



Crow's Nest

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A small collection of photos from the Coorong and its skies, giving some indication of the diversity, beauty, vastness and the isolation of this unique and precious South Australian waterway.



Next WBASA General Meeting
General Meeting & AGM
28th of August
Astor Hotel—6.30 for
Meal and Drinks

Inside this edition:
It's all about fishnets and they
aren't stockings.

The WBASA events which are coming up soon:
Our Annual General Meeting
come along and meet your new committee.
Get out and about on the Torrens River in the middle of Adelaide.



Dismasting Born Free, 1989

Gary Love

In the 1970s and early 80s, Michael Hambidge and I both owned trailersailers at Murray Bridge in South Australia where we lived. During that time we sailed extensively on the Murray River, the Murray Lakes and down to Goolwa, crossing the Murray Mouth into the "Coorong", often crewing for each other.

By early 1983 we felt we had sailed enough around the Murray Lakes and were looking to widen our sailing horizons, especially in salt water. We sold our two trailersailers, pooled our boating funds and went to Port Adelaide to buy a boat.

The vessel we bought was a Hartley 32' keelboat, which we moored at the Cruising Yacht Club of South Australia (CYCSA) at North Haven, Adelaide. Over the next three years we sailed extensively in the both South Australia gulfs, including as far north as Port Augusta (which is as near to the geographic centre of Australia as one can sail. In 1986, 'feeling the need for speed' we sold the Hartley and purchased a very fine mast-head rigged "Cole 43", fibre glass keel boat named **Born Free** (Sail No. YC222) What followed for us was a gradual move away from cruising to becoming competitive racing sailors.

In October 1988 we entered a short race sponsored by the Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron (RSAYS) from Outer Harbour Adelaide, across Gulf St. Vincent to Port Vincent on Yorke Peninsular, a distance of 30 nautical miles (NM). As this was a minor race with only a small fleet of contestants, the start line was set across the Port Adelaide River near the Ocean Liner terminal to a post on the northern breakwater. At 11:00hrs. the starters sound signal was heard and the class flags dropped. Off we went in bright sunshine with a SW breeze of about 15 knots and quickly covered the one NM to the entrance beacons at the end of the breakwater where we were met by a sea of about half a metre in Gulf St. Vincent.

With Mike on the helm and all well on deck I went down to the chart table to make some nav. notes. Sitting at the table I noted we were heading about 30 deg. to starboard and making six plus knots and I could hear water rushing past the hull and see spray flying past the window. Beautiful ! Suddenly everything stopped, the boat stood up vertically, the cabin was flooded with bright light and the ship was bobbing up and down on the waves in silence with a square meter of the coach house roof missing.

I joined the pandemonium on deck which was a tangle of fallen standing and running rigging. The port shrouds had failed at the chainplates and the mast had fallen over the starboard side and all 50 feet of it was floating on the water at 90deg. to the hull with sails still attached. Our first thought was to save the sails and we managed to un-hank the headsail and push it down the forward hatch. Next came the mainsail but it would not budge and the mast had now started to slowly sink.

As there was no chance we could haul the 50' mast back on deck, we urgently started disconnecting the standing and running rigging at the multitude of the mast attachment points. We were too slow and very soon the mast was hanging vertically against the side of the hull.



Out came the bolt cutters. (It is a requirement of offshore racing rules to carry same) At this point it was realised that the truck of the mast was resting on the seafloor about 50' below and the wave action was assisting the mast in sawing "Born Free" in half. With the help on the bolt cutters the mast was quickly jettisoned with a marker buoy attached so it could be recovered later.

During the emergency a part of the running rigging with a block still sheaved was under stress and let go violently hitting a young crewman in the small of the back flattening him leaving him conscious but in severe pain. The RSAYS was radioed and an ambulance was waiting when we returned to the dock. During this time the RSAYS safety boat which had followed the race out into the gulf was standing by in case we needed assistance. After checking that lines were not left in the water the engine was started and we motored back to the RSAYS dock.

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Dismasting Born Free, 1989 Cont. from page 10

The damage. The mast had broken in a direct line between the deck forestay and backstay attachment points.

This resulted in the fore and back stays forming a rigid triangle which caused the complete destruction of the pulpit and pushpit by the stays as they came down.

The point at which the keel-stepped mast snapped was about 30 centimetres below the cabin headliner so as the mast fell, it ripped out about a square meter of the coach house roof. In addition to the pulpit and pushpit and the hole in the cabin roof, several stanchions had to be replaced and the fibreglass damage to starboard topsides caused by the mast, had to be repaired.

A new mast and many new mast fittings were also required. Total cost (from memory) was about \$36,000 of which \$30,000 was met by our insurers. After considerable tidying up and returning **Born Free** to her mooring, Mike and I went to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital to check up on our young crewman. As we walked in, who should be walking out with a big grin on his face and packet of pills in his hand but the irrepressible 'Tony' the winch man himself.



Our Sailmaker (and SCUBA diver) Ivan Godfrey (racing sailors get to know their sailmaker well) dived on the mast about a week later removed the main-sail and recovered the mast by attaching lines to each end, raising it up under his work boat and then motoring up the Port River and slipping the mast for stripping and replacement.

Did we continue to enter offshore races ? You bet ! We lined up again for the annual 150NM Adelaide- Port Lincoln race the following February.

The Wooden Spoon

Giulia Corradetti



Polenta and Ragù, mmm mmm, before spring and the warm weather starts here's one more hearty warming recipe. Delicious I might add as a leftover to take with you for lunch on Classic Thursday (or Friday?).

The Ragù

- 4 Italian pork sausages
- 3 pieces of pork spare ribs
- 2 bottle of tomato passata
- Tomato paste
- 1 brown onion
- 1 carrot
- 2/3 celery pieces
- A few bay leaves
- 2/3 cloves of garlic
- Salt, pepper and olive oil.

Brown the meat in olive oil, season with salt and pepper when nicely browned put in a glass of nice red wine, pour a second one for yourself, cooking and drinking, ah, simpatico!

When the wine has evaporated (and drunk) add whole carrot, celery, onion, garlic, bay leaves the tomato passata, add the equivalent of one bottle of passata of water, pinch of sugar and a generous teaspoon of tomato paste.

Bring to boil then reduce to a simmer add a generous pinch of salt, some pepper and let it simmer gently stirring from time to time for 4/5 hours leave the lid on the pot slightly raised the sauce will reduce nicely and thicken.

The Polenta

500 gr of fine polenta

2 litres of water

Olive oil 1 tbsp

Coarse salt 1 tbsp

To make traditional polenta, heat a thick-bottomed steel saucepan, add the water; just before the water boils, add the salt and then sprinkle in the flour, rapidly stirring all the while with a wooden spoon at a high temperature.

Now add the olive oil, which will prevent lumps from forming ; continue stirring and bring back to the boil before lowering the flame to a minimum. Cook for another 50 minutes on a low flame, stirring all the while and making sure it does not stick to the bottom. Once the 50 minutes are up the polenta is ready; set the flame to high so that it comes away from the sides of the pan , wait to see it detach from the bottom.

Carefully flip the saucepan over onto a round cutting board (or ample platter) slight bigger in diameter than the saucepan, to remove the polenta. Your polenta is ready to bring to the table, spoon the rich dense ragù over the polenta and cover with a generous serve of parmesan.

Alternatively, you can do what people with fibreglass boats do and buy a packet of instant polenta that is ready in 3 minutes.

Buon Appetito

