breeze, it's fair to say that we must have created quite the spectacle for those onshore. A mass start, instead of the initial stern chaser idea became apparent, and the new course boat became the start, finish and top mark! With minimal complaints, despite the tricky communication problems, (sorry to David Marshall) we managed to put on the display as planned for the Mussel Festival.

We replaced 14 foot skiffs with 12 foot cadets and some of the best laser sailing I've ever seen! Despite everything that took place on that day, wind squalls and difficult communication, it was absolutely awesome to see many of younger and older club members come together and make an absolute cracking day. Congratulations to Lynden for taking home the chocolates, and our own Club Captain who I believe may have crossed the line upside down!

A tremendous thank you too goes out to those who took part in volunteering in the Festival of Sails. The regatta provides a tremendous income to our club, and all your efforts deserved to be recognised. It was also was great to see many of our members involved and sailing in the regatta. We sailed *LARRIKEN 2* to a respectable second place in cruising Division 1, whilst Ian Pritchard and his team, despite the difficulties in being a smaller boat in a big fleet sailed, well into the top side of their division.

I can't wait to see everyone around the club over the next months, and hear the your sailing or social stories

—Harry

CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT

A NEW YEAR, NEW SAILING

A new year has dawned, and with it a new series at PSC. Series 3 is proudly sponsored by Geelong Insurance Brokers. Portarlington was buzzing when the Mussel Festival saw an influx of people to the town. To show off the fleet we had a race centred around the Marina. Most of the sailors didn't want to break their own boats so we instead used the club's 12 foot Cadets to put on a good show. It was a great spectacle in the gusty breeze, making it quite a challenge to keep the right way up. Congratulations to Lynden Haskett who took out the days racing.

We've had a Long Trailable Race and a Short Race Series since coming back. The forecast was for patchy light breezes so the Trailables went off on a hike to North of the club then out to Arthur the Great and back to the club. Line honours was taken by Neville Stuchbery on *Eleven* but

the breeze filled in on the last leg for the remaining fleet, with Chris Russell on *Ferrari* taking the handicap win.

The OTB fleet looked like they were having a great bit of fun when the breeze came in later in the day.

As always, we are constantly looking for OODs so if you know you'll be available on certain dates please let me know and we can schedule you in.

A notable event passed, we had the Tri-Club at Indented Head Yacht Club on the 23rd of February with a great fleet of about 25 boats all up. And a follow up note, Indented Head Yacht Club have extended an invitation to participate in their Saturday racing through March and April with **no visitor fee**. A great opportunity to get more time out on the water.

—Jacob

ON THE WATER

"THAT'S WINDY!"

The Mussel Festival provided the fantastic opportunity to show off sailing to the greater public in exciting conditions.

With the southerly breeze blowing over the hill at 15 to 25 knots—there were some boat changes before the fleet went out—with the Stuchbery brothers and the Condors leaving their regular boats on the beach.

It was safely decided to sail some more seaworthy craft for the forecasted conditions. Alistair and Jess Condor sailed one 12 Foot Cadet, with Thomas Stuchbery and Olivia Condor on another. Jacob Stuchbery borrowed Harry Mann's ILCA, *Ratty*, and the big man was not afraid to put up the big rig.

Due to some issues with the start boat, OOD's, Harry and Malcolm, had to bring

out the RIB. Because of this delay, and a lack of marks, the race was turned into a reaching exhibition instead of the stern-chaser initially planned.

The two 12 foot Cadets battled it out on the start line, with Thomas and Olivia establishing a slight lead, and courageously managed to hold it to the finish. The fleet arrived at the gybe mark in a big gust, which was rather hectic.

Jacob Stuchbery put on a terrific display of heavy weather sailing, having got stuck in irons before the start, he managed to make up the 5 minute deficit over the course of the race, managing to just sneak past his regular skipper on the finish line, before capsizing to windward. Lyndon and crew on the heavily reefed *Bottom Line* sailed well to take the overall win.

Indented Head Tri-Club

A SAILING SUCCESS



This past Sunday, the 23rd of February *Zulu* and *Bottom Line* ventured around to Indented Head for this leg of the Tri-Club.

Racing started at 11AM in a gentle 4 to 6 knot Nor-Easterly. There was an amazing turn out of some 25 boats on the line, including a rare Swift Solo—possibly the only one in Australia. Jump on to the first race, there was a heavy pin-end bias on the line, meaning everyone had to eventually start on Port. *Zulu* lacked speed up the first beat, but took the lead by the bottom mark.

On the break everyone enjoyed a complimentary sausage sizzle lunch whilst the breeze backed around the the south and began to gradually build. By the time a somewhat complicated course was set the breeze had built to around 10 knots, setting the scene for some good racing.

The breeze started to go to the right up the first beat, which put *Zulu* back with *Bottom Line*. By the bottom mark *Zulu* was again back at the front of the fleet, with the breeze up to 14 to 16 knots. A poor lay-line call put the Stuchbery brothers back into third by the end of the race,

At this point *Zulu* went back to the beach, but *Bottom Line* stayed out. By the end of the third and final race the breeze was up at least to a 25 knots. Spectators on shore were treated to a spectacular sight as *Bottom Line* bore away back to Portarlington after crossing the finish line, making at least 7.5 to 9 knots through the water under full sail, whilst the OTB fleet was decimated by the strong wind in a spectacular domino effect of capsized boats.

A great, but somewhat challenging day was enjoyed by all, proving that these Tri-Club events are certainly worth doing. ⚓

CRUISING ABOUT

ADVENTURES OF THE CRUISING GROUP



Whilst the bulk of the cruising group languished unceremoniously in the yard for want of wind and spare parts, 'Gentleman,' Micky Martin, Harry Clark (not the boat building guru late of Williamstown fame) but rather his improbable offspring, and myself, headed off in *Aussie Spirit*, enthusiastically and quite improbably in search of adventure and other things nautical around Port Phillip Bay. The smoke from the bush fires obscured much of the bay, reducing visibility to a mere 100 yards and was a sobering influence on our thoughts for those in dire peril and those gallantly involved in fighting the fires.

Our destination was to the East so we set sail Northwards as is our want, for the winds were as uncooperative as usual, and settled in to the tedium of Earl Grey tea, fruit cake and Harry's incessant banal chatter about nothing of consequence. We persisted with our endeavour to reach Martha's Cove, on the other side of the bay.

This delightful little nautical hamlet is a maze of channels and other devious maritime alleyways, all carefully and deviously designed to confuse and irretrievably lose any unsuspecting sailor not clutching a Melway to his breast. However, by some miracle of celestial navigation or perhaps, transcendental meditation (I know not which),

Harry successfully circumnavigated the entire maze and we found ourselves once again out in Port Phillip Bay and eventually at anchor; in a delightful little bay, the name of which escapes me (perhaps due to the toxicity of the Earl Grey or possibly decoctions of a more stringent nature).

Here, by a gentle swell from the Heads, rocked us into a state of tranquillity and love they neighbour euphoria; aided by a magnificent cheese platter and more suitable liquid refreshments. Presently we were joined by a fellow cruising traveller, who immediately began to amuse us greatly with such goings on, naught be seen by us mere seagoing novices. Undoubtably he was harassed by, "she who must be obeyed", after dropping sails, the poor captain of this hapless cruising boat began to assemble a spinnaker pole to windward, with an immeasurable number of guys, sheets, ropes, and so on, to secure this thing and the drogue it un-doubtable supported (though we never actually saw one) We marvelled at his perseverance as he gallantly balanced precariously over the side, attaching all these linear paraphernalia until she was satisfied. At last he could retreat to the safety of his cabin. We, of all knowledge in...*continued.*

all nautical nuances, and confident in our opinions as all armchair experts are, concluded it was not the swell from the heads causing our boats to rock, but the wake from the occasional passing ships in the nearby South Channel, for otherwise, it was as smooth as a baby's tum tum!

Next morning in light rain, and nearly smokeless visibility we set off for destinations unknown—except for Northwards—around The Bay. It was a most pleasant cruise for me, I kept dry in the cabin and under the dodger, making yet more Earl Grey, and left Mick and Harry to rattle on about Lord only knows what, out in the weather. Eventually, after being forced to shorten sail as the weather picked up to 22 knots and the waves increased, we came to Sandringham.

We radioed in for a berth for the night and were surprised to be accommodated, as the Laser Nationals were in progress and the seas were alive with about 230 Lasers; and nearly as many rubber duckies. All milling about in apparent, choreographed confusion. In the lumpy seas there were undoubtedly many wet sailors, but we were snug and warm in the Magnum, which handled the choppy seas with ease. However, it was a magnificent sight, seeing so many dinghy's, racing back and forth. Many competitors were from around the world, as the World Championships were to be held very shortly and many competitors, used the Nationals as a warm-up, for the big event. With so many people milling around the club we chose to "dine-in", rather than make use of the club's restaurants, and we made a substantial meal on the boat. When all competitors were back at shore it made for

quite a sight, with not a bare patch of concrete to be seen, and the many tenders were pushed into any and every free mooring spot throughout the marina.

The next morning, after another hellish night of audible nocturnal pollution from both Harry and Mick, otherwise known as snoring, I taxied to Mordialloc with high hopes of rescuing my trailer brakes, but was bluntly informed they were, as the mechanic put it "Foxed!" Such is the high life, we of trailer sailor heaven enjoy!

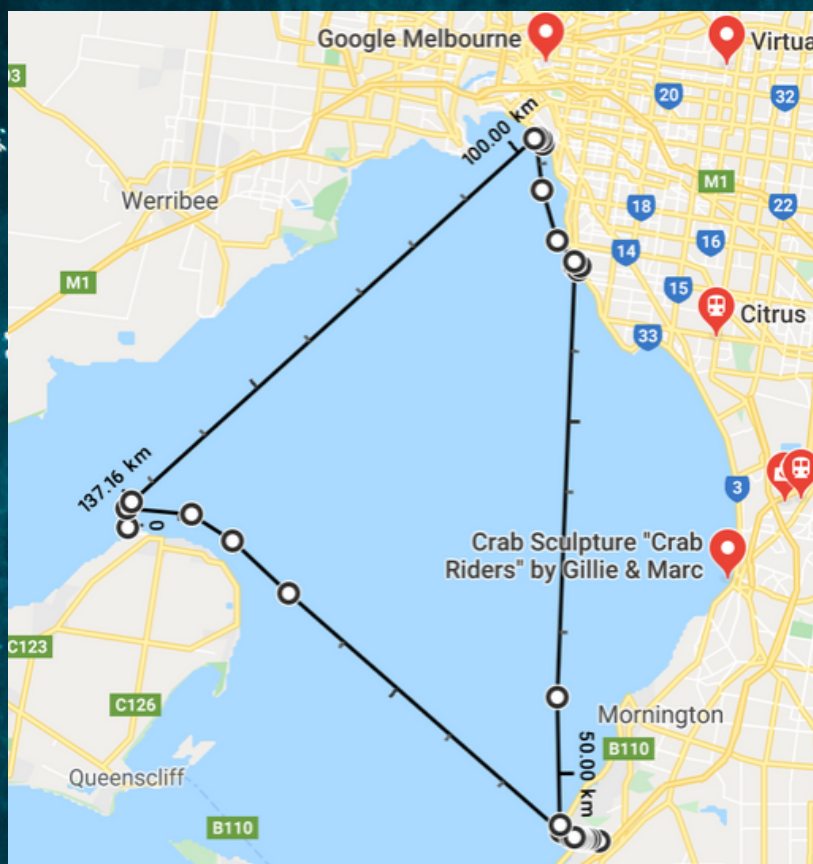
We sailed-off the next morning, enthusiastically into the sunshine, scones and high tea at St Kilda pier. We were pleasantly surprised to be invited to stay the night by RMYS and subsequently took advantage of their hospitality, in the members bar, with copious quantities of delightful Yarra Valley Chardonnay and a la carte dining. We also discovered RMYS invites their participants to race to stay at their facilities for the RGYC's Australia day weekend passage, so we availed ourselves of their generous offer, and have already booked our berth for that event.

We enjoyed an evening of raucous singing and other hilarious unmentionable events (what goes on the boat, stays on the boat). In the morning we hoisted the rags and ventured out into the beautiful blue. Lacking sufficient energy in the breeze, we motor-sailed most of the way across the pond (whilst keeping the sails up to pretend we were sailing), and enjoyed a leisurely meander back to base. Four days on the seas, fun, adventure, laughter and great companionship, all for a miserable few pennies. How much better can it get?

—lan



A rough outline of the voyage



REMINDER: WWCC

All active adult members, (which includes canteen and BBQ volunteers, OOD's etc) over the age of 18 need to have a Working With Children Check.

Below is the internet link to apply for a check:

<https://www.workingwithchildren.vic.gov.au/individuals/applicants/how-to-apply>

HALYARDS AND DEFIBRILLATOR

Please make sure your halyards are tied securely so they do not disturb our neighbours in the caravan park. Members are encouraged to take note of the position of our defibrillator which is hanging on the wall just inside Club office.



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