



# The Coastal Passage

[www.thecoastalpassage.com](http://www.thecoastalpassage.com)

43rd Edition  
July - August 2010

The Voice of the Boating Community

FREE!

## Spinnaker Tales



Julie Hartwig photo

Julie Hartwig reflects on the Bay to Bay 2010 and all those spinnakers



From this...



to this...

and so happy with the change!

A transitional story by Jan and Nick Wooller, MV Yawarra II

What's your story?

*"It can't be about you without you!"*

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13.5 metre MONO	44ft x 15ft	\$45.00	\$230.00	\$680.00	\$3900.00
13.5 metre MULTI	44ft x 23ft	\$60.00	\$310.00	\$890.00	\$5080.00
15 metre MONO	49ft x 15ft	\$50.00	\$250.00	\$740.00	\$4220.00
15 metre MULTI	49ft x 25ft	\$65.00	\$330.00	\$990.00	\$5670.00
16 metre MULTI	52ft x 26ft	\$70.00	\$350.00	\$1060.00	\$6040.00
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# Reflections By Alan Lucas, SY Soleares

## SUSPICIOUS AUSTRALIA

Late one afternoon last February, while swinging on a courtesy mooring in Sydney's beautiful Bantry Bay deep in the Garigal National Park, two very large RIBs entered the bay at a speed in excess of the clearly signed four knot limit, bringing with them a wake large enough to roll our 16-foot beam. Both vessels were dark grey without clearly displayed registration numbers or names with crewmembers lacking identifiable insignia on their clothes. They steamed through the moored vessels, paused to group-up, then turned and exited, again faster than the four-knot speed limit.

Immediately after dusk, they returned and repeated the same mysterious manoeuvre, but this time, as they steamed out of the bay, I noted that their red and green navigational lights remained *visible from over their sterns*. That made three rules broken by what

I must presume were government vessels. First, they exceeded the legal speed limit: second, the vessels had no apparent identifying marks and, third, their red and green nav lights could be clearly seen from much further aft than the legal two points abaft the beam.

If you and I broke any of those rules, let alone all three together, we would be fined on the spot.

The same vessels were later sighted in the main harbour area travelling at high speed loaded down with machine-gun toting crew, and again, a week later, they roared past us off the coast between Sydney and Botany Bay, so I must presume they belonged to some sort of anti-terrorist offshoot of Customs and Border Control. But without any means of identifying them, who can say? They could also have been visiting terrorists; a sort of 21<sup>st</sup> Century equivalent to Japanese subs invading Sydney during World War 11.

Whoever they were, their presence begs a few questions: is this what Australia has come to? Has the suspicion industry reached the dizzying heights of Hollywood's worst hyped up, end-of-the-world movie? Do we have to have these mysterious people buzzing around like storm troopers, and if we must be prepared for unseen enemies in peacetime, what's wrong with using clearly identifiable boats that fully comply with the rules and regs just like the rest of us?

Perhaps we're supposed to feel warm and cuddly knowing our government is protecting us, just like it does with those other tools of suspicion, such as notices

plastered everywhere insultingly warning us of the bleeding obvious, laws that dumb us down and surveillance cameras watching our every step. When George Orwell peeked into our future in his book '1984' - where people were under surveillance inside their own homes, I bet he had no idea just how soon his wild imagination would be matched by reality.

And if you think I am becoming paranoid about suspicion, let me digress a moment to describe Wondabyne Railway Station, a delightful little stop deep in the heart of the beautiful Brisbane Water National Park:

Wondabyne is on the main northern line between Sydney and Brisbane. Its only customers are the half dozen inhabitants who live in tiny houses on the opposite side of Mullet Creek and a rare yachty or two who might anchor there for a few days. Back-packers also commute to or from Wondabyne to join or leave the Great Northern Walk that is just a steep bushwalk away from the station.

The size of Wondabyne Station in every way compliments its national park setting, being shorter than a single carriage obliging trains to stop with their aft-most door neatly placed over the platform. A condition of travel to Wondabyne is that you ride in the last carriage and advise the guard that you need the train to stop or, if you are departing, you must flag the train down. In a high-tech era, it's all very back-woods and charming: until, that is, you have a good look around and discover that this tiny isolated station deep in the woods has no less than eight surveillance cameras - repeat, *eight surveillance cameras*, plus notices warning passengers that their conversations *may be recorded!*

And as if being watched and listened to by Big Brother isn't bad enough, between trains the primeval silence of this bush wonderland is constantly shattered by a loud recorded voice telling you to stand behind the yellow line along with constant train-arrival advisories: And just a few metres away is an automatic boom gate whose gong rings remorselessly to every approaching train.

Remember, this is not your standard urban level crossing with automobiles rushing across - it is for pedestrian only.

For the first hundred years of Wondabyne Station's existence, people managed just fine to catch a train at Wondabyne without visual and audio surveillance or falling under a train in



the absence of big brother. As far as I know, the only accident at Wondabyne was when a couple of drunks passed out on the railway line and were run over. If that's the truth, I'm sure they could have achieved exactly the same result with today's expensive, complex and demeaning infrastructure 'protecting' them.

In about five decades Australia has gone from zero surveillance cameras to literally millions of them eagerly watching our every move, including going to the toilet in at least one Gold Coast facility: And for what? Are they really being monitored 24/7? And if we must have them, how many of those cameras were made in Australia? I suspect none because, in the same time-span a succession of governments have succeeded in sacrificing our home industries on their altar of economic rationalism. And whether home grown or imported, do cameras really stop thugs rushing into brightly lit servos to attack terrified attendants? For the answer to that, watch your evening TV news. Filmed attacks have long been a great source of entertainment for the bored and heartless.

The truth is, the purchase and operating costs of our surveillance systems from remote visual and audio systems to unidentifiable RIBs rushing into quiet bays has little to do with crime prevention and much to do with self-serving governments keeping us in a state of high anticipation. Leaders of

every civilisation throughout history have well understood the simple truth that a fearful society will blindly embrace suffocating new laws as long as it is kept entertained. Fear maintains obedience while free extravaganzas blind us to our own malleability.

Returning to those two RIBs in Bantry Bay: the next day I made a concerned-citizen phone call to see how authority would respond to my observations - after all, we are requested to report on everything from parcels on bus seats to abnormal boating behaviour: So I bushwalked to the nearest public phone and rang Australia Customs' hotline to report witnessing two unmarked, dark coloured high-speed boats rendezvousing in a lonely corner of Sydney Harbour at night.

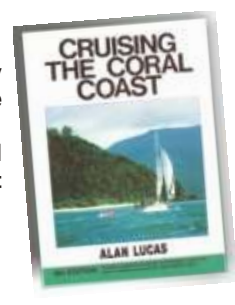
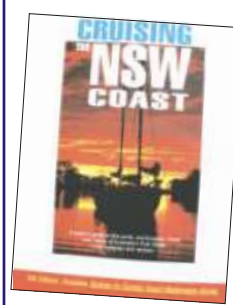
While waiting for the emergency number to answer I anticipated the usual delay, but nothing prepared me for the actual response, which was a recorded voice saying, 'This line is busy, please try again later'.

So there you have it. We are encouraged to be suspicious by a government too busy to care. It reminded me of a serious incident I tried to report to Customs a few years earlier of two boats bobbing alongside each other late one night transshipping goods. With that call the receptionist kept me waiting 35 minutes while she tried to find someone to handle my call and eventually directed me to a wrong number!

### Read more by Alan Lucas!

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# Contributors

What's your story?

"It can't be about you without you!"

Paul Albin, SY *Greybeard*  
 Chris Ayres, SY *Lady Lonsdale*  
 Sue Bett, MY *Scallywag*  
 Stuart Buchanan, SY *Pluto*  
 Dianne Challis, Boatie fulfilling a dream  
 Steve & PJ Halter, SY *Cheetah*  
 Julie Hartwig, SY *Flying Fox Bay to Bay crew*  
 Vicky J. SY *Shomi*  
 Julie Long, SY *Adagio*  
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 Bob Norson, issues, technical, ect....  
 Pattie & Keith Owen, SY *Speranza*  
 Lance T., SY *Galadriel*  
 Norm Walker SY *Peggy-Anne*  
 Anne Wilson, SY *Hybreasail*  
 Jan and Nick Wooller, MV *Yawarra II*



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.

# TCP's Favourite Distributors



## Matthew & Natasha's Fan Mail

Hi there TCP,

I read your recent May/June issue with the Tasty Tuna Fingers Recipe from Natasha and Matthew, of SY *Kalida*.

I have attached a great shot I took of these two children on one of their many visits daily to us at Lizard Island last August 2009. I met these two great duo last year when they delivered your magazine to us on board our boat at Lizard Island as a welcome piece. They were in that issue with a photo and story too. What a great life they lead; all adults on board were pretty envious of their lifestyle. We all purchased Lizard Island Souvenirs from them all personally hand made by them for our family back home. We met with their family daily at 4pm for nibbles and drinks it was a wonderful week which we will do again this year for much longer this time. It came to an end much too quickly.

Regards,

Cassie Dixon, SY *A Whiter Shade of Pale*(41' Farrier Cat)

## Where can I get copies of The Coastal Passage???

New distribution places in red

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- Half Moon Bay Chandlery**
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- Blue Water Marina
- Cairns Yacht Club
- Cairns Marlin Marina Office
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- The Coffee Bean Estate
- \* MOURILYAN HARBOUR
- Coast Guard Innisfail
- \* CARDWELL
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- Burdekin Browser Book Shop
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- Summargarden Cinema (Q.B.)
- \* AIRLIE BEACH and surrounds
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- Quadrant Marine
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- Seaforth Boating Club
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- Mackay Marina
- Mackay's Boat Yard
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- Capricornia Cruising Yacht Club
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- Gladstone Marina Office
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- \* BUSTARD HEADS
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- Burrum Traders
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- Fishermans Wharf Marina
- The Boat Club Marina
- \* MARYBOROUGH
- Boaties Warehouse
- Mary River Marine Supplies
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- Tin Can Bay Yacht Club
- Tin Can Bay Marina
- Tin Can Bay Boat Sales
- \* NOOSA
- Noosa Yacht & Rowing Club
- \* MOOLOOLABA
- Kawana Waters Marina
- Mooloolaba Marina Office
- Whitworth's (Minyama)
- Lawries Boat Services
- \* REDCLIFFE PENINSULA
- Moreton Bay Marine Supplies
- \* SCARBOROUGH
- Scarborough Marina
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- \* NEWPORT
- Australiawide Brokerage
- \* SANDGATE
- Queensland Cruising Yacht Club
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- Whitworths (Woolloongabba)
- Whitworths (Breakfast Creek)
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- \* M A N L Y
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- The Maritime Model Museum**
- Boat Books
- Middle Harbour Yacht Club
- Cruising Yacht Club Australia,
- Rushcutters Bay
- Royal Motor Yacht Club Broken Bay
- Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club
- ....CANBERRA.....
- Canberra Yacht Club
- .....VICTORIA.....
- Royal Yacht Club (Williamstown)
- Royal Geelong Yacht Club
- Sandringham Yacht Club
- Royal Brighton Yacht Club
- Royal Melbourne Yacht Squadron
- Hastings Yacht Club
- ..... SOUTH AUSTRALIA.....
- Port Adelaide Sailing Club
- Cruising Yacht Club of S.A.
- Royal S.A. Yacht Squadron
- .....WESTERN AUSTRALIA....
- Boating Hardware-Prosail - O'Connor (near Fremantle)
- .....TASMANIA.....
- Oyster Cove Marina (Hobart)
- Port Huon Marina (Pt Huon)

## BOATING AND BULLYING DON'T MIX

As a child I had an affinity with water. Every Sunday it was down to the Port Adelaide River to buy fresh fish off the backs of the local fishing trawlers. I would stand high above these smelly chaotic vessels being bombarded by seagulls watching the men frantically gutting and scaling the fish for the punters. I dreamed of being out there on the seas having a life of freedom.

I wanted to escape the world I lived in and take on challenges that other kids wouldn't care for. I had the gypsy blood within me. I was a wanderer and still am. I was also one of those kids who suffered daily from school yard bullying. These bullies thought and believed that they were the strong ones and that the individual was weak. It's not a new modern day problem. It's been going on for eons.

Jeepers, I was so happy when I was old enough to leave school and get away from the brutality and cruelty of these senseless non considerate creatures. I was now free to live life and grow and learn. I could become an adult who I hoped would be sensitive to others feelings because of my own experiences. But these brutish children become adults too and I feel that they do not grow out of their earlier existence.

The reason I have written this is because it is still happening to this day. I am in my late 50's and John in his early 60's and we both are still being bullied. The difference is now that we are older, wiser and stronger personalities and can confront these bullies from all walks of life. Unfortunately these kinds of people can drag innocent ones into their wake because they don't have true strength on their own. In essence they are weak and need the support of others. So they will lie or stretch the truth to suit their needs. Always be vigilant of those who tend to go out of their way to discredit another fellow human being. Before making judgment go and do your own research first and when satisfied what the truth is then embark on your own decision, not theirs.

This leads me to ask the question of the person who saw fit to ring authorities and tell them that we were self-employed and building boats for other people as a business. Where did you get your information? Was it the word 'job' that I mentioned in my article in issue #39? If you know us personally just come forward and confront us, be honest and forthcoming. Otherwise, if you don't have the balls you could always drop an email to TCP and they could forward on your answer to me.

Unfortunately misinformation could be construed as vindictiveness or jealousy... All I can say is: get your facts right before pursuing this 'Government communistic dob in a neighbour' thing. This conduct did no harm and was laughed off by the powers that be. They actually enjoyed the research by reading the TCP and all the articles to boot, including mine.

**There is no room in the boating community for such things.**

**Dianne Challis, Boatie fulfilling a dream**

*Kays note: Yes, there seems to be an epidemic of bullies around lately. They prey on "out of the square" individuals that are willing to challenge themselves. From young circumnavigators, to others who just want to try something "new". There is always the insecure that need to be-little those who succeed by just hard work and "a dream".*

See pages 24 & 25 for an update on Dianne & Johns boatbuilding progress.



## The Coastal Passage

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# LETTERS

## SY Lady Hawk and solar hot water systems?



Hi TCP,

I have recently purchased a Fastback30, Lady Hawk (pictured above) and would love to have her from anyone who has had anything to do with this lovely lady in her previous lives. I understand that she lived in TinCan Bay for some time and may have been known as JoeBlow or even Polar Bear.

Unfortunately the local Gas Examiner will not issue me with a Gas Certificate until I remove the gas hot water system, which are quite prevalent in boats of this vintage. However our local man takes his job very seriously and he will not budge on mine. I thank him for his diligence and hope that others appreciate his professionalism.

He did however suggest to me that there is a solar hot water system which has been designed for the caravanning/campervan set brigade.

I have investigated this suggestion as far as I can and drawn a blank at every point of inquiry. If such a beast does exist I suggest that it would be enormously popular with the baby boomers as we set sail into the wide blue along with our aching joints and arthritic appendages.

It might be that some of your readers have seen such a device and can share with the rest of us where it is available. It has to be safer than heating water and tipping it into overhead showers or tripping over hoses and wires as we try to pump a tea cup of warmed water over our heads for our Thursday night ablution.

Perhaps the supplier of such a product could provide some well earned advertising revenue to your publication.

It could be that other readers have installed gas hot water systems in a way that meets the current requirements and I would love to know how they went about complying with current requirements.

Kind Regards,

Phil Rohlf, SY Lady Hawk

[arohlf@bigpond.net.au](mailto:arohlf@bigpond.net.au)

To TCP,

First of all GREAT MAG; it's a credit to all that contribute.

I could not help but just throw in a thought to Steve Woolcock and his statement that: "We preserve our forests when in fact they are stagnant trees. Only young trees growing trees counter carbon in the atmosphere"

I must point to the fact that it is these trees "apparently stagnant trees" we protect, for they provide a myriad of other functions critical for forest ecology. Among a few of their functions is creating habitat for a number of animal species that disperse seeds for young trees to propagate. The older trees create all the necessary forest mulch/nutrient return that supports all the requirements for those young trees to continue growing. I could fill the page with more functions that these trees provide but will keep the response short.

It just pains me to see so many knockers when there is so much at stake with the global warming issue (the most important issue of mankind). In fact it is widely known that people are employed by big business to add confusion to this very subject, so no change occurs. I would like to suggest Steve read a book titled "The Big Picture" which sums up science based material that I'm sure will enlighten.

J. Meyer

TCP Note: For more on how Australian media, government and the resource industry contrive to obscure facts on this and other subjects, please refer to this page;

<http://thecoastalpassage.com/manure.html>

To TCP,

Writers in Townsville (WITS) have been in Townsville Queensland for over twenty five years, promoting, nurturing and encouraging writers.

This year, WITS is continuing this long tradition and holding an inaugural nationwide Poetry competition. We hope to showcase not only adult poets throughout Australia but also the exciting 15- 17 age bracket. WITS will be targeting schools throughout Australia to participate in the competition. Our first competition has the thought provoking theme of "Freedom".

There is an entry fee of \$5 for each poem. *First prize \$200. Second Prize \$150 Judged by acclaimed Queensland poet Julie Beveridge Closing Date: 31 August 2010*

Any help you can give in the way of promotion would be gratefully received.

Kerry Ashwin, SY Dikera, Writers in Townsville  
Promotional Officer: [www.kerryashwin.com](http://www.kerryashwin.com)

TCP note: TCP has had some great poetry in the paper over the years. Page 18 of this edition has a few. We support this kind of competition!

Dear TCP,

Our insurance became due for renewal this month. We were keen to change from our current insurers to a more tried and tested local insurer. Our boat (which as you know is home too) is currently registered in Tasmania. When considering new insurance it came to our notice that the small print, in most of the local insurers policy documents, clearly states that it is a condition of their cover that you 'the insured' comply with all federal, state and local laws.

I asked two of the more popular insurers to clarify if that clause would apply to a boat such as ours that is passing through NSW (for example) and may overstay the stipulated three months grace that NSW grants to visiting boats before they require them to take up local registration.

Both companies emphasised the text of the clause, and said that if we were not registered in the state where we made a claim, and under local law we should have been at the time of the incident, they would not pay out.

Obviously this has huge implications for all the east coast itinerant cruisers, particularly those who think they may be insured when in fact they're not.

We still can't make up our minds how to proceed. Do we take out NSW registration, then re-register in Queensland when we head north again only to repeat the whole process at huge expense come the cyclone season, or do we stay with possibly with our overseas insurers who are we are not comfortable with?

All the best,

## Beach of Shame

During the Dent to Dunk Rally, we not only enjoyed the warm hospitality of the splendid Dunk Island Resort, but also enjoyed the mild weather and the most pleasant surroundings of the Brammo Bay anchorage. Dunk is described in tourist brochures as one of the most beautiful tropical islands in the Barrier Reef, with palm-fringed beaches and covered by lush rainforest. We took the opportunity to shake-off our sea legs by doing the 12 km walking circuit in the National Park to Mount Kootaloo. What started as a most pleasant morning hike, just as described in the brochures, ended with a shocking vista at Coconut Beach.

Some vandals had been there before us! Using a chainsaw, some idiots had cut down the lovely coconut palm trees leaving just one metre stumps. All that remains unharmed is the handsome sign "Coconut Beach" and beside it is a pile of rubbish. The vandals must have run out of fuel, which at least saved the sign. A more appropriate name, as a testimony to the beauty lost at this once idyllic site, is the new name; "Beach of Shame."

We reported the disturbing incident to the Visitors Office in Cardwell. To our big surprise, we learned from the nice lady behind the counter that it wasn't the work of heartless vandals, but the Park and Wildlife rangers themselves who consider coconut palms in National Parks as weeds to be eradicated. This is hard to believe, as everybody knows that coconut trees propagate themselves by the nuts floating to beaches freely, to start a new life all over the shores of the oceans.

Australia is infamous for its strict immigration laws. Have these been extended by the bureaucrats to include a super law against coconut palms? Who decides what is native? According to modern genetics, not even the aborigines are truly natives, but we all have our roots in Africa. Likewise, most of our flora and fauna arrived at the fatal shores sometime, somehow. Did the now locally resident eagles ever fill in immigration papers? Shoot these bloody birds out of the sky! Bad luck that cyclone Larry left behind unharmed a number of coconut palms at Mission Beach. We all should pay a super tax so the government can buy more chain saws to remove this Mission Beach eyesore. Only the stupid tourists like coconut palms anyway.

Genocide is the worst crime against civilisation. Genocide on plants is just as bad. Its perpetrators should be sent to the place where they came from - to Africa.

Kurt Maring,  
SY Mundi Mundi

see next page for more...

## WHAT MAKES THE DENT TO DUNK RALLY A UNIQUE EVENT?

Hi There Kay and Bob,

I just thought I'd put pen to paper or should I say fingers to keyboard and relate some of our experiences whilst sailing along with 25 boats in the 2010 Dent to Dunk Rally.

IT COULD BE the places we sailed to which offered such different environments for us to explore, like Capes Gloucester, Upstart and Bowling green, Magnetic, Orpheus, Dunk and Hinchinbrook Islands.

IT COULD BE judging the creatively designed swimsuits or the theme nights we dressed up for as pirates and others as "would be prostitutes" and Hawaiians. Perhaps it was the Talent Quest, Karaoke night, Trivial Pursuit, Fishing Competition or the "Pool side Games, and the many bottles of wine we won each evening, (for which we all gave thanks to our sponsors.)

IT COULD BE sailing several hours each day in warm sunshine on aqua blue, balmy seas with just the right winds to fill our sails whilst we watched dolphins and turtles, or challenged other rally boats to races along the way before making time for "sundowners" every sunset after anchoring. But, I think it was all of the above and more.

IT WAS in fact that each sailing destination and places en route offered entirely different scenery. We explored tropical vegetation, national parks, sandy spits, rocky outcrops, beautiful bays, rugged shorelines, islands of rainforest and deserted beaches, pristine rock pools and swam beneath water falls plus enjoyed the many pools and facilities offered by the resorts and marinas.

IT WAS the untiring efforts of the organisers and their helpers, some of whom I mentioned in my song lyrics, who have worked tirelessly to make this rally an annual event.

IT WAS the varied and humorous talent quest items, many of which were spontaneous and encouraged by the receptive audience. Al's guitar got plenty of use this year and everyone was keen to join in whenever possible.

IT WAS the enthusiasm of the many first timers to the rally who turned up to each theme night in weird and wonderful outfits, bearing impressive cameras, keen to capture the atmosphere on film and then offering to email photos to those who wanted them.

IT WAS the excitement of watching a fish being caught and eating the catch later that night because people loved to share and feeling the disappointment of Kev reeling his fish in for ages only to lose it at the last minute, though we did offer him a can of tuna and drinks later.

IT WAS watching my husband, usually working at the computer, relaxing as he and others talked "boats", the sharing of ideas and local sailing knowledge, the helping of those who needed a hand and watching those magnificent sunsets before heading to shore in our tenders for more merriment and mirth.

IT WAS the constant laughter which is good for the soul, the camaraderie, the positive attitudes of so many people from different walks of life coming together from near and far living each moment to the fullest.

THIS IS what made the Dent to Dunk Rally special for ME.

WELL DONE EVERYONE,  
Glenda Lindeman,  
SY Southern Swell

See pages 20 & 21 for more on D2D

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# CAUTION - no compassion

To TCP,

We have a house on the Sunshine Coast, however, we haven't lived in it for the past 18 months, choosing instead to live on board our catamaran. The house therefore, has been let. After our previous tenants moved out we moved back to the house do some repairs and maintenance in preparation for the next tenant. When I say "we moved back in", I mean we 'camped', that is we slept on a mattress on the floor and used a couple of garden chairs and a fold-up table for our dining area. After about 3 weeks we were finally ready to set off up north for the sailing season.

We had just started packing our things ready to transport them to our boat, which was anchored in The Duck Pond at Mooloolaba, when my husband's mother who was resident in a local nursing home was taken ill. Naturally we postponed our departure. We remained at the house until we believed she had recovered. We started packing again and this time got everything back to the boat ready to leave at first light on the following morning.

During the night, however, we received a phone call from the nursing home telling us that my mother-in-law had had a relapse and was unconscious. By the time we arrived at the nursing home it was clear that mum wasn't going to recover and that it was just a matter of time before the inevitable happened. Her grandchildren were contacted and together we sat with her throughout the day. Around 1600hours she peacefully passed away. By the time we finally left the nursing home and returned to our boat it was well after dark.

We decided that as soon as the marina offices opened in the morning we would ring around for a berth rather than move back to the house. We had a funeral to arrange and as with any death there were numerous official matters that required attention. Next day before we could phone the marinas however, there was a knock on the hull. A Boating and Fisheries (B&F) boat containing two officers had arrived.

While the younger of the two officers remained silent the other one started to ask questions. He wanted to know who we were and why we were on board. It was Tuesday and I explained that we had moved onto the boat on the previous Sunday in anticipation of an early Monday morning departure, a plan that had been aborted because of my mother-in-law's death. I told him that we would be trying to get a marina berth and that if one was not available we would move back to our still empty house. The officer then asked where my mother-in-law had been when she died. I told him and then I asked if he was going to check up on me. He answered in the affirmative. To say I was surprised at this would be an understatement. The officer justified himself by saying that people told him all kinds of stories, and I acknowledged this might be so.

The officer then went on to say that because we had a property on the Coast we were not permitted to stay on board overnight at all; that the 10 days allowance to anchor and live on board in the river was for "genuine travellers" only. I exclaimed that we were genuine travellers and the boat was our home. Apparently this was not acceptable. He stated that if my 'story' proved to be true then an exemption might be in order.

By this time the B&F officers had been asking questions and taking notes for about 20 minutes. After they left we rang all three of the marinas only to find they were all full. We had no choice but to move all our gear back to the house. Luckily we still had access to our vehicle which my son had been going to take to his place for storage. Later that week the B&F officer phoned me to acknowledge that I had indeed told the truth, nevertheless the Department had issued an official Caution/Marine Infringement Notice without a financial penalty! So what happened to good old-fashioned common decency? We were only there because we were bereaved. We are now a "marked boat"! Instead of compassion we received a Caution!

About 3 weeks later we were again in a position to depart. We moved our gear back to the boat with the intention of leaving early next day. Unfortunately a strong wind warning was issued overnight, and while it had been cancelled by the time we heard the first weather forecast,

the damage was done and the sea was up. We motored out of the river and a couple of miles out to sea but it was too rough and we, together with a couple of other vessels turned back. But where were we to go? We tried the marinas again but still no vacancies so we dropped anchor off the beach at Mooloolaba in the hope that the sea might settle later. It didn't. Instead it became rougher as the tide receded. After a couple of really big swells came though and straightened the S hook on our bridle I said, "To hell with the Boating and Fisheries people, they can lock me up if they want, but we are not staying out here for another second!"

So what happened to the age old Law of the Sea which says it is incumbent on all sea farers to look out for others and that they should not do anything to jeopardise their fellows. Apparently The B&F people do not subscribe to such a notion. When I explained our situation to a woman who answered the phone at one of the marinas, she unsuccessfully tried to shuffle some boats around so that we could have a marina berth. She then said, "Surely they can't possibly send you out if it's dangerous." I told her that the B&F people had stated that if we didn't have a marina berth and we didn't have people on the coast with whom we could stay, we would just have to find a room in a motel!

Anyway, we motored back to the Duck Pond and after a relatively quiet night we left the river and had a good sail to Double Island Point.

Speaking of points, what then is the point of this letter? Well I guess it comes down to this: What have my husband and I received for the huge increase in boat registration fees? The answer is harassment from Public Servants (definitely a contradiction of terms) and an **Official Caution!**

Lin Nemeth, SY Rose-A-Lee

## How to Avoid Prosecution Never Apologise, Never Explain

*TCP has had a rash of reports about the enforcement in Mooloolaba lately. The story above is one of the more benign. The following is not legal advise. It is information based on observation and practise that has been effective in defeating aggressive policing. The situation in Mooloolaba seems to be an alliance between a few water front property owners keen to control "their" water and enforcement keen to pander to them. It is fruitless to try to reason with any of these people and in fact it will convict you to try. Make no mistake, this is an adversarial situation, the officer is there to do you and the easy way is to let you make their case for them. From an article I wrote for TCP 16, "Don't be induced into a conversation that may be disguised as congenial. An example of this idea that you may be familiar with... you have been stopped by a cop for speeding on the highway. What's the first question the cop asks? "Why were you going so fast?" You are meant to believe that if you have a good enough reason the cop may let you off, so, you say something like: "Oh, not to fast was I? I'm a little late for my daughters wedding!" While you are grovelling, the cop is writing in their notebook, "driver admits not knowing his speed and was in a hurry to get to wedding." You were done the instant the lights came on and if you contest it later the cops notes will probably prevent you from winning. Say nothing and watch them freak out, or I like to respond; "you mean your case is so poor you feel you have to trick me into an admission to make a conviction?" In short, there is no successful answer to an "are you still beating your wife?" question, so don't answer. Watch every word... they are!" Don't lie but as far as I know it is not against the law to shut the hell up except for factual information the officer needs such as who you are and certain documents of your vessel, car, whatever. Since the complaining dirt dweller is unlikely to go public in prosecution and the water cops own observation is not going to be enough (did he 'stake out' your boat overnight?), the case is almost certainly dependent on your admission. If they have a case against you, make them prove it.*

Bob Norson



# News...

and views

by Bob Norson

## Marine Parks a "fraudulent" Swindle

The Australian public is being deceived on the merits of marine parks, according to Bob Kearney, emeritus professor of Fisheries at Canberra University and a former head of fisheries research with the New South Wales Government.

He recently told a NSW parliamentary inquiry into recreational fishing that the basis on which marine parks have been sold to the public is fraudulent.

"What I said was the science we've used to justify the creation of the parks was fraudulent and I stand by that absolutely adamantly," he told ABC TV's Landline program.

"The science that was used and put out at the time of the Bateman's Marine Park, called the science paper, contained blatant abuse of scientific practises.

"It claimed that authors said things in their papers which they did not say. That is worse than plagiarism - it's as bad as it gets in the scientific community."

According to the ABC program it was charged that the NSW government implemented the program to satisfy city green votes whilst avoiding more substantial but more difficult issues like agricultural chemical runoff. Further the point was made that concentrating the fishermen into smaller areas is not effective in promoting fish stocks.

Here is the link to an ABC online story:

<http://www.abc.net.au/news/stories/2010/06/11/2925023.htm?section=justin>

## Burning Penguins Alive a "success"?

**An island burn off by National Parks and Wildlife June 25th this year was originally described as a success even though a number of birds were roasted in the event nine years after a similar incident.**

There was supposed to be volunteers and sniffer dogs to clear the island before the burn but Parks went ahead without them. Montague Island is a bird sanctuary. Parks were burning off to eradicate the Kikuyu grass again. One comment from a web log stated, "There is no need to burn-off kikuyu..in fact it doesn't work. It's well known that glyphosate based herbicides ("Roundup") are very effective at getting rid of kikuyu....Burning off wont get rid of kikuyu because kikuyu reshoots from its' deep root system....whereas glyphosate kills kikuyu systemically. This sounds like total bungling on the part of National Parks. Why wasn't there a review after the first incident. ...It's appalling!...By the way, I'm a horticulturist who works on ecological restoration."

And another point made, "... and the RSPCA is where?" The Daily Telegraph quoting RSPCA chief Steve Coleman said he could not explain why his team wasn't at the burn. "It has been quite successful in the past but for whatever reason we didn't get invited."

Queensland cruisers may remember the controversy involved when Parks burnt off Lizard Island a few years ago in the midst of a strong wind warning and a local fishing tournament. Charges were made at the time that the timing and regard for local wildlife were in error. Statements that all Parks are doing is what Aboriginal cultures had been doing for thousands of years has been denied on Fraser Island where other large burns have occurred. There are claims that the aborigines did not ignite whole islands but instead burned smaller paths that allowed most wild life to escape. This burn occurred in the beginning of the penguins breeding season (June to August) when the males return to their burrows or build new ones and look for a mate. A vulnerable time.

Perhaps more important than the penguins fried is the issue that Parks may be out of control.

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## EPA set to Seize Middle Percy?

Dear Coastal Passage,

I enclose a Brisbane newspaper article on Middle Percy Island, dated 30th Jan. As you can see at the end of the article; the CCS Minister stated that 'the community would be involved in the decision making process, prior to gazettal of the island as a National Park'. This is not happening. Despite giving the EPA Damien Head your paper's contact details (TCP has not been contacted) so that a range of cruisers and locals could be involved in feed back before gazettal of Middle Percy Island as a National Park, we have been directly told by Damien Head that contrary to the Ministers public statement, 'the island will be gazetted before asking for the public feedback'. This is another example of the undermining the public servants are doing, regarding the Nature Conservation Act (NCA).

The NCA has many classification of protection which would be much more suitable for the island; enabling the European cultural heritage values to be continued as was recognised by the Departmental meeting in 1997; where DOPE, Council and DNR all agreed that the island was well managed and the conservation values were not at risk.

The NCA is not being adhered to, if you see the sections 1-6 of that Act.

The majority of visitors say they do not want a National Park, although support a lesser category of protection.

Cathryn Radclyffe

**The Coastal Passage urges readers to insure government adheres to the act regarding public consultation and acts according to the public's wishes on this important matter.**

Please write you letter or email to both Damian Head of the EPA and the minister, Kate Jones. and please send a copy of your correspondence to TCP ([mail@thecoastalpassage.com](mailto:mail@thecoastalpassage.com)) as well so we can track the collective response.

Damian Head, Regional Manager, DERM;  
PO Box, 5332  
Airlie Beach, QLD, 4802  
email: [damien.head@derm.qld.gov.au](mailto:damien.head@derm.qld.gov.au)

Kate Jones, Minister for Climate Change and Sustainability  
GPO Box 2454  
Brisbane, QLD, 4001  
email: [ccs@ministerial.qld.gov.au](mailto:ccs@ministerial.qld.gov.au)  
or, email: [kate.jones@queenslandlabor.org](mailto:kate.jones@queenslandlabor.org)

Sailors need to consider that Parks/EPA is on record as stating that they would eradicate the goats, honey bees and all Coconut palm trees on the island. All structures would be destroyed and access and activities for cruising sailors would be restricted. No pets of any kind, no fires on the beach.

Of great concern to many watching the news of the sell off of public assets, is the possibility that the island may be involved in future, in a drama similar to the attempted conversion by developers of a large part of Keppel Island last year.

## SHEN NENG 1 - what happens next?

In TCP #42, there were several letters and comments about *Shen Neng 1*, the bulk coal carrier that ran aground on Douglas Shoal on the Great Barrier Reef off the coast of Rockhampton in central Queensland in early April, leaking more than two tonnes of oil into the sea.

After attempts to bring it to the Port of Gladstone for repairs failed, the ship was towed to Hervey Bay, near Fraser Island, in the pristine waters of the Great Sandy Marine Park, to be partially unloaded making it light enough to tow back to China.

On May 21<sup>st</sup>, the *Shen Neng 1* finished its unloading of 19,000 tons of coal off Hervey Bay, making it light enough to tow back to China. It then moved to the Gladstone coast to await the deep sea tug, *De Da*, which will then tow the ship back to China.

On May 31<sup>st</sup>, the coal ship left Gladstone coast bound for China. The journey should take about 5 weeks.

### A report from the Marine Safety Queensland Website stated:

Transport Minister Rachel Nolan said state and federal authorities were working to extend the area covered by the Great Barrier Reef Vessel Traffic Service surveillance system, and new measures should be in operation by June next year.

She said the Queensland Government had also recently passed legislation to increase penalties for shipping industry polluters to \$10 million.

The ships master has been charged with liability for a vessel which caused damage in the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park. He faces a maximum fine of \$55,000.

The first mate has been charged with being the person in charge of a vessel which caused damage in the marine park. He faces a maximum penalty of three years' jail and a \$220,000 fine.

The pair have been granted bail to leave the country but are expected to return for future hearings. The matter will return to court on June 9.

*TCP note: As of June 28th, there has been no update on MSQ website.*

### Below is further update and comment from the Wide Bay Burnett Conservation Council (WBCC):

In the aftermath of the *Shen Neng 1* running aground on the Great Barrier Reef, The Fitzroy Basin Association (FBA), with the endorsement of the Rockhampton Regional Council (RRC), wrote to Prime Minister Kevin Rudd, Queensland Premier Anna Bligh and the International Maritime Safety Authority calling for a risk management plan to be developed for shipping in the Great Barrier Reef in light of the planned expansions to both the coal and gas industries, a review into the existing monitoring program for the southern sections of the reef and greater regulation and infringement penalties to be applied. The FBA and the RRC have not received a response to date.

Wide Bay Burnett Conservation Councils Coordinator, Miss Emma-Kate Currie said, "The community must understand that the State and Federal Governments are partially to blame for the *Shen Neng 1* running aground on our beloved barrier reef, because there is a distinct lack of adequate bulk carrier governance and realistic penalties in place to prevent such an incident from occurring in the first place. As a result of this weakness in legislation, the pristine waters of Hervey Bay are now being placed at risk."

"In order to avoid this type of situation in the future, where the stakeholders, environment groups and the Department of Environment and Resource Management are powerless to change the decision let alone negotiate, we must address this issue at the legislative level. With the planned expansion of coal exports in Queensland, we must act now to ensure that our protected environment cannot be blatantly disregarded because a foreign owned ship ran aground in our waters."

Comment from Roger Currie,  
President of

### Wide Bay Burnett Conservation Council

The grounding and subsequent decision to move the vessel *Shen Neng 1* to the Great Sandy Marine Park (GSMP), has raised the dangerous spectre of the Bligh government considering the GSMP as the ideal 'place of refuge' for any future incidents. The location was chosen because it is the only deep sheltered port along the coast of Queensland capable of dealing with vessels of this scale. The decision was made under section 10 & 11 of the *Protection of the Sea (Powers of Intervention) Act 1981 (Federal)*. I wrote to Minister Garrett expressing our strong opposition to the use of the GSMP. His response was predictable which is interesting due to the fact that the Queensland Conservation sector wrote to him late last year asking for a strategic assessment under s 146 of the EPBC 1999, of the potential for impacts to MNES (Matters of National Environmental Significance) from coal and gas expansion and export. Minister Stirling Hinchliffe wrote to Minister Garret in September last year to inform him that the Bligh government would not participate in such an assessment.

As a result we have created a petition:

[http://www.parliament.qld.gov.au/view/EPetitions\\_qld/CurrentEPetition.aspx?PetNum=1448](http://www.parliament.qld.gov.au/view/EPetitions_qld/CurrentEPetition.aspx?PetNum=1448)

to the Qld parliament supported by the Member for Hervey Bay Ted Sorrenson, asking for the House to, "make a decision to participate in the said assessment, to ensure that the unfortunate incident is not repeated and that the risks from coal and gas export to the regional economic, ecological and social values derived from the MNES, are identified and mitigated accordingly."

As I write we have received a posting on our website from a resident from Pt. Vernon, Mr. Peter Cherret, who was fishing near the *Shen Neng* on Saturday and observed a whale, which I can confirm as I sighted a Minke whale just south of the vessel on Friday at 3.30pm, whilst I was in the MSQ helicopter with Jason Brigden, owner of the whale watching boat *Whale Song*. Jason confirmed the sighting to Patrick Quirk (MSQ manager), who was also on the flight. Minke Wales are a listed migratory species (MNES).

Greenpeace staff, Trish Harrup Team Leader Climate and Energy, campaigner Keiller McDuff, Media Adviser Matt Kirkwood, and campaigner, Abram Powell, AV Coordinator, have been in Hervey Bay assisting us with the focus of the issue. Greenpeace have a very strong lobbying capability in Canberra and the rapidity of responses from both Federal and State Ministers, to our inquiries, confirms that. Greenpeace are creating a documentary which encompasses the *Shen Neng*, the extension of the Fraser Island WHA and the threat of mining projects (including Colton) to the Great Sandy Ramsar. Many thanks to Greenpeace for this timely assistance; this will be an essential piece of media for applying pressure to the Bligh governments stubborn resistance to protect the biodiversity of Queensland from their policy of "Mining at all costs".

I have informed Minister Garrett that the decision to place the *Shen Neng 1* in the GSMP makes a mockery of his attempt to create Federal Protected Marine areas, including 'no take' zones, to compliment the GSMP. What is the point of trying to protect marine values from fishing impacts, when the Bligh government can make decisions which allow a Federal Act to override the Qld Marine Park legislation, resulting in the GSMP being seen as a haven for crippled coal ships?

**TCP NOTE:** Lots of un-answred questions on the future of these ships. How much reef damage did this ship do? Any coal contamination when coal was being offloaded near Fraser Island Heritage Park? Time will tell, but most of all, this type of pollution should not be tolerated. We all do our best not to pollute **our waters** - the ships need to as well!



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# SUNDOWNERS

here's my story, mate...

## A flight of seagulls

By Chris Ayres, SY Lady Lonsdale

I have always had a thing about Seagulls. Not quite an obsession. More a love hate relationship. They fascinate me. And it all started with my Dad like most things. Being a Welsh Dad, of course, he was right about everything and knew it. So it was he who taught me about Seagulls, and most things, except the really important things. For that it was "Watch the chickens, bach!" Quite confused me briefly.

Back to the other birds Seagulls. Not the feathered variety, but the other noisy, smelly and oily variety that also perch on the back, oops, stern of your boat. If you let them. It has never puzzled me how a nation which started the Industrial Revolution manufactured the Seagull outboard. It was just a natural if rather small step forward from the Bolton and Watt steam engine. Sort of the next step. A small step for mankind and a half step for engineering.

The crew of Seagull owners were easily recognised. Great welts across their backs gave them the look of real old time salts flogged on the gratings by burly bosuns after abusing their rum ration. Unlike the sailors of yore, the flogged crew of Seagull owners were lashed by the lanyard, whipped by a demented Seagull owner desperately trying to start the motor before being run down by a Harbour Ferry.

Yet the starting instructions in the manual are simple. Extinguish your cigarette. Open the air vent on the top of the beautiful copper fuel tank. Open the fuel tap (of a classic design copied from one used by the Ancient Egyptians, a proven technology). Flood the carburettor until you are sitting in a lake of 10% oil and 90% petrol. Pull the lanyard to draw the remaining fuel into the engine. Pull it again to start. If motor doesn't start, refer to manual. So simple.

For those who are deprived enough to have never had anything to do with a Seagull, let me explain that they are - or rather were, mechanical simplicity itself. They consisted of about three moving parts when working, and only one when they weren't - the demented owner. They were the only motor that could remain under water sometimes for years and then once lovingly cleaned and smothered in oil would leap to life with a fart, cloud of blue-grey smoke and surrounded by an oil slick that would make the owners of the Exxon Valdez green with envy. Really, that was the only thing green about a Seagull. They loved oil, smoke, noise and smell. You could always sniff a Seagull owner long before they rolled into view. Now many of those motors recovered from the deep would be those that hadn't obliged

their former owners by starting in the first place. The Lazarus of outboard motors. Wonderful machines. They knew how to pick their owners. If they didn't like you, then they became an insurance claim, waiting patiently with the fishes for a new owner to recover, then lovingly lavish oil, time, oil, money, oil, cracked finger nails, oil, parts and more oil on them.

Seagulls last forever. It is rumoured Scott took one with him to the Antarctic. Donald Crowhurst was taken out to his trimaran, Teignmouth Electron in a boat pushed by a Seagull. The beaches of Normandy are littered with Seagulls (waiting to be resurrected no doubt).

Dad's first Seagull was purchased in 1962 and stolen six months later. See? People would steal to have one! The next one came in 1963 and lasted, still lasts somewhere in Brisbane to this day. My first Seagull came shortly after Rhonda in 1974. It too is still going complete with new block, water pump, new rings and spark plug, a new motor so to speak. And those spark plugs! The mighty D-16. Huge they were. Size and shape of a hand-grenade and quite as effective. I once near stunned an aggressive yachts-person in Pittwater who cut me off and then swamped my dinghy when he tried to roar past astern of me when I was sailing the boat-before-the-boat-before-the boat-before the boat the Lady. Good shot really I'd have stumped and not stunned him if it had been cricket.

Seagulls were so successful, they had their imitators. One was called a Mallard. Now, look up the English/French dictionary and you will see a mallard is a kind of lame duck. If you go to the Townsville Maritime Museum you will see one. The only one in Australia. Donated by one Chris Ayres. Yes, of course I had one! But it had to go, see.

Now the point of the story is that in my prime I had seven of these machines and a Mallard. I carried them from Sydney's North Shore further north to Cowan then to Scotland Island, then to Townsville (where I bought out the remaining stock of the last Seagull Motor Agent for North Queensland shortly before he died) then coming back to Brisbane with them all (minus the Mallard after succinct advice from my beloved). Our last stop was finally to Wellington Point where they met their Waterloo. After years of putting up with my ever-expanding perch full of Seagulls, Rhonda put her foot down and said the Seagulls MUST GO!!! Now! All of them! NOW!!! No room. Cluttering up the garden shed. Just rubbish. You are too old to lift, to start, to use them. Take them to the tip! NOW!!! She was wise enough not to add "if they don't go, I will". "Its my garden shed" I say defensively.

She looked at me strangely. Pauses. Finally and filling me with guilt she says softly, "Remember the Ferry?" That chilled me to the bone. She obviously had never forgotten the "Night of The Recalcitrant Seagull and the Oncoming Ferry." In a state of shock I agreed to relinquish my collection. I said I would "try to sell them". "Good luck", sez she, "no-one wants rubbish like that". So I called her bluff. Put an ad in the Murdoch Maligner.

It was 4.00 am on a Saturday morning in 2007. The phone rang. And kept ringing. "Ya still got ya seagull mate?", sez the voice on the other end. "You are lucky mate - still one left" "Gee. Told the missus I had to be quick. Can you hold it for me? I'll be there in 10 minutes". Make it 5" I said. Grab pants, pat dog. Next thing the doorbell rings. "Shit" sez I. "Waz that?" mumbled a soft voice next to me. "Bloke wants a motor" I respond. "Not now, thanks. Too early. Bring me it later" the gentle voice murmurs. Open garage door. Bloke standing there. Show him a Seagull. "Does it go?", he asks. "Like a Rocket" lies I. Stephenson's Rocket maybe. I tell him to put out his cigarette, as I open the air vent, the fuel cock, pour enough fuel and oil over the lawn to ignite a city, and pull the lanyard. A huge explosion, then the familiar roar of loving Seagull and followed by the dense blue-grey fog only a Seagull can create. Lights go on all over the neighbourhood. Dogs bark. Cats flee. Screams from inside our house. "Dad what the 'gosh' are you doing!" "Beauty!" he shouts, dancing with delight. Sick bastard thinks I. "Still \$250 mate?" "Nah" I lie. "That ones gone. This ones a bargain at \$500." Needed compensation for what I was going to cop from the girls not to mention the neighbours - later that day when they officially woke up. "Done mate. Cash?" "Fine" I say, pocketing ten \$50 notes.

I turn round to go back to bed, and the doorbell rings again. "Seagull motor?" this bloke says recognising me for the piece of classic British engineering I am. "No, but I still got one." He misses the irony in his desire to acquire. Back to the garage. Another \$500. Door bell rings. Mistaken identity again. More cash. Finally, all but one of the complete motors had gone. Bloke comes to the door, calls me Seagull motor and waves money. "Only half a motor, a prop-shaft, old fuel tank and an Arnott's Monte-Carlo biscuit tin with parts including an old magneto left mate" "A magneto?" he echoes. "\$400 the lot?" "Make \$450" sez I. "Done" sez he.

The bargain hunter of the noughties was just about to leave when he spotted one blade of the Silver Century Featherweight 40 I had hidden under a pair of overalls behind my workbench. "What's that!" he screams with delight. Dog barks again. Wimin in the house shout "Shad up!" "Nothing", I reply. Too late he pulls the overalls off the motor and says, "Five hundred". Someone must have told him the going rate, but to no avail. My beloved Silver Century Featherweight 40 with extension tank was Not For Sale. "No" I respond. "Six" -he sez. "No" I sez. "Ok, Ok. A grand" "No" "You knocking back a grand? Ya mad." "Nope to both". Head hanging despondently, he picked up his half-motor, his Monte Carlo tin of bits including the magneto, tucked the fuel tank under his arm and left. I felt a bastard. How could I do that to another Seagull aficionado? So I took pity on him. "Here" I said, dripping sentiment and oil and stinking of that odour peculiar to Seagull outboard owners. "Have this". He spun around all smiles. I handed him a Seagull motor multi-tool. With this, you can disassemble and with luck and oil re-assemble a Seagull motor. "How much?" he asks, eyes lighting up. "Free" I sez. "Oh thank you, thank you so much! A genuine Seagull motor multi-tool! A collectors item!" All smiles now. Off he toddles. I'm not a greedy man, you know. I have three more.

I took the phone off the hook, shut the door, drew the curtains, patted the dog wiped the oil off the dog, and took in Rhon's cuppa. It was 7.00 am. I had made enough to buy a new Yamaha 4 hp and put a substantial deposit on the Gemini Dinghy.

AND I STILL HAVE ONE SEAGULL OUTBOARD!!!!!!



Chris's one remaining Seagull - not for sale!

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# A Slow Go to the Boat Show

By Stuart Buchanan, SY *Pluto*

**They whoever the hell 'they' are say that the journey is often more enjoyable than the destination. Well, that didn't happen to me when I decided to visit the 2010 Sanctuary Cove International Boat Show.**

The first time I visited the Show years ago, you could drive your vehicle to within a stone's throw of the event, and catch a shuttle bus from the huge car parking area right to the front gate. The traffic was bumper to bumper kilometres before the carpark, so I could understand why some new method of transport had to be introduced. And it was. Now, you have to drive almost to Southport and then catch a bus back to the Show. A helicopter service has also been introduced between the Southport carpark and Sanctuary Cove.

A week before this year's Boat Show, relevant advertisements began appearing on television. There was no telephone number given to find out information about how to get there just a website address. For old fogies like me who are not connected to the internet, it presented a problem. The day before the Boat Show, I was working on my ketch *Pluto* at the Moreton Bay Boat Club Marina, when Ron, the bloke on the yacht next to me, asked if I was going to the Boat Show.

"I'd like to go, but I don't know where the carpark at Southport is located," I replied.

"Oh, don't worry about driving down there," Ron said, "just catch a train from the city and then a shuttle bus will take you from the station right to the door."

It sounded easy, so that's what I decided to do.

On Thursday, the first day of the Show, I left home at eight-thirty to catch the train from Ferny Grove to the city. I've never been terribly successful at catching trains. About fifty years ago, while in my teens, I caught a train each morning from the suburbs into the city. What I should say is I *tried* to catch a train into the city each morning. I was always running late and nine times out of ten, I just managed to jump into the last carriage as the train was pulling away from the platform. It wasn't all bad though I became quite friendly with most of the guards. I envied people who arrived at the station well before the train pulled in.

Well, fifty years on and not much has changed. I arrived at Ferny Grove Station only to find the carpark chock-a-block. I eventually found a space about 400 metres up a side street and started running, arriving at the ticket office one minute before departure time.

"I want to go to the Sanctuary Cove Boat Show!" I panted breathlessly to the man in the ticket office.

By his blank expression, I immediately realised this was going to take quite some time. In desperation I shouted:

"Just give me a return ticket to Southport!"

"I can give you a ticket to Surfers Paradise," he replied.

"Yeah, yeah, that'll do!"

I got my ticket and leapt onto the train, just as the doors slammed shut behind me.

On arrival at Central Station in the city, I found an information counter with two men standing behind it.

"G'day," I said, "I want to go to the Sanctuary Cove Boat Show. I've got a ticket to Surfers Paradise. Can you tell me which station to get off at, so I can get a bus connection?"

The two men had a bit of a chat between themselves and then one said:

"Take the express train to the Gold Coast and get off at Nerang. It leaves from platform 1 in fifteen minutes. You can get a bus connection from there. It's all included in the cost of your ticket."

"Oh, thanks very much," I replied.

Then the other man said:

"What sort of boats do they have there any tinnies?"

"They've got everything," I answered, "tinnies, kayaks, runabouts, yachts, luxury cruisers worth millions of dollars, and everything you need for boating."

We spoke about boats for five minutes until I felt a presence behind me. I turned round to find about fifteen people waiting in a queue. They didn't look too happy, but it didn't seem to worry the two men behind the counter at all.

I boarded the train and began reading a book I had brought with me. Being an express train I envisaged it would be a quick journey. But it wasn't. It might have missed a few stations, but in between those stations it went so slowly I could have crawled on my hands and knees faster. Even so, I didn't read one page of my book throughout the whole journey. There was so much to see through the scratched and defaced Perspex windows and it wasn't nice. It was like taking a trip through some third world country. Almost everything the eye could see fences, buildings, concrete pylons and retaining walls were covered with graffiti.

Every now and then, we passed huge villa developments with narrow streets and backyards so small you couldn't swing a cat; in fact you'd be flat out swinging anything. They were like rabbit warrens. And when I tired of looking at graffiti and rabbit warrens, I had a look around the train and at some of my fellow travellers. The train was grubby the seats were soiled, the walls were patchy and the floor had black splotches that I didn't care to investigate further. Most of the passengers were young and talking on, or staring at their mobile phones; the others had wires stuck in their ears connected from their iPods. All I could hear was a background of tssst, tssst, tssst, tssst. One teenage couple was enthusiastically exploring each

other's throats with their tongues. One young woman, with her feet resting on the opposite seat was reading a magazine; she must have been a slow reader, because I didn't see her turn a page once during the whole trip. And two skip-capped, blank-faced, nervous looking youths spent most of the journey walking from one end of the train to the other. I didn't like the look of them, so I kept a firm grip on my backpack, which was resting on the seat beside me.

After what seemed like a lifetime I disembarked at Nerang Station. A sign indicated where the buses pulled in. Along with about thirty other people I waited for a bus. The one that eventually arrived had "Pacific Fair" displayed as its destination. I waited until all the passengers were on the bus and then asked the driver: "Does this bus go to the Sanctuary Cove Boat Show?"

"No mate."

"I was told I could get a bus from Nerang Station to Sanctuary Cove."

"You were told wrong mate."

And with that, the door closed in my face and the bus drove away.

Inside the station complex there was a small convenience store, where a bloke was sorting items just outside the door. As I approached I said:

"Excuse me, do you know how I can get to Sanctuary Cove from here?"

He looked at me, tilted his head to one side and said with a foreign accent:

"Sank . . . what?"

"Don't worry about it," I replied, not missing a step. Just outside the station there was a taxi.

"How much to take me to Sanctuary Cove?" I asked the driver.

"\$45."

"Take me there," I said and got in to the front.

I made the fatal mistake of asking the driver how the taxi business was going. For the next twenty minutes I was bombarded by tales of woe and despair. As we approached Sanctuary Cove, security men who had the bearing of the Gestapo directed us past barriers to the taxi drop off point. A sign said "Taxis Keep Right". There were two lanes and, as I would have done, the driver kept to the right lane. Ahead of us a security man was going berserk, jumping up and down and waving his arms like a threshing machine. He came over to the driver's window and shouted:

"You're in the wrong lane!"

"The sign said to keep right," the driver replied.

"Right of the barricade!" the security man screamed. "Not the right lane! You're holding up traffic behind you!"

*continued next page...*

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**SY Bolero** Photo courtesy of Ian Mackenzie International Brokers

With some difficulty the taxi driver manoeuvred into the left lane and stopped. But I couldn't open my door to get out because of a barricade beside the taxi. The security man went off his head, waving at the driver with flailing arms to back up to an opening in the barricade where I could open the door. I paid the driver, who took off like a rocket. Gee, I thought, that security guard's going to have a cardiac arrest by the last day of the show, or at the very least he'll be wearing a straitjacket.

But here I was at last, inside the Show after three and a half hours of travel and at a cost of \$91. It was enjoyable looking around at all the new toys and running into people who I knew. I'm not into stinkies, but I prowled around the marina looking at what one could buy for a few million dollars.

And then, sandwiched between two flash-looking stinkies, I came to a sudden halt as my mouth dropped open in awe and admiration. It was *Bolero* from Sydney a 55 foot John Alden designed yawl, built by Andy Engwirda in 1985. It was magnificent more of a work of art than a vessel. Her beautiful lines were complemented by her flawless varnish work, mellow teak decks and bronze winches. The yacht was for sale, for just under \$700,000. I spoke to one of the brokers on board, who told me its replacement value would be \$2 million, the same price as for a postage stamp size piece of vacant waterfront land at Sanctuary Cove.

"You do know that this is the best looking vessel in the marina?" I said.

"Quite a few people of your vintage have said that," the broker smiled.

I would have bought *Bolero* on the spot if I'd had a spare \$700,000. But I wouldn't have sailed her. I'd have gone home, extended the lounge room and put her in there. By doing that I wouldn't need an army of workers to keep her varnish up

to scratch, just the occasional dust would suffice. I could sit in the cockpit and fantasise about sailing to exotic lands.

Around three-thirty I tore myself away from *Bolero*, bought a sausage sandwich and a triple-strength cappuccino and headed for the exit, hoping to arrive home sometime before midnight.

I was advised to catch a bus, which would take me to Helensvale Station. When I arrived at the appropriate bus shelter marked "Helensvale" there were three other people waiting. Five minutes later the bus pulled up and we climbed aboard. Well, I thought, this is pretty couth, only four passengers on board. The bus doors closed and the bus moved 10 metres up the road to another shelter marked "Parklands" and stopped. That's right only 10 metres.

I looked out the window to see what looked like half the population of Queensland waiting to board. They streamed on, cramming in like sardines; perhaps it was an attempt to break the world record of jamming as many people as possible into a bus. Whatever it was, it wasn't a very comfortable journey to the station.

I had a twenty minute wait for the train that would take me to the city. The passengers were clones of the ones I had encountered earlier in the day; so, to the background of ringing mobile phones and tssst,tssst,tssst,tssst, I read my book, pretending it all wasn't happening. After another twenty minute wait I boarded the train to take me to Ferny Grove, arriving home just after six-thirty. Not too bad just over three hours.

**Six and a half hours of travelling for three and a half hours at the Boat Show. Was it worth it? Of course it was just to see *Bolero*. I should have bought her and sailed her home; it would probably have been quicker.**

## Stuart is one tough bloke!

By Lawrie Kavanagh

Stuart Buchanan, author, sailor, incredibly hard worker, but most importantly the man who saved Bustard Head Light Station from destruction against what was almost impossible bureaucratic obstructions, was almost destroyed himself when he suffered a stroke while working alone on his H28 yacht "*Pluto*" at Scarborough marina on June 1.

Stuart had phoned his wife, Shirley, the night before to say he would not be home until next morning because he had an incredible headache and thought he could not drive home to Samford.

When he failed to call next day, Shirley phoned the marina and asked them to contact Stuart on the yacht. They found him collapsed in the cabin and in a very cold condition. They thought Stuart could be close to death.

He was rushed to the Royal Brisbane Hospital in an extremely critical condition. After several hours in emergency, medical staff believed there was very little that could be done for him. Shirley was given the sad news, but some time later, as she was about to leave the hospital, a doctor told her there had been a very slight hint of improvement and that an operation might now be worthwhile. The operation was conducted next day, but he was still in a highly dangerous condition.

Now, thanks to the doctors and hospital staff... and Stuart's pure guts and determination ... he is now on the slow road to recovery in hospital. And they are hopeful that he will make a full recovery although it could take time. It won't surprise me because I know him well.

I've sailed with him for years and worked with him occasionally when he was rebuilding Bustard Head Light Station after the two cottages and sheds had been thrashed and destroyed by thieves and vandals over the years after it was de-manned.

One time in the 1990's Stuart and I sailed into Pancake Creek aboard *Pluto* on a trip up the coast. He wanted to show me the old Light Station at which he had been Light Keeper with Shirley for five years. The place was a wreck.

When I saw the wreckage I asked him when the government was going to tear the place down and let the natural bush grow back. He said not to worry because he was going to rebuild it. I told him he was a 'bloody idiot'.

A couple of years later, after unbelievable battles with governments and bureaucracy, he got permission to start rebuilding.

So began almost three years of non-stop work on his part. Oh! Sure. Many people helped out here and there, including a year-plus stint by another former Light Keeper, Dudley Fulton.

Des and Neil Mergard of 1770 Environmental Tours also put in lots of hard work and finances. The Federal Government put in some money. Stuarts wife Shirley put in \$130,000, the bulk of which she is unlikely to get back.

An Association was formed to lease the Light Station from the State Government, with Stuart as President and including Dudley as Vice president, Shirley as Treasurer and myself as Director. The Association controls the Light Station and how it is run, operation in close partnership with 1770 Environmental Tours.

But the main thrust came from Stuart ... seven days a week, daylight til dark.

One day I arrived in the LARC for a week-long working stint and Stuart looked like death warmed up and could hardly walk, but he was still working. I made him go back to Town of 1770 to see a doctor. He was diagnosed with Ross River Fever, given some pills and came back to start daylight till dark work again.

I've never known a bloke like him and no doubt that sort of toughness and determination was a major factor in saving his life against the odds.

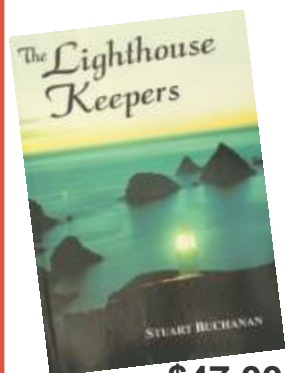
But Stuart, for cripes sake slow down a bit in future and go a bit easy on us old blokes too!



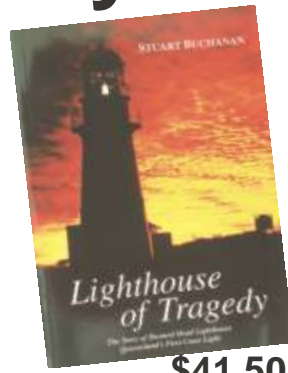
Stuart

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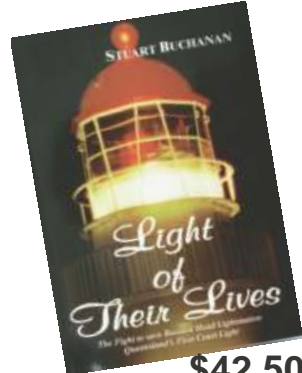
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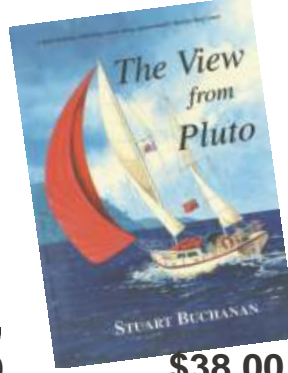
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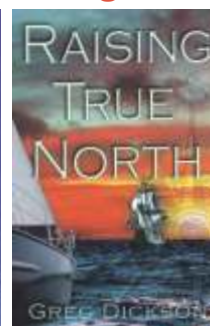


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# "This is who we are" - a story of boaties helping critters

## Attack of the Green Killer Tree Frogs



"No One Will Find Me Here!"



The "relocation bucket"



The tree frogs find Norm's shoulders are a good vantage point

By Norm Wlaker, SY Peggy-Anne

We'd been up the Daintree for long enough to nearly need a visa, building a mast for Peggy-Anne (but that's another story).

The Daintree is a very pretty river although a little shoaly in some places. Our anchorage just up from the ferry crossing gave us good access to Dawns' brothers extensive workshop where the work was being done. Having been resident for some time we had made a lot of new acquaintances and on the last night tied up to the public pontoon for farewell drinkies.

It was an early start to catch the tide out of the river, our destination being Snapper Island just under Cape Kimberley.

Having a mast is great, so where's the bloody wind. Dead calm conditions saw us picking up the mooring late in the afternoon looking forward to an evening without mozzies and sand flies. We were both a bit tired after the festivities of the night before and hit the sack early, with a gentle breeze to keep us cool and a gentle rock, to lull us off to nigh nights.

At about midnight I awoke to the sound which I thought was the result of too much spaghetti bol being digested by Dawn, this was followed by another and yet another growling noise. I woke my partner and enquired if she would like me to get her the Alka-Seltzer, to which she replied that it wasn't her as she never did that sort of thing. Yeah, Right!!!! The noises were working into a crescendo now and I realized that it wasn't her as she was sitting up and nothing had become muffled.

What's going on ???????? The noise seemed to be emanating from out on deck. Torch in one hand and pocket knife in the other, I carefully ventured out on deck the hair on the back of my neck bristled up like Pips', when a bigger dog comes too close. As I crept around with trusty pocket knife at the ready, out of the shadows emerged a gruesome sight. A disfigured prince, not yet kissed by a pretty damsel!!!! And then another under the laundry bucket, one half out of a freeing port and another attached to the side of the boat like a limpet. Green tree frogs in abundance all having a good old chat to each other.

Feeling that there was not much to be done at this hour, I headed back to the cabin and apologised to Dawn for even thinking that she would make such a noise (yeah, right) and tried to get a bit of shuteye with the full on croaking chorus in the background. I guess there won't be any insects around in the morning, that has to be a plus. They all settled down to have a sleep a little later on and so did we.

The next morning the "Green Tree Frog Relocation Program" got into full swing. When collecting them, you had to be careful which way they were pointing or be defecated upon. One made an attempt at escape and dived into the ocean, smirking until he hit the salty water. I had to launch the dinghy and go to the rescue. I thought I heard him murmur "Shit! That stung me eyes" as I lifted him aboard in the landing net.

Now we're all back on board and he's in the frog retention device (bucket) with his mates after a rinse in fresh water. Total number of refugees, 7.

Now I suppose it would have been better to take the critters back to The Daintree, but if we go back there, we'll have to have another round of "leaving drinkies" and the headache that ensues. So it is decided to set em free on Snapper. We hope we've done the right thing and it's not like bringing bunnies to Australia, but reckon that there must have been a few hitched rides out here in the past, what with all the boat visits.

Anyhow there is a little community of them there now and we wish them well. At least tonight if there are any strange noises emanating at bed time, I'll know who to blame.



Freedom at Snapper Island...Thanks Norm!

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# “This is who we are” - another story of boaties helping critters A Turtle Rescue - Geoff saves the day!

By Keith Owen, SY Speranza,  
Photos by Pattie Owen

We have known Geoff for a number of years. Geoff singlehands his beautiful Clansman 29 called SPIRIT along the coast each season.

Geoff is an intrepid yachting. When in an anchorage and it's blowing the oysters off rocks, you think how lucky you are to be well sheltered. You rouse yourself to get a cup of coffee and a good book and plan to spend the day listening to the anchor snubber being stretched. You look over to see how Geoff is faring and he's taken off to sail somewhere. Bloody hell, you think.

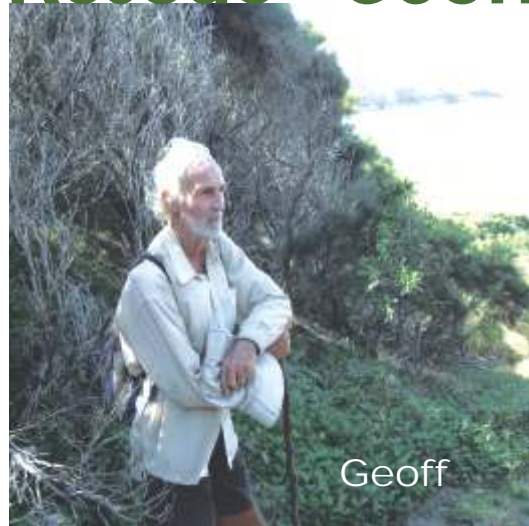
But as Geoff will tell you he goes where the SPIRIT takes him. He is an inveterate walker and thinks nothing of it to do a forced hike over a prodigious distance each day. Many walking tracks have been cleared and marked by our Geoff. It is a real experience to accompany him on one of his expeditions.

And he produces the most exquisite woodcarvings. Very small and delicate turtles, dolphins, stingrays and the like are created in beautiful timber. You are tempted to think he has an elaborate mechanised workshop on SPIRIT, but I am told that each piece is hand crafted.

To put it eloquently, Geoff is a colourful patch in the rich tapestry of the yachting fraternity.

This year we bumped into Geoff and SPIRIT in Pancake Creek. As usual, he was rowing ashore one morning to possibly have a leisurely stroll to the Town of 1770 or thereabouts. Next thing he is on his way back; gee that was quick. He called by SPERANZA and asked if I wanted to help rescue a turtle. Sure, why not? Pat and Phil from AQUAVISTA were also co-opted for the mission.

A turtle had swum through a gap in the mangroves at high tide and when the water depth was falling, couldn't find the exit. He/she was



Geoff

high and dry. The problem was that until he/she floated again, there was the possibility of sea gulls attacking - not a pretty picture.

Our fearless leader, Geoff, had rigged up a stretcher made out of oars and cloth that looked like something straight out of a Boy Scouts manual. So we headed off to do what we could for the stranded wildlife. After walking along the beach behind the mangroves for a bit, we came upon our target. Not looking terribly pleased with its lot.

Phil elected to pick the creature up. It flapped its flippers with such gusto, it could have possibly flown to freedom. So Phil got them under control, and without the need for Geoff's flash stretcher, we headed back to the gap in the mangroves. Here we put the turtle in the water to allow it to refresh itself. Then we had the obligatory photo shoot before a very relieved turtle was put back in the water and fled back up the creek.

We were all a bit chuffed at what we had achieved. So much so, we established the title: “Noble Order of Turtle Rescuers”!



The Noble Turtle Rescuers,  
Keith (with the turtle relocation sling), Geoff and Phil



Phil gets the turtles  
flippers under control  
and without the help  
of the sling, sets the  
frightened but grateful  
turtle free.

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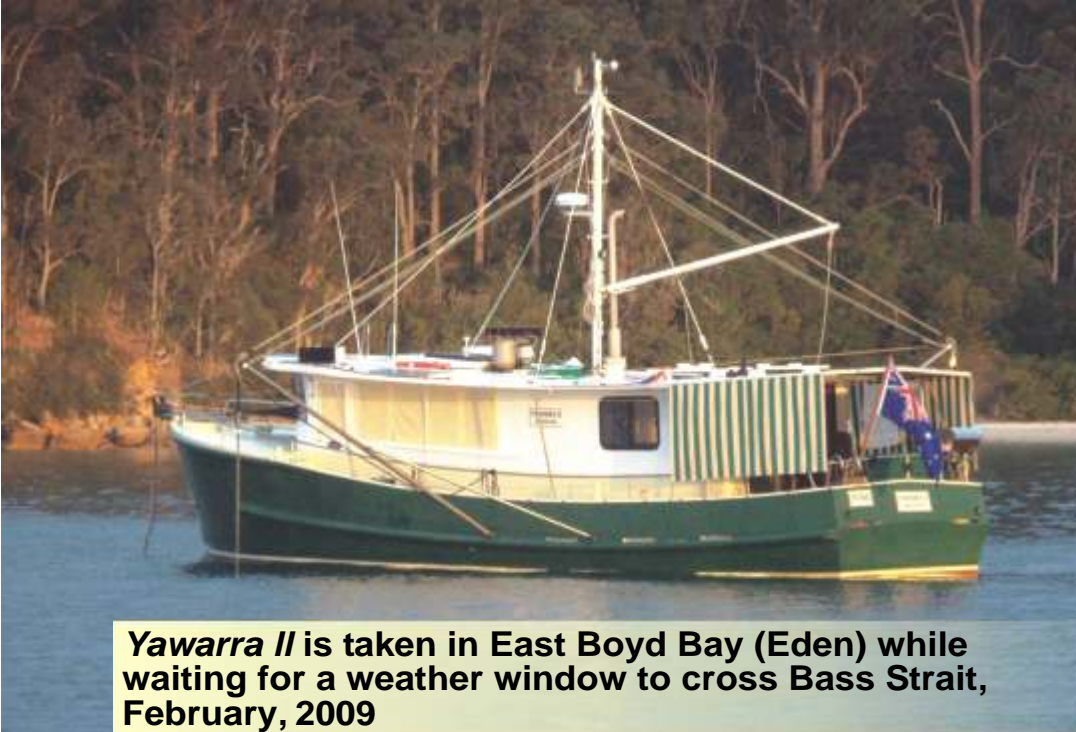
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# Changing over

## From 30 years of sailing to life on a converted trawler - Jan & Nick Wooller explain why they did it...

**Yawarra II is taken in East Boyd Bay (Eden) while waiting for a weather window to cross Bass Strait, February, 2009**

**Story & photos by Jan and Nick Wooller, MV Yawarra II**

2008 was a year of major change for us as in August we moved aboard the 44 foot trawler that my husband, with the help of a shipwright had spent the previous 4 months converting for liveaboard use. For most people the change would be from a landlubbers life. For us it was from over 30 years spent living aboard two yachts.

Only one month after our marriage in 1975 we bought and moved aboard our 31 foot FRP Adams Half Tonner. Although we lived aboard for 5 years our finances permitted only a 2 years cruise of the western Pacific. Convinced that we loved the lifestyle, the additional space and comfort promised by a bigger boat called, resulting in our purchase of a steel Adams 40 cutter in 1983. *Yawarra* was a wonderful boat and she carried us safely for over 25 years and 100,000 miles including a circumnavigation via Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope.

So why our decision to change from a sailing vessel to a motor boat? Our sailing friends were both shocked and amazed that we would go over to "The Dark Side" of power boat ownership. What about the noise? How on earth will you afford the fuel? Why would you even WANT to motor everywhere when you could be enjoying a lovely sail?

Although our decision seemed sudden to our friends, this change has been a natural (if lengthy) progression for us.

Back in 1989 we met Canadians Chris and Louise on board their motor vessel *Harmony* while cruising in the Philippines. Chris and Louise had previously circumnavigated on board their trimaran and then again aboard a monohull. Finally they were out cruising on their homebuilt 52' wooden trawler. We were intrigued by the boat and by the idea of such a different (to us) style of cruising. Like most yachties, we associated motor boats with high speed and high running costs. *Harmony*, however, was obviously a yachtie's motor boat. It had a very efficient hull driven by a big old slow revving diesel which pushed her along at 7 knots very economically. Chris reported (as have other ex-yachties who have similar boats that we have met since) that his cruising budget hadn't changed with the exchange of sails for power. He argued that what he used to spend on the occasional replacement of sails, ropes, winches

etc, not to mention the initial cost of masts and rigging, more than compensated for the increase in his fuel costs. And of course

almost all yachts are also running a diesel engine, frequently high revving, high horsepower ones, as well. He put forward a very compelling case for being able to AVERAGE 7 knots on a passage (a dream for us), while the crew stayed warm and dry inside. No midnight "fire-drills" reefing sails during squalls no mucking about with poles on the foredeck. At the time we thought Chris made a lot of sense, but we were not ready to give up sailing. We put the idea on the back burner for "one day".

Over the years we bumped into Chris (Louise sadly died several years ago) and *Harmony* in various parts of the world. Crossing an ocean on *Harmony* held no fears for Chris, and in fact even though he was now a single hander he was usually far more rested than most of the sailors at the end of a passage. We also met up with the occasional similar power boat being cruised by ex-yachties, including one in Ushuaia only 60 miles north of Cape Horn.

The idea of making a change ourselves started to grow. As an exercise, I went back through our "expenses" books (we keep a very good record of all our outgoings) and discovered that over the previous 5 year period we had spent an average of \$4,000 per year on propulsion, for example, the occasional new sail, length of rope, piece of rigging etc, plus diesel and oil for our small Yanmar 27 hp engine. With the right boat and engine \$4,000 would buy a fair bit of fuel!

Even with owning a yacht that sailed as beautifully as *Yawarra*, like most cruising yachties, we found we spent a reasonable part of our time motoring due to lack of wind, fickle wind, the need to catch a tide or simply a desire to get into a safe harbour before bad weather or nightfall overtook us. Recently, friends who had just completed a circumnavigation (and who keep far better engine logs than we did) reported that they used their motor 50% of the time during their trip "under sail". In our year in Patagonia (the southern tip of South America) we found that most yachts motored throughout the Chilean channels due to the very real possibility of the fierce katabatic winds shredding any sails they dared hoist. In SE Asia, where we have spent many enjoyable years, the area is notorious for having very little wind leaving cruising yachtmen little option but to motor almost everywhere.

"Why not change to a motor yacht?" our friends asked. For a start we couldn't bear to exchange *Yawarra*, for a boat that was less fleet of foot. And anyway a motor

yacht would not solve the problem of excessive air height. In the past we had been prevented by *Yawarra's* 17 meter air height from cruising areas of interest to us. Our voyage up the Chao Praya River in Thailand had ended a few miles short of the centre of Bangkok with our path blocked by bridges. We watched enviously as motor vessels continued further up the river which is navigable far past the historic town of Ayutthaya.

The previous year our mast height had prevented us accessing a very sheltered and safe anchorage off the town of Kuching in Sarawak, instead forcing us to anchor miles out of town in poor holding in the busy river. Further north in Borneo, the delightful Igan River, lined by the longhouses of headhunters, now boasts a road bridge high enough to allow passage of the motor vessels that ply the river, but preventing access by even a fairly small yacht. Closer to home, along Australia's New South Wales coast many of the beautiful and extensive systems of inland waterways are barred to yachts by road bridges and cables.

As we get older the idea of being able to explore rivers and canals beckons, however we still wanted the option of crossing an ocean on occasion. It would take a special kind of motor boat to fulfil our growing list of "must haves", never mind our even bigger list of "would likes", especially as we had a limited budget to effect any change. On a positive note, we became convinced that with the right type of boat and engine both the noise level and the fuel economy issues would not be a problem.

The idea of long distance cruising on a motor boat which had its birth all those years ago in the Philippines kept resurfacing while we cruised the world on *Yawarra*. Our year in wet and windy Patagonia only strengthened our interest.

In December 2007, following 12 years away on our third major voyage, we closed the loop, sailing from Puerto Montt in Chile to Sydney in Australia. In general our Pacific crossing suffered from remarkably little wind, but it was our 14 day passage from Fiji to Sydney which confirmed our decision to make the change to voyaging under power. While this last leg of 1400 miles was in no way a terrible passage with winds never exceeding 25 knots, the wind direction and strength were very variable. Sleep for the person off-watch (we only ever sail with just the two of us) was frequently interrupted by the need for sail and pole changes.

We both became sleep deprived and resented having to do all the changes required. Sailing had become a chore and not fun.

*continued next page...*

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**SY Yawarra, in a fiord about 30 miles north of Cape Horn in 2006  
"One day" had arrived.**

aboard refused to go into the main cabin when the engine was on. On the trawler she simply ignores the engine, calmly walking around the cabin (even when the engine hatch is open). I had been worried about how I would sleep on passage as I also found the engine noise on *Yawarra* irritating enough that I would have difficulty in getting to sleep. Our Gardner's rumble is soporific and we both sleep really well off watch (we've done 10 nights at sea so far).

Isn't the cost of fuel prohibitive? Our research had led us to believe that with this particular engine and by motoring at speeds of 6.5 7.0 knots we would achieve one litre per nautical mile. Happily I can report that is exactly what we have used. After leaving Brisbane in January we spent all of 2008 cruising down to and around Tasmania and then back to Sydney (almost 3500 miles). Our expenditure for the year was exactly what we had averaged in the previous 5 years cruising under sail.

How do we find the motion of the boat without sails to steady her? I'm sure that without the paravane (stabilizing) system it would be horrible. However by deploying our "fish" which run approximately 4 metres below the water and counteract the roll of the boat, we are quite comfortable. Studies have shown that they take 70-80% of the roll out at any point of wind and at any speed. Certainly while running downwind in 25 knots and 3 metre seas we find we are far more comfortable than while sailing in similar conditions. Punching into head seas is also more comfortable (the extra weight of the boat and the larger engine make the difference). Even beam seas are no problem. With both paravanes deployed we lose 0.5 knots. Usually we put the arms down before leaving port and then the "fish" can be deployed or retrieved while underway depending on sea conditions. In calm conditions we bring the "fish" in to save fuel. An added bonus is that the "fish" stabilize the boat in a roly anchorage too.

What do we find are the differences? We love AVERAGING 6.5-7 knots while staying warm and dry and rested. It also means we can plan our passage and arrival times accurately. We also really love being above water and always being able to see what's going on

outside. As a result of this we find we're seeing far more birds and marine life while on passage, and enjoy our surroundings far more while at anchor. We like looking at charts and noting "cable crossing 11 metres", knowing that we can get under it. Driving *Yawarra II* with her huge propeller is very different to the small yacht's prop and it took some time to get used to using propeller thrust to manoeuvre the trawler in marinas etc.

Are we still happy with our decision to make the change? Absolutely! No regrets at all. We're really happy with *Yawarra II* and with the changes we've made to her during her refit and feel that we've been incredibly lucky to have found such a great boat.

Finally - are we accepted by the cruising (yachtie) fraternity? Sadly there does appear to be a divide between sailors and motor boaters. It is rare for yachties to dinghy over to us to say "hi" and we do find we have to instigate any dialogue though once we have chatted for a few minutes we are accepted. On occasion our friendly waves and smiles have been blatantly ignored by yachties which we find both annoying and upsetting.

If you see a pretty green converted trawler in your travels (we're currently on the Queensland coast), please come over and say "hi". We're always happy to put on the kettle and ask you to join us aboard for a cuppa and a chat.

**Happy cruising!**



**Jan & Nick**

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# Spinnaker tales

Julie Hartwig reflects on the Bay to Bay 2010 Race and all that spinnaker work!



Story & photos by Julie Hartwig,  
Loyal *Flying Fox* B2Bcrew,  
Photo of Julie by Penny Yeeles  
"Spinnaker Beauty" photo by PJ Halter

I have now participated in five Bay to Bays; a small number in the big picture (2010 was the 30<sup>th</sup> race), but an achievement nonetheless. My first two races (2004 and 2005) were as crew on *Rhoma II*, a Sabre 22 and the other three (2008 to 2010), as crew on *Flying Fox*, an RL28, both boats owned and skippered by local TCB sailors Roy and Penny Yeeles and sailing in Division Four (aka, the "Old Clunkers" Division). *Flying Fox* is a regular entrant in the event, with the 2010 race being her 20<sup>th</sup>. The 2008 race saw "*Foxy*" record her best ever results with wins in Type 1 Monos Overall on PBH, Division Four Monos on PBH, and RL28 class wins on both PBH and CBH.

Each of my five races has been different, with "Huey" managing to insert a few twists peculiar to Fraser Island in BOM's weather forecast. Over the 30-year history of the race, all manner of weather conditions have been experienced, from "drifters" to "blowing dogs off chains". 2005 was notable for the former, with about 10 miles out of the total 58 being sailed and the rest done under motor as the fleet proceeded up the Strait looking for wind. 2006 was notable in that "Huey" dished up a 30-knot northerly on the Saturday that resulted in a fair amount of "carnage" before the fleet reached Garry's. My partner Jon and I were cruising up to Garry's in our Cole 28 keelboat as a support vessel and suffered the indignity of being dismasted at S38; the entire fleet bashed past while we grappled with our bit of "carnage". Thankfully, this year's race was sailed in ideal conditions: lighter SW/S winds early, building to S/SE 15-20 knots later on both days.

The Bay to Bay is usually a "down wind" race, run at a time of year when south-easterly breezes prevail. Four of my five races have been "down winders" and while this presents a spectacular spinnaker start for spectators, it presents a lot of hard work for the crews, especially those charged with controlling the "kites". I have a "love-hate" relationship with spinnakers. Spinnakers are things of beauty and very useful "rags" when things are going well. But when things go wrong, they usually go wrong very fast, very quickly, resulting in blasphemy-inducing "wine glasses", spectacular "round-ups" and, on occasion, the afore-mentioned "carnage", including broken rigs and crew overboard. Consequently, the ratio of love to hate in my relationship with spinnakers runs at about 20 percent love and 80 percent hate and the former converts to the latter whenever things are out of control and back again when things are under control.

The love-hate relationship usually gets its first workout when the skipper (owner Roy) utters the



Winner of 2010 Bay to Bay, *Naranie*

dreaded "S" word to the bowman (my partner Jon) and the spinnaker bag is dragged up on deck. While the bowman is organising the pole, there is usually a lot of shouting between foredeck and cockpit as the control lines are set up: the pole is attached to the brace and mast, then "topped" and the downhaul (our bowman likes to confuse everyone by calling it a "kicker") is attached. Then the sheet is attached to the spinnaker's clew and when the bowman is ready, the skipper gives the order to "get her up". The crew on the halyard (Russell) pulls like stink, then the helmsman tails (with the tiller between his knees) while the crew grinds the halyard the rest of the way up with the winch. Halyard up, the crew jumps back on the brace just in time to receive instructions to trim the pole, while the trimmer (me) takes the slack out of the sheet.

It is at this point that one of two things can happen. Either the kite will fill with a satisfying crack or it will flog because it has gone up with a "wine glass" in it. This is a bowman's worst nightmare because there is nothing quite as disheartening to a bowman than to

## Reaching past Dolphin Leads

watch a spinnaker that he thought was perfectly packed, knit itself into more knots than a macramé wall hanging.

Much shouting usually ensues as the bowman tries to untangle the flogging mess. Some skippers will add to the confusion by roaring at the crew, but thankfully, ours obviously knows that offloading on the bowman is a fruitless waste of verbal energy and, while quietly cursing under his breath, allows him to get on with the job of sorting the mess out. The halyard, pole and sheet are all eased, the sheet is unclipped, the clew untangled and the sheet reattached. Then the halyard is cranked up again, the pole brought aft and "crack", with a bit of trimming, the kite sets perfectly. They do say perfection takes a bit of practice!

The secret to avoiding wineglasses is in packing the spinnaker and there is a definite skill to this. Simply stuffing all that pretty-coloured nylon into its sail bag is a sure-fire order for a double-sized wineglass to go! I was taught by our bowman that the easiest way to ensure you don't knit your spinnaker is to start at the head and feed the edge of the sail through your fingers until you reach one of the clews. Repeat this until you reach the other clew and again until you reach the head again. Then you simply gather the three corners together making sure that you don't twist them then stuff all the sail cloth into the bag, fold the three corners on top and tie together with the sail bag's pull cord. The theory behind this method of packing is that if you have three straight sides, the spinnaker cannot possibly go up with a wineglass in it. However, because spinnakers are often packed in the confines of a cramped cabin where there is nary enough room to swing a cat, let alone spread out half an acre of sail cloth, there are no guarantees that a spinnaker will set perfectly.



There are other ways of packing spinnakers, including socks and buckets with rubber bands, both of which are pretty much guaranteed to eliminate wineglasses because the head of the sail is fed through both sock and bucket and the clews poke out the bottom. Most packers of spinnakers are usually quite finicky about the method they use and tend to get a bit stropky if other people pack their spinnakers, so it is a job best left to those who put the damned things up and pull 'em down.

Two other crew members are vital when it comes to flying spinnakers: the crew controlling the sheet (me) and the brace (Russell). These two crew work in tandem, with the brace doing the opposite of the trimmer. In my first Bay to Bay (thankfully run in light winds), I was handed a spinnaker sheet and given a crash course in trimming. The instructions went something like this: "Watch the luff (that's the edge that comes down from head to pole) constantly; if it starts to curl or collapse, give the sheet a good tug until the curl pulls out, then ease the sheet until the luff is on the verge of curling. Keep your other eye on the masthead wind vane. If the wind moves forward, ask the brace trimmer to move the pole forward and sheet on; if the wind moves aft, ask the brace trimmer to move the pole aft and ease the sheet."

It sounded simple and it mostly was. After five Bay to Bays I've become a competent trimmer, but the operative and often ignored word in those original instructions was CONSTANTLY. Take your eye off a spinnaker, even for a split second, and, like the watched pot that won't boil, it will inevitably collapse the moment your attention is diverted elsewhere. This results in loud bellows of "SHEET ON!" from the bowman or helmsman, often both. The problem with the Bay to Bay is that there is usually some other poor bugger who has done just that and the resulting round-up is guaranteed to make a spinnaker trimmer take their eye off the luff.

The situation with round-ups is particularly hairy when several boats are running close alongside each other in boisterous seas. This often happens from Inskip Point to Fig Tree, along South White Cliffs and on the run up along Big Woody Island to the finish at Urangan. Everyone is trying to hold it together because if you round-up in this situation, the risk of collision is massive. Being the leeward boat protects your port side, but if you round-up you risk collecting the boat to starboard. Being the windward boat means you can round-up without hitting anyone else, but you risk being collected by the line of boats to leeward. The worst place to be is in the middle of the line because then you are "piggy in the middle" and liable to cop it from both sides. It's a bit like being the bottom card in a house of cards. If you make a mistake, the whole lot falls down on top of you. In these situations, it is very hard to keep your eyes "in the boat".

Running in such close proximity with other boats can be terrifying and exhilarating in equal measures and it often pays to have one crew keeping an eye on the boats ahead, around and behind you. If there is a wind shift, the boats behind you will get it first and en masse round-ups astern usually gives you a warning that you are in the firing line for something unpleasant and therefore time to prepare. On board "*Foxy*" our preparations run to the issuing of the instruction to "dump everything except the pole".

The wind, however, is its own master and sometimes, no matter how much attention you pay to the luff, the wind will suddenly shift forward a few points and the boat will swoop into a round-up before you've had time to register that you are rounding up. Such a thing happened to *Foxy* in this year's race. We were running on a broad reach off the Bluff under the big shouldered masthead symmetrical kite, the wind was blowing a steady 15 knots out of the southeast and while the sea state was a bit lumpy with a metre or so of slop rolling up the strait, we were comfortable and in control.

Point three of a second later a big wind shift turned it all to marshmallow and *Foxy* had a massive round-up. She simply dug her port side into the sea and powered up towards the wind. The kite was flogging so hard the rig was vibrating through the boat. The trimmer's first instinct is to hang on and sheet the sail on but this is the worst thing you can do. However, the correct action dumping the sheet can be quite a hurdle to get over, especially when the boat is on its ear and you're busy doing the ole "one hand for the ship" stuff until that initial "swoop" up to windward has flattened out. Once the sheet is dumped, the kite really starts to flog. At the back of the bus, the skipper is trying to steer her back on course and while he's doing that, I'm trying to get the kite under control. Almost there, then round-up number two happens. Identical outcome. A third round-up later and we finally get things back together.

No more than a minute has passed since the first round-up, but it feels like half an hour. The adrenalin is really pumping, the heart is hammering, I'm breathing hard from the effort of trying to wrestle the spinnaker back under control and another five percent has converted from love to hate. I finally had to give the sheet to the bowman, who'd come aft, because I just couldn't handle the weight on it anymore. With the kite settled once more, we were again romping along and when the boat speed suddenly clocks 9.4 knots, five percent converts from hate to love. That's when spinnakers can be exhilarating.

The next morning, we have a dreadful tide-affected start (the less said the better) that sees us finally get over the line 20 minutes after the rest of our division and only four minutes ahead of the flyers in Division Two. These "desperados" very quickly sail over the top of us until there are only half a dozen boats behind us.

## Serenity Keeping Close Company

In an inspired decision, our skipper decides to forego the big-shouldered symmetrical kite for the MPS. This magic sail gives us a real advantage because when things get a little "shy", we simply ditch the pole, attach the tack to the bow, sheet her in hard and sit back and watch the round-up action going on around us. We make massive gains and by the time we open up the Strait at McKenzie's Landing, we've clawed our way past 20-odd boats and are in amongst the tail-end Division Three boats.

When the wind continues to move forward and other boats around us are getting rid of their kites, we still have one more trick up our sleeve - a flat "tallboy" reacher that allows us to continue clawing our way through the field. The tallboy is trimmed exactly the same way as a spinnaker and requires the same constant attention, but it is an infinitely easier sail to manage when the wind is on or forward of the beam. When other boats are dropping their spinnakers and reverting to their tiny headsails to reach up along South White Cliffs, we are bowling along quite comfortably with our "tallboy" and gaining heaps of ground. In the gusty conditions we encounter along Big Woody Island, where the wind is aft of the beam, we simply pole it out and unfurl the genoa to run wing-and-wing and easily hold our own against boats flying kites. By the time we cross the finish line at Urangan, there are 31 boats behind us.

Being told by the guys on *Blackjack* that we were "awesome along Big Woody; we could only just hang onto you" made up for our humiliating start and proves that sometimes the spinnakers are best left in their bags.



Julie



# Passage Poetry

## REEFING LATE

That bloody wind she howls  
I'll not know why at me  
I've never done it any wrong  
except to put to sea.

Those rigging wires screech  
and pitch a mournful note  
no word upon their tongue in cheek  
their story left un-wrote.

Her canvas full, too full is felt  
as weather helm is dealt  
to bend a reef within the main  
and crawl in fearful stealth.

Baptism full, no blessing words  
as over you she roars  
and its safer that you be  
at mast upon all fours.

The cockpits now a mile away  
your eyes upon it keep  
the safety of that footwell first  
then warm below to sleep.

You thought it first  
but it took too long  
and pay the price you must  
if you ignore that first small thought  
then treat it with distrust.

Lance T, SY *Galadriel*  
©January, 2010

## SAILING

Sailing.  
And like a slow violin  
The winds blow their songs for us to dream.  
And lick of blue upon the folded wing of wood,  
Speaks to me, it seems.

"A minute here, a second there,  
A lifetime all around.  
You must be here, you must be there,  
Spare seconds can't be found."  
But waltz with you, this song of blue  
Or rue, of parting chances lost or found.  
The wine will stay, and have its day.  
Oh maiden friend you are my land and sea,  
Your velvet touch of dolphin way,  
Sweet breast of ripened grape,  
Thigh of golden sand.

Farewell to you dear one untouched,  
As time won't let me speak  
Of tears of warmth, or strength  
of lovers arms, that we all seek.  
A romance here, a dreamtime there...  
And much wine in despair.  
We may pass twice along our way.  
I hope there's seconds there.

Paul Aubin,  
(off Dunk Island and heading south on 'Greybeard')  
©1985

# Cyclone Ului



The time had come the turtle said for all good things to end,  
So we headed off with billowed sails to Laguna for the pen,  
To tie her down with tethered ropes and lockers full of sails,  
Until the end of season wet, when we'll take her out of gaol!  
(with apologies to Lewis Carroll)

*Five months later ....*

Our girl had tales to tell to us of dancing in the wind  
In strengths of more than six score knots  
Ului had her spin  
Around, around and back again relentlessly she pounded  
Until the end of that dark night when many boats had floundered

With force unequalled in the past, the cyclone struck Laguna  
where masts snapped free and yachts did lurch and fingers came asunder  
Bits of boats and things that float were scattered in the melee  
Along with trees and battered bees and birds that felt quite queasy

Our girl survived her battering with Ului's left hand edge  
And somehow came away unscathed, unlike her many friends  
Whose covers tore, and bows bent in while water crept inside them  
Their owners now are filing claims for damages and mayhem

My captain left her tightly held, prepared for every lashing  
His skill and luck when Ului struck meant she didn't come a crashing  
For three long hours she stayed afloat with ropes and fenders straining  
While Ului's strength was all hell bent to leave no boat remaining

Then the storm surge rolled and the fingers rose where boats could topple over  
To a murky mire where Hades goes and all would come asunder  
The hulls would break, make no mistake  
And their remains wash down to Dover

We survived that night, but oh what a fright it gave *Adagio* and her owners  
In her toughest test she did her best with all her muscles groaning  
As she rocked and rolled to a vigorous dance with a devil called Ului  
Thank the Lord above and the stars that shine that she didn't end up in  
Port Newry.

Julie Long, SY *Adagio*  
©May 2010

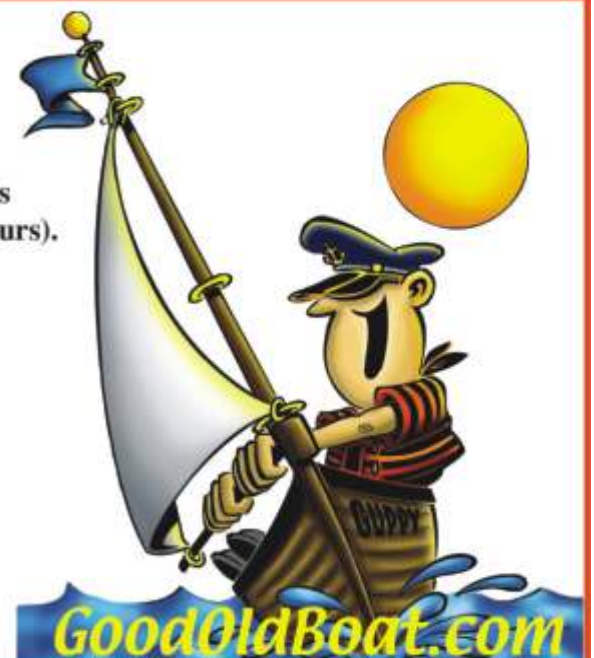
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# Apprentice Captain



Vicki, a happy apprentice

By Capt'm Vicki J, SY Shomi

To qualify as captain of a vessel I am of the firm belief one must first serve an apprenticeship; 'Tote that barge, lift that bale' sort of thing. Avoiding, if at all possible landing in jail, for getting a little drunk. First one must become a crew member, not just for one captain but to learn from many captains 'The only right way of doing a job.' One must therefore learn 23 ways of doing a job 'the right way.' Remembering whilst doing the job 'The captain is always right.'

Dutifully repeating the only right way of doing a job on a different boat with a different captain landed me in strife more than once. 'What ARE you doing? Give that to me and watch and you will learn the right way to do this job.' was the advice of my latest captain. When I had only just learned the right way of doing a job I had to learn yet one more time, the only right way to do the job.

As an apprentice captain one must always drop whatever one is doing, immediately, and comply to the command. Whoa and betide those doing a vital job such as steering and directed to 'Ready the fenders and lines' and as an afterthought, 'Grab me a beer while you're at it.' In no time one will hear the outraged cry 'WHAT THE \*&^%\$ do you think you are doing?' I told you to steer!

Captains can be quite delusional at times. I'm not sure if they really believe there are actually 3 crew members all on deck at once to obey their every command, or whether they are under the misapprehension that one possesses super human powers. Perhaps it was because the captain had secretly imbibed too much and to him there WERE 3 of me.

Insubordination is never tolerated. 'Follow that boat!' was the clear command by one particular captain. He issued this with his back to the antics of the boat I was to follow. We were in almost white out conditions from one of the frequent squalls, with what appeared to be a rock face to starboard and a nasty reef to port and no correct chart to follow. Suddenly a sailing yacht appeared like an apparition from the mist and confidently sailed toward the rocks. Perhaps there was a passage where none could be seen, but no sooner had the thought struck than I watched with my heart in my mouth the other yacht do an abrupt about face just in the nick of time and head back toward us.

With his back still to this vista my current captain almost had steam coming out of his ears and began to berate me for my tardiness. I stepped from the helm and offered, 'Be my guest. If you want to steer your boat onto those rocks go ahead but one thing is for certain, I'm not doing it for you.'

Despite the fact the other boat was now by our side following our example of: 'When in doubt, heave to', I was given a dressing down for the following hour. The sailors on board the other boat had received cheery greetings from the captain. All potential crew should remember to BYO canoe for just such occasions and leave the shouting captain to his own devices and simply paddle ashore in a quiet, sane manner.

Another captain on a classic beauty who had been the ultimate English gentleman ashore had a fancy dinghy of which he was extraordinarily protective. I was not permitted to use his pride and joy. After sitting around in confined conditions for days on end with a man my grandfather's age who spent a good deal of time sleeping and when awake, playing awful CDs of opera and making extremely sexist comments or gestures, I had endured enough. Even though he always anchored far away from other boats or the shore, I took to doing marathon swims to try to save what little sanity I had left until taken back to port. Any port!

One situation I will never forget. It was a very black midnight and we were preparing to leave Burnett Heads on a gorgeous 60ft steel craft. I couldn't believe my ears. The man posing as captain was intending to order me to steer so as to have the boat's starboard to the starboard channel marker. I knew from having seen it in the daytime there was a rock wall built there. Only the intervention of another skipper at the table on a brief visit corrected his mistake. When the visiting skipper suggested my captain keep in touch via marine radio, I grew very alarmed at the offhanded way this pretend captain said he didn't know how to use the radio. It turned out he was only the maintenance man who had been asked by the owner to bring the boat north. I wished he had told me THAT piece of information before I had boarded!

Don't get me started. I could (and may just) write a book entitled 'The captive crew' or 'The captains to whom I have been subjected'. Serves me right for having such romantic notions of sailing. The type of fantasies only a landlubber can harbour. Part of the problem was probably the swashbuckling novels I favoured, where the captain was always handsome and wise, trustworthy and kind. It didn't take long for these figments of the writer's imagination to be exposed as mostly just that.



Apprenticeship can have many fun days...

There was nothing for it but to finish my apprenticeship and become captain myself.

I can tell you now, for the most part I find women tend to follow directions a whole lot better than do their male counterparts. Only one male crew has managed to not run me aground in my own boat. Turn my back and they simply had better ideas or no idea and would take it into their heads to cut corners, generally regarding any instructions I had given as just some waffling woman talking to herself.

They can be handy for tough jobs or in some cases mechanical assistance but asking for anything other than a cold beer is considered out of the domain of a lot of male crew who will often sit waiting at the end of a hard day's sail to be fed. Men in doubt will readily adopt a confident manner. When faced with more than a slap on the bottom, (of the hull. By a wave, of course) males will often become commanders. In other words, forget the very meaning of the word crew in a crisis. He will be the one running around issuing orders. Worse yet, he genuinely expects to be obeyed!?! Now call me a chauvinistic woman if you choose. I was once a compliant crew.

Having served my apprenticeship I feel, to be a passable captain, first one must 'tote that barge, lift that bale'.



Captain Vicki & Captain Steffen

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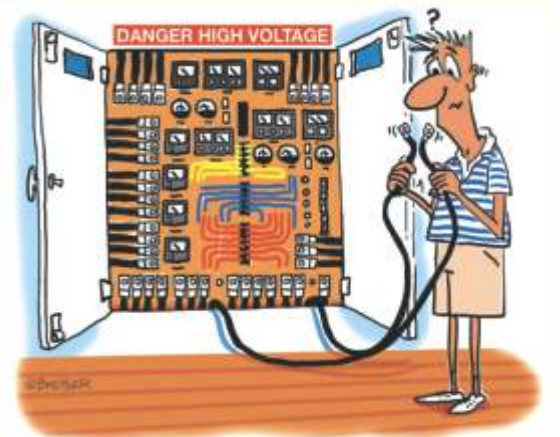
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# Dent to Dunk 2010

rally, race and fun for ALL boats!



Julie Long photo



PJ Halter photo

**By Julie Long, SY Adagio**

Many of you will have heard of the Dent to Dunk Race and Rally (or Dent to Drunk as some unkindly folk reminded us). A sailing race from Dent Island light house to Dunk Island was first held 101 years ago. After a long hiatus, it was resurrected again in 2004, this time with the inclusion of a 240 nautical mile passage rally. Instead of the point to point course of the race, the rally fleet stops overnight at Gloucester Eco Resort, Cape Upstart, Bowling Green (this year it didn't live up to it's "Rolling Green" title), Magnetic Island, Orpheus Island, Dunk Island, and finishes nine days later at Port Hinchinbrook Marina.

At 10.30am on Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> May the starting gun sounded. The rally had started. A fleet of 24 boats left Airlie on a beautiful sunny day in winds of 10-15 knots from the sou'east. Half a dozen boats hoisted spinnakers of all colours of the rainbow and put on quite a show for the large cruise ship anchored in Pioneer Bay. This year's fleet was made up of a group of fun loving crews on **boats of all sizes, driven by motor or sail.** Some have only one hull, with others as many as three. We middle pegged it in our catamaran *Adagio*. The object of the exercise is for boaties to head

northwards together, kick up their heels (not keels) and lift a glass or two in friendship. As well as winding a few winches and lifting the anchor every now and again, their main aim is to get to know each other in congenial surroundings. This rally is not for the faint hearted. Many a transformation was seen from serious sailor at dawn pulling up the anchor, to pirate, prostitute or Hawaiian dancing girl tripping the light fantastic on the dance floor at night time.

Steve from "*Cheetah, Cheetah, Cheetah*", led our troop on a merry romp from Airlie to Hinchinbrook and presented us many challenges along the way. Unlike other years, this did not include the weather. It was a pearly from day one until we reached Dunk Island. Most days we hoisted the spinnaker, and most of our passage was under sail.

Boaties can be a competitive lot, especially when bottles of wine and rum are dangled in front of their bows as prizes. As well as plotting a course and arriving at our destination each night, we had lines trailing astern for the biggest catch. The measuring stick was the number of beer cans from end to end (one fellow bragged about his ten can catch, an impressive effort, until we saw

in the photo the cans were crushed). *Catillac* must have a fish finder on board, as their photo really did attest to a nine can catch. Well done.

All the skippers were well versed on radio procedures. We used channel 73 as our official rally channel and chat room. We held a trivia quiz over the airwaves (congratulations *T-Bird*), a nautical quiz (thanks to our son Brian we won the booty for that one), and told jokes. We exchanged pleasantries amongst one another, lined up with other boats nearby for photo shoots, and generally used it as a party line just like the charter boats on the Whitsunday's, 'and what are your plans for the day?'

Of course there were prizes for the best dress up costumes on our theme nights. Several fellows were seen having an identity crisis, dressed as female prostitutes one night, hula dancing Hawaiians the next, and strutting home made swim suits made out of beer cartons the next.

**Yachtie Olympics**, the mind boggles! One sunny afternoon around a resort pool at Maggie Island, competitors fought to the finish for their boat's honour. The child in all of us came to the fore. Have you ever watched grown

men spitting a dummy, or teams trotting in relays with questionable looking water balloons between their thighs? It's a great way to meet your fellow yachties passing balls from chin to chin, no hands allowed, or sucking a tissue up on a straw, and passing it to the next person in the line from straw to straw a great work out for the lungs. The golf game was my favourite. A golf umbrella was opened and laid upside down in the pool. From the edge we all lined up with a practice golf ball and tried to hit it into the umbrella. Skilled sailors we might be, golfers we're not. It took ages before someone landed a shot. So these Olympics were all about fun and not talent, and most boats came home with a bottle to celebrate their winnings. The crew from *Paso Doble* found their dancing prowess gave them an edge, and came away with a stash of awards even Michael Phelps would have been envious of.

Our skill was also tested with a talent night, helped along by some of Dunk's yummy cocktails. Several people sang and danced, wrote poems and then it was time for young and old singing karaoke.

*continued next page...*



A few of the many pictures of Dent to Dunkers enjoying the "Games"

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PJ Halter photo

**Kurt Maring on Mundi Mundi shows off his D2D shirts since 2005!**



**Pete (right) & Julie's (centre) son Brian join them in the festivities**

Boaties know how to use a needle and thread and these skills were wonderfully put to work in the home made swimming costume competition. Our winners walked the catwalk in lovely mermaid creations made from paper plates. Karen from *Paso Doble* gave Elle Macpherson a run for her money when she modelled her bikini made out of a tea towel and kitchen sponges, while the *Elite Ladies* dazzled us with their garden of flowers which Patti sewed onto their cozzies. Captains threw caution to the wind as they strutted the catwalk in a garland of flowers sewn onto budgie smugglers; a beer carton cut to a size large enough to preserve the New Zealand captain's modesty; and another who gave a whole new meaning to the image of wearing a thong.

We were all out with our cameras to capture nautical and fun filled moments, then passed over our best ten shots to the judges. Thank you to Coastal Passage for donating books as prizes.

**Julie with her winning TCP books!**



PJ Halter photo

The boat which won the photography prize also won a turkey trophy for being a turkey. We survived the ravages of cyclone Ului at Laguna without taking in an ounce of water, so it was not a proud moment when I left a hatch unlatched and water came cascading into the port bow when we hit some big waves en route to Port Hinchinbrook. Not the sort of thing we could keep quiet about later when *Adagio's* decks were decorated with all sort of paraphernalia drying in the sun. Our gold turkey now has pride of place in the cockpit, where it constantly reminds me to check latches before up-anchoring.

A week after the rally left Airlie a fleet of five yachts set sail in the race component of the competition, hoping to



**SY Elite Lady enjoys classic weather**

Julie Long photo

arrive at Dunk Island the following day. Instead, ten hours and ten miles later, our fleet of thoroughbreds all dropped anchors off Double Cone Island in an effort to stop them drifting backwards to their starting gates. As sailors know, Murphy always steps in. When you want wind there is none, or when you just want a calm anchorage for the night, it comes in with a vengeance from the opposite direction. It's all good fun trying to second guess weather conditions. In this race the skill lay not in how fast your boat could go, but how best the skipper read the little nuances of the light winds. *Cynophobe* won line honours with a corrected time of 34 hours, 29 minutes, and *Surefoot* won on handicap. This was one of the slowest and most frustrating races in D2D's history. The boys on *Cynophobe* (meaning fear of dogs, an appropriate name for a cat) were moored next to us. The smiles didn't leave their faces as they celebrated their win in style with a bottle or three of Mount Gay rum.

In the spirit of fair competition, rather than giving the final prize to the fastest

boat in the rally, points were awarded each leg to the boat that finished closest to a secret time within an allotted hour. The object was to try and plot a course that took into account wind conditions, and your individual boat's performance. So with a bit of luck thrown in as well, it gave us all a level playing field. On presentation day at Hinchinbrook Marina, *Uperkilt*, *Holdfast* and *Highland Dancer* came away with the trophies.

On the last day the race and rally crews joined together for a delicious carvery at the marina followed by a presentation ceremony. In the spirit of the event, there was a large insurance certificate from Club Marine given in a lucky boat draw as well as to the winners of the race and rally.

**The vote was unanimous; this was the best rally yet. Thank you to all the organisers who worked tirelessly behind the scenes, the sponsors who provided our prizes, and a great bunch of people who made this such an enjoyable and memorable rally. Hope some of you out there in TCP land can join us next year.**

## Abel Point Yacht Club Dent To Dunk Race and Rally finishes

The Dent to Dunk race was the slowest in recent years. Yachts left Dent Island at 10:30 am and were still only at Double Cones and Armit Islands around 9:30pm the same day. Some had to anchor to stop the boats from being carried backwards with the tide, which is a legal racing tactic. The winds finally filled in and off the racers went with a good sail up the coast.

No records were set this year but all the boats did finish at Dunk Island. Line Honours went to the racing catamaran *Cynophobe* with an elapsed time of 17:46:57. Handicapped winners were: *Sure Foot* 1<sup>st</sup> place, *Idle Time* 2<sup>nd</sup> place, and

*Another Fiasco* coming in third. Only one minute corrected time separated 3<sup>rd</sup> place *Another Fiasco* and *Questionable Login* in 4<sup>th</sup> place.

The rally portion of the event, which left a week earlier, had the first four days of the event providing 12 to 20 knots of wind in a fantastic sailing conditions. This was followed by couple days of 5 to 10 knots of wind. All race and rally boats were at Port Hinchinbrook on Tuesday for the Awards Ceremony.

The rally results are: *Uperkilt* from Airlie Beach took out first only two points ahead

of the 2<sup>nd</sup> place boat *Holdfast* from Yarrambat, ViC., while 3<sup>rd</sup> place went to Sydney yacht *Highland Dancer*.

Abel Point Yacht Club has held this yearly event for the last 7 years to promote and introduce southern yachts to the beauty of the Whitsunday's and as far north as Dunk Island.

Steve Halter, Rally Director, SY *Cheetah*

**TCP NOTE: See the APYC for more pictures and stories:  
[www.apyc.org.au](http://www.apyc.org.au)**



SY Cheetah

Julie Long photo



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# Survival of the fittest



The ruins of Fort Victoria and the cairn at the tip of Cobourg Peninsula

## Anne Wilson of SY *Hybreasail* shares the history and rugged beauty of Port Essington on the the Cobourg Peninsula, Northern Territory

Photos by Anne Wilson, SY *Hybreasail*

The wind was strengthening to a brisk 20 knot breeze and expected to climb higher as our Schionning catamaran screeched from one wave to another; both crew and boat were exhilarated by the sailing conditions. We had spent our last night at anchor in Malay Bay on the western side of the Gulf of Cape York and on up-anchoring had decided to go to Raffles Bay. But as the conditions were perfect for sailing we changed our course and headed instead for Port Essington. It was a place that I had heard little about but was steeped in the intermingled history of colonization of our country.

The coastline across the top of Arnhem Land had me drooling at the rugged beauty. We spent the later part of June exploring much of the area across the top, enthralled by the colours of the rocky headlands, the reds and ochre's mixed with lush vibrant greens of the Pandanus Palms and tall grasses that shot their spear like leaves into the verdant blueness of a cloudless sky. The ruggedness of the coastline did not always beckon favourably as a place where people could easily colonize. The harsh dry conditions did not lend itself to cultivation.

As we pulled in our sail and rounded the point for the entrance to Port Essington, we decided to make our first anchorage at the eastern end of the Cobourg Peninsula, in a small bay near Garig Gunak Barlu National Park, jointly managed by the Northern Territory Park and Wildlife and the Traditional Owners. It was here that we went ashore and visited the museum that showed the struggle for people to survive in a hostile land. A canoe in the back of the museum told the story of a fisherman

from Indonesia who had set out on a days fishing only to have strong winds and currents take him on a different journey, finally landing on the shores of Port Essington 43 days later. The will of the man to survive was amazing but the same environment is much friendlier for the many birds and animals that inhabit the area. Given the rough conditions one would not expect to find so much variety of wildlife there.

A group of yachties that we had been sailing with joined us for a walk to the cairn at the tip of Cobourg Peninsula. From this vantage point we could see that Port Essington was indeed a very large bay. Our charts showed several anchorages, some that later turned out to be excellent, especially during strong winds.

By afternoon the wind had shifted around making our first anchorage a not too comfortable affair. It was then that it was decided to up-anchor and head for another, hopefully, more favourable spot to place the pick for the night. We settled on Berkley Bay as a good spot and were proven right, as the bay was nicely sheltered from the prevailing winds. Next morning found us sitting on a sea of glass; not a ripple breached the hull. It was an especially nice place as the surrounding reddish brown and yellowy cream sandstone walls were shown to their best by the dying rays of the late afternoon sun.

It was while sitting at anchor in Berkley Bay that I delved deeper into the colonization of the area. I found through reading that England appeared to have given little thought when colonizing the area around Port Essington. England was most intent on placing a garrison of soldiers and their families in an area considered by the government and the admiralty of the day as strategically suitable for defending the north of Australia and promoting Asian trade.

The bastion of colonial power was set up to ensure

that a rival French settlement would not seek to procure lands for themselves, and to this end, on October 26 1838, Captain J.J. Bremer arrived at Port Essington and set about building a military outpost that was to survive in what many described as the harshest and most terrible of conditions. Soon before its closure, British scientist Thomas Huxley wrote that Port Essington was "most wretched, the climate the most unhealthy, the human beings the most uncomfortable and houses in a condition most decayed and rotten". How the outpost to be known as Victoria managed to last for the length it did is a testament to the pure guts and tenacity of the Royal Marines and of the families that accompanied them.

Possibly the one person whose luck held out in this remote and isolated area was Ludwig Leichardt. After having journeyed 4800 kilometres, he finally staggered into the settlement at Victoria. Leichardt's epic land journey of discovery started from Moreton Bay in what was later to become the state of Queensland, coming to its dramatic conclusion on the 17th of December 1845. Just four years later in 1849 after a harrowing and cheerless 11 years the colony was finally abandoned.


The ruins of Victoria lie on the Cobourg Peninsula named by the explorer Phillip King after Prince Leopold Saxe-Cobourg, husband of Queen Victoria. They are approx 300 kilometres north of Darwin, with the settlement itself named after Queen Victoria.

Life was never going to be easy in the top end, specially for people unaccustomed to the harsh climatic conditions of the region. The ruins of Fort Victoria at Port Essington bear silent testament to the hardship and struggle for those who chose or were ordered to open up the area under the banner of Mother England.

continued next page...

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**This canoe in the back of the museum has a story told of a fisherman from Indonesia who had set out on a days fishing only to have strong winds and currents take him on a different journey, finally landing on the shores of Port Essington 43 days later. The will of the man to survive was amazing.**



**Shoreline, Elcoe Island. The Rugged Beauty of the landscape is impressive.**

The conditions would have been bad enough for the soldiers who came to inhabit this new outpost especially as many of them came directly from the much cooler climate of Hobart Town. However, life for the few women and children who accompanied their husbands and fathers must have bordered on the unbearable. Many women would see their children die, and some of the women would themselves succumb to the elements, ending up in the small graveyard that still stands on a rise overlooking the remains of this small British outpost. The grand plans originally held for the fledgling colony never came to fruition and the outposts were left to become ruins, a place of silent footsteps echoing the woeful voices of people who had no knowledge of the conditions and hardships

that they would have to face, or of the long stretch of waiting for supply vessels.

Our own exploits saw us anchor along the beach where once long ago ships had anchored. We dinghied ashore and joined Chris and Bevan of the catamaran *Sasha*. We walked along the clearly marked trail that took us deep into an historical time-warp.

Port Essington and in particular the ruins of the Fort Victoria are a must see for visiting yachties to the area. The passing of time have seen much of the ruins meld into the landscape. The skeletal remains of old chimneys and remaining walls have blended well with the colours of the rocks and earth used by the traditional owners in their paintings and as bodily ornaments during festivals and ceremonial events.

**Brian & Anne,  
with *Hybreasail*  
in the background**

Brian and I are genuine water babies sailing on our Schionning Catamaran *Hybreasail*, whenever and where ever we can. We are at present contemplating a possible circumnavigation of Australia, but that may have to wait until we do some cruising along the eastern coast .



**A PLAQUE IN THE MUSEUM READS:**

Since the 17th Century the Aboriginal People of the Cobourg Peninsula have watched foreign explorers, Macassan trepang fishermen and later British settlers come and go from their shores.

The British settlement at Port Essington was the third attempt to establish a British presence in Northern Australia. Although it lasted only eleven years it was unique in Australia's history. It brought together, in a spirit of co-operation, the proud British traditions, an ageless Aboriginal culture and the customs of the seafaring Macassans.

The Cobourg Peninsula and its surrounding water support a variety of plants and animals. The area is jointly managed as Garig Gunak Barlu National Park by the Parks and Wildlife Service of the Northern Territory and the Traditional Aboriginal Owners.

**It could be said that the occupation of this far flung colony did indeed come down to 'the survival of the fittest'.**

TCP note: Despite the grand plans of the Brits to make the place a major port, poor resources, disease and lack of skilled labour prevented growth. Port Essington suffered a further setback when the settlement was wrecked by a cyclone on November 25, 1839. The cyclone killed twelve people, drove the ship *HMS Pelorus* aground, and caused a 3.2 metre storm surge. The settlement was rebuilt afterwards, with some stone and brick buildings, due to the assistance of a brick maker who had been shipwrecked during the storm.

Despite these setbacks, there was still hope that Port Essington may be able to succeed, as evidenced by Ludwig Leichhardt's 1844-1845 expedition. The New South Wales government had hoped to establish a direct line of communication with Asia, India and the Pacific, and supported Leichhardt's journey, which successfully charted an overland route between Moreton Bay and Port Essington.

Port Essington as illustrated in Ludwig Leichhardt's account of his expedition



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Dianne

# By gum...it continues How "Easy" does it get?



John

Story & photos by Dianne Challis,  
"Boatie fulfilling a dream"

Before I get into the trials and tribulations of a boat builder I would like to clarify something that I wrote in edition #39 about our building an 'EASY' (see page 4 of this edition). I wrote on page 27 quote, "Building this boat is a job to us not a hobby. It is a job with a future at the end of it, a dream."

Who are we? We are people who speak the truth. We are open about our feelings; especially with such a large project as the one we are embarking on. We don't live in a fantasy world. It's not a honeymoon that's for sure; we disagree over some aspects as much as we agree. The reality is *it is not a hobby*. It's too challenging and at times seems a little hard physically. A hobby is something you play around with most of your life just to while away your time; an hour here, an hour there, all for relaxation and escapism from the daily drag. Don't be mistaken we do have our hobbies or used to. We just don't seem to find the time to indulge these days.

Boat building is more about dedication and it *is* time consuming. We would rather be cashed up and be able to go out there and buy a boat instead of getting epoxy in the hair and the dreaded glass rash, dust in all our orifices or being tired and sore from fairing. What person in their right mind would willingly put themselves through that for 'a hobby'? We believe that the end result will justify the means. For anyone contemplating building a boat just take note that it is hard work and does rely on good team work. In truth it is a labour of love not a love of labour.

It's not always plain sailing or should I say plain building with constructing a boat, small or large. The reality is, life always takes precedence and you find all sorts of things can hinder the boat building process. It can vary from problem products or materials, the

weather (blasted humidity), to being fed up with the process because it doesn't happen fast enough etc. For us it has been none of these. Our materials have been first class, FGI products have been easy to work with and Blair Wright the state sales manager has been more than helpful. The designer Peter and his wife Anne Snell have been very contactable and very patient and more than helpful with answers to our questions no matter how silly some of them may seem.

They have been more than helpful with quotes and organizing the supply of building materials and our deck gear etc. Craig at Winch Solutions has been a brilliant supplier for port lights, anchor winches and hatches to just name a few items. John from Altex Coatings has been a regular visitor readily giving advice on their industrial and marine paints and how to use them. We truly have had a dream run with such things. No it's been none of these things. These have been more in our control.

It's been the human element that's caused hold ups for us. Firstly John has had health issues all of 2009 which had resulted in an operation with a recuperative time of three months. Yep there goes quarter of the year. Then my father became gravely ill in Adelaide so we spent four months with him, spending every day in the hospital at his side until he passed away. When you think that all could return to normal John then falls foul of something that caused him to have a seizure, with a prognosis of more to come, so now it is the mental and emotional anguish with the not knowing *WHY* or *WHEN*? Once again our time is and will be taken away from the glorious boat building with the usual specialist trips and tests. Then less than three months after the death of my father my brother is diagnosed with Pancreatic Cancer, the one called the silent killer. But with all of the personal issues and other human elements behind us we are moving forward. Nothing or no one is deterring us. Even though the beginning

of 2010 has given us a wee bit of a kick in the goolies again it now has us attacking the project with a different attitude to life. The boat is not the, be all or end all. We have had an insight into how precious life is and one still needs to enjoy it as we work away at our dream. Yeah, we might even make time and take up a hobby in between doing the biggest job of all, 'building our boat!'

So now we are back in Queensland, and we're watching the humidity gauge. It hadn't been too good. As soon as it dropped we were straight back into it. A little glue here and a bit there. Before we left for Adelaide we had managed to scarf and join our ply together for the bridgedeck and glassed our 490gm bias cloth on it. We had scarfed and joined our huon pine stringers as per our plans, sanded them all ready to be placed onto the bridgedeck. Since our return these have been glued and screwed with stainless steel screws into position. I coved (filleted) each side of the stringers all in readiness to fibreglass them individually onto the bridgedeck.

While I did the coving John worked on the aft steps preparing the starboard one with an inset to take a folding telescopic ladder. The ladder would end up lying flush with the top of that bottom step. Because two cleats are placed on either corner at the rear of the aft steps John re-enforced this area by placing extra ply underneath and then screwed stainless steel plates with appropriate nuts welded to them. The bolt holes were over drilled then backfilled with an epoxy glue mix. These were then re-drilled to the correct size. This would seal off the edges of the ply. We did this with these cleats because once the step was glued down and glassed on there was no way to get to them if they needed to be removed for one reason or another. To stop epoxy from running down into the holes and stuffing up the threads of the nuts we placed blue-tac into the holes and then glassed over them. The resin will not stick to blue-tac and we could fair this

section and then drill the holes out. It was a little trick I learnt when I built the Lidgard 'cat'.

In between doing this John had built a set of steps that would enable us to climb up and down onto the boat. My knees aren't as good as they used to be; osteoarthritis has set in and two new knee joints are on the near horizon. The steps are substantial with wide treads and a platform at the top of them. This would allow for any turning and twisting around when carrying anything large or awkward up on deck. I did ask for an escalator but he couldn't be persuaded. I thought it was worth a try.

continued next page...



The telescopic ladder on the starboard aft steps.



The steps - worth the time to make...

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I digress here as I usually do....Cyclone Ului had hit Airlie and here we sat whining about the humidity. How selfish could we be? Our hearts go out to all that have been terrorized by one of Mother Nature's wake up calls. One really doesn't want to piss her off. The humidity thing is very important to boat building no matter what the medium is especially where epoxy resin is used. So with the cyclone bringing more wet weather (as if we hadn't had enough in Queensland this season) it slowed down the progress yet again. Get lucky.

Getting back to our bridgedeck....we finally managed to glass on all stringers and bog and fair it all. It felt good to be back into the swing of it fully again. We do enjoy watching things come together. What is it they say on that T.V. commercial...*"From little things big things grow"*. That is what we see here. One step at a time and we find every little job we do develops and grows into this big boat.

The God's had smiled on us for a while enabling us to finish all the fairing and spraying of high build onto the project. It was time for the moving of the bridgedeck into position. Because the bridgedeck was built upside down it needed to be flipped over. We had built ours in between the hulls which had already had their cross members in place. So we called in the cavalry (any excuse for a barbie and a few drinks). Our friends Ray, Chris and Tony arrived ready to be involved in our little project. With Ray's tray top Ute reversed in between the hulls we lifted the front of the bridgedeck up onto it then three people went to the rear of the 7.6 metre structure. Lifting it off the ground it was slowly walked out of the shed following the Ute. It was then slipped off the Ute, flipped over, lifted back onto the Ute and all reversed back into the shed and rested on 44 gallon drums. It was all too 'easy'.

The fun began the following day with John and me lifting it up into position to make sure that it all fitted nice and snug. What a surprise...it did...wow, that was such a relief. We then dropped it down enough to place our glue on it in the right places and up she went again. We had the whole thing done within three hours. We were happy with the outcome. It was another job completed...one that didn't have to be done again. We were finally moving on.

Now that the bridgedeck was up, it was time to begin the front locker section or the curved bit that goes between the hulls at the front, whatever one might want to call it.

We made our webs from 12mm ply laminated together making them 24mm thick in total and then did a hoop pine frame all around them. I know that it sounds a bit of an over kill and probably not necessary, but it is our boat and we are strengthening things for our own benefit. It is about how we feel when we are sailing on the catamaran. It's the same with painting every single piece of ply and pine with an epoxy wood preserver before glassing. We want to feel that we have done everything within our power to make sure that this vessel is protected from the elements and will outlive us which I have no doubt it will. It all adds to the time factor in building and it is an extra job that others would not bother with but at the end of the day we would feel confident that we have done the very best that we could. The webs were glued and screwed into position after being individually glassed.

Then two layers of six millimetre ply were carefully bent around the webs. We needed a hand with this as there was a springy reaction with the ply as you would no doubt be well aware of. But with the help of Chris, his daughter Jess and me we were able to take the 2440 sheets and slowly bend them to shape with John placing screws with washers on them in 50mm increments into the webs. After the first layer went up we allowed the glue to dry and then removed the screws. Success yet again. We don't realize how strong the epoxy glue is until it is put to the test in situations that defy reasoning. The following day the same procedure was repeated with the second layer. This made the front section 12mm thick and solid. Next job had me with a roller in hand and a coat of the wood preserver coating the ply and then within 15 minutes we were glassing the outside followed by the internal side of the lockers.

**Yes, life goes on. We get up and enjoy our breakfast with the wild birds, kangaroos and wallabies. We admire the beauty that surrounds us; go for walks around the dams while discussing our next job to be attacked on our project. With our lungs filled with fresh country air we take ourselves into the boat shed and begin another new project. Some are big visual ones and some of these projects are hidden ones but are necessities. We feel good when we have accomplished things and when we settle down in the evenings we know that we have done the very best that we could for that day. After all that is all any of us can expect of ourselves isn't it?**



**John smearing glue mix onto webs**



**Team work torturing ply**



**Ply Torturing the team**



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# Bare Bones project update:

## Adversity has the power to defeat or inspire...

What we have had to face in the last couple years only inspires us to get the thing in the water fast!

The project is roaring ahead. Energy and direction and inspiration have all created that flow that just gets things done.

The act of building a boat is a succession of milestones, or as Richard of *Bad Habits* commented to me, "you don't build a boat as much as you build a million little projects that turn into a boat". There is a lot more been done this cycle then there is room for here but I will try to cover some points that may be of interest to other builders or contemplators...

## The front roll..? Or whatever you call it.

I made two bulkheads of two layers of 9mm ply (at left, yellow arrows). One layer full size and the other relieved to reduce weight and still provide the rigid edges I wanted. I first tried making kurf cuts in the 9mm ply and torturing it into shape but that was hopeless. The stuff is stiffer than I guessed. I finally decided to go strip plank on the bottom with bits of bracing strap holding the strips in position and then a large section of ply on top with only a slight curve in it. Even so the strain from the slight curve caused a reactive distortion of the Duflex bulkhead behind it. The centre locker will be chain stowage so double glassed and the rest all covered in 440 DB glass and epoxy.

**Taping a joint overhead...** This dreaded milestone turned out very easy actually, preparation being the key. The conventional wisdom says to wet the tape and roll it up on the bench and unroll it as you go on the job but compacting the wetted tape like that will increase the "exothermic" or self created heat from the chemical reaction in the resin which shortens your working time. So, instead I opted to put a couple of my scaffolding planks on stands near the joint and wetted the tape there. It was an easy lift to the joint, no problem with anything falling down and we had just enough time to work the stuff and cover with peel ply ("peel ply" is the name given to a light synthetic fibre cloth that when installed over a wet resin surface tends to make a smooth finish, prepares the surface for subsequent work, and removes contaminants when it is peeled away). The black plastic used (see photos at left), is builders plastic, intended for use under concrete and is indispensable for working with resins. It's cheap, disposable and nothing sticks to it.

**Bulkheads...** Our rudder, main beam, back beam and chain plate bulkheads were all lofted and fabricated ourselves. There is lighter material than ply for the job but nothing beats it for strength or cost. I started with full sized templates made of cheap bracing plywood (about \$20 a sheet) to insure best result. Once those were fitted/tested to satisfaction they would be used as a pattern. I used my supply of 9mm marine ply again, laminating two layers together with staggered joints to make 18mm panels except the back web of the back beam which was just one layer of 9mm.

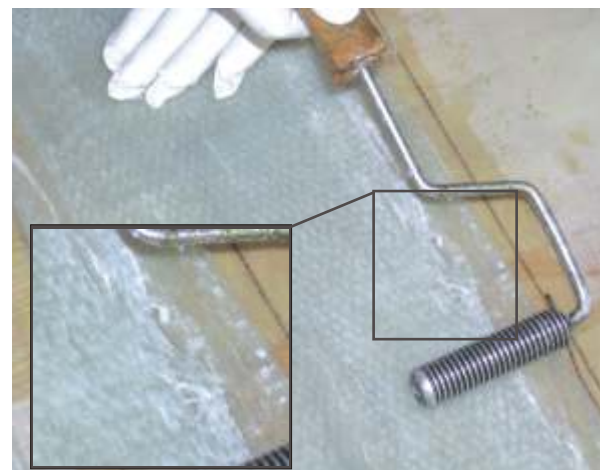
With all sections of a bulkhead cut and ready, I mixed a batch of "Bote-Cote" epoxy with their timber treatment and waited till it was tacky. Then another batch of resin with a little glue filler mixed in. Once that is spread around evenly, the edges are wetted and the parts are assembled, pushed together and corners matched up. At two corners of every individual piece, I hammered in (part way) a finishing nail to lock them in position. Next... every damn heavy thing within reach is piled onto the assembly to insure even gluing and good 'flatness'. **See at right.**

The 9mm ply I was starting with had 7 layers of hardwood. With 14 layers total after joining, and with an epoxy resin centre, I feel those bulkheads are massively strong but why not be ridiculous.... then the panels were glassed with a 440 double bias glass cloth and epoxy resin to boot. This added more strength and entombs the ply in a way that assures rot will never be a problem.

**The dreaded uni....** unidirectional glass tape is used in areas of heavy load. The direction of strength in the glass is a direct result of the direction of the fibres. With a very specific load to control, use uni in the direction of the load. Under the main beam I installed 11 layers of heavy uni tape, 8 under the back beam and over (lost count) 12 layers on the chain plates.... On the flanges for the beams where the uni was going flat, I wet the first layer on one of my plastic covered planks and transferred it to position. On the rest of the layers I placed the uni dry and wetted it in place. I could make a book out of what I learned on those projects but the easiest tip to relate that may be the most useful... when you are working the uni after wetting, start in the centre and work outward. Whilst rolling with one hand, use the other hand to pull the tape away from the centre as you go. **DO NOT** let the strands lose tension. They must be pulled straight for strength and to prevent bumps in the finish and voids.



Always do your best to think out the solution but without dithering away your day.... a challenge at times!



When you see fibres out of line(see above), drag your hand along behind it as you roll back.



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**Laminating a large surface...**

Here is how we did it; with the surface cleaned and smoothed, I rolled out my glass cloth and peel ply and had everything cut to shape and set aside. The peel ply for the full width was rolled up on a broom handle. **See photos at right.** Then I spread on a layer of the "Bote-Cote" epoxy with timber treatment and let go firm to tacky. After that I carefully placed the cloth. It is very easy to disturb the weave on that cloth so great care in handling is advised!

Mixing small batches, about 500 grams at a wack, we started on one end and worked the material as it allowed. While I was mixing up another batch, Kay would be rolling in the resin from the last batch. I couldn't be happier with the result.

**Foam!** I have just finished my first panel in foam with vinylester resin and loved it. I used all FGI foam and resins. In my opinion, the advantages of foam are enormous, especially with cost at near half of balsa panels. You cut the stuff with a box knife and mix and match pieces if you like to use every bit of it. You have to laminate it yourself but the lamination you do shouldn't need any more covering to seal the surface and the Duflex balsa does require sealing coats applied at the perfect falling temperature to prevent violent outgassing. And... should your foam panel get damaged and water gets at it. So what!? The foam shouldn't absorb the water and sure won't rot!

I'm also looking forward to experimenting with some **Polycore** soon.

**The Resins...**

I have now worked with three brands of epoxy and here is my opinion on them.

First was **ATL resin** that came with the duflex panels. That resin worked very well right up until it didn't. It wet well, had a good working interval, but the problems it caused when a batch of the hardener failed will be long remembered. Epoxy hardeners can be temperamental. I now test any new or not recently used hardeners before committing to a project to see if and how they work. You never know how long it's been on a shelf before you got it and the hardeners are apparently sensitive to storage environment.

The **Bote-Cote resin** from Boat Craft Pacific is expensive but... I will continue to use it for some jobs throughout the project. It is as reliable as a stone axe, going off without worry and much less toxic than other varieties. Though I still can't tolerate it on my skin, the fumes do not seem to affect me. Also, the hardener is not classified as dangerous goods as is the case with the others so it can be shipped via regular mail.

**FGI R180 resin.** The least expensive of the lot and perfectly good so far. The batch of 'standard' hardener that I got is a little fast for me but I have ordered some 'slow' to mix to my taste.

So watch this space because things will be happening fast at the Casa de Norson boat building and publishing empire! And... it will take some time but I promise I will catch up with the web site soon. We have hundreds of photos and a ton of info.



Kay ready for me to mix another batch



I spread and even out the resin while Kay rolls it in



**The Chain Plate bulkhead...**

instead of a steel plate we will have a composite structure to hold the rig up. We hung the bulkheads upside down from the veranda and then wrapped the many layers of uni tape around the steel bush protruding in what will be, up through the deck, and down through the hole in the panel to create the many continuous loops to handle the massive load. Another victory of preparation.



The completed panel. We did these in 3 to 4 batches of resin, each side.

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4. Aft steps are bonded, and the 2 Outer Hulls.

Day 13



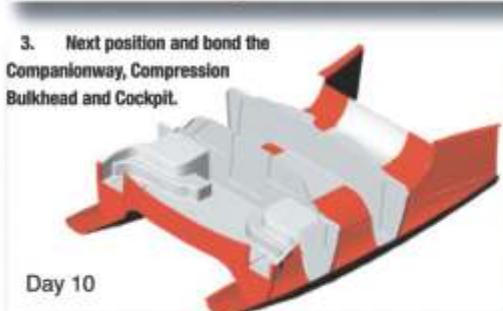
2. Place the Hulls and moulded tank liners in position. Lower Chamfer panels and bond. Position Bridgedeck and bond together with aft Beam

Day 4



5. The Centre Roof section is positioned and bonded.

Day 16



3. Next position and bond the Companionway, Compression Bulkhead and Cockpit.

Day 10



6. Two Outer Roof sections, Catwalk and Prodder complete the main component assembly

Day 21

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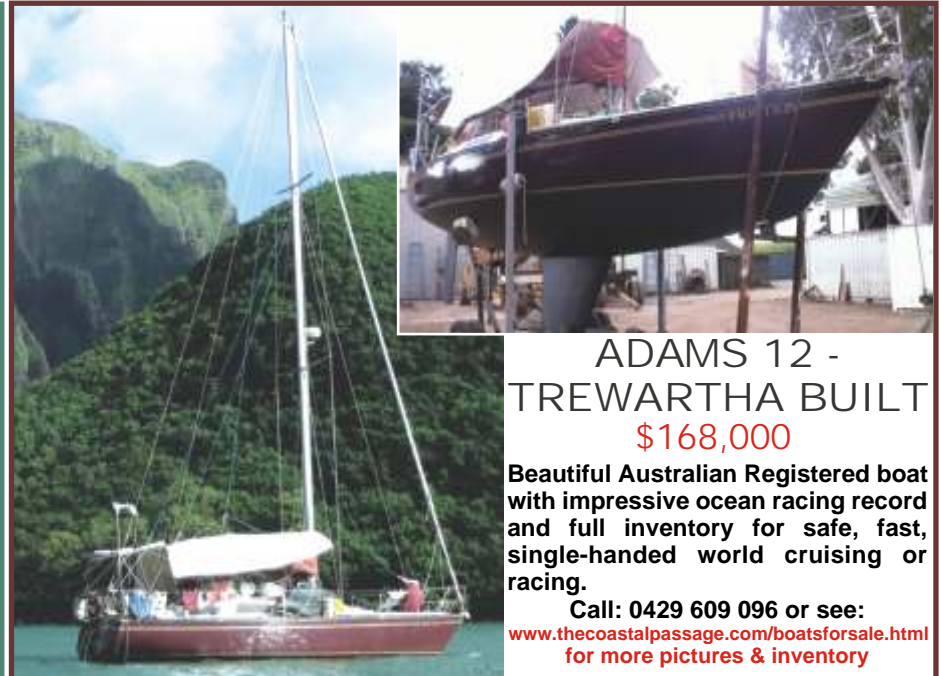
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# EVENTS

## Cruising Yacht Club of Australia launches 2011 Cruise to Hobart



photo courtesy of Mainsheet Media

**David Champtaloup's *Caprice of Huon*, in front of Edron Lodge in Two Fold Bay, Eden, during the 2009 Cruise to Hobart**

**The Cruising Yacht Club of Australia, has today launched the second Cruise to Hobart, that will commence in January 2011, with the release of the Notice of Cruise.**

First held in 2009, the cruise is timed so that participants will arrive in Hobart for the Australian Wooden Boat Festival (11<sup>th</sup> - 14<sup>th</sup> February 2011) and the start of the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania's Van Dieman's Land Circumnavigation Cruise (16<sup>th</sup> February 2011).

Designed around an arrival time rather than a departure time, the cruise provides flexibility to participants with an emphasis on cruising in company. With a freedom to choose when you leave, the route to take and transit anchorages, the event has become popular amongst those sailors who enjoy cruising rather than racing.

*Caprice of Huon* is the first boat to nominate and organisers are anticipating at least 10 participants to head south in January next year.

The CYCA Cruise to Hobart is a Category 2 designated event and participants are encouraged to display prudent seamanship and discipline. All

entrants will be provided with tailored weather information and must comply with the Cruise communication schedule requirements.

The cruise is an excellent opportunity for you and your boat to experience blue water cruising, gain sea miles, and explore the maritime history of Australia's east coast.

*Caprice of Huon* skipper David Champtaloup said "We joined the 2009 Cruise and it was the tailored weather information in combination with being able to choose our departure date and stopovers that worked so well for us. A couple of days at anchor in Eden meant we sailed downwind nearly all the way to Hobart. We cruised in company most of the way and the very experienced Denis Doyle, owner of *Sextant* was a great help with advice and problem solving on more occasions than I care to remember".

**For more information about the CYCA Cruise to Hobart or to lodge an expression of interest please download ([www.cyca.com.au](http://www.cyca.com.au)) the Notice of Cruise and Cruise Participation Request form and return to the CYCA via email: [cyca@cyca.com.au](mailto:cyca@cyca.com.au) or fax: (02) 9363 9745**



SY Arabella

## 2010 Spray Society of Australia's Regatta-another successful weekend

Words & photo courtesy of Mike Mclean, Vice President, SSA

The Spray Society of Australia held its 16th annual Regatta and AGM at the Scarborough Moreton Bay Boat Club in Queensland on the weekend of 12 - 14 Jun 10. Member's yachts arrived at the MBBC on Friday and Saturday of the Queen's Birthday Weekend and settled in for a most enjoyable weekend of socialising and sailing. For those arriving from down south faced their usual headwinds to get to the event, what's new?!

Visiting members from close and afar were assigned as crew to the various yachts and after packing lunch on board, set off for the sail. There was more wind this year than last and a brisk sail was had. Winds around 15 to 20 kts were encountered and much photo taking took place amongst the participating yachts.

Dinner was taken on the MBBC deck and, the group had a jovial and tremendous time. A highlight of the evening was the showing on 'a large screen of Barry and Jackie Moore's recent cruise up north and of Roger Borrow's similar cruise from Sydney up to the Reef in his East Coast Girl'. Roger is a staunch member and attends from south of the border each year - this usually nets him a bottle of wine as an award for the greatest distance travelled to attend.

Monday saw people leaving by boat, caravan, train and car and oh yes, for those sailing back south, there were headwinds on the nose at 25kts - what's new?!

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# Cruising Tips *Passage People style*

## Ragin Cajun



I have a few tips for the floating fraternity which I have found to be of use while maintaining my steel ketch.

We all always need only an eggcup full of epoxy or urethane to do touch ups. Of course marine paint cans are 5 litres. I carry good quality disposable plastic cups and plastic teaspoons. The minimum quantity mix is 3 spoons of polyU and 1/2 spoon of catalyst in the bottom of a plastic cup.

I keep a concoction of turps, meths and various thinners in a screwtop plastic 1kg fruit jar to wash brushes out in. If the brew doesn't clean the particular paint I'm using, I add a little of the appropriate thinner to the mix. The same bottle of brew has lasted me 3 years since Darwin with only small quantities of top-ups. The paint solids settle out and off you go again. This bottle just lives in the bilge.

The other tips are to do with the worst job on any boat, the silencing or polyurethane adhering in of windows. I have a hand pump spray of "slick" which solves many of the mess problems associated with this nightmare task.

The slick recipe is 20% detergent, 30% water and 50% methylated spirits. It works equally well with silicone or polyurethane adhesives

A few days before the job, use the cartridge gun to squirt out some lines of adhesive to the spacer thickness required between the glass and the hull/cabin-side. Allow this to set and use it to make spacer sausages about 25mm long. These are then glued in position after masking.

Set up the job with all putty knives, small tools and blades you will need. Also set up a small rubbish bin and old phone book close to hand.

After masking all of the window and the boundaries of the adhesive file, use the cart gun to glue the spacers in position. Apply adhesive to rest of job as normal and fit glass/polycarb. Use gun to fill any under-filled areas, force fill any cavities.

Spray slick over whole job including decks onto which goo might fall. Spray slick on your smoothing and tooling blades before finishing your adhesive with them. After each stroke or 2, grab a leaf from the phone book, carefully clean the blade and put the paper straight in the bin. Re-spray blade each time. Also, re-spray the adhesive to prevent the finishing blade from "dragging" the surface.

If you spill or spread adhesive elsewhere, spray with slick before cleaning up, it will prevent sticking smears to the surrounding surface. With slick on the blade, it is often possible to neatly slice off excess silicone/adhesive using a paint scraper and flicking it straight into the bin. Slicking one's gloves also prevents gloves from building up a load of usually black sika, to spread liberally over all unwanted surfaces within spitting distance.

And remember, if we weren't doing this we'd be bored and talking about footy or sex.

Tony Beks, SY *Ragin Cajun*, Hout Bay, South Africa.



## Lauriana

Lyn & Rob's  
ABC's  
of Cruising



For six years of the last seven, Rob & Lyn have cruised up the coast to Cape York, then back home to Townsville, usually taking about four months. Lyn & Rob recently sent us their "ABC's" of cruising to share.

After Cooktown, there are really no shops, excepting a fuel barge where, along with the fuel, you can arrange a food order. This takes time. It does pay to be prepared when cruising these waters. It will be a much more enjoyable trip if you do. Lyn also recommends a "Far North Qld." road map, just so you can have peace of mind where you are in relation to land bases.

So, here are a few. We plan to have more of Lyn & Rob's tips in this section in future TCP's. There are many excellent tips on this list. When you are "out there" and see *Lauriana*, give Lyn & Rob a "G-day".

**A. Always** - and I mean always know what the tide is doing.

**Antifouling** - Before I start any job to do with antifouling, I cover myself with baby oil then put on protective clothing. The dust from the sander comes off a lot easier with hot water & soap, while any spots of paint will come off when rubbed with a cloth that has been wet with baby oil. I never have to use thinners to get paint off.

**B. Bags** - The bags that powdered milk comes in are handy to keep almost anything in them in the freezer. They are much thicker than any other freezer bags, Label them with a permanent marker before you fill them.

**Bare feet** - Walking around in water or onland with no shoes on is not a good idea. We have twice dragged in stone fish with a cast net. They were not visible beforehand.

**Bread mix** - Make sure you have yeast; some bread mix packets don't include the yeast.

**C. Cans** - If you rinse out cans before crushing them, you will find they wont stink later or attract flies.

**Cobb Cooker** - What a wonderful gadget. This cooker allowed us to stay up north when our gas regulator died and we lost most of our gas. I cooked everything in the Cobb.

**D. Don't** - be afraid to go over and say Hi to other boats. You will soon know if they are friendly. We have made lifelong friends doing this. Be respectful - banging on their hull to get their attention if they are not topside is not a good idea...

**E. Egg Powder** - Dried egg powder can be purchased in 20kg lots. A few boaties could get together and divide it up.

**F. Fishing hooks** - Rust is always a problem; they will keep for years if they are put in an airtight container covered with plain flour. Do this as soon as you buy them and don't put any back in there after they have been used.

**G. Glasses** - Eye glasses are hard to look after and can be expensive to replace. When painting cover the lenses with plastic wrap to save them getting splattered. Set aside your prescription glasses for those paint or sanding jobs and have some cheap throw away's handy.

**Green tree ants** - If you go bush walking like I do, it may pay to bring a set of ear plugs. I have had one of those ants in my ear and it wasn't a nice experience. I was lucky that it did not latch onto me with its nipers. I tried to get it out with a cotton bud - this did not work, so we shone a torch in there. Then I fluffed out the end of the cotton bud and its legs got caught up in that and out he came. What a relief!

**H. Have a good time!**

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Sue Bett with her "best mate" Rick

## Why I wrote the Galley Guide

By Sue Bett, MY Scallywag

As the land slips below the horizon the dream becomes a reality. The Great escape from traffic, pollution, fast food, politics, greed, economic upheaval and suburbia. We seek the freedom to roam oceans and explore anchorages, with free food for the hunters and gatherers amongst us and fresh air in abundance. A unique and self sufficient lifestyle, sometimes taxing, often relaxing, always challenging.

But when the ultimate journey begins, there is no escape from cooking. Once offshore, not the least challenging is the perpetration of a good hearty meal to keep the captain and crew content. Today's skipper uses his charts to plot a course, a GPS and possibly an auto pilot to keep him on it, sails or engines to propel his craft, radar to hopefully prevent him running into things that go bump in the night and a radio to provide strong wind warnings. But should he need a hot meal, this may not be so readily available.

Galley seems to have been at the end of the queue when it comes to interior boat design. At best, the average floating kitchen boasts two top burners and is you ar lucky, a miniature grill and oven which can only be viewed in a horizontal position, a tiny sink and about enough work top area to chop one onion. It is precisely this lack of space and equipment which drives so many people back to the land kitchen where at the very least, the stove is firmly attached to the floor.

As with all other skills necessary to operate any vessel, cooking afloat requires experience, patience, imagination, and a keen sense of humour. Many books have been written to aid cruising folk on navigation, boat maintenance and seamanship, but few are available which provide the basic principles; planning and problem solving which constitute good galley management.

At sea, food assumes enormous importance. The galley becomes the boats heart and the cook the nucleus. While boats differ in storage capacity and galley space, **Great Ideas Galley Guide** has been compiled for most sea cooks whose galleys are equipped with refrigeration and an oven, although some of the hints and recipes will assist those who may not have these conveniences.

Don't leave home without it!

**TCP Note: Great Ideas Galley Guide is now available at TCP Ships store:**  
[www.thecoastalpassage.com/storebooks.html](http://www.thecoastalpassage.com/storebooks.html)

# Pressure, thermos zip lock bags and even engine cooking - save fuel, time and clean up (most important).

Reading through Sue Bett's book (see left), I became curious...does rice really cook in a thermos? What about those pressure cookers? Zip locks & engine cooking - will I make *more* of a mess trying these?

I tried the thermos - rice and yep, worked fine - why not all those other instant rice & noodle dishes? How about getting a few thermos's and have a few "meals" ready?

I haven't tried cooking on the engine or the zip lock omelettes, but why not? I guess best advise on this type of cooking is to keep an eye on the process. When I cook, I keep a timer handy - in my pocket if I have one (many aprons have pockets). It's always fun to see the reaction of guests when the timer goes off...but I digress...

**Pressure cookers** - I had one years ago - given to me. It was aluminum - I feel aluminium is ok for canning/bottling, but I didn't feel comfortable using aluminum in high heat/high pressure use. So, I have no real experience, but plan to have one on our boat. It will definitely be a small (4-6 ltrs.) stainless steel model. There is a lot of information on the internet and many types, sizes and prices. I recommend to get one that suits your style of cooking. Pressure cookers can also be used like a large saucepan - even as a smoker (see *Galley Guide* for steps). If you have information on pressure cookers, please send - there are lots of new boaties out there wondering if its worth buying and storing...

Here's a few recipes on these styles of cooking from Sue Bett's book.

Kay

### "PRESSURE COOKER"

#### SPICY PRAWN CHOWDER

- 225g fresh, raw prawns, shelled & de-veined
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 3 stalks celery, chopped
- 1 small capsicum, chopped
- 1 bay leaf
- ½ tsp peppercorns
- 1 tsp dried or fresh parsley
- ½ cup cooked rice
- Pinch cayenne pepper
- 1 tbsp mixed spice (to your taste)
- 200 ml milk
- 150 ml water

Pour water into cooker. Add prawns (reserve some for garnishing), chopped vegetables, bay leaf, peppercorns, parsley and seasonings. Close cooker and bring to full cooking pressure on maximum heat. Reduce to minimum heat and cook for 3 minutes. Allow cooker to cool gradually before opening. Add milk and cooked rice and heat for 2 minutes. Serve in individual bowls or sea shells, garnish with parsley, cayenne pepper and one whole prawn.

### "ZIP-LOK" OMELET

This works great! Good for family & friends gatherings. The best part is no one has to wait for their special omelet!

Have guests write their name on a quart-size Ziploc freezer bag with a permanent marker.

Crack 2 eggs (large or extra-large) into the bag (not more than 2). Shake to combine them.

Put out a variety of ingredients such as: Cheeses, ham, onion, green pepper, tomato, hash brown, salsa, etc.

Each guest adds prepared ingredients of choice to their bag and shake. Make sure to get the air out of the bag and zip it up!

Place the bags into rolling, boiling water for exactly 13 minutes (we did 15 min). You can usually cook 6-8 omelets in a large pot. For more, make another pot of boiling water.

Open the bags and the omelet will roll out easily. Be prepared for everyone to be amazed!

Nice to serve with fresh fruit and coffee cake. Everyone get involved in the process and a great conversation piece.

Imagine having these ready the night before, and putting the bag in boiling water while you get ready. In 15 minutes you've got nice omelets for a quick breakfast!

### RICE COOKED IN A THERMOS FLASK

When rough seas are predicted, rice can be cooked in a wide mouth thermos flask. Place 1 cup uncooked rice in flask, add a pinch of salt (or crumble in half a stock cube and omit the salt) & 1 tsp butter or margarine. Pour in 2 cups of boiling water. The rice will be cooked in 2 hours, but will keep warm and separate for at least another 2 hours.

### LAMB A LA DIESEL

The wind is on the nose; you have a long passage ahead of you. You are craving a lamb roast. Use your motoring time to cook a leg of lamb on the engine manifold. Bizzare but effective. Spice the meat and wrap tightly in several layers of foil to prevent grease dripping on the engine. Secure the package to the manifold of the engine well and turn after about 3 hours. For an average sized leg of lamb, bake for a further 3 hours until done.

Here's a few "Passage People" that have taken advantage of PJ's Substitution list. The list is 4 pages and very useful. PJ is happy to send you her list. PJ's fee is to send an idea or two or a recipe of yours.

A picture of you, your boat, and a bit about yourself will get you a TCP Cap!

email: [pj@thecoastalpassage.com](mailto:pj@thecoastalpassage.com)

### Faye Mackenzie, on Fayze Too ISLAND RICE

- 4 cups cooked long grain rice
  - 1 red capsicum
  - 1 green capsicum
  - 6 spring onions
  - 1 cup peanuts (cashews)
  - 2 tablespoons soy sauce
  - 2 tablespoons oil
- Heat oil in pan. Fry capsicum, spring onions till almost cooked and add peanuts to heat through. Add soy sauce then the cooked rice and stir over heat till the rice has fried a little. Serve.

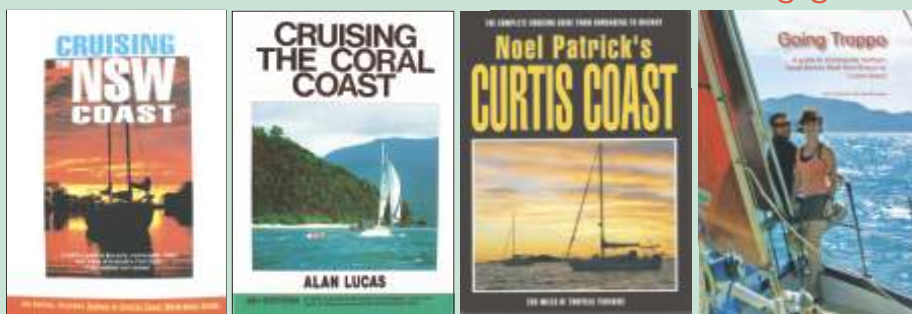
### Janet, on Rebel:

Celery: keeps really well in fridge when wrapped in tin foil. Wash and dry and cut into manageable portions and then wrap in tin foil.

*What's your cruising tip?*

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