



36th Edition  
May - June 2009

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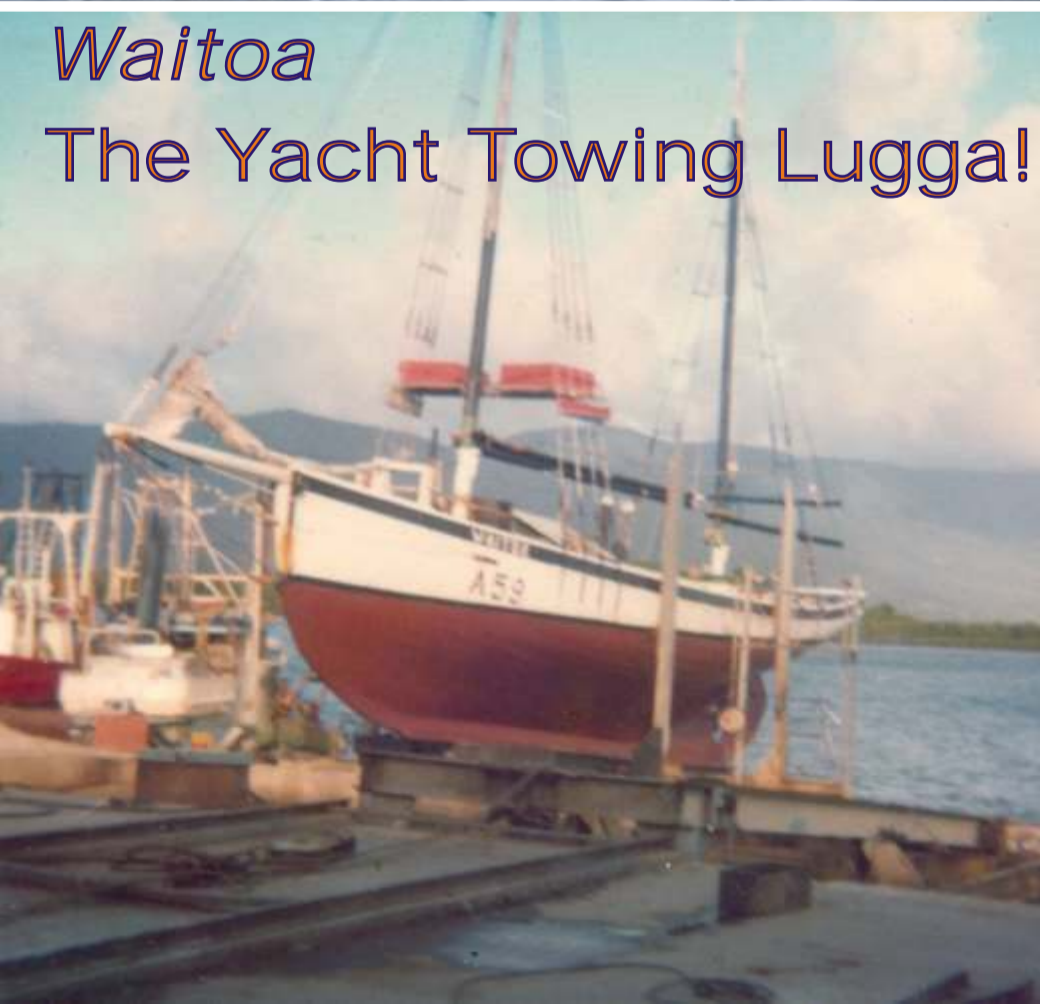
# The Coastal Passage

Unfiltered Facts and Free Speech!

*The Bay to Bay 2009!*



Bob Norson Photo



*Waitoa*

The Yacht Towing Lugga!

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*The Rally's*

## NATIVE JUSTICE

A story from the far north...

by Alan Lucas

The concept of granting our indigenous population the right to pursue their own justice system has a lot of merit, but it carries with it the thorny question of tribal rights versus international human rights, the division of a nation's legal system and the possibility of ethnic groups demanding the same consideration related to their own background. It also ignores those rare but real moments in Australia's history when Aborigines voluntarily joined white settlements just to escape their own more brutal justice system.

For all that, it is hard to deny the superiority of native justice in metering out punishment suited to the crime, as I believe the following - supposedly true - incident proves. The story has come down through Torres Strait islander lore with all that that implies regarding its exact time and detail, but having heard it under the most convincing circumstances, I have no reason for doubt (see Footnote).

When the event took place, all Torres Strait islanders were under the umbrella of the Queensland Department of Native Affairs (DNA), a name destined to be refined many times over subsequent decades by the recognition that islanders and mainland aborigines were different races, plus the need to erase the word 'native' during rising political-correctness. It was later changed to Department of Aboriginal and Islander Affairs with the word 'Affairs' soon after being changed to 'Advancement'.

Also changed was the department's well intentioned but dictatorial attitude that led to the development of regional indigenous councils. These councils were overseen by a department manager and staff who encouraged them to make their own decisions, which, ironically, produced

many incidents of media and civil rights groups railing against 'racist' decisions that came directly not from white bureaucrats, but from indigenous councils. Back in 1961, however, when I heard the following native justice story, the emphasis was very much on white control, even to the crewing of all pearl and trochus shell luggers.

To illustrate how demeaning this policy could be, imagine this: You are an experienced lugger skipper-diver who has just returned to Thursday Island from months at sea to unload your shell. Then, having refuelled and victualled ready for sea again, crew requirements must be revised and possible changes made not by you, but by a young white clerk, fresh from Brisbane, who knows nothing about islanders or the shell industry or the sea, but everything about administration.

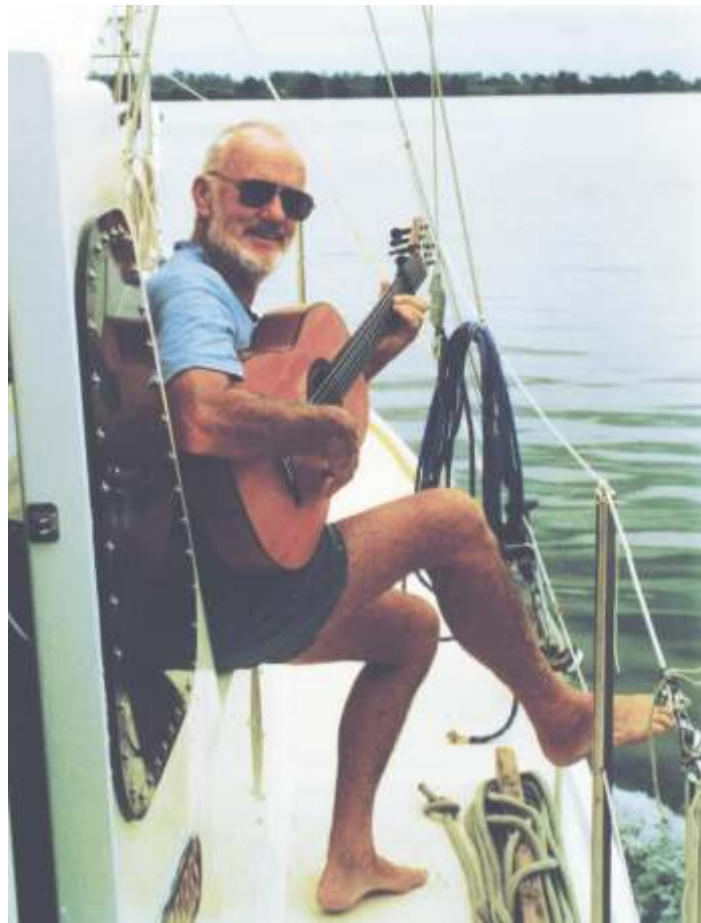
The system commonly ignored the innate organisational skills of the skippers and the conspicuous fact that they, more than anyone else, knew good divers from bad. Importantly, they also knew who were best at co-existing peacefully on a fifty-foot lugger for months at a time. Yet despite their body of knowledge these men had little say in crew choice and, as a result, occasionally had unwilling and unproductive crewmembers foisted on them by an all-white administration. Even serious troublemakers had to be taken at times, as happened in this story.

The person in question was a known layabout who had proven troublesome on every lugger he had shipped aboard. Despite this, he was directed by the DNA to join yet another lugger whose skipper knew his reputation but was obliged to accept him. This blighted ship then put to sea to dive trochus along the reefs down to Cairns during which time the new recruit succeeded in killing a diver when he murderously stopped the diesel-driven air pump. When working in very shallow water, such behaviour was not entirely unusual as divers skylarked amongst themselves, but in this case the diver was down deep where he wasted too much time trying to identify the problem before throwing the helmet and ascending. He didn't make it and died on deck.

The whole crew and soon the whole pearling fleet, recognised this as a payback killing, but they also knew the evidence was too thin to expect satisfaction from the Westminster judicial system. They needed a punishment tailored to the crime. They needed native justice.

A plan was hatched involving the entire Torres Strait lugger fleet, the idea being to deny the killer any chance of being freed by white justice or enjoying a normal life on terra firma. He was condemned by a council of elders to remain at sea for four years, even to the extent of being transferred from one vessel to another before any port with its opportunity for escape was reached.

Although never physically abused, he lived in a perennially hostile environment and was worked hard on the most basic of food. When released, it is said he



The author aboard Soleares

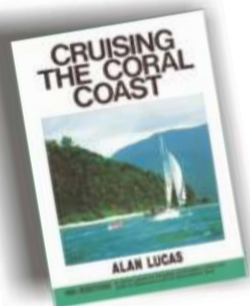
disappeared from Torres Strait and was never seen again, more than happy, no doubt, if he never saw another lugger.

How his disappearance was explained to the authorities was never clarified or if it was, I have forgotten; but burying the dead on barrier reef islands was accepted practice in the absence of refrigeration and a handy morgue, so maybe they reported him as dying from the bends. Whatever his true fate, native justice worked in this case, as it possibly did in many other unheard of incidents.

**Footnote.**

I heard this story in the Torres Strait, sitting on the rail of a working lugger in 1961. She had just offloaded shell and had returned to anchor not far from my own vessel. The smell of trochus was overpowering and the cockroaches were unbelievable (even to a bachelor sailor). Sipping tea needed two hands: one to hold the mug, the other to cap it off between sips to prevent a crawling brown army of cockroaches overwhelming its contents within seconds.

The Torres Strait has set the scene for many extraordinary and often unrecorded stories that can only be accepted or rejected on their merit. I had no reason to doubt this one because it was told over tea, not grog, the latter being illegal until the late 1960s. I can also vouch for the department's involvement in crew choice, whether you were black, white or brindle, as I discovered ten years later when skippering a small cargo vessel for the same department. By then indigenous councils called most of the shots, but the obligation to present log books and discuss crew requirements at the end of every passage with an office clerk fresh from Brisbane, without any field experience, was still alive and well.



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# All at Sea With Women

By Stuart Buchanan, SY *Pluto*

I can't understand it. Through no fault of my own, I've found that some women don't seem to like me at all. It started many years ago when I was in my late teens and fancy-free. Sarah, a very attractive girl lived a few doors along the street from where I lived with my parents. One day, I plucked up enough courage to invite her to the local flicks; she accepted, and on that date I found she seemed as interested in me as I was in her. A few nights later I called in to her house about seven o'clock one evening.

"Sarah's not home," her mother said gushingly, "but come in and wait - she'll be home soon."

Her mother, all smiles, poured me a soft drink and offered me a plate of chocolate biscuits.

"How long will she be?" I asked.

"She should be along any minute now," her mother replied. "She's attending a typing course so she can get a job while she's waiting."

"What's she waiting for?" I asked, as I popped another biscuit into my mouth.

"To get married of course."

Married! I nearly choked on my biscuit. At the ripe old age of seventeen, I had put marriage into the same category as death - something that would happen in the very distant future. I mumbled some inane excuse and took off like a scalded cat. I didn't invite Sarah out again, but anytime I passed her or her mother in the street, they both looked in the opposite direction as though I wasn't there.

In my early twenties I was working in an architects' office. One of my workmates, John, had recently married and he and his wife were living with his mother-in-law. The couple had just paid off a block of land and planned to take out a mortgage to build their dream home before starting a family.

"The only thing is," John said to me, "once we take out a mortgage, we'll be tied down for years. I've always wanted to drive around Australia on a working holiday while we're still young."

"Well," I replied, trying to be helpful, "you've got your land, no children or other responsibilities. So now would be the ideal time to do it."

Next morning, John arrived at work looking pale and with dark bags under his saucer-like eyes.

"My wife doesn't like you," John said. "I mentioned your idea of travelling around Australia to her and my mother-in-law. They both turned against me. My wife hardly stopped crying all night. I didn't sleep a wink."

My idea? I thought.

Within two months, John's wife was pregnant and the working holiday was definitely off. It's weird knowing that I was sort of responsible for the conception of that child. I wonder if they named the kid after me.

Shortly after I purchased my ketch *Pluto*, my next door neighbour, Peter, hinted that he'd like to go for a sail.

"Sure," I said, "how about next weekend - we'll sail over to Moreton Island."

It was beautiful sailing weather - 12 to 15 knots from the north-east. We dropped anchor at Tangalooma and snorkelled in the clear water around the wrecks, before indulging in a lunch of prawns, fresh bread and a couple of icy-cold beers. By the time we returned home, Peter was all fired up about buying a yacht and sailing up the coast. Unfortunately for Peter, his wife Lisa didn't share his enthusiasm for the plan. From that weekend on, Lisa hasn't spoken to me.

A few years ago, while *Pluto* was moored in Gladstone, I met one of the Gladstone Harbour pilots, Paul. Paul invited

me to accompany him on a helicopter out to a bulk carrier, which he piloted up the 16 mile channel to Gladstone. When the vessel was safely berthed, I invited Paul on board *Pluto* for a rum, cheese and biscuits. Over the next ten days or so, Paul would ring me on the mobile most evenings about five o'clock.

"Is it all right if I pop down to *Pluto* to join you for a rum before I go home for dinner?" he'd ask.

"Of course Paul," I'd reply.

Paul was good company and often he'd leave about eight o'clock full of rum and cheese. The last thing he had on his mind was the dinner his wife Cate had waiting for him.

On the few occasions I met Cate she replied to anything I said to her in monosyllables, all the time giving me the evil eye.

A few weeks ago, a sailing mate of mine, Kent, arrived at our home to return a book I had lent him.

"Would you like a rum, Kent?" I asked.

"Just a quick one," he replied. "I've got to drive Julia down to the airport soon. Our son's returning from Sydney this evening."

We were deeply engrossed in a discussion about the merits of various boats when, all of a sudden, Kent looked at his watch and exploded out of his chair.

"Bloody hell!" he exclaimed.

Kent ran out of the house to his car, picked up his mobile from the front seat and jabbed a few buttons.

"Five messages from Julia!" he said in panic. "I'm dead! I'm dead!"

He jumped into his car and wheel-spun down the driveway. He didn't even say goodbye.

Next time I met Julia, she didn't seem to like me at all.

Not so long ago I invited a friend out for a day's sail on Moreton Bay.

"I'd love to go," Col said, "but my wife's parents are having an anniversary dinner that night. Just a minute and I'll check with Sue."

A few minutes later Col returned to the phone.

"Sue's not overjoyed at the idea, but she's agreed as long as we're back at the marina no later than five o'clock. She'll pick me up from there."

It started off as a good sail, but on the way back the wind turned and increased to 20 knots right on the nose. We arrived back at the marina shortly before seven o'clock to be welcomed ashore by a madwoman. And you know what? She blamed me. As if I had any control over the weather!

There's one redeeming factor though - I've discovered that I'm not the only bloke who seems to unwittingly turn some women against the male species. Frank, a mate of mine, along with his girlfriend and two other couples organised a week's bare boat charter in the Whitsundays.

Apart from Frank, none of the others had sailed on a yacht before. They left Airlie Beach under motor. Frank hoisted the main and the 13 metre yacht heeled over. The three women looked concerned. Frank unfurled the headsail and the yacht heeled over even more. The women began to panic.



"Should the yacht be leaning over so much?" one of the women asked.

"That's what yachts do," Frank replied as he cut the motor.

The silenced motor seemed to add to the women's concern.

"Look," Frank said reassuringly, "keeled yachts are designed to do this. Even if the yacht turned right over, it would come back up again."

Reassuring words to most men; but it did nothing to reassure the three women.

"Turn right over?!" Frank's girlfriend screamed. "Turn right over?! You didn't tell me that could happen!"

Amidst frightened screams, the women mutinied and demanded to be taken back to the marina, where the six spent the remainder of their charter. On their return to Brisbane, Frank and his girlfriend parted.

Struth! What's the problem with some women? What do blokes do to upset them? Can anyone explain it to me? I asked my wife, but she just gave me a look that only a woman can give, then smiled and shook her head. No wonder us blokes are developing inferiority complexes.

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And as always, TCP very much appreciates your letters and other contributions that provides the rich forum of ideas that sustains the rag. For information on feature contribution requirements and awards, see the TCP web site, "contributions" page.

Chris Ayres, SY Lady Lonsdale  
Stuart Buchanan, SY Pluto  
Guy Chester, SY Sanctuary  
Andrew Crawford  
PJ & Steve Halter, SY Cheetah  
Marlene Leith, SY Callala  
Alan Lucas, SY Soleares  
John Morris, (Percy Island)  
Stuart Mears SY Veleva  
Tyrone McKee, SY Sahara  
Capt'n Oddworm, SY Mariposa  
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O'Connor (near Fremantle)

# NEW LOCATION!

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Thanks to Stuart Buchanan for helping set up the contact. That's Angela at the office by the marina. Just look for the big pink Amphibious things parked out front. A few copies may work their way to the light house with the Larc.



## Tin Can Bay Yacht Club restaurant under new management!

Kylie and Phil are the young couple that have taken it on. The hours have been expanded for lunch and dinner and thus the bar will probably be open more as well. Good Luck to them from TCP.



## Editors page...

by Bob Norson

"I'm waiting till next year when things get really cheap." Maybe, maybe not. Boat sales have been slow but in most cases the prices haven't gone down so much as the vendors have just taken them off the market or turned them over to a broker to list and have them pay for advertising. Who is making the right call? It might depend on the future value of the currency and that is in the hands of the government and they may not be that concerned for your interests. The mining companies, Chinese government and the banks are all ahead of you in the queue for protection. **Do not pass go, and did you collect your \$900?**

The gov can play this one of two ways, inflation or deflation. With the world economy in freefall and interest rates already artificially low, deflation and higher interest rates should occur as a default and the waiting game pays as cash would be king. BUT... how does that play in the corporate offices? Keeping in mind that the days of letting the market drive the economy are gone. The government took over years ago with social engineering devices like the first time home buyers grant. But back to the corporate offices; deflation would be a defacto wage increase for workers and a possible night mare for the banking and real estate sector, look at the US. On the other hand inflation would help keep real wages down and lower the Aussie dollar which increases demand for exports.. read coal and iron ore etc.. Hmmm,.. so far so good. What about paying the debt currently being accrued to hand out cash to prop up the retail sector? You can tax for it later or you can just print it and flood the banking sector with cash at a discount to provide liquidity for retail lending so you can keep buying your Chinese manufactured goods and buy your house for twice what it should cost.

It will be interesting to see how this plays but if the government chooses inflation the best time to buy could be yesterday. I can't say I know but I can say it is good advise to keep an eye out and look beyond the press because they (so-called mainstream corporate publishing) print what you are meant to know, not what may be most useful to you. From the ABC web site; "Mr Rudd said China is important as Australia's biggest trading partner and Australian jobs depended on it. He ignored a question about the secrecy of a meeting he held with the Chinese Government's chief propaganda minister Li Changchung in Canberra last Sunday week and another last year with their security chief, both of which were publicised in China but not in Australia." hmmm what do you make of that? I have lost trust in the Australian conventional media. Look to the web!

**New Government legislation that ostensibly 'protects' journalists from prosecution for releasing government information is a sham and a fraud.** Even conservative Lauri Oaks couldn't stomach it without comment.

Speaking about the new laws at the Press Freedom Dinner recently in Sydney, the ABC web site reported him saying the legislation needed to start with the presumption that journalists do not have to disclose sources. "Most scandals, most Government and bureaucratic acts of impropriety, mal-administration, wastage of public funds, nepotism, corruption, breaches of public trust would not qualify - Watergate wouldn't qualify, Deep Throat would end up in the clink." (under the current legislation) Tell the truth, go to jail.....

**TCP supports the bikie gangs!** Surprised? The right of free association is a far bigger issue than whatever real or conjured threat the bikies are to the Australian people. The precedent that the government sets with this abomination should scare everyone and is another grand example of how things are working against citizens by our opportunistic government. It seems every time there is a total failure of law enforcement (Port Arthur, Sydney Airport), we lose rights. "Those who give up their rights in exchange for security will have neither."

The more I investigate any government department the more worried I become about our future and I know I'm not the only one. "She'll be right mate"... Some problems don't fix themselves. One spark of hope lies in the reaction of the boating community to the idiotic culture of "Captains" at MSQ. Under the "Captains" the department has launched attacks against the cruising community that are so unsophisticated and crude it has kept the propaganda team working overtime to try to cover the pathos with some gloss or at least to provide some deny-ability. TCP couldn't fit all the letters of complaint against these nutters in this edition so there will be a whole new sub site provided on the TCP web site. It was already begun last issue with contribution from Bill Shorter.

**Ferro Boat Insurance! YES, you can get it.** Allan McDermott of Townsville Slipways Boatsales forwarded information on an offshore insurer that will accept a ferro boat at normal rates. This information will be posted to the web site as well.

**The Boat Show! We aren't going to be there.** We just have too much going on this year to manage the time. We'll miss seeing so many good friends and it is always interesting to see who's up to what but it takes over a week out our schedule and this year we don't have it to spare. Maybe next year.



# The Coastal Passage

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Bob Norson: Publisher, Editor, journalist, advertising, photographer, computer & marine heads technician, etc., etc...

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# LETTERS

**Notice to contributors:** All contributions that purport facts in a matter of possible contention, should be ready to provide support for their assertions or additional information or the contribution may be refused at the discretion of the editor. Anyone disputing a matter of fact in any part of TCP is **invited** to respond as long as the discussion remains one of fact and the responding writer must also be ready to provide support for their assertions or additional information if requested. It's about a fair go for boaties.

from the Spanish wreck. I guess they went to the dump along with another ton of history!

So, as far as I am concerned, the wreck is there on the western side of 18 mile swamp, just needs someone to put in the effort and go and find it, again.

Regards,

Christopher R. Dauth

**Great letter Chris,**

*thanks for sharing your family history.. now I have to dig up the charts and see if I can spot 18 mile swamp...*

**Cheers,**

**Bob**

**Hi Bob,**

What I have relayed to you (above) is only a snippet of the conversations and stories told within the family. Other stuff was hearsay and off the cuff stuff but the underlying theme was always "the ship is there".

In the 1950's, I was with my father and his 2 uncles, Rodger Hammel and Sid Schnider, pumping yabbies in Swan Bay, before it was closed off, now being a fish habitat. Someone made the remark, the Spanish would never have starved had they known this lot was here. I, of course, being a kid, needed to know all about the Spanish, and was told about the wreck again. The most interesting thing about that conversation was that Uncle Rodger and Sid agreed that the wreck was not far away from where we were. They knew the area backwards, they had lived and fished in the area all their lives.

So, that is the sort of stories that were relayed to me. I, myself, have been boating in the area for 40 years (in my own boats), many a time thought I should go and have a look for the ship, but lack of time always seemed to have got in the way.

Anyway, I love reading The Coastal Passage, I get mine from Wes and Helen at the Great Sandy Straits Marina.

Keep up the great work.

Regards,

**Chris**

PS. You'll easily find Swan Bay and the 18 mile swamp, the swamp runs north from Swan Bay, behind the frontal dunes. If you go have a look on Google Earth, you can easily see the old coast line to the west of the swamp.

*This is great information and it would be sensational if someone took it and found that wreck. Thanks Chris, for this wonderful bit of history.*

**Dear Bob,**

Yachting NSW, a sponsor of the Sail Port Stephens Regatta, has reiterated its opposition to multihulls participating in the regatta whether as a separate class or in the mixed fleet class. It appears from the correspondence I have received from the CEO, Adrian Steer, that as far as Yachting NSW is concerned it is okay for yachts with overall lengths of between 7 and 30 metres to participate together in a mixed fleet provided they have only one hull and meet the safety requirements but vessels with two or three hulls are precluded regardless of their credentials.

When a "cruisey" laid-back regatta was jointly organised for Port Stephens by the Corlette Point Sailing Association and Yachting NSW - with a stated aim of attracting visitors to the area and encouraging sailing as a sport - I thought my well-found 13 metre catamaran, which meets the Category 1 safety standards and in which I have completed 10,000 bluewater miles and an equal number of coastal miles,

would be welcome in the mixed fleet. Not so.

Regatta entry numbers stand at 24. The publicity blurb claims they want 40 entrants. If the organisers want to grow the event and ensure their accommodation, restaurant and local government sponsors get maximum benefit, why don't they welcome multihulls as a means to boost the numbers - and revenue?

It is compulsory for owners and crews of yachts racing at any level in this State to be members of Yachting NSW. I am disappointed that Yachting NSW, in the only event it claims to have endorsed in the past 12 months, has actively encouraged the organisers to discriminate against its multihull members.

Kind Regards,

**Cherylle Stone**

*Cherylle also forwarded a letter from Yachting NSW that did state they may consider a multi division if the numbers of entry would justify it. Well, how do you know if you don't try it out? It is possible the organisation is making out the effort to be more than it should? Or maybe do not understand how many multis would be interested. Having participated in a mixed event I think it should be able to be accomplished without pain. It does seem a shame and perhaps unfair to exclude a significant portion of the membership. With the multi's in, everyone wins and I would mention that Port Stephens is home to one of the worlds top multihull design companies... so you NSW multihullers should lobby for next year. TCP stands by to help.*

**Hi Bob,**

Let me tell you how wonderful is Stuart Buchanan's latest book. Thanks for sending it to us. Stuart is such a factual, romantic, comic character and I had the pleasure of playing in the duo which accompanied his book release at Town of 1770's marina. Our backdrop was a still dark night with a golden crescent moon rising above a pandanus with the magnificent Bustard Bay behind us. The lighthouse flashing across the audience in its constant pattern. We played a song we had written during our sail to Pancake creek, directly after visiting the Lighthouse of Tragedy and the grave sites. The lights were turned out with only the lighthouse flashing through the night.

Later in the evening the crowd thinned around Stuart and his mate Kris Kavanough, a Courier Mail columnist whom I admired hugely. Stuart was very merry as can only be expected at such a dream evening with the lushest seafood feast laid on by the marina owners, the Murguards. He introduced me to Kris and recalled how we met to his laughing companion.

'She came running the beach like the apparition of the slow motion shot in the movie Ten. More out of her swimmers than in, calling my name.' As he told the story he did a slow motion mime of Bo Dereck which had both Kris and I doubled over. My recollections of the day were quite different. I was on a dump, water, toilet and shower run from where my boat was moored just outside the 1770 caravan park. I had thown on the handiest pair of swimmers for this operation. As I neared the shore I saw Stuart coming ashore from PLUTO anchored next to me. I couldn't believe it. I had been trying to catch up with him all week even if to keep all the locals quiet the next time they insisted I meet and talk to the local hero of 1770.

He threw out his dinghy anchor and strode off in the opposite direction. I knew he was about to leave the next day and this would be my last chance to catch up with the man himself. I hastily jumped out and stepped in one of the many underwater pot holes and got rather drippy. I called out to Stuart and he

just kept charging up the beach like a man on a mission. I started to high-step in the shoaling water but with the dinghy trailing by the painter it must have looked like I was doing it in slow motion. I called his name louder and finally he turned and looked blankly at me, obviously not recognising me from a bar of soap. How could he, poor fellow.

Oh, the pitfalls of being famous.

**Vicki J**

**SV Shomi**

*No one loves great writing like a great writer! We sent one of Stuart's books up to Vicki and Stephan and it was worth it if for no other reason than to get the letter above! In addition to Vicki's aforementioned talents, she is an orchestra musician playing double bass.*

**Cheers,**

**Bob**

**Bob,**

We get to go boating again. Hamish caused a lot of worry as it moved down the coast. Most boaties in Mackay Marina did a good job of securing their vessels and should be thanked. Unfortunately there are always a few that don't do the right thing. It was apparent that dinghies were still on davits or decks. Lines not doubled up and the load spread. Sails left on furlers waiting to dismast the vessel. Clears left in place with the Biminis. It is not hard to prepare but does require a little awareness of the need and the will. Putting it in the most polite form I blame inexperience. The normally benign weather of the Qld coast does not lend itself to storm experience.

Hopefully we will not experience another cat 5 but that is wishful thinking. Expectations are for more of extreme weather. For those of you that could not do the right thing have a think about next time. It is said by some that Mackay Marina could not withstand a cyclone. They are correct, the marina will be destroyed by the inexperienced boat owners.

**Happy sailing,**

**Barry SV White Horse**

*Barry, your observations are very similar to my own. As Cyclone Hamish took it's wobbly course down the coast, many areas were alternately under real threat and yet.. a call to Airlie Beach revealed that at the height of the alert, approximately thirty vessels were at anchor or mooring. Considering the damage caused just a year ago there from a much smaller storm this seemed weird! As the storm moved south and threatened Hervey Bay, I had a look around and found many vessels in the marinas not prepared. Granted that some of those may have been livaboard or locals that yet had time. At local anchorages I found vessels totally unprepared. And with the Mary River and Sandy Straits at hand with plenty of small mangrove enveloped inlets to secure to.. it just didn't make sense to me. I would have had a boat so far up the Susan River, the 'Bush Tucker Man' would have perished in the search of her.*

*We've been lucky this year. It could have been much worse than the lives lost from the Hervey Bay fishing vessel, though that is bad enough. I am of the opinion that many in the fleet are not doing enough to secure their vessels or themselves from major storms.*

*Vessel owners should also consider their neighbours. Even if you are insured, the vessel yours slams into may not be and your insurance company probably will not cover that liability. So if not for yourself....*

**Cheers,**

**Bob**

*letters continue page 6 >>>>>>*



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## CRUISER DESIGNED, SAILOR MADE

# More LETTERS

continued from page 6

**Mr. Mayor..**

*You are right.. we need to get more input on the rules! I think designing "legislation" could be worth a laugh or two.. Look what it's done for MSQ!*

**Bob**

**Ambassador Bob,**

Well there you go, everything's falling into place.

I got so excited about the prospect of forming a brand new Pacific Island nation, 'Percyland', I thought I'd better give the Queen a ring to let her know since we are still a Monarchy and she probably should know. I thought now would be as good a time as any since most of the hard work is already done and all she'd have to do is give it the royal nod. Here's how the call transpired, just for the record books.

"Hello Queeny, this is Paul here from Australia. Some of us over here have got together because we're sick of all the stupid rules around here these days and we've decided to secede a small area off the coast into a new Nation where normal folk can come and go as they please and have a happy life. All you need to do is make it a Kingdom, and since no-one else seems to want the job, I can be King.."

"No Paul, I don't think I'll make it a kingdom."

"Well Queeny, if that doesn't suit, how about making it a Princedom, and I can be Prince?"

"No Paul, I don't think I'll make it a Princedom, or you a Prince, but I have something in mind. How's say we just call it a Country?"

"Thank you Queeny and if you're ever out this way, do drop in for a cuppa and bring the corgis, they can play in the crabbots!"

So there it is. Who said all this diplomacy has to be sticky business. You just have to talk straight and things get done. Percyland is now officially 'The Country of Percy' and I guess that makes me King \_\_\_\_ Although I can think of plenty of others that are better qualified.

I guess my first job will be to re-educate 50% of the population about a certain little word.

PS Thanks for the poetry (*sent poem from old TCP concerning relationships*). I know a bloke who's wife left him for his best friend. He says he misses him very much! He missed her too but he reckons his aim's on the improve...

**Chin, chin..**

**Paul**

---

*Dave Murrow of Friction forwarded this little missive along and I though some may enjoy.. I know Mike and Sandy in Cancun will agree..!*

## The financial crisis explained in simple terms..

Heidi is the proprietor of a bar in Berlin. In order to increase sales, she decides to allow her loyal customers, most of whom are unemployed alcoholics, to drink now but pay later. She keeps track of the drinks consumed on a ledger (thereby granting the customers loans). Word gets around and as a result increasing numbers of customers flood into Heidi's bar. Taking advantage of her customers' freedom from immediate payment constraints, Heidi increases her prices for wine and beer, the most-consumed beverages. Her sales volume increases massively. A young and dynamic customer service consultant at the local bank recognizes these customer debts as valuable future assets and increases Heidi's borrowing limit. He sees no reason for undue concern because he has the promissory notes of Heidi's customers as collateral. At the bank's corporate headquarters, expert bankers transform these customer assets into DRINKBONDS, ALKBONDS and PUKEBONDS. These securities are then sold and traded on markets worldwide. No one really understands what these abbreviations mean and how the securities are guaranteed. Nevertheless, as their prices continuously climb, the securities become top-selling items. One day, although the prices are still climbing, a risk manager of the bank, (subsequently fired due his negativity), decided that the time has come to start demanding payment from Heidi for the debts incurred by the drinkers at Heidi's bar. Unfortunately Heidi's customers cannot pay back any of their debts to Heidi. Heidi cannot fulfill her loan obligations to the bank and claims bankruptcy. DRINKBOND and ALKBOND drop in price by 95 %. PUKEBOND performs better, stabilizing in price after dropping by only 80%. The suppliers of Heidi's bar, having granted her generous payment terms and also having invested in the securities are faced with a new and desperate situation. Her wine supplier claims bankruptcy and her beer supplier is taken over by a competitor. The bank is saved by the Government following dramatic round-the-clock consultations by leaders from the governing political parties. They came up with a miraculous rescue plan to save the bank. The funds required for this massive rescue are obtained by levying a new tax on all the **non-drinkers**.

Finally, an explanation I understand.

**Hi Bob,**

Re the queries about the late Len Hedges:

Len has gone to the great cruising ground in the sky, in a section that is, I am sure reserved for the mildly, but loveable eccentrics.

Len spent his last years in the Tweed area, and passed on, to the best of my knowledge 3 years ago.

I grew up with Len in Cronulla, where his father was the popular Police Sargent.

He designed my first "yacht", a 21 ft. hard chined plywood Joggie, christened "*Tartan Trouble*" (but that's another story). Together with my good friend, Paul Smith, we built a near identical pair of these. From memory, the design fee was half a dozen bottles of red.

Len went on to a long, but not particularly prosperous career.

He would rather refuse commission that design a yacht that didn't fit in with his ideas.

In the latter half of his design career he tended towards Ferro-cement construction, however to demonstrate his flexibility, he designed for mutual friends, what he considered to be an ideal cruising yacht for their requirements. It was a fairly lightweight catamaran, with twin outboards for auxiliary power. To the surprise of many it was remarkably successful.

Vale Len.

**Yours,  
Graham Shields**

# MSQ

## Letters have been streaming into TCP as MSQ ramps up even more fees and regulation and Yachts are Fleeing QLD! Many feel the leadership must go!

**Dear Minister,**

After an involvement with yachts and yachting going back more than 50 years; Shirley and I have lived aboard our Yacht for the last 16 years. We moved our Home port from Sydney to Bundaberg 10 years ago and on attempting to register our boat in Queensland found that we had to register as a Motorboat because we had an auxiliary engine.

We missed this first indication that Queensland Transport and it's offshoot Marine Safety Queensland was out of touch with reality. In the years that have followed we have had cause to regret that we did not start to agitate for reform when we were younger.

Perhaps some vigorous campaigning back then would have prevented some of the ill conceived legislation and regulation that has battered the local and overseas Cruising fraternity. Much of this legislation has no base upon which to stand and appears to be just another piece of 'Revenue Raising' not necessarily for the Government but more insidiously for the benefit of private companies or to eliminate vessels from Queensland waters.

Most of this contentious legislation appears to have come to life under the direction of one John Watkinson; who styles himself "Captain". When I complete this note I will not bore you by stringing together the list of qualifications and letters that could follow my name. I find such pretentiousness abhorrent. However it speaks to the mindset of this individual who has demonstrated time and time again a level of incompetence that is unparalleled.

For us the first indication of the scale of this man's ineptitude came with TOMPA regulations better known as the POO laws. Based on data prepared for the caravan industry in the late 60's this man appeared not to notice that Salt and Fresh water were different. Causing major headaches for based sewerage systems. A fact well documented around the world at that time.

Our request for information and guidelines towards compliance was ignored and when we attended a meeting here in Bundaberg we were treated to a display by a bureaucrat turning the pages of a Flip Chart on an easel whilst his troop of 'Minders' stood behind him.

My request for specific information was met again and again by the phrase " You must learn to manage your waste". This legislation, a product of the Borbidge government, had not been enabled previously presumably due to the lack of suitable systems for boats. Watkinson went ahead anyway enabling legislation that made it illegal to urinate into a body of water if afloat but perfectly acceptable if standing on the bank. The stupidities in this legislation are legion.

More recently we were informed that regardless that our floating home is slow; we needed to obtain a 'Recreational Boat Drivers Licence'. This entailed us spending a chunk of our Age Pension and racing around the river in a high powered 16 foot Tinny. This bore no relationship with our Sail Powered 50' home.

And now we are back into the fantasy land this man Watkinson lives in. At a registered 50' our home is a handspan inside the 15metre rule for compulsory insurance to cover pollution in the event of being wrecked.

Our 50' is comprised of the Hull length; the Dinghy in Davits and a small Bowsprit. We are 15' wide, have berths for six people, have one engine, and can carry 500 litres of light diesel in two separate steel tanks. We are a pollution risk according to the Watkinsen?

Compare this to my current next door neighbour. That vessel has two hulls 46 feet long and 9 feet wide connected by a bridge deck that towers above us. there are berths for 8 adults. It has two engines and a fuel capacity of 400 litres. This apparently is not a pollution hazard.

We are a professionally built Ferro Cement yacht, which according to the insurance industry is un-insurable. They are a Glassfibre constructed Catamaran. Behind us is moored a 40 foot power boat, 16 feet wide. berths for 8 people. Twin diesel motors (each twice the size of our one) fuel capacity at 4000 litres. This vessel is a composite build of Timber and GlassFibre. This is not a pollution hazard.

It is clear to us and the majority of the cruising community that the leadership of the Marine sections of Queensland Transport; especially Marine Safety Queensland; is bereft of knowledge pertaining to the Cruising Community and the range of vessels that comprise this group. As a result actions are being taken without regard to the differential that exists between the three major groups. Mono Hull yachts; Mono Hull power boats and Catamarans.

This needs to be addressed immediately. A good first step would be to remove the current incompetent incumbent. Then appoint members of the genuine cruising community ( Not the weekend warriors) to an advisory board. Previous so called "Consultations" have not involved we at the receiving end until legislation was in place and the consultation box needed a tick.

I ask for your immediate action to relieve us of this man and his stupid pieces of legislation that impacts un-necessarily on our lives.

**Yours Sincerely  
Richard (Sam) Chambers**

# MSQ



These are just a few of the letters that TCP has recently received concerning the inexplicable activities of MSQ. The registration fees are just the latest, but this pot has been brewing since the ill fated poo laws first made Queensland the laughing stock and marine pariah of the South Pacific. All types of boats, but particularly those over 15 metres are leaving the state in droves. Foreign vessels are avoiding Australia as Queensland is otherwise the major incentive for sailing here. The Smart State? MSQ leadership must go! See the TCP web site for more. Letters, petitions and fact sheets. There is a lot at stake.

## Who is the Bozo in charge?

### Re Increased Recreational Ship Fees.

Dear Mr. Mickel,

I refer you to the attached correspondence, sent by registered mail today. While the letter is self explanatory, I would suggest you familiarise yourself with the previous correspondence and then advise me why this registration has not been processed?

This letter lends opportunity to advise you of the growing dissatisfaction of the above fees. It is fortunate that your government has decided on an early election, as the legitimate questions arising from this grubby money grabbing exercise is turning into a tsunami which can only hold your government in contempt.

There are many pensioners, self funded retirees, taxpayers and ratepayers who are struggling in the current economic climate. Their sole recreation is boating and the recent increases of up to 150% has raised their ire and in some cases brought them to tears. Your government has taken these fees from the near lowest in Australia to the highest in Australia over a very short period. Please explain!?

Please do not insult my intelligence by trying to justify boat ramps. My 12 metre boat does not use ramps. An increase in boat trailer registration would have been appropriate in this case. Do not try and justify the \$16.15 fishing management fee for DPI. I do not fish! In fact you provide none of the services in my marina. Until recently the channel was dredged by the club and now by the Council. In fact you provide nothing but incompetent Brisbane bureaucracy. I would have been prepared for an increase, aligned with CPI for safety, but then your government does very little for safety compare with local volunteer Coast Guard and Federal Marine agencies.

One can only hope that if or when your wasteful government is returned on Saturday, there will be sensible reflection on the enormity of carnage thrown on the boating public of Queensland. Your justification of these outrageous fee increases is expected as quickly as possible.

Yours faithfully,

Robert James Gray,  
Cairns.  
19<sup>th</sup> March 2009

### New Rego Fees

Dear Editor,

I have attached a small JPG showing the unfair registration increases and charges inflicted on recreational boat owners in Queensland. They vary from \$18.11 per metre to \$38.29 per metre, but not relative to length. The government web site states that the increases were necessary to give us more boat ramps, dredge channels and more nav aids. I cant use a boat ramp with my boat and I believe that there are actually less nav aids in my area as for dredging, where.

According to my local member, Steve Wettenhall, boats under 4.5 metres (65% of boats registered in QLD) are actually paying less registration than they were in 1997, while registrations have outstripped population growth. According to my calculations that means that 37% of us boat owners are paying the major cost of what ever boating infrastructure that the Bligh Government claims to be giving us.

When you add this to the ridiculous 15 metre insurance for

salvage and cleanup ruling no one will want to come boating in Queensland, let alone be able to afford to go recreational boating in Queensland. This will eventually impact on Boating Tourism, both Australian and International , White Boat Repair Industry and all boating related sales and service industries including Marinas, Slipways etc causing loss of jobs.

I have emailed my local member, the Department of Transport and the Minister for Transport and none have explained the great differences in the cost of registration on a per metre basis, they just fob me off

with the standard answer that the increase is for infrastructure. Perhaps your magazine could ask the question, they might answer the question if asked by the press.

It would appear to me that the Bligh leadership style, both now and in the past (Captain Bligh) has been the cause of mutinous behaviour by people on boats.

Queensland the Smart State, I dont think so.

Don Cortis

SV Loose Goose IV

Bob's note, the attachment mentioned in the letter above and more from Don and others will be posted to the web site.

### 15 metre rules..

Hi,

I followed up MSQ on this matter and they came back to me to advise that MSQ would not be reviewing the legislation they could or would not tell me who the public consultation was with, I will follow the minister as its obvious that the Boffin or bumpkins had no idea what they were doing when the legislation was introduced,

I have a 16 Meter yacht and was bringing it home from Asia this spring so that plan is on hold. Maybe I should cut a meter off it??? I wonder whether we should be talking to the Marine industry people as there will be the companies who will loose out big time with the yachts sailing away from Queensland. **I personally know of 4 yachts whose owners have moved them to Ballina or Coffs harbour,**

I am interested in pursuing the government on this issue further

Regards

David Montgomery

### Rego Fees again

Hi Bob,

Just sending a copy of an email I have sent to two of our local members and to the Hon Reg Mickel Min of Transport.

We recently returned from a trip to the Louisiades having let our QLD rego lapse. On re-registering yesterday I was appalled by the huge rise in cost. I'm sure that if enough boaties flooded our MP's with letters such as this maybe it would be mentioned in parliament and something done.

Best regards love TCP.

Paul Taylor

SY INSATIABLE.

Hon Reginald Mickel.

Minister for Transport.

On returning from an overseas voyage on our yacht and HOME, I was astounded at the increase in QLD vessel

registration. 2008 fees were \$174.50 for 12 mths, on re-registering yesterday I was shocked to find the cost had risen to \$393.85. I cannot see a rise of over 140% justified.

Our vessel also has Australian registration which was \$799.00, this is our home and to be slugged \$393.85 per year is an affront.

I know the usual bull given that is to upgrade boat ramps, we DO NOT use boat ramps. If there was a user pays system I think this would be a fairer option.

The leading light beacons into the Burnett river that we may use are only switched on by request I believe from Gladstone. Our VHF radio transmission will not reach Gladstone harbour control.

I think this is just another case of hitting the people (yachties) who are perceived to have a lot of money, we certainly do not. And feel penalized for wanting a different lifestyle.

I hope I am not fobbed off with some lame excuse as the one above. I have also sent a transcript of this letter to our local paper, News Mail and to The Coastal Passage a QLD yachting paper.

Yours faithfully Paul Taylor ( SY Insatiable ) Bundaberg.

### Pollution, Insurance and Bureaucrats

Problem Solved. from Bob Hayman

Yes folks I think I have found the answer to a lot of problems people have been having with the authorities in our local waters. This could make such a profound change to your lives that you may feel inclined to make a monetary contribution to the Bob Hayman Retirement Fund. Just send it to the editor of this fine publication and he will send it on to me. I think. I hope.

Now the powers that be are worried about a vessel getting shipwrecked and causing pollution problems. No worries. Just some simple steps.

1. I know on a yacht you shouldn't use car batteries so buy a marine battery that can be filled with the same acid that is used in a four wheel drive battery.
2. Don't use the engine oil recommended by the manufacturer. Put in the same oil that a 4WD would use.
3. Don't fill up with diesel at the marina. That is boat fuel. Go to the service station and buy you diesel there. Now I know rolling a 44 of fuel down the marina could be difficult but read on and you will see that it is worth it.

And that is it.

How do I know that this leads to little or no pollution and that the authorities think it is OK? Simple.

Some weeks back some dills nicked a 4WD and went joy riding at low tide on Armstrong Beach where I live. And as often happens on this beach, they got bogged. So they abandoned the vehicle which was completely covered with water when the tide came in. Said vehicle sat there for about four weeks with no one doing anything about it.

Then one day there is its photo on the front page of the Mackay Daily Mercury with an article saying that the council hadn't done anything about it as no one told them it was there. Perhaps. But anyway they now knew about it so they leapt into action. Five weeks later thing was removed. So as you can see if you follow my recommendations and use everything from a 4WD you will not cause any pollutions and you should have no worries from the authorities.

Or perhaps you could bung four large wheels on your yacht and tell them that it is an amphibious 4WD.

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# Customs Searches of Vessels

By Andrew Crawford

Recently there have been a number of reports surrounding the issue of small yacht owners being told by Customs staff that the owners were not permitted to video or audio tape the search or conversations or indeed any actions undertaken by the Customs staff.

Of course there is the ongoing chestnut of the 96 hour reporting period. Why does ACS require 96 hours notice of a possible arrival?

There are a number of very serious implications to this. Fundamentally what is it that ACS is trying to hide? Why are they concerned about an action that occurs in other law enforcement regimes on a regular basis? What risk is managed by the order preventing the taping?

If members of the State or Federal police come to my house and execute a warrant to search I am quite within my liberty to tape that search. We will leave aside the fact that when I am at home on land a warrant is usually necessary to search my house but that when I am at home on the water it isn't, that's a discussion that has been had before and will be had again.

We could note the Australian Customs Service's own self demonstrated view that taping things is a damn good idea, by this I refer to the television reality pulp known as Border Security and similar shows, where taping of Customs activities not only occurs, it is broadcast to hundreds of thousands of people.

So there are policy issues connected with the "ban" on taping searches but even prior to that there is the legal basis for the "ban" to be considered. The initial question therefore is "does an ACS staff member have the lawful power to tell you that you are not permitted to record the activities"

And the short answer is maybe. Well at least that is my opinion. As usual I need to clearly state that you should satisfy yourself as to legal issues and your own rights and responsibilities. I am not a person admitted to practice law so what I am about to examine may assist you in arriving at your own decisions, including seeking any legal advice you believe you may require.

Contact with the ACS resulted in my being advised that sections 234 AA, 234AB of the Customs Act 1901 are the powers upon which they rely to make this order to not record the actions of ACS staff. The sections are reproduced below for your enjoyment. **[TCP note: Andrews reference information is so comprehensive that there was no room in this edition for it all. Also, the author included web links that are not as useful in print so.. this entire article including the reference material will be posted to the web. This is top quality research and should be publicly available]** Also sections 234 A and 234 ABA are included which relate to, in part, the ability of ACS staff to direct you to leave the vessel, which may be the next step if you win the argument that their no-videoing direction is unlawful.

Section 234 AA (Places set aside for purposes of the Act) quite clearly, in my view, requires that a "sign" be erected at a "place" if any of the powers in regard to prohibition of entry is going to be enforced. Further, an additional sign may be erected to prohibit the use of cameras etc. So prior to any direction to a skipper to not record

anything at least two signs need to be erected, though I suspect that a single sign with both areas of the section may suffice. In other words, if a "place" (being an area or building or part of a building) has a sign lawfully posted, then a further sign may be erected prohibiting the use of video cameras etc in that "place". Then and only then can the ACS staff direct people that they not use cameras etc. It would appear that a part of a ship may be a place pursuant to Section 234AB. Though that is not entirely clear.

I note that subsection 3A of Section 234 AB also provides that no offence is committed by a person who fails to comply with the "no cameras" direction if a person has a reasonable excuse. I would think that an argument could be easily mounted that a person whose floating home is being searched has such an excuse. But in any event no lawfully erected signs means no power to make the "no cameras" direction.

Sections 234A and 234 ABA then discuss the issue of who is an authorised person to be in or on "places". The key in each of these sections is still the existence of the sign and even then a member of a crew disembarking or embarking has the right to be in the area (see 234A 1A (c) and (d)). So again - no sign, no power to issue the direction.

The effect of these sections (particularly 234 ABA) is to give the ACS staff member the ability to direct a person to leave the area, this would have the effect of preventing a recording of the search.

As a former law enforcement professional myself, the issue of removing people from a search is also curious to me, when I went to court I wanted to be able to say that I had asked the person if anything in this locker, for example, needed to be declared, if the person owned or had control of all the things in the locker etc. In short I would seek evidence to tie the illegal item to the person. That is just good investigatory practice.

Aside from the Commonwealth legislation there are general state laws regarding the taping of conversations that may or may not have application. In the broad sense however these usually have no impact provided that the taping is declared. In the case of Queensland even that may not be required.

One of the reasons provided by the ACS to me about the policy position on this was "officer safety", they suggested that they need to do this so that cantankerous people do not interfere with the actions of the ACS staff. On that point I can only reinforce the need to not hinder or obstruct the ACS officers, by all means courteously and respectfully put your view, but otherwise stand aside and let them go about their business. Merely taping a search would not in my opinion amount to any threat to officer safety.

Quite frankly it amazes me that ACS would want to prevent any person taping their searches etc. If an ACS officer had stopped me recording the search and any subsequent prosecution by the ACS came to a matter of credibility between the officer and me then I suspect a court would wonder why the officer didn't want the search etc taped.

On the one hand we have places that quite clearly have signs erected, and ACS allows television stations to make films, on the other we have boats that may not be "places" where a "Sign" is erected and yet ACS seeks to prevent the taping.

It makes little sense to me. But then again - I am but a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia.

I sought advice from the Australian Customs Service on this and related issues, this was an interesting process. I rang the telephone number on their website, the one I might use to advise of my pending arrival, after 20 minutes on hold and being shuffled around various people I felt I had experienced at least one part of frustration that incoming yachts have. The initial questions were posed in December last year.

1. Why 96 hours? It is an arbitrary number.

*A minimum of 96 hours is required in order for Customs to effectively manage potential border threats, the time allows us to undertake necessary checks.*

2. What risk are we managing with this amount of time?

*Customs uses this time to manage a number of risks including CITES, potential drug, tobacco etc imports, and potential attempts at evading excise.*

3. Why are we concerned about people filming our officers when undertaking vessel boardings and conducting searches?

*One of Customs priorities is to ensure the safety of officers. In the event that a crew member is believed to pose a threat to a Customs officer they will be asked to leave the vessel.*

4. Why is Australia the only country to have 96 hours as a reporting time frame?

*Australia is the first country to implement the 96 hour reporting time frame. It is expected that other countries will soon follow suit and that reporting requirements will become much stricter around the globe. It is unfortunate that a small minority of people choosing to do the wrong thing affect the pleasure and freedom of sailing for the whole community.*

I wrote back to ACS and indicated I would like to submit my article soon but that I felt their answers did not do the ACS justice. For example I still don't understand the answer to questions 1 and 2 in that I can get on a plane with 300 people in South East Asia after buying a ticket an hour or two before take off and land in Australia 10 hours later and ACS are able to manage this.

The answer to question 3 is particularly curious; the question was why a prohibition of taping searches is necessary, the answer didn't address the issue other than tangentially. To be clear if a person does behave in a threatening manner towards ACS officers then clearly they should seek to remove them from the area, however if the occupants of the vessel are quiet and compliant, why on earth would taping of the search constitute a threat to the officers.

The ACS answer to Question 4 is equally interesting. It would appear that there is some form of suggestion that all countries in the world are agreed that ACS time-frame of 96 hours is appropriate and indeed about to become the world standard. I could find no such reference on the World Customs Organisation website. What I did find on that website was reference to a range of Customs Agencies throughout the world and I have included below a sample of requirements:

It would appear that Australia is certainly out of step with at least the countries noted below, I didn't search every country I just looked at similar countries to Australia. Even post the 11 September issues connected with the USA they still do not treat arriving pleasure yachts as criminals.

## CANADA - Private boats

If you arrive in Canada aboard a private boat, you must proceed directly to the nearest designated telephone reporting marine site. Upon arrival in Canada, the master of the boat must report to the CBSA by calling 1-888-226-7277. The master of the boat will provide details of the voyage, the passengers and their declaration. No one except the master may leave the boat until authorized to do so by the CBSA. As proof of presentation, masters will be provided with a report number for their records. Masters must provide this number to a border services officer upon request. You do not have to report to the CBSA when you leave by private boat unless you are exporting goods that need to be documented. To get a list of the designated telephone reporting marine sites, call 1-888-226-7277 before you arrive in Canada.

## New Zealand - Advance Notice of Arrival

New Zealand legislation requires the master of every craft en route to New Zealand to provide the following information at least 48 hours prior to the expected arrival time in New Zealand:

## United Kingdom - Do I need to notify Customs of my arrival?

Whether you need to notify your arrival to customs depends upon where your last port of call was. If you are arriving directly from an EU Member State, you need only contact Customs if you have goods to declare. However, there may still be immigration requirements that need to be met and you should refer to paragraph 4.9 for details.

When arriving direct from a country outside the EU (the Channel Islands are regarded as outside the EU for this purpose), you must telephone the **National Yachtline on 0845 723 1110**.

## United States - Pleasure Boat Reporting Requirements

(04/28/2007) Pursuant to 19 CFR 4.2, operators of small pleasure vessels, arriving in the United States from a foreign port or place to include any vessel which has visited a hovering vessel or received merchandise outside the territorial sea, are required to report their arrival to CBP immediately (see 19 U.S.C. 1433).



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# Customs Searches, continues...

After some prodding ACS responded with a more expanded view:

**Why do crew and passengers have to report to Customs 96 hours in advance of porting? What is it that Customs does in that 96 hours that can't be done in 24, 48 or 72 hours?**

Australian Customs and Border Protection is responsible for clearing all goods, vessels, passengers and crew entering and departing Australia. A primary reason for Customs presence at the border is community protection preventing prohibited, harmful or illegal goods or persons from coming into Australia.

The role has become more important in recent years. Post 9/11, Australia's border security and counter terrorism activities increased and following the Australian Government's review of national maritime security, the government deemed that advance notice of the arrival of vessels and people to Australia was critical and that the time-frame should be extended from the then 48 hours to 96 hours.

In the case of smallcraft, Customs staff are responsible for completing a range of border control functions in relation to the vessel and its crew for Customs, Immigration and other government agencies as required.

While the vast majority of smallcraft are generally involved in legitimate travel into and out of Australia, there is also a history of smallcraft being utilised by various criminal entities to breach Australia's border controls. Taking into account this and other evidence, Customs has taken the view that all vessels, regardless of their size or the purpose of their travel to Australia, must be fully risk assessed prior to their arrival into Australia, and therefore must provide the prerequisite information needed to make this assessment.

Customs risk assesses every smallcraft and commercial vessel in advance of its arrival in Australia. The assessment takes into account government held intelligence in relation to a range of border security issues, including: illicit drugs, terrorism and people smuggling.

**Why is Australia the only country to have 96 hours as a reporting timeframe?**

After 9/11, the Australian Government along with governments across the globe reviewed their security and border protection activities. The government deemed that advance

notice of the arrival of vessels and people to Australia was imperative.

In the airport area, Customs obtains advance passenger information on all travellers prior to their arrival in Australia. This allows authorities to screen and risk assess all travellers prior to their arrival in order to ensure that they do not pose a threat to Australia's security. Similarly, the government recognised that passengers, crew and vessels of all sizes should be assessed prior to their arrival in Australia.

After careful consultation with border agencies, the government determined that passengers and crew should report to Customs no later than 96 hours in advance of a vessel's arrival at the first Australian port. This rule applies to vessels of all sizes ranging from large cruise ships to small pleasure craft. The timeframe of 96 hours was considered appropriate in order to provide sufficient time for Australia's various law enforcement agencies to conduct a thorough risk assessment and to organise an appropriate response.

**What risk are we managing within this amount of time?**

Customs uses this time to manage a number of risks including preventing the following imports: drug, tobacco, and some medicinal products, flora or fauna and protected wildlife, firearms, weapons or ammunition, and potential attempts at evading tariffs.

Customs works in conjunction with a number of different agencies to secure Australia against border threats, therefore sufficient time is needed for the Australian Government to develop an appropriate response, involve all agencies and delegate roles and responsibilities in the likelihood of a threat impacting our borders.

**Are other countries going to follow the 96 hour time frame?**

Australian Customs and Border Protection (Customs) manages the security and integrity of Australia's borders. It works closely with other government and international agencies, in particular the Australian Federal Police, the Australian Quarantine and Inspection Service, the Department of Immigration and Citizenship and the Department of Defence, to detect and deter unlawful movement of goods and people across the border.

Customs works in a whole-of-government approach to protect

Australia's borders and ensure Australian's enjoy a safe and secure lifestyle. Put simply, there is no universal way of protecting a country's border - each country manages their border security in the best way possible to minimise risk and thwart threats to society.

Customs cannot comment on another country's border security regulations.

**Why are we concerned about people filming our officers when undertaking vessel boardings and conducting searches?**

Under the Customs Act 1901, Customs officers can ask passengers to refrain from using recording devices such as cameras, sound recorders, mobiles, or other electronic form of communication where Customs officers will be using a 'place' for questioning, searching or examining or holding a passenger.

Please refer to section 234AA of the Customs Act 1901 for further information and note that Customs powers are standard across all points of entry, including arrival by air.

**Conclusion**

After lengthy examination of the Act and discussion with ACS I still do not have an answer to the why ACS would want to prohibit the taping of a search by a compliant person who presented no threat. I still don't understand why Australia needs 96 hours to do what it needs to do for boats with 3 people on board and yet can do a plane full of passengers in 24 hours. I still don't understand why Australia needs 96 hours to do what it needs to do, when other similar countries can do it in much less time.

I have spent the majority of my working life in law enforcement, particularly in Intelligence and Investigations. I applaud and support the work done by ACS my concern is not with that, it is with the manner of that work.

I doubt that we will see much change to the policy or legislation, what we may see is an economic impact as less and less yachts choose to come to Australia to and spend their money.

Fundamentally though I would hope one day to understand the simple question: Why, provided I am compliant, would it concern ACS to have me tape a search of my own boat.

TCP asked Legal Expert Chris Ayres to have a look at Andrew Crawford's article and make comment if he should choose.

**Bob,**

This is a great, well balanced and well-thought out article. (TCP agrees emphatically!) I question the right of ACS to exclude and owner from the vessel on the grounds:

it may be unlawful, under the relevant legislation.

Evidence submitted by ACS officers would be open to scrutiny under cross examination as being unlawfully gathered and may not be admissible in court;

it is in a clear and blatant contravention to national and international human rights law. Even soldiers in the front line are bound by these laws!

it is a contravention of international maritime conventions;

would lay ACS officers open to prosecution for theft, wilful damage, trespass to property and possibly assault.

A reasonable defence by a person would be to ensure the search was carried out in good faith as well as in the protection of property i.e. his/her home and to ensure Natural Justice is upheld.

All are questions a court of law would have to consider and may warrant referral to the International Court of Criminal Justice as well as various UN tribunals on Human Rights. Don't think ACS can ride roughshod over this. If the AFP cannot exclude taping and photography as an evidence gathering device (all the person owning the yacht need do is provide copies of tapes and photographs to ACS) and requires a warrant as your writer properly says, it is more to protect the police and authorised officers from interfering with evidence.

The issue of Natural Justice – clearly breached and not even considered by ACS – in a common law right that must be specifically excluded by legislation if the ACS wish to rely on it.

Finally, the first thing I ever did and the first thing any defence lawyer does is question the validity of the search warrant. That is why, when I signed search warrants for State and Federal Police as well as for ATO officers 264 notices, I asked the officer what was the purpose of the warrant. If they do not tell in general terms what is the purpose of the warrant, it is not properly executed. If the warrant is not properly executed i.e. if the person signing it is not an officer of the Court with power to witness a warrant and if the officer executing the warrant does not explain when asked the purpose of the warrant, then any evidence gathered in reliance on the warrant cannot be admitted in court. That is what is meant when a crim walks on a 'legal technicality'. It is the one thing the police are really conscious of, too.

Of course, if ACS board a vessel near where I am please call (see below) and I'll come down. They cannot exclude me without themselves committing an offence. I don't have to act for the person – in fact I cannot – I am no longer practising so cannot take a fee and there cannot hold a retainer, but **I am admitted solicitor and currently on the Roll in the High Court, and the Supreme Courts of Qld and NSW and as a 'lawyer' under the Act I have a right at law to be present a all times when ACS do their search and to photograph, take notes and record everything that happens.**

Chris Ayres

B.A. (Hons), M.A., M.Ed (Hons), LLB., Grad Dip Legal Practise, Master of Law (Taxation)

Solicitor of the High Court of Australia, the Supreme Courts of New South Wales and Queensland.

And bloody nice person too.

And yes, Bob, you can print this too. (ta!)

email for Chris; law@thecoastalpassage.com

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# Feel that Freakin Breeze!

By Norm Walker, SY Peggy-Anne

Whose idea was it to cruise the Whitsundays in bloody summer???? As usual when cruising, it wasn't really planned, it just sort of happened that way. Good thing is that we're catching up with a lot of friends and rellies as this area has to be one of the most accessible, by air, of any on the coast. So soon our little floating home is going to be a bit more populated.

But by crikey it's bloody hot.

So I'm sitting starkers in the saloon (it's way too bloody hot for apparel), on one extremely warm arvo. The first mate has asked me to roll over as she wants to thaw out dinner on my butt-cheeks and as I am inverting I come up with what may be a great idea.

Our home afloat was originally built to survey standards in Victoria where she made us a few bob as a tourist boat. Those standards did not allow for any opening windows and very few ventilation points, which is fine for good old Vic., where the degrees don't get too high for too often. Peggy-Anne is not in survey now and I reckoned a bit more wind could be directed through our living space.

There is a bit of space above our front windows and the beauty of this spot is that it is under the cabin "eyebrow", so if a couple of opening portlights were installed, it could be pissing down and they could be left open without sinking the boat.

While I defrost dinner, I run the idea past the first mate, who thinks it has merit and who is also the beneficiary of a small gift from Mr. Rudd, who has asked that it be spent, to help the economy. Agreement is made that a bit of "Ruddy's Money" could be made available for the project.

Wooo Hooo!!! It's all systems go.

Out with the boat gear catalogue.

Check sizes, makes, internal trim??? Mozzie screens etc. and price.

Then I talked to a mate who had just installed quite a few portlights on his fine vessel. He told me the only way to go was with Moonlight. I'm thinkin I suppose it would be a lot cooler doing the job at night, when he says "Moonlight Hatches you silly bugger".

I'm glad I listened to me mate, cause they're the portlights we eventually got and they are bloody rippers.

They are well priced and come complete with interior trim and midge screens and the best part is that fitting them is a piece of cake. You basically make a template, cut the hole, drop the portlight in. Put screws in from the inside of the boat (you don't even have to get sikaflex all over you as they come with their own built in seal) and then clip in the internal trim. I tell ya, a kinda kid could do the job without a stuff up.

The whole operation took a morning. The only power tool we used was a jigsaw. The hardest bit being, cutting the hole in the rather confined area available.

What a difference that morning's work has made to the player comfort level in our cabin. Without having taken any before and after measurements, there's no data, but I reckon the cabin temperature is at least 5° cooler, maybe more. If there is a breeze the saloon is now a comfortable place to hide, from the scorching sun on a hot day. We made our saloon a lot more liveable by utilizing the breeze, so we then decided to adapt that idea to our sleeping quarters.

### Dawns delightful wind scoops!

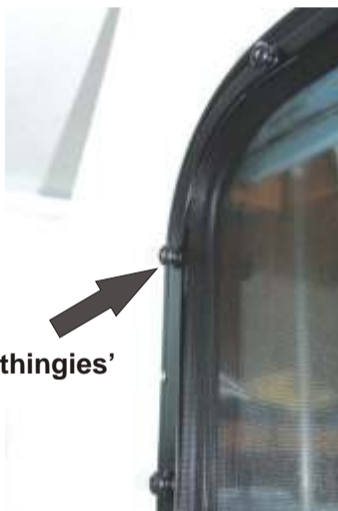
Anytime after 19:00 hours, we are usually found in our aft cabin, usually sleeping unless I've been really good or just really lucky. Anyhow the cabin has sliding windows at the side that do open quite wide, but as the boat usually faces the breeze when anchored, not much is pushed into the cabin.

The fix for this one was a lot cheaper.

I screwed some strategically placed plastic mushroom shaped "thingies" around the aft cabin windows. Dawn dragged out the old Singer and fashioned a couple of fabric air scoops that we attach to the windows and then tie out to the hand rail at night before retiring. The scoops direct a cool stream of air into our sleeping quarters in up to about 30kts of wind, when you don't really need them anyway. The scoops are easily removed when the cabin is not in use and stow in the space the size of a shoe box.

### Bloody fantastic!!!!!!!!!!

So just when you think life couldn't get any better..... it did! Thank you, Mr Rudd. Great to be doin our bit for the economy and the Dawn and the dog reckon it's a lot more visually appealing, with me not lounging around in the nick!!!!!!!!!!



the Mushroom 'thingies'



'Sew' Good!



1



2



3



Ahhh!

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# Notes from the Deep South

## My God... What Will Happen Next?

*In which your southern correspondent wonders how come... 'change is nature's delight'*

Francis Chichester was asked once why he took up sailing at an advanced age. His answer was something to the effect that sailing 'leverages' the experiences of life. The exact meaning of this has never been entirely clear. Perhaps he was referring to the frisson of uncertainty that attends the joys of sailing a boat in God's elements of wind, sea and wave; for 'change' as Marcus Aurelius said, is nature's delight. Events unforeseen; stuff *we don't know*, *we don't know*... how many times has an afternoon on the water turned into something else entirely, provoking the response..."My God what will happen next?"

We've had our share. On our cruise in "Veleva" our 70 year old wooden sailboat, from Mackay to Tasmania, we are stopped briefly in Broken Bay just north of Sydney, the plan being that this is our last day in Pittwater before resuming the trip south. Lily is ashore organizing supplies. At her signal, your cheerful correspondent dinghy's ashore. It's a bright blue afternoon, the tide at half mast and the row to the sandbank adjacent to the Pasadena, a short one. Jumping out into shin deep water the sand rippling in the afternoon sunlight he fails to spot unknown, unseen and unforeseen in the rippling reflection of sunlight on water, the shape of a largish stingray buried in the sand. The naked leg so rudely intruding upon stingray's domain, is promptly impaled to the bone, by the ray's articulated barb.

Having been barbed by a much smaller fish some years previously, your doubled-over correspondent knows full well... *the form*. The ray injects a necrotic poison that induces magisterial pain for 4 hours or so and takes many months thereafter to properly heal. A barb in the chest cavity can be fatal. In Greek mythology, Odysseus the great king of Ithaca was killed when his son, Telegonus struck him using a spear tipped with the spine of a stingray. In your agonized correspondent's fevered imagination, the pain is akin to that suffered by Jack Tars of the Napoleonic era on the orlop deck of a Man of War, as the ships surgeon removes limbs shattered by grape and ball.

In the face of this unforeseen event and the issue of: *where to now*...what ensues is one of those philosophical arguments that seem to attend a meeting of diverse minds during a crisis on the water. Now; don't get me wrong, your in-touch correspondent values diversity in opinion as a *strength* in a relationship. On the one hand, Lily in her wisdom, given her scientific mind and innate respect for the medical profession, demands that we immediately make tracks for the hospital. "The boat will be OK for a few hours at anchor", she says. On the other hand, your obdurate correspondent avows au contraire, that, the 20'ish medical interns that we would surely encounter in that place, wouldn't have a clue and would likely balk at administering morphine in any event.

Your correspondent's self diagnosed solution (definitely *not* recommended... but it's his leg after all); is to combine an overdose of panadol maximus with enough sleeping pills to drop a horse.

"You crazy ..crazy bastard...didn't you read the label!!" "Do you realize what damage you're probably doing to your kidneys?"

"Right now it's my leg that's at issue. I'd have it off if I could....but look I'm happy to discuss kidney removal?"

If there were any justice the World, the story would end here, with tomorrow being a bright sunny day. The message of unforeseen events however, is while there might be peace for some in the World to come, there's none to be had in this. For no sooner had your pain wracked correspondent passed into chemically induced oblivion, than the bay in which we are anchored for the night, is swept by a southerly front of uncommon ferocity.



By Stewart Mears, SY Veleva

In twelve years of cruising about on the Australian coast only twice has Veleva's Bruce anchor dragged and both times in weed. And, as unforeseen events (what we don't know ...we don't know) would have it, this is one of those weedy, dragging times.

The night being black and moonless your correspondent struggling to comprehend the situation, staggers legless onto a heaving deck to be greeted by screaming wind and the sight of black shapes moving *forwards*. "Ahhhh...we're dragging fer Christ sake!!" he shouts as the dark specters of moored boats jerking at their mooring lines, pass by port and starboard. In the ensuing chaos, aided and abetted by mental confusion, the dingy is lost (to be found again next morning several miles downwind) yet, with the grace of God, collisions with other boats are avoided. Somehow staggering around in darkness on the bucking foredeck, we retrieve the weed clogged Bruce and manage to re-anchor downwind in a more sheltered location. The details of this sequence of events are far from clear. Much of it is accomplished by the ever cool Lily, while your correspondent reverts gently back into coma.

"My God!" Lily says as she slips into the bunk, next to her corpse-like partner..."What will happen next?"



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# Let's Share Cruising Tips

## Laundry, quite a quandary it can be...

Dear Roberto & Doug,

In response to letters, TCP 36:

Nudity, Bob, is definitely not a good look for the 60+ crowd. (*Speak for yourself!*)

Washing in salt water is a no-no, from what I have read: Everything from using 2 to 3 times amount of water for rinsing out salt properly to skin rash if you don't. In addition, the obvious possibilities of losing your lovesies as you are towing them behind, Doug.

I just checked again online a site I like: [http://www.geocities.com/bill\\_dietrich/LivingOnBoat](http://www.geocities.com/bill_dietrich/LivingOnBoat). It says "Don Casey says never use salt water to wash clothes: you'll use more fresh water rinsing than if you just used fresh for wash and rinse. Theresa Fort in July/August 2000 issue of *Good Old Boat* magazine agrees with Don Casey. So does "The Voyager's Handbook" by Beth Leonard."

While spending the summer in the lovely bays & beaches of Sydney, we were often anchored near Lisa, Tony & their girls on their catamaran *Tonic*. They have the VERY best laundry story: Took their dirties to the local laundry drop off point & picked them up the next day, nicely & neatly folded but still a bit summer stinky, thought Lisa. Thus, unfolded & inspected yep, the dirt & stains were still evident. Returned to whence they were 'laundered'....oh, "we send them out & this NEVER happened before". Yea, right. *Tonic* finds a large bucket & plunger works for them to do the never-ending deed.

Both of us found zero, zilch, nada coin-operated do-it-yourself laundries in all of Sydney. We cruised every burb, checked every phone book & asked all that would listen. One must have it done at very expensive laundries - \$10-\$12 a load; we even saw \$15 for washing & drying a load of towels.

To add insult to injury, when using these laundries, it seemed often one or 2 pieces was missing upon return. Try to prove that! Come to think of it, very few NSW marinas had the nice facilities we are accustomed to expecting at Queensland marinas.

Finally, tired of the hauling, expense & dwindling wardrobe, I checked on the internet (what else?). Checking yachty blogs about laundry & the consensus seemed to be that some hated, but some loved a pressure-wash machine, that in Australia is named "Magic Wash", purchased for about \$77 from Whitworth's. On one of our many trips there, we decided to give it a go. I'm in the "I like it" column. It works great if you use one of the newer concentrated liquid laundry detergents. You don't need much soap. The pressure builds as you turn it, making it easy to turn. Leave it to soak, walk by & turn it again, soak...for a couple of hours. One rinse will do nicely. We hang things to dry on our stanchions.

We invested in quick dry, sun protective boat shirts with our logos & quick dry nylon shorts with party lining. We often rinse these in the shower with us when lightly soiled. They've been worth every penny. Cool to wear, "cool" to wash.

PJ Halter, SY *Cheetah*



Steve shows off his new beaut "Magic Wash"

## Provisioning for cruising or Olde Spanish Proverb: "The belly rules the mind"

PJ Halter, SY *Cheetah*

This article is an attempt to judge the interest in sharing an important part of cruising...buying, storing, cooking & eating FOOD! This is to see if we would like to start an open forum, thanks to Bob & Kay, via Coastal Passage.

I have met many cruisers with many diverse ideas:

- "The only thing I make is reservations"
- "I bake many different kinds of breads to alleviate taste-bud boredom"
- "Beer, nuts, Thai noodles & I'm good to go"
- "My biggest challenge is storing enough fresh fruit & produce"

You get the idea; everyone has different ones.

I've read many a book on provisioning & learned little that is applicable to our Australia coastal cruising ---meaning usually hot & sometimes very humid. Even with all the mod con's using power as fast as we can put it in, keeping fresh foods is my biggest challenge. You may solutions I haven't come across. I think it's best to learn from others cruising in our same waters, with same provisioning opportunities & climate.

For example, I've read & keep on board the well-known "The Care & Feeding of Sailing Crew" by Lin & Larry Pardey. However, they like long ocean crossings, mostly cold weather, eat tinned foods & have bilges for storage. None of the aforementioned we care for. Her beaut list of "Days in baskets" & "Days in Long-Life Bags" for fruit & veg don't apply at all to us. I mean, keep a watermelon for 40 days you gotta be kidding!

You can contact me at: [pj@thecoastalpassage.com](mailto:pj@thecoastalpassage.com)

Just say "nope, not interested", "yep, sounds good" or "I'm starting my letter of input today".

The FORUM won't last long without input -you'll get all my ideas in one go!



PJ

## BIG PRIZES AT MORETON BAY TRAILER BOAT CLUB

This August Moreton Bay Trailer Boat Club is offering you the chance to win a berth worth \$132,000, a Suzuki car, a CruiseCraft boat and heaps of cash and other prizes.

All this is in honour of the inaugural **Moreton Bay Classic Fishing Tournament** which will be held from Friday August 7, to Wednesday August 12. Anyone can enter the Classic which is the first of its type to be held in Brisbane.

The tournament has three main streams of prizes; Major prizes (a new car and a new boat) based on a random draw; Supporting prizes (ice coolers, fishing rods etc) based on nightly random draws; and Fishing prizes (cash prizes. based on eligible species in the event. Subject to final agreement it is hoped the prize pool will be worth more than \$200,000.

The Classic offers three main forms of fishing: Offshore waters located a considerable distance from shore and typified as fishing the reefs and offshore areas located on the eastern side of Moreton Island and North Stradbroke Island; Inshore areas relatively close to shore which can be fished from small vessels; Foreshore land based fishing from the shore, jetties, rock walls, and shallows etc.

The Moreton Bay Classic has been designed for all family members with fishing only part of the occasion. Other events include entertainment; prize draws; special events and activities; product and information displays; presentations and expert information on matters including marine practices and safety, management of environmental resources and bio-mass; demonstrations, games and dining experiences.

As part of the Classic the Club is also selling raffle tickets which are available to buy now and selling fast due to the amazing prizes on offer.

**1st PRIZE:** 12m marina berth valued at \$132,000 plus the first 12 months operating levy valued at \$2,000 plus the first 12 months full membership at the Club valued at \$515.

**Total 1st Prize Value is \$134,515!**

**2nd PRIZE: \$5,000**  
Moreton Bay Trailer Boat Club Voucher

**3rd PRIZE: \$2,500**  
Moreton Bay Trailer Boat Club Voucher

**4th PRIZE: \$1,000**  
Moreton Bay Trailer Boat Club Voucher

As Commodore John Cardillosays:

*"The raffle is aimed to give everyone a chance to be the owner of one of our brand new marina berths. We're only selling 5,000 tickets so there really is a very good chance for people to win compared to many service club raffles where over a million tickets are sold."*

Tickets are \$50 each and are available to buy now at the Club. Entries close on August 12<sup>th</sup> or until sold out, the prize draw will be held on presentation night, 12th August.

The berth on offer is part of the new Marina. Moreton Bay Trailer Boat Club Marina has built 135 state of the art new berths which are now completed and MBTBC is giving a \$500 book of raffle tickets to anyone who buys a new marina berth in May and June.

To find out more about the Classic and the raffle call (07) 3396 8161 Monday to Friday 9am - 4pm or email [office@mbtbc.com](mailto:office@mbtbc.com)

To discuss berth sales call Peter Hansen on 1300 889 509 or email [marinasales@mbtbc.com](mailto:marinasales@mbtbc.com)

# BUY A BERTH & WIN ONE WORTH \$132,000!!! (Maybe...)



© Julien Star Photography 2008

Buy a new berth at Moreton Bay Trailer Boat Club in May or June and receive a book of raffle tickets\* worth \$500 to go into the draw to win a \$132,000, 12m marina berth, Club membership and dining vouchers.

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Moreton Bay Trailer Boat Club's new state of the art marina is nearly completed. This is the last opportunity for the Club to expand marina berth numbers in the Manly Boat Harbour - the gateway to the best boating destination in Southeast Queensland. Moreton Island, Peel Island, Horseshoe Bay, Stradbroke...Moreton Bay has it all and it's all at your fingertips.

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\*Subject to availability

# Ian's Got Another Little Project...



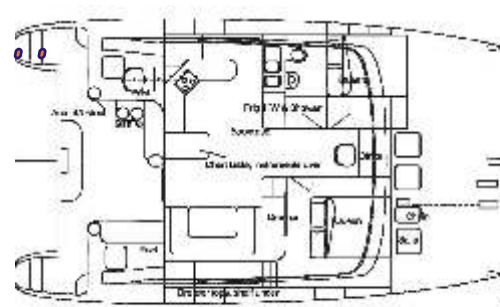
It's always a busy day at the Mary River Slipway. This pic shows the building philosophy as well as the builder. The high labour parts are left open to ease the work, then major panels installed later.



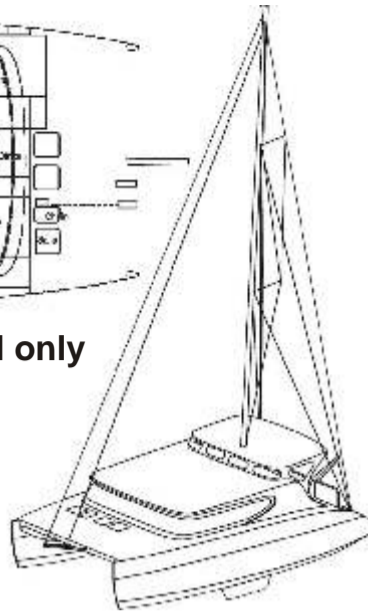
Ian chose Kauri for fitout timber but regrets it as the wood wasn't stable. It would lose its shape overnight after installation and require more work to straighten out.



The cockpit and aft sections of the hull are yet to be installed in this pic. Behind the panel you can make out some of the bulkhead structure in the Starboard hull. Most all of the work is done from the shed floor.



40 foot motor sailer, head sail only



**Why would Ian take on a new project?**  
**"Because when you get to my age and you stop building stuff, things start falling off you." We didn't ask...**

By Bob Norson

### Guilt by association...

The first I heard of polypropylene honeycomb was in association with the infamous Multihaven of a few years ago. That ill fated monstrosity was much hyped but when it came to facts and actual product it was absolutely laughable.

In my 50 years of being around boats it was the worst thing I ever saw afloat and the competition for that dishonour is considerable.

As far as a boat building material, Polycore being made in China, and being similar to the product used in, arguably the worst boat ever built... meant the kiss of death for my credibility at the time. Prejudice works that way. Especially if you don't know the language of engineering, the only thing you have in hand is reputation and association. But if someone like Ian Campbell is building with it, maybe Polycore deserves a second look.

So I talked to Ian. Now Ian's last boat was a mighty cat. She was his own design and build technique and I had a few chances to see her in action. Vega 1 was luxury, convenience and tough as... She was a ply/grp composite built in modules to achieve best efficiency in labour.

I couldn't see anything wrong with that boat and though the craft had been tested it was far from worn out. Why would Ian take on a new project? "Because when you get to my age and you stop building stuff, things start falling off you." We didn't ask exactly what the bits that may fall off were..

But the point is I believe Ian is one of those real engineers, restless without a problem to solve. So when he said he was building his project from this Polycore stuff it got my attention.

My boat building project has been stalled. Partly because I ran into quality troubles with the materials but mostly because of our battle with local council and the aviation community which have acted despicably toward residents in Hervey Bay and we have taken on the

battle full time (see the web site, Bare Bones pages for more) ... but I digress. I certainly will not complete my boat (due to recommence soon) in the balsa core stuff that has fallen so short of expectations. I have several main bulkheads, decks and cabin top yet to go and I have been keeping my eyes out for alternative products, especially those that do not require epoxy as the stuff is seriously poisonous and I have a particular sensitivity to it.

What is it? Polypropylene honeycomb... think of a huge bundle of polypropylene tubes bundled and welded together. Now cut off a slice from the end so you have a sheet about 15mm thick with the ends of the tubes facing out. Lay on a light skin to keep resins from flowing in and filling the tubes and that's how it normally comes to you. (I understand the supplier can furnish pre-glassed panels on order, even full length) Then you cut to shape and apply fibreglass in conventional style. Since most of the panel is air, it's lightweight and apparently it's quite stiff though the balsa is stiffer yet. Ian says a 15mm Polycore panel should be used to equal or slightly exceed the stiffness or sheer strength of a 12 mm balsa panel. According to Ian's estimates, the cost saving is significant!

Since Ian did his own design work, he sent his cad drawings to a local CNC mill operator. These computerised mills can cut, with precision, any number of panels from a nested pattern so that full length sections can be assembled from the various pieces cut out of 4 X 8 foot (1200X2400) sheets. This can be done with balsa, ply or whatever.

Ian didn't want his panels cut out but it would save an immense amount of time and increase accuracy to have them marked for shape. So he designed a gadget for the mill that just held a marker in place instead of the cutting tool. For a few hundred dollars all the panels were clearly marked so they could be cut later with a knife. Brilliant! Lofting all those panels could take weeks and human accuracy could not equal the machine.

See next page for more information on CNC Routers... and the continuation of this article...

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# What is a CNC Router and How does it Work?

## Computer Numerical Controlled Router...

That's Gary Pacy of OutBack Marine showing off their router and showing what it can do. They do instrument panels and other goodies for the production boat trade and custom craft.

The panels are so clean in manufacture they appear to be a fine injection moulding rather than cut from solid stock. The table part that looks like an Air Hocky table (remember those) allows objects up to 4X8 foot (1200X2400mm) to lie flat. The deck above it slides the length of the table and the cutting head traverses the width, enabling any point on the table to be operated on.

Various rotating cutting bits can be mounted depending on material and cutting size or shape. The computer program is done conventionally on a remote machine or supplied by the client. The program I saw Gary using was very similar to what this paper is produced on.

The pattern is then sent via cable to the machine and it sends the deck around the machine with very close tolerance. Thus an image on a computer screen can be manifested in hard material in seconds. The big tube above the machine is dust extraction.

These little gems go for from say.. \$15,000 second hand for a basic machine to over \$100K for one like Gary's shown here.



At the shed rented from Maryborough Slipway, the pieces are made into subsections. There is a table top made to length covered in common black builders plastic. The kind you lay under concrete work. Great stuff. Cheap as chips and even epoxy won't stick to it. There Ian assembles the pieces for full length panels. He prefers to cut a sloppy line just outside the marks. Ian claims this is an advantage as the raw edge of the glass can be a dangerously sharp surface after setting and hanging over the panel sheet but with a little extra sheet the glass doesn't have to extend past the edge. The marked line is still quite visible through the glass later so trimming to exact size isn't a problem as long as the trimming is done with the resin still green and soft.

They lay out the pieces and hold down the butt joints with bits of light timber screwed into that excess panel edge and the table top. This stabilises the layout and prevents warpage as Ian notes the vinyl ester resin he uses seems to expand slightly in curing. Ian says the panels are sometimes not square so the butt joints can be a little uneven. A Bosch hot glue gun is what Ian uses to fasten the joints. He prefers that tool because of its unique tip shape which allows you to press past the skin to insert the glue in the right spot. As the empty sections of panel can absorb a lot of glue, you don't need to try to fill it up. A calloused finger tip to clean off the excess (oohh hot hot!!) and a little bogg to fill leaves the joints ready to go.

Next comes the fibreglass. 750 gram tri ax was recommended but Ian feels a 750 DB may be a little better. Whatever, the material is cut to shape and size and rolled up. Starting at one end, the resin is applied to the panel with a paint roller. Then the cloth is laid down and resin applied to it followed by peel ply. This is all done in sections as the resin has a pot life of only about 20 minutes.

Proceed as above until completed with that side. Ian says that for panels that require a

little twist in them to mount, he takes the panel that has been glassed on the one side (inside) and mounts on the project before application of the glass on the outward side. Or.. check it briefly, then back on the table, glass the outside and trim and mount as soon as possible as the green fibreglass will have malleability that it won't have later. For the chamfer, bilge, shear panels etc.. Ian saved the outside layer of glass for last and doing the whole section at a time. Preferring to work underneath but saving a lot of taping and more difficult fitting.

This is all very similar to the process that I was advised to use with foam when I was talking to notable builder/designer, Bob Burgess a few years ago before I was persuaded to go with the balsa core stuff. With some variation this general process would work for any flat panel material. Foam, ply, balsa or Polycore or... the innovation is the use of the CNC mill as a marker.

Taping the panels together inside is conventional. Ian's fitout is complex and he uses it for structural stiffness so there is a lot of small sections to do but, his modular construction method helps as the work is sooo accessible. Whenever possible a section of the boat is built on the floor or table and then joined to the rest of the boat as required. Each section is built so that no more than 4 people are needed to manhandle it into place. This modular technique served him well in the construction of Vega and you won't find him abandoning what works! In these photos note that the cockpit assembly is yet to be mounted.

Ian has some legendary helpers working with him so the project is scheduled to go very fast. I won't jinx it by saying how fast but.. we should have time to keep an eye on this for the next couple editions to see how they go.

I know I'm learning valuable information.. maybe you are too....



Above you can see a section ready for taping. The glass fibre tapes are cut and ready and bogg applied to smooth the joints. At right and below, two full length panels are ready for glass. The cloth is precut and in rolls and the peel ply (the lite nylon cloth in foreground) is ready to cover the glass after the resin is applied by paint roller (below) in sections as the resin goes off faster that a panel this size can be done. Ian is using vinyl ester resin for most work.



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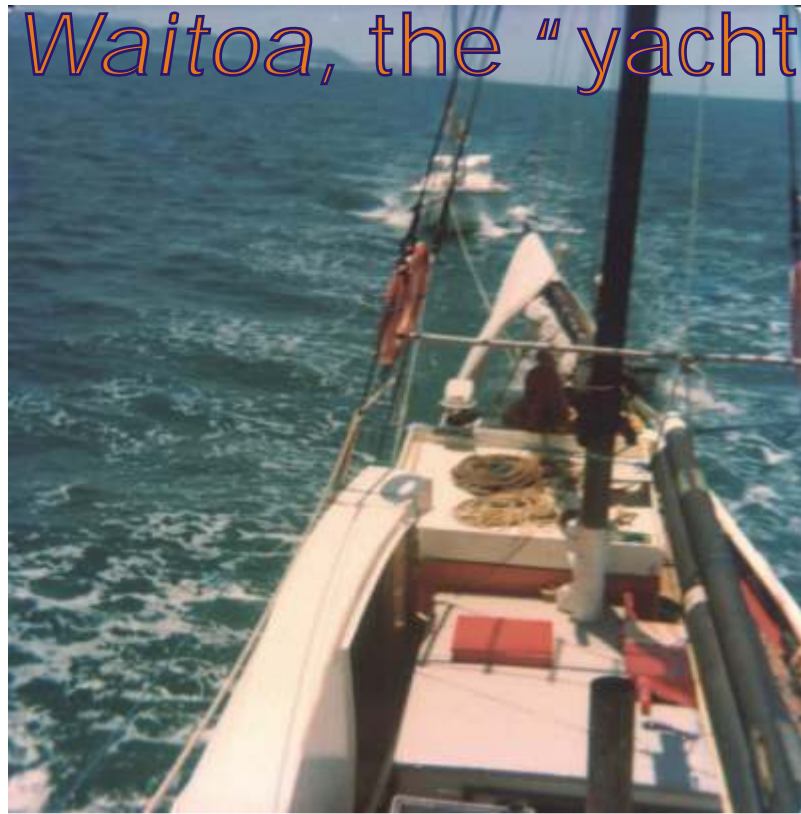
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# Waitoa, the "yacht towing" lugger



Bob's note; Ty and Kerry McKee are dear friends of Kay and I. Both are of a generation that just went out and did things and worked it out along the way. If no one is around to tell you, you can't tow an unmaned yacht a 1000 miles or so, what's to keep you from doing it? The problem is Ty doesn't write very often so this little story of one of his adventures is a real treat. But maybe that is as it must be anymore because most everything Ty would write about is currently illegal, immoral and \$1,000,000 'on the spot fine' in Queensland! (Gotta pay for those boat ramps)

Sahara is currently lying in the Clarence river and if you hear a bunch of high spirited laughter coming from a tidy Hartley 39, that'll be Ty and company testing some home brew rum and talking about how it was when it was still good mate! Blood Oath!

Apart from the fact that my yacht was broken into while we were away, we wanted to get back to the Gold Coast, so my partner and I decided we would tow the yacht behind the lugger.

When we set off I had no idea how the yacht would tow behind the lugger with nobody on it to steer and a locked tiller. It towed really well and our first anchorage was Dunk Island. I found at most anchorages that we had to anchor both boats and in the morning tie them together again with the tow line.

We decided to do a few overnights to chew up the miles, however, the yachts battery went flat during the night and we couldn't see the yacht until the morning light. Very scary stuff!

When you are steaming in a lugger at 8 knots with 30 knots of wind on the bow, she rides well, but about 35° off the bow the water rolls over the bulwarks and comes back up the decks to greet you at 8 knots. On the tiller you really hang on! Our friends always referred to the lugger as a "crash hat and goggles model"!

*continued page 24.....*



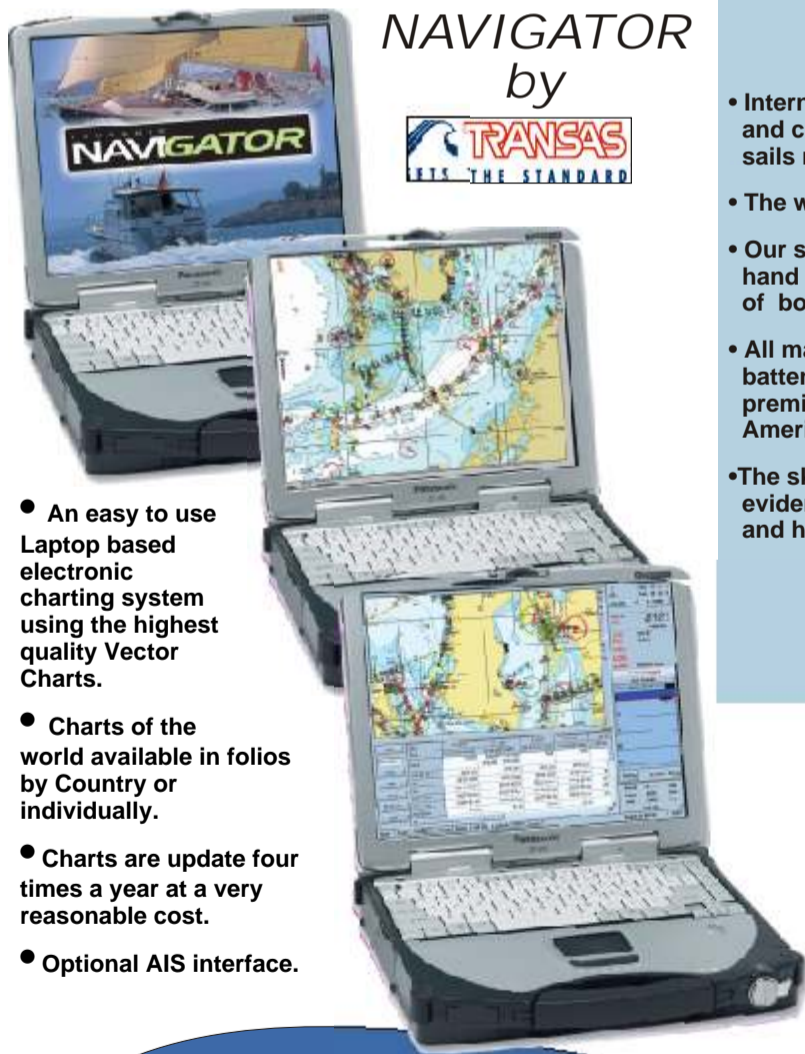
By Tyrone McKee, SY Sahara

In the mid 70's I decided I wanted to buy a trawler, so I headed north in *Supernova* (my Hartley 39,) to look for one. When I arrived in Cairns I saw a lugger was for sale on Thursday Island, so my partner and I flew up to Horn Island where the lugger was berthed. After negotiating with a pommy for a week I finally bought it!

We waited for a month for the weather to break (which it never does up there!), so we left town with 30 knots on the nose all the way to Cairns. The lugger had a Gardner diesel 5 cylinder crank start.

When I arrived in Cairns I was most interested to meet a Thursday Island man who told me he used to skipper the lugger 50 years ago and he talked me into taking the lugger trochus shelling. So out to the reef we went! On our return they had two trochus shells and twelve turtles! How do you tell six big Thursday Island boys to throw them back? That night I slipped into Cairns after dark!

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# Roos, Crocs and the Long Arm of the Law.. pt 4... or is it 2?

## The Continuing Gonzo Saga of the Carribean Cruiser in the land of Oz...



By Capt'm Oddworm  
SY Mariposa

I was not born a sailor or even born into a sea going family. Rather, I slid into this Rat-Bag life style as naturally as one slips in shi..., er..., mud. Before there were sails there were the huge, screaming diesels of fishing boats, and before that, the thundering engines of Harley choppers. Actually, Big Bikes and Big Boats overlapped for several years; years when sex, drugs, and Rock n' Roll were my motivators and goals were something that happened on the foot-ball field. Yet, oddly enough, those were the days when I inadvertently began my Odyssey to Tasmania.

It all started on a sultry summer's night while rumbling through a deteriorating factory town in up-state New York. Prosperity had arrived there with the founding of a great factory and had withered away with the plants closing some eighty years later. The city began to crumble. A palpable melancholy settled like soot over the graying buildings, graying streets, and gloomy populace long before I came sliding into town on my great iron

horse. It was another sticky summer, with young people clustered on sidewalks and the steps of shabby little pubs to drink beer, smoke joints, and dream of escape to a brighter future. Motorcycles lined the curbs.

I spotted the glittering row of custom scooters while descending the highway ramp. Knowing my Florida tag and rebel flag would cause a stir, I decided to stop for a taste of the local brew

When I entered the barroom I had one of those incredible "small-world" experiences. There, in a corner booth, sat my old mate Tommy. It was amazing! I hadn't seen the guy in over ten years and then, just-like-that, there he was. And better yet, he was sitting with two beautiful women. After a rowdy spell of hand-shakes, hugs, and slaps he introduced the girls. One turned out to be his latest wife and the other little Gum-Drop was her "best friend", Sandra. I slid in beside the Friend.

We had a few drinks then stepped out to the street for some air. This is where the flag and license plate scheme came into play. Spotting my tag she lamented, "Florida? Gee..., I've never been anywhere."

Since it was all part of the game, I decided to play Sir Galahad and rescue the damsel. "You've never been anywhere?" I queried with a disarming shrug - innocent pup that I am. Then, moving in close I offered, "I'm on a quest. Would you like to

come along?"

Of course it was a stupid thing to say, but my brain had mysteriously turned to mush. And then it got worse.

"Quest?" she scoffed. "You mean, like, you're on some kind of a search?"

"Exactly! I am seeking the Great Tasmania Oyster." God! I couldn't believe the drivel spewing from my mouth. But, what the hell: It was the farthest place on earth world I could think of on such short notice. I was embarrassing myself.

"So you're on your way to Tasmania then?"

"Exactly!" I exclaimed, hating all deductive women. All I really wanted was a roll in the sack, honest - but instead, I went and put my foot in it royally. Like the impetuous fool I am, I asked her to come along for the ride. Little did we suspect that, on that hormone charged night, my quest-journey-Odyssey to Tazzie would become our orientation and running joke for the next twenty years.

I took on dangerous jobs because we were going to Tasmania. She worked long hours to keep us ever on the Quest. Years rolled by; miles tallied up. Through hard times and flush, in sickness and in health, we were always on our way. Tasmania: Always the focus, the Quest, the joke.

But when Sandra cracked the old, thread-bare "Tazzie" refrain in mid-Pacific it suddenly struck me like a run away truck. Yes! We really were on our way in earnest. Until that moment I hadn't even considered actually sailing so far south.

Months later, upon reaching New Zealand, I began buying charts. I reasoned that I would need all of Australia, from Brisbane south-around to Perth, plus all of

Tasmania. Of course, it amounted to a lot of money - but what the hell? Isn't that what money's for? So I forked over the bucks.

I was unable to locate the proper sailing directions and guide books without waiting on a foreign book order, but that didn't trouble me as I planed to stock-up on texts in Brisbane.

And so, when the Australian Bureau of Immigration rejected our applications for tourist visa extensions and, instead, summoned us in for medical tests, I was not vexed. After all, I was heading to Brizzy anyways. I figured that I'd simply pop by the Immigration offices, elucidate the erroneous nature of their request, pick-up an extension, and be off to the book store before lunch. Why not? Every cruiser I spoke with believed a mistake had been made because every last man-jack of them had simply applied, paid the fee, and was granted. Apparently, the medical Dog-n-Pony act was only necessary when requesting a Work or Student visa.

It seemed to be a simple, straight forward matter - though the signature of my "case worker" had me a bit concerned. Now, I don't know about you, but Pablo Escobar does not sound all that Australian to my ears. Was Aussie Immigration hiring immigrants? Could the "officer in charge" read English? Maybe the guy was new to the bureau and wasn't sure of procedures. No matter: Like a traffic cop at a crash scene, the Long Arm of the Law kept waving us on. Whatever the reason, we had precious little time to waste. So, we got underway for the Great Sandy Straits and Moreton Sound. Brisbane here we come!

continued next page.....

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# The Gonzo Saga continues...

Our transit up the Brisbane River was way-too-cool. I had never sailed *Mariposa* into the heart of a real metropolis; and what a city it was! Personally, I am not attracted to urban sprawl, but the trip up river that day was magic.

The barometer was up along with the breeze, clean and fresh from the east, and the sky a blue to steal your breath away. In high spirits we worked our way along, ducking under bridges, sliding around mega-freighters held in odd repose by conflicting currents; the icy glass spires of the Emerald City beckoning from afar. Like Dorothy emerging from the haunted forest we gazed in wonder upon the distant towers, now radiant in dazzling light.

Our Odyssey to Tazzie hung in the balance. The Great Oz awaited; the benevolent Oz, ready to grant our humble requests: I want to go home I want to go home I want to....

We anchored off the grassy bank of the botanical garden to marvel at our unexpectedly beautiful and up-beat surroundings. And, I suppose, it was here that I fell victim to that age old scourge, Optimotitis: The optimism disease.

We settled into our novel surroundings with the western horizon blushing crimson and the glorious glass spires throwing fiery reflections. I spotted a thin string of smoke snaking its way across the tree line to our east. As the ethereal spectre grew and closed upon us I realized it was actually composed of thousands of colossal bats. Like the winged monkeys loosed from the witch's castle, they pumped the air in eerie silence, gliding past our little boat, to come crashing into the fruit trees on the bank of the botanical. It all felt a bit ominous. But with Optimotitis filling my head like a fever, I ignored this harbinger and bedded down early in anticipation of completing my Tazzie preparations on the marrow.

However, this was not to be. We arose early the next day and headed off to meet our immigration case worker. Sure enough, Mr. Escobar was a Latino immigrant himself - so he empathized with our plight - but as he explained, "The Rules are The Rules". For reasons that, to this day remain vague, Ol' Pablo decided that our presence in Australia created a threat to the nation's health. Like it or not, we would have to

submit to being inspected and injected to see if we're infected. And of course, I would have to shell-out for all expenses. This is ridiculous! I demanded to speak with his supervisor; but the super declined my interview. No problem. I have been shunted by enough Third-World bureaucrats to know how to "back-door" the bastards. I thanked Mr. Escobar and left.

The next morning I presented our passports and applications to the agent working triage at the front desk. She glanced at our paper work and with a pert "no worries" slipped off to the back room.

because THAT is where we met". But it was too late. Her ire was up. "Well," she sneered, sitting poised with pen at the ready. "Would like to give me their names?" "You have their damned names! YOU issued them VISAS!" I wanted to slap the cocky little prig; thought better of it and left.

I tried again on Monday but by then the office was a-buzz with my tale and I was on the official shit-list. I had to submit. My window on the Tazzie run was closing and Christmas was coming: Its always coming.

Scheduling examinations and x-

shake the happy city while a dirty cloud of toxic gas and dust swallowed the sun and .... A passerby bumped me, shaking me from my reverie.

Where was I heading? Oh yes, the Botanical garden. As I adjusted my course, I was forced to abandon my fantasy to face certain facts. For one thing, I know nothing about bombs or electronics. Hell, I can't even get my auto-pilot to steer a steady course. And besides, I still didn't have a car. Of course, I could always steal one, but then again, auto-theft is also outside my range of experience.

I then decided that eco-terrorism might be more suited to my skill level. But careful review showed that I was as incapable of sinking an oil-tanker as demolishing a sky-scraper. And so I was forced to face another of life's hard lessons. Simply stated, it is this: When it comes to terrorism, I suck!

And then, a most amazing thing happened. As I sat there on that bench in Brizzy's own Botanical, a cool breeze washed over me, sweeping me from my perch; transporting me to a high mountain top shrouded in swirling mist. There, a deep and resonate voice proclaimed unto me: "Oddworm! Returnith to thy land across the sea and bring forth Skunks to multiply and prosper in this Sun Burnt land down-under!"

Now, I don't know about you but, when I hear the voice of God, I jump.

And so I was commanded to smuggle forty eight adult skunks, twenty four breeding pair into Australia, and to establish them in two separate colonies deep in the heartland where they would infest the countryside, undetected until their hold on the land was unalterable.

With the tenacity of rats and a libido to make a rabbit blush, these stinking omnivores would wreak an eco-terror of divine proportions. Myxomatosis be Damned! Ha! A dingo fence is but a playpen for juvenile skunks. The adults are unstoppable.

I formulated a plan and dashed off to the Inter-net café stoked on destruction. But this was not to be. It seems that Skunk venders just aren't as prevalent as they once were. And then my whole world spun off kilter. Reality took a tack.

Before the glue on her student VISA had set, Sandra flew off for an emergency State-side visit. That left me a miserly three months to sail *Mariposa* up the Queensland coast and across the top, to Darwin; forcing me to postpone my assault on the environment. Alas: It all seemed so unfair.

There is an old adage that goes something like, "When one door closes, another opens wide." At least that's the way my life seems to go.

Under the strain of the closing Tazzie time-frame, I had forgotten just how much I loved Queensland. I forgot how I was already missing what has to be the planet's most sublime cruising ground and how badly I wished to return. And now, thanks to the farsighted and benevolent bureau of immigration, I was heading back the way I had come. Back to the dusty sunsets, the soft green islands, and all that incredible reef. Praise the Lord!

Besides, the Brizzy airport proved an excellent place to service a distant family emergency.

Sandra departed while I sailed north feeling blessed and protected; and more determined than ever to track-down a giant croc. Come hell-or-high- water, this time I'd catch the bastard!

When we got there, our Forth Reich case worker was pasting a full page visa into my passport. Examination revealed that I had been transmogrified into a student once again. I was permitted to study but not work; and I didn't feel any younger for the privilege. The window on Tazzie and a south-around passage was dangerously tight: Too tight. The idiots had won. I had reached the end of my proverbial rope.

As I waited for the arrival of my elevator car to freedom, student visa secured at last, something inside me snapped. The farsighted government of greater Australia had declared me a threat to the public health and I had failed to uphold my end of the bargain. Alas. I had threatened no one; I had been remiss in my obligation to spread havoc. But that was about to change.

Wandering down the bustling Christmas sidewalk, it suddenly dawned on me that my redemption lie in the building of a colossal car bomb which I would park on the street directly beneath that pathetic sheep-pen of bleating bureaucrats and detonate with a remote electronic device. Yes; it seemed only fitting to murder the whole wretched lot of them along with several hundred innocent bystanders. It would be stupendous; with tons of shattered glass raining down on the crowd like lethal hail; men screaming; women flailing helplessly about while babies wailed and gasped in the blackening shadow of doom. A seismic rumble would



Sandra and some new 'mates'...

She returned looking a bit confused and sent us to another "case worker". This time the "worker" was a native Aussie but the results were the same; the same arcane Mobius Strip reasoning.

"Since the countries you visited before you came here carry no "risk rating" we must assume them to be high. So your presence is a health risk to our nation."

"But we've been here for three months already." I complained. I've had a quarter of a year to spread the plague. Besides, it stands to reason that, if I am carrying any contagions, I picked them up here."

"Well, that's policy" She shrugged.

"What kind of policy allows me three months to wander about sneezing, coughing, and threatening the general population of greater Australia, and then wants me inspected for health risks?" I was getting hot!

"It is not my place to comment on policy!" She was rising to the bait.

"Yeah, yeah. Only following orders; Right? D'you get your training in Germany, or what?"

Her eyes flared and I bit back on a Forth Reich jab before things turned totally ugly. I tried a tack.

"Look", I said as evenly as I could manage. "There are several yachtsmen in port right now who have gotten their tourist extensions without all the fan-fair. We were all in the same countries before we came here. I know



# The Great Australian Visa Shuffle

## Visiting Yachts Can get a Genuine 12 Month visa...

### Letter Received from The US vessel Bear

I read with interest many of the letters in your 35th edition concerning "discouraging foreign tourists", aka "yachties" as you call them, from visiting Australia. I realize that I do not have longevity of experience with this subject, so may well miss some valid history. That said, I would like to provide a little balance at my own risk. Firstly, my wife and I have been full time cruisers for about 4 years, leaving the east coast of the US for the Med in 2005. Getting as far as Turkey, we left the Med via Gib two seasons later and recrossed the Atlantic to the Caribbean, cruising the islands and Panama, then made our way through the Canal last year. During this time we have had many contacts with various government officials, some pleasant and others no so.

We crossed the Tasman from Opuia in March of this year with a landfall in Sydney- what a beautiful harbor to sail into. We were advised by Port Control to proceed to the Customs Wharf and they would notify Customs to meet us, since it was after hours. We were met by two very professional agents who expressed their gratitude at our preliminary preparation of documents, and the process was painless. No charge for after hours check-in. Next morning, after allowing us to stay at the Customs dock overnight, we were met by the Quarantine officer, who again was polite and helpful. We winced at the \$240 fee he charged for taking away our small bag of plastic, but given the overall experience, we were not bothered to excess. Overall, we would rate our introduction into Australia in the top 25% of our experiences as it relates to officialdom. We were prepared for the bottom 5%.

Let me give you some other background. Australia is the first country that we have been in that required us to get a Visa before coming. OK, we knew the rules. Today, there is no excuse for not knowing what is required, especially by first world countries- the Customs web site as well as Immigration were very valuable (perhaps your publication has helped). Also, as you know, Australia has a very bad reputation in this regard- just talk to Aussie cruisers you meet! So it behooves anyone coming here to be as prepared as possible. When we visited the Aussie consulate in Auckland, they were polite, efficient and helpful. Compare that to our own country's consulate where we needed to get additional pages inserted into our passports- we felt like they were doing us a favor just to talk to us. And, we got a 12 month Visa, with a 4 year expiry- one of the most liberal we have received anywhere. Compare that to NZ, which provides only a 90 day visa at arrival (ridiculous since yachts are there at least 5-6 months for cyclone season) and a 26 page application for extension and a 4 week waiting period to hear the result.

Three other points that I would like to address: 1)"An entering yacht cannot know what they may face", 2)it's expensive to enter, and 3) most boats don't have the ability to comply. I would submit that 1) when entering any country you never know what to expect- that's our experience. Rules and administrations change constantly. You simply do as much homework as you can and then go with the flow, knowing that you are a visitor in someone else's country; scary sometimes, but that's part of the adventure. 2) As for cost, try visiting French Polynesia if you're from a non EU country, or the Galapagos, and 3) most of the blue water sailors we know have email access, either SSB or sat phone- given today's technology, to be "out there" crossing oceans with no way to contact help or access weather borders on being irresponsible. I know some people may be offended by that.

So far our stay here has been very nice. We were appalled at the cost of hauling and storing our boat- which is on the larger side, so we may wait to do so in So. Africa. Luckily it's still our choice. We will be working our way north in anticipation of an Indian Ocean crossing later this year. We look forward to cruising the Barrier Reef and the north country. People have been friendly and helpful- thanks Alan for helping us get a spot at the pile moorings in Brisbane, then helping us tie up. Thanks to the cat cruiser in Port Stephens who offered us the use of his car- we didn't but the offer was generous. Thanks Dave for the use of the condo on the "Sunshine Coast". etc etc.

I enjoyed your publication and feel that the boating community here has an excellent advocate. Keep up the good work.

**Chuck Osgood**  
S/V Bear  
USA

### If ya Know the Secret Woird!



TCP welcomes Chuck and crew to Australia! (see letter at left)

As we have said, it's very good to hear of positive experiences entering Australia.

Chuck and crew did several things right to insure best possible odds. Most important, they did not enter in Queensland. Bundaberg in particular has become notorious for incidents involving customs abuses. We have never had a serious complaint from any other state or territory. To be fair to Queensland, Gladstone, Townsville and Mackay have been free of serious complaints as well.

They had their documentation in order. This entailed some good fortune as their source for the info (Aussie consulates) doesn't have a perfect track record, ask the Manzari's! And the Customs web site has in past been inaccurate but yes, as noted, TCP has been working hard to alert cruisers to the dangers and cruisers being clever generally have taken the information and either avoided the risk or mitigated it by a high level of compliance. Also, customs has reacted to the criticism in positive ways. The web site is improved and the provisions that once made compliance practically impossible for yachts (though still on the books as reported in TCP 35), are no longer enforced.

Chuck is correct that every country poses it's own risks/adventure, but, especially in recent past Australia was particularly dangerous because cruisers were caught off guard as the actions of Australian Customs, immigration and AQIS were not what one would have expected from a modern democracy. Boats entering an unstable third world country ought to expect unusual requirements and... ah... unorthodox financial arrangements.

And speaking of unusual regulation, TCP warned Chuck that Queensland has some dirty surprises to be aware of if his vessel is over 15 metres.

The 12 month visa was the most important point! Many cruisers find their "12 month visa" has turned out to be only 90 days at a time within the 12 months, so must reapply within the country which, as described by Capt. Oddworm within this issue can be difficult, expensive, time consuming and dangerous if for some reason the visa extension is declined and the vessel is forced to sea during cyclone season. To find out myself what the situation is with this visa issue, I visited the web site and rang the number they listed and requested information on a visa for a 12 month stay. On the web site and the phone I was directed to the 976, "12 month visa". But on the phone I insisted on knowing the length of stay and was eventually, begrudgingly it seemed, told it was the 90 day stay. I assumed Chuck had been fooled like many others and shot a message back to verify the details or alert him to the problem. His reply is below.....

#### Hello Bob-

The visa situation was not terribly clear originally. At first, we thought that we could apply on-line and get the 12 month visa if we "qualified"- i.e. not a health hazard/user of medical resources, not a criminal, and able to support ourselves while in Australia. But, since we were in Auckland, we decided to visit the Australian Consulate. The clerk there advised us we could not get a 12 month visa on-line, and we would have to complete an application and submit to the consulate, along with \$120NZ (each) fee. We took her word for it and submitted the form and paid the fee (we really wanted to visit Australia!) and 3 days later we got our 12 month visa, good for a 4 yr period with multi entry, important since we may visit Christmas Island and Cocos on the way to So. Africa. We can stay 12 month consecutively before we have to leave the country, then the 12 months would start again if we re-enter within 4 years. Our passport states: "Holders permitted to remain in Australia for 12 months from date of each arrival". Restrictions are no work, max 3 month study, and an x-ray required if study greater than 4 weeks (??). Pretty clear to us. As an aside, the Auckland based consulate was very efficient, very busy, and we came away impressed starting right from the guard that checked us in. Again, compare that to the US, it was a breath of fresh air, whether or not we got correct advice about how to get a 12 month visa.

Your point is well made about third world vs. first world expectations. Australia should expect more than say Morocco (a story there). As should we in the US but I have heard horror stories there since 9/11. However, I have recently heard that the situation has improved. Knock wood, we'll find out in a year or so.

We are indeed more than 15 meters- just over 16. It certainly would be nice to know the requirements before entry- or at least when we arrive. Customs should have an information packet available at check-in, take the lead from NZ which provides a woven souvenir basket with local info at time of check-in plus as you know they provide an info packet (which we picked up in Tonga). Talk about a positive impression when we arrived!

I talked to a local live-aboard here this week who gave us a lot to think about- registering our dinghy which has a 15 hp motor; registering our yacht; potential fines for expired flares, etc etc. No information was (previously) provided about any of this. He didn't mention insurance. We'll see what our experience is with enforcement in the future. I may well send you an entirely different email. I certainly hope not.

By the way, suggest that the cruiser who had to respond to the same fly over 4 days in a row turn off their VHF!

All the best,

**Chuck Osgood**  
Bear

## Class Tr visitor PCCC, Sub Class 676

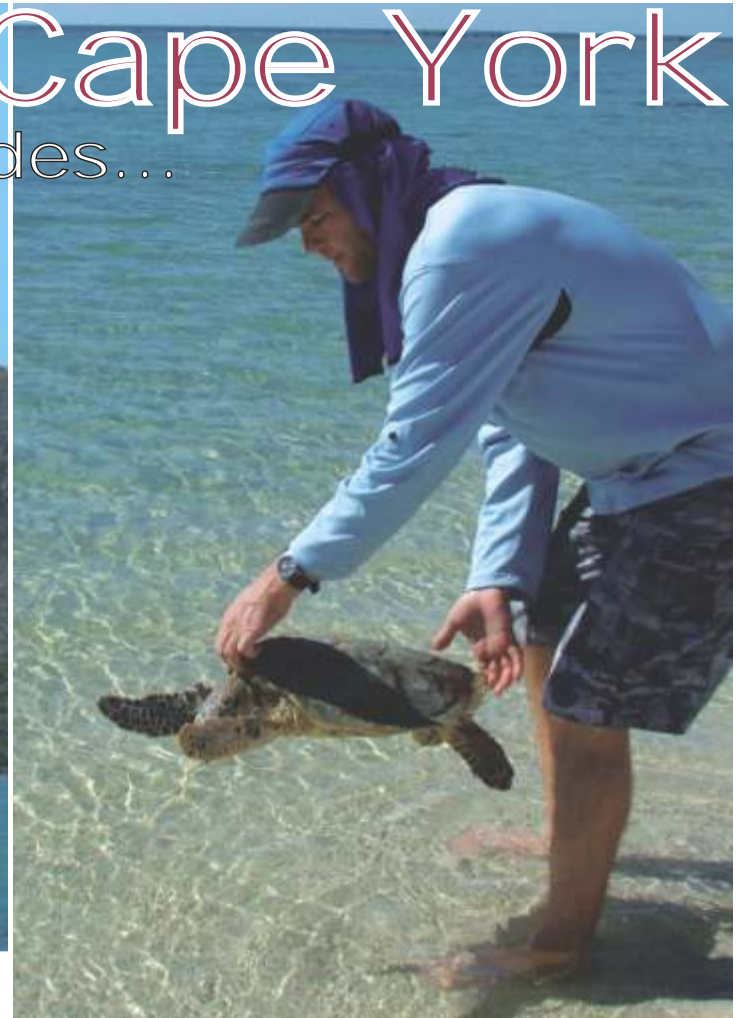
So.. armed with the above information and a valium or two... I rang Immigration again. After befuddling the first operator, I was handed over to the 'business area'... The bloke I talked to there didn't know anything about a 4 year/12 month visa that Chuck described but he did find a 676 visa and forwarded me a pdf that briefly described some visa types but not the length of stay or the cost! He did state on the phone that this visa could be gotten for 3, 6 or 12 months stay. Wanting to get detail in writing, I requested more info and was sent a link; [www.imi.gov.au/visitors/tourist/676/](http://www.imi.gov.au/visitors/tourist/676/) I also found a commercial travel site that was informative. [www.visas4australia.com](http://www.visas4australia.com)

But no where did I find a 4 year option though I had no reason to doubt Chuck. I did ask him for verification of the visa code and he replied with the following as stamped in his passport: **Class Tr visitor PCCC, Sub Class 676**. TCP advises any yacht preparing entry to Australia to save that information to make a specific request!

On the phone with Immigration, I was told and do believe, that the individual operator/agent has latitude to the granting of visa conditions and I would suggest, divulging information as well. We do not have a clue why this is so difficult but it is becoming understandable why tourist numbers of all types are down. It may not all be because of the economy.

# Lizard Island to Cape York

chocolate, turtles, birds & wild rides...



Story & photos by Anne Wilson, SY *Hybreasail*

*Hybreasail* our 11.6 metre Schionning was ready; we'd been at Lizard long enough and it was time to set our sails for the northern waters of Australia and on to Darwin. Just before sunrise Brian and I up-anchored and set off, a light breeze of 10-15 knots out of the east-southeast was perfect for our MPS. Looking back to Lizard we saw a crease of pink diffuse the early morning and light up the sky with a splash of colour. But it was to the north that we now set our gaze.

Our first stop was Ingram Island at the northern end of the Howick Group. It's a very good anchorage but can be subject to chop in strong winds, care needs to be taken when anchoring, as there are rocks and coral outcrops. A group of scientists were carrying out research on Turtles that inhabit the reefs and waters around Ingram and surrounding Howick Island. We saw the way the researchers measured the turtles, and the care that they took in placing them back in the water. I learnt that the turtles seldom travel very far as they are very territorial. So the area around Ingram Island was fairly prolific with turtle life.

We stayed one night at Ingram Island then continued on across the shipping channel to Flinders Island. The seas had died down to just a breeze that did not get above 7 knots, it was the MPS that proved its weight in gold, especially for our boat.

It was while sailing to the Flinders Islands that we had our first exposure to Customs and while some folk found the relatively constant checking to be a bit irksome I found it to be a comforting experience, our coastline needs to be protected although it remains to be debated 'from where the trouble may come and in what form'.

Huge black rocks south of Princess Charlotte Bay lend a mysterious tone to this ancient northland. How the coal black marble shaped rocks got there is worth considering and as we sailed slowly past I could visualise peoples of another time standing tall and straight with spear in hand, not aimed, but used as a balance, perhaps a metaphor for a culture of balance of these ancient northern people. The black colour of the rocks for me reflected the coal black colour of their skins.

We slipped effortlessly past Flinders Island and Stanley Island, passed the coloured rocks where the people of the Flinders Island Group collect the ochre for rock paintings and anchored in Stokes Bay. We dinghied to the beach and found an area massed with wildlife, small fish scurried along the waters edge chased by larger fish waiting for the right moment to pounce. There were stingrays, crabs not yet large enough to be considered eating size, a beautiful starfish and on the shore were various native trees covered with the moulded homes of green ants.

The sand displayed telltale signs of life, animal tracks, bird prints and now our alien footprints scattering the little shards of sand.

The sun was setting and we gazed as the waters ceased their shuffling and waving and settled into a molten mass of liquid nothingness. We returned to our boat and to the deepening darkness of an evening sky in paradise.

The next morning saw us floating on a windless sea. Motoring with fierce bright light playing off the water we were hot and tacky as we made our way to Morris Island. A day for wearing LOTS of sunscreen, sunglasses and a hat. A day devoid of breeze was beautiful for the fact that we got to experience the little rocky outcrops of the various reefs we passed. No breeze to ruffle the view of the cays and reefs through the water.

One sand cay we passed was an embryonic mass that enchanted us and beckoned us to stay, but we decided that while the seas were good we needed to make miles, so we continued on to Morris Island.

Anchoring on the northern side of Morris Island we made our way to shore. Each island that we have seen so far have had their individual style, some are rocky, some are very small or low and others are a mixture. The uniqueness of Morris Island is the fact that it is covered in succulent looking plants that send up a long stalk of white flowers. I walked along the beach, right around the island. The southern side had an exposed reef at low tide that stunk of decaying materials and the beach had a significant array of flotsam and jetsam. Not wearing shoes meant that I was unable to venture the few metres inland to see the cemetery of an unknown diver, also a furtive mother tern was dive-bombing me to ensure that I did not disturb her chick secured in some secretive nest.

Our next stop was Portland Roads, a place that Brian and I had visited by land some 35 years previously. A time when there was still a very long jetty, very few houses and certainly NO restaurant. We had heard back down the track of a restaurant now at Portland Roads and sure enough when we arrived one of our party arranged for a meal. *It was magnificent.* We started with warm bread rolls and being yachties we chose not to have fish but settled instead on steak or lamb followed by rolled pavlova or pecan pie.

We were going to stay an extra day, but the roll in the bay got to us and we departed our delightful Portland Roads, choosing instead to visit and stay a night at Forbes Island.

A good run entering the reefs from the south and keeping true to our track took us around the southern side of Forbes to the northern anchorage. We were not alone as there were 3 fishing boats diving for lobsters around the island. We watched the dories skipping across the water bringing catches back to their respective boats, stopping for a short time then setting off to delve yet again into the warm waters in search of still more crayfish. We spoke to a worker on one of the boats who said that all the crayfish that they caught were exported directly to Japan, or other countries. It seems we don't even get the short change.



A fishing vessel returns to Margaret Bay, complete with an escort of birds.

continued next page...

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Hybreasail being refuelled alongside the Emu Bay.

off *Sasha* we came alongside the *Emu Bay* and while everyone else was busy getting fresh water and fuel I got aboard the barge and purchased extra soft drinks and wonder of wonders chocolate! We can now recommend the barge to yachties who may require diesel, unleaded fuel, water, soft drinks, and chocolates. They also gave us newspapers and a magazine, which we duly shared with others.

Our next stop found us in the Escape River. A relatively easy place to traverse, but do it in daylight, as there are many pearl rafts that dot the southern side of the bay and the southern entrance to the river. We found anchorage not far into the river in 10 feet of water with good holding sand and mud and had a very comfortable night.

against us. We passed the now derelict pearl farm on Albany Island and the hidden remains of Somerset on the mainland. After checking the maps we decided to do what we considered to be the ultimate Cape York adventure for yachties.

This proved especially exhilarating for us and the people on shore who were frantically snapping away as we passed VERY close by. The small break between Cape York and York Island was not much more than three boat lengths wide, and we both yelled our joy at what was for us a true blast.

Many years previously Brian and I had viewed York Island from the Cape, now it was time to view the cape from our boat. Unfortunately for the others in our group just after we had successfully traversed the pass a series of squalls set in and they had to opt for the longer journey around York Island.

The waters on the western side of the Cape were as calm as the last 15 nautical miles on the other side had been choppy. Our trip to Cape York from Lizard Island had taken us 11 days. We had seen a part of Australia that once again set us in awe as to the skills of Captain Cook and Matthew Flinders. How they had undertaken their voyages in the age that they lived was for me a true feat of courage, and for Brian and I with all the navigational equipment that we had on board it was still a daunting and exhilarating experience that we were glad we undertook.

**Darwin here we come.**

Oh well, another day another anchorage and this time it was Margaret Bay where all the books that I had read instructed us that there was a resident croc, I was none too happy about staying there, but as it turned out we stayed for three days. I have often thought since leaving Margaret Bay that a more apt name would have been Bird Bay. On sailing through the channel between the islands to get to Margaret Bay we saw literally thousands of Birds swooping and Diving into the waters and when any fishing boat returned they were swamped by birds milling and crowding around to get whatever tit-bit they could find. It seemed to be the stuff of an Alfred Hitchcock movie and to call the place Bird Bay would not have seemed inappropriate.

The beach, though pleasant was a slightly eerie place, due I suspect to the aforementioned story of the crocodile. We joined others for a walk down the Blue Path to Indian Bay. This beach is indeed a paradise for those inclined to fossick through the multitude of flotsam and jetsam that is strewn along the foreshore. Some of the items that were found by our group included a wetsuit in excellent condition, fishing lures, work helmets, many floats, 6 oranges that were shared and tasted delicious, especially as the day was hot, and a radio aerial! So the pickings were good.

Brian had heard that the *Emu Bay*, a barge that travelled between Thursday Island, Seisa and Cairns regularly stopped at Margaret Bay, so when they came in the following day I radioed them and made arrangements to come alongside and refuel our diminishing supplies of unleaded. The prices proved to be cheaper than *Seisa* and far easier to get. Assisted by friends Chris and Bevan



A deck hand with some future sushi!

To get to this point along the coast the reefs had provided us with excellent shelter, however our next leg, although short would prove to be the roughest of our journey. From Lizard to the Escape River the reef was close in, but from there to Cape York the reef offered very little protection and a brisk 20- 25 knots, gusting 30-35knots saw us bouncing across the tops of the waves to get to the entrance to Albany Passage. We had mis-judged the winds and arrived approximately 2 hours early for the best tide, however with favourable wind direction and staying closer to the Albany Island side of the passage, we had a very good ride. We did not experience the strong tidal surge



**About Anne and Brian**

We have been sailing the coast of Queensland for the past 10 years. This has included a trip to the Louisiades in 2006 and we are now in Malaysia after having done the 2007 Sail Indonesia Rally. We started sailing with a 36ft C&C that Brian had built himself. We then sold that boat and Brian then built a Schionning Waterline 11.60.



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# Waitoa continues...



**Waitoa then...**



**Waitoa now...**

We went to Townsville up the Ross creek but had to tie the lugger on the wharf outside, take the yacht in and come back and get the lugger. We did that a few times going down the coast.

In the fresh northerlies running down the coast the yacht used to surf down the waves and always miss the lugger! Going through The Great Sandy Straits, however, the lugger, which drew a lot more than the yacht, ran aground. The yacht rammed the lugger and rode right up over the stern! Luckily there was minimal damage.

When we arrived at the Wide Bay Bar the weather was perfect and we just had a light sou'easter for the trip down to Mooloolaba. We anchored up for the night and had a carefree trip down to the Gold Coast the next day.

The lugger was foolproof with a crank start and I would pump up the header tank every three hours. The water tank was in the f'ocsle with a hole in the top to lift a bucket down. Thus idiot proof as there was no tap to leave on.

There was a lot of writing and artwork in the cabins and f'ocsle. One message proclaimed; "Love is a big thing in the world!" Very deep and meaningful....

I played with the lugger for a year before selling it, doubled my money on it and built my trawler, *Supernova II*. Right now I have another Hartley 39 (*Sahara*) which I built when I got out of the trawling game 13 years ago.



**Sahara on the Clarence**



**Tyrone**

## The Wayward Choppers

By Alan Southwood SY Albrohos Pearl

This is a true story and I am ashamed to tell it, the only reason is that the confession, could save some ones life. I put the twin engine luxury cruiser along the public wharf after the daily ferries departed, so it must have been around 0930 (The year was 1976 approx.) I then drained the oil out of both engines, then going on deck I spotted another charter boat skipper, and invited him on board for "smoko". Tea and scones were not on the menu so we had a stubby of xxxx each and by midday we had passed the carton mark and were feeling pretty good. My old mate had been to the dentist over the last few weeks and now sported a full plat of sparkling white teeth. We decided to inspect each other's teeth across the wheelhouse table; because they were new he left them on the table. By now we had progressed to the top shelf booze like Scotch & Brandy, as far as I remember.

At about 1400 I threw his teeth about 6ft. for him to catch, he missed, the choppers took on a life of their own, bounced on the wheelhouse step across a metre of deck and out the scupper. The second splash was me going over the side to retrieve the errant choppers, leaving my old mate moaning about what he was going to tell his dearly beloved. To my surprise I went down with no effort at all. I started to admire the bottom of the boat and must have been breathing water, drowning and enjoying it. I must have passed out, next thing I came to on the duckboard of the boat where two young blokes had pulled me up and pumped me out. I haven't named them here but if they read this they are heroes in my book. Also they found the teeth.

The returning ferries arrived not long after and their wash would have buried the teeth forever. I had to shift my vessel back to the mooring about 200 meters away in a hurry. It was not till next morning that I remembered there was no oil in the engines. As it turned out the engines were O.K.  
THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS BOOZING TO EXCESS YOU CAN LOSE YOUR LIFE AND YOUR ENGINES, NOT TO MENTION THE CHOPPERS.



**Barbara and Allen with their new 'good old boat', an old pearling lugger**

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# Love the Louisiades!

By Guy Chester,  
SY Sanctuary

## The Rally

After our planning trip in 2007, we ran the first Louisiades Rally last year. The Rally is a great experience for us, the yachties. Those with no previous offshore cruising experience to those with tens of thousands of miles of bluewater experience enjoyed the Rally last year. The locals also enjoy the Rally and the islands we visit are already planning their welcome for yachts this year!

Based on other cruisers experiences and local knowledge from the Louisiades, June-August can be pretty windy and wet, the south easterlies tend to be a bit fiercer at this time. Returning to Queensland by mid November gets folk off the Coral Sea for the cyclone season (although they can occur earlier!) and allows an easier return down the Queensland coast with the November/December light northerlies.

## Why Join a Rally?

We planned the Rally as a cruise in company across the Coral Sea to the spectacular Louisiades, with a mix of events (ranging from sailing canoe racing, feasts, sing sings, skull cave visit, traditional dancing, a remote river trip, school and hospital visits etc.) and time for independent exploration of the islands and their friendly communities.

The support we provide for the Rally yachts includes safety and navigation briefings, Cairns marina berth (Yorkeys Knob Boating Club), weather, radio skeds, Australian/PNG customs arrangements and many events in the Louisiades. Additional support includes attractive Bluewater extension insurance arrangements with Club Marine, arranging radio checks and rig checks and equipment suggestions.

2008 participants said the major benefits of the Rally were the safety briefings and cruise in company aspects, and the community events which would otherwise not be experienced by independent cruisers.

## What's Planned for 2009

Events include farewell drinks at Yorkeys Knob, arrival BBQ, skull cave visit, traditional dancing, village visits, cultural festival, traditional sailing canoe regatta, beach BBQ, "Showcase Misima" festival, remote river and waterfall trip, school visit, clinic visit, sports day, traditional canoe making, traditional carving and the rally end party.

The muster at Yorkeys Knob and the week prior to departure is about final preparations, briefings and getting to know the fellow yachties. We are also arranging radio inspections and rig checks for yachts as required.

The departure date for the passage is of course weather dependent, and each skipper makes their own decision to leave! Once the 520 mile passage is completed yachts meet up at the beautiful Duchateau Islands. The after a few days of snorkelling, beach walks and beach sundowners, we all move on the spectacular Panasia Island.

After entering the narrow passage into the lagoon, yachts have a BBQ with the local villagers and have the "official" passage "presentation". A few days to relax, or visit local islands such as Brooker before moving on to the Deboyne group.

One of the highlights of the Rally is the traditional sailing canoe (lakatoi) regatta, held at Panapompom Island (one of the Deboyne Group), which after a hectic day last year will be held over two days and see 30-50 of the traditional sailing canoes racing. Lakatois are the local transport, they are the truck, car and school bus for these island communities, but they are no slouch, they will race past at 12-15 knots.

Again a few days before the next event at Bagaman Island, where the locals arrange a cultural festival for the day. Then the next day yachts go to the beautiful blue Lagoon for a BBQ and day on the beach.

Misima is next, the small town of Bwagoia and its tiny harbour venue. Yachts must raft up and this is where the PNG customs formalities are completed. The locals put on a major two day festival "Showcase Misima" in 2008 and they are planning a similar event for 2009!

With a week or so to cruise to any of the many islands such as Jimmy's yacht club at Kamatal or the magical lagoon at Sabar, yachts meet back up again at Wanin for a party on the beach. Then on the next day a short sail to the Nimowa mission for a one day river trip in long boats and then a day visiting the mission school and clinic and a sports afternoon where the yachties get to try their hand at soccer and netball.

Between the official events there is ample time for individual cruising/exploring the many great anchorages in amongst the protected waters of the Calvodos and Deboyne groups which make up the Louisiades.

## Competition

When two yachts sail on the same horizon they are of course racing... however the rally is not a race, nor do the organisers condone any activity arranged outside the international rules for the prevention of collisions at sea...(well OK, we do organise the Canoe Regatta which appears to be "ruleless"). There are of course many competitions (biggest fish, biggest sob story, worst dressed crew, worst breakage, best navigator etc.) and some of these are fought over more seriously than the Americas Cup. Well OK, not quite as seriously. The rally organisers decision, whilst open to bribes (which go into the community benefit kitty) is final. There is no recourse to the New York Supreme Court to sort out serious sailing stuff here!.

## Community Benefit

Whilst the Rally is organised for the yachties safety and enjoyment, we also aim to support the local community and last year the rally yachts took many items to donate to local schools and the local clinic. Trading for items is also very popular and by rally's end most yachts had exhausted their trading supplies (but had their fill of fruits and lobster and returned with great carvings and handicrafts).

Last year we took many goods to donate (as well as trade goods), we spent over \$15,000 on the events, food, handicrafts and fuel etc., raised over \$4,000 in donations to clinics and the government spent over \$15,000 on supporting the Misima event. All support that would otherwise not reach this remote and largely forgotten community.

## Supporters

The Rally is supported by the Papua New Guinea Tourism Promotion Authority and the Yorkeys Knob Boating Club. For 2009, Yachts muster at Yorkeys by September 6 and depart 12 September, yachts return to Australia mid October to mid November. Power and sail boats are welcome!

## 2009 Rally

Cairns (Yorkeys Knob) to Louisiades (PNG)  
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## Coral Crunch!

Unfortunately the 2008 Rally had its share of tribulations. The yacht *Quintessence* ran aground on the Duchateau Islands. It was subsequently refloated although had equipment taken by the locals (most was returned but not all) and having been sailed back to Cairns she now needs a major refit. The yacht *Orpilleur* also hit a reef spending a night anxiously awaiting high tide.

The owners of *Quintessence* left the boat for a week in the hands of locals who subsequently got the boat off the beach rock and into the lagoon, the boat would not be back in Australia without their initiative. However, other locals did take a lot of gear.. this made the yachts ultimate salvage quite a challenge and most rally boats needed to donate gear from halyards to GPS's to get her sailed home. The efforts of a few committed locals and some yachties to get the boat afloat is worthy of another story!

For missing Coral the main lesson is to use the paper charts... whilst plotters and charting programs on laptops are worth having board, plotting ones position on the best scale available, updated paper chart, drawing the course and regularly re-evaluating ones position relative to dangers is vital! The regular and rapid zooming in and out of scale on plotters may reduce the ability to appreciate the scale of the chart being viewed. Aiming straight for a waypoint in the GPS without first checking if there is anything between you and the waypoint can also leave one a bit "stuck"!!



# The Percy Island Aframe Re-roofing Project

## Easter 2009

photos by Bara Bestecka except where noted

By John Morris

On the Monday before Easter we loaded all the materials and equipment that we had accumulated for the Percy Island Project onto the deck of MV *Buragin* ready for the trip to the island. We were scheduled to sail on Monday afternoon but the transport arrangements for a team of volunteers from the Sunshine Coast evaporated with engine troubles on the boat that was to take them to the island. We decided to wait another 24 hours so that they could travel with us. Bad weather was closing in when we departed on Tuesday at noon and got progressively worse as we motored to the island. It got really rough and remained that way for a whole week. None of the dozens of boaties who were planning to help us were able to get to the island. It would be down to the "Dirty Dozen" to undertake the work that was planned.

On Wednesday we brought MV *Buragin* alongside the wharf in the lagoon at high tide and unloaded her. We then sorted out our accommodation and kitchen arrangements ready for a start on Thursday.

On Thursday it rained and we could not start replacing the A-frame roof so we got started on the water supply to the A-frame and the new bath house projects. The new water tank on top of the dune has been connected to the A-frame via a 300 litre fresh water header tank on the mezzanine floor. The back verandah was in a terrible state so it has been de-commissioned.

On Friday we were able to get a late start on the Aframe re-roofing. The northern side was removed and all the new support purlins were installed. All of the old support purlins were left in place as they have hundreds and hundreds of pieces of yacht memorabilia attached to them. We took a decision not to extend the new iron down close to the ground like the old iron had been. We elected to leave a 600-800mm breeze way under the new iron to help with sandfly control and to give us a viable option to capture and store the rain water the falls on that roof in the future.

The large "Welcome to Percy Island" sign was removed from its place of prominence inside the A-frame and taken up to The Tree House for refurbishment and updating. Bara was the principle art restorer with Maddie assisting.

Kate Gibson changed her musician's hat for that of cook, and toiled extra hard in the camp kitchen to keep us all fed with excellent food. Full credit, and our appreciation, must go to her and her helpers as this was very important for team morale.

On Saturday, after a rainy night, the new iron went on the northern side of the roof. The systematic treatment of all timber posts with sump oil, dieseline and copper naphthalate was commenced and continued over the next two days. Annual maintenance of diesel and old engine oil will hopefully continue to keep the white ants at bay. **(Old oil appreciated to help this task; hopefully with a labour force on occasion)**

On Sunday the southern side of the roof was removed, all the new CCA pine purlins were installed and half of the new iron was installed. The old iron was in very poor shape and would have been too dangerous to remove if we had waited another year or two to replace it. The front verandah was refurbished and is now quite safe but needs a full new floor soon. **If anyone can donate 3 sheets of 2400x1200x20mm waterproof form ply and take them to the island at some time in the future, we can really make the front verandah floor bullet proof.**

On Monday the last of the new iron was installed and the roof was complete. A new "long drop" toilet, partially constructed during the proceeding week, was the next project tackled. We now have a "Loo with a View" The wall is just high enough to give the privacy required but low enough to allow a clear view of the bay over the top.



© Radclyffe photo

The team: From top left to bottom right. Asher Duggan, Alan Morris, Frank Pardon, Ray Morris, Geoff Craig (MV *Buragin*), John Moris, Dave Rumble, Jack Morris. The supporting team of those of the fairer sex were Cathryn Radclyffe, Kate Gibson and Bara Bestecka.

Tuesday was fishing day. We all climbed aboard *Buragin* and went fishing. We caught enough to feed the "Dirty Dozen" for two days. Delicious fish and great to replenish the energy supplies.

Wednesday was hiking day. It rained and rained all morning but the rain and the low cloud added a mysterious dimension to the island. We had to sit out one very heavy downpour in a large cave on the northern side after expelling a mob of goats that had the same idea. You could have sworn we were hiking along the coast of Scotland in the mist. Castle Rock was conquered and the breathtaking views were enjoyed by all.

The long-drop toilet was made fully functional but still needed a roof.

*continued next page.....*

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# The Percy Island Project continues..



Thursday afternoon, after completing the bath house project, saw the departure of *Buragin* with most of the "Dirty Dozen" and the project was over except for the clean-up.

Though we were well short of the numbers expected due to the bad weather, we had a crew with all the skills and the phenomenal team spirit required. Things went like clockwork with no accidents or near misses and most of the planned projects were completed.

The only projects not done were the repairs to the boathouse and the weed eradication programme. These can be progressively done, hopefully with volunteers during the impending cruising season.

The re-roofing and repair team were: Asher Duggan, Ray Morris, Dave Rumble, Alan Morris, Frank Pardon, Jack Morris, Geoff Craig, John Morris, Ernst Klose, Bara Mesteka, Kate Gibson, Maddie Gibson and Cate Radclyffe. I extend my thanks and appreciation to all those who took time away from their families and businesses to be part of the project. Well done team!

The next projects will be the repair of the boat shed and the wharf. This will be followed by the re-roofing of the homestead which will be dependant on government funding and may be a year away yet. In the mean time Cate and I urge all who visit this wonderful island to continue the restoration of West Bay in whatever small way that they can. **There are weeds to be pulled, coconuts & fronds to collect and transfer to washouts in the roads, Aframe memorabilia maintenance, cooking area cleanup, non burnable rubbish left by the unthoughtful to be removed to the mainland. If you can think of it, do it. Call us on Channel 10 if you need guidance or equipment for any jobs.**

A special thank you to **Geoff Craig** and "*Buragin*" without whom the project would not have happened and a thank you to the **Mackay Marina** for their continued support through the use of the mega berth to load the materials essential to the furtherance of the restoration of the facilities on Middle Percy Island.

for more information see [www.friendsofpercy.com](http://www.friendsofpercy.com)



Geoff even got Andy's old tractor running!



## In Response to "Making Do" by Wendy in TCP 35 **MORE ROT AND DRIBBLE....**

By Alan Southwood, SY *Abrolhos Pearl*

After reading Wendy's story about "Making do" in your last edition of T.C.P. I totally agree you have to do it yourself where possible. It is rare (but not impossible) to find a tradesman who doesn't either run the other way or doubles the rate at the mention of a boat.

I am still chasing cancerous wood around the "Abrolhos Pearl" here at Shute Harbour on a mooring. It is blowing its usual 25-30 knot's with showers as cyclone "Hamish" passed us 3 days ago.

Previous to that we had a few days of calm so I decided to remove 2 planks off the topside aft on the port side under the gunwale leaving about 300mm of freeboard for 2 metres that gave Barbara a seaview and extra oxygen in her bunk. She didn't get wet but did not like the sawdust etc in her bed sheets.

I bought 7 meters of 100mmx30mm of Kwela planking for \$300 at the local saw mill cut and dressed, I only needed to fit the planks, fasten and glue, then plane off the excess wood. Not so easy working in the dinghy alongside, it's O.K. when it's calm, but every time a ferryboat arrives a small tsunami makes me hang on for dear life and scatters tools all over the place. Wendy was saying about using marinas for small maintenance jobs. I have found it's O.K. if you can get away with it. One of the last marinas we were in, even the small sander in the cockpit was enough to bring the storm troopers from the management to threaten us with expulsion. I agree large jobs should not be allowed as it can mess up other vessels nearby. However slipways etc. are expensive and I understand why with all the regulations they have to deal with.

My little job just completed cost around \$400 plus my own time, which doesn't count, As against around \$3000 for a haul out and stand for a week and maybe more if it rained and it did. There is also the satisfaction in doing it yourself and is always a learning experience. That is why I have a wooden boat, who knows, one day we might make it to the wooden boat show in Tasmania. **Moral to this story is don't remove your planks before a cyclone.**

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# Sail Malaysia Passage to the East Rally



Story & Photos By  
Marlene Leith, SY Callala



After participating in the Sail Indonesia 2007 Rally we spent some time cruising the West Coast of Malaysia. We especially enjoyed our time exploring Penang and Langkawi Islands and we were keen to see more of Malaysia so we joined the inaugural Sail Malaysia Passage to the East Rally 2008. This rally left Seban Cove, Johor on 9<sup>th</sup> June and travelled up to Tioman Island, then Kuantan on the mainland and finally up to Terengganu also on the mainland. From Terengganu we crossed the South China Sea to Santabong River, near Kuching, Sarawak with the rally concluding in Miri on 2 August 2008.

I could spend pages writing about the generous and welcoming hospitality we received throughout Malaysia along with the beautiful anchorages we visited but for this article I would like to write about some of the fun activities that were part of the rally programme.

During our stay in Seban Cove we had a bus trip to a local fruit farm. We were shown through the farm by an informative guide who explained the techniques of growing tropical fruits and who pointed out certain farming methods they used. After the tour we got to sample the merchandise and it was a real smorgasbord of colours, textures and tastes. From the farm we got back on the bus for a ride to a local home stay where we were again overwhelmed with Malay hospitality and given a cultural display followed by local food delicacies.

On Tioman Island Sazli, a rally organiser, had us walking to a local restaurant for breakfast beside the ocean. It was a magnificent location and our group needed no prompting to sample more local food. After breakfast we walked back to the Marine Park Headquarters and we snorkelled in nearby water and watched fish being fed.

In Kuantan our anchorage became a bit choppy the night of the Gala Dinner so the local police boat picked everyone off their yachts and with lights flashing they delivered us dry to the Police Jetty. Talk about service! Instead of a wet dinghy ride to shore we were given royalty treatment. I think Kuantan's dinner held at Hyatt Regency would have to have been the most extravagant evening providing during the rally. It was another gastronomical delight and the dancing performance was fun, lively, and so colourful.

(above) Our tour around Kuantan included a fishing village, a batik factory tour and a visit to oil palm, rubber tree and Durian plantations. The Durian fruit is described as tasting like Heaven and smelling like Hell. It is definitely an acquired taste!

I especially enjoyed our time in Terengganu and could have stayed a lot longer than our programme allowed. I found it a shopping paradise. Glorious batiks (hand crafted dyed cloth), colourful songket (traditional type of embroidered cloth), exquisite woodcarving, gorgeous handbags, and wonderful fabric of all different colours, textures and designs. Three of us had a girls only shopping day and we all came back to our boats laden with packages. I must say none of us spent a fortune, but talk about shop until you drop!

Our organized rally tour in Terengganu was first to another batik factory (which had beautiful products available to buy,) followed by a visit to many mosques. We visited the "floating" mosque which at high tide looked like it was.. well floating. We visited Taman Tamadun Islam which is a theme park of mosques and monuments from around the world. The piece de resistance though was the Crystal Mosque which is constructed in steel and glass and is gorgeous. Buses throughout Malaysia have heaps of character with curtains over most windows and great colourful exteriors. The bus provided for our tour was definitely different.

We had an interesting sail across to Santabong River in Borneo in company with Joe and Helen off *Dream Catcher*. The trip took us just over four days and we were happy to be anchored on 31<sup>st</sup> June amongst other boats in the river. Our anchorage was about half an hour travelling via bus or car from Kuching City but it was close to where the World Rainforest Music Festival was being held. Our organised tour for this stop was a two hour walk through lush green and beautiful Borneo forest followed of course by lunch. Our rally seemed to go from one great meal to another. We had Sazli staying on board for the official three "rally days" in Santabong and I think I learnt more about Malaysia during his stay than any tourist brochure could tell me. The final official stop was to be on 30 July at Miri so

we had heaps of time to explore Sarawak. We had three full days at the Cultural Village and Music Festival. I have never seen so many unusual looking and sounding musical instruments. The theory behind the music festival was using instruments that had been made from the bounty of the rain forest - wood as well as bamboo, and skins. Sinews, creeper and root fibres serve as strings on the indigenous version of lute or guitar. Massive brass gongs carry the sounds of a longhouse festival from one valley to the next. In everyday life in Borneo music celebrates friendship, cements family harmony and keeps the community happy. I was most impressed with the local sape instrument. All sapes are made from one block of wood, its body hollowed out, the neck shaped and sometimes carved for added beauty. Often the sounding board is painted with distinctive ornaments which add to the beauty of the instrument. The gentle sound is quite breathtaking.

Kuching was my favourite city in our rally. Kuching means City of Cats and you can find cats live or monuments to them everywhere. The City is quite sprawling with a population of over half a million people, although the city centre is quite compact and concentrated around the south bank of the Sarawak River. A stroll along the river promenade is a must with a stop at one of the many open-air cafes or a visit to a few Borneo craft shops. I could have spent days in India Street and I loved the smell of shops selling curry powder, spices and products imported from India. I could also spend pages writing about the gorgeous Indian fabrics but I will spare you that. I am also a fan of any China Town and the Chinese part of Kuching was very interesting. It is amazing that they can put so much variety of goods in so small a shop!

continued next page...



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**Batik**



We visited the Semenggoh Orang Utan Sanctuary which covers about 800 hectares of land on the outskirts of Kuching. The aim of the sanctuary is to reintroduce as many animals as possible to their natural habitat as many Orang Utans have been orphaned by logging or were being kept illegally as pets. We visited during the morning feed time and we saw about a dozen Orang Utans ranging from young mischievous boys to the old Boss of the Forest. These are truly awesome animals and I am so pleased to have been able to see them in the wild (well almost wild!)

From the Santabong River we headed north towards Miri visiting the Rajang River system on the way. Traveling Borneo rivers was fun, challenging and eye opening. It was sad to see so much logging destruction but great to see the cultural longhouses along the river banks. Longhouses are unique traditional community dwellings found in Sabah and Sarawak. We were lucky enough to visit two longhouses and experience the lifestyle and hospitality. Further up river a lot of the longhouses were partially empty as the younger generation headed towards the larger towns for employment.

Unfortunately Miri (which means seahorse) was the end of the rally. The time had flown so fast and we had seen so much on our travels. For our last tour Sazli had us

visiting the Niah National Park and exploring Niah and Great Caves. (above centre) The walk along through the National park to the caves was really enjoyable. They had proper walking paths which were easy walking and the scenery was beautiful. The caves were awesome but the ropes and scaffoldings from the birds nest collectors I thought ruined the appearance of the caves. However you had to appreciate the height and difficulty these guys climbed to retrieve birds nests. It is a Chinese belief that birds' nest soup will cure rheumatism and asthma. Following the Niah Park we were taken to The Grand Old Lady. This is the first oil well in Borneo and she struck oil in August 1910 and finally ceased production in 1972. The view overlooking Miri from where the oil well is positioned was well worth seeing.

Our final rally official dinner at Park City Everly Hotel was again a superb meal but a rather sad occasion being the end. We have made some wonderful new friends through the rally and had a once in a lifetime cruising experience. Both Dieter and I would recommend this rally to any yachties cruising SE Asia. Sazli and Hardeep (Passion Asia) did a great job organising the event and every day was another new adventure for us.

I am sure the rally will grow from strength to strength with new destinations and venues being provided along the way.



**Marlene and Dieter of Callala**



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# News

## Bloody violence in the Land of Smiles

Linda Robertson broke down as she told of how she knew her husband Malcolm had not survived the pirate attack off southern Thailand. "I knew because I was walking in his blood," she said.

Three men boarded their yacht in the Andaman Sea, near the Thai-Malaysian border. Local reports say they tied up Mrs Robertson, while they bludgeoned her husband to death with hammers, possibly slit his throat and dumped his body in the sea.

Mrs. Robertson spent perhaps 10 hours tied up naked in the cabin of the yacht, *Mr Bean*, while a man stood guard over her with a machete.

The three Burmese men left with the dinghy and Mrs. Robinson was able to free herself from her bindings. She knew the dinghy motor would not run for very long so was urgent in getting above deck to raise the anchor and get the yacht under way. She reported that she did see the pirates paddling back to the yacht but managed to get going before they reached the boat.

Thai police have the men in custody and report that they have confessed.

Many Australian sailors are familiar with the Robertson's as *Mr Bean* cruised the Whitsundays, often in company of the vessel *Persistence* with their friends Sue and Michael. TCP delivered papers to this boat in Nara Inlet in happier times. *Persistence* is the big cat with the "pope mobile" forward helm.

Vessels are advised, Thailand's south may be more dangerous as Thailand suffers from violence caused by Muslim insurgents and the Rohingyas "refugees" that are arriving from Burma.

## Somali Pirates facing new resistance

(monday the 13th April 09 Australian time) U.S. Navy snipers shot dead, pirates holding Captain Phillips, skipper of the cargo vessel *Alabama*.

This drama played out for several days with some impressive acts of bravery from the unarmed crew that were able to drive off the pirates but with their skipper hostage in the ships life boat.

When Capt. Richard Phillips' ship, the Maersk *Alabama*, was boarded by pirates Wednesday morning it was 350 miles off Somalia. This is much further off shore than previous activity. A mother ship was used to go further afield looking for victims. A French yacht has also recently been attacked

The *Alabama* proceeded to Kenya, offloading the critically needed relief supplies that was it's cargo.

The US now has in custody, a pirate guilty of attacking a US flagged vessel.

The last time the US suffered from Pirate attacks on commercial shipping they sent Stephen Decatur over to the Barbary Coast about 1815 to straighten the them out, which he did. Algerian pirates had been plundering Mediterranean shipping and taking crew slaves if not murdering them on the spot if they refused to convert to Islam.

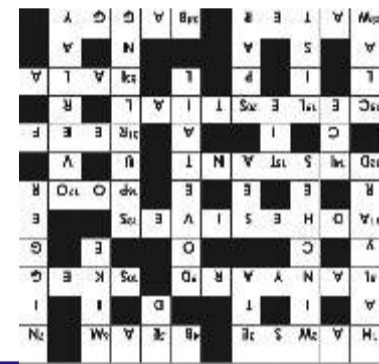
This attack occurred well off Somalia and subsequent attacks on a Yemeni tanker and an Italian cruise ship indicate a greater reach and increased desperation. Yachts transiting the Indian Ocean may wish to put well over 1000 miles between them and the Somali coast.

Still the most dramatic confrontation between pirates in that area and a cruising yacht would likely be that of the *Mahdi* and *Gandalf* against two armed vessels 4 years ago. With only a shot gun and courage, the two boats were able to defend themselves.

See the TCP web site for more on that story as told by the skipper of *Mahdi*.

## Percy Island in Court Again!?

Once again Percy Island goes to court. Edwyn Martin, the son of Andrew Martin, the legendary "Lord of Middle Percy" is making a play for ownership by challenging the will that was an instrumental document in the case of Radclyffe versus Cotter. John Morris, Husband to Cathryn Radclyffe informs that the court has required Martin to lodge a \$100,000 bond to proceed. At time of print the bond had not yet been lodged. Morris reports that a deal was offered to them by Martin that would give them a cut of future "eco resort" trade and cover some of their previous legal outlays, but that the offer came with a due date that had already passed by the time they got it. Cathryn reports that though Edwyn was invited to the island for the working bee during the recent Easter Holiday, he did not show. To challenge the will Martin will have to show that the previous court erred in fact and that error is not clear at this time. Keep an eye on the TCP web site.



## Parks and Cruisers cooperate to clean up the island anchorages

In response to the suggestion from Ada and Charlie of TS *Geronimo* (letters, TCP 35), TCP and Parks are currently in talks to provide the cruising fleet with rubbish bags and drop off points to allow volunteer pick-up of the clog of flotsam that accumulates on the south facing island beaches.

These more remote beaches rarely get a clean up other wise and this is a chance for cruisers to assist in transporting dry plastic rubbish in durable bags to locations where it can be gathered and disposed of.

Abel Point Marina of Meridien Marinas, has already put their hand up to assist by receiving the bags for disposal and even to help in providing the woven polypropylene bags.

If a drop off in Mackay can be worked out with Parks, Peter Hansen has also indicated Mackay Marina would cooperate as well.

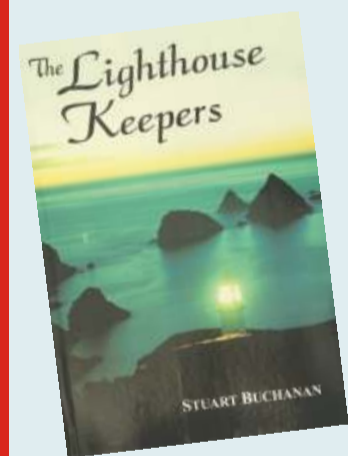
TCP hopes that an island drop off point that is closer to Park's normal activities in the Whitsundays may be arranged for boats that do not plan to go into Airlie Beach or Mackay on their way along the coast.

Stay tuned for more and watch the web site for up-dates as they come.

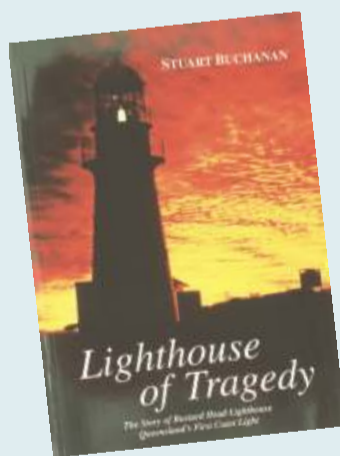
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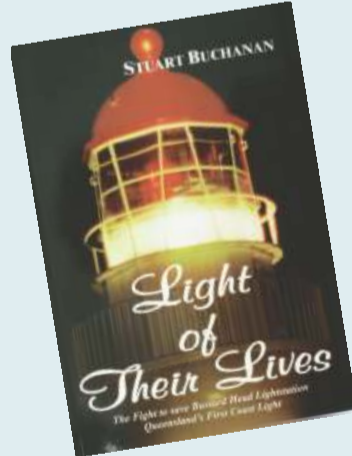
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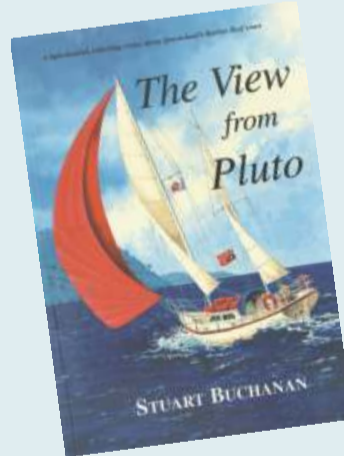
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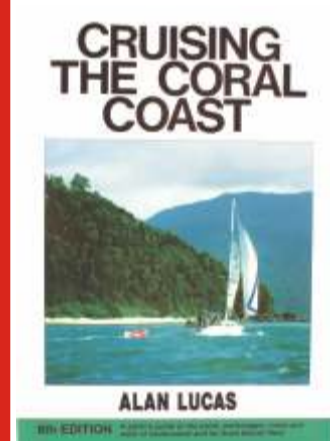
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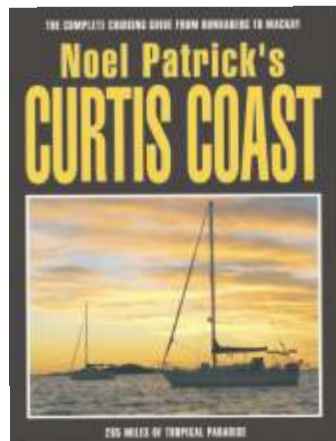
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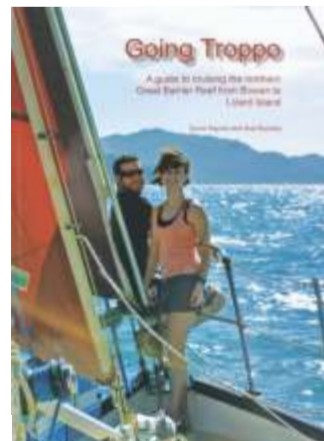
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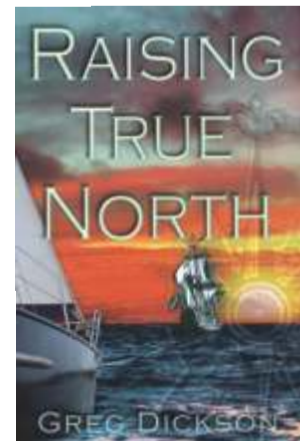
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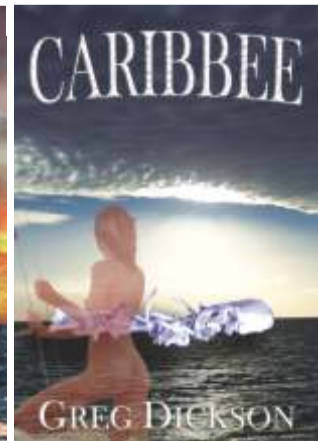
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# The Bay To Bay 2009

by Bob Norson

If the weather was going to be OK and if I could find a slot at the boat ramp... With only our tender to use for the mission it takes a bit of luck to cover a sailing regatta. But today we got away with it and only hours before printing.

The Bay to Bay has been going for 29 years. Being well known helps but the venue must have something to do with the success as well. 200 boats are typical for this event. Starting on Saturday in Tin Can Bay and overnighting in Gary's Anchorage in the Sandy Straits, then finishing Sunday outside of Urangan Harbour. The waters are protected by Fraser Island but the tides and shifting channels make a challenging course that rewards the careful strategist. Generally speaking you work a fair tide by keeping to the deepest water you can as the tide should run best there. For a foul tide the shallows may protect you from the worst of it. In the Sandy Straits you may face both fair and foul in the days race so it isn't as easy as it sounds. Being able to predict where the wind is going to be as it makes it's way over the high ground of Fraser Island adds mystery to it. This year we found a spot where the wind surprised most skippers so I had some good shots of crew scrambling to douse spinnakers as the boats rounded up with a gunnel under.. Great fun to watch!



The race is for trailer sailers or demountables. **See the TCP web site for more pics and links to the Hervey Bay Sailing club and the complete official results.** There are many divisions but some of the winning names are; *Tokyo Trash Baby, Shrek Im, Mad Max, Coco Loco, Quantum Sails, Sheerventure, Walter Turnbull, Wicked, Good As, Blue Peter and Evergreen* the Elliot 7 and always in the front, *Evergreen* the little Timpenny. The RL sails were many and fast.



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# The Bay to Bay 09

bonus pages

Our thanks to Collin Verrall for the race report below! The results were just beginning to come in when this issue of TCP was going to print so this electronic edition has the benefit of another day to do. The TCP web site will have more yet and the official results and links to the club. I took hundreds of photos, here are a few....



## all photos by Bob Norson

### Race Records and Record Fleet Numbers in the Hervey Bay Sailing Club 29th Annual Wide Bay Water Bay to Bay Trailable Yacht Race

Both Monohulls and Multihulls Sail Into the Record Book. Notwithstanding the fact that the course has been shortened by approximately 9km in recent times due to increased boating public traffic and mooring in the starting area at Snapper Creek Tin Can Bay, the need to consider all entrants from the slowest classes such as the non spinnaker Careel 18 to the mighty powerful monohull and multihull sports boats and the increased boating public traffic at Hervey Bay Pierre Gal's Sports 8 from Coffs Harbour Yacht Club NSW set a new race record for the Wide Sports Boat Monohulls on the modern course and broke the old race record on the original longer course by 33 minutes 47 seconds. Andrew Clauson's i550 Tokyo Trash Baby from the Royal Queensland Yacht Squadron Brisbane, Graham Coffey's Thompson 8 Rush a Standard Sports Monohull from the Trailer Yachting Association of NSW, Hugh Peacock's Simpson Formula 8 Passion from the Hervey Bay Boat Club and Tony Considine's Sports Multihull a Grainger 101 APC Mad Max from Sandringham Yacht Club sailed by George Owen of the Sunshine Coast set new race records on the modern course. These records were more significant because they were set despite the winds not freshening to the forecast 15 to 20 knots on Saturday, barely reaching the 15 knots on Sunday and sailing against the tide for a large part of the course both days.

The overall 29th By to Bay winners were: Type 1 Monohull elapsed time 211 Tokyo Crash Baby an i550 Andrew Clauson RQYS Brisbane, CBH corrected time 207 Good As a Hartley 21 IM Vic Devonshire NYRC Sunshine Coast and PBH corrected time 302 Got Salt a RL 24 SK Peter Bailey Tin Can Bay. Type 2 Wide Sports Monohull elapsed time 126 Conquistador Sports 8 Pierre Gal CHYC NSW, Standard Sports Monohull elapsed time 109 Rush Thompson 8 Graham Coffey TYS NSW, SMS and PBH corrected time 132 Elliott 7 Ever Green Mike Green Type 4A Multihull elapsed time 511 APC Mad Max Grainger 101 Sandringham Yacht Club Victoria owned by Tony Considine, skippered by George Owen of the Sunshine Coast, OMR corrected time 520 Coco Loco Farrier F24 Garry Scott Type 4B Multihull elapsed time 507 Passion Simpson Formula 1 Hugh Peacock and PBH corrected time 523 Red Ted Seawind 24 Tom Cochrane

The RL 24 SK class remains the largest class participating in the event and the designer and original builder of the class Rob Legg perpetual trophy for the 1st placed RL 24 SK on PBH corrected time was won by Peter Bailey on Got Salt from Tin Can Bay yacht club.

In addition twenty class CBH/SMS/OMR and PBH trophies were presented to Blazer 23, Blazer 740, Castle, Elliott 7, Farr, Farrier, Noelex 25, OAK Div 1, OAK Div 2, OAK Div 3, OAK Div 4, OAK Div 5A and OAK Div 5B.

I believe it is this wide representation of the Bay to Bay fleet in the results and the unique venue through the Great Sandy Marine Park of the Tin Can Bay Inlet and Great Sandy Strait along side of the Great Sandy National Park on Inskip Point and the world heritage listed Fraser Island and the township of Tin Can Bay at the south and the city of Hervey Bay at the north that has seen the event sustain its enduring popularity for so many years. The Bay to Bay has been and remains a magnet for highly developed individually modified boats in Type 1 Division 2 monohulls, Type 2 sports monohulls and Type 4A Sports Multihulls as well as the traditional trailable monohull yacht in the Type 1 Division 2, 3 and 4 and the Type 4B traditional trailable multihull.

Last year's Type 1 winner Hughie and runner up Six Pak sailed well to finish close behind Tokyo Trash Baby and ahead of Galaxy Bounce and ahead of class standard boats Ross 780 Wicked from Bundaberg. However these highly tuned and modified boats were brought back to the field by boats Good As? and Evergreen more than 25 years old on class based corrected time and Got Salt on personal based corrected time. The Bay to Bay is an iconic event for the sports monohull and multihulls from Perth in the west, Melbourne in the south to Bowen in the north. All class, individually modified and one of a kind boats have expressed keen interest in returning for our 30th Anniversary event in increased numbers. One only has to look over the trophy list to see how well represented the various class boats, individually modified class boats, One of A Kind boats, entrant ages, entrant gender, clubs, towns, cities, states and territories and sailing clubs in the task of winning trophies in such a large and inclusive event.

The entrants, sponsors and the Hervey Bay Sailing Club remain grateful for the assistance and cooperation of so many volunteers from our club, our kindred clubs Tin Can Bay Yacht Club, Maryborough Sailing Club, Hervey Bay Boat Club and its Yacht Squadron, the Multihull Cruising Yacht Club of Queensland and the Trailer Sailor Club of Queensland, members of our local communities of Tin Can Bay, Gympie, Maryborough and Hervey Bay and our sponsors.

Colin Verrall  
Principal Race Officer  
29th Wide Bay Water  
Annual Bay to Bay Trailable Yacht Race  
Hervey Bay Sailing Club Inc.





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# Romance of the Sea...

## ANZAC

TWENTIETH CENTURY SOLDIERS WERE THEY,  
 OUR MOTHERS AND FATHERS SENT FAR AWAY,  
 TO DIE IN THE TRENCHES AND FIELDS WHERE THEY LAY,  
 SO THEIR CHILDREN WILL ALWAYS BE FREE.

SLOUCH HAT AND RIFLES, THEY FOUGHT FOR THEIR LIVES,  
 FOUGHT FOR THEIR FREEDOM, FOUGHT WITH THEIR PRIDE,  
 AND WHEN THE DUST HAD ALL SETTLED, AND THE SMOKE BLOWN ASIDE,  
 THEY BURIED THE FALLEN, AND SALUTED, AND CRIED.

THEN HOME TO AUSTRALIA, A LAND FULL OF DREAMS,  
 THEY PUT DOWN THEIR RIFLES AND ROLLED UP THEIR SLEEVES,  
 AND THEY MARRIED THEIR DARLINGS, AND PLANTED THEIR SEED,  
 BECAUSE THEIR CHILDREN WILL ALWAYS BE FREE.

THE WORLD KEPT ON TURNING, THE BABIES GREW OLD,  
 AND BECAME MEN AND WOMEN, WORK HARD THEY WERE TOLD,  
 THE BANKS LOANED THEM MONEY, BUT THE SMILES ALL TURNED COLD,  
 FOR THE MORTGAGE KEPT RISING, AND THEIR FREEDOM WAS SOLD.

TWENTY FIRST CENTURY SLAVES ARE WE,  
 MOTHERS AND FATHERS, WE ARE NO LONGER FREE,  
 OUR CHILDREN ARE DYING FROM HUNGER AND SPEED,  
 WHILE THE TAXMEN AND BANKERS GROW FAT ON THEIR GREED.

©Peter Uther

## INTERSAT

THE STARS THAT USUAL GUIDE US  
 ARE NOW A MAN MADE THING  
 THE SHORE THAT USUAL CALLS US  
 IN DISTANCE MAKES NO FLING  
 AND THE REEFS THAT USUAL GUARD IT  
 CARRY NO GREAT MORTAL STING

THE SUN NO NOON DAY TARRY  
 TO FIND THE HIGHEST POINT  
 WITH SEXTANT AND SOME FIGURES  
 OUR POSITION TO ANNOINT

THE MOONS GLOW SOFT TO SAIL ON  
 THE LIGHT WE TRUST TO SEE  
 IS TAKEN BY A SCREEN  
 THAT MARKS THINGS IT OR ME

THE PIN POINT OF ORION  
 OR THE SCORPIONS HEART OF RED  
 NO LONGER FITS THE HEAVENS  
 AND STEER US CLEAR OF DRED  
 NO POSITIONING THINGS OF NATURE  
 WE PRESS A BUTTON NOW, INTSTEAD

THE SAILOR LAUGHS ALOUD  
 WHEN TOLD THE WORLD IS FLAT  
 AND REACHES FOR HIS SEXTANT  
 TO PROVE IT ISN'T THAT  
 THEN HUMBLLY LOCKS IT DOWN  
 STILL PROUD  
 AND BOWS, TO INTERSTAT.

©Lance T.  
 SY "Galadriel"

## CRUISING CROSSWORD

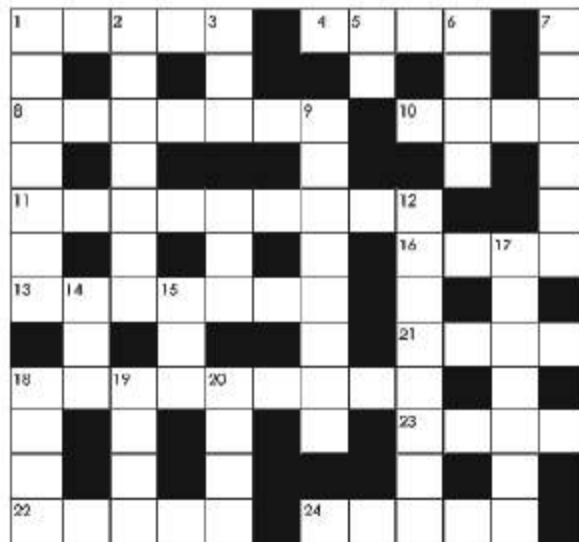
By Norm & Dawn, SY Peggy-Anne

### ACROSS

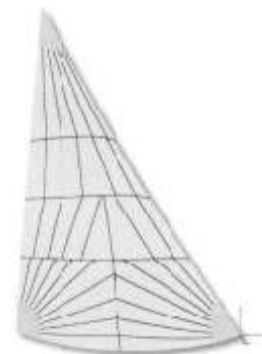
- 1 Heavy mooring line
- 4 Maximum Athwartships
- 8 Joining line
- 10 Prop shaft support
- 11 Sikaflexes
- 13 Way off
- 16 What boating keeps us
- 18 Type of navigation
- 21 Keep Off this
- 22 ——— Maker
- 23 Buoyage system
- 24 ——— Wrinkle

### DOWN

- 1 Helps to get it up
- 2 Things to assist (1 Down)
- 3 When you think you'll get there
- 5 Chart Symbol of uncertain feature.
- 6 Radio part
- 7 Coral Head
- 9 Type of timber joint
- 12 Pipe from windlass to anchor locker
- 14 What fridgeless boaties use
- 15 What we do with knots
- 17 New plotters have this feature with radar
- 18 Method of securing chain
- 19 Angle achieved by moving weight
- 20 Mast or spinnaker pole



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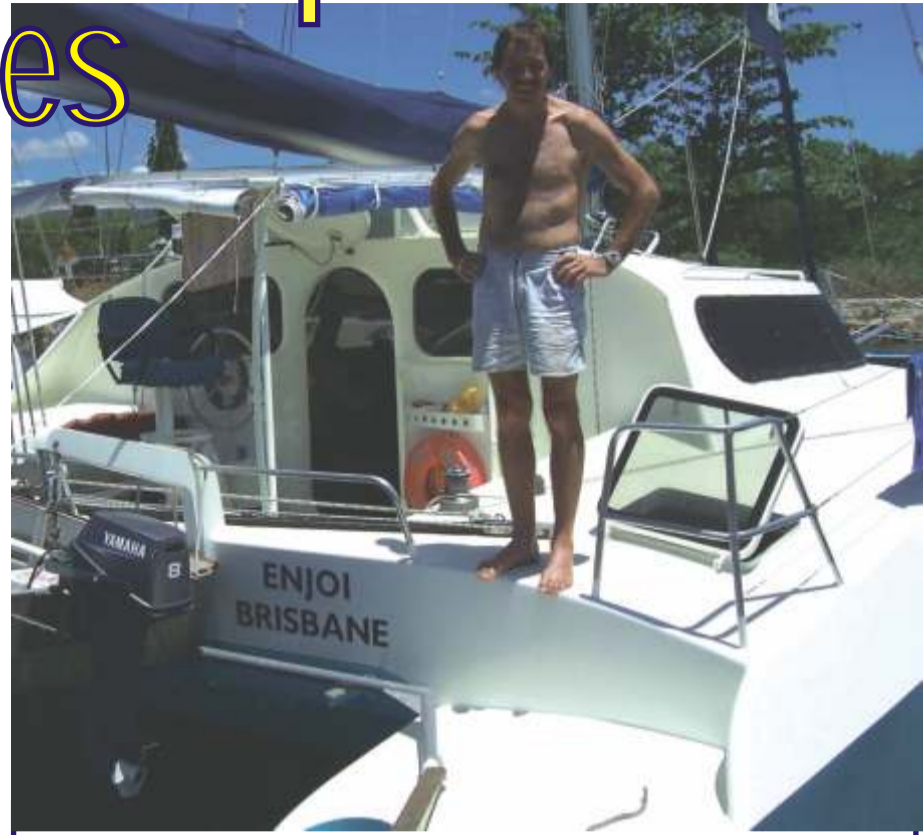


Gennaker

Answers on page 30



# Passage People Philippines



Eswald is an Austrian sailor. No that's not a miss-spelling. Austria, landlocked in the middle of Western Europe and not many sailors come from there. He is the exception. (Having said that, memory kicks in and wasn't there a couple of Tornado world champions from Austria?) And Eswald shows excellent taste in boats as he purchased a Cyber47 alloy cat made in Caboolture, Brisbane and then fitted out in the Philippines.



Dave, (AKA electricpoweredboats.com) is having a minor refit and some improvements to his hybrid diesel/electric set-up. At three knots boat-speed in calm conditions, his diesel electric set-up gets him a long way on very little fuel. He did give me litres and distances but a senior moment prevents my recalling them. Those workers you see rubbing back the hull are getting about \$10 Australian per day and they are happy with the arrangement. They know that that is a lot of money for them at that place and at that time. That's Dalton at right.

**TCP has no control over our Far Northern Correspondent.** Or anyone else really but this shows what happens when I ask for a sentence or two about the boaties that pass the path of Julius Sanders. Last time it was a 2 full pages for one sailor, so I figure we are making progress! Julius flew from his current assignment in Gove, to Cebu in the Philippines and found quite an expat community of Aussies hiding out right under his nose. Some of the stories at this little marina will require a feature of their own at a latter date. It does seem that more Aussie boats are finding bolt holes in the Pacific Islands. Here is the report....

Met an interesting guy the other day. Graham owns the Lone Star girlie bar in the .....

What? Oh.....Sorry KK. Family oriented newspaper. Got it! Ok. Start again

Met an interesting guy in Darwin the other day. His name is Dalton and he is a Canadian expat who has made his home in the hills behind Cebu in the Philippines. Literally. And the home is great. He has built two large one bedroom houses, complete with swimming pool and spa. Large verandas, cool mountain breezes, 20 acres at an elevation of a 100metres and in a great location about 60Km from the capital. He says it's for sale at the princely sum of 10,000,000 PHP. (That's a one with seven zeroes PHP or \$330K AUD) It is time he took his son to Canada for schooling and citizenship he reckons.

What? Oh..... boats. Yes I'm getting to it. Be patient.

I met Dalton in Darwin through Hopkins, a mutual friend and it turned out that we all had a dentist in common in Cebu. Small world. As I was coming to Cebu to visit friends, I got some teeth attended to and then took him up on his invite to visit. After the visit we headed back to Danao where I was to catch a bus to Cebu.

If you are thinking of coming here for cheap dental work, you get exactly what you pay for. The of lack basic hygiene is a starting point. Sterilization consists of a quick wipe with an antibacterial solution. The equipment was ancient and falling apart. No comeback of any kind unless you have a personal relationship with the dentist or the clinic owners. Having said all that, there are two major reasons why I keep coming back. Cost is about 12 or 15 to one. Hopkins had a full set of upper and lowers done for \$1000 AUD and was quoted \$16,000 for the same work in Darwin. Second, despite the primitive equipment, the work is excellent.

On the subject of hygiene.... be careful! On the return from my first trip I made the mistake of spending my last pesos on a manicure and pedicure at the local airport. A bit offbeat for me as I have never had either but it was the only thing open at that time. On

my return to Australia the big toe nail on my left foot started to go dark and loose. My GP advised that I had picked up a fungus from that transaction. It can be fixed but it took over a year to clear up completely.

If you do come, a foreigner in the Phils is considered to be a walking ATM by the locals. In the major hotels there is never a problem. Let me rephrase that. Rarely a problem. I do recall one resort that kept on hiring a series of night managers. Aba was one of them. She has had many years of managerial experience at all levels of the hospitality and hotel trade. This particular resort was owned and run by a family and nepotism was the only employer. Except for the night shift manager who has overall responsibility at night. Scam was that the relatives and hangers on had a set of master keys made. They used these to access rooms for pilfering then put the blame on the manager, who was then fired. And the cycle starts all over. Of course this can only go for so long. Eventually people vote with their feet, refuse to stay there and the place went broke.

Outside of the tourist areas, you are still ok as long as you exercise a bit of common sense. Don't carry and never show large amounts of currency. Large has a different meaning in a place where a teacher or a policeman earns 10,000 PHP or about \$300 AUD per month. Travelling around during the day with the locals is ok but I stick to taxis at night. Scams are everywhere. Never hand money to anyone for goods or services that you haven't yet received. Paying up front immediately marks you as a soft target. Despite all that I keep coming back and having a great time.

So, back to Dalton and the trip to Danao. Isn't it weird how you can drive past the same spot over and over and miss the obvious? This is my third visit and a dozen trips along this stretch of road. It wasn't until Dalton turned off the main road, saying "we'll just stop here to visit a friend" that I realised that there was a local marina and slipway right under my nose.

First glance showed 6 Australian boats. There may be more. I couldn't stay very long.

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# Passage People Sea Hog



## Sea Hog and Lady Hog

We first met the *Lady Hog* crew in Trinity inlet on September 10 2001, one of those dates you don't forget and it seems that unforgettable details are the hallmark of John and Case and son Luke.

John Built *Lady Hog* in Tasmania but sold her to Keith on the Gold Coast. He and Case found another project down south, this time a 50 year old trader and another boat on hard times. Working 12 hour days for 3 years they rebuilt the trader from the two boats, into a fantastic home. Solid, dry, very seaworthy. A lot of planking was replaced and the engine was replaced with like kind, a 230 horsepower jimmy and the rig all set with furlers. And now they are on the cruise again in a style that is a delightful throwback to the freedom and ingenuity of a years ago.

The forward cabin has a very large hatch, which you need to get their two Harleys stowed securely. Case has a little sporty and John has a bit bigger hog. And he needs a big bike as he is all of "5 feet 18 inches".

Genzan is crew for this voyage, he met them at the tweed and admired the vessel. Everything had the look of careful hand work and the wood glowed with soul and feeling. From our talk I could tell the deep affection he has for the what the ship represents. He does the cooking. The iron chef of Sea Hog!

They are on their way to the Kimberly and may step off to Asia after that?

Luke is a lucky lad to have mum and dad providing such an adventurous floating home. He smiles a lot!

Keith (see photo below) bought *Lady Hog* about 7 years ago and now the big steely motor sailor calls Tweed Heads home. They've been cruising along with *Sea Hog* more or less but they got separated at the fearsome Wide Bay Bar. Slowed by a foul tide they were just a little past slack water but weren't in a position to go round Fraser Island so they steeled themselves for a rough ride.. and they got it.. side on three times. They left the pilot house doors open in case they needed to abandon the ship in the bar (a clear indication of the fear at hand!) and it turned out to be a bad call as one broach knocked them down and flooded the cabin. The ship was OK but there was a lot of gear on the jetty still trying to dry out days later. "Hauges" and Bumps" are along for crew and according to Hauges, "I saw God and I don't even believe in god!" Dickie was crew for the hard stuff too, but had to get back to the Gold Coast before I got there with the camera.

Hauges wants to make it to Bustard Heads this trip on *Lady Hog*, he has many memories of Pancake creek from many years ago, most of them fond but the time he stepped on a huge stone fish wasn't one of them. However he has much thanks for the light house keeper as he brought him up to the compound in the Land Rover and treated him for it.

All great crew and two magnificent vessels and the closer you look the more impressive they are. John is a very clever man. He and Case are the best kind of hardworking, independent sailors that made cruising in Australia what it is.

We have the crew of Sea Hog from left; Thats Case, John, Luke and Genzan. And above on deck is Ralph the Springer Spaniel.

## Lady Hog



## Jacana



On the highway, south of Childers at the BP servo is not where I usually pick up a Passage People story but it is about boats and they seem to come from everywhere and at the silliest times so why not. Denis Kloske from Mourilyan near Innisfail, had just bought the boat through Ebay and was transporting it back north. The trailer to boat ratio looked a little sus but he did make it OK.. couple flat tires but OK. He believes she is a Dick Zaal design that was created for a wooden boat construction competition back in the sixties. She is built of Ply despite an appearance that suggests otherwise and in very good condition. The hull is sound. (Yes, I had to have a squiz now didn't I!) The previous owner was in the process of a cabin redesign but lost interest so Denis has some work but she should come good and be worth the work. The boat is about 21 feet with a Rolly Tasker Rig and steel for keel. With the shallow draft she will be ideal for cruising around Hinchinbrook and Dunk and all the other funs bits close at hand. Or further at hand if the skipper wants to! We look forward to the relaunch.. but mate.. get a bigger trailer!



The Lady Hogg Crew from left is Hauges and then John from Sea Hog, then Bumps and Keith the skipper and at right lovely Case, also visiting from Sea Hog.