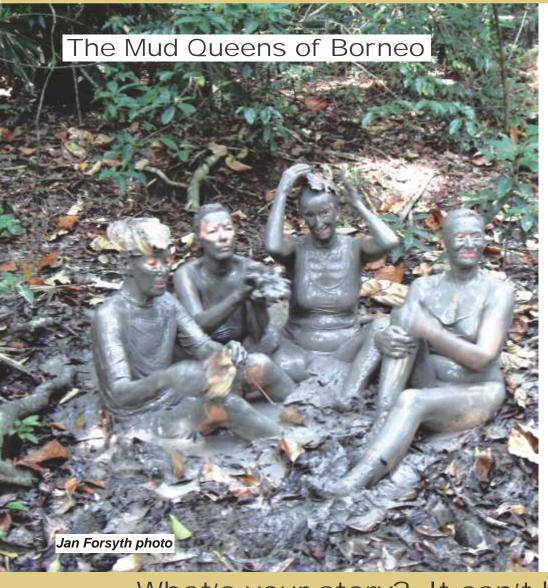


# The Voice of the Boating Community



Yawarra II in Tasmania



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# Reflecti

By Alan Lucas, SY Soleares

# COCONUTS

# Are they indigenous or weeds?

If Middle Percy Island can't remain as it is, at least its future under National Parks will prevent mindless overdevelopment by the white-shoe brigade, and transiting sailors may continue to enjoy its bush, beaches and anchorages. And as for the destruction of coconut palms, such desecration will not be unique to Percy Island: it has been going on for decades along the coast, its logic never being fully and openly explained.

The question we need answered is: On what basis are coconuts deemed to be exotics? Show us the facts proving beyond doubt that they are not indigenous to Northern Australia, and if it cannot be proven, then get busy and replant these most remarkable of trees.

I first heard of coconut destruction around 1980 when a skipper of one of the lighthouse service vessels lodged an inter-departmental complaint that coconut palms planted by his Torres Strait Island crew were being uprooted by National Parks. His main thrust was to defend the right of native Australians to do what they have always done; namely, plant food on islands. Also, he made the point that many of the older plantings by early navigators for the sustenance of shipwrecked castaways were growing old and needed replacing. As well, he claimed that their root systems help in the battle against beach erosion.

National Parks response was predictable in its lack of detail and reasoning, but emphasised that coconuts were 'weeds' that had no place in our natural eco system and had to be removed. The skipper was told in no uncertain terms that the practice of planting must stop immediately.

So where is the proof of this spurious decision? Have the boffins really done their homework? Have they, for example, read the famous notebook kept by Captain Bligh in Bounty's launch after the mutiny? Have they read W.S. Gruezo and M.C. Harries work in Biotropica, written in 1984 about selfsown wild-type coconuts from Australia?

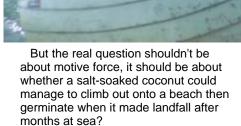
Have they taken the trouble to log onto www.jstor.org/pss/2387847 where, amongst other evidence, there is mention of a coconut palm discovered west of Rockhampton in 1869 that was 275 miles inland from the sea and estimated to be between 40 and 60 years old?

It must have been one heck of a cyclone that blew that one's germinating nut ashore.

My suspicion about native coconuts first came from reading Captain Bligh's notes made during his extraordinary open-boat voyage with 17 others after the mutiny on the Bounty. At Restoration Island, Far North Queensland where he and his fellow outcasts first rested, he recorded the following: Saw a few old pieces of cocoa Nutts so they must be on the main (mainland).

That was in late May 1789, just sixteen months after the First Fleet landed in Sydney. As there is no record of white settlers exploring the land that far north by the early 1880s the coconuts Bligh saw may well have been indigenous, otherwise, if they drifted ashore from another country, how did one of them get so far inland?

Coconuts drifting in from other countries then germinating on Queensland's east coast has been the most popular theory for many decades if not centuries. And when available motive force is considered, it is a fair and reasonable theory remembering that the South Subtropical Current tends to set onto our coast, as does the ubiquitous southeast trade wind. All things considered, there has never been a shortage of motive force to help a migrating coconut on its way to a new



The theory covering this is that they became part of flotsam and jetsam rafts on which they start to germinate enroute. Frankly, I have yet to see flotsam rafts anywhere within the boisterous trade wind belt, but have seen rafts of assorted natural rubbish during the wet season, especially off major rivers where the water is brackish and seas are often calm: But never a raft with a germinating coconut aboard.

Is it possible, then, that our coconuts came from New Guinea during major wet seasons? Could stuff pouring out of the Fly, Oriomo, Wassi Kussa Moorehead, Bensbach and other rivers close to Cape York and the Torres Strait Islands find their way south? If so, I must yield to it being a distinct possibility because there was also the added factor of regular trade between New Guinea and Torres Strait natives (typically human heads for logs), but as far as I know there is no absolute proof.

From the early 1870s coconut plantations started appearing north from

Mackay, typically using superior plants from Siam and Singapore. The largest plantation was that of the Jardine family at Somerset, near Cape York, with 15,000 trees. Collectively, however, the largest number of trees was planted in the tropical wet belt of the Innisfail area.

Plantation coconut palms are established from fresh, sound nuts laid down in nurseries under partial shade until germination, a process that takes six to nine months with the first harvest being from seven to ten years after planting. But lets back up here a moment. The operative words seem to be 'fresh' and 'shade' and there's not an abundance of either when crossing an ocean or the Torres Strait on a raft.

This returns us to the most basic of questions: How can a nut spend ages drifting and rolling in the alien environment of salt, wind, slime, barnacle growth and possible teredo attack then fetch up on a lee shore in good enough health to start germinating?

My suspicion is, it can't, but as a sailor and not a botanist I am happy to bend like a coconut palm to indisputable evidence.

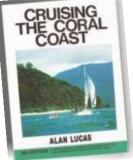
Is there any?

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

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# WHAT IS GOING ON IN AUSTRALIA?

Two editorials, points to ponder...

"The evils of tyranny are rarely seen but by him who resists it." -- John Jay, Castilian Days II, 1872

'Ain't it the truth'... Greg Dickson found that to be true as in his comments about customs from last issue, "the sweetness and light that accompanies conversations is immediately replaced by the 'big stick and boarding party' mentality for those who prefer to go their own way.'

If you've had a positive experience with Customs it has likely been because you have done what they wanted you to do and in many cases the requests are reasonable but they do not want their requests questioned.. ever.

Our government generally uses the law as an offensive tool to control and force compliance with its edicts. The government could care less whether it is acting legally - whether it is applying the law as intended. The government only cares that there is a superficial appearance of legality. And I keep asking.. why?? Why this focus on domestic yachts in Australian waters? The Customs act and it's 1999 amendment appear custom made (sorry) for the recent cocaine smuggling attempt with it's high seas rendezvous with a foreign vessel but why should us grey nomads and family cruisers have to cop it for that? If a house in the suburbs gets busted for drugs, does that warrant interrogation and searches of every other house? And by the way... once again, from reports it was the US DEA that provided the tip off.

I have read recently that customs is inspecting fewer shipping containers than in previous years. I assume this is a resource issue. Yet the reports from customs of recent busts are almost always at the airports for mules carrying smaller quantities of heroin or the like, or shipping containers for larger hauls. The expense of this heavy surveillance of a normally benign target like cruising yachties must be immense and it is apparently at the cost of other more productive venues. Is this a result of incredibly bad management? Or is there a more sinister motivation?

Recent news item: I heard Queensland Police set up a road block for hours on the Bruce Highway and inspected every car with dogs and every driver with drug and alcohol tests. Even my more conservative acquaintances have said this is "going too far". And what did they get for this gross alienation of the public? Nothing substantial that I heard of. Again, the resource versus result, not to mention alienating a lot of people. Or is that what this is all about??

I keep thinking about a quote from the book "Atlas Shrugged" by Ayn Rand that was included in a report from the American boat that was the first victim of the notorious 96 hour rule:

"Did you really think that we want those laws to be observed?... We want them broken... We're after power and we mean it... There's no way to rule innocent men. The only power any government has is the power to crack down on criminals. Well, when there aren't enough criminals, one makes them. One declares so many things to be a crime that it becomes impossible for men to live without breaking laws. Who wants a nation of lawabiding citizens? What's there in that for anyone? But just pass the kind of laws that can neither be observed nor enforced nor objectively interpreted - and you create a nation of law-breakers - and then you cash in on guilt."

**Bob Norson** 

# CHANGE OF TACK IS NEE

Few who read TCP could accuse me of having much respect for the Australian Customs Service. At best they can be bullies. At worst, their seemingly arrogant incompetence damages the security and integrity of Australia. However, mine is not a view shared by most Australians. What contact they have with Customs is usually when they enter Australia via an airport. Here, Customs are courteous, often helpful and give an impression of efficiency. In other words, they can, if they choose, actually provide a service, which is what they are meant to do. The protection of our borders from illegal products and from fanatics wishing us harm is what we should expect to receive by way of this service.

The reality for cruising yachtspeople arriving from abroad to Queensland in particular is as readers of this paper know quite different. They are considered a 'soft' target, easy to intercept and intimidate and provide a source of conviction statistics to 'prove' Customs are doing their job.

Popular TV shows reflect efficient and heroic Customs officers protecting us from all sorts of nastiness. Airport security is friendly and helpful even if they do have the odd problem of a bikie gun battle now and again. Meanwhile, up in Queensland they pummel the innocent foreign flagged yacht or Australian yacht returning from aboard who cannot comply with impossible provisions of notice. Other yachts are 'buzzed' by Customs officers when they are not being threatened with being boarded by anonymous, sometimes armed representatives from Customs, AFP, Qld Police, Fisheries, Marine Parks, MSQ etc., etc.

Please don't get me wrong. We need these (well perhaps not all and preferably not all together; Lady Lonsdale is only 36' and its compliance certificate would only allow a maximum of 14 officers at a time) agencies to administer, safeguard and yes, protect Australia. I strongly support their right to operate and to police our waters. As a lawyer, I am obligated to assist all law-enforcement agencies in the lawful execution of their duties. As a citizen, I feel we all should support them in the lawful

But where they abuse that trust we place in them, when they breach laws of natural justice, when they exceed their authority and worst of all, when they are not acting within the law either because of ignorance of the law (and make it up as they go) or sheer arrogance and bloody-mindedness, I can understand why yachties are reticent to assist them.

How can we protect ourselves from such intrusion by the 'protectors'? In the past, I have urged readers to write down everything that is said and done, to record conversations and photograph incidents as they occur. But some authorities are now objecting to this right. To attempt to prevent us recording and photographing these incidents is not merely an interference with our rights to fairly represent a defence but smacks of totalitarianism. Yet we are told we can be prosecuted and even imprisoned upon conviction if we attempt to photograph or record attempts to board and search our boats, even if we have never been offshore! I question this purported power.

So what is going on in Australia in 2010? What can we do about this creeping authoritarianism, this erosion of our legal and our democratic rights, this slow insidious attempt to make us criminals for simply wanting to sail and enjoy the last frontier of freedom, the right to roam and enjoy the 'freedom' of the seas?

I think we need to demonstrate that Customs and the plethora of border agencies, police (big and little), environmental agencies (we all support these don't we?), MSQ's (who repair our navigational markers for us when we tell them they are damaged), fisheries agencies and Coastwatch actually need us more than we need them. In fact, they should come to depend on us as their eyes and ears. Coastal cruisers see far, far more than all the noisy bright yellow planes and expensive fuel burning and all too visible patrol craft would ever see. For a country with such a vast coastline and such a huge number of foreign flagged vessels coming and going, we yachties are a vital source of eyes and ears. No, not spies, but just small yachts in isolated anchorages doing what we always do watching the sun set and rise, enjoying the peace and tranquillity, but vitally simply being there. Watching. A new strategy perhaps?

Chris Ayres, SY Lady Lonsdale

# The Kimberley in Reflection

By Peter Giller, SV Tryphena

"Hold this moment," I thought. And I have. Simple, beautiful and at peace. Some might say it's been hard won given that we'd sailed the best part of two and a half thousand miles from our base on the east coast to get here. Tryphena was anchored off Freshwater Creek, Vansittart Bay in the Kimberley. A bumper wet season had left the creeks and rivers running through June, July and even August. We had worked our way up through the gorges of the Berkeley, King George, Mitchell and Prince Regent rivers. We'd nudged our way through Swift Bay and the Admiralty Gulf, Montague Sound south to Camden Sound - stunning landscape revealing itself at each leg of the cruise. But here in Freshwater Creek, the rock pools and shimmering cascades were intimate rather than majestic. The forest was familiar rather than foreign. The tumbling waters cool in contrast to the harsh exposures of stony escarpments and ridges often experienced.

At Freshwater Creek we had threaded our little dinghy through the narrow mangrove lined channel and came alongside a likely looking rock ledge to disembark. Out came the laundry, buckets, soaps and shampoos. Last to heave up was our shore survival bag tarp, insect repellent, bit of food, VHF hand held radio etc. We always took this bag ashore and left it 100m or so away from the beached dinghy. Things can happen. Dumb things we'd heard about, like having the dinghy float away through miscalculation of the sometimes eight to ten metre tides in the Kimberley. Or scary things like a four metre crocodile staking out a beached dinghy waiting patiently for the crew to return. We thought taking the bag was a simple precaution but didn't see any one else doing it. Although we'd

seen quite a few crocs along the way, we had our initiation when we went ashore and strolled the Cape Talbot beach.

When about a kilometre from the dinghy we noticed a very large croc offshore, head raised above the fairly significant chop, watching our leisurely progress. White water broke off his "chest" while he considered options. It was clear that by the time we'd hastily covered ten metres toward our dinghy he'd decided following us may prove productive. As we increased speed, so did he. We couldn't keep up the pace on the soft sand so we slowed and so did he falling about 100m behind us and about 5m off the beach. We reached the dinghy and got it into the water ahead of his arrival and made a total mess of getting away, but did so in time to watch him reach our footprints and haul his massive four metre body out onto the sand. He lay on those footprints until dusk then left. As they say, nobody knows how scared we were except us and whoever washed our underpants.

So being "croc wise" by the time we landed at Freshwater Creek, we surveyed the small tub sized pools and when all was clear, lowered ourselves into the delicious water. Shady Melaleucas and Casuarinas draped the bolder strewn creek line. Monitors and birds went about their business but remained curious about our splashing antics. And out came our shampoo!

Being mindful of nutrients in streams we were using a small pool known to cruisers which drains into the mangroves soon after a suds up. A small tumbling water shoot above the pool provided the perfect rinse off site. Our Kimberley cruise was drawing to a close and there was an ache to be leaving it behind.

A week or so ago we were anchored at Round Bluff, Port George IV. I was up early to watch the sun rise with a cup of tea in hand. I sat entranced. Time seemed suspended. The towering escarpment behind the beach dunes groaned under the torture of the twisting and folding landscape. The ancient plateau cracked and hung suspended in impossible shapes at its edges. The breeze touched feather light while awakening birds in ribbon bushland welcomed the sunrise. "How like our own lives" I thought. If we live long enough we fold and crack. There's no shame in that. Like the Kimberley, it's just what life and time does. It takes a few months without TV, without radio, without telephones, without shops, without noise to feel this peace. It takes a few months in the Kimberley.

Two other yachts were anchored in Freshwater Bay during our stop over. The rock bar in front of Freshwater Creek was well covered now by the rising tide, so it wasn't long before

we heard the gentle kissing of dinghy oars on water as Wally, from Nakara, nudged his little craft alongside the rocks. Rob and Tess of Night Moves soon roared in to join, what was for the Kimberley, a virtual throng. It was great to have company after the rare crossing of tracks in such a vast cruising ground. We might have seen another yacht only once a week, and then often just passing on the horizon.

The others had left to fix lunch on their boats while we lay back in the cool water. There was my beautiful wife of thirty five years, eyes shut to the filtered sunlight, floating on her back with her glorious (if thinning) long golden hair streaming out in the crystal flow. We'd fought storms and whorl pools together, dodged reef and run from crocodiles. We'd sailed and motored in calms. We'd loved and fought.

We each carry our twists and cracks like the Kimberley, evidence of time and life lived. It's OK. "Hold this moment" I thought.



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#### Hi Kay and Bob,

Your advertisers should be very happy with you guys as I swear that every single cruiser we've met since my article was published in issue #43 ("Changing Over") has commented on reading it.

We've had more than I can count come over to our boat because of it and others we've met have said, "Oh, you're the people that we read about in TCP!"

It's good news that we've had a lot of very positive feedback from yachties (both mono and multi) so maybe it's made more sailors not dismiss we motor boaties without trying to get to know us.

#### Cheers. Jan & Nick Wooller, SY Yawarra II

#### Hi Bob and Kay,

I am curious to the correct terminology in M.V. for Motor vessel description. Vessel, and S.V. for Sailing Vessel seems to cover all watercraft, and seems to be the norm in radio communications, routine and emergency.

M.Y. and S.Y. seem to be popular in some of your articles, Y. for Yacht implied. This unearths the debate on what is a yacht? I guess for most of us it means a large sailing vessel, although many large luxurious motor vessels are also described as yachts.

Sorry, forgot there must also the R.V. for Rowing Vessel, and R.Y. for Rowing Yacht????

If there is a definitive answer to this it may be interesting for your readers.

#### All the best. Jeff Berry, S.V. Nardu

#### Hi Jeff,

SV is a general term but traditionally meant a sailing ship as in commercial cargo thingo. SY is more specific. Yacht is a dutch term originally meaning a smaller sail boat used to hunt pirates in the shallows.

We should have some fun with this though...BTW... I am building a SC.... as opposed to a MC but all could be under the general heading of BS.... for bloody ship of course...

Lets see.... a boat about 45 foot, with every imaginable electronic devise and an array of antennas... canoe stern with lapstrake look but done in fibre glass.. miles of shiny stainless steel and matching sail covers and bimini.. etc.. that would be an AY (American yacht)

And any large boat in the Whitsunday's with a BBQ hanging off the pushpit would a CB. (charter boat)

And of course.. any boat carrying a group of politicians (very rare) would be a SOF (ship of fools.. or some other word beginning with an F).

That should clear everything up!

# TTFN, BN, P&E for TCP

# Gee thanks Bob/Kay,

We usually operate on the K.I.S.S. system, which was the intent of the original inquiry, not to instigate the 2010 "Acronym Olympics".

Anyhow as they say - Let the Games begin!!!

Cheers, Jeff

# JILL KNIGHT REPORTS ON MOOLOOLABA ANCHORING RULES

#### Dear Coastal Passage,

The letter from Rose-a-Lee in TCP #43 rang bells for me. In March I had an encounter with Boating and Fisheries officers in the Mooloolaba anchorage after a complaint from a canal homeowner that I was living aboard. I had not suffered a bereavement, as Lin and her husband had, but was spreading my ten days allowed for living aboard over a slightly longer period in order to accommodate eye surgery.

The encounters sound identical - the Bad Cop so bad he was horrid and the Good Cop completely silent so that I thought he might have been recording: probably not, since the exchange took something like half an hour due to meticulous transcribing of my exact words by the Bad Cop into a little note

In any case, I had nothing to hide or thought I hadn't: he claimed I could not stay aboard even for one night, but I knew this was wrong. Nevertheless, I was given an Infringement Notice and a fine of \$200 and told there would be another one if I was found aboard next morning. I left the harbour that night with very dodgy vision.

From further up the coast I phoned Harbour Control, the Dept of Transport guy most of us call the Harbour Master, to find out where I had gone wrong. Over the years he had come by Cooee to ensure that I knew the rules about the ten liveaboard days at anchor in Mooloolaba and about no discharge into the water. Yes, he said, when I asked, the rules were unchanged and a need to break a voyage for rest was reasonable; in the past a far-sighted Harbour Master had ensured that a string of such harbours was in place up the coast with that purpose in mind. When I mentioned the eye surgery he suggested I write and request reconsideration of the fine.

That request was refused and I paid the fine. Given that not one of the many sailors I discussed this with was clear on the relevant legislation and how it was being implemented in Mooloolaba, I rang the head of Mooloolaba Boating and Fisheries to clarify what sailors could do in that waterway with impunity: it turns out, not very much.

Section 10 (3) of the Transport Infrastructure (Sunshine Coast Waterways) Management Plan 2000 provides the only exceptions to a ban on living aboard, even for one night: a watercraft that has entered Sunshine Coast waters from seaward while on a genuine voyage along the coast or an international voyage if (a) entry was made for the purpose of (i) taking shelter from adverse weather: or (ii) making urgent repairs; and (b) the living aboard is for no more than 10 consecutive days.

#### B&F's Rick Exton was patient with my questions and clear in his answers:

Mr Exton said that there had been conflict in recent months among the various policing authorities in Mooloolaba and that Harbour Control would no longer be advising sailors they had 10 liveaboard days unless their situation accorded with the legislation above:

The 10 days may not be accumulated over a longer period by spending nights on land or in a marina;

The need to rest, even overnight, is not a legitimate reason to be found aboard. He said that one was likely to get away with one night, and perhaps more, as the authorities did not have the resources to monitor constantly, but Rose-a-Lee was not that fortunate;

There is no definition of a 'genuine voyage' in terms of how long a legitimate break may extend before Mooloolaba becomes the destination. I did not ask this question, but Mooloolaba home owners like Rose-a-Lee, it seems, are not genuine voyagers, and the fact that my boat has Mooloolaba as her home port was raised by the Bad Cop as a point against my claim that I was passing through;

The use of private pontoons where onshore facilities are available for the boat dweller is a grey area - the legislation is not specific;

The reasons Mr Exton gave for the recent strict application of the law were: congestion in the waterways; offence given to canal home owners by people who showered and roamed on decks nude and who hung laundry; indignation of canal homeowners who paid big rates for an environment for which boat dwellers paid nothing. Any complaints from home owners would be followed up by authorities. He said he was not aware of a particular home owner at the far south end of the anchorage, on theisland, as an habitual complainant;

Finally, Mr Exton referred me to the Dept of Transport Legislative Review currently being conducted on this law. Now is the time, he said, for sailors to have their say, either by looking for Legislative Reviews on the Net or by phoning Tony Slocum (with that name he would have to be sympathetic!) who spends several days a week in the Transport Mooloolaba office, telephone 07-54778425.

I am sorry to say that for those of us who don't want to use marinas or can't find a place there, the days of enjoying this excellent and conveniently placed harbour and this very pleasant and useful provisioning and maintenance stop may be

# Jill Knight, Yacht Cooee

Thanks for doing the homework Jill. Readers should call Mr. Slocum and tell him how important an anchorage in Mooloolaba is for yachts traversing the coast.

Bob

# **NEW RULES** FOR TIMBER BOATS-**AQUIS TERMITE** "RISK ASSESSMENTS"

#### Dear Bob and Kay,

We have just finished reading issue 44 and it is excellent reading as always. Such a pity that so much of what we have to write about is the fight against uncontrolled bureaucracy, and we applaud your efforts in exposing these constant attempts to control our freedom

There is another example that has come to our attention, and because we have not seen it mentioned in TCP as yet, we are wondering if it hasn't surfaced at your place yet

The quarantine service has come up with something to add to their existing money grab that we are all subjected to when we arrive in or return to Australia. This one is guaranteed to chase away a lot of our overseas visitors once they become aware of it

From July 1 2010 all vessels arriving in Australia or returning after 3 months or more out of the country, will be subjected to a termite risk assessment, and could face an enormously expensive inspection and control procedure at the whim of an assessor, which I note may even be a termite sniffer dog. Woe betide us if we get a mean power crazed dog.

The website that outlines this new measure is: www.daff.gov.au/aqis/import/generalinfo/ian/10/21-2010

and is titled Changes to import conditions for used vessels with timber in their construction and fitouts. Notice to Industry 21/2010.

I think any person planning an offshore cruise will need to think about this one.

I look forward to seeing this issue aired in TCP, so we can assess the implications it might have on any of us, or the foreign yachts that unsuspectingly arrive in our country, as if they don't already have enough surprises in store for them.

When we were cruising in QLD waters a couple of months ago the plight of Wayne and Bill, who arrived in Aus via Lord Howe and Brisbane, was a topic of outraged discussion, and we are pleased to see you have covered it in Issue 44. A national disgrace, and sure to deter a lot of Kiwi boats from visiting Australia, along with other overseas yachts that will, without doubt, hear of this incident when they are in NZ.

Some people express surprise at the route of some world cruising yachts who visit NZ, then continue West via New Caledonia, Papua New Guinea, then S E Asia. Frankly, I'm not surprised at all, that they go out of their way to bypass Australia.

Keep up the good work. It's good to see your boat building project is progressing well.

# Denis Lobb, MY Focus

# Hi Denis,

Thanks for the kind words and heads up on the entry hurdle du jour!

Regards, Bob

see next page for more...

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#### The following is part of the notice from AQIS/DAFF:

The import conditions for used vessels with timber in their construction and/or fit-outs have now been revised. What has changed?

From 1 July 2010 all used vessels arriving in Australia (either as cargo or sailed in) will be assessed as either low risk or high risk for timber pests and diseases exotic to Australia. This policy replaces the previous Category 1, 2 and 3 inspection processes and offshore fumigation certification is no longer being accepted as an alternative to this on arrival assessment process.

Each consignment must be accompanied by sufficient documentation to allow AQIS to determine the vessel's age, country of manufacture, construction, former location/s, and travel and treatment history. Vessels arriving without the required documentation and/or vessel history will automatically be regarded as high risk vessels.

Low risk vessels are those with minimal timber in their construction and fit-outs OR if more than minimal timber NOT manufactured/re-fitted in a high risk country AND has not spent three or more months (cumulative) in high risk countries. As examples, AQIS considers that vessels with minimal timber in construction and fit-out may include (but are not restricted to):

- \* vessels generally with fibreglass, composite or steel hulls and non timber masts
- internal fit-outs that are mainly with Medium Density Fibreboard (MDF) or particle board or other composite timber like products, with solid timber only being used in trims.

TCP note: upon being made aware of this, TCP posted a link on our website to inform boaties of this and received the following letter:

#### Hi and thanks for your work.

I read this (AQIS notice) with interest as I am considering buying a UK boat that is now in the USA???? Well I don't know. I am after a hull that is very similar to the Couta Boats. I wrote to an agent in the USA and the response:

"I just read your email and the attached pdf about importing of vessels with timber construction. At first blush it seems to me that this would restrict ALL importation of ANY boat built unless it was steel or aluminium. All production fibreglass boats use a significant amount of plywood for bulkheads and interior furniture. The only difference in the construction of the Martin Heard is that the house and deck are built using plywood and then coated 100% in fibreglass instead of the production standard of using balsa or foam core in these areas to save weight. I can't imagine that this boat or any other with plywood bulkheads would be excluded from importation. I think that the caveat of what country it was built in might make a difference. The pdf you sent did not have a list of those countries. I can understand that the government does not want to import leaky teakys or pallets of wood filled with pests but I can't imagine that they would limit importation of production built boats or boats built to that standard. That would be a pretty serious trade embargo that would have popped up in our industry publications and forums and I have not seen anything like that. I am hoping that this document reads in a much more frightening manner than it is in practice. I will do some research and see if I can learn more and get back to you. Please let me know if you find out anything more. Can you call the agency in question and discuss this matter and see if we have interpreted it correctly?'

I wondered if any of your readers could offer some responses??

# Cheers, Steve T

# Greetings Steve T,

First of all the document doesn't say those vessels are excluded but rather may incur expense in clearance for inspection and fumigation.

Also not ALL composite boats are built with ply furniture and bulkheads, but mine is. Thus, I pursued the matter myself. I called the 1800 number on the AQIS web site and was given the harshest possible interpretation from a person named "Tim". That is, with my timber bulkheads and arriving back from three months in Asia, I would be considered, "high risk". I asked "Tim' what countries were considered "high risk" and was told all of Asia, Africa, South America and all Polynesia except Vanuatu and NZ. I was then referred to an individual in Darwin (Liz Regeling 08 8920 7019) that assured me she was the last word and she indicated a boat like mine would not be considered "high risk" upon re-entry. But I do note that the text in the document was read differently by the previous official.

Once again.. a protocol established for a purpose that seems out touch. That is... it's not like Australia is free from termites now and AQIS have not provided any support for the necessity of this

And the ambiguity... literal or common sense interpretation of the rule? Good luck, bad luck... It's interesting to note that the ply am using for construction is imported from "high risk" countries.

Also note that there is only one approved inspection service in Australia so far, on the Gold Coast. It would be up to you entering to obtain a private service that AQIS would accept, more ambiguity.

Remember the "bio-fouling" scare a few years ago? For a time AQIS was using video cameras to inspect bums and really leaning hard on sailors for documentation of last anti-foul. This has cooled since, perhaps because the imagined threat didn't materialise, as I predicted it would not 5 years ago. see the report:

http://thecoastalpassage.com/biofoul.html

Also, I think the remarks in the announcement about the exclusion of MDF and particle board are interesting. I think it would be the odd boat that would have such material in construction.

#### Cheers, Bob

#### Hi Bob and Kay,

Your night at the Southern Bay of Goldsmith Island as reported on page 9 of TCP #44 brought back an old memory from 1963 when I was caught in the same bay-same circumstances, with the only engine power being a Seagull outboard. So, like you we hung in there with coral close behind us, until daylight gave us the opportunity to beat out of there. I guess we remember these incidents so we can hopefully avoid the same situation in

This year, in August, we were anchored at Long Beach at the Southern end of Great Keppel Island sheltering from a Northerly with a South Westerly change due but had our move planned for the change that came at midnight, as they seem to know how to

Remembering early situations reminds us to be ready for a necessary move in the middle of the night but what a difference GPS and a plotter makes

# Denis & Maureen Lobb, MB Focus

#### Hallo Kay and Bob,

Was a great article by Stuart, "Going Overboard" TCP 42, have attached a photo of an innovation that may make it more easy hanging on while she rounds up. It should be of some help to those of us who are more feeble than we were.

# Kerry Parker



# Hey Kerry, what a good idea!

To bring readers up to speed, Stuart Buchanan had discussed overboard strategies for the single handed sailor, including a devise to swing the helm to cause the boat to round up but he also tried the trailing line approach and found it impossible to hang onto even at relatively slow speeds. Your solution Kerry, would keep the line floating and visible and provide a platform that may enable a person to cling to the line and even pull themselves back aboard. Well done!

Bob

# From TCP 40 PAGE 9 Are HF Weather Forecasts in Danger?



# TCP readers responded and, (gasp!) government listened!

#### From The BOM:

The Bureau is taking steps to improve marine weather services based on results from a survey conducted in early 2010.

#### Marine webpages:

The survey showed an increasing number of boaters are relying on the Bureau's marine services to plan their trip, particularly looking at winds, waves, tides and ocean currents. As a result, the Bureau is planning to release a new wave model on its website in late July 2010, with 7 day forecast maps of weather patterns, wind speeds, swell heights, swell periods and wind waves.

To improve the range of services it provides for mariners, the Bureau has embarked on a 4-year project to upgrade forecast services around Australia. New services will include interactive maps of highly detailed marine forecasts with the ability to view forecast information for the next 7 days at any location. For recreational boaters in capital city areas, maps of forecast wind speed, wind waves and swell will be provided on a three hourly basis for the next 3 days.

#### Marine radio services

Some respondents were dissatisfied with the Bureau's HF radiofax, and marine radio broadcasts. As part of its commitment to providing weather information on marine radio services, the Bureau is working with its partners to improve the quality and coverage of HF and VHF marine radio fax and voice broadcasts. Many respondents commented that they weren't aware of the services available by marine radio, and the Bureau is planning to increase promotion of these services over the coming summer. New guidelines are being developed to ensure broadcasts provided by Bureau forecasters contain the relevant content and detail that mariners require.

# Accessing the website whilst on the water

Many respondents said they were accessing the Bureau's site via laptop and mobile phone. As a result, the Bureau will maintain text only versions of forecasts and warnings to ensure low download costs on satellite internet and viewing on mobile phones. Webpage layouts will continue to be designed with mobile users in mind.

The survey results provide a great range of feedback for the Bureau to further improve its services to the marine community. With exciting new developments coming online, mariners can be assured the Bureau is committed to providing high-quality and relevant information they can rely on.

TCP note: The above is an edited version of the document, the full version may be viewed at their site from this link,

BOM representative Neal Moodie was very cooperative and TCP did issue hard questions to insure bureaucratic speak was not being used to cover decreasing radio coverage which was a major concern to readers. "The Bureau is committed to providing Marine broadcasts to mariners at sea, and Inmarsat, HF and VHF services are continuing under their existing arrangements."

TCP wishes to note that the BOM website is under continuing improvement and services and information offered is world class. We are happy to see however, that BOM is not abandoning craft dependence on radio.

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# Can Customs board your Australian vessel in domestic waters 'anyplace, anytime

# Probably not, though they make the claim they can.

#### Commentary and analysis by Bob Norson

First of all, this article is written by a person with no legal training and should not be relied upon for, or in place of professional legal advice. However, should you find yourself involved in a situation relevant to this discussion, the information may be useful for you to make your own, independent evaluation or to direct an enquiry to a lawyer in a more direct fashion.

To catch readers up to the story, last edition a report was received by TCP of the experiences of the vessel Bifrost in conflict with Customs. Prior to sailing north the skipper, novelist Greg Dickson contacted customs to enquire if communicating with customs was a "requirement". A customs representative replied that as they were not leaving Australian waters it was NOT.

On the actual voyage, Greg claimed that not only were they contacted by customs demanding details of their voyage and crew but were threatened with forced boarding to obtain said information and at one point were ordered to "stand by." Greg continued to refuse the information and refused to allow boarding by a crew from the Customs vessel. After two days of this stand off, fearing a boarding in the night, they left without further 'advise' from the customs vessel.

Greg Complained about these events to the Commander of Customs and Border Protection and received a reply that was forwarded to TCP. In the reply from the Commander, it paradoxically stated that:

"I acknowledge that you do have the right to not answer such questions, as long as your vessel is not arriving in Australia from a place outside Australia, and if you are conducting a domestic voyage. However sub-section 184A (3) of the Customs Act 1901 gives Customs and Border Protection and Defence Officers the power to board an Australian Ship, as long as it is outside the territorial sea of another country. With this in mind, it appears that in the absence of complete verification information, the officers have correctly outlined their legal right to board your vessel.'

Greg went to the law website of www.austlii.edu.au to examine the section referred to in the letter and was mislead by a hypertext link (hotlink) on their site that, as it turns out, was incorrect. John Joyce was the first to point out the problem with that, thanks John! But in reading the text of the law it seemed that the intent of the law was not directed at domestic vessels in domestic waters. In part it says;

Australian ships outside territorial seas of other countries

- (3) The officer mayboard aship if:
  - (a) the shipis an Australian ship; and
  - (b) the ship is outside the territorial sea ofany foreign country.

In other parts of this section "Australian waters" are referred to in relation to foreign vessels specifically but the above passage is one that Customs relies on for justification to board. This seemed vague and the question arose as to the intent of the framers of the law. Usually a power granted to an authority is done so in a very specific manner.

The above passage and others in the act of similar wording; "..outside territorial seas of other countries", would be specific to high seas but require an assumption to apply to "Australian Waters".

The law websites have notes to indicate changes to the law. Section 184A and perhaps others were affected by an amendment in 1999.

Hansard reporters sit in every session of Parliament to record the debates over legislation. Those reports are available through Parliament's website. The passages that Customs seem to be relying upon for the power to board domestic craft on Australian waters were an amendment to the act:

The Border Protection Legislation Amendment Act 1999 and that its second reading speech in the House of Representatives was on 22 Sept 1999 which was introduced by Minister Phillip Ruddock MHR.



So.. it is assured the legislation is specific to these offshore incidences by language used and parliamentary intent. Now we are left with an assumption the law applies to domestic vessels. Researching the laws and how they are judged revealed a tendency by courts to rely on language that is specific if it exists but may consider intent of legislators if it isn't. Customs could argue the point, after all, it's not their money to spend on lawyers, but it would seem at very least, risky. But there is more

that used a large mother ship off our territorial

waters with high speed Australian vessels running

people in to shore. Customs previously had no power to intervene with these vessels while they

were not in Australian waters.

The stakes may be very high for customs. They have themselves acknowledged through correspondence with Greg Dickson that a yachty is not required to communicate or cooperate with interrogation. If they do not have specific power to collect this information and they use the threat of boarding to obtain it anyway, that surely must constitute an abuse of power, but possibly more worrying for the individual officers, the threat of civil

For example, when Greg was instructed to "stand by", he was possibly a victim of false imprisonment. Such was the case in respect of uniformed police officers, who requested that a person accompany them to the police station. The plaintiff in Symes v Mahon [1922] SASR 447 was successful in establishing false imprisonment, as he reasonably believed that he had no choice but to accompany the police officers...

I've mentioned the case of Dillon V Plenty before as an important one regarding trespass in conjunction with an article by Chris Ayres in a previous edition of TCP, making a strong case for your live-aboard vessel being your home and that may apply to an actual forced boarding but the above case may be better in that it establishes the mere threat as a problem. An instruction that limits your freedom to

Do Custom's officers know this? It would explain the commonly reported reticence in identifying themselves and their (probably illegal) objection to being photographed or recorded.

And then there is one point that could be criminal but TCP does not have the information or expertise to do more than ask the question.

In law there are words and there are terms. Words mean what you think they mean, what the dictionary says they mean. Terms are words but their meaning can vary depending on the definitions used in a particular act and can even vary from section to section. This is what caused the confusion over the definition of "ship" in Greg's original complaint to

How do you define "extortion"?



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Here is how my Webster's unabridged dictionary defines "extortion":

ex-tor'tion, n. [ME. extorcioun; LL. extorsio (-onis), a wrenching away, from L. extortus, pp. of extorquere, to wrench away.]

1. The act of extorting; the act or practice of wresting anything from a person by force, duress, menaces, authority, or by any undue exercise of power; illegal exaction; illegal composition to pay money or to do some other act. pulsion to pay money or to do some other act.

Extracting personal information from an unwilling citizen by 'force, duress, menaces, authority, or by any undue exercise of power'.... I would love to know what the "term" is for extortion in the criminal code. Maybe next issue.

# **Queensland Council for Civil Liberties Agrees! Customs is wrong!**

Mr Terry O'Gorman, vice president of the organisation stated in an article with Fairfax Media, The Sun Herald, October 24th, written by Kate Dennehy that:

"My view after reading the act is that Customs does not have the power to board Australian yachts in Australian waters without the owners express permission."

To view the entire article, a link is currently posted on the TCP home page and will be mounted on the "Customs" sub-page as long as The Sun Herald makes it available.

# **Near Miss at Bundy Port**

Two boats sailing in company from Noumea to Bundaberg Port were threatened with prosecution in October for providing all the information but mistakenly to the wrong agency. Being careful to have all the relevant data and asking for and receiving acknowledgement of the notice, they felt safe arriving at this notorious port of entry. What they didn't realise was that they had inadvertently sent the info off to the AQIS/DAFF office instead of Customs.

Upon arrival Customs denied having notice and threatened the boats with prosecution because they hadn't been made aware of the arrival. One of the skippers did note that as far as he could see, the AQIS desk was within a metre of the Customs desk in Bundaberg and the charge of lack of notice was disingenuous at least. The boats contacted TCP and were given information from customs in past editions that stated Customs would accept notice via third party and before prosecution would consider 'intent' to comply.

The crew reported that they were requested to attend an 'interview' at Customs offices. TCP recommended that they not attend but to contact a lawyer. The lawyer also recommended they NOT submit to the interview.

No further report about legal action has been received by TCP since then. It may very well be that in absence of self incrimination via the 'interview' and the fact no part of the crew indicated they would just "like to get it over with" it has been deemed to have a poor chance of a win in court.

TCP reminds entering yachts, it is an adversarial situation and statements other than required information should be avoided in any case. Also, if there is conflict and a yachty indicates a willingness to plea guilty "just to get it over with", you will likely be obliaed.

# "Inappropriate"!

The Coastal Passage recently received a letter addressed to "da Coastal Passage, an inappropriate paper". Do you open a letter a letter like that or call the bomb squad!? Prepared for anything, (we thought) we opened the letter to find quite a surprise. Enclosed was a copy of a letter from the "Business Services Manager, Maryborough Corrections Centre". It seems our old friend Paul from NSW had a mate "within the system". Paul had sent his mate a couple copies of TCP. The letter was to notify that prisoners were not allowed mail "where the contents are considered threatening or otherwise inappropriate", and the TCP's were "assessed as **containing inappropriate content."** Their emphasis by the way.

TCP will be contacting the prison to ascertain what content in a family sailing publication is considered "inappropriate". Upon reflection it is our opinion that a sailing lifestyle could be the salvation of a lost soul and would certainly surround a former felon with a community of the most law abiding folk one can find and in an environment of responsibility and self-reliance. If we are successful in discussion, TCP will make papers available for general circulation within the prison.

# Huge new Marine Park

The Great Kimberley Marine Park on the West Australia north coast will extend from Montgomery Reef in the south to Cape Londonderry in the north, making it Australia's second largest marine park after the Great Barrier Reef park.

It will include two zones (sanctuary zones) which are designated no-take areas. Mining, oil drilling, commercial and recreational fishing are barred from those zones.

Commercial fishing will be allowed to continue in other areas of the park but trawling will be excluded from the whale protection zone.

Yachties take note that recreational fishing is put in the same category as mining and oil drilling and other "damaging industrial developments" by Greens, protesting the restrictions don't go far enough.

# DERM Fails Audit

Notes from the Auditor Generals report to Parliament; "The Department of Environment and Resource Management (DERM) is responsible for managing protected areas within Queensland, mainly through its Queensland Parks and Wildlife Services division. Its role includes planning for the protected area estate, (and) undertaking conservation activities.... as prescribed by the Nature Conservation Act 1992 (the Act). However, the department has developed park management plans for only 98 of the 576 (17 per cent) protected areas for which they are required. The Act requires the plans to identify the key natural and cultural values, and strategies for day-to-day and long-term management to protect these values. The Act also states that plans should be prepared as soon as practicable after the dedication of a protected area."

The Report goes on to criticize DERM for it's failure to manage and protect in spite of substantial increases in personnel and in violation of the act. It says in conclusion; "The Act requires that the department has in place an integrated and comprehensive conservation strategy. Audit found no evidence of an established, formal, documented system or road-map that coordinates the various documents addressing this statutory requirement."

A link to this complete document may be found on "The Percy Saga" sub page of the TCP website.

# Airlie Beach volunteers

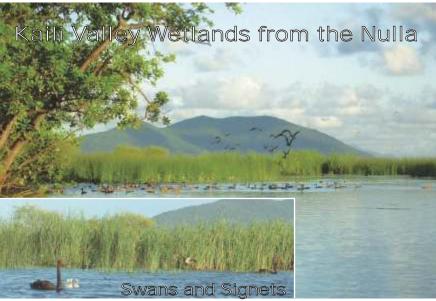


Congratulations to Libby (above in blue top) in winning the 2010 Whitsunday Tourism Young Acheiver Award!

# Lizard Island boats get bogus warnings

TCP received multiple reports of people representing themselves as "parks" officers at Watsons's Bay, Lizard Island claiming there was a 14 day anchoring limit there with heavy fines for violation. TCP could find no such regulation and vessel *Dancing Dolphin* contacted GBRMPA directly to confirm this was bogus. TCP ask's any vessel confronted in future with Parks officers at their boat to photograph the persons as they approach. Note their name/s and position. You have that right and we would want to identify the source of any misinformation.

# HUNGARY'S DISASTER A WAKE UP CALL TO ANNA BLIGH



Photos: Wetlands site of proposed alumina plant on Great Barrier Reef Coast, top of Whitsunday's.

#### Words courtesy of Maria Macdonald

The deadly aluminium plant disaster in Hungary is what could occur on our own Great Barrier Reef coast at the top of the Whitsundays where Anna Bligh is pushing for a similar aluminium plant, to be built and operated by Chinese government owned CHALCO corporation.

Community groups in the area have been opposing the proposal which sites an alumina plant on coastal wetlands, where annual tropical rain runs directly off into the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park. The same risk from toxic red mud as in Hungary would apply on the Great Barrier Reef foreshores, where the plant would build its red mud dams, exposing people and the Reef to unimaginable harm.

The fight is backed by the regional alliance of concerned group including Bowen's Resident's Action Association (RAA), Whitsunday's Save Our Foreshore and the Mackay Conservation Group.

Patricia Julien, from the Mackay Conservation Group says, "The toxic red mud sludge that is a by-product of the aluminium process has alkalinity levels of 13, the pH of oven cleaner and high enough to have severe impacts on adjacent wetland and marine flora and fauna."

The Kaili Valley Wetlands, the proposed site of the alumina plant, qualify for international RAMSAR wetland status, but these, along with other wetlands in the region which have mining leases attached, have been left off the RAMSAR list and are without protection.

RAA Chair Maria Macdonald with her group of Bowens' locals has been protesting the proposal since it was first made public. She states "This disaster which has destroyed so much is a timely lesson for all living in the Whitsunday's and Bowen. The Qld. Govt. still thinks that this type of industry with its huge environmental risks and toxic emissions and situated on a wetland floodplain of the GBR, is exactly what is needed for Bowen. The community cannot afford to sit back on important decisions being made and need to remain watchful. They should not accept decisions like this regarding the future direction of our most beautiful region as simply being a done deal."

Mrs Julien says not even the Great Barrier Reef is safe in these times of development approvals at any cost and inadequate community involvement in decisions affecting quality of life for regions.

Suzette Pelt, President of Save our Foreshore, the Whitsunday's "mom & pop" community group which has successfully fought off a shale oil mine on their coast says, "Our experience is that you cannot trust this type of industry. Along with mining they have what is arguably the country's most powerful lobby group. Mines' track record of polluting incidents, speculation dressed as fact and environmental devastation needs to be told." Suzette Pelt adds, "The damage to the image of the Whitsunday tourism brand would be irreparable if any mining gets a toe-hold as proposed in the region. This is the second wave of mining attacks on the Great Barrier Reef, only this time it's from land based impacts. The Queensland Government has learned nothing since 1968 when they silently granted 1200 mining leases on the Great Barrier Reef."

The Great Barrier Reef is a World Heritage Area and the Whitsunday's are known worldwide as an environmental jewel in Australia's tourism crown. Tourism provides 222,000 jobs and is worth \$9.2billion p.a which means sustainable tourism has a very long lifespan, longer than any mine.

# For more information please contact:

Patricia Julien, Mackay Conservations Group Tel: 07 4966 8025 Maria Macdonald, Bowen RAA Tel: 04299 49035 Suzette Pelt, Save Our Foreshore Tel: 0419 768 195



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Middle Percy Island. The era is over...
What Would Andy Think?

by Bob Norson photos by John Morris

#### So what happens now? We aren't sure.

Firday night in mid September the phone rings at Percy Island, Damian Head of DERM (Department of Environment and Resource Management) is calling to "congratulate" John and Cate with the "Great news" that the government has seized their island and making it a national park.... John and Cate are less then thrilled. See page 9 for more on DERM's management skills.

The community has been denied consultation in spite of the fact that as Cate Radclyffe reports, "The range of views expressed was diverse but my understanding is that 90% held the view that the island should not become a national park."

This is remarkable in that a large number of people were concerned enough to make contact without invitation by government and the government acted in opposition to such an overwhelming majority.

Jon Hickling, who with his family, Lis and sons Justin and Jacob were the caretakers for Andrew Martin that maintained the island at the height of it's glory, reports that an agreement was reached between Parks representatives and the leaseholders that included he and Lis as 49% stakeholders, around the beginning of October this year and they are waiting now for word from state offices to see if the agreement will be ratified unchanged or altered in some way. But in any case, public consultation by the community is not part of the arrangement from any information available at the time of this writing. If in future some event is staged to make an appearance of legality it is doubted it can have any affect as by then the management of the island would have been finalised. Jon was expecting to know by mid November.

John Morris explained that the material they were waiting for was broken down into two parts, the terms of the conservation lease and the management plan for the island. One distressing item in the conservation lease was that the government wanted the lease to be "unassignable", that is, when John and Cate leave, it is with nothing to show for their investment in cash and time. This was addressed in conference and changed to be "assignable" but it isn't over till the bureaucrats sing.

# From a statement from Percy Island (in italics):

"T'is a fact of life, like it or lump it, era's end and new ones begin. Middle Percy Island is now part of the nations 'protected estate'. The national park component comprises 83% of the islands surface area and the balance is a conservation park under my stewardship. The conservation park area encompasses the long and the short tracks and all the land between them. It extends up to Mount Armitage and includes the old air strip and our 2 water dams. The lagoon has been

A transport vessel offloads heavy equipment at Middle Percy Island funded by Cate and John and a state agency to attempt to remove old wrecked cars and work on the private airstrip.

swallowed up into the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park. The whole lot is managed by the marine parks division of the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). My role changes from that of a leaseholder over 100% of the island to that of a steward over 17% of the island by way of a 'usufruct' relationship with the EPA. I get occupation and use of the island for 20 years or so in return for maintaining a hospitable relationship with visiting seafarers and for repairing, conserving and insuring the island infrastructure."

#### Many concerns remain:

"If we had to select our major concern going forward it would be the survival as a species of the wild 'cottager' goats which have roamed the island for over 150 years. Broad EPA policy for national parks is that all "feral" animals must be removed over time. In years past, the goat population has been kept under control by periodic culling and to supply the Middle Percy Island meal table. I will still retain the right to hunt and cull in the conservation park area but would become a criminal if I were to shoot them in the national park area. The goat numbers will likely spiral out of control in the national park area lending weight to the EPA claim that they need to be eliminated. There may however be an option to bring a team of SSAA environmental shooters to the national park area annually to keep the numbers at an ecologically sustainable level. This option will become more viable when the airstrip is fully functional."

And what of this "airstrip"? In other parts of Queensland the aviation community has been handed areas as if by deed and ravaged them as a result. This most environmentally unsustainable hobby has had a large effect on Hervey Bay that has suffered more than most from a drop in tourism and property values which may be a result of the noise and pollution from aircraft. Again, I asked Jon Hickling, the most authoritive living source of Percy Island history on the subject.

He reports that back in the seventies a small group from Rockhampton visited the island and noticing a small dozer that Andy Martin had at that time, asked if they could make use of it to put in a small landing strip. Andy gave permission and in a few days they had cleared the ground and painted a bunch of rocks white to mark the edge and left... and never came back. The strip soon became overgrown and unusable and as far as Jon knows, it was never used. Addressing my concern of the "pandora's box" of an airstrip Jon mentioned that his understanding was that the strip was to be marked with a large X on either end indicating a private field that was to be used by permission or in emergency only. John Morris later confirmed that.

The lagoon will be given up and the jetty will have to be granted permission from the government to use. This could be complex as a variety of governmental parties would be involved with workplace safety and liability insurance and on and on... Also unclear at this time is what restrictions may be put in place for it's use as an anchorage. It is the most secure location against heavy weather in the Percy group.

"A parting comment for you all to ponder is your roll in the scheme of things into the future. I expect that there will be two distinct groups out there who cruise to Middle Percy Island. There will be those (the majority) who visit briefly, take a quick look around and move on and there will be those (the minority) who visit, stay awhile and lend a helping hand. The efforts of the minority have been mighty and I thank them one and all from the bottom of my heart. Well done and come again!!



Cate and Daisy filling a hole in the Middle Percy Airstrip

Next cruising season plan to stay awhile and become involved in whatever is going on at the time. Plan and implement your own pet project if you like. Contact us on 07.4951.0993 if you have a pet project that we can help you with. I have been reliably advised that around the world people pay big dollars to be able to go and volunteer their services in places not unlike Middle Percy Island. You can still be a volunteer here and it won't cost you a cent. Just your time and your sweat."

Time will tell.....

# PERCY ISLAND BEFORE ANDY MARTIN

# By Allen Southwood, Abrolhos Pearl

On reading the last issue of T.C.P. about the latest group on Percy Island it shook a few old memories loose in my decaying cortex.

My first visit to the island was about 1957 as a 16 year old deckie for the trip aboard the MV *Silverwake* with the owner, skipper Rex Risley, affectionately know behind his back as "Grisely Risley". The boat was a 48ft. sharpie v bottom, an ex fishing boat fitted out as a charter vessel and powered by a Gardner diesel. Her nick name was the "shiver & shake" although I did not think she deserved it. She was well maintained and regularly punched down to Percy Island & Pine Islet with stores in 25/30 S.E., as it was when I signed on; I must have looked a bit frightened, Rex told me many years later.

After unloading our stores into the 15ft. dory on a net, then hitched to a boom on the cliffs of Pine Islet. As the swell lifted so did the load; it was a tricky operation. Then it was up anchor and move to West Bay at Percy Island where we unloaded stores by dory, then we took the dory into the creek to be met by Claude White, one of the original brother's who held the lease. Claude had two logs ready to load into the dory, each about 12ft. long and a foot thick to go back to Mackay. They must have been valuable, as I think when they sold that payed the bills. It was not an easy task loading them aboard in the swell that inhabits West Bay.

We departed & caught a feed of Red Lippes at Sphinx Island on the way home and tied up at Paxton's wharf in the Pioneer River on the rising tide on Sunday night; not bad for a weekend s work.

Sadly, Rex passed away recently. He wasn't so much "Grisley" as a straight shooter and over the years was a good friend to me. It must have been only a few years later Claude & his sister moved to the mainland due to old age & ill heath I suspect. Soon after that Andy Martin arrived in Mackay Harbour aboard his boat Southern Maid," a steel 50ft.cutter or sloop, to me it was the ultimate.

AND THE REST, AS THEY SAY, IS RECENT HISTORY.

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# CARIBBEE An excerpt & map from the novel by Greg Dickson

Anything fast enough to outrun the hurricane had left Saint Martin two days ago. The cruise ships first, followed by the mega-yachts that had managed to prise a crew from the bar stools down *Lagoonie's* way. Fast catamarans, whose faster talking skippers as late as yesterday were still mopping the floorboards of *The Soggy Dollar*, trawling for anyone, stupid (or stupefied) enough to put to sea. This morning even the birds had taken wing, and now the airports too were closed, leaving only the locals, and an itinerant bunch of deep-keelers to wait for the *one-in-a-hundred-years hurricane* that, having last night ravaged the British Virgins, now stood poised in the Anegada Passage building a furry that already shook Anguila. Within minutes it would find this northern-most Saint - the one that cowered in Anguila's shadow.

Then another hundred thousand souls would feel the wrath of *Rodriguez* a Cat. 5 hurricane with wind gusts of a hundred and eighty knots at its centre and an evil eye set firmly on Saint Martin. There (behind the low-

lying western dunes) a little yacht named *Storm Along* lay on tenterhooks, the heavy chain drawn over her bows cementing her to the seabed by way of three concrete blocks that lay buried deep beneath the sand. Like two hundred vessels scattered across Simpson Bay Lagoon she was waiting for the worst of it, blown into port when prudence was turning most heads the other way. So why temp fate?

Unlike her counterparts *Storm Along* hadn't ridden in to Saint Martin holding necessity's ticket, but on an eachway bet, her crew hoping to avoid the destruction that *Rodriguez* would bring but equally interested in what the hurricane would take away - enough sand to turn the hourglass of time upside down along the island's northern shore, revealing who-knew-what in the footprints of those that went before? To uncover what priceless things that, having fallen to carelessness, would with carefulness help to build a history of the forgotten men and women that walk the beach no more. To the authorities that made them *Treasure Hunters...* 

"You think they're there?"

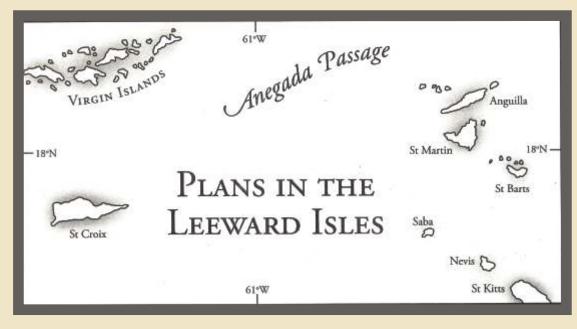
Tethered to the yachts wheel Jesse squinted into the first of the rain. A white-hulled sloop lay dead ahead, and though he couldn't make out her name, the tough young sailor had been around the water front for long enough to recognise the lines of *California Girl*, a pretty little west-coaster that had materialized just before the storm

Ahead of his voice a balaclava-clad figure periscoped up through the sliding hatch. It was Ben, just in time to catch a heavier downpour that came slatting in.

"Pass me up the binoculars Lone!"

Sliding the hatch shut again he sank below, partially screening off the doorway so that Jesse could barely discern the dappled silhouette of a woman that flitted across the cabin, her slim torso hidden behind a veil of water that ran from the now-closed hatch above. In a moment it returned and when Ben had the binoculars he surfaced again, lifting himself clear of the combings to make better sense of the boat that lay ahead.

"Fenders are over the rail..." Rain soon forced him to wipe the lenses clear, "...But no sign of life at the helm."



# CARIBBEE BOOK REVIEW

by Bob Norson

This is the genuine article! Greg Dickson is a sailor, explorer, treasure hunter and author with a wicked sense of humour and great story telling abilities.

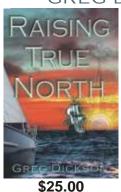
The excitement portrayed is without these annoying errors that persons with knowledge of the subject would spot and the detail is so plausible because of its authenticity, that the read draws a non-expert all the deeper into the web of intrigue.

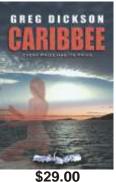




Greg, somewhere on the Kimberly Coast and Greg, with his "pet" Pelican

# Two great novels by GREG DICKSON



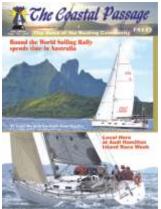


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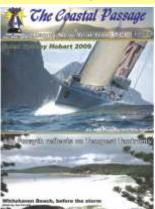
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# AIRLIE BEACH MATESHIP

Bob Fenney, SY Elcho

Mateship, a word we've all heard, and seems unique to the Aussie culture. With changes within society, one might expect mateship to have gone the way of manners, respect of elders by children, giving up your seat for Ladies, and common courtesy.

I am the bearer of good news; mateship is alive and well, in fact, here in Airlie Beach mateship is thriving.

Recently, I found myself in an awkward position. My yacht, *Elcho* was on the hardstand, finally being repaired after damage from Cyclone Ului. With possibly two weeks of work to go, I was informed my Father was very ill, and needed my help at his home in Sydney.

Two of my mates stepped in and offered to take over the project management. Then unbeknown to me, organised other mates at the Whitsunday Sailing Club to also lend a hand, which allowed me to travel to Sydney and take care of my elderly Father.

My original thoughts were that I'd be gone for

about a week. Alas, it looks more like it'll be 3 ,4, or more weeks.

My mates have worked very hard to finish the project. Not only doing the work, but also managing the budget, paying the bills, co-coordinating contractors, and keeping me informed of the progress. They've asked for nothing in return, and have done all this with typical good humour

I have had emails, and phone calls from other mates in Airlie, asking after my father, and wishing him well; they'd heard of his illness through the grapevine of mates.

I've always believed in the old saying, "what goes around, comes around" but this generosity from a couple ofmates, goes beyond that.

I wonder if it's only my generation that's privileged to make this calibre of friends. I hope not, I truly hope the next, and the next generations are as fortunate as I am.

I know my mates would hate this, but I would like to publicly thank Rod Fuller, Ken Wallis, Brownie and Lydia, and everyone who's taken the trouble to offer their assistance and support.



# Dieter, SY Callala

By Marlene Leith, SY Callala

In September Dieter and I had been cruising to Cairns and during this cruise I had decided it was time to write another article for TCP. I had been thinking of writing about The Shag Island Cruising Yacht Club (SICYC) as we had enjoyed a wonderful celebration at Montees Resort and Shag Islet late in August. Being slack I had only thrown a few thoughts together and not put pen to paper however I had decided the main part of the article would be about the wonderful people you encounter while cruising.

SICYC is an extremely social and a fun club to be part of with members from all over Australaia and even some in different places around the world.

We had got up early on 28 September to depart Orpheus Island and make our way to Magnetic Island to meet up with Dieter's son Craig and his wife and children. Much to my horror Dieter collapsed while taking down the sail cover and even with the help received we were not able to save Dieter. I was so fortunate to have had help that morning from so many people and although I don't know everyone's names I really appreciated everything done for Dieter and myself that terrible day.

# I send these people my heartfelt gratitude and a big hug whenever we meet again:

Barbara and Graham, *Tusi II*Helen and Dennis, *Boffin*Dr. Pat (unfortunately boat unknown)
John and Leanne, *Waterfrontier*Ingham Coastguard Members
Townsville Coastguard Members

Simon and his lovely Doctor partner on the Rescue Helicopter Ian Day and Tina from Palm Island Orpheus Resort Boat Members Police

I am so grateful for the support I have received from the boating fraternity and the ongoing support from friends and the staff here at Abel Point Marina.

I only shared Dieter's life for 12 years but I treasure every moment we had. To have cruised so many places together we experienced more than most people ever see in a lifetime. Dieter loved life and sharing his knowledge and experiences. He was kind, generous, loving, methodical, faithful, stubborn, logical and determined and he had a smile which melted hearts and a joy for living that we all loved. He lived his dream and was an ispiration to us all. He loved *Callala* and was always working on her and making improvements.

If I have learnt nothing else life is short and we have to make the most of every day. If you are a person who talks about cruising but hasn't done it yet Stop talking and go do it. You will become a member of an elite community containing some of the most interesting people you will ever meet. Although tropical destinations are wonderful cruising, to me is more about the people you meet on your travels.

# DIETER KLAUS BURMANN 21-08-1940 28-09-2010

Dieter is survived by his daughter Suzanne (married to Mathew Keene) and his son Craig (married to Monique). He has two beautiful little granddaughters Elissa and Kiralee.





**Marlene and Dieter** 



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# **Dream Weavers** First Fun Race!

By Carmen Walker, SY *Dream Weaver* Photos by: Dimitri Joukoff Photo of Dream Weaver sailing by: Mary, SY Weathersfield

Returning, living and working in the Whitsunday's have been utterly amazing. What a learning curve I had over the past 12 months and more. I have become very involved in Twilight sailing on a Wednesday, crewing on a mono called Sandpiper. She won the 2010 series race, and also competed in 2010 Hamilton and Airlie Race Week.

The highlight of my year though, was entering *Dream* Weaver in the 2010 fun race. It was something Colin and I really would have liked to have achieved but never got the opportunity to do together due to work commitments.

As it was also the first anniversary of Colin's passing, serious discussions began with friends on what an appropriate theme for Dream Weaver would be. I decided on an all girl crew (dressed in black) with one unquestionable, (mere male who shall remain nameless) dressed as "FRANKENFURTER" from the Rocky Horror Picture Show.

Of the 8 crew, 3 people aboard had experience, Belinda, FRANKENFURTER" and myself. As we milled around waiting for the start of the race," FRANKENFURTER" (he races on Sandpiper as well) was under strict instructions to "but out" and let Belinda and I sail the boat. It was never my intention to take this race seriously. Had I emptied the 800 or so litres of water that Dream Weaver carries, then, it might have been a different story. Us girls (7 of us) just wanted to

We were way behind the fleet when the flag went up for the start of our race, the heady was quickly rolled out and Dream Weaver nearly didn't make it past the start boat, everybody was laughing so hard.



"FRANKENFURTER" was on deck slapping "her" bottom yelling out "Who's your daddy". A sight to behold.

As Chilli Magic (Trimaran from next race division) beared down upon us this soon became a tug of war between the "experienced" crew. After all said and done, we were "supposed" to be racing and "FRANKENFURTER" just wanted to get the best trim from the boat in race mode as he could, while Belinda and I wanted to work it out for ourselves.

As we rounded the first mark Dream Weaver was stone motherless last. All the other boats were way in front, to the point where we motor sailed to the next

Two of my crewmember 's partner's were on another boat called Weathersfield, who were waiting for us to

As Dream Weaver made it's way to the end mark, Weathersfield (65ft mono) followed closely behind coming up at every opportunity to bombard us with water bombs. This was a lot of fun, which quickly developed into some clever tactical manoueves between the two vessels. As only ice and one bucket were available aboard Dream Weaver, the games continued, perfect ammunition to "fight back."

The weather conditions were fantastic, most crewmembers from both boats got very wet.



After the finish of the race (around 400pm) it was back to the Whitsunday Yacht club for further antics, which went well into the night. It was a day of remembrance and total fun. I haven't laughed so much

Dream Weaver's history is long. She was in charter with Cumberland Yacht Charters operating from the Whitsunday's (boat built in 1984) before heading down south as a charter vessel in Moreton Bay. The one and only photo of her taken while under sail (headsail) is about 20years ago when she was in charter in Moreton

Thank you to Mary from SY Weathersfield as I now have some great photo's of Dream Weaver under sail (below) during the fun race.



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Bob Fenney, SY Elcho

The 33<sup>rd</sup> Whitsunday Sailing Club Great Airlie Fun Race, was, as usual, an event not to be missed. As the name suggests, it's all about fun. But as a wise man once said, "you only have to put two yachts in the same area, and there's a fair dinkum race on."

While it sure was a fun day, most of the Skippers drove their yachts, and their crews with one intent, that being, to catch the yacht in-front. This year there were over 65 competing Yachts.

As tradition insists, most of the crews dressed to a theme. There were Vikings galore, ready to board, rape and pillage, there were short skirted, fish-net stockinged nurses (always a favourite), girls with sea-shell and coconut bra's, a good supply of pirates, also looking to rape and pillage, and a host of other mind boggling getups. And again, as tradition insists, there were also a fair share of shapely topless

This year, there were a lot more spectator craft, with some of them also taking the option to dress up. One bloke immediately springs to mind, he wore a bright, lime green mankini, straight out of Borat's wardrobe; heck, it was enough to almost turn a bloke off his beer!

It was pleasing to see the spectator craft following the fleet, vessels such as well known local fly-bridge cruiser Protocol with Kerry Nutt at the helm, cheering on the competing Yachts, as his passengers, seated in luxury and absolute comfort, set about their task of quaffing champagne and other assorted libations, without having to worry about ropes, winches, and other annoying stuff. No sheet is for the main? Ease off the what? Instead, turning to the hostess of the boat, Jennifer, with a comment about the delicate flavour of the smoked salmon, or how fresh the oysters and prawns are. Hmm, it's got me thinking!

The after party and presentations, were, as usual a great success. Held on the foreshore of the WSC, the entertainment was first class, with The Dave Flower Band getting the enormous crowd into partying mood, followed by musical wizards, MTK. Your humble Airlie correspondent also entertained the crowd with a song written for the event, played on his trusty Ukulele, supported by Uke-mad mates, Phil and Ali. The small army of WSC Staff and volunteers were once again responsible for ensuring the whole event ran like a well oiled machine.

The mob at Whitsunday Escape came to the rescue when the boat that was to be used as the start/finish vessel was not available, and offered one of it's luxury charter boats, Queen Marie for the job, and WSC Member, Ian Willett volunteered his beautifully fitted out houseboat, Blue Pearl as the Media boat

Cynaphobe (Paul Mitchell) took out first place, with Shangai Tan (Marc Kuhl) coming second. One of the original two Yachts in the first race 33 years ago, Torres Herald (Dave Edge) finished third. Best dressed Crew went to Thylacine, best dressed Yacht was won by Riff Raff and the yacht from furthest away was Nitro from Waitara Boating

Those who have been to an Airlie Fun Race, know how good the event is; those who haven't, should!

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Tropic Sailor sailing at the Fun Race



Man Wallia haught Transis Sailan about 10 manths aga from Naumart in Brighara. He de side de

Ken Wallis bought *Tropic Sailor* about 18 months ago from Newport in Brisbane. He decided to get back to living onboard after an absence of some 20 years, following a holiday onboard *Elcho* a few months earlier. She is a Caviler 7 Seas, and was well known in Northern Ports like Cairns, where she was a "Lesbian Charter Boat". Some people have asked if *Tropic Sailor*still has a liquor license? Ken has spent the last 18 months doing her up, and she is now in A1 condition, with all the comforts of home, a fine and solid cruising Yacht. Ken is now a proud member of WSC, and considers the Whitsunday's to be his home. Ken spent most of his working life in the Australian Army, and is a Vietnam Veteran.

TCP note: Ken is one of the mates that helped Bob with Elcho see page 12)

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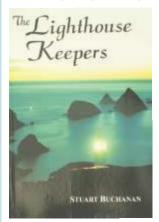


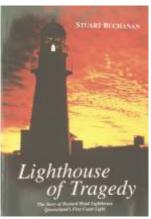
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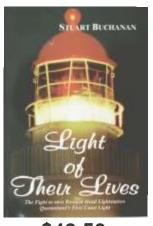
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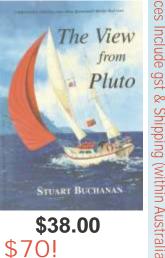
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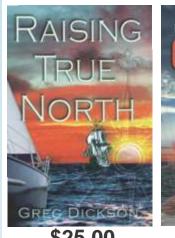
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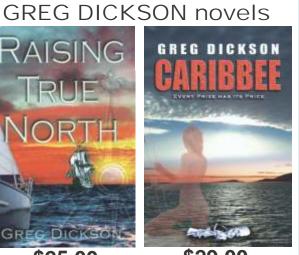












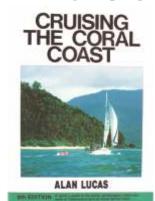
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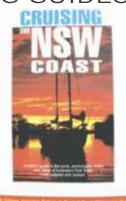
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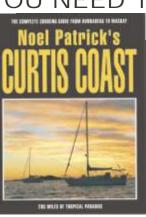
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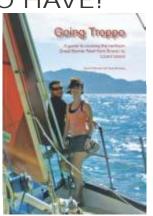


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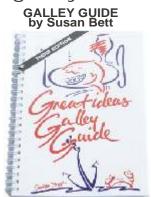




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# Flotsam

Words & photos Bob Norson (previously in TCP #16)

Somewhere behind the protection of the Great Barrier Reef in Australia, a beach faces the prevailing south east trade winds. In times of the northerlies a special treat for a passing boatie as the usually forbidden anchorage is now the sheltered one. On the beach and scattered everywhere is flotsam. Plastic. Used. Broken. Empty. No longer valued so deposited here with the natural flotsam of coconuts, shells, weeds, dead fish and broken

A container found with the printing in unusually readable condition but I can not read it because it is in Chinese, I think. It is "Yoplait yogurt, active culture" but I cannot read the rest. There are scraps of rope, bottles of coke (of course) and empty oil containers but most are without label or defining shape, just plastic.

One is found that is not so old and it does have a label still. It is "Aquafina, fully conditioned," drinking water. Someone was very concerned for their water to be clean and natural. The bottle says it is recyclable; that's important I guess.

Visitors to the beach have collected flotsam, and made it into a thing of art, a pattern in the sand to be reformed by the artist's brush of nature the next strong wind.

A huge piece of rope that must have fallen from some great ship looks to be a thing alive and crawling among the rocks next to the white plastic....something. And on one of the larger rocks under the tree where someone has suspended a discarded rope as a swing is the ultimate flotsam collectable. A pair of thongs, right and left about the same size but not quite the same type. One may have been from the Gold Coast, maybe the other was from New

History is usually written by people who want to shape the facts to suit their own ambitions or ideals, but the truth is in the flotsam. It is the honest record of who we are.





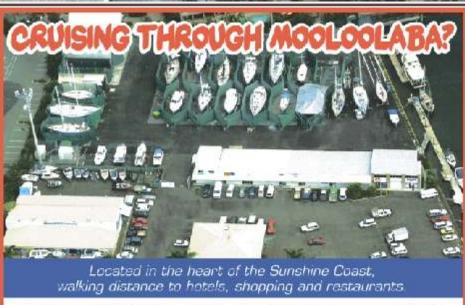












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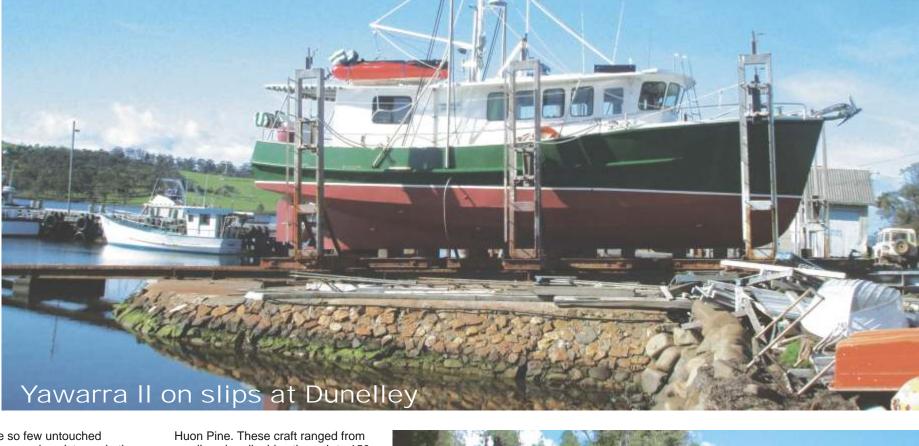
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# Yawarra II and crew circumnavigate Tasmania





Story & photos by Janice Woller, MY*Yawarra II* 

With cruisers starting to think of where to spend the summer, many we have met have been interested in emulating *Yawarra II*'s Tasmanian circumnavigation of 2009. The added attraction of Hobart's famous Wooden Boat Festival due to be held again in February 2011 makes a cruise south into the Roaring Forties worth

Yawarra II departed Moreton Bay on 22<sup>nd</sup> January 2009. Ideally it would have been better to start south in November or December (and to arrive in Tasmania earlier in the summer) but circumstances prevented an earlier departure. Along the New South Wales coast, bad weather forced stopovers in Port Stephens and Bateman's Bay, but even so we dropped anchor in Eden just on dusk on the 1<sup>st</sup> February. Once there our patience was tested as we had a 13 day wait for the next weather window to cross the Bass Strait. It's not unusual for cruising boats to spend weeks in Eden pinned down by severe weather, so it's wise to allow time for this. The Bass

Strait crossing is not one to be tackled lightly. Frequent frontal systems roar across the Southern Ocean with no land mass to block their path until they hit Tasmania, squeezing through the narrow and relatively shallow straits. Strong currents can create huge seas in these conditions so a very close eye on the weather charts is essential if you wish to have an easy crossing. Impatience and a schedule is a recipe for trouble. In company with five yachts we enjoyed a smooth, drama free trip across, the others all heading for the east coast while Yawarra II made landfall in Devenport on the north coast.

An unseasonably calm weather forecast meant that we didn't linger in Devenport, preferring to make the most of the conditions and also of the remainder of summer weather by exploring the notoriously difficult west coast of Tasmania. After an overnight passage we entered Macquarie Harbour through the aptly named "Hells Gate", a narrow, shallow, winding passage through which the waters of the King, Franklin and Gordon Rivers empty to join with the Southern Ocean. As we motored against the 3 - 4 knots of current, we once again recalled the skill

of the early sailors and explorers who worked their large unwieldly craft through an entrance that demands much respect even today. At 42 degrees South, frequent Westerly gales prevent even those craft equipped with large engines from transiting the "Gates" for much of the year.

Once inside the enormous harbour we found a beautiful and aptly named anchorage, the Mill Pond, a mile or so to the west of Strahan. The only town and only chance for supplies on the west coast, this picturesque small town was once the home of Huon pine loggers and is now the home of a dwindling number of hardy cray fishermen and a growing number of tourist operators. Summer visitors flock there to enjoy boat rides into the pristine wilderness area of the Gordon River and the steam train journey up the King River gorge to Queenstown.

Tensions still run high in Strahan when the Gordon below Franklin River dam is mentioned. This was the site of the first successful environmental campaign in Australia, when Green activists raised so much public awareness of the consequences of flooding the pristine Franklin River gorge for the purpose of providing hydro electric power that the project had to be aborted. Many locals resent the loss of jobs that occured. Others have enjoyed the boom times that Environmental Tourism has engendered.

Large high speed tourist boats operate out of Strahan and cross Macquarie Harbour to the Gordon River (approx 25 miles) then cruise for only 5 miles up the river to give the tourists a small taste of heaven. As a private vessel we were permitted to journey a further 20 miles upriver to just below the rapids of the proposed dam site.

Tied to the old Warner's Landing jetty for a week, we revelled in the quiet rainforest surrounds. By using our 3 metre aluminium floored RIB and 15 hp outboard we were able to get through several sets of rapids and enter the Franklin River where we motored slowly upstream, walking the dinghy through several shallow rapid areas and then up into the gorge area. It is a truely beautiful area and we understand why it had to be saved

continued next page..

There are so few untouched wilderness areas in existence in the world today we felt blessed to be able to visit one of them. Nothing can compare to drifting slowly with the current through this magnificent gorge and catching a glimpse of platypus playing close by the river's edge.

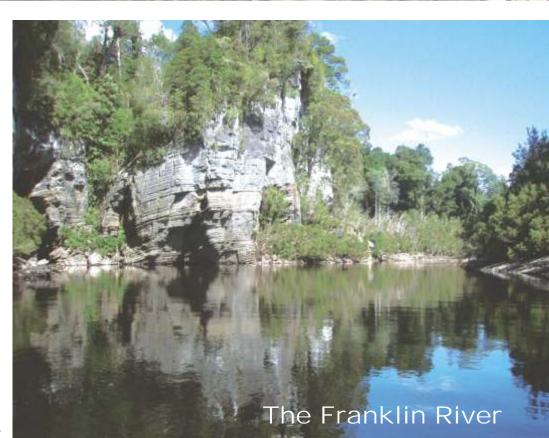
While at Warner's Landing two days of heavy rain caused the river to flood and we were glad to be safely tied to shore as we watched huge logs swirl past midstream. A couple of them managed to find the back eddy we were in and tried to lodge themselves under our stern, needing some persuasion to depart. Yawarra II rode a full metre higher against the dock so we were glad that the rain didn't continue. As the area boasts 4 METRES of rain per year, we were probably lucky that it didn't!

Once in Macquarie Harbour again we called in at Sarah Island, the site of a notorious convict settlement in the mid 1800s. Several hundred convicts and their jailors crammed onto the tiny island and there built a surprisingly large number of craft from the local

small rowing dinghies through to 150 ton sailing ships. Our favourite story was of a group of several convicts who stole a recently launched ship and sailed it through Hells Gates and across the Pacific Ocean to Chile. There they settled for several years before being caught and returned to Australia to face hanging for the crime of piracy. During their trial, they cleverly argued that they had only stolen "materials" - a crime that would lengthen their sentence but not get them hanged - as the ship had not been "officially" launched and named and therefore wasn't technically a ship at all! And they won!

Returning to the Mill Pond we again enjoyed being among many beautifully kept traditional wooden cray fishing boats. Wooden boat building is still alive and well in Tassie (maybe descendants of those clever convicts!) hence the wonderful festival held biannually in Hobart.

continued next page.



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Page 18 The Coastal Passage #45 2010 Page 19



# Yawarra ll Tasmania trip continues...

Port Davey, on the south west coast and 80 miles from Macquarie Harbour is also a National Park wilderness area with many lovely and secure anchorages to sit out bad weather and hiking opportunities to enjoy during good weather. Again we waited for a weather window to exit Hell's Gates and to do the overnight voyage down the coast. Here as in the rest of Tasmania we found the light was softer and clearer than on the mainland both due to the lower latitude and also due to minimal air pollution. We loved the pastel hues and found we seldom needed to wear sun glasses even on sunny days.

In early April we rounded the southernmost tip of Australia to arrive on the south east coast of Tasmania at Recherche Bay, the landing site of the first French explorers. Yawarra II and crew in turn enjoyed exploring the D'Entre Casteaux Channel with its myriad of anchorages to choose from. Truly, Tasmania has some of the best cruising grounds in the world and we can see why it has the highest rate of boat ownership in Australia. As we were cruising out of season we had many anchorages to ourselves, only occasionally sharing with one or two other boats.

Our plan was to spend the winter in a marina so that we could plug in a couple of small fan heaters to shore power to suplement our small drip feed diesel heater. Longer term marina spaces appeared to be difficult to come by in Hobart but we were happy with our choice of the Kermandie Marina in the Kermandie River a small offshoot of the Huon River. With a gym right next door and the small township of Geeveston only 3km away and Hobart only 50 minutes away by car we had everything we needed. A few days after arriving there we purchased a small car so that on the fine days we could explore and get to the start of the many hiking trails.

September found us out cruising again as we poked into numerous anchorages on the Tasman Penninsular, seals our frequent companions. The organ pipe rock formations of the penninsular are stunning. Port Arthur, the site of Australia's most famous convict penal settlement, boasts a free public jetty, one of the few we found in Tasmania not taken over by fishermen. The extensive ruins of the settlement formed an exotic backdrop.

Tassie had been fabulous in many ways. The countryside is gorgeous, the cruising grounds world class, the people very friendly, the water clear and the beaches sparkle. We loved the many hikes we did; blackberrying in summer; eating crisp, juicy apples fresh off the trees in autumn; and visiting quaint villages of convict built sandstone block houses.

However.....it is in the Roaring Forties, so not surprisingly there's usually a lot of wind. Forecasting is good and there are plenty of secure anchorages so we didn't find it a problem to find shelter in good time. It's also much colder than many Australians are used to. Yawarra II is well insulated and does have a heater, plus being a motor boat, we're out of the weather when under way. Appropriate clothing and good wet weather gear is essential if you don't want to be miserable. On the west coast, the only means of obtaining weather forecasts was by SSB radio as other than when actually in Strahan, there was no phone nor VHF reception. Outside the major towns, a Telstra Next G phone is your only hope of obtaining coverage and even so an antenna would be an advantage. In spite of the weather we're happy that we decided to spend 9 months enjoying the area.

Departing from Launceston we broke up our Bass Strait crossing by stopping for a week at Deal Island an absolute gem of a place before continuing across on to enter the Gippsland Lakes at Lakes Entrance. But Deal Island and the delightful Gippsland Lakes are another story.....



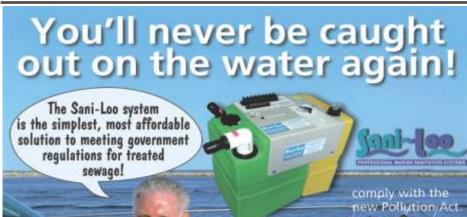


A convict built bridge at Richmond



Yawarra II at the Port Arthur public jetty

See next page for a map of Tasmania



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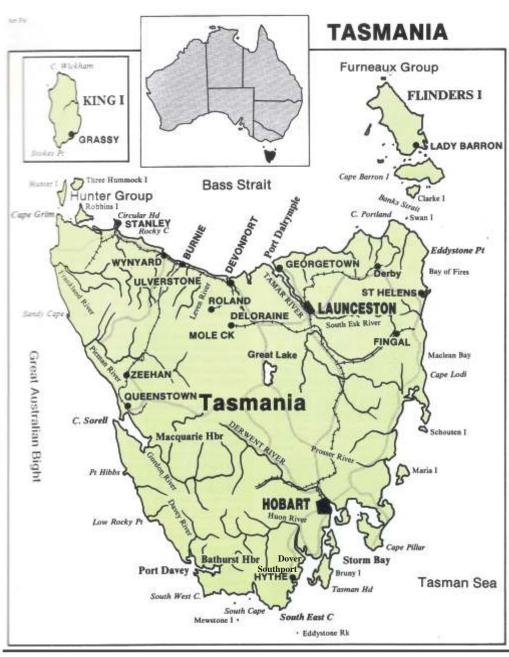
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# A FEW NOTES ON TASMANIA

Map & notes courtesy of Alan Lucas from his book, "Australian Cruising Guide"

Tasmania is approximately 190 miles (apx. 306klms.) wide and 180 miles (apx. 290klms.) deep. It is separated from mainland Australia by Bass Strait and has the Tasman Sea to the east and the Indian Ocean to the west. The latter is usually referred to as the Southern Ocean in this region. Tasmania proper has a coastline of over 700 nautical miles.

Tasmania's weather is often compared to that of the South Island of New Zealand or Southern England. Lying just south of latitude 40°S, Tasmania is in the path of the Roaring Forties westerlies, which bring seas unchecked by any landmass to windward. The west coast consequently experiences the most rain, the eastern coast being relatively dry in the wind shadow. There are two to three times as many rainy days on the southern tip of the island as there are in the north.

Winter brings persistent westerlies; most gales are from the southwest. Summer brings an easterly stream that may tend north or south depending on circumstances. Usually a northerly wind will develop in strength after a couple of days' light to variable winds ahead of a southerly change. As with all changes, mares' tails streaking the sky a day or two in advance advertise the event.

The second half of summer, especially towards the end, brings more settled weather ideal for cruising. Changes continue to occur, but with less regularity and strength. Unless one is patient, a headwind will be encountered somewhere around Tasmania during circumnavigation regardless of the direction in which one sails.

A lot of time should be devoted to the Storm Bay-d'Entrecasteaux Channel region, since the anchorages there are as numerous as they are secure. Hobart, the capital city, where full services of all types can be found, is in this region.

In order to round South Cape in ideal weather and reach Port Davey without a dusting, wait at anchor towards the southern end of the d'Entrecasteaux Channel. A similar technique can be used to get from Port Davey to Macquarie harbour to the Hunter Group, off Tasmania's northwest tip. From there, the north coast can be gunk-holed across to Flinders Island, using the services of a number of towns in route if required.

**THE BASS STRAIT** is a cruising ground in itself. Because it is immediately north of the Roaring Forties and well south of the trade wind belt, it experiences a lot of calm to variable weather. It can also produce an ideal sailing wind for many days in a row regardless of the direction of travel. In the main, however, it is the area of changing conditions which should be understood if the worst is to be avoided.

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Story by Julie Hartwig, Crew of SY Windsong Oz Photos by Julie Hartwig and Steve "Stainless" Schaeffer-Steel

When my partner Jon and I were asked to deliver a Roberts 45 ketch named Windsong Oz from Brisbane to Cairns, it was an opportunity that was hard to refuse. However, as is often the case, when you are relying on mechanical items or weather reports, nothing ever runs to plan. This is the story of a "cruising" delivery that was never destined to be straight forward...

Windsong had recently been sold and her new home was to be in Weipa, hence the delivery trip to Cairns, where the new owner would collect her and take her the rest of the way to Weipa. However, as any experienced sailor will confirm, a number of key elements require assessing when considering any long passage:

- **1. Hull** According to the surveyor's report, *Windsong* appeared sound enough. No leaks and nothing that would cause us concern. Interpretation: the boat is not a floating coffin.
- 2. Rig Assessed from deck level by the surveyor as being "serviceable for its age". To us, it looked bulletproof and if anything over-rigged, with everything appearing larger/bigger than it needed to be. *Interpretation*: The stick should remain standing.

- 3. Auxiliary Propulsion an ancient 53hp Ford Lees diesel that looked like it had seen service in Noah's Ark. It was in pieces when we first went aboard but was pronounced "good to go" two and a half days later, despite the fact that it was spewing out voluminous clouds of oily blue smoke. *Interpretation:* Cross everything and utter "warm fuzzies" every time you pass the engine room.
- 4. Communications An unserviceable HF set that Jon announced he would "fix when we got to sea" (the antenna wires were severed at deck level when the mizzen had been removed when the boat was slipped for survey). An ancient VHF, that, despite concerns, transmitted and received "5 by 5" according to a radio check with Coast Guard Redcliffe (NB, the base was located 50 metres away across the marina basin). A 27 MHz set about the same vintage as the VHF, but it did work, and four mobile phones (digital, 3G, Next G and any other "G" you can think of). Interpretation: No worries, mate. Got enough comms to talk us out of a roll of cling wrap
- **5. Crew** four POB. Jon, Steve (known to all and sundry as "Stainless") and myself who are very active members of Coast Guard Tin Can Bay, (Jon and Stainless are also very experienced sailors), and Rob who is a fisherman with 25 years experience in trawlers and a dab hand at fixing things mechanical. Interpretation: If you were going to pick a crew, you could do worse than have this lot aboard.

Now, Brisbane to Cairns is a fair old slog and when *Windsong*'s new owner said he wanted the boat there by the end of June, we knew the trip to Cairns wasn't going to be a leisurely cruise. We allowed a month.

We arrived at Scarborough Marina and set about getting Windsong ready for sea. It was never going to be a simple job because Windsong was a floating tip and we spent the next two and a half days going through the boat from bow to stern. By the time we departed Scarborough Harbour, Windsong was capable of accommodating and supporting human life, a dozen jumbosized bin liners of rubbish and junk had been carted away, the decks had been scrubbed, stores stowed, the fuel tank had swallowed 150 litres of diesel and we were, to quote the phrase of the moment, "good to go".

# The following is from my personal log...

Thursday 03/06/10 1140:

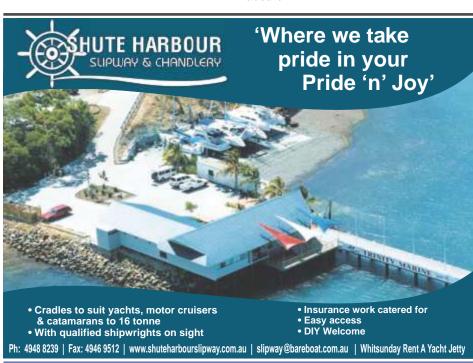
Depart Scarborough. Log on with Redcliffe Coast Guard. Transit sheet forwarded to CG Mooloolaba. *Windsong* ship-shape; engine running sweetly, though we must look like a ghostly apparition, drifting along in our cloud of blue smoke. Winds light 5-10 knot SE. New chart plotter christened "Laurie" Lowrance. Having spent hours programming waypoints and routes, I am the only one who knows how it works and where to find things within its

confusing array of pages, menus and sub-menus.

1425: Skirmish Passage off southeast tip of Bribie Island. First engine drama occurs. Noticed for some time that the engine suddenly increases revs for a few moments, then returns to normal Incidences gradually increase until revs go up and don't come back down. Moments later, engine gives a few coughs and stops. Silence deafening. Rob hurries below to find the problem. Stainless and I unfurl the genoa and, after trials and tribulations with jammed cars and slugs out of the mast track, finally succeed in getting the main up. Rob finally announces that the fuel tap was turned off. Nobody knows how/why/when this happened. Fuel lines bled, engine fires first time. Continue motor-sailing. Engine named "Henry" (Ford-Lees engine, get it?).

1655: Pass Caloundra Fairway, heading for Double Island Point, 52 miles north. Conditions perfect. Wind 10 knot SE, seas less than a metre. Watch a magical sunset as we pass the Sunshine Coast. Decide to try the autopilot. Windsong displays rebellious streak by doing an impromptu and rather alarming 360 that quickly sees a human back at the helm. Manual turns out to be a technical manual that tells how to fix it if it breaks down, but not how to operate it! Night watches reduced from four hours to three as Windsong has a very heavy helm and hand steering is very tiring.

continued next page...



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Photos: Left: Brown Booby on the pulpit rail. Above: Laurie, just before the shit hit the fan! Right: John & Julie cruising off the Sunshine Coast.

2000: Log current position with Mooloolaba Coast Guard. Instructed to contact Tin Can Bay Coast Guard after 0600 tomorrow morning to update our position. Separate into night watches. Stainless and Rob stand first watch 2000 to 2300. Jon and I will take 2300 to 0200. Windsong happily motor-sailing under full main and genoa. Henry purring at 1700 rpm making 6.5 knots.

#### Friday 04/06/10 0020:

"Laurie" has "hissy-fit". One by one, data overlays (SOG, POS, COG, BRG, CTS, DTD, depth) drop out until only the chart, route line and ship are displayed. Try for several minutes to get them back, but final solution is to switch plotter off and reboot it. Problem solved, but cannot return to the route. Have to run from waypoint to waypoint, which means digging deep into Laurie's "innards" to find the "Go To Waypoint" command.

0500: On watch. Struggle up on deck feeling like the Michelin (Wo)Man. Wearing fleece "trackies" and jacket, wet weather jacket and trousers, safety harness and life jacket, but need five layers; it's freezing on deck. Position is east of Eurong on Fraser Island. Eastern sky showing first tinge of dawn.

0600: Listen for Coast Guard Tin Can Bay to log on with Brisbane Harbour, then weather at 0635. Nothing heard.

0645: Attempt to contact CG TCB on 16, 67 and 80. Nothing heard. Try VMR Hervey Bay and Bundaberg, Nothing heard. Can hear CG Mooloolaba, but

get no response when we try to contact them. Do we have a comms problem? VHF worked perfectly off Sunshine Coast, but apparently dead as a maggot

**0800:** Off watch. Jon tries again to contact Coast Guard Tin Can Bay, VMR Hervey Bay and Bundaberg. Still nothing heard. We are concerned but not unduly worried as boat is performing well, crew is getting on like a house on fire and CG TCB has our transit sheet. Even though we have not spoken to them, CG TCB knows we are out here.

1000: Jon tries VHF again, but still dead as. Contact CG TCB by mobile. Told there are problems with the 16/67 outlet on Fraser Island, but our position has been logged, transit sheet forwarded to Bundaberg and they give us the latest weather 10-15 knot SE with seas to 1.5 metres. Ironic that mobile phone is our only means of comms and only while in the vicinity of the phone tower at Orchid Beach.

1050: Large pod of whales sighted. For next hour, we watch the pod of eight adult and juvenile whales engage in play. Deviate slightly from our course and turn Henry off as we cruise past, watching whales breaching, tail slapping, and generally enjoying their play time. Throughout afternoon, seas increase. Wind shifts NW and strengthen to 15-20 knots. Windsong under full main, genoa and mizzen, quite happily romping along at 6.5 to 7 knots. Henry having a well earned rest.

1600: Clear Sandy Cape and begin run north alongside Breaksea Spit. Sails come off one by one as wind gusts nudge 25 knots and seas become increasingly boisterous. Tide ebbing out of Hervey Bay and breaking seas are visible on the Spit. Eight hours since our mobile phone comms with CG TCB. Still unable to establish radio comms with any of the coast stations. Somebody would be getting worried about us but nothing we can do now as out of both VHF and mobile range with the mainland. The other alarming aspect of no comms is no updated weather forecast. The conditions we currently have are nothing like those in the morning forecast.

1900: Reach waypoint north of Breaksea Spit. Turn west for next waypoint north of Lady Elliot Island. Off watch, resting on saloon berth. Windsong taking wind and seas on the nose. All sail down. Henry tasked with getting us to Rosslyn Bay.

2000: Cannot get comfortable on saloon berth and adjourn to bunk in aft cabin. Wedge self in with pillows and try to

2045: Henry comes to a grinding, coughing halt. Windsong lying ahull in short, sharp two metre seas and 25 knot NW winds. Despite being incapacitated with seasickness, Rob attempts to get Henry going again, but to no avail. The genoa is unfurled and with Stainless at the helm, we doggedly try to hold our course. Seas confused and

unpredictable; motion very uncomfortable. Rob is so seasick he cannot continue to work on the engine and has taken to his bunk for an hour. We continue under "heady", even though only making two knots and sailing ten degrees above our desired course, which will, if we continue, take us up the outside of Lady Elliot and Musgrave Islands, but no other option for the moment.

2200: Jon is on the helm when we are suddenly hit beam-on by a big roller that heels Windsong way over. In the aft cabin, all the pillows in the world cannot prevent me being thrown off the bunk. I land on the cabin sole on the other side of the boat. (Windsong has a 14' beam and my bunk is just aft of the widest point.) Perfect three-point landing (head, left shoulder and left hip).

Suddenly, in a lot of pain, but know enough from First Aid training not to move. Stainless finds me, tells me not to move and fetches Jon. Brisk assessment conducted: no "open" head wound, feeling in all fingers, toes, arms and legs, nothing apparently broken. Jon decides safest place is on the floor can't fall or be thrown any further from

Bed made up from a thick bunk cushion, pillows, sleeping bags wedged around me, towel rolled into a makeshift neck brace, filled up with painkillers. Nothing more can be done for me for the time being.

continued next page...



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2345: Still battling seasickness, Rob finally gets Henry going. Fuel filter horribly clogged with slime and grunge stirred up by boisterous seas. Rob manages to clean some of slime out of filter, but really needs a new filter. Position about 17 nautical miles north of Breaksea light, 100 miles offshore, with our destination, Rosslyn Bay, over 150 miles away. Attempts to call VMR Bundaberg and VMR Gladstone fail. Accept that we have no radio comms with the mainland or mobile phone coverage and I need medical attention for serious neck and back pain. Lying athwartships on the aft cabin sole, the aft cabin bulkhead is the only thing separating me from Henry's thumping; the prop shaft is directly beneath me and the steering gear is in the locker beside my right ear. Not a quiet place to be, but I manage to sleep and rest with minimal movement as we make our way slowly towards the coast.

Jon decides to head for Gladstone. ETA is anyone's guess and will depend on whether Henry breaks down again. The state of the fuel in the tank does not inspire any confidence that he will keep going; it's more a question of how many times he will stop and how long it will take to get him going each time. Best guess on the ETA is around 6 a.m. Sunday morning.

The prospect of having to spend over 30 hours immobilised on the floor is enough to make this grown woman cry, but nothing can be done to get me to Gladstone any faster. No one knows where we are and we can't communicate our situation to anyone. Bugger that bloody VHF!

# Saturday 05/06/10 0500:

Abeam Lady Elliot Island. Henry stops again. Same problem. A new filter located in spares locker and after bleeding fuel lines, Henry fires up again but the problem isn't going to go away.

The entire fuel system is clogged with the sludge being sucked out of the fuel tank

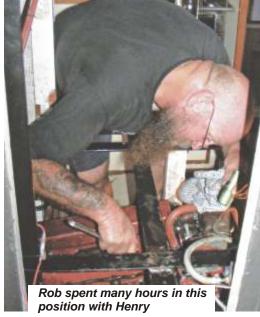
**0900:** Being confined to the aft cabin with no ventilation is decidedly unpleasant. Every time Henry stops and the fuel lines are bled, the cabin fills up with diesel fumes. Stainless finally opens the aft ports to let in some fresh air.

1000: Buzzed by a Coast Watch aircraft, asking all usual questions: what vessel, last and next port of call. Jon tells them that we have an injured crewmember on board, that we cannot make radio contact with the mainland and are experiencing fuel problems. Coast Watch immediately forwards details of our position and situation to VTS Gladstone. First Aid advice is relayed that I am to stay as still as possible and to take whatever pain relief we have on board. VMR Gladstone is put on standby, but we are still over 70 miles from the mainland and beyond help.

The hours motoring to Gladstone are some of the longest in my life. In constant back and neck pain, with tingling feet and lower legs, I cannot help wonder if I have a serious spinal injury. I rest and sleep, listen to my MP3 player, swallow painkillers every four hours and eat mini chocolate bars. I can drink only sips of water because I cannot get up to use the head and consequently become increasingly dehydrated.

Every time Jon or Stainless come to check on me I ask, "Where are we?" and am totally demoralised to learn that we are still a long way from where I imagine we are. During the day, my only view of the outside world is the square of blue I can see through the ports. At night, it is stars, wildly gyrating across the black sky, viewed first in one of the aft ports, then in the starboard ports and back again.

We are 30 miles out of Gladstone before we get scratchy mobile coverage with VMR Gladstone and 10 miles out



before we get VHF contact. Henry has stopped five more times, but each time Rob, aided by Jon or Stainless, manages to get more adept at bleeding the fuel lines, cleaning the filters and getting Henry going again.

#### Sunday 06/06/10 0200:

Establish comms with VTS Gladstone who give us permission to enter Gladstone Harbour. They inform VMR Gladstone of our position.

**0300:** Enter the main channel into Gladstone Harbour. VMR Gladstone have organised ambos to meet us at the Gladstone Marina fuel dock and are on standby to tow us in if we break down in the main channel. With a bulk carrier ahead of us and one following behind, breaking down is the last thing we need, but for once Henry just keeps going. The calm waters certainly helped his situation.

**0400:** Windsong ties up to the fuel dock and paramedics come on board. Unable to get a stretcher down below, I am given pain relief and assisted to walk off the boat. In the ambulance, the paramedics put a collar around my neck, strap me to a stretcher and administer a couple of shots of morphine. In a very short time, life is "all good".

**0430:** Admitted to Gladstone Base Hospital. After several hours, more pain relief, x-rays, treatment for dehydration and observation, I'm informed there is no spinal damage, just deep tissue bruising from what the doctor calls "impact trauma injuries" (like car accidents):

I will be very sore for quite some time. A smorgasbord of drugs is prescribed - anti-inflammatories, muscle relaxants and strong pain killers physiotherapy is recommended and I am advised to "do as little as possible for the next four or five days". When I ask if I can carry on with the trip to Cairns, the doctor gives me one of those "are you nuts?" looks and says, "I can't make that decision, but if it was me, I wouldn't." I can

understand the rationale behind that advice. Being jolted around is the last thing I need and if the injuries didn't settle down, I'd end up back in hospital further up the coast.

**1500:** Discharged from hospital. Thanks to the VMR boys for picking me up. Back at the boat, I learn that I am officially a "Marine Incident". Gladstone Water Police have paid a visit during the morning. Our contact with Coast Watch was automatically relayed to Canberra, who relayed the info to Gladstone Water Police. We did not know at the time, but they were on standby with both a helicopter and a vessel, if my situation deteriorated to the point of requiring a Medivac. I don't exactly know how we could have forwarded this request had it been necessary. A Marine Incident Report form is duly completed. The outcome, after an investigation by MSQ, was NFA.

#### Tuesday 08/06/10 1630:

I have a brother living in Gladstone and after a brief phone call, I leave the boat and spend the next three days camped in front of my brother's big screen telly surfing 300 channels on Austar. Windsong departed Gladstone the following morning and continued on to Cairns with only three crew. She arrived a week later.

It wasn't the cruise outcome I'd expected and knowing that my back injuries may be aggravated by as little as a day at sea will force me to reconsider my sailing/cruising adventures. It has taken the best part of two months to get over the initial injuries caused by "the crash" and physio will be ongoing for some months. I don't want to go through an experience like this again.

I have no real desire to visit this particular stretch of water again, but those who do, fore-warned is forearmed.

However, as with all bad experiences, lessons can be learned:

- 1. Never take a previous owner's word "it's all good"; "she's good to go" at face value.
- 2. Just because a radio works 50 metres from a Coast Guard base doesn't mean it will work 50 miles offshore.
- **3.** Never trust the weather forecast, especially around Fraser Island, which has its own ecosystem and will often dish up conditions you would have a better chance predicting with a crystal ball.
- 4. The operative word in the name "Breaksea Spit" is "Break" people, boats, engines, mechanical stuff and anything else you take up there. Since *Windsong's* experiences, I know of two more Tin Can Bay yachts who have transited the area and been beaten up, resulting in them running for shelter in Bundaberg. Adopting the Boy Scouts motto of "Be Prepared" is advisable.

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# Interesting notes about the Breaksea Spit area that anyone transiting the area should consider:

Large-scale charts show Breaksea Spit sticks out a long way from the mainland -47 miles to Burnett Heads and 110 miles to Gladstone.

It is about 25 miles from Sandy Cape to the Breaksea Light.

The water depth along the eastern side of Breaksea Spit is as shallow as 20 metres close inshore and around five miles offshore, drops away to around 200 metres on the edge of the continental shelf.

By the time you are 10 miles offshore, the depths drop rapidly to over a thousand metres straight down like the proverbial free drink!

The Breaksea Light is less than 5 miles from the edge of the continental shelf. This shoaling results in some interesting currents setting around the spit.

Some electronic charts (we used Navionics on *Windsong*) show a NE current of up to 3 knots setting down the eastern side of the spit and Garmin's MapSource charts indicate both flooding and ebbing tides setting strongly across the spit.

With SE swells and an outgoing tide of up to 2 knots setting out of Hervey Bay, you have a classic recipe for some very interesting sea conditions and that's before you factor in local wind and weather conditions.

Our experience indicated that any wind with a westerly component, especially W to NW, will give you plenty to think about.





'ill make Spinnakers fun again!

By Steve Halter, SY Cheetah Photos by PJ Halter, SY Cheetah

No, not a MPS, Gennaker, or Screecher. It is an asymmetrical spinnaker on a furler. I was tired of fighting the spin, even with a well made sock. Things just too often seemed to go wrong with this husband & wife team. Even with the Auto on the helm.

Then I saw the Facnor ASYM-FX Furler for spinnakers advertised. It is an endless line furler with the spinnaker attached top and bottom as is any other furler. What makes it work is a line or tape that goes to the middle of the luff edge on the spinnaker to a special anti-twist line for the furler. Or stated another way, it is attached half way up the luff edge. When you start furling, the small line to the spinnaker luff rolls up first. The effect is the spin rolls up from the middle first. This allows the spin to roll up nice and neat.

Does it work? You bet your sweet ass it does! With just two of us on board, we can handle the spin in up to 20 knots of breeze. (I must admit that at 20 knots of breeze it takes lot more energy than 15 knots.) I try

to roll it up at 15 knots but, you know how it is, when the boat is moving well. The trick to making it easy to roll up is letting the spinnaker float out front so that the pressure is off the sheet line then, as it rolls up, you can add a little tension to make it tight. Do a few extra wraps to allow the sheets to wrap around the rolled up spinnaker for storage. We leave it attached to the prodder so it is ready to raise and launch in couple of minutes. It has made flying the spinnaker easy and fun again with just two on board.

Since not many of these furlers are on boats less the 18 metres, there were a few teething problems to work out on our 13 metre cat. The anti-twist rope was twisting, taking about 40 more turns on the furler than needed. That was cured with a new type of anti-twist rope from Strong Rope. Mike Strong knows me well now after many emails and phone calls to sort out the problem. You must also be careful on stowing the unit with the sheet lines attached, making sure one does not get an extra wrap resulting in lines being twisted on the launch. We use a Velcro wrap to keep the sheets in place. Even when this

did happen, it was easy to roll it back up, drop it, fix the sheet line and relaunch.

# Other tips:

It does not need to be raised and tightened like a Screecher. Raise it by hand, and then tighten just enough to get most of the slack out of the line.

Do not over tighten as it will pull the anti-twist rope out of the furler socket. It will even

furl if the line is slack, as shown on the video.

You can get a little extra out of the spinnaker down wind by easing the halyard.

Make sure you buy a spinnaker with nonfade colours. It doesn't take the bright colours long to fade when you use a spin for days on end.

We leave the screecher up and then raise the spinnaker for that down wind run without a problem. So if we get a wind

shift, we just roll one up and roll the other out. Maybe you could have both sails out at the same time on a dead run? I should give that a try.

Make your life easy and get something that actually works as promised. I usually do notplug stuffbut, FacnorAustralian rep is <u>www.strongrope.com</u> with a video demo on the web page.

Do not let your partner see it or you will be buying it to save the marriage. Or maybe she should see it so you can fly that spinnaker again!!



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up the creek and pay less!





Norm Walker of MY Peggy-Anne takes us through the process of installing a sail, beginning with "selling" Dawn on the idea, then getting opinions from mates, to ending with a cool way to sail and even "save" \$\$\$'s on fuel!



Ain't it great, when the best made plans of mice and men sometimes go right!!!!

We've been cruising full time for about four years now and lived on board Peggy-Anne for a few years before that. Our focus last year had been getting to the pointy end of the country. It was during this trip and especially on the way back when holding up and waiting for the ever present

southbloodyeasterly wind to abate, that the furtive mind began to think about gaining some sort of benefit from this ever present natural force.



Norm, left and Alan **Attached** 

Left: Forestay Tang -sheeve box

Below: Mast with **Winch Base Cleats** 



Initially, the first mate wasn't too keen on the idea and it took a lot of selling. Think of all the money we'd save on diesel!!" "Think of how quiet it would be without the motors running!!!" "Think of the safety factor, having another way of getting there!!!" "Our range would be extended, opening up different destinations!!!" I think Dawn had some pretty vivid memories of a prior foray we had into wind power, which involved a free flying kite sail. One was sent to us for a trial, but after many attempts we could not get the sail to fly (as it showed on the video) and we nearly Above: Head Fitting ended up with it wrapped around the

> After a fair bit of brain washing the girl eventually came around to the same way of thinking and the quest for a mast was on in earnest.

Our first concern was not to spoil the look of our boat. Now I know that "beauty is in the eye of the beholder" but we didn't want the stick to look stuck on, if you know what I mean.

Some late nights were spent on the computer, a digital pic of Peggy-Anne was loaded onto "Photo Shop" and the intended mast was drawn in, moved around, made bigger and smaller, raked forward (yuk), raked back, a head sail was added and everything played with extensively. After a fair bit of tweaking we came up with something that we thought was presentable and functional. We printed out a copy of the final design and put it under our Perspex top saloon table. All and sundry who visited were asked what they thought of the design, we e-mailed copies to any interested parties and all comments and ideas were taken on board. Our thinking at this time was, "She's only going to motor sail and the rig needs to be easy to handle". A furling headsail seemed to fit our needs which would mean that all handling could be done from deck level. Any sort of mainsail would be hard to set up and we were only interested in down wind sailing.

We already had a sheet winch mounted on the middle of the boat's transom which we used for hauling our dinghy onto the davit and thought that with a turning block or two, this could be used as a sheet winch. The plan was to rig the sail with a single sheet and furl it to gybe the boat. We would have to install a compression post in the middle of our saloon, so we put up a temporary one and left it there for a couple of weeks, to see if it would pose a problem. Endless hours were spent on the internet, trying to get information about what performance we could expect to get out of the envisaged configuration (all a bit iffy). Calculations for hull speed, wetted area of hulls, sail area to displacement ratios. I nearly got better at maths and in the end still didn't have any hard answers. So it came down to the "suck it and see" approach.

The plan was to construct the mast ourselves. We were fortunate enough to have the use of a pretty well equipped workshop in the Daintree,

thanks to Dawn's brother Alan, where the work could be carried out and it was only a few kilometres from where the boat could be anchored in the river. Looks like it's back to living with crocs. What we did need, was someone with a more comprehensive background in mast engineering than I possessed and luckily we called Pete the Rigger in Port Douglas. Pete looked at our plans and thought them to be feasible. He did all the computations, ordered the extrusion and supplied us with all the fittings and was happy for us to do the work under his guidance.

The mast we went with had a section of 190mm by 130mm and came in an 11 meter length. Using this section Pete thought that it could be supported using swept back cap shrouds and lowers, without the need for spreaders. We made provision for two halliards and also fitted a sheave box to accommodate a removable inner forestay, to deal with any mast pump. One of the cap shrouds was also fitted with insulators for use as an H.F. antenna. A "Profurl C350" was selected as the furling device.

While we waited for the mast section to be delivered, we busied ourselves with making and fitting chain plates, building and fitting the compression post, fabricating the mast step and mast head fittings and learning how to polish stainless steel. When the extrusion arrived a week was spent fitting a mast step and masthead fitting. Attachment fittings for shrouds and sheave boxes were fitted and wires run for lights, aerials etc. These were all run in the slug track extruded in the back of the section (which we weren't going to use as we're running a headsail only) and covered with a strip, which neatened it all up bewdifully.

continued next page...

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Photos: stepping the mast, swaging the stays, Primary (or only bloody) winch, furler

Once all the building work was finished Peggy-Anne was taken to Port Douglas, which allowed for better access for the crane to lift the mast into position. Pete the Rigger did a top job, swaging the wires, fitting rigging screws and installing the furler. We had already talked to Cairns Yacht Sails about building a sail to suit and John (the proprietor) had pre-cut most of the panels and was waiting for a forestay measurement, before he started sewing. The sail was built from 10oz. cloth and cut very full to allow for off the wind work. Once John had the measurement, the sail was completed in a matter of days. Bloody good service considering Christmas was only a week away.

Now that we had the mast in place and the sail on the furler, we were keen to get out and play. The only problem was there was no wind to be found anywhere. Weeks of dead calm. We did manage to try things in very light (5 knots) conditions and became familiar with furling and unfurling and trimming for light conditions. We felt that our rudders were a tad small and the boat would not steer under sail alone, rounding up into the wind. We were due to be slipped after Christmas and while out of the water added about 200mm to the bottom of each rudder. Once back in the water we went from no wind to too much with cyclone Olga forcing a trip up a creek in Cairns.

After Olga left us with barely a blow and with North Easters forecast, it was time to head south. An early departure from Trinity Inlet saw us motoring out to Cape Grafton with the wind on the nose. Pip never likes going to sea especially with the wind heading us and was looking for a paper bag to breath into. Once around the Cape it brought the wind onto our port quarter, blowing at 20 -25 kts. It was time to "get some sail up." (geez I'm even starting to talk like a sailor!!!)

We set a course on our trusty autopilot, ran the sheet back through the turning blocks to the winch and throttled back the engines and unfurled the headsail about seventy percent. You could feel the power immediately. We gained 1.5 to 2 kts and the boats motion was considerably better. She seemed to be handling that much sail O.K. so eventually, we let it all out, 6-7kts. with the engines running at half the normal revs. It was now time to try out the rudder extensions and the engines were shut down completely.

We were amazed to find that the sail pulled us along at an average 4.5kts with 5 and over, being gained in the gusts. The autopilot steered with not too much weather helm and it was oh so peaceful and pleasant; even the dog had stopped shaking and was sleeping quietly. We sailed from Cape Grafton to Mourilyan Harbour only having to pay attention to sail trim a couple of times when the wind strengthened and upset the balance.

Since that first sail we have sailed wherever possible and even find that if the wind is 45° off the bow we can motor sail and gain a knot or two and improve the ride of the boat. As we have a wind generator mounted on the roof, we use this to measure our apparent wind angle and wind strength. This does away with the need for the expensive instruments that the seagulls sit on, at the top of the mast. We have even invented a new nautical term, the "wind amp". Observing the wind gen amp gauge, gives an accurate apparent wind strength. How good is that? (One day we may calibrate it to read in knots.)

#### Lots of positives have come out of the modifications:

- \* We can motor sail or sail and cop the fuel savings.
- We get much better transmission on our H.F. radio using the insulated cap
- V.H.F. and phone coverage have been improved by getting the aerials higher up.
- The compression post provides a good hand hold in the saloon and has

stiffened up the cabin top.

- \* The motion with the sail up is definitely smoother.
- The dog has stopped hyperventilating during the voyage.

#### How much did it cost?

We kept tabs on the expenses and the whole project owes us \$14,200. This included all rigging, furler, sail, a winch and labour. We did a lot of fabrication ourselves and had access to a good workshop, which obviously saved quite a few bucks. Thanks again Al and Deb.

What are the envisaged savings? It's a bit early to work this out and will depend on how much motorless sailing "Hughie" allows. We are heading south at the moment and don't expect to get the same benefits as if we were pointed the

Some rough calculations on our last trip between fuel fills of 234nm showed we used .75 litres per nautical mile (Most of this trip we motor sailed into the wind).

Before being able to use the sail, the same trip would use around 1.3 litres per nautical mile. On those stats and if we average 1500 n.m. per year (which we did last year), we save 750 litres of fuel at say an average cost of \$1.30 / litre. This means it will take 14 years to recoup the outlay.

In purely economic terms, t don't seem worth it!!!!!! BUT we don't see "motion lotion" getting cheaper in the foreseeable future, we should be able to do a lot more sail powered cruising, especially when heading north again and the quiet of cruising under sail definitely is good for the

We have definitely found how fickle the wind can be since fitting the mast and having the winch mounted on the transom keeps us fit walking the length of the boat to trim sails, but the system works well and is easily handled. I even put an extra halyard in the stick to allow for flying an asymmetrical kite..... but that is going to take a lot more selling to the first mate.



Norm, in need of a new TCP tee-shirt



Peggy-Anne under sail





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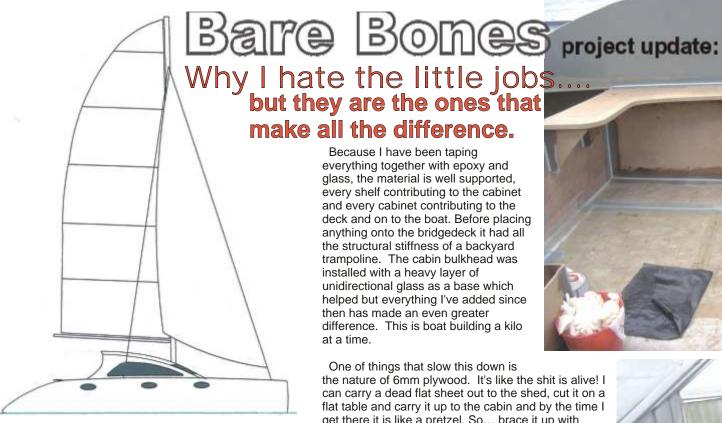
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#### By Bob Norson

I like the big things. You spend a couple days doing big laminations and filling in the day with smaller jobs but then, seemingly all at once, a big new piece of the boat becomes visible. Visible, that's the key.

Why does it seem like it takes as much time to do a galley shelf as it does a deck section? I think part of succeeding in a project like this is your ability to lie to yourself! And believe it!

OK, maybe just a bit of hyperbole in that statement but an element of truth in my case. I find that progress begets progress. And my impression of progress is visual. The bigger the thing, the better and the more enthusiasm it's completion generates. So it's been hell month in the shed.

Last issue saw the main cabin bulkhead go up, a big thing.. YES! And following that the cabin sides, more of the same. But before the top goes on it makes sense to do all the furniture before space, ventilation and lighting are compromised. I ran out of excuses to avoid the dreaded deed.

Cabinet making and joinery have never been strong suits for me and maybe that's why I have never equipped myself well for that kind of work. Thus far my most used tool is a hand saw, then jig saw, angle grinder, sander and soon I might actually have to break out the drop saw that lies rusting in the container. But not yet.

Partly because of habit at this point, all furniture has been made lightweight and structural. That is, it is all fastened with epoxy and e'glass to the body of the boat. I have used foam for sections of the settee that may be used for heavy storage, batteries, water or?? I ordered a large quantity of 9mm plywood months ago and it did a fine job of some structural components but for much of the furniture it is overkill and heavy. I tried some 3.6mm ply but found it's use very limited. It will take a curve and is strengthened by the curve but for a simple minded builder like me, curves are complex and to be avoided! I found 6mm ply to be the best compromise for me.

Because I have been taping everything together with epoxy and glass, the material is well supported, every shelf contributing to the cabinet and every cabinet contributing to the deck and on to the boat. Before placing anything onto the bridgedeck it had all the structural stiffness of a backyard trampoline. The cabin bulkhead was installed with a heavy layer of unidirectional glass as a base which helped but everything I've added since then has made an even greater difference. This is boat building a kilo at a time.

One of things that slow this down is the nature of 6mm plywood. It's like the shit is alive! I can carry a dead flat sheet out to the shed, cut it on a flat table and carry it up to the cabin and by the time I get there it is like a pretzel. So... brace it up with sticks covered in packing tape that epoxy can't stick to, and then mix a little glue and apply in dabs when the material is forced into straight by jigging and fixing. Wait till that sets, remove all the framework and jigs and tape the stuff in place before it changes it's mind. With all the individual pieces that make up the galley, for instance, that can make a very complex and fragile job. I might have some glue, a couple screws over there and a brick in the middle to keep the bow out of that shelf... one wrong move whilst taping and the whole house of cards can come down but when I'm done you could park a car on it...

And sometimes it's not the materials that get bent but the builder. This phase of build is without plan of any kind. Like a game of chess or high stakes billiards it's all in laying out moves in advance. Besides figuring out HOW to do it, you need to develop the strategy to know WHEN to do it in relation to the rest of the work. And keep all the various bits floating around in the tired, seven working days a week brain for retrieval when it's needed. For example, I had planned a slot built in behind the stove for the stowage of door panels... oophsie! Too late now. And I struggled for days to come up with a plan for the galley that was becoming more and more complicated every day... but I really wanted this to come out right, so I asked Kay in to have a look and present some of the mental list of stupid options I had in mind. She took one look around and simplified the whole cabin by reminding me of what I had planned all along. But in my exhaustion, I had gone brain dead and lost the plot. Losing the vision and over thinking can be damaging.

The three photos at right are demonstrating the kind of work I like. Again, using bracing ply for making a template, transferring the outline to foam and laminating X two and installing! Very satisfying but a boat without a decent galley is a crap place to live. The photo at top right is the galley done in large part. The sink will be left of the stove top and cubby holes will do until I get around to fitting, or finding, caned cabinet doors. After paint work, Tassie oak trim will be everywhere.









One of the more rewarding parts of this phase is working with Polycore. I'm using 10mm sheets laminated with 600 gram DB glass for horizontal surfaces. The result is stiff, strong and lite.

Laminating a panel is about 2 hours all up, and that's with peel ply for fine finish and paint ready, both sides. The only down side is that the edges expose the polypropylene which epoxy doesn't stick to worth a damn. Also, when cutting or sanding an edge to shape the poly core leaves little ragged edges due to the flexible nature of the material when cut to thin bits. When I visited with Bob "Cowboy" August that sells the material he mentioned something about a plastic primer paint and I instantly recalled seeing such stuff at the auto parts stores that provide that for preparing to paint the plastic body panels that are so common on cars anymore. I got a little spray can and it seemed to work. Being careful not to get it on the working surface, I sprayed the edge and then filled with bogg mix, let it go off, sanded it to shape and then taped over with a lite, flexible glass to finish the edge.

On most of the fitout though I will just cover the edge with some nice Tassie Oak trim and that is when the drop saw will come out of

Motors... we were really considering diesel sail drives for a while. On the one side were grunt, power generation and added value when time to sell. On the other was cost, weight and the loss of freedom to beach the boat. The weight was the biggest concern but the suppliers made up my mind for me. I just didn't see the break in price I was expecting as a result of the strengthening AUD. So... that will be saved for later but I have been buttoning up the aft deck sections I had left undone whilst we deliberated... maybe the Yamaha extra long leg 25's, or maybe not...

What's next? I can't wait to do the cabin top... Big job... YEAH!!







Little things like good stairs into the hulls. Very fetley to do but if they are wrong they will be a nuisance every day you liveaboard. The ones below give access forward and steps up to the our cabin. Another dent in the scrap supply.





Another problem soon to face is a cockpit canopy. We like the idea of visual access over the top of the main cabin so the extension type won't do for us. Neighbour Malcolm Salisbury is working on one for his Crowther Catana, Coconut Airlines, and though we may want ours lower, the aluminium frame and Polycore top may be a good solution for our boat. So we'll keep an eye on his progress as well as another boat in the harbour, Giddy-up go who is doing something similar. If theirs works out well, we will shamelessly steal the plans!





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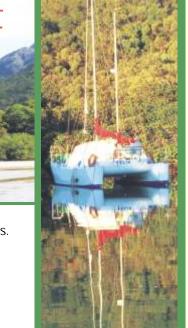
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By Stuart Buchanan, SY Pluto

The experts tell us that excessive loud noise over a period of time can irreparably damage our hearing. They say that earmuffs should be worn while using chainsaws, brush-cutters, jackhammers and other loud power tools.

I don't know, I've given my ears a bit of a bashing during my lifetime and I still have perfect hearing even though my wife thinks otherwise. I must admit, I've often thought that being deaf would have a lot of advantages. You know, when you're lying in bed at night trying to sleep over the noise of barking dogs, loud music from a nearby riotous party, or some brain-dead moron doing doughnuts on the bitumen a few kilometres away. And you couldn't care less about pulling up at traffic lights beside a carload of yobs who are attempting to enter the Guinness Book of Records by producing the maximum sound ever created by mankind from a car's stereo. Or when you unintentionally cut someone off and they start screaming obscenities at you you wouldn't hear a

You'd think that, as a yachtie, being deaf would have many disadvantages. It would mean you wouldn't hear every nuance of the wind or someone on a racing yacht screaming "Water!" Water!" at you. But on the water, as on land, I've come to realise there are many advantages to being deaf even half

My mate Lawrie Kavanagh is deaf in one ear, a result of a round exploding in the chamber of his rifle when he was out pig shooting more years ago than he cares to remember. But Lawrie reckons being half deaf is good; when he's at a function and someone he doesn't like comes up to speak to him, he just turns his deaf ear to the person and doesn't hear a word that's said.

Some years ago, Lawrie was sailing with me in my ketch Pluto. It was a miserable day; there was very little wind and the rain was bucketing down. It had been a long and tiring sail. Both us were sitting in the cockpit like a couple of drowned rats. It was about six o'clock at night when we entered the channel to the Burnett River and blindly made our way from beacon to beacon. Bundaberg Port Marina didn't exist in those days, so we had planned to anchor just upriver from the BurnettHeads' boatharbour.

The rain became torrential, reducing visibility to the extent that we couldn't see the lit red and green beacons that mark the entrance to the harbour. Earlier that day we had logged on with VMR Bundaberg. Just as the rain eased slightly, VMR called to ask our position:

"We're just outside the boat harbour," I replied.

"Where are you intending to anchor?" VMR asked.

"Just upstream from the boat harbour.'

"Well," VMR answered, "we're in the harbour beside the Bundaberg Bluewater Sailing Club, and their pontoon is vacant at the moment. If you like, I'll ring them to see if you can moor there overnight."

Thanks VMR, that would be very much appreciated.'

A few minutes later, VMR advised that permission had been granted. The rain became torrential again, reducing visibility to afew metres.

"I'll put on our outside floodlight," VMR said. "As you come through the entrance, head directly for the light, the pontoon is just to the left of it."

"Thanks VMR."

Five minutes later we were safely tied up to the pontoon, which was about 10 metres long and had a lean of almost 45° to seaward. We made our way through the rain to the clubhouse, had a hot shower and went over to the bar for a drink. Lawrie usually drinks rum with a dash of water, but this time he ordered just rum. He added the required amount of water from the heavy drips of rain that were leaking through the ceiling onto the bar. We decided to stay at the club for dinner. We had no sooner finished when an oldbloke came over to our table.

"Are you off Pluto?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Look," he said, "I've got my catamaran moored in the harbour. Three mates are coming up from Brisbane to sail out to Lady Musgrave with me and we'd like to load some gear onto the yacht. Could you move Pluto up a bit so we can tie up behind you?'

"Yeah, sure," I answered. "What time will they be here?"

"About nineo'clock."

We returned to Pluto and moved the yacht along. Fifteen minutes later the catamaran tied up behind us. Lawrie immediately hit the sack, his good ear resting on the pillow. I soon followed. At eleven-thirty I was awakened by boisterous laughing and shouting; obviously the yachtie's mates had arrived. Lawrie continued to snore his head off

The four men didn't load anything as simple as an overnight bag each and a few cartons of beer. Oh no, they spent three noisy hours loading what sounded like a thousand fathoms of anchor chain, refrigerators, dozens of empty 200 litre drums and various lengths of metal. Lawrie, with his good ear buried deep in the pillow, slept through it all. I eventually dropped off an hour after they left and awoke two hours later to the sound of Lawrie whistling and looking obscenely refreshed. I felt like death warmed up.

A day later we anchored off Kingfisher Bay. While ashore we were invited out for a sundowner on board the schooner Saudi Princess owned by Jack, a mate of mine. Around eight o'clock, Lawrie, who was yawning his head off, said he'd like to go back to Pluto.

"Yeah," I said, "I suppose we should go back and have some dinner.'

"I don't want anything to eat," Lawrie replied. "I'm just going to

"Well," I tell you what," I said to Jack, "I've got some chicken breasts I was going to cook tonight, so why don't you come over to Pluto and have some dinner?"

"OK," Jack replied, "thanks very much. I'll bring a bottle of red."

As soon as we boarded Pluto, Lawrie unrolled his sleeping bag and climbed into his bunk, his head less than 20 centimetres from the stove. Within a minute he was sound asleep. Above the noise of Lawrie's snoring, I put on a Pavarotti tape of opera arias, started to cook

dinner, while Jack cracked the bottle of red. Pavarotti began singing the wellknown "Nessun dorma" aria.

"I love that piece of music," Jack said, "could you turn it up a bit? It won't disturb Lawrie, will it?"

I nearly choked on my wine.

"No!" I spluttered.

With Pavarotti singing his guts out, chicken fat splattering in the frying pan, and Jack and I trying to talk above Pavarotti, Lawrie's snoring didn't miss a beat. It seemed ironic that "Nessun dorma" translated into English means "none shall sleep". It certainly didn't apply

There areother times when beinghalf

centimetres on its approach to the Cairns airport. Or when you're anchored in some quiet creek and can't sleep because of the noise from another vessel's generator.

Stuart

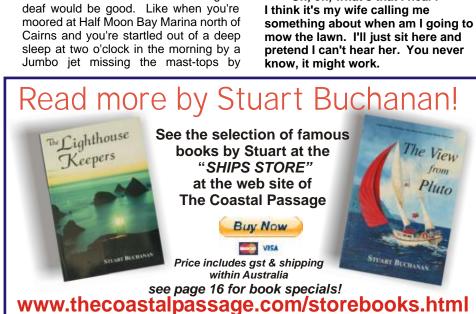
Being half deaf can also save your fair dinkum. Years ago I marriage remember hearing an old couple being interviewed on radio regarding their recent seventieth wedding anniversary. interviewer asked:

"What do you think is the secret to the longevity of your marriage?"

The old bloke thought for a while and then answered:

'Frequent single-handed sailing trips and failing hearing.

Uh, oh, what's that I hear? I think it's my wife calling me mow the lawn. I'll just sit here and pretend I can't hear her. You never know, it might work.









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Australia is world famous for all the critters that live here; midges, jellyfish, snakes, crocks, even plants! They are everywhere that we like to be! TCP readers are invited to share their experiences. Is it time to start Bities Anonymous?

Words & photos by Jan Forsyth, SY Sea Wanderer

Here I am in paradise sitting under a coconut tree armed with the celebrated pina colada, oogling at the parade of budgie smugglers, warm crystal water at my feet; any girl's dream. Suddenly there is a little itch on my ankle, I scratch and scratch and scratch. I look down to see tiny black dots hovering over ankles and feet. They've found

Paradise forgotten I race for the water; the black dots follow, and then enmesh in my cheesecloth top. I dip down up further in the water, now they've found my head. It's like science fiction; the unseen invasion.

I write this article gripped in the throes of itching agony; the itch and agony of the midge bite, the throbbing red lumps that no amount of scratching can relieve the sleepless nights and even fever. How can something so small create such torment?

Many cruisers suffer midge bites from lonely beaches during their years of travel. The midge lives on these lonely beaches and thrives in the seaweed and debris that lay rotting on the water's edge. Distribution of the mighty midge is world-wide; usually in coastal areas, lagoons, estuaries, mangrove swamps and tidal flats.

For these biting loathsome insects; seaweed is an extremely attractive home as it is damp and warm, ideal shelter for it to lay its eggs. The female, like the mosquito, requires the protein in blood to produce her eggs. She has histamine in the saliva to prevent the blood clotting. They are known as pool feeders because they use their proboscis like a saw to create a tiny hole in the skin into which a pool of blood can flow. Saliva is injected into the pool to help the flow of blood. It is this saliva that causes the allergic reaction and itching! Yeck!

The insect then flies back to her seaweed or other rotting vegetation to lay anywhere between 30 to100 eggs. The life cycle of the midge is about three weeks from egg to larvae to adult. It is inactive in windy conditions and will only disperse short distances for its meal.

It is usually the tourist or visitor to these areas that suffer as locals seem to build up resistance to the bites. Although I have been amidst their environs for many years and I still itch and burn. Probably due to my pure blood??

Photos: Jan and mates find another way to keep the bities away...mud baths!

Rarely does anyone feel the bite; neither is it common to feel the itch until much later when the bite turns into a hard round pulsating lump. The bite can cause welts, rash and even fever; infection often sets in from scratching as the bite can be extremely irritating. Nobody has discovered why some people, usually females and young children are more affected than males. It has been said that vitamin B is the answer, as men commonly drink more vitamin B enriched beer than women and that is why they don't suffer. However there is absolutely no proof of this.

I had even considered allowing the hair on my legs to flourish and grow to compete with the hairy legged men in my quest for freedom from the blight.

In some parts of the world midges cause life threatening diseases like Carrions Disease and Pappataci Virus, and can also cause anaemia and damage to the spleen. There is no vaccine.

#### **PREVENTION**

Prevention of course is always the best cure along with a good application of oil before venturing out into "no-see-um" territory The best prevention is to dress in long slacks and long sleeves; but who wants all this garb when the weather is warm? So I broached the chemist who presented an array of medications and sprays that can work for both prevention and as a balm.

I found that coconut oil or pungent oil mixed with Detol prevents the sandfly from gripping, while the smell is most unattractive to the insect.

A concoction of tea tree and lavender oil works if you want to smell like a scented candle it prevents my partner from moving in too close as well.

# **GENERAL TREATMENT FOR THE BITE:**

- · Wash the affected (as soon as you feel the bite!) area with soap and water.
- Applying soap directly to the bite may remove the itch
- · Cold compress
- · Applying a paste of baking soda and water
- Calamine lotion
- Tropical antiseptic
- 1% hydrocortisone cream
- Witch hazel
- Aloe Vera gel
- Tiger Balm both as a preventative and a repellent
- There is even a school of thought that says even peeing on the bite may help, but I guess you have to be pretty

I also favour plenty of exercise to keep the blood circulating in order to carry away the toxins. Paradise can be found again but come prepared. Forget about the suntan and showing off your beautiful body. Cover up as much as the weather permits and remember the oil and spray instead.

# MORE BITS ON BITES:

Biting midges are attracted to human habitation and rest on screens, fences and vegetation while waiting to take a blood meal. As the biting midge is small and easily blown about by prevailing winds, they prefer dull still days with high humidity when seeking a meal.

It is most likely that midge will enter dwellings on the leeward or sheltered side of the dwelling. Close leeward windows or keep openings small when midges are a problem.

As midges do not like to seek blood meals when a moderate breeze is blowing, ceiling fans or other air circulation devices that increase air flow may also decrease biting midge nuisance indoors.

As biting midges are biologically linked with the lunar cycle, take note of the lunar period when midges are most active in your area. Some species bite most actively in the few days following the full and new moon, so planning an evening barbecue around this time during the warmer months would not be wise.

Biting midges have a histamine like substance in their saliva which can cause intense itching in sensitive individuals. To prevent acute allergic reaction and allow the body to develop its own immunity to midge bites vitamin B1 (thiamine) can be tried. This vitamin has an anti-histamine type action. An adult dose of 200mg twice a day with meals, preferably starting 2 weeks before exposure to midge has been suggested.

As immunity is developed this dose can be reduced. The development of personal immunity generally comes with a regular exposure to low numbers of midge bites, not occasional heavy exposure. Persons who have a more acute reaction to midge bites may require antihistamine drugs at times. You should consult your family doctor before trialling these drug

continued next page...









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# more tips on bities My minimal life

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PUT IN SPRAY BOTTLE SHAKE WELL. APPLY BEFORE EXPOSURE TO BITIES OR IMMEDIATELY AFTER BEING BITTEN AND THE BITE WILL GO WITHIN 5 MINUTES

#### From Lyn Mason, MY Lauriana:

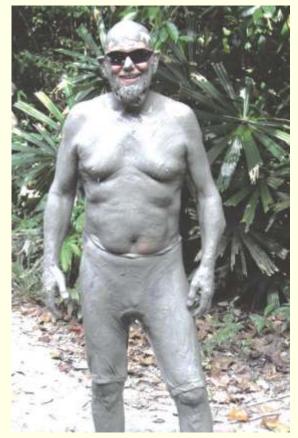
Sand fly bites: There are all manner of potions and lotions to prevent stings, but you usually get bitten before you think to apply any of them. So to stop the itch, put roll on deodorant on the bite. We have these containers in the dinghy and in our backbacks. There is always one in reach.

# From PJ, SY Cheetah

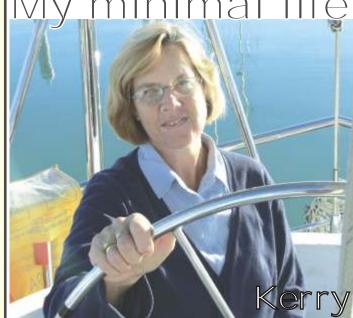
Have your tried B-1 for bites? pure B-1, not a blend...we find it works amazingly. You get bit but the bites don't itch or swell so bad. Trust me - this works.

The ONLY repellent I would use in *bad* conditions is pure Deet (which you can get in USA anyway) or the next best is Bushman's - all the others are weak versions & 'natural' or homemade are not near as good in bad conditions. Tried all that 100 yrs. ago when we used to go to Caribbean all the time. The sprays don't cover well in wind so I prefer the gel stuff - Bushman's has dual purpose with sunscreen too so you don't have to put on two chemicals.

That said, if you are of child bearing age & wish to have a family, I wouldn't vouch for what these products might do to your genes!!



Anything That beats midges is worth smiling about!



By Kerry Ashwin, SY Dikera

I used to be a gadget person. It started with a chopper thingo that you repeatedly thumped and presto no onion tears, then I moved on to electric can openers and they made way for coffee machines, milkshake makers, waffleomatics, and every mothers day a new fandangled machine would grace the kitchen bench.

Then we had a sea-change, (literally) and sold the house to live on a boat and I had to minimize my wardrobe of labour saving devices (LSD). I felt like a re-run of Sophies Choice. Which was more deserving, who had given better service, which one was indispensable to my happiness?

Living on a boat, I was told by the Captn, (my husband) requires some sacrifices. He managed to get his drop saw adopted and placed his welder in foster care. I made feeble excuses as I divested myself of excess baggage. Breadmaker? Only designed to make you eat more bread. Egg boiler? Heavens, people have been boiling eggs since Jurassic park. Microwave? That one had me biting my lip. So handy, so quick. Too much power consumption, we are 12 volt now you know and no room the Capt'n said. I sold it promising to visit when time allowed.

At our monster garage sale I spent my time explaining the myriad benefits of a sandwich press, and the duel purpose of my nutmeg grinder. One family wanted only parts of my Tupperware collection. How can you split the picnic set and leave the cruet behind?! I tried to be brave. I took umbrage at a bargain hunter scoffing at my less than Uber coffee machine. So 90's apparently. I was eyeing up the new owners of my things like a matron at an orphanage giving the once over to prospective parents.

But as I gave away my culinary history I began to feel released. A Zen like state of minimalism. Things I thought I needed now became superfluous to my new lifestyle. It felt good to cast off my 240 volt shackles. I was going back to my pre LSD days. My wooden spoon was my new friend. Our diet changed as I found to make a puree I needed to push everything though the wire strainer which also doubled as a paint strainer. Fluffy loaves of fresh bread became small rolls or damper and my tuckshop arms got the workout I used to pay the gym to get. And there is nothing like a home-made pie which has a good 40 minutes in the gas oven and not three minutes on high. My cooking once again became an art and our waistlines appreciated the change.

My life is less cluttered now. I have less of everything and often wonder why I needed all that stuff in the first place. We live in 44 ft of living space, use solar and wind power, make our water from a desalinator, and I am happy with my wooden spoon. But if I found one of those onion chopping plastic thingos I'm not sure I could resist.



Like many of you, we are preparing to head south from Airlie for the summer. We hope to, again, make it to Sydney so we can enjoy all that the January Sydney Festival has to offer. So many, many wonderful performances, events, art shows etc. & the vast majority free or little cost. Not to mention New Years Eve, the start of the Sydney-Hobart, cool breezes & no cyclones!!

After 2 years of helping to put together this Cruising tips, along with Kay Norson, I have learned heaps:

- I am definitely going to have to rethink the lack of a pressure cooker, although I have no idea where I will store the thing!!
- I REALLY like all the different methods of making yogurt you have sent. Since I just Wikipediaed (is that a word?) Kefir, one could read all day about various ideas & methodologies.
- Thanks to Sandra of *Huon Mist*, I'm going to check out steamer saucepans as well.

Oh gawd, we're going to have to remove a bunk from *Cheetah* so I can store all my new gizmos!!

- Actually, I have a bamboo steamer that fits a top a saucepan & gives veggies a nice flavor while you boil potatoes or rice.
- But, then again, I have new rice making ideas from you involving a thermos that I must try!
- Who ever thought lemons had so many uses? Sue Brett, that's who! Her "Great Ideas Galley Guide" has become one of my most looked at books aboard.

You Passage People are so creative & clever!

Keep it up & we certainly hope, if you see us around Airlie or on the way south, you will give a cooee....we can actually share a meal, rather than just the written word!

PJ Halter, with Captain Steve tagging along on SY Cheetah (picture below)





Let's Share Cruising To HAT PRESSURE COOKER (ces), about burning the arse out of his pressure cooker ven, stimulated me to let my fingers fly (over the are my experience of doing this.

Sue Bett on BBQ Seafood

# MORE ON THAT PRESSURE COOKER Hi Galley Girls (& blokes),

Bob Fenney's article about burning the arse out of his pressure cooker when using it as an oven, stimulated me to let my fingers fly (over the keyboard that is) to share my experience of doing this.

I have had 2 Cookers over 20 years, one was a good ole' Namco 6L cast iron one, my latest is an 8L S/S Tefal . Back in 1990, I used the Namco as an oven for 3 years, when we had our big old ferro boat "AVAREST", that didn't come with an oven. It worked really well, but the trick was to put a flame diffuser under it, so whatever was inside didn't get burnt (I had a S/S diffuser that raised the pot up a little). I baked bread in it too, but had the bread dough in it's own container before lowering it into the cooker. Again use the diffuser. I never had to use the Tefal as an oven, as I made sure our subsequent boats after that had ovens!

Believe it or not, another thing the Cooker does really well, are puddings & cheesecakes! So popular were these desserts, I always carried 2 packets of Philly cream cheese in our fridge for just such purposes. A pressure cooked cheesecake only takes 20 minutes, as apposed to what, over an hour in an oven!

So, good luck Bob from SY ELCHO, and anyone else wishing they could "bake" something without an oven!

Cookbooks I can highly recommend for Pressure Cookers are: The PressureCooker Cookbook by Toula Patsalis The Pressure Cooker Recipe Book by Suzanne Gibbs

Judy Carroll, formerly of SC Two Easy

#### Hi PJ,

I really enjoy your cooking articles as I am always keen to learn new ways with food on board.

Just felt I had to add to your comment about pressure cookers. I use mine every week and have done for the past five years on board SY Caesura and wouldn't be without it, especially now. I have found a recipe book 'Everyday Pressure Cooker Recipes published by Hinkler Books. Sure, we have a barbecue on the stern but we've only used it a handful of times, mainly due to too much Also ours is never big wind! enough to get everything on at the same time.

Sailing across the Pacific our fridge broke down (!) and I was very glad of Lin Pardey's book "The Care And Feeding of the Sailing Crew" (Amazon Books) with its innovative but do-able recipes that do not require a fridge or freezer.

We found an answer as to what to do with all that fish as I hate to waste things.

Mariannne of SY Sostene gave me the following recipe for Escabeche - in French! Luckily I have a French husband to translate! I've found this lasts for at least a month - so tasty that it quickly disappears, so I can't say how long they might last given the chance. Marianne told me it keeps 6 weeks in a tupperware type container.

Above is the recipie:

# Escabeche a la

Marianne

# Ingredients:

Fish, olive oil, garlic, vinegar, herbs and spices.

Glass or plastic containers with firm airproof lids.

\* Doesn't matter what kind of fish really but chunky firm flesh holds its shape best.

Cut fish fillets into chunks about 1or 2 cm and quickly fry to just seal the outsides.

Arrange cubes in either a heavy glass jar or in tupperware container (Important to have airproof lids)

In 2 cups of olive oil saute onions, garlic and any herbs and spices you think goes with fish, until just cooked.

Add 4 cups of vinegar and bring back to the boil.

Pour over fish so it is totally covered and overflowing the container.

Screw/place lids on firmly.

Place in a dark place, try to forget them for at least a week, the longer the better as the fis absorbs the flavours and becomes almost like butter after a few weeks.

Best served with crusty French bread and olives, or crisp crackers. Oh! and a glass of wine!

**Bon Appetit!** Gina de Vere, SY Caesura www.cruise-aiders.com

Here are a couple of decadent but easy barbecue recipes, using what most of us carry on board - alcohol!

# BARBECUED WHOLE FISH

1 whole white fish bream, trevally or snapper, cleaned and scaled

1/4 cup orange or lime marmalade 2 limes or 1 lemon, sliced

Line a large sheet of foil with baking paper. Spread half the marmalade over an area the size of the fish and top with 3 slices lemon or lime. Place fish on baking paper.

Cover fish with remaining marmalade and more lemon/lime slices place remaining lemon/lime slices into fish cavity. Seal baking paper, wrap in foil and barbecue on medium heat, turning just

Check after 10 minutes. When the fish starts to feel soft on both sides it is probably done. Cooking time will vary depending on the size and thickness of the fish.

This recipe can be used for white fish fillets as well and can be baked in a traditional oven at moderate heat for about 25 minutes.

Barbecued shellfish are best if allowed to cook in their own juices. Place washed mussels, prawns or scallops on a hot greased barbecue plate or a frypan over fire. Brush with oil.

Approximate cooking times over medium heat: Mussels 6 minutes or until open Prawns 3-5 minutes Scallops 2 minutes or until they pop open Crayfish/Lobster 12 minutes

# TUNA IN RUM

4 fresh Tuna steaks

# Marinade

2 tbsp lime juice 2 tbsp olive oil 3 tbsp dark rum

Salt and ground black pepper

Combine marinade ingredients and rub into both sides of the tuna. Cover and allow to marinate for at least 1 hour at room temperature. Grill on high heat for about 2 minutes each side (rare) or a little longer for medium. Brush often with marinade. Serve with wasabi mayonnaise if available.

# THE BARBECUE:

The oldest known method of cooking. Part of the cruising lifestyle, especially when you catch that big fresh fish.

When barbecuing whole fish, cut through the flesh below the head three or four times to the bone on both sides. This allows an even heat penetration at the thickest part of the fish. Cooking times vary, but as a general rule, allow 5 minutes each side for a dinner-plate sized

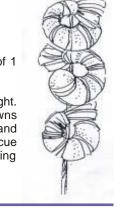
# SKEWERED SEAFOOD IN COINTREAU

250gm Scallops, shelled 250gm green Prawns, peeled

#### Marinade

Juice and finely grated rind of 1 orange and 1 lemon or 2 limes 3 tbsp Cointreau

Marinate the seafood overnight. Thread scallops and prawns alternatively on skewers and cook on a well greased barbecue plate or frypan baste often during cooking with marinade.



# SEA BREAM IN BRANDY

750 fresh bream, or other white reef fillets

1/4 cup melted butter

2 tbsp Soy sauce

Juice of 1 lemon or 2 limes 1/4 cup brandy

2 cloves garlic, crushed

½ cup sesame seeds Lemon wedges and Tartare Sauce to serve

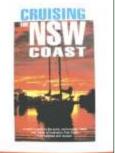
Prepare a basting sauce with the butter, soy, lemon or lime juice, brandy and garlic.

Brush fillets with sauce and place on a hot barbecue plate. Baste often while cooking, turning once only. When almost cooked, sprinkle heavily with sesame seeds and continue cooking until the seeds are lightly toasted (take care they don't burn). Serve with Tartare Sauce and lemon wedges.

And for a scrumptious and easy dessert, try Tipsy Barbecued Bananas: Sprinkle bananas with brown sugar, lemon juice and 3 tbsp rum or whisky. Dot with butter, roll in foil and cook on the barbecue or dying embers of a fire. Serve with fresh cream if you have it. Yum!

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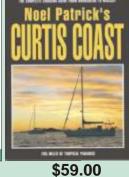
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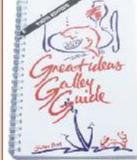
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# Cruising Tips Passage People style

SY Huon Mist

Here's a Passage People family 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.
The 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



My husband, Lee, and I have been living aboard for most of the last 15 years. Our present boat, since 2002, is a Tasmanian boat built by Rod Goode at Port Huon. It is a Hank Kauffman design with a few changes. It was launched in December 2007. When cruising in 2003, we inadvertently arrived in Townsville when the Wooden Boat Festival was on. To our amazement, Huon Mist won the event. We have sailed as far north as Dunk Island on the east coast and around the bottom of Tasmania to Port Davey and Bathurst Harbour in the south. spending 9 months in Bowen, we have been in Shute Harbour for just over two years. Our dog, Ming is another crew member. He is 11 years young.

We are not the BBQ types and only do that ashore with a hot plate over a small beach fire when the menu is usually fish in alfoil with other goodies. My husband loves to fish and cook and we eat very well. We have never cryovaced meat as we mostly eat freshly caught seafood. We do use our oven a lot.

**Yoghurt:** We keep Kefir on board. We were fortunate to be given some by Rolf and

Deborah off Northern Light a famous

Deborah off *Northern Light*, a famous couple. It was given to them in Argentina on their trip to Antarctica. It spent 12 months there with them and has since travelled around the world and been back to the Antarctic. As I have split mine twice to give away, it is not very big so we have it every other day until it regrows. This is the original 'curds and whey'. It grows on the fat in whole milk (powdered milk is fine to use). Strain it through a Viva paper towel (it is the strongest). The liquid is the whey. We eat the curds on our breakfast of fresh fruit. It is also delicious on cereal. I don't use the whey.

Pressure Cooker: Wouldn't be without it. I have a stainless steel one. Vegetables also cook very well and for half the time in it. They also retain their natural flavours. When I do corn meat (silverside), I also add the vegetables and the end result is a one pot

dinner that tastes delicious as the vegetables absorb all the other flavours. I retain the juices for stock.

Steamer Saucepans: I cook potatoes and sweet potatoes together in the bottom pot. When mashed, no butter or milk is used as they come up soft and fluffy without it. The vegetables go in the steamer at the top. The steamer pot should have a flat bottom as the ones that fit many pots just don't work. If I have cooked meat that I want to reheat for that meal, I wrap it in alfoil and add it to the steamer pot as well.

I make dog dinners to keep our boy MIng healthy and with a sweet breath. At 11 years of age, he keeps in excellent health and has plenty of energy for his long walks ashore. You will need freezer space for this. I divide the mixture into 6 sandwich sized griplock bags. One bag does 2.5 meals. I cook up some extra rice when we are having rice with our meal. In the steamer, I put some small pasta in the bottom pot and half a packet of small cut vegetables (IGA seem to be the only store with these) in the top pot. Don't use corn as it is not digested. I lightly cook 1 kg of roo mince, then add the rice, pasta and vegetables, mix it all together and bag it up. I flatten out the bags so they will take up less freezer space.

Sandra, Lee and Ming, SY *Huon Mist* 

### A Recipe from the Huon Mist Galley

# Tomato Relish

(Makes 1 litre)
1.5 kg ripe tomatoes
500 g onions
2 tablespoons salt
2 cups sugar (luse caster sugar)
3 teaspoons curry powder
½ teaspoon chilli powder
1 tablespoon dry mustard
2 cups brown vinegar

Cut tomatoes and onions up and place in separate bowls, sprinkle with salt, cover and leave over night. Do not drain off the liquid. Place in saucepan with the sugar and stir over a low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil and boil with lid on for 5 minutes. Combine dry ingredients into a smooth paste with some of the vinegar. Add remaining vinegar to the pot and stir. Boil uncovered 50-60 minutes until thick. May use some cornflour to thicken if needed. (I have never done this. If it is not thick enough, just cook it a bit longer and it will thicken).

This relish goes with anything. I often do small glass jars and give them away to other cruisers. I don't sterilise the jars and have never had a problem with the relish. It also lasts for many months.

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	LENGTH	Max	O/NITE	WEEKLY	MONTHLY	6MTHLY
	10 metre MONO	33ft x 11ft	\$35.00	\$170.00	\$520.00	\$3000.00
	12 metre MONO	39ft x 14ft	\$40.00	\$200.00	\$630.00	\$3580.00
	12 metre MULTI	39ft x 22ft	\$55.00	\$280.00	\$840.00	\$4820.00
	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
	17 metre MONO	56ft 16.5ft	\$55.00	\$280.00	\$840.00	\$4820.00
	17 metre MULTI	56ft x 27ft	\$75.00	\$360.00	\$1090.00	\$6240.00
	20 metre MULTI	66ft x 28ft	\$85.00	\$430.00	\$1320.00	\$7520.00
	24 metre MULTI	79ft x 30ft	\$100.00	\$530.00	\$1590.00	\$9100.00

# MOOLOOLABAMARINA After five long years The Yacht Club at Mooloolaba

Marina has re-opened for icy cold drinks, BBQ and a convivial atmosphere for boaties and guests alike. **FUNCTION CENTRE** 

The yacht Club is now available for weddings, parties, conferences, trade shows, etc. Enjoy the magnificent views over the Marina. Catering available. Contact functions coordinator, Kerry - 0404 936 958

# **ATTRACTIONS**

50 metres to beautiful Mooloolaba Beach. Close to Australia Zoo, Underwater World, Ettamogah Pub, Noosa, Montville and Maleny. Fishing Charters and "Seafood Cruises" leave from Mooloolaba Marina.

#### **YACHT CLUB OPENING HOURS\***

Wednesday: 2pm - 6pm Friday: 2pm - 9pm 1pm - 9pm Saturday: Sunday: 1pm - 7pm \*Extended hours coming soon

# MARINA BERTH RATES (at actual OVERALL vessel length) Rates do not include live-aboard charges \*

Berth Size	Daily	Weekly	Monthly(28days)	3 Months(90 days)
10m mono 33ft	\$29	\$150.00	\$ 550.00	\$1515.00
12m mono 40ft	\$35	\$180.00	\$ 660.00	\$1820.00
14m mono 47ft	\$41	\$217.00	\$ 813.00	\$2148.00
15m mono 50ft	\$47	\$253.00	\$ 966.00	\$2477.00
16m mono 53ft	\$49	\$270.00	\$1030.00	\$2640.00
17m mono 55ft	\$51	\$287.00	\$1095.00	\$2803.00
10m multi 33ft	\$39	\$210.00	\$ 800.00	\$2200.00
12m multi 40ft	\$48	\$260.00	\$ 990.00	\$2500.00
14m multi 47ft	\$56	\$302.00	\$ 1045.00	\$2850.00
15m multi 50ft	\$60	\$324.00	\$ 1230.00	\$3100.00
16m multi 53ft	\$64	\$345.00	\$ 1350.00	\$3400.00
17m multi 57ft	\$68	\$367.00	\$ 1450.00	\$3700.00
18m multi 60ft	\$72	\$390.00	\$ 1550.00	\$4000.00

\*Liveaboard Charges: Single Person: \$4 per night Family (2 adl - 2 chd): \$7 per night Exceeding 4POB: \$2 per person per night Prices subject to change without notice. All rates are GST inclusive.

# **BOATIES MARKET**

Sunday, 28 November 2010 From 8.00am on the lawns at Mooloolaba Marina. Sell all your unwanted boat bits and pieces or come and pick up a bargain!

All stall holders must pre-register For info, contact Marina office on 5444 5653

HARDSTAND RATES					
PERIOD	STORAGE	CRANE	TOTAL		
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Weekly	\$50	\$10	\$60		
Monthly	\$160	\$32	\$192		
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