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# The Coastal Passage

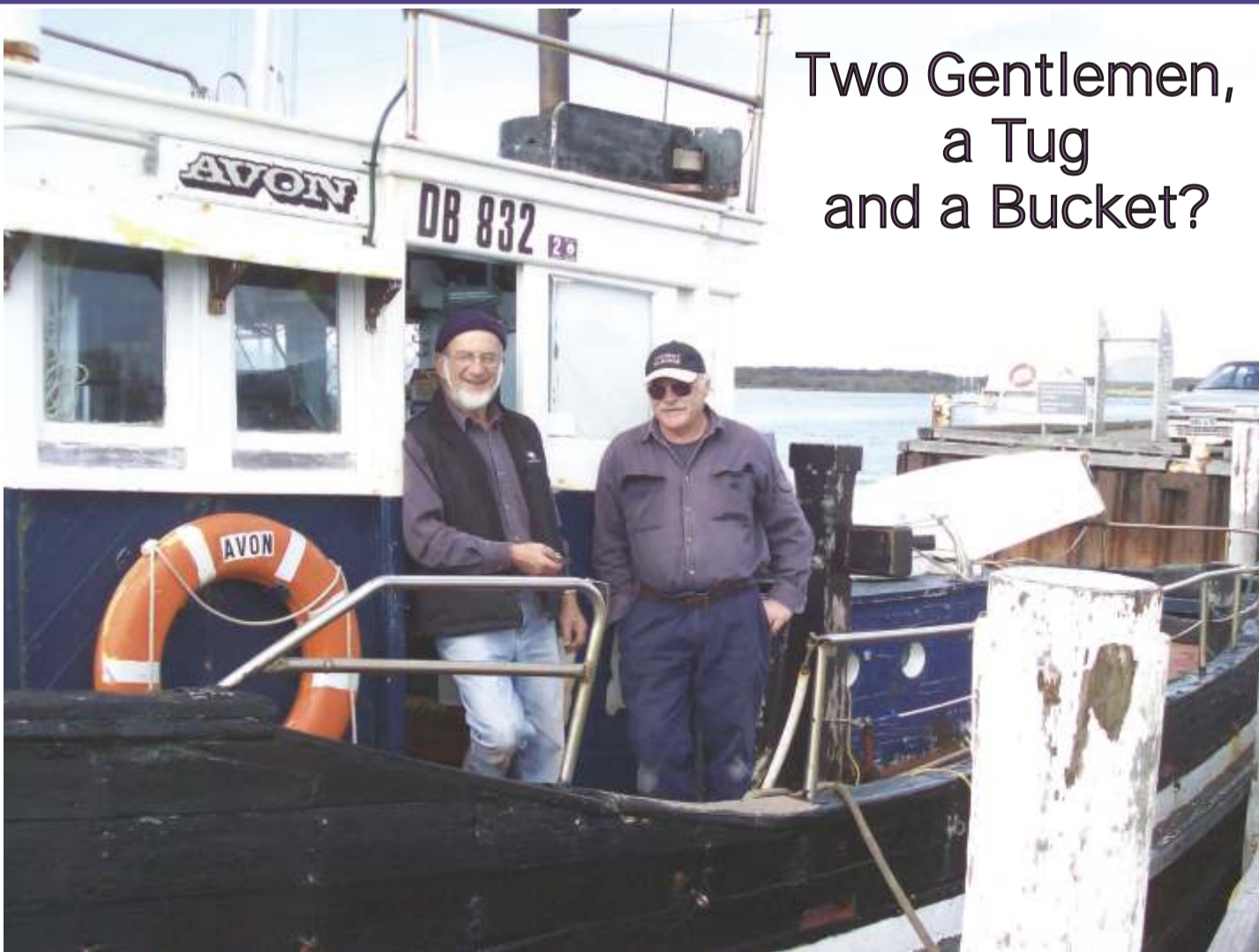
The Voice of the Boating Community

38th Edition  
Sept.-Oct. 2009

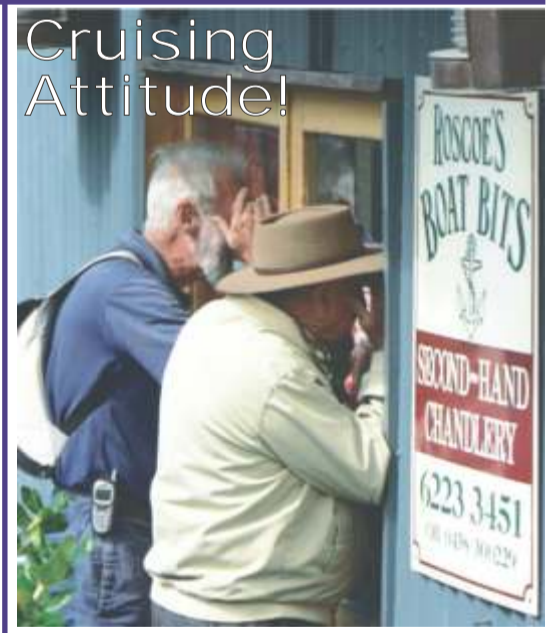
## Hamo 2009 - Waiting for the wind...



Hamo photos by Andrea Francolini



Two Gentlemen,  
a Tug  
and a Bucket?



Cruising  
Attitude!

What's your story?  
It can't be about  
you without you!



# Reflections by Alan Lucas

## Hole in one

Alan Lucas, SY *Soleares*

Far from 'challenging the sea' or 'living on the edge' or even thinking of themselves as nautical thrills-seekers, most lifestyle cruising sailors live a safe and cloistered life, happily untouched by the peccadilloes of society at large. Rarely anti-social, they are nevertheless quite content with their own company. However, immunity from port-crime is never guaranteed, nor is one properly prepared for inexplicable human behaviour that may border on serious criminal intent.

In this context, Patricia and I have twice been targeted by people determined to cause malicious damage to our yacht and possible injury to us, perhaps without really thinking it through and certainly not understanding its potential outcome. Their behaviour might be defined as anything from sheer stupidity to premeditated intent to do serious bodily harm that could have become murder.

The first incident happened while peacefully swinging to anchor in the northern New South Wales harbour of Iluka. We idly watched a group of youths gather on a nearby sand bank at low tide armed with golf clubs and a bucket full of balls, the latter presumably collected from the local golf course. Unbelievably, they then started hitting them towards *Soleares*, obviously making her their target. I shot on deck, shouting and gesticulating madly, but it made no earthly difference. They not only continued targeting the boat, but seemed to get heightened pleasure in knowing that they might nail a human being into the bargain.

With golf balls peppering the water around us, I phoned the police and was assured of a prompt response from a suitably surprised and outraged officer. However, despite his obvious concern, he failed to materialise, leaving us at the mercy of the pleasure-bent thugs ashore. I could have up-anchored and moved, or rowed ashore to confront them, but both options promised lengthy exposure to their little white cannon balls. We chose to sweat it out and hope any direct hit would cause minimal damage to our

ketch. After all, what's damaged paint compared to a possible cracked skull?

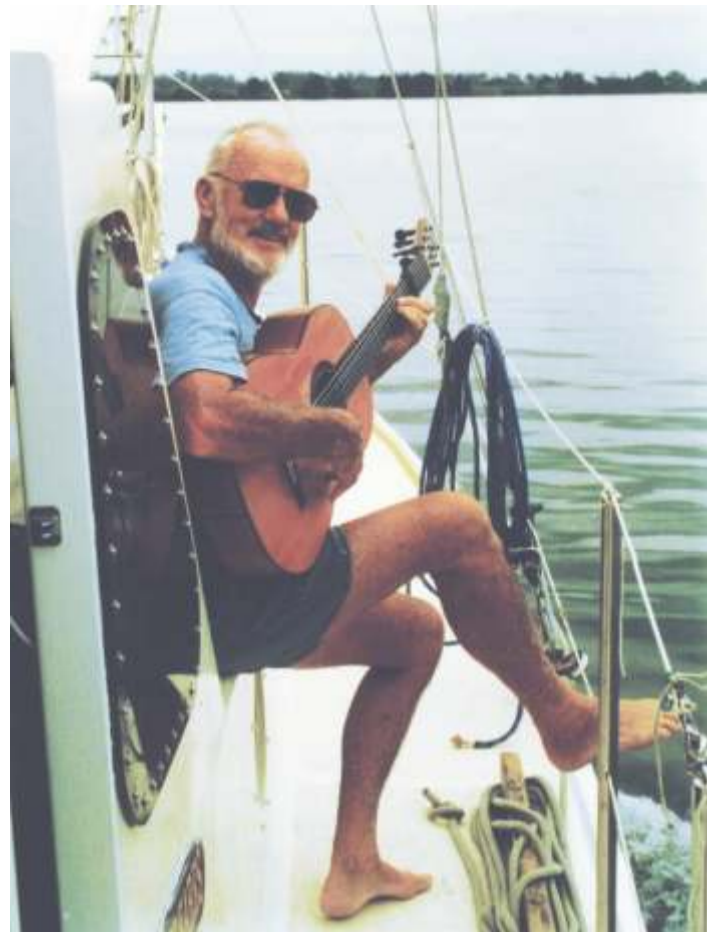
Knowing that dumping anything into a waterway (including a bucket full of golf balls fired one at a time) is highly illegal I called the local NSW Maritime office but, being a weekend, it was unmanned with the officer out patrolling. Quite obviously he wasn't patrolling Iluka Harbour at the time or he would have earned an easy \$800 fine, possibly multiplied by the number of balls plopping into the harbour (always presuming, of course, that he could have survived the hail of golf balls without injury).

Eventually lack of ammunition drove the attackers away and it was a blessing that their power stokes needed a lot of work because, whilst balls landed all around and beyond us, not one found its mark. For that we were grateful, but were hardly at ease about being the target of their dangerous game.

Convinced that an event this unusual could never happen again, it's memory faded to such an extent that being anchored off the Tweed-Coolangatta Golf Club six years later rang no bells whatsoever. But it should have because, incredibly, it happened again. Not by responsible golfers I hasten to add, but by sons of golfers who wandered off the course onto the intertidal with a bucket of balls to pot them at *Soleares* unaware that she was inhabited.

Recalling the futility of expecting police or NSW Maritime to respond, we kept our peace and watched the balls fly towards us. It seemed that we were out of range so I risked an appearance on deck hoping to inject a little responsibility into their actions, but on opening the hatch, a ball came straight through, rebounded off the coaming and hit my head on its way to the galley sole.

Not being a direct hit, I was not seriously injured, but it made me madder than a Taipan as I leaped on deck and gave them a mouthful, pretending at the same time to be urgently calling for help on the mobile. I also gesticulated to mythical friends ashore as if encouraging them to block their escape path, and this worked surprisingly well, all



The author aboard *Soleares*

of them taking off like startled gazelles. Needing some sort of closure, I then went ashore to hunt down their fathers and complaint in no uncertain terms, but it was a futile gesture and I eventually lost my head of steam: although a passing golfer, who professed some legal knowledge, suggested that the incident constituted an act of criminal intent with a potentially deadly weapon. Encouraged by his perfect logic, I then rang the police and, you guessed it, enjoyed no action of any consequence.

This story of malicious stupidity ends in a mystery. On returning to my vessel, I discovered not one but two balls on the galley sole. This begged the question; did one come through the hatch without my knowledge or did the malevolent lads return and have another shot while I was ashore?

Either way, I suppose they deserve some credit for their extraordinary score of two holes-in-one into the most difficult cup imaginable.

I only hope they never give the Iluka lads a lesson.

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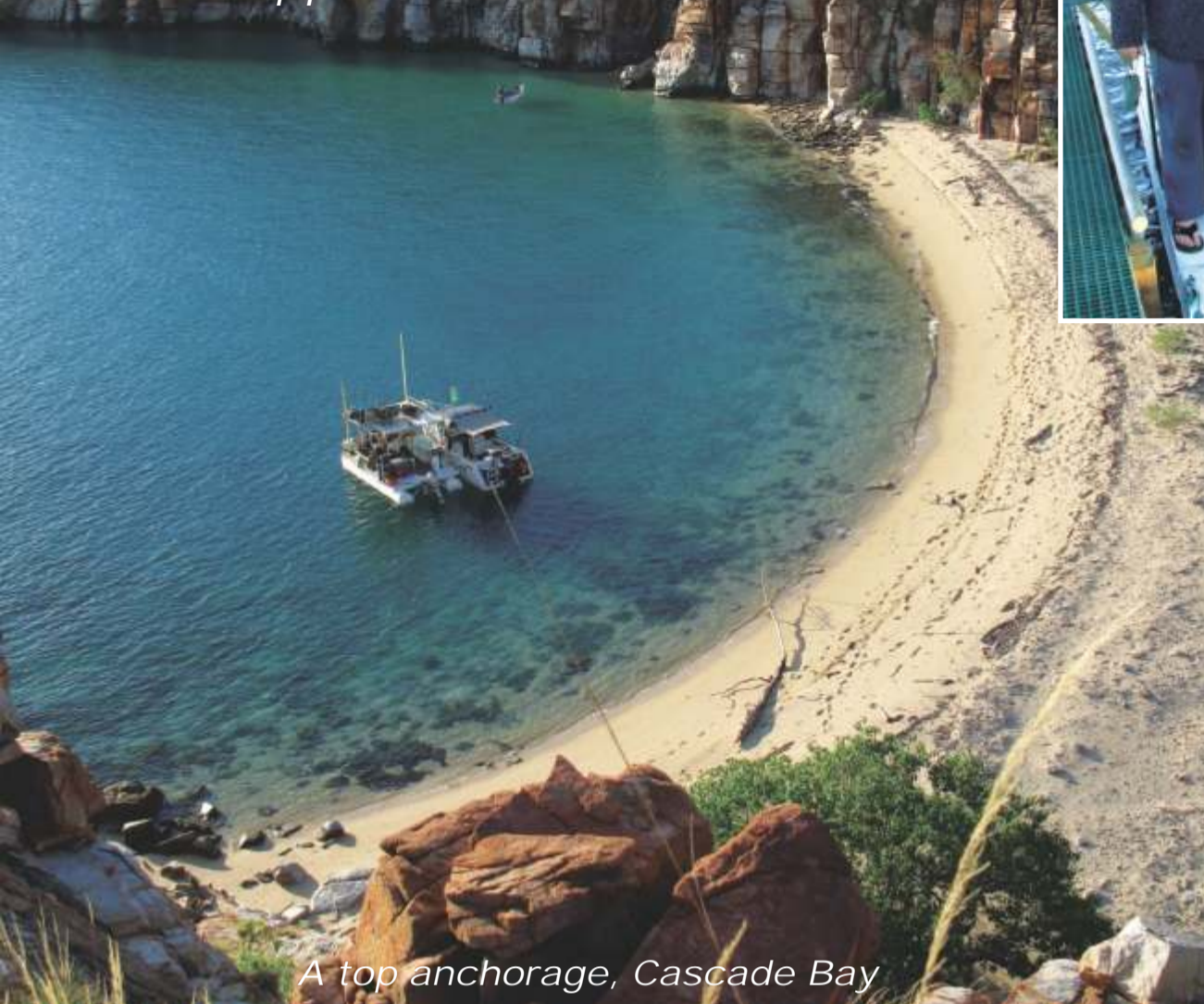
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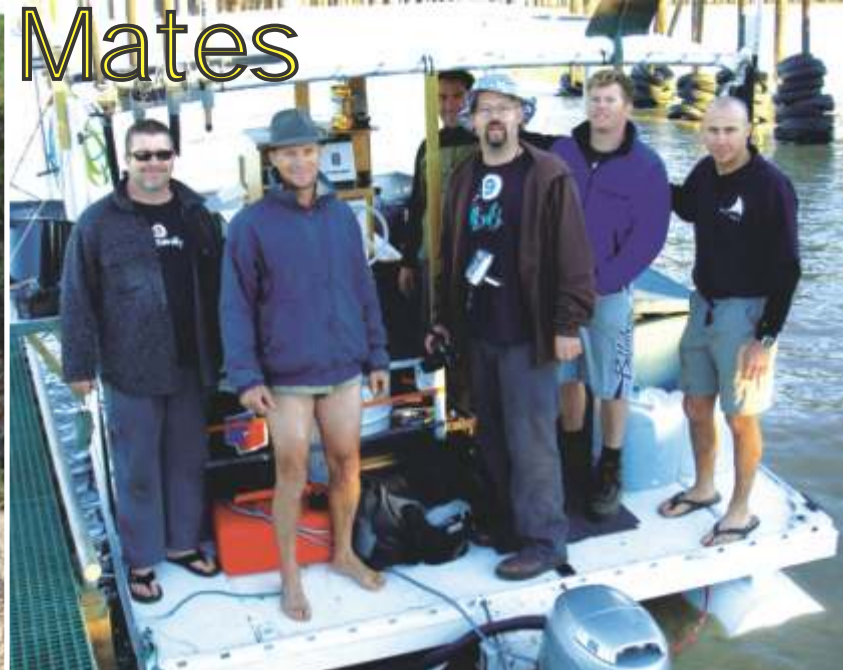
# Mudskipper, Cameron & Mates

## Up North Adventure

Story & photos by Cameron Aird,  
MY Mudskipper



A top anchorage, Cascade Bay



The crew, Leon, Glen, Dave, Cam, Colin and Jeff

The idea of visiting the Kimberley had been ticking over in the back of my mind for a while. Various options had been tossed around with my mates, chartering a whole boat, booking a seat in a boat or staying at a fishing camp. All in all these options were very expensive and lacked a little adventure.

So an idea started to gel. Get a bunch of mates together, chuck some money into a kitty, buy some boats, fit them out and head to the Kimberley. The huge tides and spectacular scenery would be a new experience for all of us. Six guys put their hands up for the adventure. One of the crew already had a boat, a 6 metre alloy runabout, so that was a bonus.

We had some requirements for the other vessels, ideally we would be able to sleep onboard if the need arose and we would need to be able to carry substantial amounts of fuel, food and Little Creatures Pale Ale. It was decided (by who?) that a party pontoon boat and a decent sized dingy would do the trick. What the pontoon boat lacked in seaworthiness it made up for in load carrying ability, stability and humour. A suitable pontoon boat was soon located, wow, it was meant to be.

continued page 14...



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



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

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### Places in Red are new locations

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 +C A I R N S  
 Blue Water Marina  
 Cairns Yacht Club  
 Cairns Marlin Marina Office  
 Cairns Cruising Yacht Squadron  
 The Coffee Bean Estate  
 \*C A R D W E L L  
 Hinchinbrook Marina  
 \*M A G N E T I C I S L A N D  
 Iga, Horseshoe Bay Supermarket,  
 RSL, Maroon'd and "TraxsAshore"  
 \*T O W N S V I L L E  
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 Fishermans Wharf Marina  
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 Boaties Warehouse  
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 Mary River Chandlery  
 \*T I N C A N B A Y  
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 Tin Can Bay Boat Sales
- MOOLOOLABA  
 Kawana Waters Marina  
 Mooloolaba Marina Office  
 Whitworth's (Minyama)  
 \*N O O S A  
 Noosa Yacht & Rowing Club  
 \*R E D C L I F F E P E N I N S U L A  
 Redland City Marina  
 Moreton Bay Marine Supplies  
 \*S C A R B O R O U G H  
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 \*N E W P O R T  
 Australiawide Brokerage  
 \*S A N D G A T E  
 Queensland Cruising Yacht Club  
 \*B R I S B A N E  
 Whitworths (Woolloongabba)  
 Whitworths (Breakfast Creek)  
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 Glascraft Marine Supplies,  
 (Rivergate Marina)  
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 Royal QLD Yacht Squadron  
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 \*C O O M E R A / H O P E I S L A N D  
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# EDITORIAL?????

Ok, here is where Bob used to have a chance to speak his mind, but I am stumped...

Do I talk about the best lollies to eat while steering a boat or using a computer, or do I speak about how angry I get when someone says, "They all do that", or "Its always been that way" when having conversations about the wrong doings of government (including MSQ, Customs, AQIS & Police on the water & on the land) that have been prolific in the news lately?

Really, why just "accept" because *its always been that way*?! Come on, there is so much to lose if you don't stand up and say, "It doesn't have to be this way - its wrong and I am not going to put up with it!" As you can see from the letters section, many TCP readers feel the same.

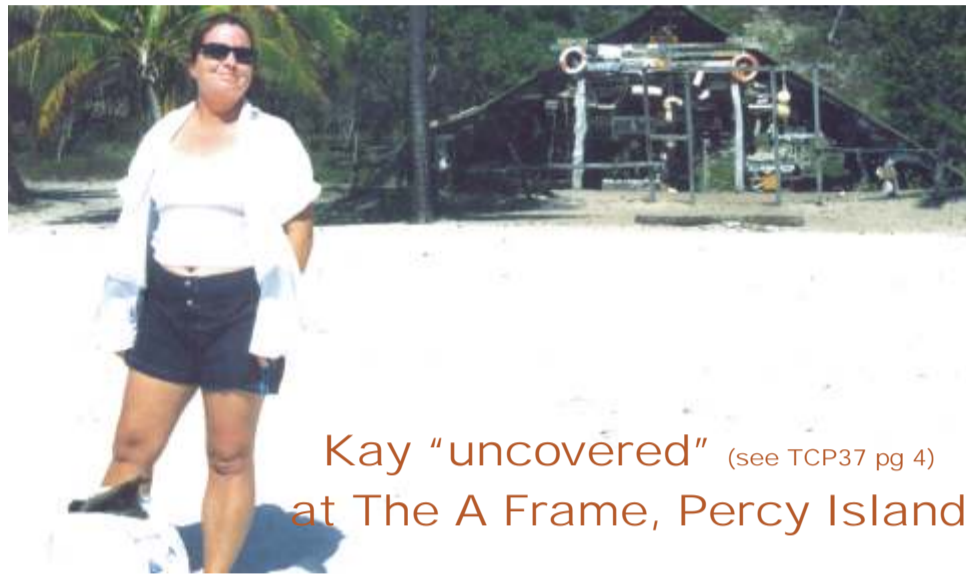
This time I have decided to pass this on to Keith Owen, SY *Speranza* as his letter has a lot to say, along with all the other TCP letter writers, contributors, first class photographers, etc.

If YOU would like to give editorials a go, feel free to send yours to TCP.

Most of all I would like to say to all TCP readers and contributors **THANK-YOU!** There has been several letters sent to me supporting my role as volunteer TCP Skipper. I am the lucky one who gets to receive the great stories and excellent pics., sort them out to look readable and "pretty" on a page, and TCP's loyal and *new* advertisers pay for the pages! **Remember these advertisers when it's time to spend money on boat stuff and tell them you saw their ad in TCP!**

If you are reading this from the PDF you downloaded from the web site, there are many "hot links" on the pages and ads. Just "hover" around the "links", click and presto!

Try this: [www.thecoastalpassage.com/store.html](http://www.thecoastalpassage.com/store.html) I will be working on this as time allows to make the links easy to access for all. **AFN (all for now), Kay**



Kay "uncovered" (see TCP37 pg 4)  
 at The A Frame, Percy Island

## A letter / editorial from Keith Owen, SY *Speranza*

Hi Kay (and Bob),

Good for you in stepping into the breach to edit TCP while Bob tries to get his bog to go off.

1. Seems like I really started something with my letter about rubbish on beaches. Bob needs to be congratulated on coming up with a workable solution. Thanks also to Ada and Charlie on *Geronimo* for the concept of yachties taking a bit of the garbage home.

I thought it might be worthwhile to contact Ian Keirnan of "Clean Up Australia" fame and let him know what TCP has achieved. Ian is a famous yachtie himself (as well as a bloody good bloke) and may be able to expand the concept to a wider geographical coverage.

2. (And this is not an advertorial.) For those interested in Australian maritime/sailing history, DVD's produced by Gary Kerr are well worth a look. Gary has interviewed the dying breed of old salts and interspersed their recollections with some fine historical sailing footage. Four titles are available covering the Grain Races, Coutta Boats, Tasman Traders and South Australian Gulf Ketches. DVD's are available through Boat Books. Good viewing.

3. Following is extracted from *Tradeboat* magazine about some new craft for Customs which can be launched from trailers for inshore work. "The vessels are all equipped with removable signage which means they will be able to operate discretely in operational patrol activities such as the interception of illegal drugs, firearms and other illegal activities."

Now, as I've previously written in TCP, bust the smugglers by all means. But please, Mr Customs, don't use your unmarked patrol vessels to play "gotcha" with innocent yachties.

4. I'm a great fan of the coverage provided by VMR/ACG along the coast. We are regular "clockers on". But I am surprised to hear on the VHF a new trend that I think has the potential to turn yachties away from logging on. This year I have heard 2 VMR/Coast Guard stations ask for an estimated time of arrival when the log-on occurs. This is followed up by a call 15 minutes BEFORE the ETA to enquire "are you there yet?" or "how long before you anchor"

This to my mind is overdoing the "mother hen syndrome." It may be reasonable to follow up boats that are clearly overdue (but that, I understood, was the reason they asked for a mobile phone number).

Government funding relies on the level of rescue/ log-on's. If VMR's turn people away from logging on by these actions, they are clearly shooting themselves in the foot.

5. And how bloody silly is this?: We received a letter from that ace bureaucrat Captain John Watkinson enclosing a large sticker telling us not to chuck plastic garbage overboard. We were instructed that "the placard should be visible in areas where garbage may be generated (generated???) and in full view of crew and passengers". Captain John then goes on to tell us that as we are a 12m craft, if we fail to display his placard, we commit an offence (and get this) which carries a maximum penalty of currently \$85,000 (yes \$85 thousand big ones). That would definitely tear the fork out of your nightdress!

Why include 12m private yachts in a scheme that is obviously intended for cruise ships, bulk carriers and the like. It's the old "one size fits all syndrome" yet again. We cruise with 2 POB and the ship's cat. Do we really need reminding about pollution? (not to mention the visual pollution of having to look at the good Captain's awful placard).

How much of our huge increase in rego fees went into the production of the placard? And does it provide the excuse for the regulators to board your craft to check on its location? Absolute crap in my view!

What do other yachties think about any or all of the above?

Cheers,  
 Keith Owen, SY *Speranza*

PS: Loved the letter from my mate Peter on *Abscorder* reporting on the Channel Seven TV cameras in the Customs Hall at the airport. If I know Pete, he was probably a paid extra in the shoot!

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# LETTERS

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

## TCP readers respond on Cockroaches

Dear Kay,

Congratulations on your 'promotion' we can depend on us girls to keep things going can't we?

Actually why I'm writing is because of the article written in the last cruising passage, 37th edition, on the third page by Bob Buick - the extermination of the 'cockies' by using Boracic Acid and glycerine mix. It works, it's fantastic, but where, oh where, can one purchase the Boracic Acid powder? I have tried everywhere from Melbourne to Gladstone in hardware shops and chemists and they tell me they do not stock it any more...

From his letter it appears that Bob resides in Southport, please could he let me know whether I could buy the powder there. I hail from Brisbane so it would only be a short trip to the Gold Coast. I have used the mix for years in our house as well as the boat, great success, now I've run out of it, and would love to be able to use it again. Such a small thing but it's been driving me crackers.

**Thank you Kay, Terry Light, "Susitna" Tin Can Bay**

Hi Terry,

*Hmmmm...A good chemist should have it. You might try another one. Also, your chemist may refer to it as Boric acid which is the same substance according to wikipedia. A jeweller's supply will also have it as it is used for an anti-oxidiser when soldering gold (when mixed with alcohol). See below for more info.*

**Regards, and thank you for the congratulation on the "promotion", Kay**

**Hi, this is Charleen living on my timber yacht in Sydney,**

I had major problems with cockroaches for a long period - far longer than I care to discuss and tried absolutely everything under the sun and nothing worked BUT here is what you need to tell the other boaties suffering from this plague:

The product they need to get is called: **MAXFORCE** It is Professional Insect control Roach Gel, which is put in a small spot in a crack, crevice or corner etc. It is not toxic to animals or humans unless ingested and is available by going on-line to find the supplier.

On the back of the box is small print that gives the following: NationalPak Pty Limited, 36 Gow Street, Padstow NSW 2211 telephone: (02) 9794 9600

I used this successfully on my yacht 3 years ago and within a few days the roaches were totally gone and have never reappeared!

**Cheers!!  
Enjoy your magazine on line by the way.**

**Hi Charleen and thanks for the tip,**  
*I wonder if this gel has boric acid in it. Also wonder if ant rid is a good remedy...This subject certainly has "legs" in it...!*

**All for now,  
Kay**

**Morning Kay,**  
According to blurb on box, "active constituent 16.5g/kg hydramethylnon" is the only blurb other than how to operate and dispense the gel from the special reservoirs (tubes) and the applicator. Hope this helps further!

**Charleen,  
PS: liked the bit about the legs.....**

**PS from Kay:** *I searched the web (Maxforce price) and found another Aussie company: [www.epestsupplies.com.au](http://www.epestsupplies.com.au) They were selling "Maxforce Gold" The ingredient they named was "Fipronil". They were also selling other types of cockroach gels at prices beginning around \$25 (inc gst). You could spend hours studying about how to get rid of the little buggers!*

## Cockroaches & More...

Hello TCP,

Just a few words about cockroaches AGAIN. As you know we have been around on the water for many years and the topic of roaches was a very diversified one, it always resulted in exploding a bomb and vacating the boat for some hours, but at last we found the right answer about 20 years ago.

The letter in your last issue prompted me to add to the information [which was good by the way], we use Nestles Sweetened condensed milk mixed with Boric acid obtainable from your chemist not in the supermarket as they only sell Boracic, stir into a paste and put small dabs where there is moisture and warmth in or both places, the corner of your battery box, behind the AM/FM radio, under the sink or any other place, we also now could ignore what came out of grocery boxes and cartons. The mix need only be replaced once every year or so.

The other issue I wanted to write to you about is rubbish on beaches. I started at sea as a merchant seaman, oh so many years ago and we used to store all rubbish in 44 gallon drums hanging outside the poop deck rail and when full just canter levered the rubbish over board, this practice is still used by third world ships today but then the drums are not in open view, to add to that, all South Pacific Island natives discard their rubbish in to the ocean only to end up on the weather side of the next island on or near that latitude, as the current in the southern lats run East to West with the trades.

Only where there is a lot of tourism is there an attempt of cleaning except the harbour of Papeete, where you can find millions of empty water bottles as the locals buy their water in the super markets, although the water out the tap is perfect. When you enter the harbour of Tanjungpinang Indonesia [just down from Singapore] on your starboard side there is high ground with a road along the top side. Then you will see a long line of dump trucks loaded with garbage, ready to dump, the cliff side is littered with junk, to the west of the harbour entrance is a small pristine island which we visited by ferry and you guessed it, all that rubbish landed on their weather shore, awaiting the next storm to clear it all away as they themselves will not clear it and there is tons of it.

We were with "Sweet Surrender" in the Marina at Jakarta with their 50th freedom anniversary, all yachts there, were special guests from the Indonesian government, thus all local boats were evacuated and the harbour received a thorough clean up, in the evening the rats running around the rocks on the wall of the marina there by the thousands and it took only two days for all yachts, to turn the red anti fouling black and any brass work on board also turned black, all due to acids.

All those lovely Amsterdam canals the Dutch built in the heart of the city in their time there, now filled with rubbish from side to side. It included dead cats and if you really stopped and studied it all you would even see the occasional dead baby dumped but not a drop of water. Upon leaving and motoring through the bay heading north we constantly had to stop as plastic sheeting wrapped around the prop, hard in reverse would only clear it for the next few yards.

My advise would be to never visit a Moslem country at Ramadan time, as no work is done during that time including the garbage collection. At least not in Yemen, where we were once at nearly the end of Ramadan. The streets had filled with rubbish from one side of the street to the other and 8 ft high against the houses.

In all truth it was the general practice in Australia to toss your empty beer bottle over the roof of your car in to the bushes, and was not even Easter, we did this until we grew up and we did, eventually. Australia is now pristine [of course apart from Holland] I'm proud to say.

Not really with my help as I too, used to be a happy bottle tosser. Bob I hope you will print this, as this is the other side of cruising where all dream of beautiful glorious blue oceans and places like Bali and Vanuatu.

**Kees Koreman,  
SY Sweet Surrender,  
Urangan Qld., Australia**

## Middle Rocks Cave, Great Keppel Island

**There is a cave at Middle Rocks on Great Keppel Island, between Svendsens Beach and Leeks Creek, which is near the most popular southerly-wind anchorage on the island.**

A few years ago, some yachties cleared the cave out, and now it has become a popular spot for sundowners, with many yachties enjoying the social and natural aspects of this beautiful place.

However, many, many years before this cave was discovered by yachties, it had a very special use as a burial cave by the traditional owners of the Keppel Islands, the Woppaburra (meaning people of the island). The Woppaburra used this cave to lay their loved ones to rest, from at least 2000 years B.C., right up until Europeans devastated their society in the middle 1800's.

The descendants of these traditional owners are scattered, but are alive and well today, and have an increasing real presence in the Keppel Islands. Today the Woppaburra assist the Queensland Parks and Wildlife Service manage the surrounding Marine Park and the many National Park Islands in the Keppels. Significant parcels of land on Great Keppel have also been returned to the Woppaburra under freehold title in 2007.

An elder of the Woppaburra Traditional Owners, Bob Muir, discovered the most recent use of this cave in 2008. In Bob's eyes, it's not too hard to understand why he was a little upset at what was happening to his peoples cemetery.

The Woppaburra do understand that people using the cave up to now didn't know of it's special significance, and so now the challenge is to get the information out there.

Bob explained the cave situation to local community representatives at a June meeting in Yeppoon, and there was overwhelming support for the burial cave to be protected and respected.

In this day and age, it's fortunate that empathy towards indigenous people and their values is increasing, and so now it's not only just Bob and his people that want to make things right with these special places.

Through really understanding the significance of this sacred site of the Woppaburra we were happy to work with Bob to clean up the site and put up some temporary awareness signs of the cultural significance of the cave. In the future a permanent plaque will be installed.

**We sincerely hope this will be the start of a community working together to protect and preserve the Keppel Islands for all who love them. We hope this article helps to educate the locals and visitors to the area, and help them to choose to respect the Woppaburras wishes that people do not enter the cave.**

**Jo and Drew Wooler, SY Lickity Split  
Ginny Gerlach, SY Mana Kai**

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# Luana



## A VESSEL OF THE PAST

**Luana at Low Isles on beach with lighthouse steamers and lifeboat surfboat.**

Dear Bob,

On being handed a copy of your paper recently, I read with interest the articles on some historical vessels, and decided to write with information and photo of a vessel "of the past". I would be interested to know of its life since 1944.

The "Luana" was a 39ft ketch-rigged yacht, with a 26hp Kelvin diesel. Built for cruising Moreton Bay, it was sailed to Low Isles, by the owner, Mr. A.C. Wishart, who loaned his services and boat to the Great Barrier Reef Expedition for the year they were at Low Isles, 1928-29.

Dr. C.M. Yonge was the leader, and his book, "A year on the Great Barrier Reef" is a very good account of the Expedition. Other boats belonging to the Expedition were: "Dancing Wave" a 20ft whaleboat (I believe later named "Hopewell") and a dinghy called "Gannet". A small launch, "Echo" provided the fortnightly stores run from Port Douglas, and a large launch, "Daintree" often called at the Isles, plying between its home base at Daintree and Cairns. Mr. Arthur Osborne was owner/skipper.

My father was a lightkeeper on Low Isles at the time and I was 2 years old. We left the Island in 1932 on transfer to Cape Capricorn. The "Luana" transported mother, myself and older brother (4 years old) to Port Douglas, when he fell ill and suddenly died. Two of my sisters were born in Port Douglas. Though I have many memories of Low Isles, I do not actually remember the "Luana". I recall the "Hopewell" and "Daintree".

In 1944 I was cadet in the Naval Auxiliary Patrol in Brisbane, and part of our training was to crew on private launches on patrol on the river for 2 hours some nights, and I was rostered on "Luana". At that time, I believe, it was owned by Manahan grocery chain stores. Though successful in my training, I was not accepted by the Navy, and joined the RAAF Marine Section, 1944 to 1946. (No. 170188)

It can be seen that I have interest in "Luana", and if anyone can help, I would be pleased to hear. Information on the other boats would also be appreciated.

Sincerely,  
Frank Carter

# MIDDLE PERCY ISLAND NEWS

Dear Coastal Passage Readership,

The current lease on MPI expires at the end of March 2010. At this point in time the Queensland Government is strongly recommending a proposal to convert 94% of the island into a national park and to convert the remaining 6% to a conservation lease. The conservation lease would be split into 2 areas. The first comprising about 1% would incorporate the A-frame and the Tree House in West Bay and the wharf and the boathouse at the lagoon. The second area would comprise the Homestead, the Rondevaal, the water dams, the weather station and the airstrip. The road connecting the two areas would be national park.

Should this proposal (national park) be the one that comes to fruition next April, the following will happen in due course:

- Boaties dogs will not be allowed anywhere on the island but in West Bay.
- Beach fires will not be allowed anywhere on the island but in West Bay
- All the wild goats on the island will be slated for destruction.
- The taking and use of wind-fall timber would be illegal. (even for firewood)

We, the current leaseholders (with first right of refusal for the next lease) are not opposed to the reduction in size of the lease as the reduced size would translate to reduced responsibility, reduced liability and reduced rental on our part. We do however have an issue with the larger part of the island becoming a national park. We would prefer to see it become a resource reserve with a special management agreement of some description so that:

- Visitors can take their dogs with them when they hike on the island.
- Visitors can have a New Years eve bon fire in Whites Bay.
- The goats can be managed and used for food rather than wiped out.
- Island timber can be used to restore the Homestead and to construct new structures. (even to restore the Islander)

We genuinely believe that the employees of the Department of Environment and Resource Management (DERM) are seeking to set up an arrangement that will preserve a way of life that has

existed on MPI for over a century. We just need to empower them to set up the best arrangements possible within their legislative limits without unnecessarily closing doors to many activities that have been considered "normal and lawful" for over a hundred years.

We believe that they have other viable options other than the national park option. We appeal to you all to email the regional managers of DERM and its minister asking them to explore all other MPI management options available to them under the Nature Conservation Act 1992 and/or the Land Act 1994 before locking in the national park option. Ask them to consider the 2007 Delbessie Agreement model. Make it clear to them that there is more to the cultural heritage of MPI than just the buildings, that there are also traditional lifestyle issues to consider. If you plan to contact DERM on this matter, please do so quickly as we have left our run a little late.

Email addresses: (address to all)

- Hon Stephen Robertson, DERM Minister, Unit 5/62 Pinelands Road Sunnybank Hills, 4109

[stretton@parliament.qld.gov.au](mailto:stretton@parliament.qld.gov.au)

- Steve Elson, Regional Manager, DERM, PO Box 3130, Rockhampton 4701.

[steve.elson@derm.qld.gov.au](mailto:steve.elson@derm.qld.gov.au)

- Damien Head, Regional Manager, DERM PO Box 332 Airlie Beach 4802

[damien.head@derm.qld.gov.au](mailto:damien.head@derm.qld.gov.au)

- Tony Lill, District Manager, DERM, PO Box 63, Mackay 4740

[tony.lill@derm.qld.gov.au](mailto:tony.lill@derm.qld.gov.au)

- CC: Middle Percy Island, [middlepercy@bigpond.com](mailto:middlepercy@bigpond.com)

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all our "well wishers" who have spoken with us since we came to MPI one year ago now. Your encouragement, your help and your gifts have been very important to us all. It has been marvelous to see the number of visitors making the walk to the homestead growing steadily. You are all welcome. Keep coming (especially those who came to MPI as children and are now bringing their own children). Remember: There is a walking track from the top of the knoll in Whites Bay to the homestead.

Cathryn and John, (and the MPI Crew)

### ON THE ISLANDER

Dear Coastal Passage Readership,

We believe that there may be an opportunity to recover the historic sailing vessel Islander which was constructed by Claude and Harold White on Middle Percy Island in the 1930's. She is currently sitting on hardstand at the Palm Street Boat Yard in Mackay. No restoration work is apparent and she is in very poor condition. We are canvassing for people who may be interested in restoring her if and when we are able to recover her. Time is of the essence as the window of opportunity to recover her may be narrow. If you believe that you might be interested in acquiring her to restore her then please contact us at Middle Percy Island on 07 4951 0993. We will require a firm expression of interest before progressing this matter. A grant towards her restoration may be available for a non profit organisation from the Queensland Maritime Museum. We do not have the time or financial resources to restore her ourselves.

Cate and John (Middle Percy Island)



See TCP #32 for a story on Islanders history

# Island Clean-up!!

Please Don't Forget Your Bag!

These strong and safe polybags can be picked up free at:

Mackay Marina,  
Abel Point Marina  
Bowen boat Harbour.

Help clean up the rubbish, especially the plastic stuff that the trade winds blow onto those beautiful south facing beaches, particularly on the islands between the Percy's and the Whitsundays, but where ever you find it. Do your part to clean up the spots that only cruisers usually visit and help protect the wildlife from the perils of plastic.

The bags come with a "zip" tie to secure the stuff and to make it safe to lash to your deck or below. Reuse the bags if you can. If conditions do not permit you to anchor at the targeted areas, please use the bags as you will but try to help any way you can. Dispose of your full bags at any of the marines listed above and also at:

Keppel Bay Marina  
Breakwater Marina

TCP thanks all that participate and the marinas for their cooperation!!



# CUSTOMS, AQIS & POLICE: Perfect one day...STORMTROOPERS the next

To TCP,

After reading in TCP so many negative stories on the Australian Customs and Immigration's behavior on yachts arriving from overseas to Australia (and a few positive ones), I got inspired to tell our story. Except for the terrible Quarantine fee (240 Aus\$, which is ridiculous for the 5minutes work to say hello, remove the 2 onions we had onboard and take the garbage away), our experience was only good.

We, that is Norwegian yacht *Empire* arriving from New Caledonia to Bundaberg in October last year, with (pregnant) Heidi and Eivind onboard. After obtaining visa's via internet (and with a little help from the Australian Consulate in Noumea and from the Immigration/Customs department in Tasmania since it wasn't that easy because of Heidi's pregnancy) we set off from Noumea after emailing the ETA etc to the Customs. During the voyage we emailed new ETA Bundaberg to the Customs twice, as the wind shifted under way.

Arriving in Bundaberg Port Marina in the late afternoon, we contacted the marina, and they contacted the Customs etc and we were told to anchor near the yellow buoy. Next morning we were told to come alongside in one of the two customs berths. So we did, and we didn't have to wait too long, before two polite Customs officers showed up. Done with the paper work, one of the officers had a brief look around in the yacht (this is first time on our four year voyage sailing from Norway via Caribbean, around South America and Cape Horn, north along Chilean coast and into the Pacific, that the customs actually looked around in the boat which they should do, that's their job...). They welcomed us to Australia, told us that we as a foreign yacht had to report our position (preferably by email) to the Customs every third month (we have a one year E576 tourist visa) and that was that! No troubles, no nothing!

Then the Quarantine lady arrived, and we felt like being robbed when she presented the fee... But she was polite and welcoming, and she even apologized for the fee she had to charge us.

To add a little more information to the story, we had a little boy Eirik, born in Grafton the 4. March 2009. Our experience with the Australian Health system is also very good. Norway and Australia have a reciprocal health agreement, so we have been welcomed wherever we have been..

We are now on the move north, and it will be interesting to see what the experience will be when the Darwin Customs suddenly find three people onboard, and not two as when we arrived...

Too bad we have to sail overseas to get the visas extended, if we should decide that was what we wanted to do. So long happy sailing.

There are many overseas yachts cruising Australia at present and amongst them are several O.C.C. members none of whom, as far as I am aware, have had a problem with Customs.

My own opinion is that the bad publicity Customs have received in these negative cases, thanks to publications like The Coastal Passage, and the information of the customs requirements becoming more available to overseas cruising boats should erase these problems.

**Regards from Heidi Våge and Eivind Bogerud, and Eirik, SY Empire**

**Bob,**

We have been following the customs issues in TCP and thought we should write and tell you our experiences with Customs. We are a U.S. registered vessel and have been in Australia for a year and a half now. We cleared in at Bundaberg after arriving from Vanuatu and Customs and Quarantine were more than polite and professional. Since then we have been cruising Australian waters on a cruising permit. Every time we have checked in with customs they have been very professional and helpful with all our questions. We spent some time in Bowen and Dave and Carol the Customs officers there were extremely helpful and even went out of there way to find out about issues we may have to deal with while heading north and to Darwin. We have also been flown over by customs coast watch and when contacted by them, again, they were very courteous and professional. We have had no problems with customs and thought you should know.

Love your paper and read it when ever we can get a copy.

**Thanks, Andy & Daneen, SY Rose**

**Greetings Lucky Boats,,**

*Very pleased to hear of your positive experience at Bundaberg. It has been much*

*hard work to change the culture of customs. The laws are still a worry; but enforcement of them has been much relaxed and now sailors know what the regulations are. It was so sad for earlier sailors who had no idea and no way to notify if they did. Email capability at sea is very advantageous and is getting more common every day but just a couple years ago was rare and even now not universal.*

*SY Empire in particular, the timing of your arrival in Bundaberg was risky. That period most boats report as you but a couple were treated poorly and one very badly. Lucky it wasn't you! **TCP wants every boat to be treated fairly, not just the lucky.***

*The Quarantine fee was a result of a program to enforce a "bio-fouling" protocol that was developed a few years ago. AQIS was then using underwater cameras to insure no foreign biota was accidentally introduced which sounds good on the surface but upon examination of AQIS research, TCP argued that the regime was an unnecessary burden on yachts and unfair. TCP predicted; accurately as it turns out, that it would prove unproductive in practise. This has apparently been found to be the case so these kinds of inspections have been curtailed as a norm but the fees remain - and how! **See letter at far right.***

*The latest editions of TCP have several positive accounts of Customs and we hope to see more as time goes on but we will continue to be vigilant as we know some of the people in customs are not naturally 'nice' and will revert to bad old ways in the absence of scrutiny.*

**Regards, Bob**

**Hi Bob,**

have read your article regarding the Customs prosecutions, and I deplore their heavy handed approach and their lack of understanding the difficulties yachts have communicating whilst at sea.

I have recently been elected as Australian Rear Commodore of the Ocean Cruising Club. The OCC has over 2000 members world wide, each member must have completed a voyage of over 1000 miles port to port to qualify. Because many of these members and other overseas yachties are considering Australia in their cruising itinerary and have expressed concern re customs, I feel it is important that we, as the cruising fraternity of Australia, encourage yachts to visit Australia.

There are many overseas yachts cruising Australia at present and amongst them are several O.C.C. members none of whom, as far as I am aware, have had a problem with Customs.

My own opinion is that the bad publicity Customs have received in these negative cases, thanks to publications like The Coastal Passage, and the information of the customs requirements becoming more available to overseas cruising boats should erase these problems.

**Cheers, Skaffie (Dave) Beard**

**Hi Skaffie (David),**

**You can sail circles!**

*I have been in touch with many international sailors to let them know what is happening lately. I love to see foreign flags but also bear responsibility for any that take advise and suffer as a result. So I have been expressing hope but caution. Come on down but pick the best ports, that is the ones that haven't a particularly bad past. It has only been months since the Friction fiasco in Bundaberg. See TCP#34.*

*The advent of popularity of lap top computers on boats in the last couple years has helped as well. Information is more readily at hand, and communicating to authorities eased. We have to remember the first victims had no clue and no reasonable way to find out. Customs has also vastly improved the accuracy of info on their web site.*

**Regards,**

**Bob**



**BUT THE REALITY IS...**

**Local boats boarded & questioned while at sail!**

**(received July 24, 2009).**

**Hi,**

About 20 miles from Lizard we had the customs vessel *Storm Bay* call us on the VHF telling us they wanted to board us. As we were under full sail they came along side in their inflatable and there were about 9 guys all in uniform and guns etc and 3 of them came on the boat...one from Federal Police one from Customs and one from water police. We chatted for about 20 minutes and they got all our particulars and said to just let them know if we see any strange goings on around the area.

On another boat we know on which they boarded they had the drug dog and it vomited on their deck, we were lucky as the children normally reserve that right.

PS: That big police boat you had a pic in the last paper (3.3mil) was up here over the last few days...not sure what they were doing.

**Name withheld**



**Police patrol boat in Rosslyn Bay (TCP 37 pg 7). Is this the same one seen at Lizard island or is there a twin vessel up there?**

**NEW POLICE BOAT DENIGRATED**

**Dear Sir,**

In Edition #37 I was dismayed to read a letter denigrating the authorities with regards to the newest police vessel.

These vessels are sent out at any time of day or night to perform rescues or attend to medical emergencies regardless of what the weather gods are throwing at them. We have all seen what these people are expected to do.

Yes, that is what a new boat costs today and the maintenance costs going forward wont be cheap, but that is the cost of saving lives in today's world.

The crews who go to sea without choice deserve to have a capable vessel under them not only to ensure their own safety but to ensure that any individuals who require assistance receive it.

Australia is a large country that has gaping holes in our coastal protection and security regardless of peoples impressions of our "excessive maritime resources" and I do not begrudge this expense one little bit.!

**Craig Armstrong, Brisbane**

**AQIS - "unreasonable, unfair and un-Australian"**

**G'Day Bob & Kay,**

You are probably aware of this, but if not, hold on to your hat! A recent arrival to Townsville from the Louisiades had the misfortune to arrive on a Saturday, and was charged \$660 by AQIS for the privilege!!! Seems that they now have a 3 hour minimum overtime charge. God knows what it must cost on Sunday.

If I am not mistaken, this amount is roughly 1.5 times the WEEKLY minimum wage in Australia. That is, if someone who works at a minimum wage job was to clear in on a weekend, it would take him around 8 days of labour to earn enough to pay the fee for what is usually a 30 minute inspection.

Somehow this seems unreasonable, unfair and un-Australian. I am aware of (but not totally in sympathy with) the "user-pays" concept that is used to justify charging for AQIS services, but one can but wonder just what we are asked to pay for. I queried the AQIS agent who cleared us last year in Gladstone, and was astonished to learn that the boarding agent does NOT get extra pay for night or weekend inspections, so it appears that the overtime charges just disappear into the general fund pot.

We have been cruising full time for 23 years now, and have gone through formalities in many countries. Nowadays there are fees associated with the process in some countries, but none to compare with Australia's. In the Southwest Pacific region we have New Caledonia: no fees at all, New Zealand: no fee for their Quarantine inspection, Vanuatu: 3000 Vatu (around 30 AUD) for quarantine inspection, 4000 Vatu for immigration, Solomon Islands: no fee for quarantine, 100 Solomon dollars (about 30 AUD) for "light fees", and so on. I feel that if these nations can afford to provide quarantine "services" for little or no cost to arriving yachts, Australia is way out of line with their extortionate fees.

Considering the vagaries of travel by yacht, it is difficult to ensure arrival during working hours after a passage of many days duration. I am concerned that one day soon, an arriving yacht will get into serious strife while laying-to offshore, awaiting an affordable arrival time. Most countries are happy for off-hours arrivals to anchor in designated quarantine areas awaiting working hours, and indeed Australian Customs (with whom we have always had amiable if complicated relations) are generally prepared to allow this. As we understand the situation, AQIS insists on immediate clearance, and thus enjoys the extra income from the overtime charges. It is difficult to understand what damages an anchored yacht might do during these few hours of un-inspected anchoring.

As a visitor to your country I have hesitated to voice my unhappiness with the situation, but, since I anticipate continuing to come and go from your shores, I would like to see some changes introduced to the system.

**Cheers, Jim and Ann Cate, SY Insatiable II, (lying Southport Qld, awaiting departure for New Caledonia)**

**Greetings Insatiable II crew and Ashley,**

*Seems we Australians can't chase tourists away fast enough. So... "Where the Bloody Hell Are You"? Maybe somewhere the bandits don't have official powers, automatic weapons and 3.3 million \$\$ boats to chase you down with.*

*Also received a mail from Ashley concerning the Townsville event along with a link to download a PDF or Word doc detailing the charges with direction to pages 21-32. the web site is: [www.daffa.gov.au/aqis/import/general-info/fees-charges/guidelines-import-clearance](http://www.daffa.gov.au/aqis/import/general-info/fees-charges/guidelines-import-clearance)*

**Regards,**

**Bob**



# The Saga of Law Abiding American Tourists who came to our shore to spend over \$200,000 building a boat and what was done to them on their launch day.

**This is a running account of communication with a couple that came to Australia to build their boat. We at TCP can not imagine a more beneficial visitor to Queensland in general and for the marine industry in particular.**

**Hi Bob,**

Apologies for this as I know you're head down ass up with your project, but can you lead me to info on what authority MSQ has over foreign registered yachts? I swear I found some info on your site one time but can't seem to dredge it up?! I did download the MSQ act in pdf, but just haven't had the time to read the whole thing through....we've been hustling ourselves launching and just got our rig up. Hoping your insight might cut down the crap and get me to the right specifics.

I'll explain what we experienced...we launched last Wednesday in Beachmere and already registered our boat in Delaware, USA. We did chat with customs last year and double checked they would not be giving us grief between the time of launch and clearance.....no dramas...can get an export number from them and might even get a fair bit of gst back. No cruising permit nor papers needed, etc. So we are a legally foreign registered boat with valid papers.

As luck would have it, just before we get ready to anchor off East Coast Marina near sunset, the water cops come swinging by and pull right up. I was guilty of not putting our boat name and numbers up (sitting right there on the salon table) so I'm sure that caught their eye. Anyway, we show them the reggie papers and they have a bit of a tough time getting their heads around that and how it's even possible to NOT reggie anywhere but Queensland (must not get outta the bay much!). One guy is on the phone running my Alaskan drivers, my wife's Palauan and Nevada drivers and what ever else (already they're asking if I'm in trouble with the police!?!). The other guy is going into the required safety equipment under the Act routine and we don't have flares or a v-sheet. He's also trying to say the dinghy being towed needs reggie and where is our boat operators license, etc. I tell him I believe as a foreign boat we're not subject to most of what he's saying we need or are in offence of, but he's not buying it. So I end up just saying we'll simply have to disagree.

At first they were going to write us up for failing to register in Queensland, lack of a boat operators license, missing safety bits and improper display of registration. After some more phone calling by the partner of the RIB they back off the reggie and operators offence and write us up for the missing flare/v-sheet (\$200) and the improper display of numbers (\$200). At this point we really don't care and have bigger fish to fry getting our rig up, etc. We're handed papers and off they go.

So now we're faced with trying to gather evidence to see if we're in the right to fight this thing. To my logic, as the cop said the reggie issues were in "consternation" and they would let that slide, doesn't that mean they're seeing us then as a foreign vessel? Same for the boat operators license as they backed off that? Same for the safety gear then?? I am guilty of not sticking the stickers up, but the damn things were mucked up last minute from the sign shop.

At one point I was trying to explain we're exporting this boat and Customs is ok with our Delaware reggie and the cop says that's federal (of course) and they have no say in their turf. I then ask how an arriving yacht is supposed to comply with MSQ (operators license, safety equip, even a reg??) on their way into Queensland to clear. Are they, as a foreign yacht in offence? He mumbles that's a customs issue?? Is there a grace period for foreign yachts in Queensland before the Act

requires state reggie? Answer - no. So how can any foreign yacht possibly transgress Queensland waters in ward without violation? Answer - they're in transit. Well mate, we're in transit! There's the legally registered and internationally recognized and might I add, very well known registrar docs for those who travel via the seas! Answer - 'no you are not'.

Bob, if you have a moment to shoot any links or particular knowledge this way it'd be appreciated. We're already thinking of foregoing any sea trials in the bay to avoid this crap and just doing the 3000nm trip home as the test. I don't know if one has to go to court to challenge any ticket or if it can be dealt with somehow through MSQ if one was written up without cause? I know we don't have the time to stick around here and go to court (visas, boat eating the money up, etc). We can just piss off and let the fine go unpaid outta protest, but should we ever want to return we'd have warrants. At this point whilst the people we have met from top to bottom on a personal basis are beyond expectation, the damn rules here are just a hassle (got another \$100 ticket earlier this week for driving with my arm slightly out the window??!). Shit, this is why I fled the States! Third World herewe come, baby!

Thanks again and hope your building is a blast!!!!

**Best regards,  
Jason Hopcus & Virian Kanai  
S/v Tank Girl  
Delaware DL3006AC  
Sailpalau.com**

**Hi Jason & Virian,**

*They are getting worse instead of better...  
First thing, did you admit to being a resident of Queensland? Or operating a business out of Queensland? If so they may have a case. (see the act, Div 4, section 60 of the act) But... since they didn't pursue the rego issue it appears that they are truly "up the creek" as the law pertains to vessels that are QLD rego or should be QLD rego. The officers may be depending on your wanting a fast exit out of the country.*

*TCP has reports of an action somewhat similar to yours that was contested and won. TCP # 29 see page 9 letters and editorial. TCP# 30 see particularly page 9 article "Incompetent Bunglers OR Ruthless Revenue Raisers?"*

*It is possible that contacting the senior sergeant at the nearest office could rectify the problem but if not request the name of the MSQ individual that can. This should all be able to be done by email or phone.*

*As it appears from the storys and letter published in TCP (you judge) it might not hurt to inform them that you have been in contact with the paper and TCP awaits the resolution to report.*

*Every report published helps and every sailor with a spine saves those in the wake. You stand up, TCP stands with you. That's a promise.*

**Cheers,  
Bob**

**Hi Bob,**

Thanks for all that...just got back onto our mate's jetty and received the email.

Just to answer your questions....we are here on tourist visas subclass 676. Not residents of any Oz state (nowhere in the world really!). No businesses here. No Australian ID, drivers, etc, etc.

The export number/papers for the boat is not through an ABN. It's just a number customs can give anyone to track it (I assume if it comes back in to Aus). Only advantage for us is if we get GST back, but

now seems ATO and Customs differ. Would've been towards \$20k for us.

I'll digest your links and info and keep ya in the loop. If nothing else comes of pursuing this, I'd hope to clarify, educate, warn, etc, etc situations like this for other yachties & boaties.

**Thank you so much!!!  
J, V & Keemo**

**Hey Bob...**

I shot off an email to the officer involved, so we'll see what comes of that...you were cc'd.

We're looking to clear out in a week or two so yep I'm probably being impatient! Thanks again and will let ya know what, if anything, comes back our way.

Also, interesting sidenote my wife and I were chatting about this morn, she was actually at the helm and the boat is fully registered in her name (must be to have it in Palau to charter down the road) when the cops came up, yet they cited me not her. She found that interesting....guess there's another offense to disagree!?! Hehehe

**Best Jay**

## **JASONS LETTER TO MSQ OFFICER**

Greetings John,

It was a pleasure to meet you and your partner the other day though under different circumstances would of been better! It does make for interesting traveling whilst sailing and that's a good part of the lifestyle.

That said, I wish to state that we would like to initiate a withdrawal of the offences you cited me with on Tuesday July 28th for the following reasons. Please do forward a copy of this to your senior officer and cc us. If at all possible I think it civil to resolve the issue between us and your office directly before going up the ladder to Transport. I wish to pursue this to educate all involved (us yachties and local enforcement on the water) for a mutually beneficial relationship to avoid future misunderstandings on either end.

I have CC'd Bob Norson publisher of The Coastal Passage. Mr. Norson takes an active role in providing news, issues, etc for those on the waters of Queensland.

Please read the attached pdf which I downloaded from the MSQ website. In particular: Division 4 Section 60 Part 1 - A and Division 4 Section 60 Part 2 L

I believe MSQ regs clearly define us as a legally registered foreign vessel and exempt us from the citations you wrote us up for. We are not residents of Queensland and we do not have any business interests in Queensland what-so-ever. If needed, I can provide you with our Tourist Visa numbers subclass 676. As a side note, we are not required to obtain a road driver's license for Queensland whilst here under a tourist visa unless we stay 2 years at which point Queensland considers us a resident. I have verified this with the local police on a routine stop by them.

Also, you and your partner brought up the issue of us (possibly) needing to have applied for a Restricted Use Flag. Just to clarify this in your mind, please read the attached document again downloaded from the MSQ website. This clearly states and applies only to vessels (foreign or other state registered) involved in interstate commercial activity in Queensland, not pleasure use.

Below you will see a cut-and-paste from *The Coastal Passage* regarding a similar incident between a foreign yacht and MSQ. I do believe there is simply some misunderstandings afloat and it would be a professional courtesy to continuing to educate and share real information between the operators and enforcement. Being on the end-user side of things we do respect and duly try to oblige all local laws where ever we happen to travel and expect the same in return from enforcement. Before we

go to any country we research to the best of our abilities what is expected from us and share that information with others to leave a clean wake, if you will. We are not freeloaders nor consider ourselves to be above foreign law.

Finally, I would like to add that it was personally offensive for your partner to ask if I was in trouble with the "police" just because I have a driver's from Alaska, USA; reside in The Republic of Palau; and am here in Australia at the moment. Mate, there are tens of thousands of folks like me/us that travel continually via yachts and 99% of us are law-abiding, stand-up people just like anyone on your residential block. That comment is un-called for and just ain't nice! Actually that's the most offensive thing said to me I can recall and it reflects unprofessionally on your agency.

Thank you for your time and consideration and I look forward to hearing back from you. Have a great weekend and stay safe out there, man it's gotta be cold for youguys.

kindest regards,  
Jason Hopcus  
S/V Tank Girl Delaware,  
USA DL3006AC0488786915

## **Comment and follow up:**

**Are Queensland water cops ignorant and ill-trained or is it state policy to harass and thus dissuade foreign vessels from coming to Queensland?**

The law in this matter seems painfully clear.

According to the "Transport Operations(Marine Safety) Regulations 2004", Division 5, section 27 (l) states the law applies to Queensland Rego boats only (page 29) and in Division 4, Registration of ships" section 60 (2) (L) (i & ii) "the Act does not apply to the following ships" .. "(l) a recreational ship from a foreign country if—  
(i) the ship is in Queensland waters for less than 1 year; and  
(ii) the ship's owner is not an individual or person mentioned in subsection (1)(a)(i), (ii) or (iii); *Which is;* (i) an individual whose place of residence, or principal place of residence, is in Queensland; or  
(ii) a person whose place of business, or principal place of business, is in Queensland; or  
(iii) a person whose principal place of business for managing the ship's operations is in Queensland;

**MSQ may be the single greatest threat to the marine industry in Queensland.**

Any marine supplier that doesn't take advantage of every opportunity to complain to the state government about this kind of 'enforcement' committed against foreign yachts must be comfortable with losing significant trade.. because you are!

**Any marine industry organisation or publication that does not see this kind of enforcement as a threat to its members or readers is not truly representing it's members or readers interests.**

A recent poll reported that an amazing 65% of Queenslanders believe the government is corrupt. When did we Australians loose our spine in the face of the corrupt or incompetent bureaucracies? "It's always been that way!"

This is your "Issues Editor" on temporary assignment for Kay.

**Regards,**

**Bob Norson**



# Hamo 09

## "Waiting for the Wind"

That was the name of a great rock record from the band *Spooky Tooth* circa 1969 and the dilemma facing the racing crews and officials at Hamo. It's not that Australia is short of wind... but it is poorly distributed! Down south, they are getting it all and the Whitsundays aren't getting enough to buck the tide for much of the event.



photos by Andrea Francolini

An impressive fleet of 194 yachts comprising everything from small cruising boats to the upper echelon of Grand Prix racers lined up for Audi Hamilton Island Race Week that started August 22<sup>nd</sup>. The fleet size exceeded the highest expectations of organisers.

According to regatta forecaster Kenn Batt, light wind and increasing temperatures over the first days would test the stamina of the 194 navigators. Light air sailing is tricky and when big tides come into play, which the Whitsundays are famous for, the results can be chaotic. Big cold fronts were affecting the southern states, producing destructive winds but putting a stop to the normal trades up north.

Instead of typical 25 knot SE, light morning west sou'westers of 5-8 knots preceding 8-12 knot NNE afternoon breezes were forecast until Thursday.

Michael Hiatt's Victorian Farr 55 *Living Doll*, fresh from its recent win at Meridien Marinas Airlie Beach Race Week, is the light air specialist.

Steven David's 60-footer, *Wild Joe* - a

former Race Week champion was expected to be competitive in light breezes with the likes of America's Cup sailor Adam Beashel and brother Colin, a six-time Olympian, and international navigator Tom Addis giving the boat plenty of rock star status.

### Day One and they are off....

Audi Hamilton Island Race Week opened with the Lindeman Island Race, which finished in Dent Passage using the flagstaff on the new Hamilton Island Yacht Club as one end of the line.

The line honours contest that began at last year's Race Week between, Bob Oatley's *Wild Oats X* and Peter Harburg's *Black Jack* resumed with the same ferocity, *Black Jack* scoring the first bullet over the line by a country mile.

Strategist Dave Biggar kept a weather eye out for new breeze lines from up the towering carbon rig and with the wind dropping in and out until it filled in mid afternoon from the NNE it paid handsomely having a crewman aloft for most of the 22 nautical mile race.

As predicted, Michael Hiatt's *Living Doll* made light work of the shifty breeze, scoring the first points on the IRC.

The tactician aboard Rob Date's new Reichel Pugh 52 *Scarlet Runner* out of Victoria took a major punt, breaking away from the fleet and opting for the western side of Pentecost Island where the boat languished before clawing its way back through the fleet to finish second on the IRC scoresheet.

Graeme Wood's JV52 *Wot Now* finished third on handicap.

In IRC division 2 the strongly campaigned *Alegria*, made an early break on handicap.

*Wild Oats X* was first out of the blocks of the Eastern Start line and went well to the right, the crew suddenly finding themselves stranded in a glass-out off the south east tip of Hamilton Island.

Those following the leader had the benefit of watching the grey and red boat come to a complete halt and gybed, while *Black Jack* tucked in under Pentecost Island riding the flood tide to Lindeman Island.

*Wild Joe* pulled one out of the bag to be ahead of the larger *Wild Oats X* at the start of the long reach up Whitsunday Passage to the Dent Passage finish line.

While the IRC classes stretched out over the 22 nautical mile Lindeman Island course on day one, the remaining divisions enjoyed the best of the breeze which steadily built from just shy of five knots to a whopping 10 knots.

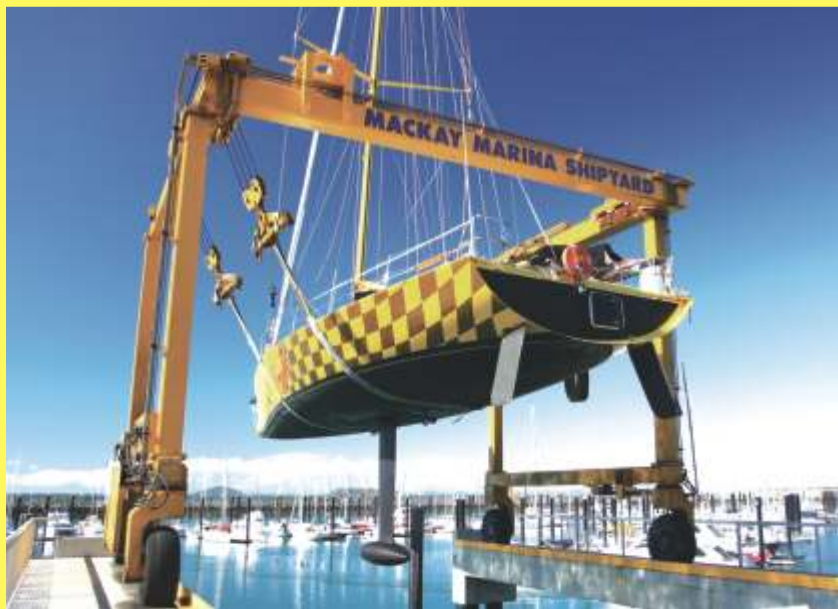
Cruising divisions 1, 2 and 3, Performance Racing 1 and 2 and IRC passage 2 divisions sailed an amended shortened course, the latter having their race cut short at Cole Island due to unfavourable tide and light airs.

Hamish and Michelle Petrie's Beneteau 57 *Ngak Ngak* struggled in the lighter breeze, even with the pottery kiln removed for the race. Hey, everyone needs a hobby.

The next day the cruising and performance racing divisions will have a round-the-islands course while the IRC grand prix classes will short tack over two windward/leeward races.

continued next page...

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## Hamo continues...

### Sunday!

Conditions "just like the postcards", but absent wind. The first start was due to get away at 1030hrs in the Southern start area but despite the race committee's best attempts those that managed to start were called back shortly afterwards as races were subsequently abandoned. The fleet of 150 plus whiled away the hours, swimming and enjoying the sunshine until regatta director Denis Thompson moved all nine divisions to the north of Dent Passage and sent them on an alternate 15 mile at 1330hrs.

In a 6-11 knot NNW breeze the fleet island hopped around Denman Island to White Rock and back.

### Sunday belongs to *limit*

After finishing almost bottom of the pile in the opening race, Alan Brierty's RP63 *Limit* displayed some threatening form with the all important handicap win. However in the pre-start *Limit* tangled with the pin mark, crewman Darren 'Twirler' Jones diving overboard to try and free the anchor rope they had used to keep from drifting through the start line on the tide. In spite of providing much entertainment for the fleet, they got away perfectly.

*Black Jack's* blistering regatta debut last year was a distant memory finishing second last over the line after being caught short in a local glass-out on approach to the finish. Skipper Mark Bradford made amends in the second race, finishing ahead of the pack and second on the progressive pointscore in front of Ray Roberts' Cookson 50 *Evolution Racing*.

In the first race *Wild Oats X* packed its first regatta punch, scoring a line and handicap win in the 8 knot northerly breeze, then in the second race were again out-classed by *Black Jack* and *Limit* after their spinnaker tack blew out.

Second on handicap in the first race was Graeme Wood's JV52 *Wot Now* with Rob Date's new Victorian RP52 *Scarlet Runner*, helmed by Graeme 'GT' Taylor with Will Oxley navigating, claiming the final podium place depending on the outcome of a protest by *Wild Joe's* crew. Following arbitration between *Wild Joe* and *Wot Now* that evening, and the discovery of a rating office error the placings were shuffled.

Using the correct handicap rating, *Wild Oats X's* first in the windward/leeward race didn't stick, Bob Oatley's RP66 moved to third on the ladder then back up to second after Graeme Wood's JV 52 *Wot Now* was penalised for a port/starboard with Steven David's Reichel Pugh 60 *Wild Joe*. Got all that?

In IRC grand prix division 2 Jim Farmer's Auckland registered Farr 43 *Georgia One* relegated Phil Coombs' DK46 *Dekadence* from Victoria to second in the opening race.

Due to the ongoing light air forecast, the next days Club Marine Classic Long Race was to be replaced with a short round-the-islands race with the IRC grand prix divisions first off at 11am from the Southern start line.

### Day three

Take a number and wait your turn for wind. At one point, the different course areas were experiencing wind from opposite sides of the dial. While some boats were becalmed, others had full kites and reasonable speed. It left many scratching their heads.

The IRC grand prix, IRC Passage and Invitational and Performance Racing divisions had their island race cut short at the southern tip of Pine Island, *Wild Oats X* drawing level in the line honours tally by edging *Black Jack* by five minutes. The two slunk along the far western shoreline of the Whitsunday Passage with their Code 0's flying, trying to stay out of the remnants of the south running flood tide and hunting a light easterly shore breeze.

*Living Doll* followed the big boats' lead to finish third over the line, a mere 16 seconds behind *Black Jack*, and first on corrected time.

*Evolution Racing* was one of three boats caught in a local back eddy on the south side of Ann and Cole islands and was looking less than famous until they picked up a 12 knot easterly that rocketed them to the finish line and into second on the IRC results.

Third on IRC was *Shogun*, another caught in the same back eddy with *Loki* and *Evolution Racing*, which managed to save face with a third on corrected time. *Shogun's* woes began from the starting signal when she was individually recalled then clipped the pin mark while returning to re-start, forcing a penalty turn.

*Living Doll's* second overall win for the regatta moved them to second on the pointscore behind *Evolution Racing* which is campaigning for the CYCA.

The tide and local anomalies played a big role, individual and general restarts resulted as tide pushed boats over the line ahead of the gun.

Wednesday is set for windward/leewards for the Performance Racing divisions and a short around-the-



islands race for all other classes. The forecast has the south east Trade Winds returning!?! Hmmm...

### Day Four, Glassed Out! Schedule revised.

Racing for all classes was postponed until Thursday, when SE/NE winds 10 to 15 knots are forecast to bring relief to the sailors champing at the bit following three days of light air sailing and effectively two lay days.

"Everyone understood the decision, no-one wants to race in such light and shifty conditions," said regatta director Denis Thompson.

"I'm confident we will get everyone out tomorrow," he added.

Racing was due to get underway at 1030hrs but with glass-outs intermingling with a 4 knot breeze out of the ESE, crews waited ashore until 1400hrs when the last AP flag was lowered, signalling the end of the wait.

After considering their options, the race committee published a revised racing schedule.

Instead of an island course, Performance Racing 1 and 2 will Thursday race two windward/leewards starting from Eastern start area at 0900hrs, the second race to start as soon as practical after the first.

All other classes will be sent on a pursuit race. Each boat will receive a start time and will have to try and catch the front runners after setting off from the Dent Passage start line tomorrow morning. These races will be timed so all participants and their guests can head to the party on Dent Island immediately after finishing.

continued page 26...

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*Macro photo of inorganic fibres*



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# Mudskipper continues...



A nice (and only) all tide hole on the Kyulgam River.



Glen and Leon, waiting on tide on the Kyulgam River.



High and dry on the Kyulgam River.



Powering through the Gulf of Chocolate Milk



Under tow by Mudskipper the tug

## MUDSKIPPER'S ADVENTURE CONTINUES...

It was 5.5m long, heavy duty construction (built the old fashioned way) with 5 separate water tight compartments per hull. She was soon christened "Mudskipper"; not the prettiest of girls, but she had a certain charm about her.

Soon after a good size dingy was advertised in the Quokka and that was purchased too. Pheww, the fleet had been purchased, now the for the job of fitting them out... A trailer was located and modified to suit the pontoon boat. The pontoon boat was fitted with table, nav station, barbecue and sleeping platform and all the other bits and pieces.

The departure date arrived quickly, the dingy and stores were loaded onto Mudskipper and we set off north, a 2500km journey, an adventure in itself. Two of the crew were meeting us near Broome and somehow we met them on time. From there a couple of hours to Derby where we readied the vessels for sea, working well into the night. We had a 6am tide to catch the next morning, and when your boat only goes 5 knots, you want the tide running with you, not against you!

The first days run was a big one, 40nm. We set off from Derby and powered through the Gulf of Chocolate Milk. A light breeze from the stern quarter on the out going tide pushed us along towards Usbourne Point. Heavily laden the odd wave was soaking the deck of the *Mudskipper*, but with the 2 hulls she was reasonably stable. We sighted the point in the distance and struggled towards it, our speed reduced to 3 knots as the tide worked against us. There was a bit of nervous chatter on the radio as we spotted the white water and standing waves as the tide raced around the headland. Hit it square on was the general idea. Within a couple of days, that sort of water disturbance wouldn't even rate a mention.

It was a relieved team that made it to the beautiful little bay behind the headland. Wow, what a day, everyone was enjoying the sand under their feet. Soon a fire was blazing and the camp ovens were seeping the smell of roast lamb. There was talk of crocodiles around the camp fire, but the majority of the crew decided to sleep on the beach and enjoy the stars. Our first night in the Kimberley proper, what a feeling, months of planning and preparations and we were doing it.

We woke in the morning to find that some urgent attention was required on the runabout, she was well down in the water and a closer inspection found a good 100 litres of water in the bilge. Running repairs were made to the bilge pump, and it kicked into life and pumped out the offending ballast. Unfortunately the hole was not discovered until many days and pump outs later. (Point to note, when fitting a new sounder transducer, make sure the old mounting holes have been sealed...!)

The next few days followed much the same routine, work out a likely looking destination about 3-4 hours away, work out when the tides would be in our favour and depart the camp accordingly. To conserve fuel, we used the *Mudskipper* as the tug, and towed both boats behind her, the 50 hp 4 stroke used miserly amounts of fuel and it was a peaceful trip, especially in the towed boats. The tow rope was nice and long and all you could hear was the slap of water on the hull, sort of like sailing, but without worrying about that wind stuff! Or keeping a lookout or working out where to go, the tug skipper did all that! We managed to supplement our frozen meat supply with a few fish along the way, trolling lures as well as stopping to cast around likely looking rocky bits and mangroves.

We decided it would be nice to camp up for a couple of days and headed for the Kyulgam River. This involved a 4 mile run up the river to an all tide hole right next to a waterfall. Running a bit behind schedule and with a 9m tide to contend with we bumped the bottom with the hole in sight. A quick discussion followed on what to do next, but by that time it was to late and we were sitting on the rocks. We spent the next 3 hours there, waiting, but what a spot to wait. You have to make the most of the situation.

It was dark by the time the tide came in and pushed us up to the hole, but it all added to the adventure. Some fresh quenie and a couple of litres of oyster flesh on the barbie and that was dinner.

The next day was "catch a Barra" day, not really the time of year for lures (we found out on return to Derby) but managed to hook and release one (not intentionally, it got off just before landing) and saw another. Also spotted a croc and lots of other wildlife so not a bad day. The stinky bats were a highlight. The return up river was after darkness had set in; we rafted up over rapids as the tide came in..! Great fun.

continued next page...



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The clouds are starting to form, Cascade Bay



Lunchtime on the Mudskipper. Left to right, Colin and Cam



Low tide, lunch and a few hours to stretch the legs



cruising, Mudskipper style

Off to the Graveyards next, an area of a lot of pearl diving activity and hence deaths many years ago. More of the same spectacular scenery that is the Kimberley. This was to be the furthest north we would get, and we started the return journey to Derby the following day. The tides were building to springs and we had a bit of fun around the area known as "Hells Gates". After calculating when slack water was we still went through the area at 13 knots, a nice 8 knot tide pushing us along, pressure waves, white water and whirlpools all around us.

Into Cascade Bay for the evening, and for the first time, clouds in the sky. Not a good omen, commented one of the crew, shouldn't be clouds around this time of the year. And sure enough it rained, and rained. We heard on the radio that roads were flooded in the Kimberley, in the dry season! We huddled under what little protection we had, a couple of tarpaulins and a few leaking sheets of ply. Sleeping bags and clothes were wet and the humour was starting to fade..

Then a shock back to reality, one of the crew had slipped and cut his foot on an oyster, a piece of skin the size of a 50 cent piece was flapping on the top of his foot. I washed my hands and then attempted to remove the pieces of oyster shell with a sterile bud. The patient immediately went another shade paler (amazing, because he was white to begin with) and started making small panting noises, so the surgery was soon abandoned. The only option was to load him into the fast boat and get him back

to Derby immediately for attention at the local hospital.

That left 3 of us with all of the grog and food supplies to crawl back to port, this would be a 2 day trip for us, no point fighting the spring tides. The rain never let up, although we still had an adequate supply of Little Creatures and a couple of bottles of Cab Merlot to wash down the fillet steak that remained in the Engel.

After over-nighting in a dirty little creek near the aptly named Point Torment (Kimberley sandflies are hungrier than no other) we made our way back across the Gulf of Chocolate Milk and arrived at Derby to a heroes welcome.

The pack up went smoothly and some of us had a 3 day drive back to Perth to look forward to, ah....That was a little eventful too, the dif in the Holden packed in at Newman. So a back load was organised for the ute and the boat at a local trucking firm. At Meekatharra a hub on the *Mudskipper* trailer shattered! It was 8pm and after a bit of head scratching we set off to the local tip with the toolbox and came back with a couple of hubs. The Holden one was a no goer, the Ford one fitting perfectly... Repacked the bearing and we were on the road again...



We arrived in Perth to more rain, but plenty of smiles, what a bloody great adventure. In all we were away 3 weeks and travelled 5000km by road, 400km by sea, broke a ute and a trailer, patched up a leaky boat, had 25 stitches to an injured foot, applied 2 litres of insect repellent (none of which worked) and also ate, drank and laughed to excess.  
**Can't wait to get back there.....**

**Thanks to our sponsors, Little Creatures Brewery, Fremantle, W.A. and Crocs (the shoes, not the reptile).**

youtube link:  
Part 1 <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qEA1nGrskYE>  
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# Cruising is an attitude

Chris, Dennis & Petrea share a cruising moment on *Beluga Too*

By Petrea Heathwood, SY *Talisman*

**You're so lucky; I wish I could afford to go cruising.**

I'd like a dollar for every time I've heard that from someone with more money than I have. People who say it are simply not prepared to trade the perceived security of life ashore for the freedom of cruising. You see, almost anyone *can* afford to cruise.

I moved ashore after living aboard most of my adult life and can assure you it's *much* more expensive on shore. Firstly, unless you sleep in a park you have to fork out for a place to stay. It's not like you can merely arrive somewhere and drop anchor. There are very few places you can just set up camp, and in most of them you get turfed out after 24-48 hours. So you find a dwelling, be it a house, unit or whatever. Buy it for the price of a couple of good cruising yachts? Or rent at twice marina rates?

Then you have to fill up all that space. Unlike yachts houses don't come with all the furniture built in. More money goes on mundane stuff like beds, tables and chairs and a telly that runs on 240. Then there's the stuff you buy just because you never had space for it before; kitchen appliances, books, desktop computer, pictures for the walls and so on. And the laundromat loses its allure; you buy your own washing machine as well.

Most of you already have all this stuff. Ever added up what it cost you? Not to mention the car, and one for your husband as well to be fair. And you complain about the cost of boat rego? Want to meet your friends after work? Pick a pub or restaurant, don't worry about the cost. You can't just light a fire on the beach and settle back to watch the sunset here, can you?

My point is that you have already spent more than the price of a decent cruising yacht on "stuff", and your living costs are most likely far greater than the cruising lifestyle. By decent yacht I mean something that sails, has enough beds for your crew and won't fall apart. Or break your spirit trying to keep it going; not some old shit box that will absorb all your money and time.

Equally not some shiny flight of fancy built in a continental or Asian factory. Not even that \$300K one some consumer yachting magazines promote as "entry level". Because it's not even entry level. For your money you won't get even the basic cruising necessities. Even after you add mega-dollars for the gear you'll need it's still not a cruising boat. Where do you stow stuff? How do you carry a dinghy on those things? Oh, you have to have an inflatable, haul it on deck and deflate it. How convenient is that?

**Where do you start?**

Get a pre-loved boat, one someone else has spent the money on, and has all the gear included. There's dozens of honest cruising boats available. If it has a cabin, bunks and somewhere to cook a meal you can live on it. Remember, the guy in the *Clansman* or even the *Hood 23* is sharing the anchorage with the millionaires. They're all seeing the same sunset and probably sharing a red on the beach. Does it really matter that one has pressurised hot water and the other has to heat his bathwater on the stove? Does that matter when you're in paradise? Or that one has a huge freezer to keep his coral trout fresh while the other guy has to catch his each day?

**The need for speed**

Some people think the bigger boat is faster. Faster than what? All sailing yachts, even fast multies, are plodders. If you want to go faster, get a bicycle. The *Clansman* will get you round the world much faster than the *Plastique 55*. It will be across the Indian Ocean and heading up the Atlantic before the prospective *Plastique* owner has earned the first down payment.

**What about comfort?**

The comfort of owning your own boat, the comfort of only needing to work three or four months a year to support your lifestyle, the comfort of knowing both of you can comfortably handle the gear, carry out a second anchor or set a storm jib. Or the comfort of retiring below to a leather upholstered saloon and using the microwave to heat up your cup-a-soup? Sure beats waiting for the metho to prime doesn't it? Does it?

**Comfort is a state of mind.**

One day I was bashing south amongst the reefs off Cooktown, and making heavy weather of it in my nine metre ketch. My friend Margie was ahead in the little *Summer Haze*, a six metre modified Hartley trailer-sailer.

I caught up as we approached Egret Reef, our intended stop for the night. Up over the coral and on to the reef flat, sails and anchors down, sighs all round. Ahoy from Margie, kettle's on for a cuppa. On boarding *Summer Haze* I discovered that while I'd been battling along cursing the steep seas that seemed to stop *Talisman* dead, Margie had been below leaving her boat to sail itself while she cooked us a damper for lunch! What discomfort?

**What's really necessary?**

Fred couldn't afford the yacht he wanted so he built

Petrea's yacht, *Talisman*, home to Petrea for 10 years.

one and circumnavigated in the early eighties. He still has the boat, begging the question of whether he'd like to go round again. He says maybe, but he'd do it differently next time round. When quizzed about his first voyage, his main point was "we had no equipment". Being really short of money the only things on board were true necessities.

Fred's aware of the irony in his new "requirements", stuff he's put on board since the circumnavigation: an aluminium mast, stainless rigging, radar, electric anchor winch, GPS, chartplotter, HF and VHF radios, Pactor modem, laptop, weather fax, Zodiac with outboard, gas stove, refrigeration, pressure water, hot water service, shower and electric toilet.

Most of this would be considered necessities by many new (and experienced) cruisers, but all this stuff has to be paid for. If Fred had to have it all before he could leave, the expense would have scuppered his dream. Sure, if it all keeps working it adds to comfort, but not if you have to wait until you're retired before you can afford to go.

*continued next page...*



Like flies to a honey pot. Helen Heathwood photo

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Come take a look around at the sailing site hosted by "the U.S. sailing magazine for the rest of us!"





# SY, Summer Haze



Petrea Heathwood photo



Margie on SY, Summer Haze, to the left, resting at anchor, & right, sailing & smiling!



Petrea Heathwood photo

Dennis on SY Beluga Too, happy to be right where he is!

## Why not wait until you retire?

Most folks do. One friend of my family worked hard all his life, dreaming of his retirement cruise. He eventually retired and set off with his wife, only to suffer a massive stroke a few days out, was hospitalised and spent the rest of his life as an invalid.

The couple's son and his wife took notice of this and took their own children cruising whenever they could on the small yacht they owned at the time. When schooling and work obligations kept them ashore for a few years they put their heart and soul into building their dream ship. As soon as the kids were off their hands and settled, they set off and have been cruising ever since. One thing they'll never have to do is look back and wonder "what if".

When I met Simon Haydok in Townsville he fondly recalled his carefree years wandering south-east Asian waters on his first *Amaroo*. Those memories inspired Simon and wife Narelle to build the magnificent 15m cutter *Amaroo VII* and head off again. Simon had a medical check up as a precaution before leaving the country and landed in hospital for open heart surgery. They cooled their heels in Townsville for a year while Simon recovered, but the next chapter of their story is a happy one they got back to SE Asia.

Another guy worked his butt off so he "afford" to go cruising for a while. Felt he had to be really secure financially before casting off into the unknown. The boat is almost ready, with enough gizmos aboard to satisfy any imagined scenario. It sits empty in a marina berth while the skipper deals with his recent cancer diagnosis.

Perhaps the best example for TCP readers is the man who inspired many of us, Alan Lucas. Alan has woven cruising into his entire adult life. His boats have always been functional rather than flash, but they carried him countless cruising miles, including a meandering circumnavigation. He never let lack of money keep him ashore for long. Imagine how much poorer the world would have been had Alan knuckled down to the demands of conformity, put his money into a mortgage instead of a yacht, and stayed at his desk instead of sailing away to adventure.....

I guess if you think cruising is about fancy equipment and an impressive boat you probably can't afford to go cruising unless you're already very rich. But if it's the sailing, the sunsets, the new friends, the scenery and just generally freedom in paradise that you're after, you can afford it. If you really want to go you'll find a way.

## Some favourite quotes to get you started:

**"Go small, go simple, go now."**

Lin & Larry Pardey, back when they were cruising the world in their 24 footer. Now they have a 29 footer, and have sailed over 200,000 bluewater miles.

**"Use what you have, not what's in the shop."**

Nick Skeates of *Wylo II*, on improvising to get afloat and cruising. .

***I look back wistfully.....for although my sailing was to become more sophisticated, and I would sail further at far greater cost, never would it be more fun.***

Yachting journalist the late J.D. Sleightholme, reminiscing about "the old days"

**"Cruising is not about distance."**

The Pardeys

## Books to get you started:

Anything by Lin & Larry Pardey  
*Voyaging on a Small Income* by Annie Hill  
*Trekka round the World* by John Guzzwell  
*Into the Light* by Dave & Jaja Martin

The last two are also available as audio-books from [www.goodoldboat.com](http://www.goodoldboat.com) so you can listen to them while you're sitting in the traffic on your way to work.

The Pardeys website is [www.landlpardey.com](http://www.landlpardey.com)

The Martins are a must-read for anyone curious about cruising with children. They had two toddlers aboard for the second half of their tradewind circumnavigation in the (heavily modified) Cal 25 *Direction*. The arrival of a third baby convinced them they needed a bigger boat. The ten metre steely *Driver* accommodated their family for the high latitude voyage described in this book.

This article is dedicated to my dear friends Chris Nye & Margie Callaghan, who lived and cruised in great style aboard small, simple boats. They've returned ashore now but many readers will have fond memories of finding *Virginia Slocum* and *Summer Haze* snuggled up in a remote anchorage somewhere along the Queensland coast. I thank them for showing me the way to simplicity.



## SY, Virginia Slocum

Petrea Heathwood photo

**The classy Virginia Slocum, home to Chris for over 15 years, sails into Cooktown & later sails out of Cooktown.**



Bob Norson photo

Dennis McCarthy photo



The author, Petrea on *Talisman*, somewhere off Mackay

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# Two Gentlemen a Tug and a Bucket- a Southern Ocean Adventure

By Allan Miell, American River Radio VMR 523

Old wooden boats and old gentlemen who want to restore them, what a combination.

We got a phone call at American River Radio Station from a man who had been told that we were the radio station to talk to for boats heading from West to East. I do not know who told him this and I forgot to ask him.

He had purchased an old wooden Tug from Albany in Western Australia and it was on its way to Davenport, Tasmania with a delivery crew of three who didn't know how to use HF Radio. He had supplied them with a Satellite Phone (very unreliable), so this became the means of communication, weather reports, etc. We were all in contact with each other via Sat Phone, bloody expensive.

All went well for about 4 days and suddenly the crew decided to go into Streaky Bay in South Australia - couldn't work out why as the weather was fantastic all of the way. They changed their mind headed for American River, Kangaroo Island where the owner was to board and 1 of the crew to go back to WA. They did go to Streaky and then anchored behind one of the Islands South East of Streaky but just didn't tell us or the owner.

The wheels started to fall off; the generator stopped charging the engine batteries, they, some how, snagged and bent the anchor, but eventually got going. By this time the weather was dead ahead (so they said but all of my systems showed it abeam) and water was coming over the top with leaks in both the hull and deck. They changed course for Port Victoria in SA (way off course for American River) and when they got there they hit rocks and tore off about 5 feet of the False Keel. They abandoned the boat leaving it in an unsafe situation. The owner got there next afternoon and found the boat sinking, no pumps because the batteries were flat.

An extremely nice guy from Pt Victoria offered his assistance and equipment. They pumped her out and charged the batteries. He then caulked the leaky seams from inside (a no, no) and nailed battens over the caulked seams to stop the caulking getting pumped out when punching into seas on its way to Tas. This worked well as a temporary repair.

I was in continuous contact with the owner through out what was a trying ordeal for him. In the end he was exhausted. This was when I realized that he was hinting for me to go to Port Victoria and help him bring her to American River where she was to be prepared for the rest of the trip to Tas. So being the Good Samaritan that I am, off I went to Adelaide where Graham King from one of our other radio stations, Tiddy Widdy Beach, picked me up and delivered me to Port Vic. I arrived just on dark and saw that she was moored to the stern of the boat owned by the fellow who helped him out. I found this man, who was one of the nicest people I have ever met and he took me out to the Tug. I instantly fell in love with her. She was basically in good nick, just needing caulking and some T L C. We went to dinner at the Pub and left for AR about 2300Hrs.

I have not driven a boat with chain and rod steering for many years so I was like a kid with a new toy. She had an L series Gardner engine weighing about 3.5 tons and it ticked over at 800 rpm giving us 7.5 Knots at 15 liters per hr. The navigation gear was basic but as both the owner and I are competent navigators this was not a problem. Cooking was done on the engine exhaust heating a tin of lamb and vegetables and when hot he had the first half out of the tin then it was my turn, we had our own spoons. Coffee was made on a single camp gas burner until we started to rock and roll, after that it was cold. The only usable bunk was in the Wheel House in which we rotated curling up around the gear stowed on it and only having a usable length of about 4 feet to stretch out in. This was to me all good fun and made my time on the boat an experience I will never forget.

Pt Vic. to AR took about 22 hrs and was uneventful except for getting to know the owner. I have rarely had the pleasure to meet a person of this caliber both technically and personally. He is truly one of nature's gentlemen.

American River. We arrived here with 40 ton of timber that had been shaped into a 45Ft Tug in 1943. There were many of these boats built during the Second World War and this one was for the Army and used to push Submarines around in Fremantle. Later she became a work boat for the WA Ports Authority. I am aware that her last 5 years or so as a working vessel was as a charter fishing boat in Albany. I think that prior to fishing she was a work boat for Albany's Harbour Authority. Lots of history and I would love to know it all.

Many Tugs of this design were built during the War and were in all major Ports in Australia, there were 5 in Port Adelaide when I was a kid and 3 or 4 of them are still there. I have been to sea in them when I was about 25 and I was impressed. It is hard to imagine that they were not built to last. They were intended to have a short life (wartime duration) then be written off. But you can not write off boats that were built from one and three quarter inch Jarrah planks. They were built from only the best of timbers with the heaviest scantlings one could imagine.

Well, we fixed her up in American River, some topside caulking, fixed the generator, fixed the HF Radio, plus other incidentals. Carol (wife and other Radio Operator) went shopping with our friendly friend and "bought up a storm", at least a 1 month supply of food for our 2 day trip to Port Fairy. They swapped shirts (Carol got the best of the deal, just like a woman) and we were ready to go.

The weather was to be good after about 1200 on Monday so off sailed our Tug without any of the modern inconveniences which are seen to be essential in this modern era. No refrigeration thus no fresh food, no stove so no cooked meals, no table, no gyroscopic stabilizer, fresh water in a drum lashed to the stern rails, basic Nav Gear, no seats, no self steering, worst of all.. no air-conditioning, but we had a "dunny".

T'was a camp potty found in the forward accommodation. To get to it was down a vertical ladder for about 8 feet to the floor boards which were spaced far enough apart to just allow ones foot to slip through into about 6 inches of water that we could not get rid of. There it was, in all its glory wedged between the two bunks down in the hole.

When I found the bunks in AR, I questioned why we couldn't use them. I was told that the mattresses were damp and that the best was the one in the Wheel House where we could play our sleeping tunes of farts, grunts, groans and of course SNORES to the displeasure of whoever was on the helm at that time.

Back to the dunny; when I first saw it I breathed a sigh of relief as I knew that I would need "relief" along the way and was delighted that it was on board.

Once we Passed Cape Willoughby on Kangaroo Island, where Carol and I live, we were in beam on swells of 2.5 to 3M, seas 1 to 1.5M. Onward we went into the great unknown



just like the true adventurers of old, a rockin and a rollin, just like my teen days. After about 4 hrs at the helm (chain and rod steering) I discovered some muscles that I obviously had not used for some time but I was relishing in the experience and as I have not truly been to sea for a while I was as excited as a kid with a new toy and so was the owner.

We had created two foot stands by sliding 2 pieces of 3 by 2 timber into the Flag Lockers. These were a God send as it meant that we could sit in the Nav Chair and steer the boat. As the boat rolled one would take the load on the leg on the leeward side and then reverse when she rolled back the other way, all good except that it's like climbing stairs three at a time on one leg then the other, this really gets the leg muscles going.

To add to the "woes" the chair was unique having a mind of its own and an action, just like my wife, unpredictable and uncontrollable. The tube that steadied it where it went through the deck was gone and therefore the chair had a violent motion independent of the boat's movement.

I can not describe the action of the chair but suffice to say that it gyrated through about 18 inches generally athwart ships but sometimes a semicircle Port, aft then Starboard but then again, without warning, it would do a full 360. I found it challenging to try and out think the monster but I realized that I had met my match and went with the flow, swing or what ever.

Of course we had to steer "the proper way" - by Compass, this is ok except one could not see the compass card when sitting in the chair as the compass was too high and to far away as was the steering wheel so every minute or so up I got to check where I was going. To cut a long story short, I was having fun.

Had a hot coffee - mid pm the gas ran out (probably a good thing as the stove kept flying off the bench during the more violent rolls) and that was the end of that and for a confirmed coffee addict I was afraid; how would I cope without my fix? Problem solved, I learned to enjoy cold coffee. Yuk. Dinner at about 2000Hrs.

The Boss went below and heated a tin of *Big Sister* on the Manifold and when warm, he ate the first half out of the tin and I gobbled up the other half (same tin). This is what friends are about, sharing.

All going well, up for my second stint at the wheel before "dinner", whilst the owner did the "cooking". Dinner over, guess what, I need the dunny. I had a smile on my face as we were rolling through an arc of about 40/50 degrees and of course taking a bit of water over the deck.

*continued next page...*

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Allan on right, left, owner Jaques Saphir

Now I knew the deck leaked but I did not realize that to go below meant that you were taking a cold salt water shower. I decided to give it a go anyhow. What a bloody hero; surprise, the vertical steel ladder was going through 40/50 degrees in perfect harmony with the rest of the boat, eight feet down was a long and slippery way to get to use a violent dunny with the probability of getting wet feet, taking a cold shower and wearing the contents of the aforesaid dunny all over unmentionable parts of the body all at the same time.

I surrendered and asked the owner, "What the hell do we use for a dunny?" He replied, "I forgot to tell you that the potty is unusable, there is a plastic bucket at the stern and it's a bit soft so don't put any weight on it". Oh shit, here is this bloody boat rolling its guts out and I have to crap in a bucket without flying across the deck with the bucket attached to my bum and at the same time "don't put any weight on it". What a mess it could have made of my bum if it went wrong! It's even worse when you try the paper trick. You have to hold the bucket between your feet whilst facing aft and rooollling, can't move the tootsies, which are holding the bucket, for fear that they could become a victim of a disastrous spill of contaminated slush (no spare shoes). All this must be done whilst hanging on for dear life with BOTH HANDS and the toot roll tucked inside ones shirt. The mind works overtime, how do I get this roll out from where I stupidly put it? How do I hold the roll when I do get it out? I can't get it wet as it's the only one. Worse yet, how the hell do I use it when both hands

are fully occupied and my feet are so close together that I might as well be blindfolded, standing at attention, whilst standing on one end of a see saw with a nasty person on the other end jumping up and down doing their best to tip me off? Well there is a way and I won't tell you how to do it, I encourage you to get on the water and try for yourself. I did have an advantage, I have sailed almost all of my life and this was not a new experience but there were benefits, it's not often one can enjoy the pleasure of pure fresh air whilst sitting on the "throne" watching Goony Birds, Pacific Gulls and other birds at the same time, maybe the birds were watching me, what an experience for them.

During the second night I had my first experience of going to sleep standing up whilst steering the boat. It was a good thing that we were the only silly buggers on the water as I could have been steering her in circles and of course I was keeping a "good look out" for other ships. I think the owner was aware that I was going in circles and not making headway toward our destination as he tapped me on the shoulder, took over the helm and I crashed. I know he said something rightfully detrimental toward my ability to helm a boat in my sleep, I will have to ask him one day.

The owner and I guess Skipper (dammm) did a trick during the night and I thought I knew all of the tricks re diesel engines. The Gardner started to run a bit rough and dropped a few revs while I was asleep. Another tap on the shoulder and I was on the helm and away he went below. After a short while up he came and said "fuel filters are blocked and I will change them, grabbed a couple of new ones then gone". I expected him to shut down the engine but to my surprise she continued ticking away. Ten minutes later back he came, I said "thought you were changing fuel filters". His reply "done it". I still don't know how it was done and he is not telling me, any one got any ideas? I would love to hear if you know how it was done and when I am informed I will demonstrate my superior knowledge of engine management to him.

The trip was one of the most enjoyable trips of my life. I enjoyed the rock and roll which moderated after passing Port Macdonnell with the swells coming from an aft quarter. The boat, well she went like a dream and yes she leaked but the pumps kept up with it. We arrived at Port Fairy which is one of the most beautiful Ports one can imagine arriving at and at about 0900 on Wednesday, tied up and became an object of interest.

I left the boat at this time heading home via bus to Mt Gambier, overnight there, bus to Adelaide next am, bus, ferry and bus to American River, home at 1930 Thursday. I am sorry that I did not go on to Davenport but the owner had a

mate who wanted to do the trip to Tasmania. I could have gone as well and I wish I had. Just imagine two in the bunk, toooo much.

The Tug got to Davenport without any major incidents except for pumps breaking down on a couple of occasions. In its self this is not a problem but as the water inflow required a big bucket and the relevant chain of people to form a bucket brigade, pumps were an essential item. And this is where the role of owner comes into play. He is the poor sod who has to go below while the boat is rolling away and clear blocked pumps. This is all good fun until one has to perform this operation.

At this time she is waiting to go up on the slip to be recaulked. After this is done the rest of the work is mainly scraping and painting. She is a beautifully designed vessel and considering she is 66 years of age, she is in better condition than what I am and I am only 1 year older.

My last word is, if anyone needs a crew, navigator, skipper or anything to move one of these boats please let me know as I would do it all again if I could, especially with the same two old farts as crew; we really made a good team if one wishes an "odd couple".

PS: We had two Skippers on this trip but out of "generosity" I gave way to superior age and experience, the truth is we operated as a team in perfect harmony complimenting each other exceedingly well.

I have just found out that the Tug will be on public display in Davenport when she is up to scratch along with another trading vessel. She has already had a visit from the Tas. Premier, so when in Davenport have a look for the tug boat "AVON" and think of this saga remembering the fun that we had getting her there.



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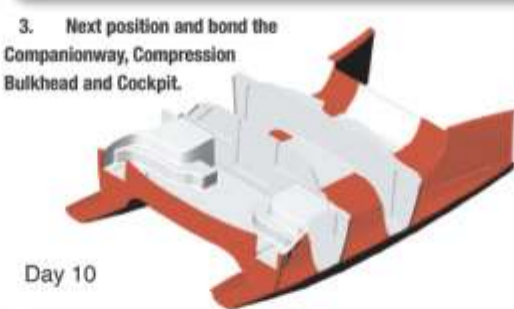
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# DOGGONE IT

By Stuart Buchanan, SY *Pluto*

**Cruising legend and author of numerous books Tristan Jones once wrote that the two most useless things to have on a yacht are a wheelbarrow and an umbrella. I don't agree; an umbrella would be very handy during heavy rain when visiting a marina's amenities block, and a wheelbarrow would be invaluable when you've arrived back at the marina with bags of shopping to find that inconsiderate people have taken the trolleys and not returned them.**

As far as I'm concerned, the most useless thing to have on a yacht is a dog especially a large dog. I'm not particularly keen on dogs, because many times over the years I've been kept awake at night by man's best friend yodelling away. It seems rather paradoxical that man's best friend can often be the next door neighbour's worst enemy.

I always looked forward to getting away for a few months cruising on my ketch *Pluto* knowing that I wouldn't hear the sound of a pooch suffering from what dog lovers call 'separation anxiety'. But it was not to be; each year I've seen an increase in the number of dogs on yachts, and most of them bark.

One yachting couple I met in Gladstone had a Great Dane on board. If left alone on the yacht, the mutt drove everyone within a 2 kilometre radius insane by barking hysterically nonstop until the owners returned. And the call of canine nature is another problem for doggie yachties. The Great Dane wouldn't do his business on the boat; he had to be taken ashore at least once a day. While sailing through The Narrows north of Gladstone, the couple's yacht went aground on an ebbing tide. After a few hours, it was decided that Fido, who was on the point of explosion, had to be taken ashore. The only problem was that there was no shore; a barrier of dense mangroves lined both banks as far as the eye could see. As the tide fell, a nearby sandbank became exposed, so Fido was loaded into the dinghy and ferried across to it. Unfortunately, it wasn't a sandbank but a mudbank. Fido leapt out of the dinghy and sank to his belly in thick, sticky mud. The couple jumped out to rescue him and surprise, surprise, they too sank into the foul-smelling mud. At least it filled in the remainder of their enforced stay washing themselves, Fido and the dinghy.

Another time at the Gladstone Marina, I was walking along the finger when Annette, a friend from a cruiser, called me: "Stuart, this couple have just arrived and were asking me about going through The Narrows tomorrow. You've been through there plenty of times could you help them?"

The couple's luxury cruiser was about 15 metres long and had two cocker spaniels on deck. The dogs must have sensed an enemy because they began snarling and barking at me.

"Yes, sure," I said over the noise. "What's your draft?"

"Four foot six," the bloke replied, ignoring the barking and looking down his nose at me. It was mutual hate at first sight.

"You'll be right," I continued, "but you'll have to work the tide. It's probably best if you leave Gladstone about . . ."

"Oh, look," the bloke interrupted me and said snootily, "I don't worry about tides."

"Well in that case," I replied, "before you leave Gladstone I suggest you buy a few dozen cans of Aerogard. You'll need them when you're stuck on a mudbank. And with the neap tides we've got at present you could be there for a few days."

"We can't afford to get stuck, dear," the woman said to the bloke. "The dogs must go ashore each day."

"Don't worry about the dogs," I replied throwing politeness to the wind. "If you're still stuck after a few days, you could always dong them on the head and put them in the crab pots."

I left them to it. Later in the day as I walked past their cruiser the couple were sitting on the aft deck having a drink. Of course their dogs barked at me. The couple gave me a filthy look and strangely enough didn't ask me to join them in appreciation for my helpful advice.

The next day, while I was below in my yacht, I heard a knock on the hull. I climbed out to the cockpit to see an old bloke with a dog on the leash. It wasn't the most attractive mutt I had ever seen; it looked like a cross between a greyhound and a pit bull terrier with long hair. But most worrying of all, it was wearing a canvas muzzle.

"Are you Stuart?" the bloke asked. "Yes."

"My name's Ivor. I've read your books and I know quite a few of the people you've written about."

We spoke for a while and then I said:

"Look, I'll have to go. I've promised to meet a couple of yachties at the bus stop."

"Are you going shopping?" Ivor asked. "Yes."

"Well, rather than catch the bus," he continued, "you can take my car it's in the carpark. I won't be using it today."

"That's very good of you," I replied, "but I don't like using someone else's vehicle just in case I have an accident."

"It's not much of a car," Ivor laughed, "so don't worry about it."

I thanked him and he handed me the keys.

It was 35° C in the shade as the two yachties, Don and Fran, and I opened the car's doors. Getting into the vehicle was

like entering a blast furnace that smelt of wet dog. We rolled down the windows and took off. A billion dog hairs flew around inside the car. Fran kept brushing them off her clothes.

"God, the car stinks," she said. "It's probably got fleas too."

"It's funny you should say that," I said, at the same time scratching my legs.

Within a kilometre we were all frantically scratching and wishing we had caught the bus. I imagined the old bloke's yacht must have had the same problems.

After a hard day's sail, on reaching an anchorage it's always pleasant to tidy up the yacht and then relax in the cockpit with a drink. But it's not so relaxing for those with a dog on board. Time and time again you see them come in to anchor; the pick's hardly had time to dig in when, almost in a frenzy, the dinghy's launched, Fido jumps in and, poised like a figurehead, is speedily taken ashore to foul the beach where other yachties walk, swim and picnic.

And taking Fido ashore creates another problem, because many of the anchorages are beside national parks, where domestic animals are not permitted. A lot of yachtie dog owners argue that national parks only extend to the high water mark. But they don't they extend to the low water mark.

While I was anchored in the Endeavour River at Cooktown, a bloke with a border collie came alongside in a dinghy.

"Is it all right if I come aboard for a cuppa?" he asked.

"Yeah, OK," I replied hesitantly, thinking how rude it was to invite himself on board.

He lifted his dog to put it on *Pluto*.

"You can't bring your dog on here," I said.

"Are you serious?" he asked with an amazed look.

"Yes."

He hesitated and I hoped he would be offended and go away. But he didn't. With his dog gazing fixedly at his master from the bow of the dinghy, the bloke bombarded me with details of a court case he presently had with Queensland Parks and Wildlife Service for repeatedly taking his dog onto the beach at Lizard Island. By the time he climbed back into his dinghy, I was hoping QPWS would win its case.

Bustard Head lightstation, which we lease from QPWS, is situated slap bang in the middle of a national park. Three kilometres from the lighthouse is Pancake Creek, a popular anchorage for yachties and campers. One long weekend a young couple, accompanied by a dog, arrived at the lightstation. I spoke to them for a while and

discovered they had sailed down from Gladstone in a friend's yacht and were returning home by dinghy via Middle Creek Crossing. I then said:

"Do you know that this headland is national park and domestic animals aren't permitted?"

"No," the young man replied.

"Yeah," I said, "there are national park signs along the beachfront."

"We did see some signs," the woman said, "but we didn't bother to read them."

"Well," I continued, "the local rangers patrol the area checking on camping permits and dogs."

I heard later from the ranger that he issued the young couple with an on-the-spot fine for having a dog in a national park and ordered them to leave.

Next day at the crossing a four wheel drive ran over their dog, killing it instantly. A few minutes later, the ranger who had booked the couple the previous day arrived at the scene on his quad. The deceased dog's owner said to him:

"Now that the dog's dead, do we still have to pay the fine for having it in the national park?"

"Of course," the ranger replied, "it was alive when I booked you."

A few years ago, when Brampton Island Resort near Mackay welcomed yachties, I was having a quiet drink overlooking the swimming pool when a yachting couple arrived with their dog. They ordered a drink and sat a few tables away from me, while their mutt ran around the pool barking its guts out at the swimmers. The couple were asked to leave. No wonder the resort eventually banned yachties from using its facilities.

Often, a yachtie will ask me if my yacht *Pluto* is named after the dog belonging to the cartoon character Mickey Mouse.

"No," I answer, "it's named after the Greek god of Hell."

And hell, I imagine, is what most cruising doggies suffer while being kept in the unnatural confinements of a yacht. Some dogs suffer worse than others. Only recently in the Broadwater a couple from an anchored yacht left their dog on board while they went ashore. On their return, the dog had gone. Whether it had fallen overboard or jumped over to follow its owners no-one knows; all that was found were numerous scratch marks on the hull, where the dog had unsuccessfully tried to claw its way back on board.

**Anyhow, to hell with dogs, I'm off to buy a wheelbarrow and an umbrella.**

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# PERSECUTED POOCHES



By Pip the Pooch, SY Peggy-Anne

Hi, my name is Pip and I'm a newshound. Anyone who knows me, will tell you that I am a very social pooch. I love kids, never bark unless guarding my property, never bite or show aggressive behaviour and am extremely well mannered. I used to frequent some of the better class places around Bundaberg, but have now opted for a cruising lifestyle. I decided to take my Mum and Dad along for company as Dad is quite an experienced skipper and Mum is a great cook. I have my parents very well trained and they are quick to react when I need an excursion ashore. Life on a boat is great, but it's good to walk the beach and stretch ones legs. ....Now here lies the problem.

Even though, I am impeccably bred and have all the social graces. Even though, I keep my parents close by my side all the time. Even though, anything I leave on the beach is

collected by my parents and brought back to the boat for disposal in the holding tank, before being macerated one mile off shore. Even though, the only thing I ever take are memories and leave behind are footprints. I am bloody well being discriminated against.

On any beach attached to a National Park and of course many of these are great stopovers, I am not permitted to stroll along the sand. Others are allowed to camp on the beach, and I have seen what a lot leave behind after these activities. Some can ride motor bikes on the beaches (noisier than jet skis and heaps more dangerous). Many are able to navigate four wheel drives along the beach (don't forget to deflate the tyres so that you only go down to the axles half as many times). One guy I "sniffed out", had permission to set up a mini McDonalds on the beach. But

for me to go ashore .....Ohhhh No!!! Cry the law makers and Ranger Tims.

I was taking my Dad for a small exploration on a well known spot the other day. We had waited till all the tourists had departed on the ferry. All the campers had retired to their accommodation at the back of the dunes. Yes, we had seen the "Dog No Go Signs" which were placed at the high tide mark, so decided to take our constitutional between there and low tide. Next thing you know we are bailed up by a boof-head with his chest over inflated who informed us that he was the Ranger.

I was thinking he must have been the 'Lone Ranger' because he appeared so quickly, but no he informed my Dad that he was the Parks Ranger and that I was not allowed on the beach. Said that "We should know the rules". My Dad explained we had seen the signs but believed that we were below the high tide mark." No,no,no,no, this is a "RAMS" area (they allow sheep?); it goes to the low tide mark, you should know this". Dad suggested that the signs should be placed at the low tide mark, but was he referring to Mean Low Water Springs or Lowest Astronomical Tide and if that was done they would probably have to be identified with an 'Isolated Danger Mark'. You know two black spheres in a vertical line, probably need a light too. At this the Ranger became decidedly "dogged".

So then my old man asked to see some identification. "So you want me to go all the way back to the office and get my badge?. If I have to do that, I'll get the rego number of your house boat and I'll be sending you a fine". I think when he called our vessel a house boat was when pop lost his cool. Dad pointed out that we had been watching four wheel drives bog and unbog themselves for the entire afternoon. There was a mob renting quad bikes just up the beach, the riders were doing a better job than a bloody rotary hoe on that particular part of the

environment and you're worried about the dog walking on the bloody sand. "What if she was a seeing eye dog or a hearing dog"? Dad enquired. "Oh that would be O.K" was the reply. "But your dog is just a pet".

By now Ranger Tim is getting pretty pissed orf and asks the old man for some I.D. (he still hasn't come good with his yet). Dad says "What you want me to go all the way out to my "house" boat to get you some I.D., so you can fine me and you haven't even got a bloody badge on"? The other thing he told the guy to do was not very tasteful. We retreat to the "house" boat and next thing the Rangers four wheel drive zooms down the beach to get the rego number killing all manner of sand dwelling organisms in the process. So we don't know if we are to be summonsed, fined or hung, drawn and quartered but one thing is certain.

If you see a guy wearing dark glasses, with a white cane walking on the beach. It's probably us and if they ask Pop "Aren't seeing eye dogs usually Labradors"? I guess he can answer, "Why, what have they given me?????????"

Seriously though..... People who choose to cruise with their pets. Start making a noise. Are you sick of sneaking onto beaches in the middle of the night? Being made to feel like a criminal? Being harassed by bloody minded, glorified chicken inspectors?

Shouldn't responsible pet owners who care about their animals enough to take them cruising, be allowed to enjoy some of the better beaches that adjoin National Parks, at least to the high tide mark?

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# Washing Day Blues

By Jan Forsyth, SY Sea Wanderer

**Oh how I envy those boats with washing machines.**

Where the only effort on washing day is to gather and place the load into a little white box and wait. Where the mighty sheets and towels are tamed and cleaned with mechanical competence below decks and sheltered from the harsh elements. Where washing day is simple and effortless.

The laundress can retire gracefully after little exertion to drink coffee and read while the mechanical genius works diligently for her. When the cycles are complete and the wash spun dry there is not a bead of sweat on her cool calm forehead. Her hair remains in place and she maintains hands of silk and energy to burn.

On the other hand, the washerwoman without mechanical assistance has to attack the chore on deck where physical and debilitating effort is required.

She must have a contingent of water containers lined up ready to take the wash, a large secure hat and hard hands. She must appreciate the value of water and not toss the rinse water over the side until it is used as washing water for the next load. Even so, that precious resource - wasted so much on land - but respected and carefully metered out at sea, is scarce.

Raina on *Matariki* cannot understand the extreme exertion of her fellow cruisers without machines as she gathers gracefully her pile of laundry and places it into her



Raina on *Matariki*

large machine in her well-appointed laundry on board. I tell her about my laundry day on deck but her eyes glaze over at the thought of so much effort and I have to change the subject.

The first process the manual washer must attack is the soak cycle. Some items such as pillowcases and sweaty clothes are best kept soaking for a period of time in order to remove the sweat and grime. Barbara on *"Baker Street"* suggests a large green garbage bag filled with soapy water and laundry. Left on deck for a time while the boat is in motion will do wonders for the wash. The sun heats the water while the boat's movement agitates the contents.

I did try Barbara's suggestion, which in principal is a great idea; however, my garbage bag was of a poor quality. Unbeknown to me while cooking in the hot tropical sun down at the stern, it leaked slowly but consistently leaving the contents damp and smelly by the time I remembered it two days later.

Into the first bucket of soapy water with the load, swishing, slapping, and trying to act like a machine with the hands, feet are good at this action when the hands begin to ache and peel with the harsh detergent.

Having two kids on board and no mechanical assistance, Sarah of *"Blue Moon of Oz"* discovered that a plumber's plunger works wonders and saves the hands and feet. This simple little tool provides her with many hours of happy laundering as it sucks and plunges the clothes and linen clean. I tried it and loved it, and have conscripted it into my regular washday routine. But a word of warning; don't use it on the delicates or those lacy bras and knickers will be just bras and knickers without the lace.

After the first and sometimes second wash, the buckets are hauled up from the deck and the contents hurled over the side. At times small items like knickers lurking at the bottom of the bucket in murky water are heaved out and vanish forever in the swirling sea.

Cursing at the loss of a favourite pair of undies it is then onto the next stage of wringing. Flexing the fingers and wrists it is time to twist the soaping water out. If a laundress is very lucky and can grab the "Skipper", who will on occasion, assist with the wringing process. Towels especially are a nightmare and hands can ache for days after wringing, however I read somewhere that if looped over the lifelines and twisted a towel can be squeezed with much less effort than wringing by hand. The skipper on *"Silent Wings"* installed a mangler on the aft deck for his



Margaret on *Tonic*

washerwoman. How thoughtful to replace his hands with a machine!

Margaret on *"Tonic"* waits until tied up in a marina to tackle her wash, sitting sedately on a plastic stool she minimises the pressure on her straining back. While yet another boat incorporates both worlds of washing by cunningly using the finger of the marina as a laundry.

Rinsing is a breeze after the initial wash and if there is sufficient water supply there may be two rinses. Now the end is in sight and the final ordeal is to get every ounce of wet out of the wash. Items of substance are squeezed with extra vigour in order to dry as quickly as possible. The shorter the time on the line the better to save sun damage, wind destruction and lost pegs.

Once again, the bucket's contents are hurled overboard after rinsing. I used a large round plastic container at one time, that when full was extremely heavy and difficult to manipulate, but great for large items. Picking it up after one particularly heavy wash, I bent my back and twisted around. Spasms shot up and down the spine resulting in a seizure that kept me at 45-degrees list for a week. That particular washing bowl has now been retired to reside on deck as a container for all things surplus to current need.

After the final and by now torturous wring, the laundry is ready to adorn the rigging, and fly about in the wind. Only the heaviest duty pegs are employed on board, as the cheap type are not geared for strong wind or endurance in the destructive sun.

I remember hanging out the wash while anchored in Cooktown some time ago.



Barbara on *Baker Street*

On this particular day the wind was howling and after being slapped and stung by wet sheets and pillowcases, I retired down below to sooth my wounds. As time passed, the wind intensified and when I thought to attend to the serious flapping going on above me, I looked on in horror at what remained on the line, which was minimal to what was adorning a nearby sandbank.

Fitted bottom sheets are the worse offenders, as the wind turns them into parachutes, and if strong enough it can force them with ease from their grasping pegs and up into the air, sometimes never to be seen again.

When the final item is pegged the intrepid washerwoman is satisfied she can retire. Hands are gently massaged with rejuvenating cream, a litre of water is consumed to stem the dehydration of working on deck in the hot sun and the tired body drops onto the nearest support - exhausted.

Not so her smart neighbour with the machine, she is cool and calm, ready and able for action after *her* wash. She has read most of her book, enjoyed a cool drink or two and if her neighbour is able to communicate in a socially acceptable way, she will invite her over for a chat and drink probably to talk about the cost of washing machines.

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# Let's Share Cruising Tips

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Contact me at: [pj@thecoastalpassage.com](mailto:pj@thecoastalpassage.com)



## CUPS vs GRAMS

If you're like me, measuring cups are always handy but scales are tucked away. I find the following chart most helpful (& quicker). Use a metric (250ml) cup.

1 cup AU-Bran	70g
1 cup almond meal	110g
1 cup whole almonds	168g
1 cup mashed banana	260g
1 cup blueberries	150g
1 cup dry breadcrumbs	115g
1 cup fresh breadcrumbs	60g
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed	226g
1 cup butter	238g
1 cup diced carrot	142g
1 cup caster sugar	225g
1 cup grated cheddar cheese, firmly packed	100g
1 cup sm. chocolate buttons	190g
1 cup cocoa powder	112g
1 cup desiccated coconut	80g
1 cup cornflour	150g
1 cup de-seeded dried dates	170g
1 cup flour (any)	150g
1 cup jam	340g
1 cup sliced leek	90g
1 cup medium-sized marshmallows	96g
1 cup finely grated parmesan cheese	88g
1 cup tomato paste	260g
1 cup frozen peas	128g
1 cup pecan halves	130g
1 cup raisins	180g
1 cup frozen raspberries	130g
1 cup uncooked rice, medium grain	228g
1 cup rice bubbles	32g
1 cup rolled oats	92g
1 cup sour cream	250g
1 cup sugar	220g
1 cup sugar, caster	225g
1 cup sugar, icing	140g
1 cup walnut pieces	124g
1 cup water	250g
1 cup natural yoghurt	270g
1 cup diced zucchini	133g

## What's your cruising tip?

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

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

## VEGETABLE TIPS:

Obviously, #1 advice is to buy veggies from a local market, if at all possible. Things that have not & will not be refrigerated will last. If they've been transported in refrigerated trucks & put on display, they won't keep any time at all out of the fridge.

- Dry them before storing away•
- Check regularly•
- One bad apple can spoil the bunch, as "they" say.•

### Tips from Mariet Prum of "Triple Zero":

- Put veggies in a cabin that gets good flow air now & then.
- Potatoes, onions, garlic, sweet potato should be kept in a basket in a dark cupboard. I always have them next to my rubbish bin as that cupboard door opens up quite regularly. Be alert & check them.
- Pumpkins last forever, as long as they do not roll all the time.
- Buy a whole cabbage & start taking off leaves from the outside, turn cabbage now & then. Can be used as salad or in stir fry.
- Roll individual cucumber, zucchini, carrots, eggplant in newspaper (mark them as they all look the same from the outside).
- To refrigerate:**
- Buy plastic containers that fit in your fridge as veggies dry out & should NOT be kept in normal plastic bags.
- Use kitchen paper to line the containers & between the vegies so that any excess liquid absorbs.
- Use special green veggie bags, bought at most grocery stores, for beans & broccoli. These will go into the fridge & can keep broccoli up to 4 weeks if you let the heads sit as close as possible to the fridge element. (Do not need to put in containers above)
- **The most amazing vegetable is snow peas.** Roll per portion in a paper towel & put them in small green bag. They stay crisp this way very long.

### In addition, Ross Gard adds:

- Avoid buying all one variety or from one store. It is hard to tell which will deteriorate fastest.
- Spuds, onions, carrots, garlic can keep 16 weeks in ventilated dark area wrapped in layers of newspaper.
- Tomatoes also in ventilated & dark, checking often. Preference is the fridge & can last 6 weeks.

### PJ adds:

I find dried mushrooms great & most useful. All other dried veggies quite uneatable. BUT, they might do OK in soups or stew in a pinch.



PJ

## FRUIT STORAGE:



### Mariet Prum "Triple Zero"

Mariet suggests buying tomatoes & bananas green (there are superstitious old-timers who won't allow bananas on their boats!) Melons can be kept out of the fridge by turning & being diligent for bruises. Same with apples, oranges, pears.

### Ross Gard has a good idea:

Buy various varieties of apples & other fruits because it is hard to determine which will last the best. He wraps citrus in foil, apples & pears in paper, a few layers, & stores in a well ventilated & dark space.

### On Cheetah:

I store fruits in plastic baskets that let air flow, store them in darkest place I can find that is without moisture & check them daily eating the ripest or bruised first. I often use the green bags bought at groceries but only in the fridge...I find moisture builds up in them quickly in the tropics & rots the fruit. In cooler climes, they may work all right.

## A QUOTE FROM A FAMOUS CRUISER:

*"Travel is fatal to prejudice, bigotry, and narrow-mindedness, and many of our people need it sorely on these accounts. Broad, wholesome, charitable views of men and things cannot be acquired by vegetating in one little corner of the earth all one's lifetime."* -Mark Twain

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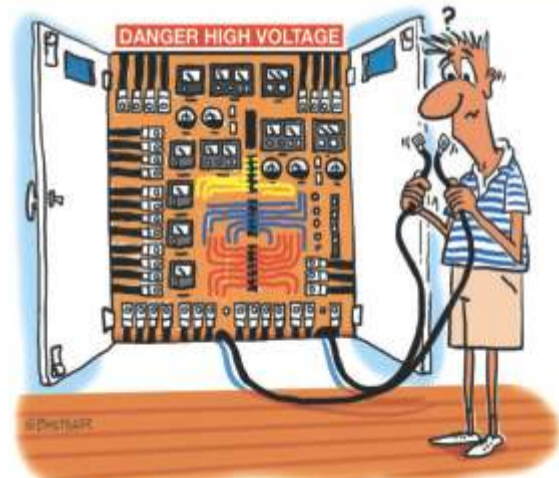
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## OUTBACK MARINE INTRODUCES ARGUS BOATS

### Argus Boats Builds New Coastal Cruising Catamaran

#### Tooling starts on new Roger Hill designed displacement power catamaran

Argus Boats, a newly-formed division of Outback Marine Australia Pty Ltd has begun production of the Argus E35, a new design from highly acclaimed naval architect, Roger Hill.

Company founder, Gary Pacey describes the new power catamaran as 'a coastal cruising boat that makes sense for our times'. He believes an expanding sector of the new boat market is ready for a cruising boat that redefines industry norms for configuration, performance, price point and value for money.

"Our aim was to assist families to enjoy the boating lifestyle, whether that may be coastal cruising or simply enjoying time on the water during weekends and holidays," he said. "The Argus 35 was conceived to comfortably and safely explore coastal regions of Australia. It's an affordable vessel offering generous accommodation for four people cruising on a limited budget.

Hill's brief for the E35 was to combine cruising ability for the voyage with outstanding comfort at anchor. The displacement hull measures 10.65 metres in length. Even with outboard legs raised the L.O.A. is less than 12 metres to improve marina berth flexibility. The boat boasts a generous beam of 4.7 metres with a 14:1 length to beam ratio. Relatively narrow hulls create less drag, so less engine power is required to drive the boat forward and less wake is generated. "It's good for the fellow boaters, the foreshore doesn't get beaten up and the environment benefits by using the minimum amount of fuel to get the job done," Pacey said.

With only 0.6 metres draft and 2.9 metres overall height, the boat can negotiate the Eastern seaboard's often shallow river systems and pass beneath the plethora of road and rail bridges that often preclude other boats from exploring the coast's otherwise picturesque waterways.

Rather than cramming in more sleeping cabins and heads, the emphasis is on comfort and live aboard facilities for just a few. Two generous queen size sleeping cabins feature airy European slat bedding, while the single head to starboard is roomy. A large portside galley, boasting over two metres of bench space, is complete with gas cook top, convection microwave oven and generous refrigerator. The saloon offers great separation for 3 or 4 but can seat up to 8 people for drinks at sundown. The aft deck will accommodate a table and chairs for up to 8."

The E35 is designed to be powered by two outboard engines of 60 to 90 horsepower. These will provide a sprint speed of over 20 knots, for safe bar crossings, while the cruising speed of 12 to 16 knots will deliver an economical fuel consumption of between 1.0 and 1.5 litres per nautical mile. The high tunnel clearance of 0.7 metres is designed to avoid wave slapping throughout the entire speed range, including the often forgotten trolling speed of 6 to 8 knots.

Pacey has drawn on his extensive cruising experience and background at Outback Marine to engineer some innovative system solutions. "Cruising people generally don't want to shut themselves inside and run a generator all day for air conditioning. So we asked Roger to see what he could do to keep things cooler. The forward glazing has been kept more vertical while an extended brow reduces solar heat loads. Additional all weather ventilation is provided under the brow.

A generous house battery bank charged by a solar panel with over 500 watts capacity makes the vessel virtually self reliant for electrical power. This dispenses with the need for a heavy, space consuming on-board generator while an efficient inverter takes care of 240 volt appliances. "With energy efficient refrigeration and provision for a desalination system the boat can stay quietly at anchor indefinitely, provided the food holds out," quipped Pacey.

Tooling and construction has been contracted to Chincogan Catamarans in Murwillumbah, NSW. "We needed an accomplished construction team experienced with relatively low volume production and cutting edge quality," he said. "This group has an excellent reputation and is passionate about the boats they build." Peter Coram of Chincogan commented: "We're excited to be involved with this project and I'm looking forward to the challenges it presents. The structure uses a resin infusion process over a foam core to reduce weight and increase strength."

Survey compliant sedan and fly bridge versions are planned for the self drive charter and owner syndication market and pending market demand, inboard diesel powered versions will be made available.

Pacey believes the Argus E 35's relatively low entry level price will appeal to those who would like to take advantage of the current 50% tax bonus scheme. "We're aiming to launch the boat at a base price of around \$325,000. The main issue will be satisfying demand for delivery before December 2010," he concluded.

**For further information contact:**

**Gary Pacey, Director**

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Kerrie & Colin (pictured left) have been associated with the area for the past five years through their charter boat "Upyerkilt" and have now made Airlie Beach home (bit of a change from Tassie weather!).

The range of products and services at the chandlery will be maintained and expanded if possible, including both marine and architectural rigging and balustrading. Colin and Kerrie would like to thank everyone for the support shown since taking over in July with everyone offering equal measure of assistance, advice and some cheek! Together with Tony and Blue they look forward to a long relationship with all their customers.

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## SCRUFFIE MARINE



### The Future of Yachting?

In an ideal world we would all get paid for sailing and our beloved boats would be a fully tax deductible business expense.

In an ideal world auxiliary power would be free and there would be no marina or slipway charges either.

In an ideal world all sailing would be as per a perfect Whitsunday day with 10-15 knots steady as a rock oh and no tax on alcohol.

Impossible? Actually no, most of the above can be arranged. Let me explain.

I am a man obsessed with boats. My father, a third generation navy man returned from World War II pretty much intact and eagerly set about making children and teaching them the ways of the sea. We then skip an unmentionable number of years . . . for the past two decades we have been designing, developing and building small sailing boats mostly in kit form. We're nudging boat number 300 now and we're in seven different countries.

**Scruffie Marine** boats are sailed by outward bound operators and are used by the navy for cadet training so we know they're good. We have a steady stream of orders and doing just fine thank you. We would, however, like to go sailing ourselves this hardly ever happens as we work six days a week and need to relax on Sundays (well some of us do.)

So we set about researching and developing a new tourism business based on three brand new commercial spec boats a maritime alliance.

From experience we already knew what the private customer values in our boats and we reasoned that a commercial operator would want that and more. They should be tough, fast, weatherly and utterly trustworthy.

Then we analysed why so many boat related businesses falter or fail and set about eliminating the causes. We reduced the operational costs to really low levels, thus reducing the risks, and by specifying trailerable boats, dramatically increasing the flexibility and enhancing the profits. Next up we identified seven different income streams good, solid, realistic and workable. We then fine-tuned every single aspect of the business from the electric outboards, the flotation and stability of each boat to the efficiency of the build and fit-out to the provision of proper cutlery and plates. No plastic rubbish on our boats!

We then worked on a business model that gave everyone a good deal. The customer gets a lovely Scruffie day out and the owner/operator makes a healthy profit. You can sail your own boat or put in a skipper to do it for you, either way it'll work very well and the returns are derived from a solid asset, not from bits of paper.

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## How to make a Mast Step Ladder from Max at Stitch-it-Awl



Other than the **Stitch It Awl** tool itself, the mast-step ladder is the most useful item that I came up with since.

For years, I sailed single-handed, so getting up the mast was a problem. I did not want fixed mast steps, as halyards tend to get caught in them. Being on my own, there was nobody to winch me up on a bosun's chair. Even when I had a female crewmember, she was generally not strong enough to winch me up.

This is no doubt the case of many cruising couples, when one partner has to go aloft in the bosun's chair. For the other one running the winch, it can be a nerve wracking and strenuous exercise!

The ladder solved all these problems

Briefly, with the main sail on the boom, you feed the ladder's mast slides into the main sail's track and shackle the main's halyard to the top of the ladder.

Then you just need to pull the ladder up with the main sail winch, tie off the bottom of the ladder, and then tension the halyard. You can now easily climb up and down the mast.

If the main halyard has been lost, either the foresail halyard or the spinnaker halyard can be used.

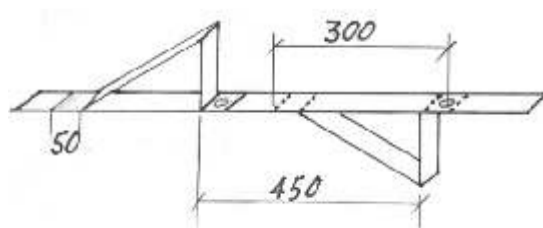
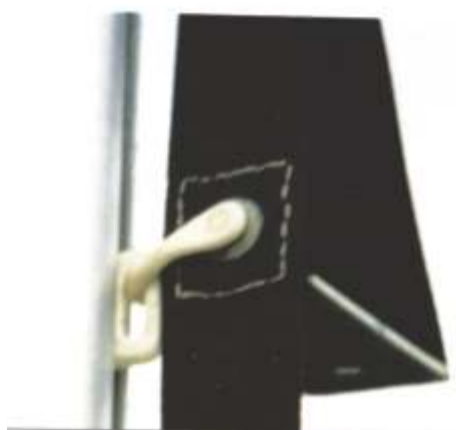
The ladder is made of seat-belt webbing. As the webbing step would cut into your foot due to the weight of your body, each step is reinforced by a step tread to keep the step straight. I used aluminium flat bar (3mm thick), which I found to be best.

### What you will need:

1. Seat belt webbing, 50 mm wide, double the length of the mast.
2. Stitch-it-Awl sewing tool: Standard needles with 0.8mm waxed thread (e.g. Marlow No 4 whipping twine).
3. Stainless steel eyelets, one for each step position, plus 2 extras (one at the top, one at the bottom).
4. A suitable eyelet tool available from most camping or hardware stores (avoid the Supertool brand).
5. Mast slides, one for each step position.
6. Plastic slide shackles.
7. Step-treads: aluminium flat bar 3mm thick cut to lengths of 50x150mm, one for each step. *Remark: other materials can be used as long as they are strong enough to provide a solid step, do not corrode nor rot.*
8. Contact adhesive or rivets & rivet gun to attach step treads.

### Instructions:

1. Cut webbing for mast-steps into 0.5 m lengths. Position and sew as per drawing below.
2. Double webbing over at halyard and tack ends; sew and fit eyelets.
3. Melt all cut ends to prevent fraying.
4. Sew a double step below mast-head and spreaders.
5. Glue each step-tread onto a step using contact adhesive. The piece can also be rivetted if a rivet gun is available, but rivets may corrode over time.



### STITCH IT AWL

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**Thursday brings WIND!**

"It was nice to have some consistent breeze" said IRC grand prix division 1 winner Graeme Wood, owner of *Wot Now* helmed by Julian Freeman.

*Wot Now* beat overall series leader *Living Doll*, by a minute on corrected time.

*Limit* was the only big boat to figure in today's podium finishes, claiming third over the line and third on corrected time. Their sense of humour was also on display, a *Limit* crewman offering to re-lay the pin mark for the race committee, a reference to Monday's tangle up.

Finishing ahead of *Limit* over the line was *Wild Oats X* and *Black Jack*. The two staged quite a duel rounding Dent Island, *Black Jack* missing out on an opportunity to climb over *Wild Oats* when their Code 0 failed to unfurl properly. "It may have cost us the opportunity to pass Oats," said *Black Jack's* tactician Peter 'Billy' Merrington. "They sailed very well and defended their lead."

In the line honours contest *Wild Oats X* is now one up on *Black Jack* with two days of competition remaining.

IRC division 2 winner was *Dekadence* over *Cracklin Rosie*. *Dekadence* is leading the series overall, on equal points with *Alegria*.

On IRC Passage division 1 series scoresheet. *Balance* ahead of *Bluewater* by two points.

In the IRC Invitation division, Swan 60 *Ginger* took the win from *You're Hired*.

CYCA boat *You're Hired* was a very late arrival at Hamilton Island. Their engine blew up off Mackay three days prior to the regatta's opening day and after sourcing a new engine block the delivery crew motored into the harbour at 2am Saturday morning, just hours before the first race commenced at 1015hrs.

Andy Kearnan's Sydney 32 *Wirrajurnd*, in Performance Racing division 2, has taken four overall wins from five starts to be clear leader by eight points from the Beneteau 42 *Integrity*.

Chartered Beneteau Oceanis 343 aptly named *Heartstruck* missed out on the Cruising division 3 silverware. With three Melbourne based cardio thoracic surgeons, two anaesthetists, one surgical assistant and one plastic surgeon aboard, *Heartstruck* is a sailing hospital.

This afternoon around 700 competitors and their families are enjoying the inaugural Dent Island Day, which has replaced Whitehaven Beach day on the Race Week social calendar.

Fridays day of competition will see the IRC grand prix divisions 1 and 2 aiming for three windward/leewards in the Eastern course area starting at 1100hrs while the rest of the classes undertake an islands course with the first starter's off the line in Dent Passage at 1040hrs.

**Perfect Sailing for Friday!**

Consistent south east Trade Winds, flat water and whales and dolphins frolicking in the turquoise waters as the fleets slid by made for the perfect day's sailing.

With tomorrow signalling the close of competition, those in the silverware hunt are throwing everything they have at the final races of the week-long series that commenced last Saturday.

*Living Doll* is poised for back to back victories having claimed the overall win at recent Airlie Beach Race Week.

With just one race to go, *Living Doll's* crew can sleep a little easier with a seven point cushion over *Evolution Racing*, which finished the bridesmaid to *Living Doll* at Airlie Beach.

In IRC grand prix division 2 *Alegria* from Mooloolaba Yacht Club leads *Dekadence*, but it will go down to the wire with only a point separating the pair.

*Two True Evolution*, a new South Australian Beneteau First 40 is third on the series pointscore after eight races.

In the line honours count, *Wild Oats X* is one ahead of *Black Jack* while *Limit* entered the fray with its first line honours win to be third on the scoresheet.

With New Zealand America's Cup sailors Gavin Brady and Rodney Keenan adding plenty of kudos to what is already a top Australian crew, *Limit* stayed out of the tide on the first beat and snaffled the win from the bigger boats.

In the first race of the day *Wild Oats X* and *Black Jack* split tacks up the windward work then duelled back to the bottom mark, Mark Richards and his red shirt brigade once again shutting down the Mark Bradford skippered *Black Jack*.

In the second race, race seven of the series, Richards uncharacteristically broke the start, both *Wild Oats X* and Rob Hanna's *Shogun* recalled by the race committee to re-start. By the first top mark rounding there was only 40 seconds between the two front runners but by the finish line *Black Jack* had stretched that lead to almost two minutes.

The IRC Invitation division led the other Audi Hamilton Island Race Week classes contesting the passage races north out of Dent Island in a building ESE breeze that was bulleting on the north western corner of Dent Island, causing plenty of spinnakers to collapse suddenly.

At 98 feet, Peter Millard's RQYS registered *Lahana* is the biggest of them all and not surprisingly has taken more line honours wins than the rest in its division. *Lahana*, formerly NZ maxi *Zana/Konica Minolta*, is one of six 98 and 100 foot maxis expected on this year's Rolex Sydney Hobart Yacht Race start line and is using Audi Hamilton Island Race Week to put some miles and crew experience into the bank in the lead up to the Boxing Day blue water classic.

Andrew Short's RP80 *Club Marine Shockwave* is another Invitation division headline act, followed by the two Volvo 60s and the stunning Marten 49s.

*Ginger* scored its second back to back handicap victory to be leading the IRC Invitation division by three points from Bruce Hogan's *Perpetual Mocean*.

IRC Passage 2, Performance 2 and Cruising Division 1 sailed a slightly shortened course, leaving Sidney Island out, while Cruising 2 and 3 and non-spinnaker went shorter again, sailing 23.4 nautical miles.

Performance Racing Division 2 leader *Wirrajurnd* held onto pole position leading into the final Molle Islands race which will start from Dent Passage at 0930hrs when the



procession will head out of the Passage at five minute intervals.

**Final Day!**

For the final day of racing at Audi Hamilton Island Race Week the IRC Passage 2, Performance Racing 1 and 2, Cruising 1, 2 and 3 and Non-Spinnaker divisions were sent on a 17.5 nautical mile island course around Denman Island and White Rock.

Following an extremely slow finish in Dent Passage in "ordinary" breeze the final series results were a lottery, according to the eventual Performance Racing division 2 winning skipper Andy Kearnan.

Kearnan's Sydney 32 *Wirrajurnd* sailed a brilliant series, their final tally including four firsts on handicap. Paul Clitheroe's Beneteau 45 *Balance* took top honours in the IRC Passage Division 1 results by the slimmest of margins. "We just snuck in by one point. *Blue Water* won today's race and we finished second, which was just enough to get us over the line," said a relieved Clitheroe.

"There was no breeze for the final two hours; if they hadn't shortened the course we would have all missed the presentation tonight.

In Performance Racing division 1, *Ishtar* outclassed *Jive Talkin'* by one point.

Concludes next page



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# Hamo concludes....

Melbourne 55-footer *Living Doll*, launched 10 months ago by Michael Hiatt and sailing for the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria, has finished top scoring boat in IRC grand prix division 1 at Audi Hamilton Island Race Week.

*Living Doll's* mostly amateur 16 man crew, with an average age of 41, squeezed the last out of the boat for the final Molle Islands race. They polished off the series with a second in today's race, owner/skipper Hiatt at the helm of his winning Farr design.

Hiatt's victory comes off the back of his title win last week at the Meridien Marinas Airlie Beach Race Week and gives him the trifecta after he took out the IRC crown at Skandia Geelong Week in January.

## "Sailing is alive and well in Victoria" ..

*Living Doll* finished six points clear of *Evolution Racing* (CYCA), the same order the pair finished (40 seconds apart) at Airlie Beach, with *Wot Now* (CYCA) third on the IRC grand prix division 1 ladder.

The 23.3 nautical mile Molle Islands race for the IRC grand prix, IRC passage 1 and IRC Invitation divisions started from Dent Passage in favourable tide and a light 6 knot SW breeze. All divisions, bar IRC grand prix 1, later had their courses shortened in the fading sou'easter.

Division after division lined up in Dent Passage in the morning to set off in a northerly direction at five minute intervals, creating a magnificent march past for the onlookers standing atop the new Hamilton Island Yacht Club, the club's flagstaff marking one end of the start line.

It was no-man's land in Molle passage for those first on the scene; *Wild Oats X* caught short while *Loki* moved into first, staging a remarkable comeback after being called OCS at the start. *Loki* picked up a handy land breeze off South Molle Island and scooted along the shoreline before they were challenged by *Black Jack*.

The lead changed several more times before *Limit* stormed home in what was one of the best finishes of the regatta, narrowly pipping *Black Jack* and *Wild Joe* to get the gun by one minute, and record their second bullet of the series.

As the Audi race buoys were being deflated and packed away for the next Audi sponsored sailing event, regatta director Denis Thompson took some time to think back over the past week, which began with light and variable breeze and closed with the return of the Trade Winds, although uncharacteristically light.

"It's been an almost Trade Wind-less regatta which meant the race committee had to work so hard to chase the breeze and make sure the fleets had some good racing. "Once again the quality of the IRC fleet has been outstanding, probably the best ever seen in the country," Thompson added. Tonight crews will celebrate at the official trophy presentation marking the end of the 26th edition of Audi Hamilton Island Race Week.

For full results see:

<http://topyachtsoftware.com/results/2009/hammo/series/index.htm>



Ngak Ngak sitting light in the water without the kiln!



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# Sundowners

here's a few story mate...



## Trials and Tribulations of a Landlubber

By Deidre Railton, *The King*

In the beginning, God created Farmers and Gypsies. I'm a farmer, my husband of 30 something years is a gypsy. I am not a sailor. I'm afraid of wind, waves and water.

I quite like *'The King'*, especially parked up at Keppel Bay Marina doing the wine and cheese thing at sunset. Keppel Island is a doodle because I can catch the ferry back to the mainland if necessary.

In a weak moment some time ago I agreed to a sailing trip north and the contract was signed (so to speak) before I learned that Shoalwater Bay was an exclusion zone. We would have to do some of the Keppel to Hexham Island leg in the dark. Oh God!

By the time we dropped anchor at Hexham in a howling gale at 3 a.m. I was a total wreck, wanted to get off, not happy Jan.

We did the Dukes and then the Percys, where the damn wind chased us from one anchorage to the other on a daily basis.

I don't mind the catering thing and managed to dish up the gourmet stuff using

2 gas burners, very limited oven space and a B.B.Q. not much bigger than a beer can. Also drank a fair bit of red wine, as you do.

Did I mention that the Auto Pilot packed it in? Yep! Just to make things more interesting.

On we went, weather still not great. After 3 weeks afloat, our need to reprovision with Merlot, water and gas (in that order of priority) took us into Abel Point

Marina. This cheered me up no end.

Well, you know the drill. Crew gets to jump onto the pontoon with the mooring line. This I did, a magnificent leap that propelled me over the pontoon and into the water on the other side (In my best going to town hat, still clutching the mooring line I might add).

After surfacing, my first thought was 'don't panic', followed by 'this is not a good look', followed by 'I don't think I can get back onto the bloody pontoon'. Then I may have panicked.

I have bruises the size of saucers and bits of bark off everywhere. Photographic evidence exists in case I decide to sue "he-who-should-have-been-more-sympathetic" for pain and suffering.

When he realized the dilemma, (the mooring line was not going to be immediately available for use), he didn't know whether to save me or the boat. I'm glad it did not come to the crunch as I may have come second.

We've done the Whitsundays and Gloucester Island and I'm jumping ship at Bowen. I'm travelling to Townsville by road, and then flying to Darwin. Getting as far away from the bloody boat as I can.

The gypsy has suggested I sail with him to the Louisiades and I have agreed. When the Roper freezes over and it snows at Uluru!

## Sharks in Pajamas

BY Steve Kenyon  
SY "Felix" Middle Percy Island

Back in the 80's Jenny and I sailed in to St Bees to visit the one and only Peter Berck aboard our 7m cat "Lorana". After a great time with Pete, (whose unique life must be fully written one day), we hauled sail north up the channel twixt St Bees and Keswick - only to immediately see an enchanting little beach to starboard.

Now being true cruising folk, (with no fixed destinations), we wandered over for a squizz. Low and behold, here was a pretty lagoon behind the beach with a small entrance... So we edged up, and with 0.5m draught, found ourselves in rather a special place. The trusty drag net promptly snaffled one muddie and a squid, a second muddie soon followed curtesy of the scoop net, and a brand new day was off and running.

It was two days before the top of the springs, so we loitered there four days, feasting on goats, fish and oysters, before heading back out to continue the voyage north.

**That was the prelude, now here's where the story begins:**

Anyway, as we edged back out into the channel we spotted a person waving rather earnestly from Keswick Is... this looked like some problemo... So we went over, anchored, then rowed ashore to see what was a goin' on. Turned out the bloke waving rather earnestly was the current caretaker of Keswick. I'm afraid I can't recall his name, so we'll call him KC, (Keswick Caretaker) he was a top bloke, yet obviously rather shaken up, so we sat down there and then on then on the beach for a yarn... and here's his adventure...

What KC was doing for a hobby, (all by himself on the island), was catch sharks at night. He was setting up a big heavy duty line about sunset, then rigging it via a tin can alarm to his abode above the beach. No worries at all, great fun, but what had

happened last night was this: Here he was, sound asleep on a remote island, with only the sounds of gently lapping waves and trade winds sighing through the palms, when, ding a ding ka dingle, all the tin cans have gone right off.

"YA-HOO" he thought, "here's a beauty!" He leapt out of bed in his pyjamas, raced down to the beach, and started hauling in on the line. Now it was a big fish, and it was fighting, but KC was winning. A solitary pyjama clad figure on an isolated island, all alone in flickering moonlight, waging battle with the elemental forces.

*The problem was the set line!*

Now every fisherman knows, that the secret to surviving, is to keep the line away from your feet. KC forgot. In the heat of the battle, oblivious to all else in the entire world but his personal battle with this shark, he was throwing every bit of hard won line down on the sand at his feet... and yes, that's what happened.

Eventually the shark muscled up and made a run for it, KC shifted footing to brace himself, and stepped straight into the loose line on the sand. WHOOSKA! The next thing he knew was the lines whipped tight around his ankle, tipped him flat on his back, then promptly dragged him, yelling blue murder, straight out into the ocean. Struth, stone the bloody crows, one minute a bloke peacefully snoozing in a warm snug bed, then ten minutes later here he is, being dragged out into the channel - by a line around his ankle in the middle of a dark night by a rather angry shark whilst still in his pyjamas!!

Well, as luck would have it, the shark turned and made a run at KC, that gave him enough slack to get the line off, then frantically swim and scramble back ashore.

"Oh boy", Jen said, "So what did you do then?" At this KC smiled, then replied, "Well I did two things. First I filled the biggest glass I could find with Rum and drank it straight, then I sat down and wrote to the Philippines for a bride. You know, I really do think I need a new hobby!"

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**LAST ISSUE...**  
**Island head Creek**  
 Position: apx:  
 South 22°.20  
 East 150°.40

# Name this spot winners!



**#2: Paul and Jippy, SY Shanti**  
**#3 Tim, (building a catamaran).**

**#4 Special effort prize: Des & Gail of SY Allatina. Gail first picked Stockyard Point in Keppel Bay, then Des picked I.H.**



**Fred of SY Aquilla is #1!**

Fred with his new cap on Aquilla, his family's sailing cat in the Burnett River

Dear Kay & Bob,

Received TCP cap in the mail and is much appreciated having lost my previous cap overboard in Hervey Bay earlier this month.

Winning the cap by identifying the mystery location as depicted in TCP #37 the photo of Island Head Creek has brought back fond memories of a great anchorage.

In 1994, my wife and I sailed up the east coast of Qld on our 38' steel sloop "Helen II" and visited Island Head Creek *twice* in the one day.

We had a comfortable week anchored in the creek and after the scheduled military bombing was over, we set out to head north to the Percy Islands. We waited for an outgoing tide to assist us and once outside were faced with a NW wind which was supposed to be SW. The seas were quite reasonable though and we performed several perfectly executed tacks throughout the day in our attempt to get to our destination. Later in the afternoon I looked at my hand held Garmin for a position fix and calculated that we achieved to make 5 miles in the previous 5 hours!

I was disappointed to say the least and reviewed our situation. We decided to head back to Island Head. It took us 1 hour to get back to the entrance. The sun was low by this time and I entered the creek the same way as before and recommended by Alan Lucas in *Cruising the Coral Coast*.

Safely past the major rocks on my starboard the boat came to a smooth stop. It was a strange feeling and I looked over the side and could see the bottom. I could also see an audience of about a 10 boats safely anchored further up the creek. How I wished I never left this morning. I was grounded on the shallow patch inside the entrance exactly where Alan Lucas said it was. I was disappointed having wandered too far to port on entry but more concerned that by the time the tide would lift me off- it would be dark.

After lowering the sails and dropping the dinghy in the water, I surveyed my predicament in the dinghy and look for the shortest way back to deeper water. About an hour had passed and I felt the boat pivoting on its keel, so I gunned the motor and scraped into deeper water and sort of navigated into the creek using a combination of memorized course to follow and the anchor lights of the parked boats further upstream. I anchored in the middle of the creek not far from where the above mentioned photo was taken. The current was at its strongest at the spot but I didn't care, I was safely anchored.

The next day, I never mentioned anything to any of the other boats anchored near us, nor was anything said. For all they knew, I may have just gone out for a "day sail" and pulled up at the mouth to do some fishing on my return.

Thanks again for the cap. I enjoy reading TCP. The articles, the wit and humour contained in many letters have me in stitches. I also wish to pay tribute to Alan Lucas, a regular contributor to TCP. Alan Lucas books have been invaluable to me in my previous sailing trips including the NSW coast.

**Fred & Helen, SY Aquilla**

**Thanks Fred! Not only did you send your pic with your new TCP Cap, you also sent this great story!**

## NAME THE SPOTS BELOW - GET A TCP CAP AND MORE!



### Everyone Gets a Chance This time!

Last time was a lot of fun but the people that download the "E"Version of TCP had the big advantage because they get their copy first. SO, what we will do this time is collect all entries received by email, snail mail or rock through the window and draw the winners on October 10th. The first three correct Aussie entries get the hat or cap (you select) and a copy of Alan Lucas's book, Off Watch.

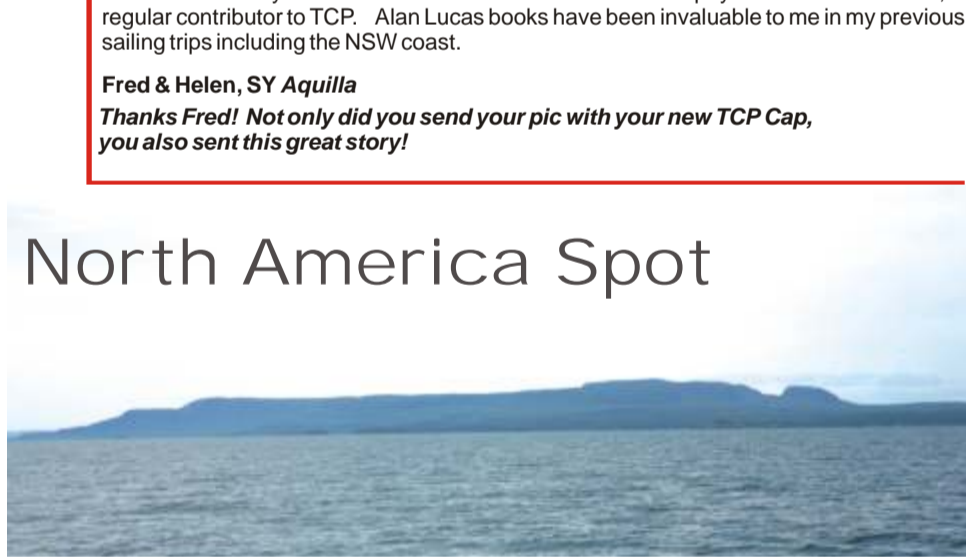
Only two prize packages for the North American entries but besides the hat/cap and book you get our admiration and respect! It may not be easy to guess! Thanks to Karen Larson of Good Old Boat for the pic, needless to say, GOB associates are not eligible.

**EMAIL: kay@thecoastalpassage.com**

**Or, P.O. Box 7326, Urangan, Queensland Australia 4655**



Aussie Spot



North America Spot



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# Boat Building Projects

Bob Norson



## Ian Campbell's Polycore Cruiser

Update as of September 1st. It's taking a little longer than hoped... as they will. But the boat is taking shape and showing some very graceful lines.

The heavy rains and resulting humidity this season has been a problem for everyone but it looks like we may be coming back into our lovely drought! (Hey! I'm no farmer...) TCP will track this project until launch and wet testing. If successful with this new building material the boat will be a ground breaker.

See previous issues for more info.

## The \$21K Catamaran



Called by the builder, the CSC30, this project reported in TCP # 37 has resulted in a deluge of letters from all over the world wanting more detail...

So far Leon, the builder is content to share what was published but not interested in the business. He can't be bothered as he is too busy enjoying his new boat!

If he lets us have the beer carton he drew the plans on, we'll let you know. OH... and the CSC stands for "Cheap Shit Cat"! And he is proud of it.

## Bare Bones Project Getting Back on Track!



**Moving is never fun!** And moving house with a part finished boat project makes life more interesting than I like but...tis done.

The hurry was on to re-erect the shelter to get the epoxy stuff out of the weather. I have found new tricks to speed up and maintain the erection... (insert your own joke here...) that I will put up on the web site later. What took three helpers and a cherry picker last time was managed with just Kay and I this go... (this is getting worse isn't it?) but the point is... (uh oh) with Kay doing the hard work at TCP... I'll be going at it till the job is done.... (groan!)

Besides having a lot more information on materials and options for resins, I am listening to builders that are thinking electric power instead of fossil fuel. Any one who wishes to share that kind of info. is particularly invited to have a chat.

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# Aussies to the rescue



**Nixon by the copra drier and a shed amongst the palms**

By Kerry Alexander, SY Aussie Oi

Sick of the bad news stories on the 6 o'clock news? Don't like reading the paper because it's packed with stories of trauma, turbulence, terror and people doing the wrong thing by each other? Well rest easy, I've got a good one for you.

The good news is, the rumours are true, the cruising community really does have some wonderful people in it. People who are generally happy to be where they are. People who are appreciative of the world around them. People who are happy to help out where they can. I have seen evidence of it with my own eyes. I have heard evidence of it from the 'horse's mouth'. Read on....

We sailed into a top spot last year. It's called Asanvari and it's on an island called

Maewo in the north of Vanuatu. We anchored in clear water, so clear in fact, that you could see the fishes' eyeballs. Around the bay, hills cloaked in thick green, rose up from the water's edge. Metres from the anchorage a waterfall tumbled over the rocks to the sea.

Right on the beach was a small village so typical of Vanuatu, small huts with roofs made from coconut leaves, walls woven from pandanus palm and dirt floors covered with coral pebbles.

The people here live a simple life. They grow crops of manioc and taro and yam. They grow enough for their families and perhaps a bit extra to sell at the market. They may keep a few chooks and a pig. They don't earn much money at all, but they bear a burden. People with almost nothing have to pay to send their children

to school. It costs 15000 vatu (\$A 180) a year to send one child to primary school. For secondary school it is at least 6 times that amount. If you have 6 or 7 children and almost no income, that amounts to a lot of money.

So what happens? A lot of children don't go to school is what happens. The percentage of children from Asanvari that go to secondary school is extremely small. Beautiful children with huge smiles for us all just don't have the opportunities we do.

So why is this a good news story I hear you ask? Well, an unassuming Aussie has come to the rescue.

A yachtie by the name of John Harry visited Asanvari a while ago. I found out that he was responsible for the T.V, DVD player that are unusual additions to the Asanvari 'Yacht club'. He has also brought joy to the children of the village with laminated photos of themselves and their school classes. John thought about what he could do for the villagers and went ahead and did it. He went home and raised funds through the Capricornia Cruising Yacht Club in Yeppoon, then donated some of his own money and now 5 little villages in Asanvari each have brand new copra shed. That means that villagers can dry coconut, which grows everywhere in Vanuatu. They can then sell their produce for around 4000vatu (\$A40) a bag. They have a source of income.

Nixon Sarai, of Asanvari, coordinated the project together with John. Materials were purchased and Nixon supervised their distribution. I spoke to him at the site of one of the sheds; "From the chief and the whole community, we would like to say thank you very much to Mr. John Harry from Australia and to all those that have contributed. This has

been a successful project. It has been good to watch our community benefit and to see it helps quite a lot with the school fees. Thank you again from the chief and everybody."

The following chiefs would also like to acknowledge their appreciation: Chief Nelson Sarai Asanvari village, Chief Philiman Avavanai village, Chief Luke Asataleva village, Chief Dan Alau village, Chief Mizail Avvanbatu village.

This is one example of a cruising yachtie, lucky in life, doing something for others.

I see it everywhere, as we travel; little kids, proud as punch, wearing donated clothes. Just one t-shirt is a 'whole new wardrobe' for them. I see skippers working together to fix village generators and motors, donating spare parts and technical know how. I see locals in dugout canoes expressing delight when a passing boat gives them a couple of fish hooks.

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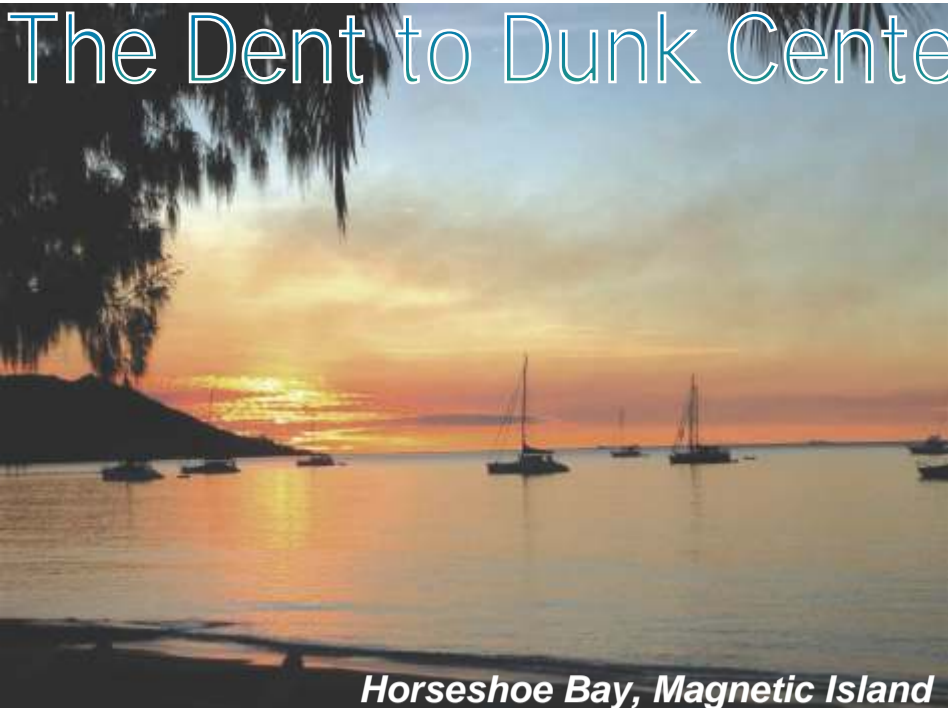
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# The Dent to Dunk Centenary Race and Rally 2009



Horseshoe Bay, Magnetic Island

Photos & story by  
PJ & Steve Halter, SY Cheetah  
With special thanks to:  
Chet the Cheetah Member, Rally Mascot Club

The first Dent to Dunk race was run on February 20<sup>th</sup> 1909. Little is known about that first event but Kevan Johnston discovered the silver coffee pot trophy in Townsville Museum in 2004.

In April of 2005, the second running saw 19 starters on the Dent Passage start line, with another nine boats taking part in an impromptu "rally". Each year the event has grown in dramatic fashion & the start was shifted to Airlie Beach in 2007. (It seems that Hamilton Island is just too busy to accommodate 45 boats in the marina.) Meridian Marina at Abel Point is happy to host us & offered a nice discount to visiting rally boats.

It all started with a welcoming party at Abel Point Yacht Club's home, "Barracuda's". A Rally bag stuffed full of fun things and a bottle of Mount Gay rum were given each boat checking in. A safety briefing was held that evening with free nibbles so that all would attend.

As it had been for the last 3 years, there was no wind for the 10.30 am start. Within a couple of hours, however, sails were filling on their way to the Eco Resort at Gloucester Passage. The evening's theme was "Pirates" with bottles of wine for best-dressed awards, donated by Portavin Integrated Wine Service. Nearly all the participants got into dressing up this year with some real stunning costumes. Even Captain Jack Sparrow made it to the party. Music was provided during and after a fabulous BBQ dinner, with everyone dancing well into the night. Early in the morning saw all the boats heading out for a downwind sail to Cape Upstart, with good winds & many spinnakers flying.

Cape Upstart was a free evening, followed by layday. To our horror upon arriving at Upstart, we found that Qld. Parks was burning most of the Cape in their yearly ritual. This made for a smoky, spooky evening. Fortunately, the upper part of the bay was not too bad and weather was good. At night, this controlled burn looked spectacular but the lungs did not like it much. Early next morning all boats took off for Cape Bowling Green or Magnetic Island instead of lying over.

Most of the boats stopped at Bowling Green since it was flat calm. Not to be outdone by Qld. Parks, we had a big fire on the beach for that night's BBQ. Beach walks, swimming and crab

pots were the items for the afternoon.

Stories abounded of 4-metre crocks seen in the area as Rally newcomers from down south took a dip in the nice warm sea! The night was calm on Bowling Green until 3am when all hell broke loose with heavy winds and very choppy conditions. The majority of the fleet left quickly, with just a few boats waiting until daybreak. (We on *Cheetah* took off at 6am with 25 to 35 knots of winds. We thought it was a good sail but others hated it.) The rally committee tries to offer some excitement along the way but this was more than was ordered.

Just as quick as the wind came in, it dropped out behind Cape Cleveland for a slow crawl into Horseshoe Bay, Magnetic Island. Horseshoe Bay is a great

anchorage and again this year we were hosted at the Marlin Bar for dinner and music. As the night progressed, the Bowling Green to Magnetic Island tall tales got bigger and bigger. This night started the Turkey Award competition, which awards a trophy at the end for the most outrageous boatie incident, as well as the regular daily award.

Next day was a layday. The bay was alive all morning with outboards buzzing to & from shore & visiting mates. At 3 pm the action started with "The Games" in late afternoon around the pool at the All Seasons Resort Magnetic Island. The resort provided a great tropical atmosphere to go with a perfect Queensland day. Some of the games played were: panty hose and orange roll, Spit the Dummy, balloon art, balloon-between-the-legs run, and umbrella golf to mention a few. 10 games in all were imaginatively organized by Rally participants.

We stopped the games for a few minutes around 6pm to watch the wild Kookaburra and Sea Eagle feeding. It was then time for our feeding at the resort with meats, veggies and plenty of salad for all. After the event, we shocked the local bus driver with how many boaties you can cram on a public bus.

For the first time the rally was invited to make a stop at Palm Island. It is an easy 25nm downwind sail from Horseshoe Bay with good holding in Challenger bay. Anchoring was an easy drop of the hook. This was the first time in history of Palm that 40 plus boats were anchored in the bay--all flying Dent to Dunk & courtesy Aboriginal flags. The mayor and his assistant met with Frank and Steve to welcome all to the island and accepted a \$500 check from Abel Point Yacht Club for the kids Marine Education Fund.

The islanders had a market the late afternoon with cooked food, desserts and art. There was also an ice cream truck with soft serve which did heaps of business from the boaties. After a wander around the village and a trip to the retail store for few things, it was time for dancing. Young aboriginal boys did the dancing in their traditional gear & paint. Many pictures were attempted in the twilight.

After the dancing, came Karaoke for all with \$100 award for best singer. The anchorage was very calm & quiet (except for the Karaoke!). This was a truly memorable stop for us all & plans are taking place for a bigger event next year. Yachties also gave many thanks to the True Magic committee boat for supplying the fleet with Red Emperor fish that evening.

Next morning it was off to Cape Richards in 15 to 18 knots of breeze downwind. A good sail was had by all that stayed on the outside of Hinchinbrook Island. We did have the option of going inside up the Hinchinbrook channel. (One boat that did the channel said the girls on their boat had never been up the channel. At least that was their story. My thought was they were looking for a big crock to feed.) There were a couple of fish caught going up outside. (Since pic's and beer can measurements were not taken before they ate the fish no award for those the boats.) After all the boats were anchored at Cape Richards, there was this flurry of dinghy activity to the free showers offered to the Dent to Dunk Rally participants. That evening was dinner at the Wilderness Lodge, with a centennial theme dress night

along with talent night and Karaoke. Talent amongst this group was amazing. Everything from singing, poems, belly dancing, gymnastic, to skits. More than a good time was had by all. The Karaoke then continued late into the night. I actually stayed for most of that because the DJ for Karaoke went out of his way to get people singing & laughing.

Onward to Dunk Island. Surprisingly after last night's fun, most boats were off early - 6 or 7am. We were due in Dunk between 11:30 to 12:30 and it is only 16 nm. (Points are given for making the target time correctly, as well as the secret minute within that hour.) Some must have been motivated to take a walk on Dunk Island. Or maybe it was the well known beaut lunch at the bistro that got them moving so early. For whatever reason, the timing was right with a 10 to 12 knot breeze early and then dropping out around noon. A good spinnaker and screecher run while it lasted. That evening the tables were set on the sand beach with white table clothes, decorations and candle light. The resort put on a special buffet with plenty of tasty treats for all. Later that evening, we did the daily awards and had a contest for best Hawaiian outfit. Judging by the old Hawaiian on Dunk was hard with everyone participating in this event. Later, great live entertainment for fun and dancing late into the night, AGAIN!. Fortunately, all the dinghies knew their way home to their mother ship that evening (or should I say in the morn?).

Next morning at 07:13 am, the first race boat, catamaran *Cynaphobe*, came around the tip of Dunk island on it's way to Port Hinchinbrook. By 1300 most of the boats had made it around Dunk. Then the wind completely died. Anyone on the east side against the mainland had no wind and the ones on west side out by the island had a light breeze line into Hinchinbrook. Meanwhile, most of the Rally fleet, not being hindered by a no running your motor rule were headed towards Port Hinchinbrook. In all over 52 boats went into the marina. We made quite an impact on the sleepy marina bar and town of Cardwell. We had a layday to get ready for the world famous make your own bikini contest. There were tons of prizes and each boat that competed got a bottle of wine for their troubles. Needless to say with an offer like that, many boats participated. Outfits were from simple to outrageous... modest to skimpy. If I recall correctly there were as many men in bikini's as women. The winner was from the *Cat Tropical Soul*, with the outfit actually sewn aboard on the day. They took home the \$200 voucher from Swimwear Galore. To keep things going, because we like to have fun, there was a local band for the dancing fools. (Let me tell you by the time the band started most were fools!)

Tuesday was the major presentation day, starting with a free prawn and meats lunch for all participants provided by APYC. Racing Line Honours went to *Cynaphobe*, with them also winning the Multihull Division. In the Monohull Division, 1<sup>st</sup> place was *Idle Time*, 2<sup>nd</sup> *Rising Farst*, and 3<sup>rd</sup> *Sandstone*. Making sure that everyone is a winner in the Dent to Dunk race, all other race vessels received a bottle of wine. In the Rally Division, 1<sup>st</sup> went to *Bluenose*, 2<sup>nd</sup> *Vonne Bell*, and 3<sup>rd</sup> *Spike*. Numerous other awards were presented for the Biggest Fish, Biggest Turkey event, Jumping ship, etc.

**But wait there's more.....**  
For boats not leaving until Thursday, the Cardwell RSL hosted a Seafood Buffet Lunch. We may have been in the small town of Cardwell, but what seafood: Bugs, Prawns, Oysters and several salads. Even more than the boaties could eat so you know there was a lot of food (Some ate more oysters than should be legal!).

Plan to join the Rally next year if you'd like to make new friends, enjoy sailing (motor yachts also welcome) and visiting some of the prime spots on the Queensland sunny coast. Abel Point Yacht Club limits the number of boats in the Rally to 45, with preference given to club members.

There just weren't enough pages to include the evidence... er photos that came along with the story so here is a link to the lot! [www.thecoastalpassage.com/d2d.html](http://www.thecoastalpassage.com/d2d.html) Be prepared for shock!



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# The Dent to Dunk "Rock Mounting" Rally

By Ineka Wiffen, SY *Wanderlust*

Another great Dent to Dunk Rally was drawing to a close. Apart from the mill pond at Cape Bowling Green one evening turning into a churning washing machine at 0300hrs the following morning & casting boats adrift and ashore, the cruising and the company had been great.

So - the final leg from Cape Richards to Dunk Island arrived and *Wanderlust* found the conditions that day; the best she'd had all rally.

She was making 4.5 to 5 knots in a 10 knot breeze under headsail only and no motor. The captain was ecstatic and hell-bent on keeping the wind in the sail. We crept up on Thorpe Island, quite close along the western shore.

I commented as we sat side by side enjoying ourselves, that he was a lot gamer than I was and that I'd be giving the Island a much wider berth if I was on the wheel.

"No, we'll be right. There's only one rock here", he said pointing at the plotter, "and we're just going over it now she'll be right!"

"Yes, but what's the possible error?" I asked.

"Twenty-four point four feet and four toes!"

We both giggled at the silliness of it, but within seconds came the sickening, grinding crunch of a keel climbing onto a rock. *Wanderlust* came to an instantaneous standstill and heeled to starboard, aided by the pull of the headsail.

All attempts to motor on over the top and off the other side, or backwards to get off came to nothing she was stuck fast. The starboard gunnel was close to the water and another 2 hours of fall in tide still to come.

It was time to radio our mother ship, *Trumagik* - she was already on the finish line at Dunk Island, taking down the times of the other entrants as they crossed the line.

She said they would come back and try giving us a tow off. After getting our co-ordinates and handing over the responsibility of finishing times to somebody else they were on the way.

Others in the fleet were sailing by. They told us later they all altered course to west when they saw *Wanderlust* had run aground.

*Yes Dear* put their dinghy in and came over to assess the situation. They took the halyard from the masthead and tried leaning us over even further to help the keel free of the rock, but that alone wasn't enough. By then

*Trumagik* had arrived and it was decided to attach a line to the bow and try towing us while the dinghy continued to haul on the mast.



Ineka, Bill & SY *Wanderlust*

With a lot of roaring motors, straining ropes and churning water, *Wanderlust* ground and scraped, slowly and loudly clear of the rocks and into deeper water.

Of course as the mast came upright the halyard tightened and *Yes Dears* dinghy was hauled so violently towards our hull that she almost swamped. The halyard was tied to the dinghy, so it was not quite as simple as just "letting go". Luckily it didn't come to a swamping.

Finally, all the lines were cast off and retrieved and we all went on our way to Dunk Island. We gave the spit at Dunk a very wide berth. Thank heavens *Wanderlust* is a steel hull and she continued along with no indication of any problems, although there's no doubt she'll be missing quite a bit of antifouling and paint.

Ashore, on Dunk that evening was a Hawaiian theme night. We all feasted on the wonderful spread put on by the resort. During the afternoon and evening there'd been a few people hinting that Bill and I were below decks and getting up to mischief and that was why we'd run aground!

The speeches began as soon as we'd all finished dining and the first item on the agenda of course, was the "boo-boo" of the day which was awarded to *Wanderlust*. Bill was awarded another bottle of red and a stubby holder

that swings, to always keep your beer from spilling, no matter what angle your boat's at. How appropriate!

Bill extended his heartfelt thanks to those who had been able to render assistance. Their skill, willingness and indeed their very presence made a huge difference to the outcome. He pointed out what a wonderful fraternity the yachties are. Even though many were strangers, they didn't hesitate to offer and give assistance when it was needed.

I then took the microphone and here's what I said: "It's come to my attention that there's a rumour circulating amongst you all in regard to today's incident; that the captain and the ships crew were below decks at the time and that the captain was navigating a passage different to the one on the plotter. I would like to assure you that all hands were on deck (jeers from the crowd with calls of: "was that dick or deck?") and at the helm

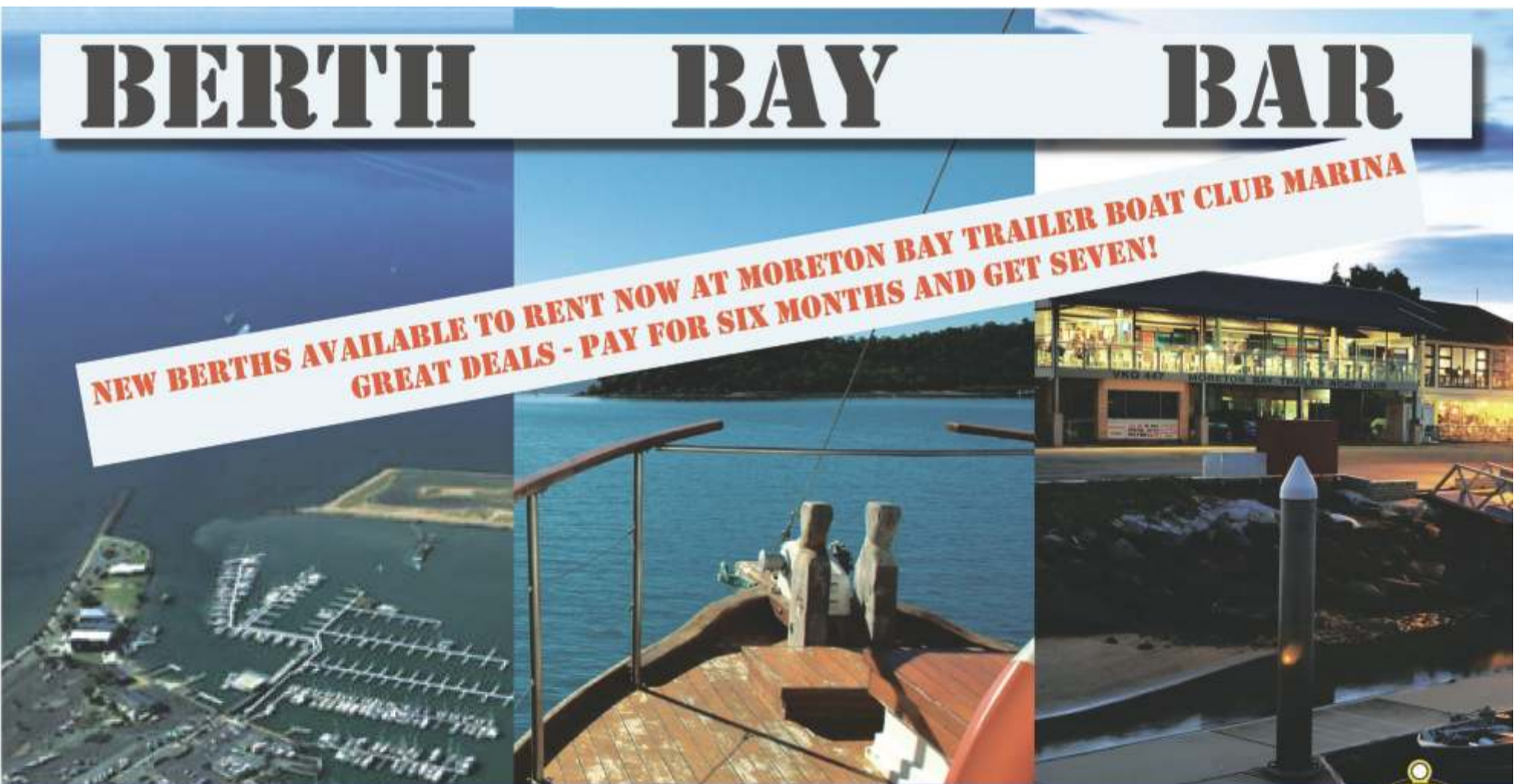
The Captain was so enjoying being able to sail without the motor, and intent on keeping the sail full he crept a little closer to Thorpe Island than he should have. That's when *Wanderlust* mounted the rock and that was the only mounting that occurred. Thank-you!"

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# The Dent 2 Dunk Visits the beautiful Palm Island For a magic welcome.



## An excerpt from the main article..

For the first time the rally was invited to make a stop at Palm Island. It is an easy 25nm downwind sail from Horseshoe Bay with good holding in Challenger bay. Anchoring was an easy drop of the hook. This was the first time in history of Palm that 40 plus boats were anchored in the bay--all flying Dent to Dunk & courtesy Aboriginal flags.

The mayor and his assistant met with Frank and Steve to welcome all to the island and accepted a \$500 check from Abel Point Yacht Club for the kids Marine Education Fund. The islanders had a market the late afternoon with cooked food, desserts and art. There was also an ice cream truck with soft serve which did heaps of business from the boaties. After a wander around the village and a trip to the retail store for few things, it was time for dancing. Young aboriginal boys did the dancing in their traditional gear & paint. Many pictures were attempted in the twilight. After the dancing, came Karaoke for all with \$100 award for best singer.

The anchorage was very calm & quiet (except for the Karaoke!). **This was a truly memorable stop for us all & plans are taking place for a bigger event next year.** Yachties also gave many thanks to the True Magic committee boat for supplying the fleet with Red Emperor fish that evening.

Here is a welcome to yachts from the Mayor...  
Please pass this on...

*The Palm Island Aboriginal Shire Council warmly welcomes boats visiting the Island. The Palm islands are part of the traditional lands and sea country of the Manbarra people, as well as home to Bwngcolman people from many other places.*

*Visiting boats are encouraged to fly the Aboriginal and Torres Strait flags as courtesy flags. This is understood as recognition of the Island being in an Indigenous community. Naturally visiting boats continue to fly their national flags from the stern.*

*The Council is responsible for 12 islands in the Palm group including Great Palm Island, Curacao (Noogoo) and Fantome (Eumilli) Islands. The main township is at Challenger Bay on the west side of Great Palm Island. Visiting boats are welcome to anchor off the township outside and clear of the marked channel. Vessels should stay clear of the wreck which is marked by a yellow isolated danger marker. Anchoring between this yellow marker and the green channel marker may suit.*

*Dinghies are welcome to use the beach beside the boat ramp. Crew from visiting boats are invited to visit the Council offices on arrival. This is not a requirement but reflects a long held tradition in Indigenous communities of making oneself known when visiting another's country. The Council is located in a one story blue building just north and across the road from the jetty. The Council is happy to provide information to assist visitors, including where particular facilities and services are located on the Island. In particular visiting boats are able to access;*

*\*Unleaded and diesel fuel from the Council service station across the road from the jetty*

*\*Water from the tap on the jetty or the Council service station*

*\*Provisions, ice and various other items from the General Store which is behind the Council building. A butcher and post office adjacent to the General Store*

*\*Modest amounts of rubbish can be placed in public rubbish bin,*

*A Boating Education Fund has been established by Council at the suggestion of a visiting yachtsman to support local young people learn about, and develop skills relevant to, the marine environment eg young people gaining various boating licences. The Fund provides one opportunity for visiting boats to make a positive contribution to the Island and its people. If visiting boats wish to make a donation to the Fund they may do so through the Council. Boats should feel no obligation to do so.*

*Other anchorages in the Palm Group are detailed in various boating guides. Visiting boats should be aware that some sites have special significance to Indigenous people's of the Island. Council is developing further strategies for going ashore and camping at particular places and the latest information is available from the Council office on request. If you wish to ring Council ahead of, or during your visit, please feel free to do so on 07 47701177.*

A note from TCP.. When visiting islands, especially those with an aboriginal community, it is very important to find out about sites that may have special significance to the native peoples. Besides not disturbing sacred places, the respect of asking and cooperating may mean a great deal to all. For another example of this point see page 5 of this edition.



**If this is the kind of thing you do for fun.... then you ought to sign up for the D2D next year... if they let you out of the rubber room and provided you take your medication....**



**This may be going too far..... The prize should have gone to the one most covered...**

# "This is who we are" (two stories of special people...)

## Dent 2 Dunk '09 SY Tropic Gold Crew

By Karyn Crane, Crew member, SY Tropic Gold

Thursday marks the departure of a Bowen local yacht, "Tropic Gold", to represent NQCYC in this year's centenary Dent to Dunk Island Cruising Rally starting on Saturday 13<sup>th</sup> June.

### Denise Laidlaw

**Tropic Gold** is a Shockwave 29 Bridged Deck Catamaran built in Bowen by Bob and June Critchley in 1983, and has many sea miles under her hulls.

The dream to sail North one last time was just that until Skipper Denise Laidlaw happened to mention it to friend and sailing colleague, Bridie O'Reilly, skipper of **Shivoo**, who indicated interest in coming along.

Then a chance encounter with an old school mate, Jan Rodgers, in Magees Supermarket a month ago, when Denise casually remarked about her sailing dream, and Jan jumped at the chance for such an adventure.....there must be something about Magee's and sailing - perhaps it's the McLean family's yachting vibes.....

And then when IGA employee Karyn Crane put her hand up as well, the dream became a reality! An all-women crew with a zest for life and a thirst for adventure will make this voyage a real memory-banker!

Denise was born in Bowen and grew up sailing Sabots with the PDSC, then progressed to yacht racing with NQCYC and further nautical jaunts from Cape York to Hobart including New Guinea and Lord Howe Island and the West Coast from Darwin to Fremantle.

Diagnosed in 2004 with a genetic muscle-wasting condition, myotonia dystrophy, Denise, now 54, encourages all those with disabilities (and those without) to take life with both hands, live it to its fullest, dare to dream and it will become a reality. She is supported in her endeavours by Mum Del Paulsen, and children Teresa, Jason and Ken Peterkin.

The crew of this vessel each have various disabilities and carry traumas from life experiences, but we are survivors, with loads of integrity, great senses of humour, caring natures and a joy and passion for life that is made sweeter from the hardships endured.

### Bridie O'Reilly

Bridie O'Reilly, 54, is self-employed as a research psychologist. Bridie and her partner, Steve, moved to Bowen just over two years ago after living nearly 20 years in Darwin. Bowen has a cooler climate and is the perfect launching spot for cruising the tropical coast and the Pacific. Bridie and Steve bought another monohull yacht after they arrived in Bowen and sailed **Shivoo** up from Mooloolaba. Bridie has an Inshore Skipper certificate and is a registered *Get Into Small Boat* sailing instructor. She has raced and cruised in the Top End, the Queensland coast, Indonesia, East Timor, Malaysia and Thailand. Bridie skippered **Shivoo** in the Dent to Dunk rally in 2008 and **Shivoo** came second overall. When Denise asked her if she was interested in doing the Dent to Dunk rally and further cruising on **Tropic Gold** she had little hesitation because she never needs an excuse to spend time on the water. The rally will be a breeze as a crew member instead of a skipper and her main responsibility will be maintaining good sail trim.

The rally is once again shaping up to be a fun event with plenty of pleasant sailing and socializing.

### Jan Rodgers

Jan, also 54, has a strong family history of sailing, including her father, Jack Rodgers who sailed in the Vee Jay's, brothers John and Douglas Rodgers who sailed Hobie 16 catamarans, with Doug also sailing Skiffs, Supasabs and Windsurfers, and her two sons, Brendan and Lee Nott, who sailed Sabots and Lasers.

Early last year, Jan lost her partner, best friend and soulmate, Terry Kemp, to cancer. It was sailing that first brought Jan and Terry together, when Jan crewed on Terry's Nacra 5.8 catamaran out of the PDSC in the mid-80's. When a chance encounter many years later brought them together, the deep affinity and passion for the ocean they shared became the cornerstone of their love and life together. Terry was an avid long distance sailor, and had crewed on many yachts over the years with Peter Daniel, Merv Schulz, Michael Deckert, and John Watson. For the last 5 years of Terry's life, Jan and Terry travelled far and wide around



The crew left to right: Denise, Karyn, Bridie and Jan

Australia and New Zealand, but always came back to Bowen in the Winter for the boating and fishing.

This 100 year Dent to Dunk Cruising Rally marks the beginning of a new chapter in Jan's life, with much fun to be had, reminiscences of wonderful times to be shared with these three beautiful and courageous women, news skills to be learned, and new friends to be made along the way.

### Karyn Crane

Hello my name is Karyn Crane and I am the 4<sup>th</sup> member/crew on Tropic Gold. We have sailed in the Dent to Dunk Island rally this year which also marks Queensland's 150<sup>th</sup> and the Dent 100<sup>th</sup> year celebrations.

I'm 53 years old, I have one very understanding husband, four amazing children and two beautiful grandchildren. In 1991 I was diagnosed with cancer and in 1992 had a 13 hour operation to remove more cancer.

Our family over the years have sailed Queensland waters mostly North Queensland and love the joy and peace which comes with being on the water.

It is an honour and privilege to share in this adventure and in the lives of three amazing humble women who have weathered many a storm and harsh winds that life has thrown at them.

Looking forward to the shared highs, lows, laughter, tears, stories, drinks, photos and fun this new chapter in life brings.

## A Tribute to Chum, SY Sanity



Ellen, Chum & daughter, Amanda onboard Sanity

By Ellen, SY Sanity

Chum lived a diverse and interesting life. The stories he told about his time working on cattle properties, living in New Guinea and being involved with white water rafting on the Tully River, when it was a fledgling industry, would have made very interesting reading. With his twin sister and older sister, he lived firstly in New South Wales, then Victoria. After taking his father's car for a joyride at the tender age of fifteen, he was sent off to become a Jackeroo on a large cattle property on the Queensland Northern Territory border. From there he moved on, to work on a number of properties, including Argyle Station before the dam was built. He even did a two week stint at the Wyndham meat works, but he and his mate decided that they had better get out of there before they put a foot wrong and ended up as croc bait. He told the story of how the large ships were tied to the wharf and when the tide went out, there would be hundreds of crocs on the mud attracted by the effluent from the meat works.

Chum's mother died when he was about twenty years of age, and soon after this he took a position on a cattle property somewhere near Leahy in Papua New Guinea. It was in New Guinea that he met his first wife, Pam. They were married in Sydney and spent the first few years of married life in New Guinea, where their eldest son, Corbin, was born.

They moved back to Australia and eventually secured a position as manager of a property called "Whyalla Station" at Texas. Chum has always been a hard worker and a

man who took pride in what he did. His achievements with the property were a credit to him. However, the property changed hands and, he, with his wife and now two sons,

moved further north.

Buying two school bus runs, he settled in El Arish in North Queensland. When white water rafting started up on the Tully River, Chum saw an opportunity and put a business deal together to run a bus out of Cairns to transport the fledgling rafting company's customers. He did much more than just transport the customers. He was a business mentor to one of the founding company directors and a father figure to many young river guides. Anyone who knew Chum, knows that he was a serious man who was aggressive in business dealings, possessed a blunt upfront manner and grumpy demeanour, but willingly assisted people and had a dry wicked sense of humour. The river guides had many a laugh at Chum's expense, but he took it all in his stride and often gave as good as he got. Eventually, with two partners and Chum as the manager, a large bus company was formed at Mission Beach consisting mainly of school bus runs, some charter work, and in the last few years (before selling the business to pursue his cruising dream), a Cairns Mission Beach bus service catering to the tourist industry.

Chum lost his first wife to cancer when she was only fifty-two. For a long time, he was like a ship without its rudder. As time passed, he sought to find someone to share the rest of his life and his dreams. Friends introduced him to Ellen and so began a new chapter. Chum said on a number of occasions, that he had been a very fortunate man to have had the love of two beautiful women in his life.

Over the years, Chum had owned and restored a number of motor boats and a trailer sailor, but his dream was to own a large sailing catamaran and go cruising. One of the first questions for this new woman in his life, "Do you like boats?" So began the creation of *Sanity*. Between the meticulous and creative work of the shipwright and Chum's fastidious and creative eye for detail, *Sanity* is a



Ellen & Chum

credit to both of them. Approximately two and a half years to completion, then another five years paying off debt, acquiring all the equipment required and building a cruising kitty, resulted in departure from Mackay on the 11<sup>th</sup> May bound for Darwin.

The plan was to join the Indonesian Rally departing Darwin on the 18<sup>th</sup> July and to continue cruising through Malaysia, Thailand, Borneo, across the top of Papua New Guinea and back to Australia via the Pacific Islands. Sadly a long term cruising lifestyle was not to be Chum's destiny. He passed away suddenly on board *Sanity* at anchorage at Cape Upstart.

Chum was "living his dream" if only for such a short time. Over the previous five years, many beautiful areas on the coast had been enjoyed and the pleasure of meeting a multitude of interesting and wonderful like-minded people had been experienced. Close bonds were forged in this time and these cruising friends, as well as many other old friends, work colleagues and family, have been an invaluable source of support over the last few unbearably sad months.

Fair winds Chum. You are remembered and missed by many.

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# Passage People

## Not Saying Yet!



Terry Heron loves good timber and boats.. and especially good boats built of timber! Not that he is against combining timber with modern materials.

The part finished cat with no name (yet) is strip plank and the mast is timber composite and decks are Polycore! The bridge deck layout is interesting in that it extends right to the davits creating a luxuriously large living area.

To best understand Terry's love of fine timber you have to go below and see some of the fitout detail. I think there would be few that could replicate the work, if they had the ambition. But it takes more than love of the material. Terry has a lifetime of experience. From the 32 "Paper Tigers" built down in Melbourne to an endless list of other small craft and perhaps 7 larger vessels between years of cruising the South Pacific.

Whilst the 44 footer (slowly) takes shape, there may be another boat already on the mind...



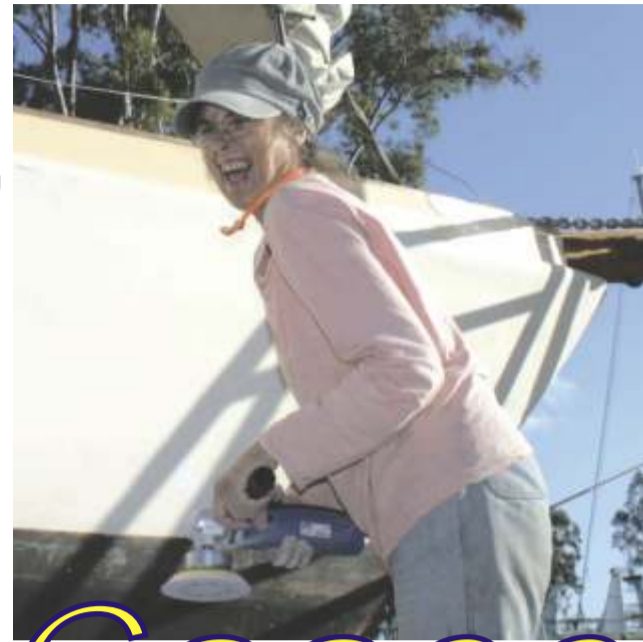
Anyone who can have that much fun with a sander in her hands... loves her boat. Jill crewed on Cooee from 1982 and took over ownership in 88 in the Philippines.

Since then Jill and Cooee have sailed around the world a bit, just living life, and sometimes writing about it, and I was reading it! There are very few sailors that have added as much to the cruising culture in Australia as Jill and she isn't done yet.

Cooee was built in 1895 and Jill reckons she's good for "infinity" and the way Jill looks after her... Cooee has many more miles under her keel alright.

When Cooee does need a little work to keep her healthy, where does Jill take her? To Terry Heron's shed at the Mary River where these photos were taken. As I was asking about some details of construction Jill advised she was triple skin of Kauri, she spelled it out K-A-U-R-I.... "I notice you aren't great at spelling Bob!"

Shit, everyone's a critic!



## Cooee



## Nicky leaves the marina and goes to sea!



**Nicky with her son, Jack**

Anyone who has spent time at the Great Sandy Straits Marina, Hervey Bay, will remember Nicky; always a smile and happy to help in any way. We asked Helen a bit about Nicky and here is her reply:

*"Nicky has been here for over 10 years. She is headed for Cairns to work on the barge that travels to the islands making deliveries. Nicky recently completed her Master 5 & MED 2 at Australia Maritime College in Tassie. She is in need of open sea time to have an unrestricted ticket. We will all miss her terribly!"*

**Wes & Helen Fielding  
Managers, Great Sandy Straits Marina**

*TCP wishes you success with your future endeavours!*

## MARINA BERTH WINNER!!



John Cardillo, Club Commodore congratulates Guy Houghton with the winning ticket!

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