



16TH
EDITION

the original and staying **FREE!**

The Coastal Passage

The Voice of the Great Barrier Reef

(if it was better it wouldn't be as good!)

INSIDE

The Burbs V The Sea?

Aimee-Rose knows!

A "Poo Cruise?"

Norm dumps a Load!

The LI Games..

Fireproof!

GBRMPA

Up for Grabs?

Sue Seeing Red

Aden to Suakin

*and as much other indispensable knowledge
as we can shoe horn into one issue!*

And finally...



www.thecoastalpassage.com

Darwin to Kupang 2005

Bob Fenney does it again with the very arty shot above, captured early morning in Refuge Cove, Nara Inlet.

Left and below; Graeme & Isabelle Hurst, SV "Quiet Achiever" take advantage of the Kupang rally to do some exploring in sometimes dangerous waters.

What's your story???

It can't be about you without you!



**A traditional boat from Raas
en route to Ashmore Reef**



Kupang!

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***CANNONVALE**
 E Multihulls Brokerage
***SHINGLEY BEACH**
 Abel Pt. Yacht Club, at:
 The Anchorage Restaurant & Bar
***AIRLIE BEACH**
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 Whitsunday Sailing Club
 Abel Point Marina office
 Airlie Beach Newsagency
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 Royal S.A. Yacht Squadron

NEW LOCATION!

Fishermans Wharf Marina office, Urangan
thanks to several anonymous sailors and keen staff



The Coastal Passage

The Voice of the Great Barrier Reef

Bob Norson: Publisher, Editor, journalist, advertising, photographer, computer & marine
 heads technician & tinie adventurer.
 Kay Norson: retired production & guideline apprentice, now postie expert & apprentice organiser...

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 accuracy or validity of information. Any party disputing facts or details contained within a feature are
 particularly invited to submit their facts.

This issue, last issue, etc...

This issue; The big news is the potential reorganisation of GBRMPA (Great Barrier Reef Marine Park Authority, see feature within somewhere). The federal Government wants to change the structure so instead of an independent authority that can develop and implement its own policies; it will have oversight of parliament. While some may have concern of the government's intentions in the long run it may be that GBRMPA has brought this on itself by its close association with the extreme green lobbies. The GBRMPA squandered its reputation for fairness to many users by its treatment of recreational and commercial fisherman in the recent RAP debacle. Even if you are happy with the result, the way it was brought about was at least questionable. GBRMPA is alleged to have been guilty of gross miss-information in its dealings with fisho's and has shown it has an agenda that is at odds with its own charter and the interests of those who live here. The submissions made to the government concerning the issue tell a story. While letters like the seven page submission from Senator Boswell of Queensland seem clear and to the point in message and includes supporting documents, GBRMPA's rambling forty three page submission wanders aimlessly. "Recognising that climate change is a global concern, the GBRMPA will continue to manage to increase the resilience of the marine park." This would be the famous shade cloth over the reef, right? Don't be too smug if you think "I don't like fishermen anyway." If some greenies from the Gold Coast or Los Angeles take a notion to limit yachts in the park (and why would they care) these people might do it. A very common suggestion from the green lobby was that anyone with a "vested interest," (fishermen, tour operators etc) should be excluded from the process altogether. Not very democratic guys! If GBRMPA hadn't done such a great job of alienating half the people that live on the reef coast, the Commonwealth wouldn't have had a look in. But now? We wait to see. Thanks to Peter of *Naiad* for the tip.

Last issue; I am glad to see that my article on the latest proposal from Maritime Safety Queensland has had some reaction from Boaties, though some report a "deafening silence" when inquiring to government. We'll see what happens but keep in mind it has become very fashionable in government(s) to throw out wild proposals to check reaction and if there is negative press they sometimes backtrack with statements like, 'we were misreported/misquoted etc by the press or the incompetent opposition' or whatever and then deal down to the best they think they can get away with. In any case, anyone with a 15 metre + boat has direct reason to be concerned about that little bomb and everyone with a boat has an indirect concern. If MSQ tries to claim that the proposal would only affect boats they DEEM (very popular word in Brissy lately) to be "inappropriately registered," I'll have to ask who decides what the difference is then? A fisheries officer!? My rego still says "steelcraft open runabout." A funny way to describe a 40 ft steel ketch rigged sail boat. I tried to get the mental midgets at Queensland Transport to set that right years ago but finally gave up. The example of what MSQ claims is an "inappropriately registered boat" on a photo on page 4 of their "information sheet," looks like many boats in the marina beside me, and every one of them is private. Hopefully soon, there will be a statement issued condemning the biased press and "clarifying" the issue, assuring that 15 metre boats will only have to have insurance.. That will be the last thing they agree to give up I'll bet. A foot in the door for mandatory insurance of boats may be the primary goal after all.

The Northerlies; Can anyone out there remember a season like this? As sustained but difficult as the early season southerlies were, the late season northerlies have been unbelievable. 10-15 knots NW-NE for over two months now. A lot of boats may return early to Moreton Bay because they figured they should take the gift while they have it. It's been different! Some sailors are also talking about the possibility that the change in weather pattern may bring on the cyclones and huge rains we haven't had for a long time. As I edit this just before printing.. the wind has come up hard but still from the north and it is raining.. hard.

Communes? Have you been looking for property in the country somewhere where there are no close neighbours? A hundred acres in the cane fields somewhere that you might share with another boatie or two? High prices and bad neighbours seem to be motivating many people to consider such a situation. It's a very hot topic up here in the north. I'll be sampling opinion on whether I should create a community bulletin board to connect like minded cruising folk. Meanwhile, if someone out there has a piece of land within an hour of Mackay they can share, ring me! Not kidding.

How do you feel?; A little cruise among the islands and chatting at the anchorages reveals an anxiety among cruising folk. Maybe it's the boardings or watching the TV news but for whatever reason I didn't have to prompt people to talk about the subject. There is a sense that the country is going the wrong way in a hurry, that the better days have gone. There is a strong sense of cynicism about the leadership. Thus.....

Australian Bill of Rights; Check out the web site www.rightsaustralia.org.au for info on an organisation that can help you direct your angst if you want to feel you are doing something about it. I took a cruise through it and it had much in the way of free info and access to statistics and articles.

Avertising/Propaganda?; ("Back in the USSR.. You don't know how lucky you are..") As I was having a look at a weekend paper, noting the profound lack of coverage on the new Industrial relations bill, I choked on the four page government piece of blatant propaganda and decided to add up the dollars spent on this one weekend paper. After checking on the web site of the paper in question to get ad rates, I added up the cost to us tax payers of government ads in just the first two sections. Here is the result as near as I can determine without being able to peruse an actual contract if there is one. Commonwealth = \$387,689! The various states and territories = \$60,014! Like I said, that is just two sections out of many in one edition! One paper! The Commonwealth may pay up to half of the entire advertising income of many Australian papers. So how come in New Zealand our new laws are front page news (according to their web sites) and in this paper... a couple columns buried in the back. I'm sure that swag of cash doesn't affect editorial content... does it? By the way.. want to know how much in government advertising TCP has had so far? That's easy to add up... \$000.00 Principals can be expensive things.

We have a Web Site!! Finally. I apologise for the delay. I have had a full plate lately and if it wasn't for the help of WEBIT studios in Eden Valley, SA it would have been even longer. The latest edition of TCP will be available to download from the site so no matter where you are you can get your fix. There will also be space made available for discussion of issues like the hot topic of a boating organisation. I will try to cover some of this inside this issue but suffice to say that there are qualified and keen boaties out there that have some very good ideas. TCP hopes that an organisation can develop and will try to assist with publication and information but it is going to come down to you out there, to make your decision whether or not you want to stand up to government on issues of privacy and fairness. Boaties do bear an unreasonable burden it seems. A soft target. www.thecoastalpassage.com

I Hate 24 Pages!! It's a couple days before printing and I have decided to do 24 instead of the 20 planned. Damn! 20 pages is a nice size for me to deal with and well supported by advertising BUT.. There is a bunch of material that needs to be published.. so tough shit Bob! The quality of contributions and the need in the community of a forum demand it. So be it!

Suburbs V the sea thru Aimee-Rose's eyes



By Aimee-Rose Burns,
SV “La Passarola”

The sun was going down behind the mountains, casting a reddish light over the yachts anchored in Pearl Bay. The hills were beautiful with thick bush reaching down almost to the water. Pearl Bay is one of our favourite places to anchor.

Mum & Dad were sitting on the beach talking and sipping wine while my brother Jordan and I played with the fire. We'd arrived at Pearl Bay the day before after coming up from Great Keppel Island. We had been delayed there for a week and because we were there that long, we sent Dad off to get some work at the Resort mainly just to get him out of the way while we were doing schoolwork!

For the first half of this year we had been living in our house in Gladstone, and after cruising all of last year it was hard getting used to suburbia. Of course it had its funny moments (as in seeing Dad walking down the street pushing a lawnmower. These are not things you have living on a boat and we had to borrow one from some friends who were living down the street!) Some other things that were strange were: putting out the wheelie bin each week, neighbours throwing loud parties, going to shops every other day and getting junk mail in the post. These were all things that took some getting used to but it was really easy to get used to long, hot showers! And I think Mum liked having a washing

Aimee-Rose

Blackwater a lot of the time. This was one of the hardest things for everyone as he was only home three days out of ten and sometimes less. None of us liked it very much, especially him!

Now we're back on the boat and it was really strange going from living in an OK-sized house to being on the boat where we're all continually together. But some of the good things are fresh homemade bread everyday and eating fresh fish. I really like smoked fish. That's what we were doing this particular afternoon in Pearl Bay. We'd been ashore for a few hours and gone for

machine too. Also Dad was working out at the mines at

a long walk along the beach. Lots of other boats were at anchor and I could see from the way they were rolling it was going to be a really uncomfortable night, even with Dad's homemade flopper-stoppers out.

Our fire was burning low and the fresh smoked fish was sitting in the left-over coals. A scrub turkey was scratching around nearby building his nest. As I sat down with a plate of freshly smoked tuna that Mum and Dad had caught that morning, I decided I really preferred being on the boat to being in a house, even if it is uncomfortable and annoying sometimes.

Ad space



LETTERS

NOTICE: Letters submitted must have contact details, which may be withheld upon request.

Notice to contributors; All contributions that purport facts in a matter of possible contention, should be ready to provide support for their assertions or the submission 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, not personality. It's about a fair go.

Bob,

On behalf of the Abel Pt. Yacht Club and competitors of the 2005 Whitsunday Multihull Rendezvous I would like to thank you for your generous donations. The appreciation of the competitors receiving the pendants was only surpassed by the Queen of Hearts, alias Victoria Applegate, who collected The Treasure Chest.

The Abel Pt. Yacht Club is a very small but enthusiastic club , and without support such as yours, would find it very difficult to hold events as successful as the Whitsunday Multihull Rendezvous. This event has become the Abel Pt. Yacht Club's premier local event, with support growing each year.

Again, a sincere thank-you for your donations and the coverage The Coastal Passage gives to this event.

**Geoff Smallman,
Secretary/Treasurer, APYC**

Greetings Geoff

I can see a time soon, when everyone knows that the Rendezvous is the most desirable entry in the Whitsunday racing calender. After all, it's supposed to be fun! The combination of the right kind of coverage and organising shows what they could ALL be like... Thanks to you and your beaut club for having the understanding of how to keep the spirit. Thanks to Tony at the Anchorage Restaurant for the hosting and thanks to Steve Halter for volunteering the time and to give the event a spirit of fairness. The sponsors should all take a bow for making the event the richest around. Everyone working together with no hidden agendas and all of us had a brilliant time. It was a pleasure working with you guys and I look forward to next year.

Cheers

Bob

G'day Bob,

I enjoyed Peter “Leah” Utber's article about Grahame Leever and “Aloha” (TCP #13). I had the good fortune to meet Grahame in the mid-1970's and I crewed on some 15 trips to the Abrolhos Islands off Geraldton, Western Australia, plus many twilight and Sunday club races. Grahame, very quietly, taught me so much about navigation, seamanship, and boat handling, so much more than can be learned from a book. The ketch “Aloha” whilst not fast, is a comfortable sea boat. At the end of one Sunday race we crossed the line well after everyone else, as usual, and I said to Grahame, “Don't you ever get sick of coming in last all the time?” And his laconic reply, “No, we get more sailing time than the others!” A wonderful, relaxed philosophy that I have lived by ever since. I sail for the sheer joy of sailing; it does not mater one iota if it takes me two days longer to make a passage than some other boat, I enjoy it!

Whilst not wishing to become embroiled in the perennial debate mono vs multi-hills (I don't need training wheels on my boat!), I once had a brief discussion with a cat owner on the beach at Hampton Harbour, Dampier. The conversation came to an abrupt end when he said to me, “look at it this way; if a cat is a boat, then a trimaran is 1-1/2 boats, then it follows that a mono is only half a boat!” I just walked away shaking my head. How can you argue with logic like that?

**Happy Cruising,
Tony Duvollet, SV, “Arkenstone”**

Dear Bob,

We would like to give Bill McGrth (alias Webb) a huge thank you for his donation of three nights accommodation at Magnetic International Resort which we won during

the Dent to Dunk Yacht Race. We claimed our prize in late August on our return from Lizard Island and enjoyed the luxury accommodation provided. The superb food served at MacArthurs Restaurant was a highlight of our stay and we must commend the chefs.

A big thank you Bill for your hospitality as well as your generosity.

**Regards,
Dieter and Marlene, S.V. “Callala”**

The Pirate Story

Bob,

I must take issue with the pirate story editorial in which you sanctioned the carrying of firearms. As I recall the facts, the hero of the Yemen coast story was an ex-marine whom presumably had had ample experience in the use of firearms. Not just anybody has the experience, capacity or desire to kill another human being, even if their own life is threatened. People tend to aim high, or to produce the gun as a deterrent. If you do carry a weapon, you cannot delay one second before using it. If you make a mistake in who you kill, then there is no going back.

As an experienced ocean sailor who knew Sir Peter Blake personally has told me, Blake might still be alive today if he hadn't carried a gun. No-one will ever know for certain.

The issue is not the carrying of firearms. It is piracy. Until there is an international political will to eliminate piracy, murder on the oceans will continue. With the world's largest navy and its lackeys less than two hours flying time from where the incident occurred, clearly there is no political will.

Chris Ayres, SV, “Lady Lonsdale”

Hi Bob,

Recently a vessel using the HF Sheila net stated that the HF radio forecasting from VMC and VMW was under review and could conceivably close. At the suggestion of the net I emailed the met office with the following:

Marine Services Manager;

I heard over the HF radio that the contract for weather broadcasts from Charlieville and Wiluna is due for renewal. If no applicants are forthcoming the service could cease. Hopefully this is only a rumour.

Your HF service is essential for smaller vessels when phone and Vhf radio are not available. This situation applies to large sections of the Aust. coastline as well as the high seas.

I am aware that authority is driving the move to satellite services but at the moment Inmarsat is not a viable option for smaller vessels. The Inmarsat antennas are to large for any voice connection and so far as I am aware is the only Global system recommended for vessels of any size.

Hopefully your reply will lay these rumours to rest.

Due to the closure of all Rad phones and similar Telex services this message is via amateur radio which will necessitate your response being in plain text and without attachments.

This was the reply:

Thank you for your message.

The Bureau's HF fax and voice services from VMC and VMW are currently under review and the contract with our service provider is due for renewal in mid 2007. We are actively seeking feedback on the quality and usefulness of this service as part of a review process. Any information

you can provide about the area you work in, frequencies used and reception quality will be most useful.

Regards

Vernon Carr

Bureau of Meteorology

This is the only forecast service outside of phone and VHF range for voice and fax. As you would be aware it is only the east coast that has a comprehensive VHF coverage and the loss of the HF service would leave many miles of coast as well as the high seas without any coverage at all. For users of the email GRIB data please remember that while this is a valuable aide it is raw data from a computer and not a forecast in the normal sense.

I would encourage all boat operators to canvas the Bureau for the continuation of this essential service whether or not they personally use it.

Email for the Bureau:

webmar@bom.gov.au

Or P.O Box 1289K. Melb. Vic.3001

Regards,

Barry Lee, S V, White Horse

Dear Bob,

I have just come across “The Coastal Passage” and was reading the editorial, which by the way, is lively. Some of your comments really captured my attention and within a few words from me you will soon understand who I am.

I have been around the world 3 times. I've seen 2 revolutions in other countries when I happened to be caught there (Canada, 'The War Measures Act' 1970, and Poland 'Solidarity' 1982). I was incorporated into the French Military against my will (1982). I've seen huge wildcat strikes (Canada 1967 and 1970, 1975) and I've sailed thru a hurricane off the eastern seaboard of the USA (1975) the worst in 25 years at that time, something like this last one “Katie”. So I've been knocked around slightly. Just this year I've received 16 stitches in my head while sailing from Brisbane to Sydney and back solo on my pink trimaran 'Plume'. Now I'm comfortably moored in Maryborough, Ah!

What captured my attention was the political words you pronounced in your issue #15 2005 and I quote, “...hard to keep track of the weird proposals from Marine Safety Queensland lately”. And in the Pirate story you say, “These kinds of issues aren't always 'matters of opinion,' they can be matters of life and death”. Yes it's true that we can expect the government to say virtually anything with impunity and they do, without compassion or regard to anybody's safety, or needs. Not that mouthing off is very important or of consequence, but what is troublesome is the fact that there are no avenues open to writers to speak back and your paper may be the last bastion there is which can provide such an outlet. Unfortunately, “The Coastal Passage” is not about politics. Can you tell me where to get off?

Pierre G Four, SV “Plume”

Greetings Pierre,

TCP is meant to be as reflective as I am able to discern of the boating community, that is, sometimes confused and possibly contradictory. We all want to see, hear and read nothing but butterflies, rainbows and glorious sunsets but sometimes you have to take care of business too, especially if no one else will. Like heeding a storm warning rather than sailing oblivious because you just didn't want to hear about it. The prudence of good seamanship. So TCP should be as enjoyable as possible but should be seaworthy. Having said all that, it is a tender balance and I do not mind comment from you. IT IS YOUR RAG! As Lance

said, “TCP needs to be balanced, like a good boat.” Hope to meet you out there.

Bob

Dear Bob,

I enclose our check for a 12 month subscription to The Coastal Passage. We came upon a copy of this most enlightening and (refreshingly) non PC paper in Boat Books. It is a great read and, for us novice sailors, really informative.

We love the debates on poo, and licensing gone crazy. We are multihull lovers but agree with others that there is plenty of wet out there for everyone and the main thing is that we (mono or multi) are on the water...and the heretics are not!

Keep up the great work. We love it!

Regards,

Loraine Wallace

Dear Bob,

On a recent trip to the Whitsundays I observed that a number of resorts are now placing pay moorings off their beaches and would like to air this matter of concern to all yachties in the columns of TCP.

Paying for a mooring in public waterways raises an issue of principle. It has long been the convention in Australia that the seas and that land which lies below the high water mark belong to the Australian people for their recreation and enjoyment, not to individuals for their personal enrichment. So on what basis is this allowed?

The resorts apparently argue that these moorings are a convenience for yachties but often the size of the chain and rope are not compatible with the average yacht's deck gear and time and effort are required to re-rig to pick up the mooring. What is convenient is something we do every day or so, dropping our own anchor in a position we choose. If the resorts want to charge for services that's fine, I'm happy to pay for what I use, but don't use the subterfuge of inconvenient pay moorings.

In addition, what's the insurance situation in regard to pay mooring? Does the resort have insurance cover? If a yachty picks up a mooring without being fully aware of it's condition, his/her insurance company may well be entitled to refuse any claim if there is a problem especially when they have perfectly good ground tackle.

This pay mooring concept is not new, we have been told by friends who have sailed the Caribbean that every bay is filled with moorings, no sooner than you enter a bay a guy in a boat comes out demanding US\$50 and directing you to the mooring they want you on. So this begs the question, do we want our cruising grounds to end up like this?

Stupid question really but as long as yachties utilise these pay moorings more and more of these orange pests will spring up as entrepreneurs see the opportunity to make quick money and eventually every bay will be full of them.

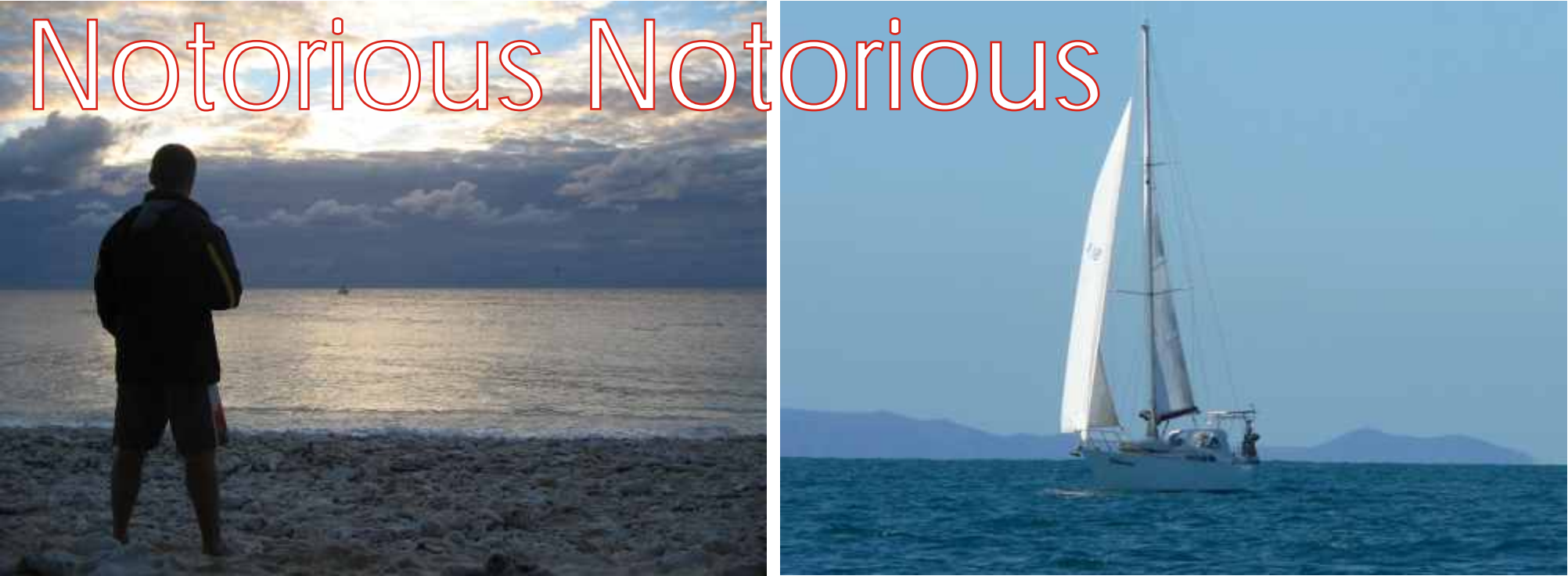
However, the answer is simple, don't use them, go to the next bay and they will very soon become financially unviable and the idea will sink without trace. It's that or get ready to substantially increase your cruising budget for little or no return.

In conclusion, just remember this, every time you dig into your pocket to pay for an unwanted and unneeded mooring you are helping to dig the grave of coastal cruising in Queensland, so think of those who follow in your wake.

Happy Anchoring,

Iain Rae, SV “Xtra Chilli”

Ad space



Notorious Notorious

SUNDOWNERS *here's my story, mate...*

By Luke Habermann, SV **"Notorious"**

I left Brisbane on my yacht for a sailing adventure of a lifetime with all the experience of a dozen day sails around Moreton Bay and a couple of overnights to Moreton Island. All good intentions but maybe not enough practical experience or preparation. What the hell... sink or swim... so to speak. After three glorious weeks and negotiating the infamous Wide Bay Bar without incident, I was feeling unstoppable. A friend who shall remain nameless (Craig), joined my girlfriend Naomi and myself, and the three of us set out hungover for Lady Elliot Island for a two week fun trip of fishing, drinking, and snorkelling and lazing about in the sun. This was where it all went downhill. You know those days when you just shouldn't get out of bed?

This was that week.

About half an hour out of Bundaberg in quite heavy swell, my newest crew member informed us that he wasn't feeling so well. Looking back, this should have been my turn around point but I didn't know what was still to come. After about one hour, I think he decided that we weren't catching enough fish and the water needed some burlie. Needless to say he spent the rest of the day in the foetal position down in the main cabin. He only moved twice that day. Once to throw up again and once to land a tuna that we managed to hook up on a lure. "We got one!", was the cry from the skipper as I wrestled sheet lines with one hand and the rod with the other. "I'm good. I'll bring it in." was the call from below. So it was all hands on deck for about five minutes and then back to bed for the crew member, leaving the skipper with the enviable job of bleeding the fish and cleaning the mess.

Naomi and I spent the day talking about all the different parts of the boat and how they worked and we finally came to the hydraulic steering. She says "What do you do if the hydraulics go?" Not having bothered to see fully how it works or even try the emergency tiller before I left Brisbane, but also not wanting to seem incompetent, I say "Oh, she'll be right mate! We'd sort it out." About two hours away from the island the weather became increasingly rough. I mean at least three metre swells and 25+ knot winds. Running out of daylight and coming into a reef for the first time I was expectantly nervous. We had a no.1 jib up and full main and the boat was all over the place as Fred, my autopilot, struggled to keep us in a straight line. I didn't want to waste time changing sails and reefing because we were running out of daylight so we pushed on.

Ten minutes away from our destination in the dark, our sickly companion resurfaced. "I can't eat or drink, my tongue's swollen

and I can't feel my hands or face" he says. I have never seen anyone properly seasick before and he was shaking and pale. At least we were nearly there.

"Are you up to taking the wheel while I pull down these sails?" I say. "Ok" he says, promptly followed by "We have no steering." The steering wheel in his hand was going round and round as was my stomach. Try to imagine heading straight for a reef in the dark with full sail, a constant 25 knots of breeze and 3 metres of swell with no steering. After turning as pale as my friend, I pulled down the jib as he sheeted out the mainsail from side to side to try and steer us away from the reef. "What's that? I see white water", he says. "Pan pan, pan pan, pan pan" I reply.

"What's your GPS location?" says Barrington. At last! Someone is there to help us. "Aah, we are a 180 metre oil tanker cruising down the coast. We can't quite get in that close." I'm not sure what they would've done for us but at that point it was good to hear somebody else. We managed to get in close enough to the island to drop anchor but it was really rough and I was worried about dragging. Over the next few hours I managed to fix 90% of the problem but we still had no steering. All I needed to get us going again was a hydraulic bleeder kit but as I didn't know what that was (or have one) I was trying to fill up the system with a 5 litre bottle and a funnel. Now this doesn't work at the best of times, let alone in those conditions.

Let's just say that more hydraulic fluid was on me and the cockpit floor than in the system. And it started to rain. We could only get radio contact with Barrington so they did circles up and down the coast to relay messages for us. (Thanks guys!) In that time Canberra rescue got involved ordering a trawler 3 hours away to divert to us. Hervey Bay VMR was coordinating; Bundaberg VMR was on standby in the water with a paramedic waiting to come to our rescue. We didn't need a medic but the message that we had a sick guy on board got mixed up along the way. I finally calmed down and called everyone off for the night, deciding that nothing more could be done. Naomi and I spent a wet, sleepless night in the cockpit watching the lighthouse making sure we weren't dragging. I can't tell you how much fun I was having!

Oh, it gets better... The next morning a trawler came by and hailed us on the radio. "Do you guys need some help?" We must have looked either in distress or just stupid for anchoring on the worst side of the island. "We have no steering. Could you tow us round to the calmer side of the island so we can get off and sort something out?" It took two of us an hour to retrieve 80 metres of chain. I don't think I have ever

been so stuffed. After getting towed (thanks guys) and dropping anchor again, I say "Right. Let's get the f*#@ off this boat and sort ourselves out." I put the inflatable dinghy in the water and lashed it onto the back of the boat.

We got everything together and I said "Ok let's put the outboard on the tender." That was quickly followed by "Where's the tender?" It had broken free from my incredibly complex (crappy) lashing and was drifting out to sea. We were losing sight of it in between the swell. Now not only could we not get off the boat, not fix the problem, but say goodbye to a brand new thousand dollar tender. It was at about that point that I lost the plot. "Ummm, trawler guys... could you get our tender for us please?" (Thanks again guys).

It took a very helpful mechanic from Lady Elliot a good 5 minutes to bleed the system. The resort was more than helpful. They ordered a new bleed kit and gave me theirs along with a handful of flares. After telling our story to the resort manager, he told us

that we were lucky. There are more than 120 boats wrecked on or around the reef at Lady Elliot Island.

I'm just glad there's not one more. My newest crew member decided after that experience to fly out of the island.

It took everything I had to convince Naomi to stay on, especially as I was nearly ready to walk away myself. I learned so many good lessons that week about preparation and planning. I now have the steering sorted out 100%.

So many people helped me out and I want to thank them all. I am glad I didn't walk away because the sailing since has been so rewarding. I guess I shouldn't have renamed my boat "Notorious"

P.S: The worst part about it all is that the tuna had to be thrown away. They don't taste so good covered in hydraulic fluid apparently.



Diesel fuel care or... "how to dispose of the body!"

By Bob Norson

We had waited for the strong wind warning to abate before working our next leg north. The S.E. had gone from 35 knots for several days, to near nothing. The way the season had been going there was no future in waiting around for good conditions; we would never make it north.

We reconciled ourselves to a 60 mile motor to Keppel Island. The howling trades were gone, but the huge swell they had generated was still around. It was a roller coaster ride all day, with the swell on our stern quarter. About ¾ of the way there, the motor started doing strange things. The RPM was rising and falling in a rhythm similar to the swell.

Our old Perkins 4236 is a very reliable thing, and we were particularly depending on it that day. It got us to Keppel...just!

The anchorage was rolling heavily, but work had to be done. The glass bowl on our Racor filter showed some debris, but not horrid. Opening the top however, was impressive. The filter element was buried under a thick brownish goo. I don't know how it ran at all!

With the housing cleaned out, a new filter element installed in the Racor, and the Lucas filter downstream, we were in business again after bleeding the lines.

Sound familiar? Ours was a typical situation. Our tanks were full of "THE BUG". The rough sea conditions stirred the mess up, and soon we were in trouble.

Our vessel has everything going against it for keeping diesel clean. She carries 2000 litres in two steel tanks. Needless to say, our fuel sits for a long time before use. In spite of all, we seem to be winning. It has taken some research and work, but if ours can be cleaned up, anyone's can!

"THE LABORATORY"

Over several years we had usually used a common fuel treatment that was easy to get. In spite of it, our fuel was getting darker, and I was changing filters more and more often. It was time for drastic action!

Since most of the fuel we use is (Brand Z), I gave their distributor a ring. They organised contact with their laboratory. The lab sent up a couple suitable shipping containers and I sent them back with samples of our ugly fuel.

A week or so later, I got a call from the laboratory. Our fuel was alive with "the bug", and heavily oxidized. Overall, not good. He asked what treatment we used. When I told him the brand most often used, I could hear the groan. With special emphasis he said, "We do not recommend that type of treatment." He went on to explain that that treatment was an emulsifier. It caused the moisture in the fuel to become "suspended", which he explained, is the ideal environment for the bug. He preferred a treatment that

allowed the moisture to separate, and that contained a strong biocide. "Fuel Treat" was one of the brands he thought was effective. "So which one is best," I asked? "I'm not really supposed to say but... Fuel Treat is what I would use," he offered conspiratorially.

The technician was very patient as I interrogated him to learn all I could to cope with the diesel fuel storage problems. Here is some of what I worked out:

FUEL INSPECTION (find "THE BUG" and kill him)

If your filters have a glass bowl, check the appearance of the fuel. Ignore the colour for now. Look at the clarity. If it's difficult to get a good look in your engine room, dip out, or pump out some fuel from your tank into a glass jar. Get it from the bottom of the tank if you can. Simply compare that with some fresh fuel in a similar glass container.

If the clarity is similar, you probably don't have "the bug". If your tank sample has a cloudy look to it (even slight), you probably have "the bug".

Compare colour and odour. Different suppliers may have a little different colour, but if there is a great difference along with a "stale fuel" odour that the fresh sample doesn't have, you may have oxidation of the fuel.



If you have tanks in perfect condition, use your fuel regularly, keep the tanks topped off, and are lucky as hell, you might be OK. For the rest of us, a good treatment like **FUEL TREAT BC250** is the go.

Follow instructions carefully. Just pouring a dose in the tank doesn't work as well. I mix a dose with a half full 25 litre drum of diesel and shake like buggery. Then pour it in just before topping off.

"I'VE MADE SURE IT'S DEAD... NOW WHAT?"

Now that you've cycled through some good biocide and your fuel is nice and clear, your clogged filter

problems are over...right? Not necessarily!

The dead remains of the bug, and all the other crud that's contributed to your tank pollution is still there. The goo is just waiting for you to cross a bar in bad weather, or some such thing to punish you for your optimism.

DISPOSE OF THE BODY"

Subaru's of mid-eighties vintage, have a good electric fuel pump on the 4x4 wagons. If your local wrecker doesn't have one, a variety of electric fuel pumps can be purchased at any autoparts store.

I bought a spare Lucas diesel filter assembly, with glass bowl water separator, from a marine supply for

about \$90 plus some spare filter elements. I also fabricated a settling chamber using a glass jar with a couple bits of copper tube, epoxy glued through the jar lid. The longer tube is the input. The shorter tube takes fuel off the top, leaving the worst of the muck to settle on the bottom of the jar before sucking it through the filter.

I put everything together with about \$20 worth of 10mm copper tube, vinyl



The goo: Collected from the settling jar, after the first couple hours of running. How many filters do you reckon that would clog!?

The gismo: I know it looks like a school science project, but it works, it really, really works. The Subaru pump and filter are fastened to a small piece of plywood.

The settling jar: The worst crud collects at the bottom.



Flotsam

an essay by Bob Norson

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



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

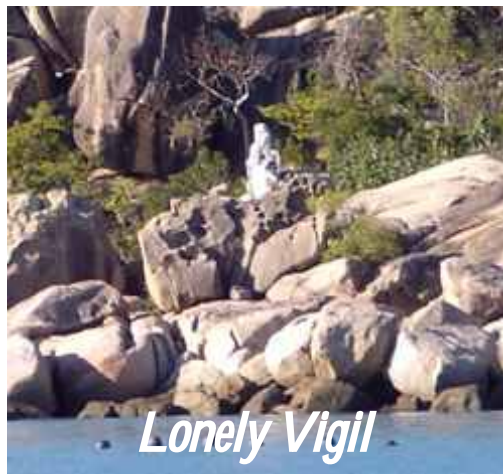
One is found that is not so old and it does have a label still. It is "Aquafina, fully conditioned," drinking water. Someone was very concerned for their water to be clean and natural. The bottle says it is recyclable, that's important I guess.

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

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



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



Lonely Vigil

White lady, white lady
Why do you wait?
Wind blown and rain swept
Or sun burnt, alone.
Watching the waves
As they sweep to the shores
You stand midst the rocks
Lit by sun, stars and moon.
Whither your husband
Or sons on the sea
Leaving you watching
With lone, silent plea.
Faithful your vigil
Your heart turned to stone
Like the rocks that surround you
On your island home.

Elaine Kleiss,
SV, K-Sera
©Aug.,2005

Yachties who have visited Magnetic Island's Horseshoe Bay will be familiar with the rock formation on the bay's eastern shore known as the White Lady. If you haven't seen it yet, the white rock bears an uncanny resemblance to a woman with a shawl over her head, staring out to sea.

As my husband Chris and I, on our yacht K-Sera, weathered the bullets and rain of a gale warning near White Lady Beach I was inspired by the lonely figure and wrote this verse.

Breaking Loose!

By Elaine Kleiss, K-Sera

Burnett Heads to Pancake Creek: nice straight run, good time to test the new autopilot and get back into cruising mode... so we thought as we motored out through the heads before daybreak that chilly May morning. Everything secure, two flasks of hot water and cut lunch prepared, forecast 15-20 knots from the southeast, and K-Sera was rearing to go!

But there are often surprises in store. Today's was the 25-30 knot west-southwesterly we encountered a couple of hours out. No, not really a good time to test the untried autopilot, we'll hand steer, or to be more accurate, the skipper will hand steer. The helm was too heavy for the 'weaker sex'.

It was pretty exciting for a while as K-Sera surfed along reaching nine and a half knots with up to 34 knots of wind playing supernatural tunes in the rigging. Unprecedented torrents of water rushed along the side deck as the boat heeled, ploughing through the growing waves, even dipping the boom in the water. Just to add variety, periodic pointy waves threw bucketfuls at us from the other side. Thank heavens for our waterproof jackets! As I clung to the stainless steel rail and the skipper struggled to hold K-Sera on course, we both pondered, "OK, K-Sera can handle it, but can the crew, if this goes on all day?" "Are we getting too old for this caper?"

After two or three hours the wind began to ease to a leisurely 20 knots; it seemed really peaceful. We had time to notice that the top slide on our mainsail had broken away, allowing the sail to loosen and hold more wind, no doubt adding to our difficulties during the blow.

We also had time to venture below-decks, expecting a few things to have come adrift after such a bumpy ride, but not the shambles we found! OK, those hatches on the seat backs do need attention, and the cushions do sometimes fall over, but the CD player usually stays put on the desk. This time it had escaped its shock cord and was poised on the edge, held only by its power cord! The big box of books and other things stored beneath the table had slid across to the 'low side', joined by my handbag and other things left 'safely' in the dinette. Even a bundle of business cards had made a bid for freedom, managing to fly a metre or so from the bookshelf to the sofa!

In the galley, the airpot was strangling in its restraining shock cord, poised at 45 degrees to the bench. We now know the limits of those wonderful rubber mats. Bored with their mundane lives, sundry plastic items had flown from a high shelf in search of adventure. Cans of food had relocated to more desirable residences in their locker. In the head, the skipper's new box of screwdrivers dived from its shelf straight into the loo.

But the piece de resistance was the medicine cupboard! Its door had burst open. The basket shot out, flinging band-aids, ointments, pills and potions to every remote nook and cranny at the bottom of the companionway steps. I guess that latch must need adjusting!

There was some good news though. The potato cupboard, a repeat offender in the past, had stayed firmly shut, despite being fully loaded. That's a brownie point for the skipper. It didn't take long to restore things to their rightful homes as we continued the trip, especially as the wind had dropped so much that we had to motor sail.

It wasn't until evening, anchored in Pancake Creek, that I got my last surprise. My nail file, missing for some time and believed to be under the TV on the port side of the saloon, appeared, as if by magic, on the

starboard side sofa. I guess that was one way to find it!





Information you wish you didn't need to know....

Right to Board?!?!?

By Bob Norson

If you are boarded by any official without a warrant (except in the case of a police officer who reasonably expects to find evidence, contraband or a person sought for crimes etc) you may have a case against the individual(s) involved that could cost them many thousands.

This subject was discussed in previous issues of TCP and it has had an effect out there but you should know the up-date and how the officials are responding.

Trespass is a serious crime which can be compounded by an ignored request for the perpetrator to leave. It is regrettable that this is information that you should know but since the Dollop Wallopers are intent on abusing your rights you may need to do your homework to protect yourself. Did I say it has had an effect? Oh yeah! We have several accounts of boats that have refused boarding and have been successful in keeping their floating home safeguarded. We have reports that "fisheries" and some others are now openly tape recording contacts. I believe this is likely a means to insure your permission, if granted, is secured on record.

These people practice on how to trick you into giving permission to board and you may not even realise they have done it. It can be very difficult for people brought up to a standard of courtesy to not respond positively if the question is asked just so. Don't be induced into a conversation that may be disguised as congenial. An example of this idea that you may be familiar with..you have been stopped by a cop for speeding on the highway. What's the first question the cop asks? "Why were you going so fast?" You are meant to believe that if you have a good enough reason the cop may let you off, so, you say something like.. "oh, not to fast was I? I'm a little late for my daughters wedding!" While you are grovelling, the cop is writing in their notebook, "driver admits not knowing his speed and was in a hurry to get to wedding." You were done the instant the lights came on and if you contest it later the cops note will probably prevent you from winning. Say nothing and watch them freak out, or I like to respond; "you mean your case is so poor you feel you have to trick me into an admission to make a conviction?" That's beside the point but the idea is don't say anything except "I do not give permission to board my vessel." In short, since there is no successful answer to an "are you still beating your wife," question, don't answer. Watch every word.. they are!

"They boarded my vessel anyway!" An important case to refer to is that of "Plenty V Dillon" decided in the supreme court of South Australia in 1997. The web has many references to it. Essentially, two cops came to a home with a summons for a person not there. The resident asked them to leave and they did not. The resident then raised a piece of timber that the cops claimed was a threat so they "disarmed him" (I can imagine how!) and arrested him, charged with assault. The supreme court found that the resident had the "entitlement to resist the officer's entry on his land." The court found for the resident and assessed \$146,000 in damages and interest. There is more to the case of course but the point is, **you do have rights!** If you think you may have such a case you should talk to a lawyer for advice. As the man says below, this is merely information.

Myself? If I had a job that required me to invade a fellow citizens home... I would refuse or quit on the spot. As a matter of principal and because if there is a suit, it is against the individuals not the boss! The defence of "I was just following orders," hasn't worked since the Nazi's tried for it.

A few words from those more informed than myself;. The late US supreme court justice Jackson;

"Among deprivation of rights, none is so effective in cowing a population, crushing the spirit of the individual and putting terror in every heart. Uncontrolled search and seizure is one of the first and most effective weapons in the arsenal of every arbitrary government... But the right to be secure against searches and seizures is one of the most difficult to protect. Since the officers are themselves the chief invaders, there is no enforcement outside the court."

As Lord Denning MR said in Southam v Smout (1964) 1 QB 308 at 320, adopting a quotation from the Earl of Chatham:

"The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail - its roof may shake - the wind may blow through it - the storm may enter - the rain may enter - but the King of England cannot enter - all his force dares not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement. So be it - unless he has justification by law."

Following is an excellent letter from SV Lady Lonsdale that appeared in a previous edition of TCP. The original subject was the poo legislation and I have edited out those specific references to broaden the scope of the information.

"Your vessel is your home! What to do when the dollop-walloper visits."

My name is Chris Ayres, I am a retired lawyer, my areas of expertise are administrative law, taxation law and human rights. Being retired I cannot appear in court for anyone, nor can I give legal advice. Should you require legal advice or representation you must seek the aid of a practising lawyer either through a community legal service or private solicitor. What I outline in this article is merely legal information. You should seek legal advice from a practising lawyer and should not rely on what I have written.

Under common law, your vessel is your place of residence if it is as a judge once described it "The place of residence of an individual is determined ... by reference to where he eats, sleeps and has his settled or usual abode... he may also reside where habitually lives, even if this is in hotels or on a yacht or some other place of abode..." A houseboat is also included in the definition of a 'premise' in Queensland under the Residential Tenancies Act (Qld) 1994.

In taxation law, a vessel has long been seen as a place not just of residence (capital gains tax legislation is expansive and includes a vessel as a place of abode, goods and services tax law specifically includes a floating home and the Income Tax Assessment Act (1997) includes a "houseboat or other mobile home" as a 'dwelling'. Under taxation law, it is recently been decided that you can even have a 'home-office' for which you can claim a taxation deduction on a vessel!

Finally, the Criminal Code of Queensland also gives a lot of defence of a vessel:

278 Defense of possession of real property or vessel with claim of right

When a person is in peaceable possession of any land, structure, or vessel, with a claim of right, it is lawful for the person, and for any person lawfully assisting him or her or acting by his or her authority, to

use such force as is reasonably necessary in order to defend the person's possession, even against a person who is entitled by law to the possession of the property, provided that he or she does not do grievous bodily harm to such person.

So your vessel is not a vehicle, it is a place of residence. As such you may claim the legal protection normally accorded a place or residence.

So what can we do?

1. Do not allow them right to board until the following steps are followed. These do not amount to obstruction, merely reasonable conditions to protect yourself (yes) and your place of residence from unlawful intrusion.
2. Request identification of the officer(s) concerned. They must produce it.
3. Make a note of date, time, place, name(s) or persons concerned, vessel used by the officers seeking to board and details of all questions asked and of your responses. Perhaps you partner could do this or you may choose to use a tape recorder. Remain calm. The log is a legal record that you may need to produce in court.
4. Photograph the officer(s) concerned and their vessel. Digital cameras are excellent for this. The photo is a legally admissible record of the parties concerned and is usually time and date stamped. It can be used to send through to Fisheries for confirmation that

the officers concerned are acting lawfully. The photo can if you choose - be posted on a website or printed and displayed in public places.

5. Request the officer(s) produce a lawful warrant to enter, duly signed and prepared by a Magistrate or Justice of the Peace (under Section 77 (4)) "Unless entry is authorised by warrant, an authorised officer may only exercise the powers mentioned in section 125 for a place if its occupier consents to the use of the powers when consent for entry is given." A Harbour Master requires a duly executed warrant and I suspect it would be a brave magistrate indeed who would allow a mere Fisheries inspector to board a vessel and seize property without a warrant.
6. Do not resist or obstruct any officer(s) who still persist, but remind them that:
 - They are civilly liable under Section 76 for acts or damage caused through their negligence.

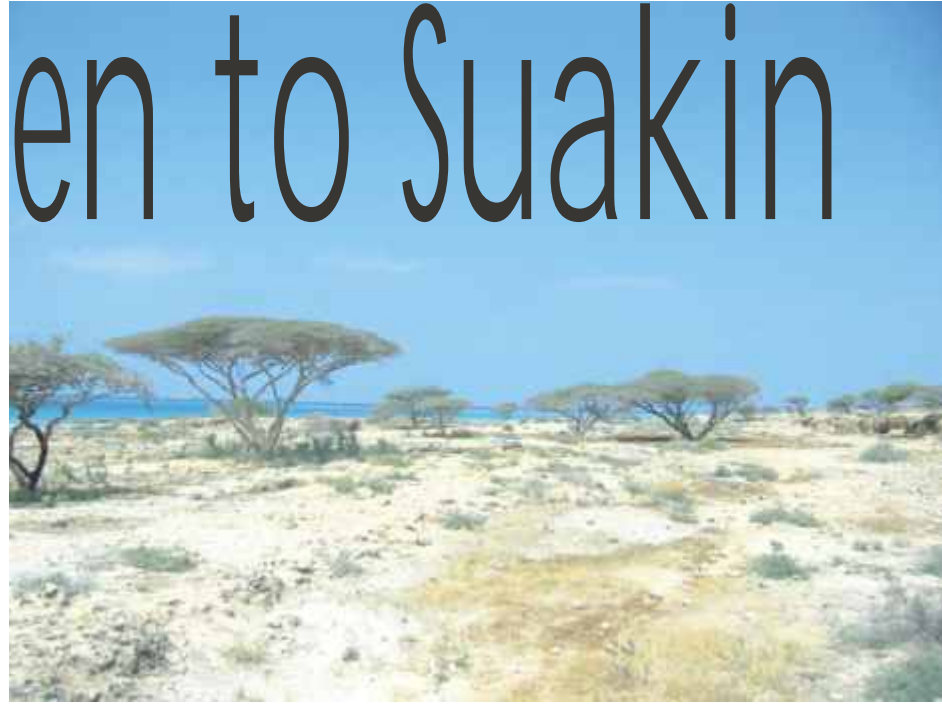
Failure to obtain a warrant may be seen as negligence. Explain you are simply trying to protect them!

- You are also entitled to compensation for damage under Section 110. Nervous shock claims can be rather large!
- Any 'evidence' obtained without warrant may not be admissible in court. The first thing a good criminal lawyer does is question the validity of a warrant, ask any policeman!
- Once aboard, photograph and record anything and everything that occurs.
- Offer them a good cup of tea and remain calm and polite at all times.

Chris Ayres BA(Hons)MA Med (Hons)LLB GradDipLegPracM. Tax
Solicitor of the Supreme Courts of NSW and QLD Solicitor to the High Court of Australia



Seeing Red: Aden to Suakin



Sue and Gene of SV *Peregrine* continue their adventure (last issue; The Curse of Polterguy) with their very challenging voyage up the red sea. It hasn't always been fun as they deal with corrupt officials, fragile equipment and the torment of obtuse conditions. Now they can add infection, disease and the after effects of civil war to Sue's frank report of their continuing circumnavigation.

Left; Gene with his healing wound.

Left and right above; Shumma Island, Red Sea
Right; Suakin.. what is left.
Bottom right.. Mohamad



Story and photos by:

Sue Osier SV, "*Peregrine*"

We finally left Aden in light winds from the right direction. We motored out the long channel and when we were well away, raised the sails. It wasn't long before the dreaded northerlies started blowing hard. We had to motor slowly into fierce winds. As soon as we could, we found refuge behind a small island and dropped anchor. We spread the word by radio, and soon there were five of us anchored. The forecast was for southerlies the next day. We were all skeptical about that. We couldn't believe that 25 knots from the north would give way and turn that fast. Unbelievably, the wind from the north suddenly stopped, and the southerlies immediately filled in. We were now anchored on a lee shore. Next morning we all headed out with good wind behind us. Some decided to utilize the southerlies and do overnights to either Massawa, Eritrea or Suakin, Sudan. Fuel was not available in Massawa, so Suakin (approximately 500 miles) was our goal. Gene and I decided to dayhop. We thought afternoon anchoring, sundowners and a good nights sleep sounded better than three hours on three hours off for an unknown period.

Most of the anchorages didn't merit us getting out the deflated dink, pumping it up, deploying it, and mounting the engine, so until we got to Shumma Island seven days later, we hadn't gone ashore. I took a relaxing walk amongst the acacias, and saw five new species or races of birds. It was really good to put my feet on terra firma. Gene stayed aboard *Peregrine* because his foot was not healing and he

didn't want to get it wet. The barnacle gouge now looked like a miniature Grand Canyon that spanned the width of the top of his foot. Every time he stepped, the thing would flex and it wouldn't mend. It was getting scary looking. I insisted that he douse it with betadine twice a day rather than once, and suggested keeping it covered for awhile to see if that helped. In the meantime, he developed a boil like thing on the shin of the same leg. Three days before arriving in Suakin, Gene's boil erupted. It looked bad, I was very worried, and Gene was lethargic.

The morning of the day we arrived in Suakin, the engine overheated. We turned the engine off and let it cool. The "radiator" was empty. Gene refilled it and we motor-sailed into big winds with a mostly furled genoa and a doubled reefed main. We figured we were at least a week behind everybody. We blew into Suakin in 25 to 30 knot winds, and were surprised to see quite a few boats still in the anchorage. Some had been waiting a week for the winds to die down. Seven or eight people were also using the break to recuperate from the Dengue Fever that they'd picked up in Massawa, Eritrea. I guess we should consider ourselves lucky that we passed by Massawa. It was good to see some friendly faces. I was particularly happy to see, *Exit Only*. *Exit Only* has a surgeon and physician's assistant onboard. I badgered Gene to go immediately and see Dr. Dave. He put it off until the next morning and even then I had to nag. Gene came back from his visit visibly shaken. He was told to go to the local hospital. Dave told him that his impaction could cause an amputation if he didn't get immediate attention. He also

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that if we didn't see a big improvement in five days, we should go elsewhere. That would be very difficult. That would mean flights. Flights would mean money. Americans can not get money in Sudan, and we were almost out.

We had time to visit and trade books before the winds subsided and everyone left. We were alone again. I have to admit that even after meeting our friendly and efficient agent, Mohammed Ahmed, I was a little worried about being the only boat in Suakin. Our chart guide told us that, until recently, the current regime in Sudan supported terrorist groups like al-Qaeda. However, oil was discovered in W. Sudan, and the regime joined the international anti-terrorist alliance. Apparently, they'd like to do business with the west now. So there we were, the only westerners in Suakin, Sudan. We couldn't leave. Gene had to go to the hospital twice a day for a least a week, and we had to find out why the

engine overheated and try to fix it.

My worries turned out to be unfounded. The Sudanese in Old Suakin treated us very well. I could freely wander in the market, and was greeted with smiles and hellos. Mohammed picked Gene up twice a day and drove him to the hospital. He drove into New Suakin to pick up the prescribed antibiotics. He found us a welder, drove into Port Sudan to look for an alternator (which he couldn't find), got us water and fuel, and never charged more than his original agent fee. (In Arab countries, you use an agent to do your check ins and outs.) We were not conned in Suakin like we were in Aden. One of Gene's nurses, Awad, invited us to his house for coffee. It would have been very rude not to accept, so after Gene's leg was dressed, we all climbed into Mohammed's truck and drove to Awad's place.

continued next page...

The first impression of Old Suakin is that the place is nothing but ruins. We were told that the ruined coral buildings were about five hundred years old, and that they had collapsed from age, not war. Closer inspection reveals some patched up buildings serving as small stores and residences. Beyond the ruins, newer slump stone homes sprawl out across the barren landscape. There were also fenced in places that we couldn't see. Awad's place was surrounded by a wall made of sticks and woven matting. Mohammed dropped us off and we said we'd get back ourselves. We went through a wooden gate and entered Awad's humble compound. His house was a sort of permanent tent. Woven mats, plastic and fabric sheets covered a framework to create the walls. He had a smaller version of this for his mother in the compound. I believe his home was representative of the average home. The floors are dirt. There is no running water. Water is delivered by truck. Awad had a plastic container that looked as if it held about 50 gallons. He gave us a tour of his house. It consisted of two bedrooms and the living-room/kitchen. We sat in the seven by five foot living room while Asa, Awad's wife, made coffee over coals in an aluminum casserole pan. We soon realized that having a cup of coffee was going to be a time consuming event. It's a social thing, like a tea party. Asa roasted coffee beans then ground them with a mortar and pestle. She added ginger and other spices and put the mixture into a small coffee pot of boiling water she had over her coal stove. She served it very strong in little cups with lots of sugar, a bit like Turkish coffee. By the time this process was complete, it was lunchtime and Awad insisted that we have lunch. Asa made beans and bread. They shared what they had with pride, warmth and humor. We enjoyed our visit, but I felt a little guilty. It didn't seem right to take anything from them. We invited Awad, Asa and their four kids out to the boat for our weak coffee the following day. Unfortunately, they did not come because Awad was needed at the hospital. I had purchased a few small gifts to present



to them when they came to the boat, so I had Gene take them to the hospital before we left. These people are very poor, but they were honest in the markets, and I don't think anyone on the yachts had anything stolen. I hope that Sudan can iron out tribal problems, militant problems, regime problems, whatever it is that has made life so difficult for them. I don't know if all of Sudan can be represented by the people in Old Suakin, I only know what I experienced in that small community. I wish them the best. Gene's leg was looking pretty good, and he was finished with the antibiotics. We made our repairs. We fired the engine up and ran it for an hour. No water poured from the gasket, the repaired elbow didn't leak, and we held an acceptable temperature. The alternator still didn't work, but we were patched up enough to get to Port Ghalib, Egypt, where we could get parts. We had a weather window, so we had Mohammed clear us, said our thanks and goodbyes, and went to bed early in preparation for leaving in the weak first light of the morning. Next morning, we took up anchor and headed out. We didn't even get through the

Seeing Red: Aden to Suakin



first bend in the channel before we started overheating.. We went back to almost the same spot we were in and dropped anchor. My worst moments were yet to come, but this was Gene's lowest moment. He looked pitiful as he sat in the cockpit, head in hands, bloody bandage on his leg. I have never seen Gene in such a state. Mohammed came out to see if there was anything he could do. He said he got the report from the Port officials that we started out and turned around. We told him we didn't know what the problem was yet. He said he would call us on the radio at 3:00 to check on us. What a prince! Gene discovered that the fresh water used as a coolant for the engine wasn't circulating properly. He figured the blockage was in our hot water heater, so we bypassed it to allow the coolant to circulate better. It seemed to do the trick. We had to use a temporary hose for that and it was clear. We could see



the water going through. Hallelujah!! We would head out first light the next morning. Next time... *The Voyage of the Damned*, the 420 miles of HELL, the leg that turned me into a screaming, crying mad woman with bloody patches on my scalp where hair should have been, the little stretch that caused me to seriously ask myself, "What the HELL are you doing?" , and tell myself, "You could have a better time if you went home, bought a cat-o-nine tails, and practiced self flagellation three times a day."

Ad space

Darwin Kupang 05



Fishing village at Pepella on Roti

**Photos & Story by
Graeme & Isabelle Hurst
SV, "Quiet Achiever"**

Just a glance at the map of Indonesia suggests a cruising yachting's paradise! A large archipelago of tropical islands, only 450 miles from Darwin, with short distances between each island, safe anchorages and harbours, exciting dive sites, stunning mountains, volcanoes and scenery. With a bit of reading you soon become aware of the amazingly friendly people, and their rich diverse cultures. So, why don't more cruisers go there?

**Of, course this is Indonesia!
There be dragons!**

Well, we decided it was time to find out for ourselves, and we joined the 2005 Darwin to Kupang Rally to help make it happen. The event is the most recent carnation of the Darwin to Ambon Race of

the 90's and this year it attracted a record fleet of 70 yachts representing 14 nations! It has become so big and popular that the Indonesian Government has taken a keen interest, assisting with the permits and clearances, as well as providing some excellent functions and cultural events in Indonesia. They have also organised extensions to the Rally within Indonesia making it easier to visit some of the more remote areas such as the islands of Alor and Flores.

The Rally is held in July, with entries opening early in the year but you must be quick! The 2005 Rally closed over-subscribed, months sooner than publicised. More information can be found on the Rally's official web site at www.darwinbalirace.com. The best time to cruise Indonesia is July through to October when the weather is cooler especially at night, and the winds are the most favourable.

There be Dragons...

Participating yachts start arriving in Darwin about a month before the start and this stretches Darwin's ability to accommodate such a large influx of yachts. Our advice to participating yachts is to make early reservations at one of the three excellent marinas, soon after your entry is accepted. The weeks before the start are a busy time with boat preparations and provisioning, socialising, briefings and a bit of site-seeing. Most yachting services can be found in Darwin, but if planning any big jobs, our tip is to get them done on the east coast. The Darwin Sailing Club in Fanny Bay becomes a favourite meeting place, and hosts the pre-race BBQ, which this year was attended by some high-ranking Indonesian officials, including the Minister for Tourism and Culture.

Race day arrived and most of the 70 yachts were lined up in Fanny Bay ready for the 11:00am start, although several yachts were noticed leaving earlier to take extra advantage of the favourable tide. There was little wind at the start and the 2005 Rally commenced with a motor sail out into the Timor Sea. Some yachts continued to motor into the night, but we used the light sea-breezes and turned the motor off. We were not amongst the first to arrive in Kupang, but the breeze picked up for those in the second half of the fleet and we managed to sail most of the way on flat seas, while the leading bunch remained in a pocket of windless conditions and motored most of the way. The honesty board was on display at Kupang in the form of the request for fuel top-ups. The first to arrive taking on many hundreds of litres while we needed only 60!

Softening the blow was the cheap price of diesel in Indonesia at around 30c/lt.

Kupang Harbour is large enough for 70 yachts to anchor, and a dinghy-minding service had been arranged on the beach in front of Teddy's Bar, which became the focal point of the Kupang activities. Of course it must have changed a bit since Captain Bligh rowed in after the Bounty mutiny, but the Portuguese/Dutch influence is apparent in the water-front architecture.

The Indonesian Customs boat came around the yachts as they arrived, with about 8 officials on board all of whom board your yacht! They each have a role to play be it Vessel Clearance, Immigration, Health, Drugs, etc. They were friendly and while the process took a while, we were told it was much quicker than normal. They managed to coax a few "gifts" from some of the yachts.

After clearing Customs, you get to go ashore, and it becomes apparent very quickly that the locals don't see many westerners here. They are amazingly friendly with eye contact and a warm smile and wave. But you are aware they are also staring at you, observing these strange, tall, white people from far-away places. They perceive us as very wealthy which, when compared to them, we certainly are. Little English is spoken here, or throughout most of Indonesia, so the crash-course we did while sailing around to Darwin proved very helpful.

continued next page...

The D to K fleet



At anchor at Kalibahi, Alor



A common house in the Timorese



Ploughing rice at Kalimutu, Flor





Darwin Kupang continued...

The roads and building maintenance are poor and it appears little has been invested in this region since the end of colonialism after WW2. There are a number of interesting things to do around Kupang and there are English-speaking guides about to put together a tour package. We spent a night in a primitive and remote mountain village, staying and dining with the local Rajah! The Kupang activities are spread out over a few days, allowing us time to sail across to nearby Roti Island for a night or two, which we found very interesting. We met a number of local fishermen there who learnt English in Australian gaols after fishing illegally in Australian waters.

The Organisers have provided some optional Rally extensions beyond Kupang, and around 35 yachts

participated in the first leg to Kalibahi in Alor. This was timed to have us there for the Alor Expo which is an amazing annual cultural event drawing people from many very remote areas within the Nusa Tenggara Region. You don't see shows like this very often in a life-time! The Regional Governor hosted a lovely dinner and cultural show at his home for the visiting sailors. Food is remarkably cheap and we regularly feasted to be greeted with a bill of less than \$2 per person. Fresh food is also cheap from the many little markets that abound. These markets are a colourful highlight and are the traditional way the villagers trade their produce. There are many unique and tasty little snacks to be sampled as you stroll around. We hired motor scooters and rode up into the mountains to visit tribes living in their amazing traditional “snake houses”. They were very friendly and made us welcome in their homes.

left; Kupang and the beach outside Teddy’s bar. Right; A traditional ship at Alor. Right middle; Graeme and Isabelle “at the top.” Right lower; Graeme and fishermen visiting *Quiet Achiever*.

From Alor, a further cruise extension gives you the opportunity to sail for Riang on the north coast of Flores, however, we found that many good spots would have to be bypassed to get there in the time allowed, so we let the Riang-bound fleet go on ahead of us. This gave us the chance to visit some lovely little isolated fishing villages along the coast, and do a bit of snorkelling in the crystal clear blue waters.

While anchored off the Sea World Resort on the north coast of Flores, we took the opportunity to travel inland to the spectacular volcanic lakes at Kelimutu. These lakes are set in deep craters, high up in the mountains, and have a habit of changing colour over time each lake with its own individual colour-scheme. The arduous drive along winding mountain roads passes through some magnificent scenery. Volcano's are a feature of Indonesia and only 13 years ago an undersea earthquake sent a 20 metre high tidal wave across the coast, devastating many coastal towns and villages, including nearby Maumere, the largest town on Flores.

Next week, *Quiet Achiever* will set sail north through the islands and reefs of Bone Rate to Sulawesi and Makassar, but more about that next time!



Ad space

THE GAMES! 05



www.thecoastalpassage.com

Lizard Island Games 2005

Story & Photos:
Graeme Douglas, "Kaz II" & Helen Hoare "Fellowship"

We had done all of the island's walks, snorkelled the fringing reef, explored the clam garden and dived the Cod Hole." What's next?" was the question at the regular beach sundowners get-together. "Will we hold the games as has been done over the last two years?" The answer was an enthusiastic "yes", the events were decided and organizational tasks were delegated.

Plans were well afoot when two days prior to the day of the event Parks and Wildlife officers announced that they were going to conduct a "controlled burn". Just what we needed as the island was already getting a little dry and dusty. Fortunately, the worst of the burn was completed on schedule so that our chosen day was not marred by the clouds of smoke and ash which had made life aboard our boats moored in Watson's Bay bordering on intolerable and which threatened the event's abandonment.

The morning of the games arrived, flags and creative dress festooned the rigs of the boats with the most creative crews and by 9 am everyone had assembled on the beach for a day of fun and frivolity.

John of *Lady Hawk* declared the 2005 Lizard Island Games open then young Noah from the cruising catamaran, *Sea-Esta* proudly lead the crews from 25 boats, each with their banners streaming in the 20 knot South-Easterly, along the water's edge. The day had begun.

The six events which followed included Sea Boot Throwing, Men's Water Ballet, Bucket Boule, Egg Throwing, Dinghy Paddling and the Tug-o-War.

The Sea Boot Throwing was won by Jim of *Odyssey 9* whose combination of distance and style gave him a clear

victory over the nearest competitor.

Not so clear-cut was the victor in the Men's Water Ballet. It became apparent to the onlooking, admiring, hysterical, female audience that the level of grace and elegance of the boats' men exceeded even the magnificent standard reached in 2004. It was only after a lot of arguing amongst the very biased, corrupt judges that the winner, David of *Alice*, was decided.

The Bucket Boule, Egg Throwing and Dinghy Paddle events gave teams their chance to demonstrate their skills in co-ordination, accuracy and strength and resulted in their being won by Pieta of *Distant Drum*, the team of John and Peter and the Lexie team respectively.

It seemed that, as always, the Tug-o-War proved to be the highlight of the day with mono hull sailors matched against their multi hull counterparts. After a lot of grunting, groaning and cries of encouragement from the coaches that the multi-hullers put on a magnificent show of strength to take the prize.

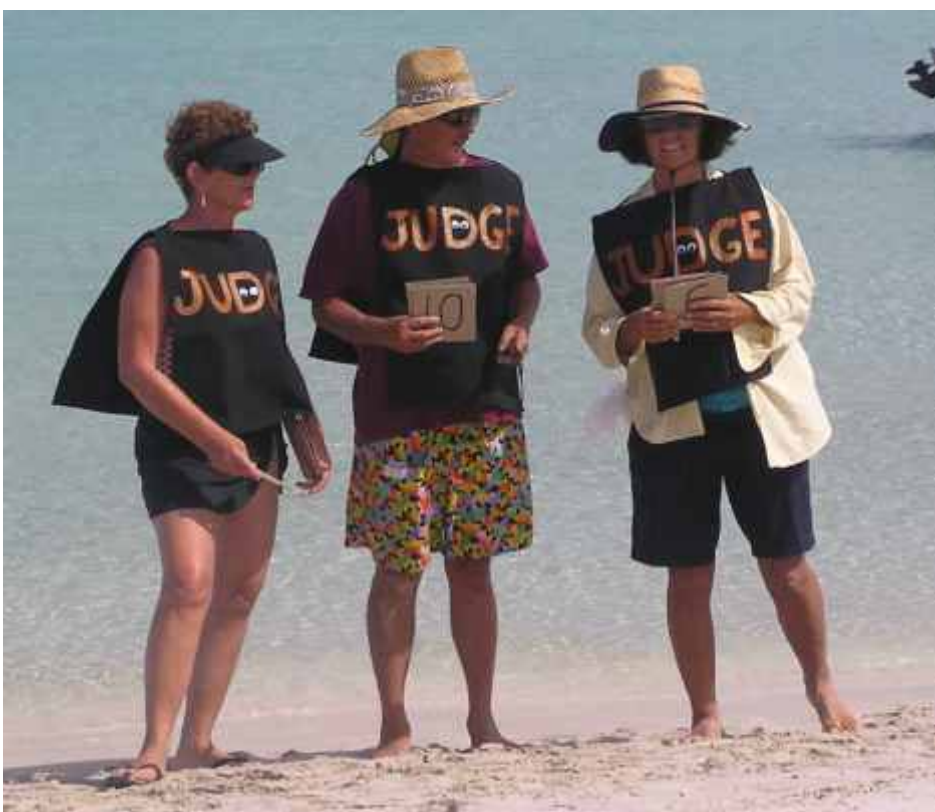
From a strongly competitive field, the award for Best Dressed Boat went to *Lady Hawk*. However, in a typical American show of brashness, *Alacrity* aired her dirty underwear in public in an attempt to capture the hitherto unknown award "Honourable Unmentionables". With her lifelines festooned in jockey shorts. (One wonders why her captain and crew need so many !)

Pieta and Russell of *Distant Drum* were popular winners of the Best Costume in the March Past. The games were rounded off with the awarding of prizes to the winners and place-getters and each competitor was presented with a highly prized memento generously donated by Rod and Helen of *Fellowship*.

Will the Lizard Games be repeated in 2006? Well, that depends on the whims and enthusiasm of those cruising folk who visit this enchanting island next year. If the great spirit of fellowship demonstrated over the last few years is anything to judge by, it most certainly will be.



Russel and Pieta of "Distant Drum" were winners of "the best costume." well duh.....



Come aboard for a "Poo Cruise"



By Norm, Isobel and Pip (the pup)
MV, "Peggy-Anne"

Oh yes, we have been forced to comply even though we don't agree with it. As I am making a quid tutoring in maritime, I felt I needed to be compliant. A fine and the ensuing shit fight would not look good on the old C.V. In any case as it's a catamaran that we abide on, there was plenty of room to fit a two hundred turd tank in one of the hulls. (multi/mono debate) I managed to purchase a roto moulded plastic pressure pump cover, that I attached a perspex lid (not sure why you'd want to look in there) and a few through hulls too, ending up with an installation that works well and only cost about 150 bucks. (If anyone has the room, I will do a drawing and explain the set-up).

One of the reasons for fitting the tank, apart from the fact that we were a bit tired of the frantic run to the ablutions, (It never ceased to amaze me, how many people wanted to stop and chat about mundane things, when you were on a mission to make it to the dunny without slipping one through to the keeper.) was that as our cat is a power

boat, (stink boat to you fanatical fart catchers, I think I just managed to include that other debate) we wanted to give the engines a run once a week and the emptying procedure would make that necessary.

The "peekapoo tank" as we aptly call it, does have a pump out facility, (Forward thinking. Probably be useful in about 3005) no one has the means of utilising it around here. So we need to head out, one nautical mile from the coast each week for what we call the "megadump with out a pump". That's right, this cat has that much room, by turning a valve the crap can free fall..... The electric toilet does all the number munching.

I was thinking of sending a Tax Invoice to the government to cover the cost of diesel for each voyage, but then concluded that it would be a fruitless exercise. So the only thing left to do was..... have fun.

For the last few weeks every time the weather has been calm (you don't need wind with a stink boat), we have invited stink boaters and fart catchers alike to come aboard for what has become

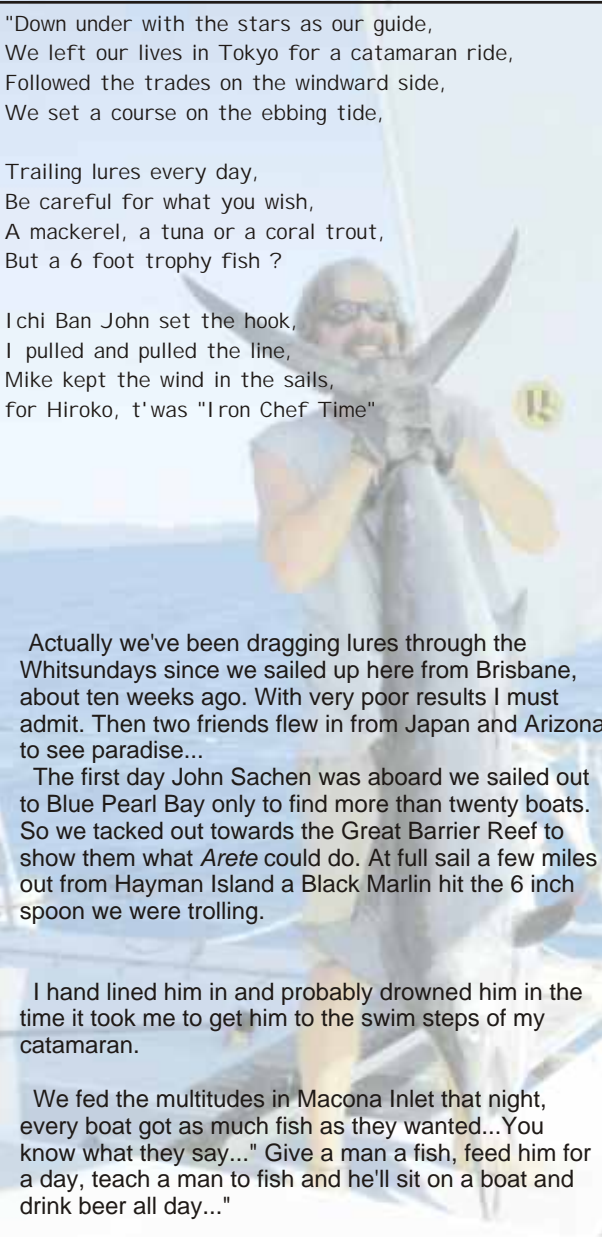
known as "The Poo Cruise." I think we are making vast steps into ensuring world peace. It's a different crew each week as the lovely Port Marina (nearly an Ad.) caters for many transient cruising people of all denominations, creeds and nationalities. They all bring their own nibbles and booze and out we go. One nautical mile. At this point we hope for a little breeze, from the right quarter. As the valve is opened, the shout goes up..... and then we all get back to drinking, nibbling and talking nautical bull shit..... What a great afternoon.

Maybe we could get the Gov. to let us have duty free grog and gambling when we are one nautical mile out. But then I'd have to start selling tickets and be in survey and have public liability insurance..... Bastards have got us again.

Will there come a time when they can stop us having fun?

I reckon their working on it right now.

So have fun while it's cheap dudes. (eds note... "dudes?")



"Down under with the stars as our guide,
We left our lives in Tokyo for a catamaran ride,
Followed the trades on the windward side,
We set a course on the ebbing tide,

Trailing lures every day,
Be careful for what you wish,
A mackerel, a tuna or a coral trout,
But a 6 foot trophy fish ?

Ichi Ban John set the hook,
I pulled and pulled the line,
Mike kept the wind in the sails,
for Hiroko, t'was "Iron Chef Time"

Actually we've been dragging lures through the
Whitsundays since we sailed up here from Brisbane,
about ten weeks ago. With very poor results I must
admit. Then two friends flew in from Japan and Arizona
to see paradise...
The first day John Sachen was aboard we sailed out
to Blue Pearl Bay only to find more than twenty boats.
So we tacked out towards the Great Barrier Reef to
show them what Arete could do. At full sail a few miles
out from Hayman Island a Black Marlin hit the 6 inch
spoon we were trolling.

I hand lined him in and probably drowned him in the
time it took me to get him to the swim steps of my
catamaran.

We fed the multitudes in Macona Inlet that night,
every boat got as much fish as they wanted...You
know what they say..." Give a man a fish, feed him for
a day, teach a man to fish and he'll sit on a boat and
drink beer all day..."

Thats my fish story..
by Jay of SV Arete

Ad space



My recent foray into brewing beer was triggered about six years ago after having to pay \$8.00 for a “tinnie” at a pub located on the picturesque Isle of Pines. Having savoured the contents of this can of Golden Elixir for as long as I possibly could, we adjourned back to our boat and the fairly pleasant Brown Brothers cask red.

The time was right to try the new home brewing kits which had become available. The plastic bottles and fermenter seemed ideal for the boat; especially as weight is an important consideration onboard Cat’chus.

We stocked up with a number of cans of concentrate of differing flavours, lots of sugar and some bottles and headed to Vanuatu. First problem; Sandy and I rarely drink soft drink so we had to go around scrounging extra bottles from all the other Yachties we knew (and some we got to know on the way).

Boil up some water, mix it up and fill with cold water to 23 litres at between 21 -28 degrees C.....sounds easy doesn’t it? Maybe at home. With the air temperature hovering in the low 30’s and the water temp around 27-28 this wasn’t going to work...the water from the desalinator was around 30.

Ten litres of water into the fridge and the next day away we go. A few hours later it’s burping away and sitting in the coolest part of the boat.....the starboard head.

Four anxious days later, after staying in the calm of Port Vila Harbour, it’s ready to bottle. A few messy hours later and some glasses of red (to maintain the energy levels) and it’s all done.

Two weeks later it’s ready to try. We weren’t brave enough to try this with anyone else...one sick boatload in a mooring is enough! Amazing...it was quite drinkable; well at least for someone who isn’t too fussy.

The next afternoon (after waking up and discovering we weren’t dead) we invited a few friends over to join us. It’s amazing how polite people can be even when they’re screwing their faces up and wanting to spit over the side. The general consensus was that it was “drinkable”....although I’m not sure if that view was maintained once they were out of earshot!

This was to be a life changing moment for me. No longer would I be held to ransom by greedy bottle shop owners or get caught short when we can’t get to a supply because of the weather. No more strained backs lifting cartons of beer in and out of the dinghy. I was now truly independent of the outside world!

All went well with the brewing over the next year or two until we got to New Zealand. We had left New Caledonia in 30 degree temperatures and after a surprisingly pleasant five day sail, arrived in Opuia to be greeted with tops of 11 and sub zero at night. What would this do to the brewing process?

No more water in the fridge, just three litres of boiling water and everything started out ok. However by 2100 on the first night the brewing temperature was down to 20. Panic!!

Sorry Sandy but we have to give up the Doona for the beer. I carefully wrapped the fermenter in the pre-warmed Doona and settled back into bed, in a newly purchased tracksuit and ugg boots, pulled up the thin remaining sheet and dozed off to sleep soothed by the sounds of happily “burping” beer.

After defrosting ourselves we discovered there wasn’t enough room in the engine rooms for the fermenter. The next warmest place was on the settee under the sloping saloon windows. As we sat on the saloon floor having our breakfast, it was raining too much for the cockpit, we observed that it was like having a gurgling child growing up in front of us and we both felt very reflective.

Although these “Antarctic” brews took considerably longer to ferment they still tasted good....or were we becoming acclimatized to it? We spent many more nights shivering in our tracksuits without our Doona in NZ. We realized that all of the World’s great achievements require some degree of personal sacrifice.

Some months later back in the warmth of Fiji and Vanuatu we got our Doona back and again faced the challenge of keeping the brew cool enough. By now I had become accustomed to the taste and preferred it to conventional beer. It’s amazing how the body can change.

Back in Australia I knew there would be some stiff opposition in the “brewing onboard” competitions. Yes I know there aren’t any official competitions (a possible future event at Lizard Island) but like two boats heading in the same direction, when two or more different Beers are present at a social gathering then there are always the inevitable comparisons.

We were heading up the Queensland Coast for ten months and I knew that to even achieve a small degree of social acceptance for “Cat’chus Lager” I would have to lift my game. A quick trip to the local home brew shop soon had “Cat’chus” laden down with many different flavours of beer and some exotic sugars. We were ready for the challenge!!

Cat’chus metamorphosed from a high performance cruising boat to a floating brewery. By now production was in full swing. Legs of the journey were timed to coincide with the phases of brewing. All items on board became transient to allow the brew to be placed wherever the temperature was right. We were on a mission!!

The beer was getting better by the brew (to us anyway). We were receiving some good feedback (please help here Bob and Kay) from the people who were too

polite to spit it out until after they left. We were ready for Lizard!

We warily approached the beach at Lizard just before sundown. As we stepped out of the dinghy we realized we had reached the point of no return. Sandy had her scotch but I had no backup....no VB, Cascade, XXXX or even Corona. This was it. Cat’chus lager had to stand on it’s own.

We joined the friendly group, trying not to make our old soft drink bottles look too obvious. We noticed a number of other people with similar looking bottles and relaxed a bit. But could this be a rouse? Could it be VB decanted into old bottles? Gingerly I made an offer to someone with an empty glass to try some of our home brew. I watched for signs of illness or revulsion all the time being ready to make a hasty getaway in case it was thrown at me. There was a faint nod, a smile (wishful thinking??) and a “not bad”. Phew! I could breathe again.

A few more hardy souls who like to live life on the edge, had a little tippie of Cat’chus lager and most seem to think it was ok. Perhaps everybody is very polite at Lizard?

The next day would tell.

The following evening we ventured ashore again, somewhat unsure of the reception we would receive from those who had joined us in a little Cat’chus lager. Would we be pushed back out to sea, banished to the other end of Watson’s Bay or stoned as we tried to join the social set of Lizard Island?

Warily we joined in, keeping our beer as inconspicuous as possible. Slowly a couple of fellow imbibers from last night started to head our way. I went cold with fear. I didn’t know whether to run or just claim total insanity from several years of drinking our own brew. I noticed them eyeballing the bottles. I sensed they were going to grab me and drown me in it. As they got closer smiles of recognition came over their faces and a few comments about the Cat’chus Lager. Then a request to have some more, if there was any to spare.

A sense of relief surged through my veins. More bottles were grabbed from the dinghy. Our beer was being enjoyed by people other than us, on Lizard Island.

CAT’CHUS LAGER HAD MADE IT!!!!!!

Over the next two months at Lizard we enjoyed sharing different beers with many cruisers who were doing just as we were. All were great (except maybe the one made from the well water) and all were different.

If a Lizard Island brewing competition gets off the ground then CUB better look out!!

Cheers to all at Lizard!

Julian and Sandy Way

Lets talk about
BEER!



G'day Bob, I just had to share this with you and TCP Readers Here I was, sitting on my lovely traditional Gaffer at anchor, watching Sunday Afternoon Football on my Laptop, while enjoying a Home Brewed draught Stout fresh from my keg, and about to light up a fine cigar, when I thought, "it doesn't get any better than this".....boy, how good is this? You don't have to be a millionaire to live like one!

Bob Fenney S/V "Elcho"

TWO BREWS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

By Lyn Mason, MV, "Lauriana"

We started home brewing 18 years ago when my partner Rob bought a derelict boat (that's another story). I soon worked out that we couldn't afford to have a couple of cans of bought beer each afternoon and rebuild "Lauriana". If you had seen the condition she was in, you would know that we really needed those couple of beers! And I say thanks to another Rob for the recipe.

You need two brew drums. I half the can of brew by weight and put half into each drum with one kilo of sugar each. This is dissolved with three to four litres of hot water each. Fill drums with tap water then add a sachet of yeast to each and stir. Put on the lid and air lock and leave for a week. I use 600ml and 390 ml soft drink bottles to put the brew in. The price works out at about 15 cents per 600ml bottle. I only use supermarket brand brew and sugar.

The friendly man at the brew shop tells us that this brew would be about 3.7% alcohol.

As for brewing in winter we have had no problems. We spent the winter 2000 in Maryborough. One yacht we saw had two home brew drums a fluffy woollen jumper around each, sitting in the cockpit.

Happy Sundowners!

Platypus cruises in reverse



it, feasted on giant oysters and seemed able to catch a Spanish Mackerel whenever we wanted one! We saw no cats, dogs or introduced vermin anywhere. Sadly the biggest disappointment was the rubbish left by humans. Absolutely mountains of fishing nets and flotsam discarded (presumably) by fishing boats. Hundreds of coloured buoys and truckloads of heavy plastic bait bags. It was really sad, what are we doing to our lovely planet?

Having been pre-prepared for the dreaded passage through The-Hole-In-The-Wall we found it to be an anti-climax! Acknowledging the resident croc' as we slid by on a glassy sea, we turned S.W. and ran

new headsail awaiting us. It was from there that we fell into a magical coral paradise. Yes, we are at Lizard Island and just loving it. This is everything that we have come to Queensland for! Time to relax, write up the newsletters, spend time in the water and soak up the sunshine. It is such a special privilege to be able to enjoy nature so unspoiled.

As I close we are about to head to shore for another Happy Hour with new found friends all enjoying the same great lifestyle! Thank you for an enjoyable and informative newspaper. We have only just become aware of it and will be looking forward to further editions. This is the first time I have felt compelled to put pen to paper for a publication. Wishing your readers happy sailing.

("Platypus" is a 11.5 metre Cloud sailing catamaran.)

*And TCP is grateful.. Thanks Maxine
Cheers
Bob*

By Maxine Holman, SV "Platypus"

This is our second season cruising. We began our adventure from Albany on the south coast of Western Australia in March 2004. We had a wonderful time coming up the West Coast, having close encounters with seals in the Abrolhos, swimming with whale sharks off Ningaloo and being wooed by humpbacks near Broome. For all the information we had gathered nothing really prepared us for the sheer magnificence of the Kimberley's. Every single day was an adventure! We left the boat in Darwin in October and flew home for a few months, celebrated Christmas with the family, then returned in late May to pick up where we left off.

We had an unsettling experience after a 12 hour sail from Point David in the N.T. when we tried to take an overnight rest in Anuru Bay. Passing close to the headland we noted the local community fishing off the beach and gave a wave. No-one acknowledged. We should have taken this as an indication of the reception we were about to receive. After securing the anchor we thought it would be courteous to front up and state our intentions. Didn't get a chance! We were told very bluntly that if we had no permit, (and we didn't,) we could not walk on the land and further more could not anchor in the bay. "You got a permit?... You got no permit you can not come on my land. We own the water too. You got no permit you have to go!" Returning to the boat we began to tidy things a bit and make preparation to leave. Obviously we were not moving quickly enough. A group of boys began jeering us from the shore. It was very uncomfortable, we certainly felt intimidated and discriminated against. I might add that this is the only time we have encountered this type of attitude. Up until then and ever since, the whole cruising scene has been one fantastic experience.

The Wessels seemed so remote to us. We dallied in every bay. Found fresh water for laundry when we needed

downwind to Ngyaku Head and into a beautifully sheltered bay.

It was here that the real tragedy of the discarded fishing nets became apparent. Floating on the surface was a large turtle enmeshed in about 30 kilos of netting. It hardly had any fight left. So weighed down with the unwelcome encumbrance there was no resistance as we hooked a line into the net and towed it to shore. The net itself a moving mass of algae, gooseneck barnacles, crabs and other marine life. In truth it was probably the growth on the net that had been keeping the turtle alive for months. Using a sharp knife we hacked away at the tightly tangled mess until it was free. Further along the beach were the remains of other turtles... not so lucky.

Along the eastern side of the Wessels nets were festooned across the rocks every 20 meters or so. Since then we have become more aware of the problem. Travelling north inside the Gulf of Carpentaria the beaches were littered with rubbish. Plastic bottles, hundreds of shoes, thongs, light bulbs, fluro' tubes, foam, floats and nets galore. Most everything with a label had Asian writing on it. Does anybody or any "Body" have a solution to this sad degradation to our beautiful coastline?

We are at present anchored in paradise. After a frisky ride south after rounding "The Tip", blowing a headsail in Albany Passage, we eventually sought refuge in tranquil Margaret Bay. There have been so few yachts sailing south. I wish we could have a dollar for each time someone said "You're going the wrong Way!" We have been just so, so, lucky. Unfortunately, if you come from the West you have to go down the Queensland Coast before you can enjoy coming back up it!

We stayed a while in some rough weather at The Flinders Group, ventured on to windy Cape Melville and battered our way down to Cooktown where we had a

Terror Yacht Attack Stuns Queensland!

A fleet of radical Muslim yachties was intercepted off Airlie Beach! Famous yachtsman Osama Bin Lager was believed to be among those taken. About thirty yachts of various style were boarded by Australian Customs and ASIO over the weekend, over twenty dead so far.

Customs were taking credit for the success of the joint operation as the survivors were being marched off to Guantanamo Bay. "We took a lot of abuse over the years for keeping an eye on the yachts but I think our critics aren't laughing now," the minister said proudly, "especially that Norson guy. I want a personal apology from him! It was the help we got from the Poms that put us over the top," he claimed. "They really know how to handle this kind of thing, shot first and don't bother with questions at all!"

The fleet was descending on Nara Inlet when the government forces struck with machine guns and rocket launchers. The bombers, some disgracefully disguised as children and woman, put on quite a show but our defence forces were not fooled. No chances were taken as Muslim terrorists disregard for the lives of their own children is well documented by the government.

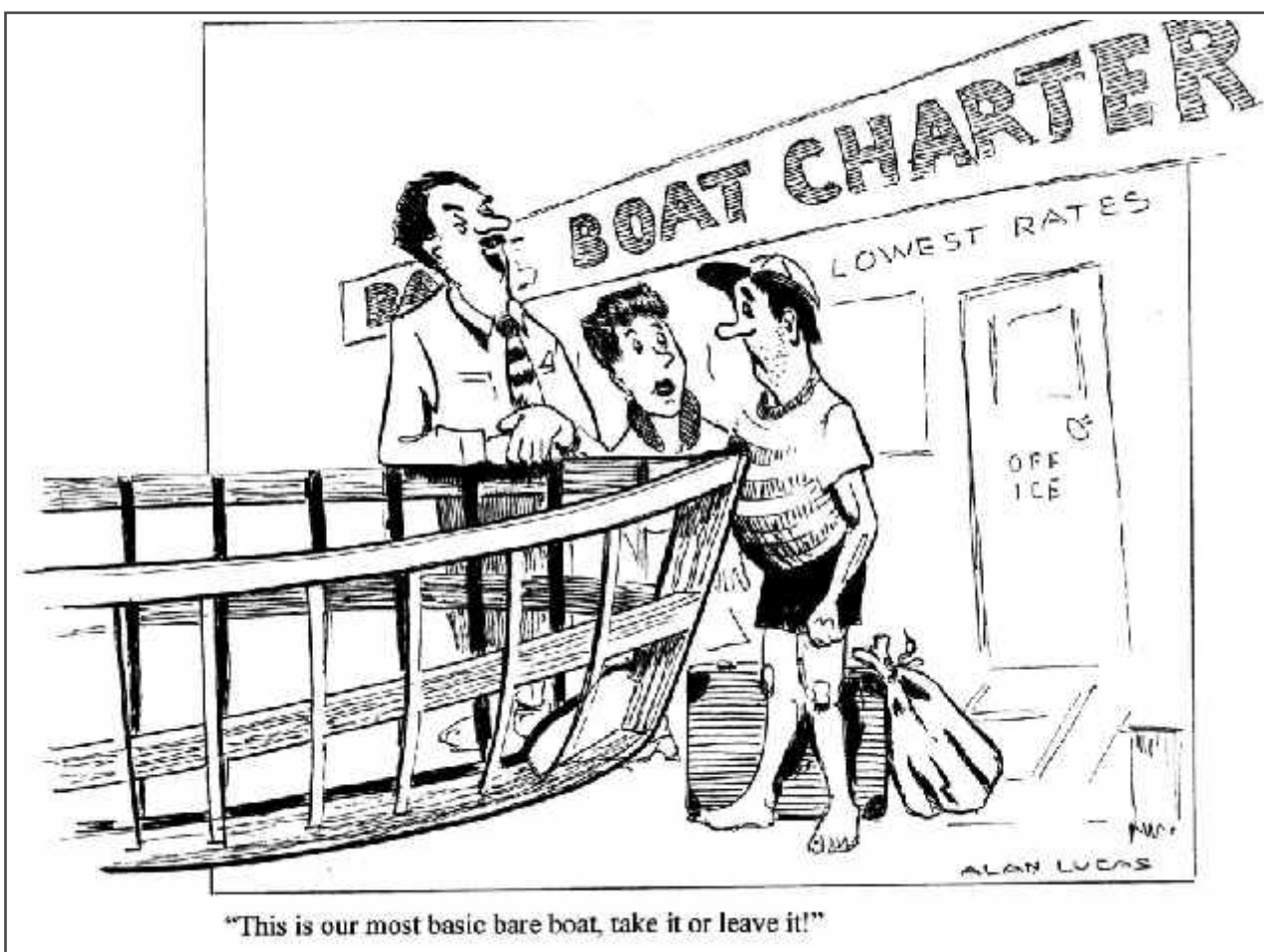
When questioned as to how the fleet was identified as terrorist the minister replied, "It was the beards, they all had beards." "How did you make out the beards," TCP asked? "As low as our brave pilots fly over those bums we could see the caps on their teeth." TCP asked, "but don't many honest citizens have beards?" "Yeah, name one," he replied. "How about Philip Adams?" "Humph," he declared, "like I said, besides, they were suspicious and tried to run."

"OK, then how were they going to bomb us, what was the plot that you uncovered?" "Well," the minister replied slowly, "you see.... the hypotenuse of the equilateral in conjunction with our ASIO intelligence infrastructure in conjunction with that of the USA CIA & FBI substantiated without question that they had the WMD's!"

"Nuclear?" asked TCP. "Worse, Methane! More explosive and certainly more odious than high level radiation. Every boat had a full holding tank and was planning to destroy the reef and Queensland tourism with a fuel detonated, twenty megaton shit bomb!"

There you have it. Our shores safe from yachty terrorist thanks to our brave people in Customs.

I wrote this bit of silliness several months ago after reflecting on the intense and inexplicable aerial scrutiny and other surveillance Customs gives to coastal cruising boats. Like, what are they expecting to uncover?? Terrorist Yachties!? And to Muslim readers, no offence intended. Besides, as everyone knows, its boaties that are the environmental vandals and threat to national security. B. Norson



POO
PROPAGANDA?

or... taking the piss outa the poo.
A silly look at a serious subject; by Bob Norson

PROPAGANDA....a word I associate with the cold war and my 6th grade teacher. Here is the way said teacher explained the definition to me in the context of the time. “Three runners are in a race. One is from America, one is from France and the other is from Russia. The French runner wins with America second and Russia last. In American papers the race is reported just like that but in Russia, *PRAVDA* reports 'INTERNATIONAL RACING EVENT, RUSSIA THIRD, AMERICA SECOND TO LAST.'” The art of telling facts in such a selective way as to create a false impression.

Let's take a look at the sewerage laws and the rational used to justify them. The government says that according to its “studies,” boaties “contribute” to pollution. The word “contribute” infers some substance but what if it is used in a technical sense? For example, every breath you draw right now increases the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, therefore you “contribute” to global warming. In the strictest sense that is true. Of course pointing at you as the fault of global warming for breathing would be pretty dumb, (especially with the accusation coming from our state government which is a partner in one of the worlds largest coal mining enterprises) but no sillier than the marine poo laws.

The worst thing that could result from this miss-information is if boaties started to believe the rubbish themselves. Boaties as a group have the least impact of anyone on the environment, full stop. We are mostly solar and wind powered. We use a fraction of the fresh water that others are just beginning to understand as precious. We disperse in an environment that accommodates our presence with no detectable change. Why this unjust attack on our life style?

You shouldn’t criticise without proposing a solution.. So, how about this. Firstly; I propose a fine of \$1 per litre of waste! I'll gladly pay my \$1 per day to keep Brisbane and other cities from fouling my Bay because at that price they would bankrupt themselves for what they pump into my water. Second; I propose that all state politicians be required to contain their exhaled carbon dioxide (which I can provide studies that prove contributes to pollution and global warming) in holding tanks. When we get around to it, we may provide pump out stations... on Mars.

GBRMPA up for grabs

“The Australian Government made an election commitment to review the *Great Barrier Reef Marine Park Act 1975* to improve the performance of the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park Authority, its office holders and its accountability frameworks.”

Great Barrier Reef Marine Park Review

by Bob Norson

Few boaties knew of this monumental proposal. The cut-off date for submissions from the public was September 30. The proposal is being chaired by Mr David Borthwick of the Department of Environment and Heritage. If you wish to know more, the web page to look for is www.deh.gov.au/coasts/mpa/gbrmpa The quote in bold print above is from this site.

I took the opportunity to peruse a selection of the submissions to canvas the perceived intention of the government and to get an idea of what the issues were that inspired the submissions. The rather unscientific method I used was to select a letter from the list about every two inches on my screen which gave me a sample of 40.

The core issue seems to be the location and structure of the administration of GBRMPA. Whereas the current model has a headquarters in Townsville and a very independent charter, the proposed model would move the centre to ACT and make the

Authority less independent and more accountable to federal government.

Though GBRMPA is enthusiastically supported by environmental/Wildlife groups like the “Gold Coast and Hinterland Environmental Council,” and the “Wilderness Society,” the current organisation suffered a notable reduction in credibility after the recent rezoning controversy (RAP). Most of the submissions I examined other than the environmental groups were from people involved in recreational and commercial fishing and boating industry in general. Many letters outlined claims of miss-information and out right deception committed by GBRMPA in the lead up to RAP. Senator Bosswell, National Party Senate leader, took issue with GBRMPA about the RAP rezoning and advertising in the lead-up calling it “green propaganda...”

Surprisingly, many commercial fishermen reported that they were in favour of the program as it was at first described to them. They were under the understanding that the changes would be about sustainable practises and that their input would be considered important. More than one fisherman reported that they cooperated with GBRMPA by giving

all info on their favoured fishing areas in a belief that would assist in designing the new restrictions to the least detriment of the industry. The opposite is what occurred with the total areas (33%) well beyond what GBRMPA had stated would be the maximum (20-25%) and the green areas seemed to correspond with the maps of fisho's favoured locations. Also the “yellow” zones were a total surprise some fisho's claimed, which took even more. In short the fisho's express a sense of betrayal. Besides their anger over the green zones many people in the fishing industry point to perceived favouritism toward the tourism industry.

An important point for cruising boats is that of the 40 submissions I examined, all sides of the issue made comment of the need to deal with chemical, agricultural, and municipal wastes but not one mentioned boat sourced waste or boating at all as a threat to the reef.

Whatever the arguments made, it is undeniable that the impact on the family fishing industry and recreational interests have been severe. The issue seems to be divided along clear lines with the “greens” opposed to any change and most others eager to change an organisation they see as “out of control.”

Ad space

ARISE, SIR GEOFFREY!



By Keith Owen, SV “*Speranza*”

Well, not really. But it was with due pomp and ceremony that Geoff Henry received his OAM (Order of Australia Medal) from the Queensland Governor in Cairns on 9 September.

Speranza happened to be in the Marlin Marina at Cairns on the day Geoff was to be presented with his award. One of his sons was unable to attend and Geoff very kindly invited us to accompany his other son,

Julian and daughter-in-law Tanya to be in his corner for the event.

The ceremony took place in the Sofitel Hotel which is part of the Reef Casino complex. Geoff was staying in a nice hotel a block away. We met up there and accompanied him to the venue. The Cairns RSL had kindly loaned Geoff a brand new wheelchair for his visit so new in fact that the tyres had never been pumped up. This made it a bit of a struggle for Julian to push his dad the few hundred meters to the venue.

And you should have seen Geoff what a sight! He was wearing a stunning blue shirt emblazoned with the VMR logo as well as epaulets with a radio signal motif.

Geoff's many military campaign insignias adorned his chest, along with his RSL badge and one for his VMR life membership. There was only just enough room left on which to pin his OAM!

The audience of family and friends were joined by local dignitaries including MP's, Mayors and representatives of the Services. The Governor was welcomed and the presentation ceremony commenced. There were about 16 awardees, including 4 bravery awards. Each recipient was called forward individually as the citation was read out. The Governor pinned on the medal and then spoke to each person for a few moments. Afterwards, I asked Geoff what the Governor had said to him. “She asked me about my parrot” was his reply. I later complimented the Governor on the depth of her research!

The ceremony was followed by refreshments where the Governor mingled with award recipients and guests. It was all informal, personal and very special.

Then (after the tyres on the wheelchair had been pumped up), it was off to the yacht club for lunch. I was able to have copied the 50 or so letters that were written by yachties and boaties

in support of the award and had them neatly bound into a booklet form. Copies of the actual nomination and the articles which appeared in The Coastal Passage were also included. This was presented to Geoff as a memento and a “thank you” from all of us.

Geoff told me afterwards that he was determined to attend the presentation ceremony. Every one of his expectations had been met. He was thrilled with the whole event. So to all those who assisted with the cost of his visit to Cairns, you should know how much your contribution actually meant to Geoff.

And a special thanks to Bob from TCP for leading the way (what a tiger!).

Ad space

The “Secret” society



They came from all over but they had to come by water



Isi Pearl glides in..



Turtle Time, Gettin down!

By Bob Norson

Sitting here with ugg boots and a cup of coffee in front of the lap top is a world away from where I was yesterday....

“Bob, there is a meeting of the poets and musicians this Saturday at the hut.” God knows where it got started or who made the first call on the phone or VHF but there it was, demanding attention and it was the right thing to do. A communication network evolved over time through a field of people of common interests. Something too free to be inhibited by some kind of announcement to the public. As Peter Utber said when one person there started trying to “organise” the thing, “NO RULES!”

I still was in the process of a WhiteBird refit when the message came so I was trying to bludge a ride over to “Club Double.” (see TCP # 5, this spot in Double bay is only accessible by water). I hate asking a boat go out of it's way for a favour and I have a good dinghy so.... Kay dropped me off at the boat ramp at Airlie Beach with enough provision to last a month. I thought the new first aid kit was a bit over the top but that's my Kay. Conditions are perfect. Just enough light chop to make the tinny run fast across Pioneer Bay. The ancient 8 hp Mariner smooth and quiet. It was when I was well past the moored boats with Grimston point drawing near that the feeling of freedom, living at 100% begins. It's something that happens every time I get on the water but particularly now. I have been trapped on land like a rat for a month.

TCP # 14 produced, printed and the first and second round of mailing all done. Very satisfying but I really need this and it feels

so good... On a day like today a ten foot tinny is as good as hundred foot schooner. Both means to an end.

Rounding the point I see four or five boats anchored in Grimston bay and another sailing north off the point. I swing out to have a look and see it is “Cadenza,” a boat I haven't seen since last year. Nearing the headland by Double Bay I wonder what will be revealed when the anchorage comes to view. HOLY SHIT!! There are over twenty boats there. I swing by “Escondido” who wave and tell me they were worried I wouldn't make it. Frank said that radio calls were going back and forth trying to find me because no-one figured I would grab a dingy to make the trip.

It was dangerous to make the rounds cause everywhere I went there were extra drinks and I didn't think I had the stamina! “Turtle Time” had the most action going. They were partying hard when I got there and were still going when I left the next day. I stopped by the hut and found a small group there, including “Wal.” A great character. I was told that last year the old boy was there when everyone started rocking up for the event. “What's going on here?” he demanded of the mob. One replied that this was the gathering place for the poets and musso's. “OH NO,” Wal exclaimed. Spirits plummeted. The hut is a public place and no one wanted to get in a stoush with someone seeking peace and quiet, then Wal continued... “That means I'll have to go all the way back to the boat to get me squeeze box!” All smiles again and now Wal is back this year... with his “Squeeze box.”

The hut at Double Bay..
Or.. Club Double!



of Poets and Musicians



By Bob Norson

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Ise Pearl (fantastic restored ex- pearl lugger, see TCP #11) was due in as the sun was setting. I drove the dinghy out and found them just around the headland, ghosting along on head sail with Machi (first mate) steering the lugger with her toes and Sparrow (skipper) waving me aboard. As

soon as I was along side there was a drink in my hand and being introduced around. Faces I hadn't seen since the Xmas bash and some I hadn't met yet. The crew had two things in common. They knew how to sail and they knew how to party! Some were skippers of the tall ship fleet based in the Whitsundays.

The elegant old lugger entered the bay.. well.. elegantly. Sundowners don't come better than this.

The hut gathered more people well into the night. By ten there were kids sleeping in the hammock and a crowd around the fire out front. Inside the guitars were going well. Terry got into a furious blues set then went looking for his dinghy that wasn't found till the next day across the bay. Murry, that came in on *Ise Pearl*, made a bass box in the traditional jug band style that worked a treat. All ages were there and participating, all with the important things in common, a love of good music, good company and the security of isolation.

I wonder how many other gatherings like this there are?? I wonder if a few will read this and say to themselves, why not us?? Why not here and now? I can't wait till next year. I hope I get the call.

The next morning came late, or too early depending on your outlook. Around noon I got itchy feet and took off in the tinny for Georges Point where I figured on meeting *Escondido*. The idea was to spend another night in their spare cabin and tow the dinghy in to Bowen the next day but the weather was beautiful, the seas moderate, fuel OK.... and I was intoxicated. (the natural kind) I called *Escondido* on the hand held VHF and told them I was going into Bowen for the fun of it. Frank and Jane understood.

Near the middle of Edgecombe Bay things changed. (As they do) The wind came out of the WSW at 20 knots +.

The regular slapping against the hull ended abruptly as the sea stood up. Now, no matter how carefully I steered, no matter what kind of twisted lines I carved across the waves, I would find the hole in the water. My old broken spine raged in protest as my bum was slammed onto the metal seat. My left foot slid into the transom and I could feel the impact breaking the toe. There was no possibility of stopping because to lose steerage for a moment was too dangerous. I would swamp.

Abreast of Middle Island now and I am soaking wet with half the bay to go. I'm worried about the fuel consumption in these conditions but I am not game to release my grip on the tiller or gunwale to give the tank a shake to see. My hands are both numb and I freeze in position as best I can while being flung around the rough seas in the 3 metre boat. This would be a very bad time for anything to go wrong but I grin through chattering teeth and wonder at my own amusement. Finally I get some shelter from the land as the fetch is diminished off cape Edgecombe, around the corner and into Grey's Bay where I see shelter and newly launched catamaran *Dumanglas*. I come along side and ask Don to call Kay to bring the trailer down to pick me up.

Somehow everything made sense...my blast through the bay was the right way to end the adventure. Music all night and a day on the water. That'll keep me goin for another week.



TCP special boat..

“Helmsman”



By Jan Ellis, SV *“Helmsman”*

We have been cruising since 1994, firstly on a Martzcraft 35'. After about 8 years aboard we decided we'd like something a bit bigger.

Along came Peter Hansen. Peter had sold us *Magic Flute* and so we told him it was time for a change. He sold *Flute* and found *Helmsman*. He knew the boat from earlier years when she was based in Brisbane.

When Bob Norson of *The Coastal Passage* came on board at Lizard Island last year he was fairly impressed as were we when we boarded her in Sydney in July 2001.

I made it as far as the companionway before deciding she was the one. Arnold took slightly longer, he being the more practical of the team. There were a lot of things we didn't want on a boat, but they all went by the board because she was in such great condition. The previous owner had her for approximately 18 years during which time he had spared no expense on her maintenance program.

About the Boat: She was built in Glenfield Auckland by Doug Ennis and Gary Hewson (who were also the designers) and was launched on 22nd June 1976. She is built of Kauri and Jarrah construction with a fibreglass skin. She was used in the original advertising for Epiglass Products.

Originally she had Tiller Steering but this turned out to be a bit beyond the limit (45'), as Doug found out in the Round North Island New Zealand 2 handed race, when it took two to steer it leaving no one to take down the Spinnaker. Shortly thereafter it was changed to Wheel steering.

Her rig is a typical New Zealand low profile cutter rig fitted with Hood Boom Furler and Hood Headsail Furler. People told us nightmare stories about how the boom had to be at an exact angle to the mast or else the sail would not furl at all. We have not found this to be the case and in fact have no complaints.

Her appearance above water is of a Hereschoff Style whereas underwater it has a fairly flat bottom and a fin style keel. Consequently she sails fast and flat and is fairly easy to handle with just the two of us.

Prior to our ownership she was sailed fairly extensively in the South Pacific including trips to Noumea, Port Villa and Fiji as is shown by the numerous plaques on her bulkhead. She also did the 1980 Brisbane to Gladstone Race when the boat was owned by well known Brisbane Yachtsman Alan Dart, who was her second owner. After establishing her race history she was sold to a Sydney Businessman who continued to race her around Sydney Harbour and a couple of offshore races including Lord Howe and Noumea. These days she has a more sedate life, nowadays she only races when another yacht gets close. (ed; I can vouch for that.)

We've added a few creature comforts like a large inverter and a battery bank to give us plenty of 240 volts on tap for such luxuries as the breadmaker etc. We've added a bit more hanging locker space, awnings for the Queensland Sun and Solar Panels for that same Queensland Sun. The interior, finished in Teak is pretty much as Doug and Gary built her, right down to the laminated chart of Auckland



Harbour on the Chart Table.

Gary and his wife came on board last year and were pretty happy to see that she was still in great shape and in good hands.

We are now on our third trip up the Queensland coast in her and have found her to be a great cruising and live-aboard boat and has more than lived up to our expectations as an easily handled boat for two.

Details:

Kauri Planks on Jarrah Frames then Fibreglassed over. Teak Deck.

LOD 45', BEAM 13'6" DRAFT 6'6" Powered by a 80hp Ford Motor

Fin keel with a skeg hung rudder



Bob's Note; That's *Helmsman* above of course, and Jan and Arnie aboard *Helmsman* below. A glance inside shows lovely teak and very open fitout. Just above are some old and faded photos of the launch way back in 76. The boat has fared better than the photos! I think this one is special because it is a very fine example of a boat that could hardly be built again. Both materials and knowledge, being rare now.



Ad space

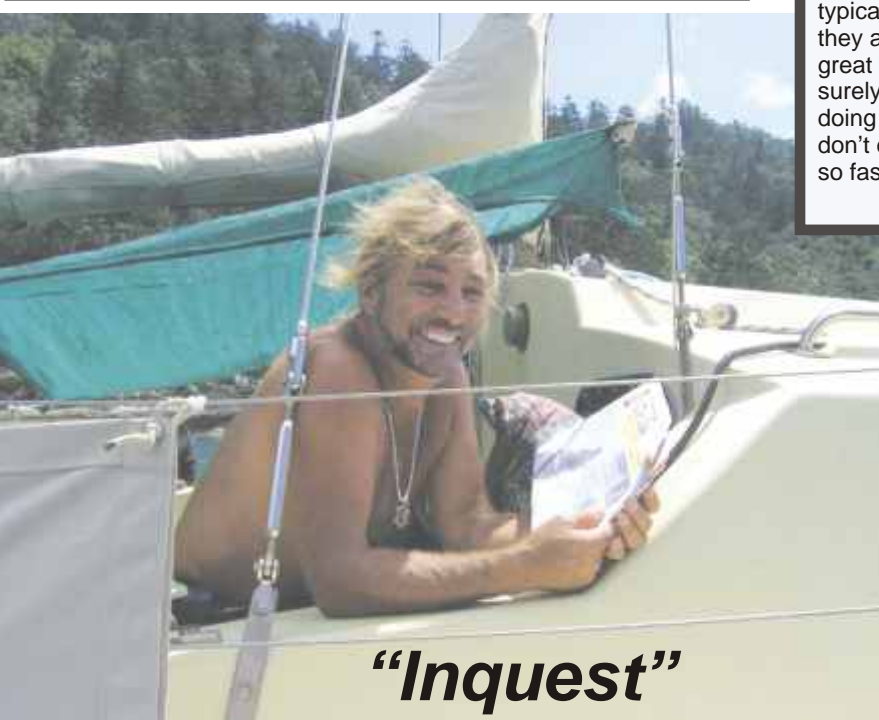
Passage People



“X - IT”



John Hitch is notoriously laid back, and bride Wanda is, well... notoriously not! It's hard to find a harbour that doesn't have one of Johns "HitchHiker" design cats moored there. It all started years ago, with a mate building a Warram cat that needed a little modifying, John finally gave up and started from scratch. "X - IT" is a fusion of performance and lazy cruiser. There is no main sail to have to work at.. there are three head sails though, all on furlers of course! The structure is an enclosed version of the fabulous "WIRED." But where that boat was bucket and chuck it, this is more like a new unit but furnished with whicker couch, bean bags, colourful sarongs and other groovy stuff. John is part of the mulithull revolution that put Australia in the lead we now enjoy and is still making a very individual statement.

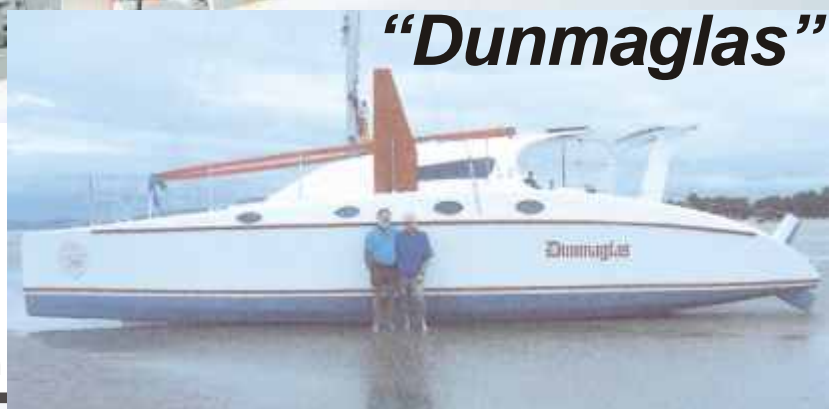


“Inquest”

Robert left Europe in 1979 aboard his Prout Cat and is now on his third circumnavigation. Must be the Dutch heritage! He is an Aussie now and has been here for awhile but the feet are getting itchy again. With twenty five years of world cruising under his belt he should know a few things so I asked a question that had been a matter of contention lately... guns aboard? His answer? He had guns a long time ago but when cruising Europe at the time they were just too much trouble to deal with at every border. He had read the pirate story though (TCP # 14) and reckoned that for that part of the world... he agreed, a shot gun would be reassuring. Robert writes a bit about his adventures, he should take my job, he's surely better qualified but I don't know if he would work cheap enough!



“Dunmaglas”



Don and Vicki are not new to boat building. The Bowen couple have launched two Bob Oram design boats. Their retirement home is the new one and is done very comfy with reclining chairs and other thoughtful touches. The wishbone boom is unusual but it is hoped it will reduce mainsheet load. Don is the sailor boy so he likes to keep it simple and singlehandable (my spell check hates that one!). They will be up and down the coast visiting family before heading off to the Kimberleys next season. I think they will have good company as a lot of cruisers we know are heading that way. Congratulations on the recent launch!

“Kalida”

The Harper family! David was an IT guy with a drug company and Allison, a psychologist originally from South Africa. David thought it might be good to go sailing and Allison was keen as well, so.. lucky Natasha and Mathew now call the lovely CT 41 home and mum and dad are teachers as the main cabin converts to a school room daily. All think it is a good idea. The kids learn well and the parents have a life. These two young ones are typical of boat kids which means they are smart, independent and great fun to be around. There are surely many people that dream of doing this but many wait too long or don't ever do it at all. Kids grow up so fast.....



“Shahrazad”



Jeff Bowers and Christie Weiser left America quite a few years ago and don't seem in a hurry to return though the Aussie officials seem to have been encouraging them to move along. They were singled out at an anchorage for "on the spot fines" because some of their safety gear didn't match local standards. With that subject raised and with the radical changes occurring in Australian laws, Jeff came up with a cute story called the "Boiled frog syndrome." He said if you want to boil a frog you don't throw him into boiling water cause he will just jump out right away. But if you put a frog into cold water and start raising the temperature slowly..... the frog just sits there until he is dead boiled! anyone feeling warm yet?!