

New Members and Vessels

Better welcome for new Members

Michael Hambidge
(Sailing Committee Chairman)

The Promotion Committee has acted on suggestions from the Members' ideas night of a few months ago to give new Members a more effective welcome and introduction to Squadron life.

They receive a simple folder listing some of the generally unspoken rules of conduct which are part of RSAYS heritage; a simple map of Squadron facilities; and introduction by photograph to Flag Officers, committee chairmen, the Manager and most staff members. New Members who are boat owners now are introduced to a 'buddy', whose task it is to provide advice and practical assistance for the first period of membership.

It's all part of the plan to make the Squadron a relaxed and friendly place for every member, right from the first experience. 

NEW MEMBERS' BUDDY TIME

When a body sees a buddy
While stranded on the dry,
Should a body greet a buddy
With a joyous cry?

Will that buddy free the body
(And his boatie), tow and set him free?
Or will he call another buddy
And, laughing, bring him back to see?
Of course he won't!

Your buddy's noble, wise and skilled,
His visage gnarled and kindly.
He'll help you off, and guide you off,
And never charge a fee.

Should you find chain moorings daunting,
Should prickly, slimy span lines leave you cold,
He'll show you how to 'do it right' and
You'll soon be on and off quite bold.

Of course, to keep the gender wars at bay,
Your buddy a bloke doesn't necessarily 'ought ter'
The rules are clear, so have no fear,
That buddy could well be someone's daughter!

Whatever way your buddy's built,
The idea's really simple —
We want you settled, smoothly, soon,
So you can, maybe, sail, safely, to Port Dalrymple.

(Anon)

New Members

We welcome —

Winton Ankor	Charles and Carol Kaesan
Roger Anderson	Shane Longmire
Clive and Anne Arnold	Roger MacKenzie
Malcolm Brinkworth	Craig Manuell
Scott and Moya Dalziel	Iain McLeay
Louise Dowling	Graham and
Mark and Marie Dwyer	Cathy Pendergrast
Geoffrey Ferrand	Stephen Pike
Marcia Fogarty	Christopher Roberts
Rodney Fuller	Robert Sampson
Anthony Gates	Peter Satterley
Andrew Grace	Andrew Schmulow
Ian Grace	Lesley Smith
David and Patricia Hills	Darren Sutton
Jeffrey Hunt	Trevor Urlwin
Di Jenner	Bonnie Walter

New Vessels on the Squadron Register

<i>Benedetto</i> Malcolm Brown	<i>Pollergeist</i> Cathy and Graham Pendergrast
<i>Carrick Roads</i> Rob Haines (new owner)	<i>Rita K</i> Dirk Visser
<i>Fugitive</i> Terry Barnard	<i>Skye</i> Allan McDonald
<i>Go Around</i> Iain McLeay	<i>The Other Annie III</i> John Phillips and Annette Rogers
<i>Jessie</i> Ralph Phillips	<i>The Saint</i> Dr Mark & Marie Dwyer
<i>Legend of Adelaide</i> E Penn Verrall (returning to the Squadron)	<i>Speakeasy</i> William Strangways
<i>Nimbus</i> Trevor Urlwin	<i>Catherine</i> Alan McDonald
<i>Obsidienne</i> Peter March	
<i>Para</i> Stephen Pike	

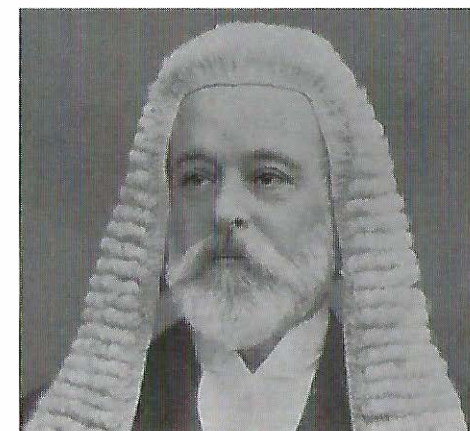
Judge Bunday's Warning

An incident happened whilst we were at anchor in Spalding Cove, Port Lincoln, which is inserted by way of warning, and in order to advise others how to avoid possible danger. Most yachtsmen will remember the sad fate of the large American schooner yacht *Mohawk* a few years ago, when lying at anchor with all sails set and the sheets fast. I think it was in New York Harbour. She completely turned turtle in a sudden squall, and drowned the persons mentioned. The *Wanderer*, with reefed mainsail was anchored near the southern shore of the Cove, where we had been for some time fishing from her deck. It was blowing strongly from the south-east — the most puffy, uncertain and dangerous squally wind we have on the South Australian coast.

We were in the saloon at lunch, when, without a moment's warning, there was a noise like the roar of a hurricane, the vessel was heeled to such an angle that the contents of the table were sent into the laps of those on the lee side, and then we heard the report of a spar carried away, and the vessel righted.

As soon as we could scramble on deck — expecting to find either the mast or the main boom gone — we saw that the kevel on the port side, a stout and thick piece of red gum (to which the mainboom had been fastened by a double purchase to keep it steady) had been snapped clean off. The pressure to have done this must have been something phenomenal; its so breaking probably saved the boom or the mast. The yacht dipped about two planks of her deck in the water. Had she not been exceedingly stiff, she would have gone over the skylight. This sudden danger arose from a fierce whirlwind, so common in south-east weather, and so difficult to deal with, even when under way. I received an ugly blow on the head and was knocked over once in the Port River by the *Xanthe's* mainboom in one of these dangerous and curious cyclonic (on a small scale) puffs.

WH Bunday. *Reminiscences of twenty-five years' Yachting in Australia: an Essay on Manly Sports, a Cruise on Shore &c, &c* [together with] *Notes of a Voyage to China and Japan*. Adelaide. Vardon & Pritchard, 1888: 75. 



Judge Bunday as his colleagues knew him.



Judge Bunday as yachtsmen knew him.

Kevel: Sometimes known as *kennet*. A large cleat formed of two upright pieces of wood, usually fitted to the gunwale of a sailing vessel and used for belaying ropes. *The Oxford Companion to Ships and the Sea*.