#### The Paper that can't be bought! FREE! **Character Constant Dassage Character Constant Dassage Character Constant Dassage The Heartbeat of the Boating Community! Community!**

Customs Culture? Cruising Kids short stories!

*We have a look at; the B to B the B to G and the BWC* 

*A little old, A little new, and all the news!* 

1-110

New News and a random selection of stories from TCP's past. There's just no accounting....!

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

We celebrate the best TCP ever with a sample of somethings new and somethings old. From the first feature ever to the recent Bay 2 Bay. And speaking of the Bay 2 Bay, to the right are the winners of that fantastic event. A victory of strategy and good sailing. Little *"Evergreen"* hugged the mangroves to avoid the foul tide and took the race! There is a lesson in there somewhere. A triumph of quiet competence over flash but everyone had a ball so who cares. For all the fun stuff and for the things you need to know to navigate the shoals ..... You gotta have yourTCP!

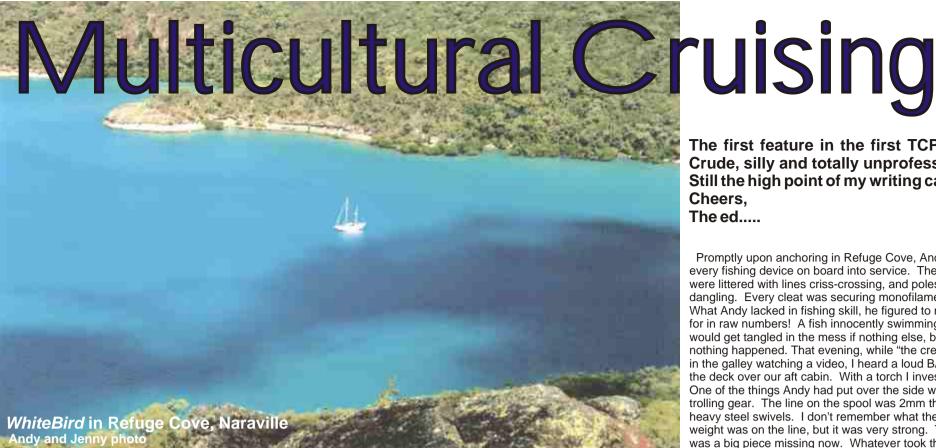


If you like TCP but haven't seen the website yet you are in for a treat. Just like the paper except more to love. See "New Stuff" on the home page for the most recent additions as material is added weekly more or less kinda sorta......

www.thecoastalpassage.com



De a red di tant la man la basti di ada da .



#### Story By Bob Norson Photos by George, Jenny & Andy

**NOT** every small town has a Larry, but they are better off with one. Ours is a big man with a flowing grey mane and beard. If he wore red he would look like Santa Claus, but since he rarely wears anything other than shorts, unbuttoned shirt and sandals, he just looks like Larry.

The good thing about Larry is, he is absolutely uninhibited, un-bigoted, and a keen judge of character. He'll start up a conversation with whoever strikes his fancy, like he has known them all along. If you know Larry, after a while, you know everyone!

If you live in Bowen, it's hard to miss the backpackers that make their way into town to pick the winter crops. Since Bowen is in the lonely planet guide, they come in droves. Many locals are quite critical of the backpackers, blaming them for the filth and vandalism in town but when they caught the worst offender he was a rellie of a councilor.

Thanks to Larry and having two live brain cells, we didn't fall into that nonsense. That's how we met Andy and Jenny. At a back yard BBQ at Larry's place. Andy graduated from Uni in Wales with media studies, and Jenny has uni in computer publishing from her home in Canada. Her father is a recreational pilot with his own helicopter (what a great toy!), and is involved in movie production.

We got along so well with the couple, we invited them out for a weekend overnighter.

Gloucester Passage has several anchorages. Bona Bay suited us, as there was an east wind at the time. Just a couple hours sail out of Bowen, there was plenty of time left in the day for fishing and exploring. The evening was perfect with a fire on the beach. Hot dogs seasoned with mustard, ketchup, and beach sand. Just add a beer and a great sunset across the bay for heaven on earth.

During the leisurely cruise back to port the next day, Andy was keen to take on the sailor boy stuff, while Jenny volunteered galley duty. All up, we found them great company and first class crew, eager to participate, with infectious energy.

Monday found the youngsters back at the packing sheds, sorting tomatoes, and us planning an island cruise. Kay and I had wanted to do more exploring of the coast down to Port Clinton. Our boat is a round bilge, steel 40ft. ketch. With her big volume, accommodation for 8 is OK and 4 is a "piece o' piss", but we usually sail by ourselves. It's hard to find anyone you can get along with well enough for a friendship to survive a cruise. There's the old saying about

to stink up the place! We slept on the idea, and the next day posted the following note on Andy and Jenny's door:

#### WHITE BIRD SAILS THURSDAY. QUIT YOUR MISERABLE JOBS IMMEDIATELY. **BRING FOOD AND GROG!**

Jenny had to fight with herself for hours before subduing her horrible sense of responsibility (she was near broke), but Andy had no such problem!

The next day we received a phone call from a dear family friend, whom we had invited up from the Gold Coast for a visit sometime. He said, "I'm on my way." "What do you think about going sailing", says I. "Why not?" says George.

In a couple of days, we went from a cruising couple to a crew comprising of us ex-yanks, a Welsh lad, a Canadian girl, and the good Doctor of Oriental medicine. George is originally from the Philippines, educated in Germany, and practiced many years in Minneapolis, Minnesota, USA, and currently on the Gold Coast.

What a mix! This was either going to be great, or a disaster, but dead sure it was going to be interesting!

#### THE CRUISE:

We left as planned. George was to be the first to jump ship to continue his exploration by car. Andy and Jenny would stay longer, but would have to eventually get responsible and make more travel money.

First stop was Bona Bay. Anything really good is worth doing again. Not willing to wait for the dingy to be prepared, Andy and Jenny jumped in and swam for shore. It's always further than it looks. Jenny was content to get a ride in the dingy back from the beach, but Andy had to show off and swim back. Not long after Andy was in the boat, we noticed a shadow lurking near us. Andy has a fishing line out at every opportunity, so tried to entice the lurking monster with no luck (probably a good thing). The fish finally rose close enough for recognition. It was a shark, about 6 feet (1.8m). How long had it been hanging in the shadow of our hull?!

No swimming to the beach this time. We all went in the dingy to explore and have another hot dog feast during the last of another spectacular sunset.

Next morning early, we motored through the Gloucester passage, and kept motoring because there was no bloody wind! Weaving our way through the islands, Armit, Double Cone, and Gumbrell, we steamed our way to Nara Inlet at

The first feature in the first TCP ever. Crude, silly and totally unprofessional. Still the high point of my writing career! Cheers.

The ed.....

Promptly upon anchoring in Refuge Cove, Andy put every fishing device on board into service. The decks were littered with lines criss-crossing, and poles dangling. Every cleat was securing monofilament. What Andy lacked in fishing skill, he figured to make up for in raw numbers! A fish innocently swimming by would get tangled in the mess if nothing else, but still nothing happened. That evening, while "the crew" were in the galley watching a video, I heard a loud BANG on the deck over our aft cabin. With a torch I investigated. One of the things Andy had put over the side was our trolling gear. The line on the spool was 2mm thick with heavy steel swivels. I don't remember what the test weight was on the line, but it was very strong. There was a big piece missing now. Whatever took the bait, took the lot with one tug! What was it?! Shark?

Grouper? Don't know, but swimming has become less popular...

A couple days later we were off to Airlie Beach. A pleasant wind gave us a good sail. Airlie Beach! A great sailing club, American junk food, and raunchy, noisy clubs. There is always "action" at Airlie.

The good doctor had been very game. It takes a good sport to step so far out of your "comfort zone" on sudden notice and smile through it all. This was the appointed stop off for George, so off he went in his micro car to find new adventures.

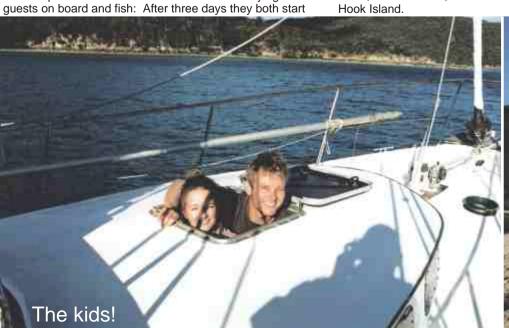
Meanwhile Jenny (the one who was nearly broke), acquired a new "Tiger Lily" bikini. She couldn't resist; "It was on sale!" Next stop Hamilton Island.

Normally Hamilton Island isn't on our desert Island cruise itinerary, but my daughter works there, and we wanted to stop in for a visit. With Kirsten's work mates being so kind, we got 10 star treatment at a 5 star resort on a 2 star budget. Her work mate, Karl makes a special drink called a "Dr. Karl". It's got every kind of sin in the world in one large glass, so of course it was delicious. We left the next day before we got Kirsten in trouble and before Jenny found another "sale".

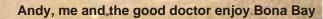
We had an easy motor sail south through the passage en route to Shaw Island. The anchorage inside Burning Pt. is good in a S.E. and that's what we had. Fisherman Andy was keen, but we ran out of beef scrap bait. Fortunately, we had the remains of a \$10 roast chook from Hamilton. I suggested trying the skin. It worked! We were catching fish! The roast chook skin was like leather, sometimes good for 3 fish before renewing. Most of the fish were small and thrown back, but who cares? There was brightly coloured fish flopping all over the decks. Good fun and tasty!

The next AM south again. We had been seeing whales daily. The night before, the cries had been clear as a bell inside our steel boat. Today a pair was on a course similar to ours, and slowly converging. All hands were on the bow with every camera on board, as the next blow would be closer. Since I was steering, I was the only one who heard the roar of two large humpies breaching not 20ft off the stern! They crossed our wake sooooo close! Who says whales don't have a sense of humour?! I had to laugh at the frustrations of my crew of wanna be nature photographers! I might not have thought it funny if we were in a more frail boat!

continued on page 25.

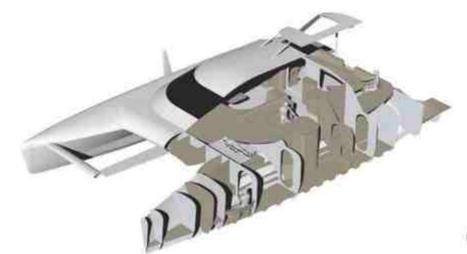


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## SEE US ON JETTY "A" AT THE 2007 SANCTUARY COVE INTERNATIONAL BOATSHOW MAY 24-27



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### This issue, last issue... whatever.... (Bob's Soap box)

#### Welcome to the new, bigger, better and more colourful TCP!

With new press's to work with and unprecedented advertising support, YOUR RAG is on the grow. It is immensely satisfying to see the progress the paper is making, particularly because TCP never took the easiest path to success. It's always been as important to me how it succeeds as much as, does it succeed.

Your Rag is making Money!\$!\$! We've all been doing it for the love of it and that won't change but as long as the paper is making a quid, it will get shared around. As of next issue, TCP will begin to pay for features used. This is not because we are short of contributions! Far from it. We are starting to catch up a little because of increases in size but it's not about needing material, it's about being fair to those that help make the paper the genuine thing that it is. I don't want anything to change. I can't give much info yet, the amounts will be determined by touch and feel as we go. Don't depend on getting rich but satisfied you are treated fair.

This issue is chockers for ads! That means more pages are coming soon! YES! Thank you all for the support!

TCP advertisers are the best! While looking through old editions to select material for this one I had to realise how bloody crude TCP was... OK, still is but it used to be even cruder! The point is that advertisers had to look beyond that. They had to make a leap of faith that required a real respect for the market. Please support TCP advertisers. Not just because they support your rag but because they have to be enthusiast themselves, they'll know the goss.

So why TCP to begin with? Several years ago I became aware that Australian boating press (in my opinion) had lost touch with the people in the community. I had also become aware that there were production programs that were accessible to PC owners that were reputed to be 'easy to learn'. I had the notion as well, that newsprint was not hard or expensive to contract for. So all those things came together with a 'what the f---' attitude. I figured I would give it a whirl, make a statement of protest, save a couple copies for the grand kids and go back to being a harbour bum. Keeping in mind, I have no publishing or computer experience. The first editions were done with my wife Kay at the keyboard with me pacing the floor behind her issuing orders like a drill Sargent. A technique doomed to a short life span! What changed everything was when I discovered that readers were taking the thing way more seriously than I was! After just the first few editions some boaties were discovered saving and trading to keep their 'collection' complete. WOW. It became apparent that my feelings were not unique. I was just the first one to do anything about it. That's when it became a responsibility. Through brilliant contributions, reader and advertiser support, people were investing themselves in it and I had no right to not continue. I learned enough of the programs to wing it and am still learning. I started learning many other lessons regarding editing/publishing, and will continue learning. The balance required to keep the issues in their place but without forgetting the joy of the lifestyle must remain. TCP will continue to take on controversies whenever government or individuals are abusing the community even though that will make enemies. Overall, I'm quite happy with who our enemies and friends are!

Why is TCP spruiking for another boating publication? Because I can believe it! The boat reviews they do are for craft that are older and most likely out of production so you know there is no hidden interest. The people that run the thing are genuine sailors. The technical articles are as good as I've seen and underlying everything is a sense of integrity I find very refreshing. To demonstrate, here is a little box lifted out of "Good Old Boat"

### **Our Privacy Policy is** Simple:

We will not sell information about you to anyone.

The fine print: (All corporate privacy agreements have fine print....) We will not sell information about you to anyone. We will not sell information about you to anyone. We will not sell information about you to anyone. We will not sell information about you to anyone. We will not sell information about you to anyone. We will not sell information about you to anyone. We will not sell information about you to anyone.

The revenue derived from selling "editorial" and the sale of information about subscribers is a major source of income for many publishers. Ever filled out a "survey" with your magazine subscription? I read Good Old Boat because it is nothing like TCP. It goes it's own way. It's really good at what it does but the bottom line is, if I couldn't respect it, I wouldn't touch it with a ten foot boat hook. See page 13 for more.

KAZ II I haven't included a story in this edition because I haven't got anything substantial to tell and I refuse to add more rumour. Watch the web site for any development.

Legislation by Judicial precedent? A little insight I gathered as I was weaving my way through the customs issues. A vague law can be manipulated through a weak judicial system. Regardless of the actual law or will of parliament, enough resource \$\$ thrown into court against a well selected defendant unlikely to fight, (foreign tourist) can establish a precedent that may be used over and over. Convictions are getting easier to get.....

Question: What are burglary, assault, theft, arson, forgery, robbery, rape, prostitution, murder, kidnapping, fraud, perjury, extortion, or terrorism?

Answer: A short list of things I would confess and plea guilty to if you stuck me in gaol for a couple years.

The age of the publicist. Since I've been exposed to it, I now better recognise it. From the big news magazines to the evening news on TV, the trend is for these propaganda wizards to write the script for our elected officials and celebrities. How to spot them at work? Look for the bland reliance on 'glowing generalities', sound bytes and deceit by omission. These traits reveal the pen of a trained publicist lurking behind the persona. Quotes 'attributed to' a person do not mean anything. While this may be OK, even desirable for Paris Hilton, I think it is very undesirable for a government official. Your tax dollars at work!

There IS something you can do to help get our country back! Help the Manzari's fight the government. Stop moaning and groaning. You can do something meaningful by helping them with the expensive legal battle they face. If they win, it is big for every citizen of Australia. If they loose, we all loose. Isn't your future, your children's future, worth a couple hundred bucks! See page 7 for details. The next time I hear someone complaining about the abuses of government, the first thing I will ask is, when you had a chance to do something, DID YOU?!

I'm sure glad inflation is only 2.4%! (According to our treasurer) But how come my business expenses have gone up over 9%? And personal expenses even more? Course if you don't eat, drive or require shelter you might beat the game. I hear electricity will soon double...

On War... According to the Koran; "Whoever killed a human being, except as punishment for murder or other villainv in the land, shall be deemed as though he had killed all mankind." (V:32) According to the Bible; "Thou shalt not kill. I am against death and destruction. I wish the crusaders of the world would start reading these books and stop bashing each other over the head with them.

## Mackay's Boatyard for Boaties on a Budget



## Check out our web site ... www.mackaysboatyard.com



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Daily rate whilst on trailer \$60 (after five days, \$100/day)

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Includes trailer to travel lift to set up on stand a little extra for 9mtr+ multi's and 4 sling for 50+ft 10 to 60 ft from \$600

	··· • · · · • •	
yard lift	from	<u>\$150/lift</u>
yard rates		<u>\$60 per hour</u>
fork lift hire in	ncl operator	\$35 per 15 min.
extra trestles. stan	ids, blanks,	props etc \$15 per wee

\$250 environmental deposit required, \$200 returned after one week relaunch \*conditions apply (All prices include GST)

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### The Boat Club Marina & Chandlery, Hervey Bay



Gayle has been a help to TCP for some time so when she found herself in a new location, we got a mail requesting TCP's for the new office. *Thanks Gayle!* 

And more all the time! Stay tuned... \*New locations marked in red below\*

There are a bunch of boaties hidden away in Ayr and Home Hill and finally have a good place for our friends to find a paper. *Thanks Mo & Derek.* 

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

\*DARWIN **Dinah Beach Yacht Club** Darwin Sailing Club GOVE Yacht Club .... QUEENSLAND..... PORT DOUGLAS Port Douglas Yacht Club YORKEYS KNOB Yorkeys Knob Boating Club +CAIRNS Cairns Yacht Club, Wharf St **Cairns Marlin Marina Office Cairns Cruising Yacht Squadron** CARDWELL **Hinchinbrook Marina** MAGNETIC ISLAND Iga, Horseshoe Bay Supermarket, RSL, Maroon'd and "Traxs Ashore" TOWNSVILLE **Townsville Motor Boat & Yacht Club Breakwater Marina Breakwater Marina Cafe BIAS Boating Warehouse** AYR **Burdekin Browser Book Shop** BOWEN North Qld. Cruising Yacht Club Harbour Office Summergarden Cinema (Q.B.) AIRLIE BEACH and surrounds Whitsunday Sailing Club Abel Point Marina Office Whitsunday Ocean Services Marlin Marine **Emultihulls Brokerage** Shute Harbour Chandlery & Slipway SEAFORTH **Seaforth Boating Club** M A C K A Y Mackay Marina Mackay Yacht Club Mackay's Boat Yard The Lighthouse Restaurant **ROSLYN BAY Capricornia Cruising Yacht Club** ROCKHAMPTON **Fitzroy Motor Boat Club** GLADSTONE **Gladstone Marina Office Gladstone Yacht Club** BUNDABERG **Midtown Marina Bundaberg Port Marina Office** HER VEY BAY/URANGAN **Great Sandy Straits Marina Office Fishermans Wharf Marina** The Boat Club Marina MARYBOROUGH **Boaties Warehouse** TIN CAN BAY Tin Can Bay Yacht Club Tin Can Bay Marina \*MOOLOOLABA Kawana Waters Marina

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Yacht Club Marina Office

Whitworth's (Minyama)

Noosa Yacht & Rowing Club \* SCARBOROUGH Scarborough Marina Moreton Bay Boat Club Australiawide Newport Marina \*SANDGATE **Queensland Cruising Yacht Club** \*BRISBANE Whitworths (Woolloongabba) Withworths (Breakfast Creek) **Boat Books Glascraft (Fortitude Valley)** Toombul Music (Toombul) MANLY **Moreton Bay Trailer Boat** ClubMarina Spinnakers Café/East Coast Marina **Royal QLD Yacht Squadron** Seaway Marine Wynnum Manly YC, Marina Office **Moreton Bay Marine Supplies \*RABY BAY** Raby Bay Marina \*REDLAND BAY **BoatsandBits** COOMERA **Outback Marine Gold Coast City Marina Office** \*SOUTHPORT Southport Yacht Club, Marina Office Whitworth's (Warehouse Rd.) ..... NEW SOUTH WALES..... \*YAMBA Yamba Marina \*COFFS HARBOUR Coffs Harbour Marina Harbourside Chandlery \*CENTRAL COAST Gosford Sailing Club **BIAS Boating Warehouse, Gosford** \*NEWCASTLE **Newcastle Cruising Yacht Club** Schionning Designs Rock Salt Café \*SYDNEY&SURROUNDS **Boat Books** Middle Harbour Yacht Club Cruising Yacht Club Australia, **Rushcutters Bay** ....CANBERRA..... Canberra Yacht Club .....VICTORIA..... Royal Yacht Club (Williamstown) **Royal Geelong Yacht Club** Sandringham Yacht Club

- Royal Brighton Yacht Club .....SOUTH AUSTRALIA..... (Northhaven) Cruising Yacht Club of S.A. Royal S.A. Yacht Squadron
- .....WESTERN AUSTRALIA.... Boating Hardware-Prosail -O'Connor (near Fremantle)

#### "It wouldn't be about you without you! Thank-you!" THIS EDITION:

Aimee-Rose Burns, *"La Passarola"* David Clifford, To be announced... Francine Crivello, California Linnea Freman, *"Hot Stuff"* David Hawkins, SV *"Quoll II"* Alan Lucas, *"Soleres"* Kerry Mckee, *"Sahara"* Capt'n Oddworm, *"Mariposa"* Peter Utber, *Ketch, Leah* 



## Contributors from past editions

I'm sure we are missing some names here, I apologise already!

Francine Crivello, Steve & PJ Halter, EMulti's, ADiOS, TimeWarp, Cheetah Sue the fiction writer **Steve De Luca** Bruce Thompson, Tweed Slipway Keri & Ty McKee, Sahara Dorothy Blair, Good Endevour Kevin & Coby Lane, Tearaway Lindsay Walkley, Avalore Lynelle Parker, Chappie Peter Lewis, Curuba Peter Utber, Ketch, Leah Carol Moody Paul & Lisa Hogger, Purranah Val Osborn Cheryl Hawkins, Champagne Leigh Campbell, 2 Harley Street Judy & Chris Carroll, Two Easy Fred Caron, Arcturus Maureen Lambooy, Spirit of Kalahari Beth Smyth, White Bird Lance T., Chicane & Galadrial Jon Hickling, Ruby Charolette Jeni, First Light Marleen Lieth, Callala Alan Lucas, Soleares Julius Sanders, Accord Frank Stoove, Escondido **Andrew Crawford** Ewen Mc Phee, Rogue Suzanne Osier, Peregrine Helen Raik, Sun Raiker Weaver, Aloha Linnea Freman, Hot Stuff Briar Jensen, Crew for now... Miles Lewis, Miles Ahead Dan & Kimber Lundgren. **Blues Traveller** Kerry Ashwin, Dikera Coleen & Aimee-Rose Burns, La Passarola Alistair Cole, September Morn Janelle Cowan, Eureka III Steve George, Oasis II Graeme & Isabelle Hurst, **Quiet Achiever** Alan Obrien, Hot Water Cheryl & Iain Rae, Xtra Chilli Keith Roll, Rollling On Sandy & Julia Way, Cat'chus Judy Cole, Destiny V Henry Cotter, Miriama Te Rua Peter Curwell, Pequot June Deckert, Marana Craig Hamilton: Mr-Travel.com Gav Green, Dancing Dolphin Sue Southerland, Cora Ray Anne & Brian Wilson, Hybresail Chris Ayres, Lady Lonsdale Sandy McEwen, Mallabee Ines Noorduis, Anaconda Cap'n Oddworm, Mariposa Bob Fenney, *Elcho* Trish & David Hawkins, *Quoll II* Keith Owen, Speranza Vicki J., Schomi

Mike Unwin, Everything Zen Norm Walker, Peggy-Anne Richard(Sam)Chambers, Priority 1 Rod Cunningham, Jinga Steve Jandt, SPJ Yachts, Lyn Mason, Lauriana Rod Nowlin, Mahdii Bob Oram, Mango Mike Orborn, "Freefall John Regan, Master, South Passage Charles Ryman, Magical Peter & Doris Sayre, Head Office Barbara & Alan Southwood, Solaray lan Thompson, Yachtworld, Marian Harrison, Seaway Marine Capt'n Rudder, Children Overboard Graeme Douglas, Kaz II Jan Ellis, Helmsman Jay Graves, SV Arete Lesley Grimminck, Luke Habermann, Notorious Helen Hoare, SV Fellowship Maxine Holman, *Platypus* Elaine Kleiss, K-Sera Bernadette Curtis, *Eagleheart* Fay & Eric, Iwalani Jodie Rossiter, Yun Khan Sandra Rubbedin, Brassy John Brown III, Stella Maris John Butler, The Old Cat Catherine Connolly, Madrona Cptn. Stu Loo. Floater Petrea Heathwood, Talisman Stewart Mears, Velella Susan Smith, Moonbird Shirley Burrow, Gecko Bas Dolkens, *Spirit of Wychwood* Maria McManus, *Freeway* David Julian, Tygress Brad Stephenson, Volare Julie Tait, The Wizard Roslyn Dlask, *Adamant II* Pierre Four, *Plume* Julie Long, Adagio Sally & Martin Peet, Acropora Lloyd Price, Tsunami Thomas, Rapa Nui Wendy, Absolutley Cathy Ellingsen & Gavin Gillett, Imagination Richard, Actualis Enid Trail, Fernanda Keith Sutherland, Carisbrooke Keith, Opal Robert Latimer Tee Pee Jennifer McGuigan, RBYC Jim and Dorothy Manzari, Oceanus David McCrudden, Caloundra **Coast Guard Skipper** Julie Williams, Dreamweaver 1



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

The Coastal Passage P.O. Box 7326, Urangan, Qld. 4655 Ph/Fax: (07) 4125 7328 email: tcp@matilda.net.au

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#### Hi Bob.

Turn your clock back to the seventies & Dr. Hook for the following ditty...

....The thrill that'll get ya, when ya get yer pitcha on the cover of the Coastal Passage. Coastal passage, gunna get my picture on the cover...Coastal Passage, gunna buy five copies for my mother...Coastal Passage, gunna get my picture on the cover... On the cover of The Coastal Passage!

Excited to see our photo on the cover once more!

#### Keep up the good work. Trish&crew,*Quoll II*

#### G'day Bob,

In TCP #24 Keith proposed inviting a retired underwriter or insurance person to write an article on boat insurance.

Another approach would be to interview a current insurancebroker likePeter Skirvingat OAMPs. I've always found him very helpful, not least because if you forget to pay your premium and are insured through a broker vou are still insured for about a month after the expiry date. This is really handy if the account is delayed in the mail and reaches you after the due date.

I'd like to relate another unsatisfactory insurance experience. A friend of mine reinsured his yacht in December. Three months later, in March, half way through the cyclone season, he received a letter from the insurance company informing him of a change in his policy. This was a new clause which excluded his boat from coverage IF IT WAS MOORED IN A MARINA DURING A CYCLONE. As it happens he wouldn't choose to stay in a marina in a cyclone, but sometimes there is no option. He is berthed in Mackay Marina. His boat is shoal draft and is able to sneak up a creek for shelter from a cyclone, but what if it was a keelboat? What if he worked in the mines or somewhere remote and couldn't shift his boat when a cyclone threatened. When one cyclone threatened this season he left the harbour in appalling conditions and sailed to the nearest creek. Entry to the creek was pretty hairy in the prevailing weather. This is the sort of risk his insurance company apparently wants him to take in preference to leaving the boat in a marina berth.

Talisman's insurance is with another company (Club Marine) which has no such exemptions but they do not usually cover older, or wooden boats. Has anyone else had unacceptable conditions imposed by their insurance company?

Regards, Petrea. Sy, Talisman

#### More from Petrea...

Having read of Dreamweaver's 4 day stop to reinforce a sail using straightened fish hooks for a needle I'd like to suggest an easier way. Use contact cement to reinforce a tired sail or repair small damage. If possible get the area salt free and dry, stick a liberal sized patch on both sides and, - that's all. The sail lives for a bit longer. You can sew around the patch but sails with "suspect" areas are usually so old the needle will punch holes in the cloth, causing more damage. Those who sail in the tropics will be familiar with this UV caused members of the Hervey Bay VMR. When we details as published in TCP can be found in

brittleness. Don't try this method if you're fussy about the appearance of your sail, although done carefully it can look fairly neat. And don't ever ask a sailmaker to work on that particular patch. Sewing machine needles dislike sticky goo.

#### and one more thing ...

Now that you're including southern news in TCP I thought small boat sailors would be interested to read about Robert Ayliffe's double crossing of Bass Strait in his 23' trailer sailer. Rob and one crew sailed his Norwalk Island Sharpie 23 Charlie Fisher nonstop from Welshpool in Victoria down the east coast of Tasmania to Hobart, then back again after the Tasmanian Wooden Boat Festival. Although similar voyages have been done before Rob's trip shows that a well designed trailer sailer can be sailed anywhere with careful planning and preparation. Rob has a barrow to push as he is the agent for Norwalk Is. plans but my own interest stems from owning a larger sister to Charlie Fisher. Having crossed Bass Strait more times than I can accurately remember I have no desire to emulate Rob's trip, but what a wonderful cruise it would make in a shoal draft boat. Taking a couple of weeks and poking into all the shallow coves and anchorages would be within the ability of many trailer sailers. After sitting out another cyclone season in north Queensland the idea of being able to put the boat on a trailer and take it anywhere has

Regards, Petrea.

great appeal.

Cheers, Petrea.

Bobs note: The stich-it-awl is another solution to the emergency sail repair problem. .

on insurance.. oh man have I gotten a raft of complaints over the last year. Many different ones too. Rig age coverage was one. Seems there can be a dispute about the value of a mast once it is even a few years old and a ten year old rig worth near nothing to one insurer. Before we sold WhiteBird I was coming to doubt the value for us. Too many ways for the insurance company to get out of a claim to make it effective protection. The message I can give to sailors is take nothing for granted. Add up the sums and decide.

On trailer sailers, besides the reasons you refer to, officialdom, marinas and boatyard maintenance costs are also providing incentive for the consideration of the trailer boat alternative.

#### Dear Bob.

Apart from all the usual other good articles in your TCP, I was interested in the article by Keith Owen, "Speranza", TCP #24, about VMR reporting. Thus, apart from supporting Keith, my wife Felicia and I throw our hats into the ring with a few more opinions, and await the flack.

We too had been asked for all sorts of private details by one VMR, probably the same one. Not wishing to be rude to volunteers, we will not report to that Base again. Keith's suggestion is very good, and locally, we are

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

report we simply give our Yacht Name and Member Number, All our details, most not for publication over the public airwaves, are on the VMR Database. But, as VMR Bases are autonomous to areas. I doubt we currently have a system whereby all the details can be fed to all other VMR Bases up and down the Coast, although one would think that in 2007 such a system could exist. Further, while many yachtspersons contribute financially to VMR to help cover their costs in providing an excellent radio and rescue service, I wonder if all those cruising up and down would agree to becoming members and paying an annual fee. Obviously, to cover the costs of passing the information up and down to other bases entails expense, whether by Phone, Webmail or E mail, let alone the time required by operators to disseminate the information required locally and pass the rest on to other bases.

We used to have an excellent "free" (for the cost of a station license) HF Radio system with OTC Bases around the Coast, but that went down the gurgler long ago, and Telstra VHF Seaphone followed in November last year. In 2007 we surely should have some sort of a Government-subsidised Position Reporting System, funded in part by some of our contributions to such as State Registration Fees; Australian Registration Fees, and Ship Station License Fees for HF and VHF Radios. Then perhaps VMR Bases could be subsidised.

However, I also think the Coastal VMR system needs updating from three different organisations (RVCP; Coastguard, and VMR) to one. As Keith suggests, our details could all be on a uniform database system. But that would also require all vessels to become properly registered, as with road vehicles. Sadly, there are many who wish to maintain anonymity as to vessel names, reporting, port, and registration, and travel incognito. An "Australian" national registry might well be applicable, but it would have to be less expensive than the current \$799 fee, and we can't seem to get a national car registration and license system.

Many have fears we would become overregulated and hit with yet another financial burden. We do it in each State with cars, so why not boats, if for the same Registration Fee as of now ? Felicia and I are people who value the traditional private life at sea philosophy without being overburdened by regulations, but times change, and like Work Place Health and Safety regulations now in force in society, it is a fact of life that all the vessels moving along our coast should be documented by Coast Rescue Stations.

Apart from the 2001 ALP suggestion of an Australian Coastguard along the lines of the US Coastguard, which we would support, an earlier suggestion was made by cruising people way back in the 80s in a bid to try and remove the overt competition between, then, the Coastguard, RVCP, and Air Sea Rescue. It was proposed that the Water Police and Boating Patrol Staffs amalgamated to become the nuclei of "Coastguard" bases, supplemented by volunteers. The proposal was not accepted, but certainly in Queensland, all volunteer rescue bases were renamed VMR, and we thought we would the reafter be dealing with only one organisation along the Coast. Alas, while their Radio Callsigns are all VMR (and all the VMR

the Queensland Tide Tables Book), Coastguard bases still insist on retaining their traditional name, thus causing confusion and unnecessary airtime.

An enormous amount of time is wasted on VHF by ship and base operators trying to sort out which base is what, numbers are what and so on, as the uninitiated believe that to call the VMR Base in, say, Tin Can Bay, is VMR Tin Can Bay. But then it has to be explained that Tin Can Bay is "Coastguard". When one gets to Hervey Bay it becomes VMR 4462 or similar, and so on up the Coast. Traditionally, NAMES of ships or bases should be used, unless there is duplication and then a callsign number is added. It is just as easy, and makes more sense to say simply VMR and the Port/Base, not some number, which means little to itinerant vessels. And then we get duplication between Bases on different days, where, as an example, one does not understand that as Coastguard Yeppoon (the main base) is replaced by Coastguard Keppel Sands on certain days. We on the water simply want to speak to the one name base, irrespective of which outstation may be on duty, so when in GKI area, the main Base should be the name to be called.

Similarly, an enormous amount of radio time is wasted by boaties wanting the tide times (in the Book); weather reports (goodness - apart from regular VMR and Weather Bureau reports, there is more than ample good weather information on ABC and Commercial local radio stations); or whatever, let alone those who have to repeat their callsigns three times, which really went out with HF radio, as VHF is clear. Also, the continual repetitious advice from Bases to change over to such and such VMR at Baffle Creek, etc. advice that should be in such as a Coastal Radio Guide, issued by VMR HQ, if we had a unified system. And there is an increase in the number of Bases that wish to take extra airtime to repeat the information given to them, plus the time logged. VHF is clear, easily understood, and we all know the time. It is the old story of KISS - keep it simple, or employ a trained parrot.

On the subject of traffic volume, we noted the mention by Keith Sutherland that Coastguard Thirsty Sound had installed their own Repeater to avoid skip interference from all the Whitsunday Charter Traffic on Channel 81 commonly called "kindergarten of the air" Certainly, it defies all the normal rules that apply to us, particularly with children on air, yet having to be age 16 to obtain an operator's license. 81 has been a problem for many years, and heaven help the cruising person who dares call another boat during the Charter sessions ! Ironically, the old system always provided separate frequencies/channels for pleasure, fishing and charter vessels, due their peculiar needs, with a common distress channel, but ever since Hammo installed Channel 81 way back in the 80s, it has remained a commercial chat channel.



Hopefully, with the demise of the four Telstra Seaphone Repeaters on Whitsunday Peak, some one might suggest they be transferred to Whitsunday Charter Fleet Companies, so that Channel 81 and others might become what they should be - VMR repeaters for use by all vessels, albeit not just for continuous commercial traffic. And as Keith S. mentioned, vessels and Bases in line of sight should use Simplex, not Repeater Channels.

One of the penalties caused by the excessive commercial use of VMR Repeaters is that private vessels turn their radios off! Thus, in times of distress, weather warnings, and alike, the information does not get around the net. Worse, someone might be in trouble and nearby boats are unaware of their distress calls.

Thus, we support Keith, but would also like to see an overhaul of the VMR system to provide a unified organisation that would, with Government subsidy, be able to provide what Keith suggests, a simple but effective reporting system along the Coast, along with improved operating procedures of benefit to all.

Apart from the constructive comments above, we wish to make it very clear that we are Members and support the many dedicated VMR volunteers who give their time to making it safer for us to transit along the coast.

#### Regards, Harry and Felicia Smith,

SV "Cavarlo", Urangan.

#### **Customs Feedback**

Following are SOME of the letters I have received concerning the customs matter. Many sailors and non-sailors for that matter, have expressed much anger over this. So here is a sample of feelings. One to the point, one retrospective, one philosophical and continuing on page 10, one hammering home the legal and global issue as no one but Chris Ayers can.

#### Hello Bob,

Love your rag, although I am starting to feel rather ill and ashamed of the way 'Queensland Customs' officers are behaving.

Not only are these Nazi cowboys taking tens of thousands of dollars from innocent people and providing them with a criminal record, they are also costing Australia millions of dollars in lost tourism and marine related revenue, which also means Australian jobs. There is a Federal election this year, if certain politicians were aware of the situation maybe they might get some political mileage out of it.

In the mean time, yachty's could set up a 'Customs Agent' service which acts like a Shipping agent for incoming pleasure craft. I, as would many sailors, be happy to pay a small fee (Donation) to know that someone on the ground (maybe the VMR) in Australia could be contacted by HF radio, 96 hours prior to landfall.

A listening schedule could be monitored at certain times of the day, details recorded, receipt number given, the details relayed to customs via email, on behalf of all yachts entering Australia. It can not be that difficult. Customs would not have a leg to stand on, no come back, a record will be available and the vessel has then complied with the Australian law.

Lets start a petition through TCP to send to the Labor Opposition and in the mean time play the Customs game and beat them.

Do not wish to have my name or vessel name published for fear of being black listed, after all, its a police state.

#### Dear Bob,

Many thanks for the two copies of TCP which I received yesterday. The articles on page 8, 9,10 were of particular interest to me, so much so that I kept raking my beard with my fingers and grinding my teeth to the repeated rhythm of the SOS Morse code.

Shiver me timbers! What's going on in OZ?! We've gone to the dogs, that's what! Of all the state agencies that so arrogantly enforce this all-suffocating avalanche of mad, oppressive and exploitative laws, rules and regulations, the Australian Customs

"Service" (!) must be the most odious one. How can it be that among every part of the world colonised by England, only Australia and New Zealand have been infected by the same virulent pathogen that characterises third world pariah states? I can't help but to cynically gloat over the hellish reputation our miss-elected governments and their menagerie of Tonton Macoutes managed to give our poor country.

The ever-present danger of frivolous prosecution and more and more state intrusions into my life style afloat, was a major contributor to the sale of my boat and home afloat in the Whitsunday's a year ago. I had the best years, on and off, of a cruising life style in Northern Australia and New Guinea, and have retired to a cosy flat in Carins. And if my sons were ever to think of going to sea, I'd have to sober them up with the hard lesson on present day realities.

#### Best Regards,

Axel Hart, ex "Stella Mari

#### GOEBBELS AND CUSTOMS WHAT'S NEW?

#### Dear Bob and boaties,

If you remember I sent you a 'letter to the editor' a long time ago re: tough regulations on the water or something to this effect. I mentioned I'd been through two revolutions and bad times. I also mentioned your paper is the only outlet for free speech and politics which shouldn't be necessary in the boating fraternity. The day has come to reiterate some feelings.

I am writing my memoirs concerning events that took place in Australia, Canada, France and Poland. To make this letter short, I make comparisons between free speech, stupid talk and crazy talk and all those who indulge in talking a lot and getting nothing done that is productive. In fact, the results of the crazy talk are often deleterious. I have a very short story for you now that lead to all the problems in contemporary society. The story is as follows:

A naked, minimalist Eskimo was found wandering in the Great Stony Desert of South Australia. *There are many aspects to this story.* Anyway, this Eskimo was trudging through the desert with a peanut tree under his arm and a large flag on a stick held high and was looking for something when over on the horizon this Aussie bloke, with a large Acubra hat, saw the Eskimo and turned his four-wheel-drive around and headed in the direction of the flag.

These two individuals met and the Aussie asked the Eskimo whathe wasdoing with the peanut tree, upon which the Eskimo about to die of thirst, said, "I'm looking for a place to plant this tree. It will give me sustenance for the rest of my life." Thereupon the Aussie asked, "How long will it take before the tree yields a crop of peanuts?" and the Eskimo answered, "Oh, about 5 years!" "Well then," said the Aussie, "you will need that flag to place over your coffin before then, and I suppose that's why a minimalist would carry a flag." "Yes," answered the Eskimo quick to assess what the Aussie said, asked, "Do you know where there's a cemetery?" The Aussie continued, "Well what will become of the peanut tree? You'll need water to keep it alive if you want it to sustain you." To which the Eskimo replied, "Oh yes, that's other thing I was looking for."

And so went the conversation with minimalistic overtones and total logic underlying its foundations. So what is the moral of the story you may ask? Well talk between two people is not always fruitful and that's how it plays out in politics. Notice how disjointed the conversation was and note that from this conversation one could drag it out indefinitely into a million aspects conjunctive with the basic story itself. My personal history is exactly about such talk and of 'belief systems' that go round and round and seemingly have no end to them.

What happened with Australian Customs is simple; they talked a lot, made plenty of recommendations, implemented oodles of policies and safeguards to arrive at what we have now, a raccourci of nonsense that is difficult to reverse.

The very reason I am selling my boat is because of the fear instilled in me regarding over policing on the waters. Other government departments are equally as dangerous as Australian Customs. Customs is first contact with visitors which is a positive thing; the impression will make for good stories.

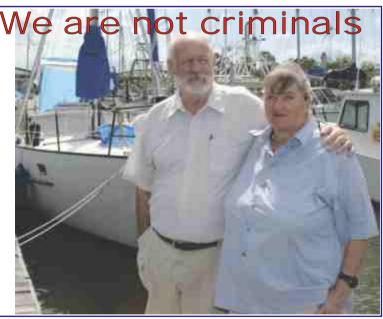
Thanks for your wonderful work Bob, Cheers Pierre.

P. S. Do you think I'm too cynical? The Eskimo story is my own, does this qualify for story aboutself?

Dorothy and Jim Manzari of SV *Oceanus,* are not rich, just VVC principled. The battle they are fighting is one that will have importance to any private vessel that will enter Australia in the future... maybe you!

If you want to help the victims of our "border protection policy", make a statement and protect your boating future, your freedom, then please contribute what you can to help offset the legal costs they face and fines already paid and let them know you care. Their case is good. To start this off The Coastal Passage has donated \$500. Whether you can afford \$5 or \$1000, all donations are welcome. Look at it as an investment in your future.

To donate by cheque, make payment to "Dorothy Manzari" and mail to: Dorothy Manzari C/O The Coastal Passage P.O.Box 7326 Urangan QLD 4655 For direct deposit: account name: Dorothy Manzari account number: 734122-765485 Westpac Bank 100 Bourboug Street Bundaberg, QLD. 4670





## THE CULTURE OF CUSTOMS

#### By Alan Lucas, SY, Soleres

As Australian society rails against the avalanche of suffocating rules and regulations promulgated by quasipublic managerial-style bureaucracies, it is worth noting that Australian Customs has a long history in acting this way or so it seems, because its oppressive culture is not new, as we will see.

If you have a copy of Joshua Slocum's *Sailing Alone Around the World*, turn to the Melbourne section and see what he thought of our front-door officials there. His comments were low-key and only based on unfair taxes, but he was nevertheless thoroughly unimpressed. That was in 1896. Now look at Alan Villiers' wonderful 1930's book, *The Cruise of the Conrad*, and see how things had actually gotten worse in the ensuing forty-odd years. The following quote is just part of his lengthy comments about Australian Customs. His 212-ton full-rigged ship *Conrad*, was anchored in Double Bay, Sydney, where customs clearance was carried out in those days.

After a short prologue, Villiers wrote ---- entering the ship in and swearing this and that, and filling up always more and more copious forms until I began to fear there would be a paper shortage in Australia; later, with more difficulty, entering the ship out again. The regulations for the management of ships in Australia are voluminous and apparently unending; supervision is strict and, I suspect, costly; the passion of a new people for government seems combined with an undue emphasis upon the complete satisfaction of their insularity to such an extent as to make the visits even of non-commercial overseas ships a from-ridden burden to those who bring them.

Alan Villiers' remarks about 'a new people' and 'their insularity' are very insightful because Australia's isolation from the rest of the world did indeed produce a 'new' society that prided itself in being a free country, yet was paradoxically blindly obedient to excessive rules and regulations. TCP's list of the much easier customs protocols in other countries is proof of this, as my wife and I well knew. (See TCP # 24, pg9)

When Aden was still a civil-war-ravaged Muslim city shored up by the USSR for its naval 'window on the Indian Ocean' during the cold war, entering harbour was intimidating because every ship, merchant and naval, flew the Russian hammer and sickle flag. Were it not for the victuals needed for the long beat up the Red Sea we would have fled back to sea. As it was, we steamed timidly up harbour until a launch rushed out to meet us with a smiling official in the cockpit. 'Welcome to Aden', he said holding out a piece of paper, 'please fill out this form and bring it ashore to the custom's gate'.

The 'form' was, in fact, a small card requesting basic details of yacht and crew. The whole process took just minutes before all formalities to enter a Marxist nation during extreme paranoia of the cold war were complete!

In the Mediterranean Sea the only official boarding took place in Israel where, far from being treated as unwanted aliens, the officers handed Patricia and me a can of beer each and an ice cream for our son. This friendly, generous gesture was during the Israel-Lebanon border war when all visitors, you would think, would be treated with suspicion. But they weren't. Yes, we had already been questioned over VHF by a patrol boat 30 miles offshore and, yes, while we had our beer and ice cream, a diver checked underwater to see that we didn't have any mines attached to our hull, but at no time were these sinister activities reflected in officer attitude. They all did theirjob in a mostpleasant manner.

Later we cleared in or out of Italy no less that eight times with formalities never more than a request that we check in at the nearest office at our leisure. And the nearest France came to rattling its armour was when we were delivering a motorboat through the canals to England where official doubt was expressed about our presence on someone else's boat. When a letter of authority was shown, the officer apologised and wished us a happy stay in his country.

And Australians think they have a free country?

I digress: Now let's look at the late 1960s in Australia when I first put pen to paper in protest against our customs culture. In those days there was nothing like the strict rules of entry that prevail now, but a few overseas sailors had experienced rudeness and none could come to terms with our absurdly high import taxes. They were as high as 60%, making Australia a pariah country to those needing to - or just wanting to, quit the cruise, sell up and fly home. But as if that were not unfair enough, there was also the threat that an Australian vessel remaining out of the country longer than five years would be treated as a foreign import on its return!

Deciding on a crusade, I wrote an article for the Sydney magazine *Seacraft*, stating the case and severely criticizing customs' import laws. In the same period, as a skipper of a Townsville VIP vessel, I chatted to a guest who was none other than the Attorney General. He sympathised with my concern and confessed unfamiliarity with customs laws. He suggested that I write directly to the Minister for Customs, Don Chipp, who was then in the ruling Liberal Party (but would become disenchanted and start the Democrat Party).

To Don Chipp's credit, he responded immediately to my letter and organised a meeting with the local chief of customs. However, whilst the chief was attentive and polite, the policy did not change and the customs department then declared in a letter to *Seacraft* that much of my information was exaggerated or simply incorrect.

That was probably the silliest thing the department could have done because far from ending the matter, it encouraged a landslide of supportive letters from local and visiting sailors who had experienced the exact circumstances described in my article. One reader (now world famous in movie production) sent correspondence between customs and himself proving beyond doubt that my criticisms were valid and correct. It exposed beyond doubt that customs officials could, and did, make up their own rules as they went along and then sidestepped them when confronted.

Sadly, my actions and the support I enjoyed from outraged *Seacraft* readers achieved nothing beyond reminding us all that in those days bureaucracies were at least obliged to respond to public outcry because they were, public servants not the other way around. So, somewhat exhausted by my futile efforts, I pulled the hatch on all the stuff that was going on and pretended it wasn't happening. But in 1987 the Irish in me was forced to emerge again when Australian Customs hit a new low with its notorious 'labelling laws' in the 1980s.

After spending much of that decade circumnavigating, we were amongst the last to be cleared into Australia by the now defunct Maryborough Customs. Our treatment was polite and friendly giving rise to speculation that Australia's frontline troops were softening up a little. Perhaps, I thought, they were learning a few tricks from third world countries like Aden.

continued next page>>>>>>>

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Then a few months later, in Cairns, I witnessed how badly foreign yachts were again being treated under a new rule that branded them in much the same way as we do cattle. It was an outrage that had me again writing a contentious article about Australian Customs for the magazine *Offshore*.

Talking to an American sailor in Cairns at the time, very upset because he was to be branded by two big Dayglo stickers the next day, I discovered that this disgraceful new law came into being on 1 September 1987 as a means of keeping track of all visiting yachts. I asked if I could take a photograph of the process to use in the magazine article. He enthusiastically agreed.

Rowing over to his yacht in time to snap the demeaning act of an officer placing a large sticker on the American yacht's topsides, the officer stopped work and brusquely insisted that the procedure could not be photographed. 'Does that mean you're ashamed of your action?' I asked, adding that as an Australian I was under the impression that I lived in a free country. I kept snapping and he got nastier but eventually ignored me and got on with his job of defacing a visitor's yacht with a large number on each side.

This new law made me so ashamed of my country that the first draft of my article had to be toned down lest I be thrown into jail for libel. The piece that appeared in the 1987 summer edition of *Offshore* was tame by comparison, but at least it drew attention to the subject. And knowing that rules and regs never change in favour of social values, I wrote a letter to the Minister for Customs pointing out that large stickers on topsides may leave adhesive residue behind after a year and they will also prevent equal fading of the paint beneath them, thereby p obliging owners to repaint their topsides after leaving Australia. This, I pointed out, might produce a flood of litigation against his department.

To my utter disbelief, the labelling laws were scrapped soon after, giving me some hope that the democratic process in Australia was still breathing. But soon after I met other sailors who had coincidentally expressed the same concern to customs and knew that the department's response was not based on any democratic principle; just the fear of litigation. Democracy was no longer based on rights, but on money.

So this is how the New World Order works. Assumption of innocence has been replaced by assumption of guilt. Forget

the grandprinciples laiddown in the Magna Carta a thousand years ago, they don't make money. Continual presumption of guilt does.

The problem is Australia's insularity. It makes us perfect targets for unfair, money-grubbing rules and regulations. Our greatest writer, Patrick White, got it right when he described this condition as Australian's 'penal mentality'. We think we're free but our convict background and insulation from the rest of world helps us believe that our lawmakers know what they are doing. Undemocratic laws have us rattling our cage but beaten by the knowledge that true people-power doesn't really exist and this makes us perfect clay in the hands of the autocrats who now mould us.



Noam Chomsky put it well when he said: The smart way to keep people passive and obedient is to strictly limit the spectrum of acceptable opinion, but allow very lively debate within that spectrum.

Under the circumstances, it came as a real surprise to note in the latest TCP that the United States still has lenient clearance laws despite the atrocities of 9/11 and the misdirected military reaction. We experienced them in Fort Lauderdale twenty years ago when, being good timid Australians with tails between our legs we circled around an unmanned customs dock for ages before daring to go alongside without permission. Then, having gone alongside, we found no human presence at all so used a free customs phone. An official at the airport answered saying, 'Welcome to the States Mr. Lucas. Go and settle in somewhere and pop out to the airport with all your papers in the next couple of days'.

The fact that incidents like this strike Australians as being examples of extraordinary freedom is proof of how over controlled we are in Australia. It is also a reminder that when a stranger sails to our shores, he or she comes from a much freer culture and simply cannot believe how tough our laws

are. As a result, there is every chance that the most law-abiding visitor might transgress without knowing it and then pay a terrible fine for acting, from their point of view, normally. So, should we make allowances for them, or stick to our guns and treat them like criminals?

To any free thinker, the answer's pretty obvious, but with no evidence that Australian Customs is listening, don't hold your breath waiting. However it should be pointed out that the department itself has abused the spirit of international law with its 96-hour notice rule. The fact that we are talking about small recreational boats coming from overseas whose ability to make a timetable arrival may be limited by difficulties in communication, rigging failure or weather variations. And in the worst-case scenario of a vessel arriving in a state of distress after drifting jury-rigged for weeks, have we really stooped so low as to make our first reaction thatof finingor jailingthe owner?

I suspect a few international human rights groups would be interested in the answer, not to mention those lawyers involved in constitutional and maritime law, which, one hopes, still supports the right of a foreign vessel to arrive at a customs port according to

the dictates of weather, not to the timetable of an out-of-touch bureaucrat. If the vessel cannot be immediately cleared, then the onus is on the visitor to remain aboard until legally entered into the country. Penalties should only be levied against vessels failing to clear or if their crews venture ashore before being cleared. This is how it used to work in Australia, so why the shameful sledge hammer tactics of the latest law? Is it insularity, paranoia or economical? I suspect a mixture of the lot because it is certainly not fair.



## Customs Backdown! TCP response, line by line..

The following press release was issued on the eve of the last edition of TCP. The paragraph numbers are inserted by TCP for referral and discussion of this surprising development to the right on this page.

#### Customs media release; Customs reminds yachties: report your arrival - *Wednesday*, 21st March 2007

- (1) Customs is reminding yachties of their obligations to report their impending arrival into Australia as the 2007 cruising season approaches.
- (2) Under Customs legislation small craft masters must provide Customs with a minimum of 96 hours notice of their intended arrival at an Australian port.
- (3) If the transit to Australia is less than 96 hours, shorter reporting time frames apply.
- (4) For journeys of between 72 and 96 hours, yachties must provide at least 72 hours notice of their arrival; for journeys of between 48 and 72 hours, at least 48 hours notice; and for journeys of 24-48 hours, 24 hours notice.
- (5) For journeys of less than 24 hours, yachties must provide a minimum of 12 hours notice of their arrival.
- (6) Customs National Manager Enforcement Operations, Brian Hurrell, said yachties could report via phone, fax or email.
- (7) "We recognise not all yachts have access to communication facilities at sea.
- (8) "In these cases, masters can have a third party pass the required information to Customs. This can include friends, the master of another vessel, or marina operators at the port of arrival," Mr Hurrell said.
- (9) Yachties can also make a report earlier than the statutory maximum 10 days prior to arrival, recognising that this allows for reports to be made at any port of call on the journey.
- (10) "In the current security environment Customs has an important role to play in checking all vessels arriving from overseas. A failure to report at all, or to report within the minimum timeframes, can result in heavy penalties," Mr Hurrell said.
- (11)The most current information on reporting requirements can be found on the Customs website,

<u>http://www.customs.gov.au/site/externalLaunch.cfm?exturl=http://www.customs.gov.a</u> <u>u</u> (link to Travellers, Yachts travelling to and departing from Australia) or accessed by emailing <u>yachtreport@customs.gov.au</u>

(12) "Don't rely on publications you may pick up overseas or on private internet sites, as these may be out of date," Mr Hurrell said.

This section is for direct response to the corresponding numbered lines at left.

(1)No comment required.(2)That does appear to be the rule.

(3)This is entirely new. This is not mentioned on the web site in the section for arriving yachts. (4 & 5) This appears to be an admission that the 96 hours is not necessary to process arrivals Message to smugglers? Take a fast boat from PNG.

(6) We have seen from the experience of vessels like "Karama Winds" (See TCP #23, article "Brutal Customs") that using a means of notification that can't be verified outside of customs is fraught with danger. A phone call or email may just be denied to have arrived. The fax is the only relatively safe means. Emailing in any case, but particularly over radio as is common with the few boats that have email, is not secure. The personal data that customs requires could be easily converted to criminal use. This may be very dangerous advice from customs. This also wrongly assumes that boats have access to these communication systems.
(7) Especially since customs stopped responding to HF! (Just in time for the new rule?) Yachts in the personal data.

may not have access to those communication facilities at their last port either. The Louisiades is an example that comes immediately to mind but there are others in the south Pacific. (8) Advising a yacht master to put their financial security and criminal record in the hands of some unknown marina staff or neighbour at the anchorage, is doomed to open a pandora's box

some unknown marina staff or neighbour at the anchorage, is doomed to open a pandora's box of "he said, she said" accusations with very high stakes. If this were an issue of a warning for failure to comply, it would be different but the responsibility placed on third parties is unworkable. Marina staff would be at liability for a failure of the message.

(9) Legislation by press release?! This is an absolute 180 degree turnaround that is astounding to find on this document. Besides that this appears to contravene the law from parliament, this opens up the possibility of a traveller providing notice a year ahead or?

(10) What security environment is that? The rest of the world recognises that yachts are a very low risk traveller. "...to report within the minimum time frames can result in heavy penalties,..." HOWZAT?? I wish someone would check the wording of that little nugget or explain it to me at least. Lines 2 through 5 indicate minimum times that this line says "can result in heavy penalties"! This is very sloppy, exactly the kind of ambiguity that causes the troubles.

(11) Customs web site may be riddled with obsolete or misleading information. When preparing for an article in TCP # 23, the customs web site was investigated and found to have a page titled "information for ships' masters, Non military ships and persons on board". A yachty could easily have interpreted that as applying to them and the fact is that page of info was out of date for anyone who would have used it, ship, yacht, anything. According to that page the Manzari's, for example, were doing exactly as the rules required. Shortly after that article was published, exposing that little misstep, the page was removed with no replacement or explanation. Much of the new information on this press release, I could find no where else on the customs web site except on this release.

(12) I would amend that statement to read, "Do not rely on publications you pick up overseas, including from any Australian government office or the customs web site as they may be out of date." The Manzari case revolves around their seeking information from a government office in New Caledonia prior to sailing to Australia. They were given obsolete information and charged upon arrival.

TCP hopes to engage with Customs to discuss and perhaps bring about changes in policy that reflect the actual stated goals of customs regarding the protection of our borders whilst not alienating the marine community in the process. TCP contends that these are not necessarily opposing interests but the opposite, that effective border control is indeed, dependent on the cooperation of the community. To that end, a letter was sent to the attentions of M. Carmody, CEO of customs and Ms. Jenny Eutick, Queensland Regional Director. The letter asked for Customs regarding the "96 hour" policy and enforcement. A lengthy reply was received that could not be addressed and inserted at this late date in production without substantial editing which I would prefer not to do. Though no errors in reportage were brought up by customs, other, very interesting issues were brought up that deserve more attention and further investigation. Look for the TCP letter and the response from customs next issue.

Eds note: The following is an attempt to make political change to remedy the controversy by the respected legal expert, Chris Ayers. Recent polls suggest this is a worthwhile area of effort.

#### 10 April 2007

Kevin Rudd, Leader of Australian Labor Party P.O. Box 476A Morningside QUEENSLAND 4170

Dear sir,

I am taking my time to write to you because I want you to be our next Prime Minister and to repair the damage done to this country during the last decade. I raise one important issue. **About the Problem** 

Customs have recently adopted what is known as the '96 Hour Rule', a mandatory requirement that all vessels including private yachts advise Customs <u>no less</u> than 96 hours prior to their entry into Australia. The legislation has simply transplanted International law with regard to the entry requirements for commercial vessels into domestic law. But the legislation has failed to also implement the accompanying qualifying clause applicable to non-commercial vessels under 300 tonnes namely visiting private cruising yachts.

It is technically impossible to comply with such a requirement. There is no longer a Federal coastal radio service on HF (with a range of up to 2,000 nautical miles) available to yachts (the only service is a limited HF DCS service, satisfying a minimal international legal obligation. It offers no person-to-person contact). However, Customs keep a limited watch on VHF radio (not HF) which has a range of 60 nautical miles, and rely on fax and email. Small yachts cannot carry email or fax equipment with which to communicate and their radios are either not monitored (HF radio) or not within range (VHF). At 96 hours prior to arrival a yacht travelling at 6 knots would be some 500 miles away. Neither can a yacht travelling from a foreign location meet

the '10 Day Rule' of advanced notice since this would require a specific time of arrival, impossible for a small yacht to provide with any degree of accuracy. Should such a yacht be overdue, or arrive early, it may be in further breach of state and federal law. Furthermore, no proper effort has been made to publicise these changes to entry requirements.

As a result, prosecutions including criminal convictions have been brought against the crew and masters of several overseas visiting private yachts. Recently an elderly Dutch couple took a 'David Hicks Plea', paid the fine and left Australia, bitterly distressed. More prosecutions are pending.

#### Two issues emerge:

The apparently uncompromising and insensitive behaviour of Customs officials. This reflects both a lack of training in the law and in consumer relations as well as bad management practice.

The lack of a national coastal communications and search and rescue facility (a national Coastguard, a Labor policy?).

#### A suggested solution:

The Australian Customs Service if it is to operate effectively, needs professional training of the highest order and requires effective management cognisant of international law and of the distinction between individuals who mean to harm this country and those who do not. It is a vital role that in my opinion it is failing at present.

We also need a National Coastguard to replace the numerous state and federal authorities, quangos and volunteer groups who currently handle coastal surveillance, communications, registrations and rescue. The volunteer organisations perform a superb job but it is neither fair for them to carry the legal responsibility of forwarding vital communications to Customs nor do they have the resources to meet this added burden to their already phenomenal workload during emergencies. We need a national HF and HF DSC coastal radio service and an expanded VHF service. We need to amalgamate Coast Watch and certain Navy and Customs functions under one centralised Coastal Protection body.

#### The cost of doing nothing

There are many thousands of yachtspeople living on boats in marginal seats who are incensed by what they feel are the unnecessary and intrusive activities of Customs officers. Rather than assist Customs, many now frankly resent the aggressive behaviour of the Customs service. The present Minister Ellison brushes off their complaints. But they float and they vote.

Overseas yachting organisations are now warning potential visitors to avoid Australia and travel from Pacific countries directly to Asia. Should the international yacht rallies also avoid Australia or restrict their visits millions of dollars in foreign earnings will be lost. Local boating industries will loose potential work and earnings from visitors and the coastal tourist industry will also suffer.

The overseas reputation of Australia is unnecessarily but seriously maligned. At one stroke the Customs service by targeting harmless and helpless retired visiting cruising folk has damaged Australia as a tourist destination. These are not drug dealers, terrorists or people smugglers Customs is attacking. They are most often retirees trying to fulfil a lifelong dream! It seems only in Australia are visiting yachts treated in this way.

Ordinary overseas visitors are suffering criminal convictions at a time in life when they should be able to enjoy their passion of sailing the world.

Whatever happened to the Australia of the 'Fair Go'? Has it become a xenophobic country following a leader who apes America?

Please rescue our overseas yachting visitors and the reputation of Australia.

#### Yoursfaithfully,

Chris Ayres

Solicitor of the High Court and Supreme Courts of NSW and Queensland (retired).

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## The Multi Eye for the Mono Guy!... or, Let's Think Stink!

#### By Bob Norson

A couple of years ago TCP did an article on the possibilities, philosophies advantages of building, kit building or contracting to build the popular 40 to 45 foot sailing catamarans. The article was very popular at the time and is one of the most referred to articles since then on the web site. At the time that article was published I was aware of a growing demand for motor vessels as well and intended to cover that phenomenon. As my generation ages, some are looking for less physically stressful ways to cruise. Also there are many partners whose reluctance to cruising can be more easily overcome by the apparent ease and familiarity of motor power. And there are those of you that just thrill to the thump and roar of a mighty piston... for you guys exhaust systems aren't necessarily for making it quieter but for refining that lovely tune. (We know who you are and are watching you!)

A new issue to consider is the rise of fuel cost. Already Motor Multis were gaining in popularity due to other virtues and I think the fuel economy that most of them have was considered a bonus but now... It may be a more important issue. Speaking personally, even if I had an unlimited fuel budget it would irritate me getting abused by the oil companies (who only want a fair and modest profit of course!).

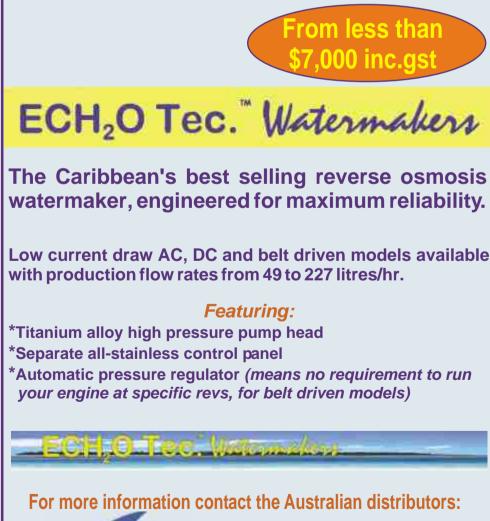
There will always be a place for the Vee hull Mono cruiser or converted ex trawler/line fishing boat, don't get me wrong, I'm not calling those vessel styles dead in the water but the manner of usage may change. The feel of real steel or 30 tonne of timber under your bum with that authoritative wave crushing power behind it can be very attractive but the level stability, resistance to roll at anchor and the large accommodation per length of the multi motor vessel are all strong points. Which is better?

It may depend on your use. What range will you use? What up front cost can you afford? For example, if you were intending to cruise a particular area like Moreton Bay there are high powered second hand mono vessels available now that are a fantastic bargain. The money saved up front would finance a lot of fuel down the road but with every mile in range your savings diminish. "Isn't there any fuel efficient mono vessel?" Yes, of course and there are some thirsty multis. A fine example of efficient mono design and execution is the Nordhaven for example. This US made trawler style craft has long featured sturdy fibre glass construction with luxury fitout and modest power such as a six cylinder John Deer. These are serious circumnavigators. Economical to operate but not what you would call fast. Most multis will show best advantage to a mono when at speed. A well powered mono of 40-50 feet can drink more than 200 litres an hour at full speed.

Arguably of course, the most popular cruising ground in Australia is the stretch of east coast between Sydney and Lizard Island, and this is where the comfort, speed and efficiency of the motor multi really shine. For those looking to buy outright or build a boat to suit that cruising ground, a motor multi should be considered but there is another very strong reason......

R esale Value! No matter how you get into motor multis, building, buying or stealing, future value is a point that should be considered and the future market looks good for the motor multi.

As is the case with sailing multi's, Australia is a hotbed of design innovation and construction. So, I asked a few people I know that I think know a lot more than me, Jim Gard of Fusion Cats, Jeff Schionning of Schionning Designs and Dave Clifford, Queensland based fisherman, boat builder and long time sailor and rum expert! We'll start with Dave to tell why he chose a stinker and then the pro's to explain some of their latest ideas and craft designs.



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### Why the F&%@! would I want a stink boat?

#### By Dave Clifford

Something I said for years, and vowed to never have one, but after getting ready for an early retirement, and looking at my requirement's for a comfortable live aboard boat for a big fella who like's a sip, my thought's changed some what.

My last cat was a 10 m Simpson ground effect sailing cat that we built. While it was fantastic and we did cruise it several months at a time, in reality it was no live aboard [for us

anyway] 50 l of water, a couple of cartons of belly wash, an 8ft dinghy and o/b and food for two for 2 weeks was fine, she'd still win rum in fun races up and down the Queensland coast, but put a 3rd or 4th body on board [as we did when sailing to new Caledonia] and she suffered.

This boat sailed quite happily at 6 knots to windward in 10 knots of breeze without the extra bodies, while most other cruisers had the motors going, unless they were large light ULDBs or big light multi's.

I'm a boatbuilder by trade and did the numbers on building a 50 ft sailing cat with 40 ft accommodation 40 hp diesels and big rotating mast, Andersen winches, nice square top main, screechers etc, that we felt we'd need to maintain good sailing speeds in light air and figured we could ditch the rig and other bits, modify the underwater shapes in the last 12 ft, up the diesels to 65 hp/ side, continue the cabin roof till past the back beam [plenty of shade in tropics] and have about \$60,000 Aud to buy diesel. We also figured on replacing sails every six years and rigging wire every five years, so near enough to another \$20,000... or \$4000/year. Reckon we'll cruise around 10kn and 14kn on the perfect day and shouldn't suck down too much diesel.

Also we get to go out to the reef in calm weather instead of 20 knots. The ones we want to go back to and stay awhile are about 300nm offshore. We can carry the big dinghy [11ft with 15hp o/b] and be able to have a few extra solar panel's on the roof to run that big fridge and freezer l've always lusted for. [got to have ice in the rum and coke.]

Why we decided to go this way was we followed the first Schionning Prowler up the Queensland coast a few years back. She had 50 hp diesels x2 and was built from western red cedar and epoxy with Duflex B/H. She seemed to manage the trip doing 10 knots and getting around 1liter to the nautical mile economy. On the same 3 month trip we hardly saw any one sailing. The weather was predominately flukey 0 to 10 knots for a few days and then a week of 30 knots. If it wasn't that, in the morning you would get a couple of hours of calm and then 30 knot trades kick in. This is a fairly normal weather pattern for Q.L.D east coast and gulf areas. Boats that can't average better than 5/6 knot's, often spend weeks in a miserable anchorage running out of supplies waiting for a break in weather pattern. When they get it, its usually wring the poor motors neck to get 6kn from it having to get 50 miles down the track to the next anchorage before the 30 knots kicks in again. This cycle can obviously get a bit taxing and I can assure you that most people don't get off on it.

Of course if you'r lucky enough to have a boat that can sail at 6kn in 10 knots of breeze this is not so much of an issue, but of course you can't carry the gear eg 500l + of water, 10ft



tinny/15hp o/b, extra fuel for it, lead weights for diving, tanks and compressors, a month or three's worth of food and lets not forget the multiple cartons of beer and the big refrigeration and batteries needed to keep it all cold.

You probably can if you have a forty foot sailing cat on fifty plus ft hulls, but then can the two of you handle the sails without taking on extra crew all the time? And this still doesn't help in the weeks of no wind at all, sure you've got those forty hp diesels X 2 and they'll get you along around 9kn pushing a rig through the air. The expense of this rig and sails on this style of boat buys heaps of fuel and having spoken to lots of cruisers on this style of boat the maintenance on this sort of thing spread over the life of sails, wire etc gets back to around the same cost of running a low hp fuel efficient power boat like the Schionning or some of Chamberlain's, and hopefully what we're building

I agree if you only go out on weekends this is not the boat for you, but if going the full live aboard option, and keeping the girl of your life happy, and if you don't intend to sit in marinas week after week and want to get out to that tropical paradise a couple of hundred miles off shore in calm weather a fuel efficient power cat might just be for you. You'll never buy one of these off the shelf, you'll have to think outside the square and do one yourself, or have a custom build done. (*Bobs note; Hold the phone Dave, The world is coming round to your way of thinking. Read on....*)

I do understand that diesel isn't getting any cheaper but I don't think good sailcloth, riggers wages, alloy sections, spectra halyards and rigging wire let alone blown deck hardware etc etc are getting any cheaper either. I may infact have a better chance of getting my low hp low tech naturally aspirated Cummins repaired than I would have of a decent sail repair or dropped rig fixed in a remote place.

We also only plan on doing around 100nm/week, unless on passage, and then anchoring for a couple of week's to enjoy the sight's, like in Langkawi, where diesel is about .50c ltr AUD, and beer is cheap.

So in places like this you may well find that a long, light, low powered Powercat may actually be a more affordable option than the same thing in sail.

below: Dave and the late Mr. C. Trout



## Fusion Flexibility



#### By Jim Gard

Cats are just like motorcars, if there was one car to suit all buyers, then Toyota and GMH would have just one model.

When it came to designing the Fusion Power Launch this same philosophy was applied. Not only does the build system cater for the person with limited finances, it caters for the person that just wants to potter up and down the coast, with or without a mast, for motorsailing, or the person that wants to (depending on sea state) put peddle to the metal, and see 30 plus knots.

The Fusion design allows twin diesel engine combinations from 29hp to 260hp which in turn give 10 to 32 knots. To achieve this type of performance in a similar sized single hull, requires almost double the horsepower and therefore double the fuel consumption.

When cruising, it is recommended to run 1 motor only and this again halves the consumption whilst only reducing cruising speed by a knot or so. (Believe me the cat won't just go round in circles on one motor). Flexibility begins with the decision to either build your own (production) power cat from a kit or just tick the boxes for your own fully factory finished vessel. You can choose to have a Flybridge or not, also you may decide to have auxiliary sailing which is available with a twin furling headsail on a shorter mast.

#### Designer of Earthrace commissioned by Fusion

Naturally the same hull configuration cannot be applied to both a sail boat and a power boat, and to gain the desired performance and economy meant entirely new underwater lines had to be designed for the Fusion Power Catamarans. Craig Loomes, the renowned underwater hull specialist and designer of Earthrace, was commissioned for this work.

At this stage we are still keeping the pictures of the underwater sections under wraps, but I will say they are very different with square tunnels aft and cantered rudders. They have designed the payload out to 12.5 tons, which will allow for all the goodies the US market requires such as air conditioning, ice makers, dishwashers etc.





#### **By Jeff Schionning**

Power Cats have certainly come of age with more good designers dedicating time, effort and tank testing to guarentee good results. At Schionning Marine, we have many of our power cats on the water providing accurate feedback of performance and consumption data. Sea trials and adjusting load and power provide a new depth of information and invaluable data to further refine future designs.

Power cats fall into the following category types:

- 1....Displacement. 2....Semi-displacement.
- 3....Planing.

4....Modified sailing hull (in my opinion, not a true powercat).

#### Taking a closer look at each type:

• The **Displacement** type of power cat is quite similar to a trawler type mono being slow and load carrying. Fuel consumption is moderate with the main advantage over the mono being stability and more accommodation because of the wider beam. We have no displacement type power cats in our design portfolio.

• The **Semi-displacement** type of power cat is really where I believe the cats shine, slimmer hulls, higher speeds, top speeds are limited at around 30 knots but they are fantastic comfortable cruising cats between 15 to 24 knots cruising speeds with

smaller motors, and the fuel consumption is very low. Examples in our design range of semi-displacement type power cats that you'll find featured on our web site are Alaskan, Prowler and Aquaplay ranges.

The major advantages these Semi-displacement cats offer over any mono are: A comfortable ride in most conditions. This type of hull has very little dynamic lift so she simply slides through the water averaging out the uneven water surface, combined with the high bridgedeck clearance of our designs they fly over the waves

with no slamming. Scary breaking bars are not much of a worry due to high clearance, shallow draft and speed. The wide beam of the cats gives unbeatable accommodation. Shallow draft... say no more, glide into those shallow sleepy lagoons, anchor close to the beach out of the wind and swell, dry out on any old beach with the fully protected props taking the worry out of running aground. Stability, no rolling at achor, comfortable cruising at sea, so in most cases the end of sea sickness for many folk. Low maintenance as being beachable you seldom need a slipway. Exceptional fuel economy allows ocean crossing ability. (We delivered our 16m ferry to Vanuatu, 2x250hp motors, consumption 3ltrs a mile at 19knots...Awsome!) Twin motors make manouvering a breeze. She is hard to beat.

• Planing hulls. The advantages over monos are fewer here as both types follow the surface and suffer discomfort in bumpy conditions. Speed is the main advantage with this hull type as they can go beyond the 30 knt barrier but only when conditions allow which is often only a small percentage of the time. Motoring slowly off the plane is very inefficient. Many manufactures offer cats with similar beam to monos thereby loosing the space race. An exception to these cats is our Prowler VT series.

below:The newest design nearing completion



## We've got a site to sea we to see!

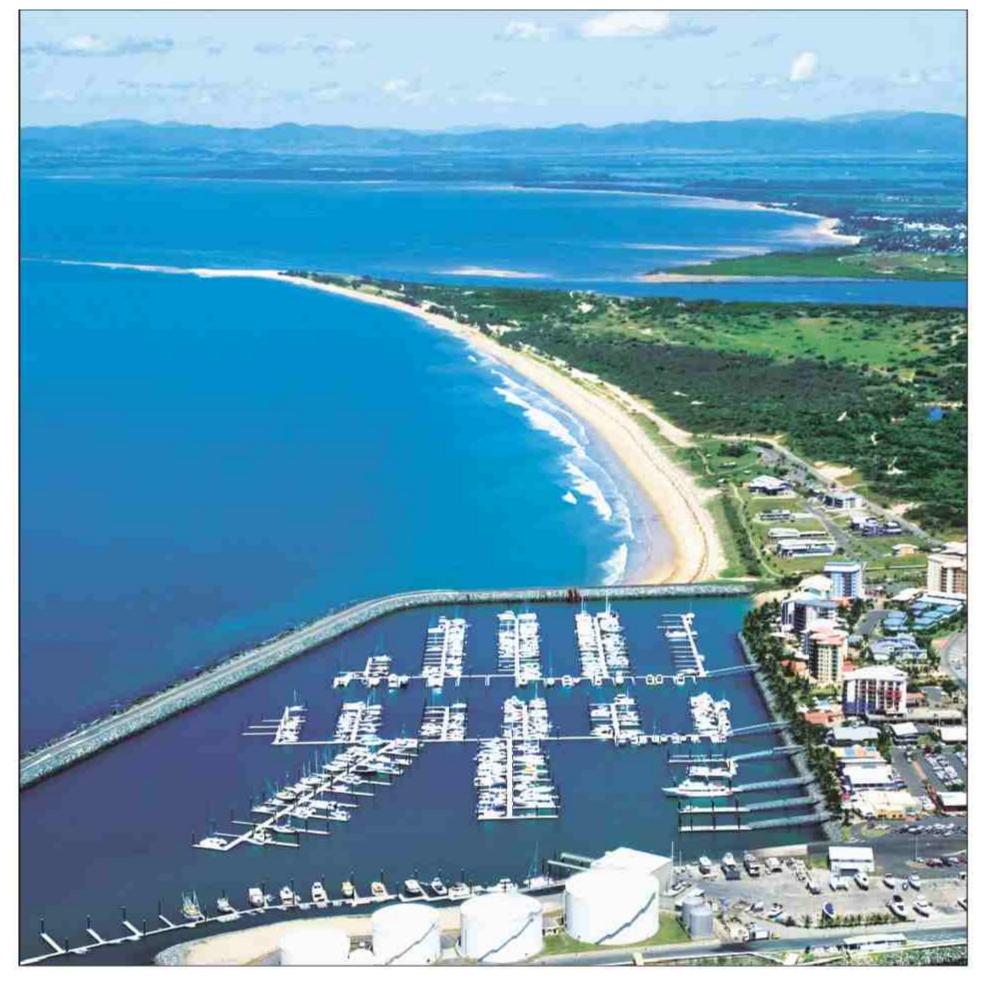
Take an online tour of *Good Old Boat* magazine. We're the U.S. sailing magazine for real folks with real boats: affordable boats, experienced boats . . . quite frankly, boats like yours (and ours). Our magazine's about fixing them up, making modifications, upgrading equipment, and (as often as we can anyway) going sailing.

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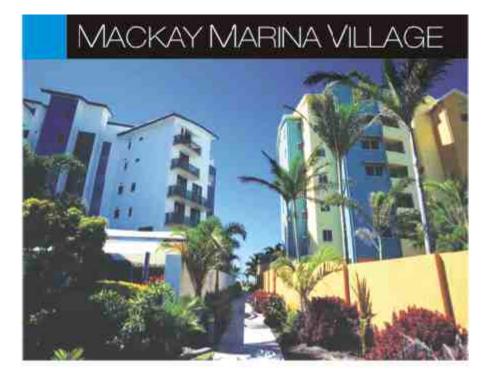
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10n/32.8tt	MONO	\$27.00	\$675.00
10n/32.6#	MULTI	\$33.00	\$8:5.00
11/0/361	MONO	\$30.00	\$750.00
1 fm/38ft	MLLTI	\$34.00	\$850.00
1204/20.41	MOND	\$31.00	\$725.00
12m/39.4tt	MLA.TI	\$39.00	\$975.00
13m/42.6t	MOLETT	\$47.00	\$1,025,00
13.ām/44.38	MONO.	\$34.00	\$850.00
13.5m/44.3tt	MULTI.	\$43.00	\$1,075.00
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15m/49.2tt	MOND	\$36.00	\$900.00

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SUPPREY / INSPECTION LF	1	Flox Fould	87.00	\$7.50	\$8,00
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## The Final Stink! **Fusion continues...**



#### Benefits of a Power Cat

How many times have you been anchored in a beautiful spot in a mono, when the tide or wind changes a little and before you know it you are rolling gunnel to gunnel. Not only does your drink spill, but the TV, books everything on the sink and then the draws start to fly open. My worst nightmare was inside the wrecks at Tangalooma in a 54ft mono, we actually had to put the bedding on the floor, because we kept being tossed out of bed.

The shear volume of the Power Cats footprint, approximately 24ft by 40ft (88sq metres) gives the impression of a home on the water, and the girls feel comfortable using household

appliances instead of some miniaturized marine equivalent.

The fact that the engines have their own compartment accessible from the cockpit, ensures no more greasy boots in the lounge when services are due. Also this eliminates heat, smell and noise from inside the boat, another major plus when trying to sell the wife.

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For more information contact emultihull yacht brokerage at (07) 4946 4659 or email sales@emultihulls.com



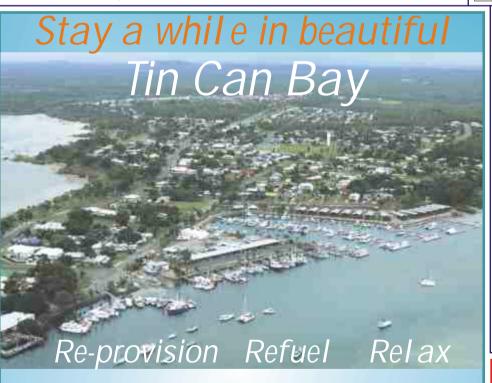
## Schionning continues..

The Prowler VT Series of power cats have an underwater shape completely new and unusual. This hull offers high speed, exceptional individual hull width as well as wide overall beam giving exceptional accommodation options. Yeah, yeah so what? Well she also offers the soft ride of the Semidisplacement hull type, that's what!! Find a mono to do this. We built her in Noosa, launched her off the beach on the river, she draws 600mm motors fully protected. We went through the bar doing sea trials, often air bourne, landing softly through breaking waves. Motored her through calm and very rough seas south to Port Stephens, entering many of the bars on the way. Then took her up

the shallow Myall Lakes, tied up stern to a tree, walked ashore in knee deep water, now that's an all-rounder. Fuel consumption is just over 2ltrs a mile using 140hp outboards. Not bad!

At Schionning Marine, we offer a range of power cat designs that you can either build yourself or have professionally built. Some pre-cut kits are offered for simpler, quicker construction. We also offer a quality material supply service with full builder back-up support. For more information, email <u>info@schionningdesigns.com.au</u> www.schionningmarine.com.au

Once again, thanks to the superpowers of the multi business for taking the time to provide information that benefits the boating community. It's a great thing that these business people are secure enough to set aside the competition for a moment for an article like this. It is obvious there is much development going on in this exciting field and the environmental advantages of these designs puts the industry in good light. Images have been provided by the respective suppliers. Cheers, Bob



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And speaking of development and innovation.. The photo above is of a new style of multi motor vessel from Bob Oram featuring a tri hull system. This 55 foot luxury ship was built by Streamline Marine of Urangan and is currently undergoing sea trials.



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### **INTRODUCING THE MCY 45**

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## CRUISER DESIGNED, SAILOR MADE

### 2007 Yanmar Brisbane to Gladstone Multihull Yacht Race: A Cruiser's Perspective

By David Maguire,

Commodore Multihull Yacht Club Queensland

The following report details the experiences from the perspective of the crew onboard the 'Playtime' a member of the cruise rally accompanying the 2007 Yanmar Brisbane to Gladstone Multihull Yacht Race. This report is presented rather later than anticipated but the circumstances surrounding two inversions, coupled with the downstream effects of those events are offered as excuses.

The cruise group set off at 0900 from Manly and headed north across Moreton Bay toward Bribie Island. Winds were light so we used the 'Iron Spinnaker' for a few hours until the breeze filled in after lunch. The afternoon sail was one of those brilliant experiences, with three dolphins riding on our bow wave. Dusk came all too soon and we waited for the moon to come up and show us the steadily building waves.

At the race briefing on Wednesday before the start, the BOM representative predicted that the 2007 race would involve some heavy conditions associated with a front forecast to move through the fleet sometime Saturday morning. Winds were expected to gust to 40 knots and some yachts did indeed record such conditions. A few others were fast enough to be spared both the winds and the associated wave heights to 3 metres. In discussions after the race finish, most skippers & crewmembers stressed that the conditions were manageable and that their boats handled well throughout the race. Our experiences aboard one of the yachts in the cruise rally certainly agreed with the BOM forecast. We recorded 40 knots true wind about an hour and a half after a change of watch (at 0100) on Saturday morning and rapidly accelerated from ten to twenty knots under a double reefed main and screecher. The watch crew were about to furl the latter when the gust hit and shredded that sail. Shortly after this event, we heard a radio report of a mayday in our vicinity. Richard Jenkins' 'Dancing Emu' had capsized.

There was some initial confusion over where the call had been made but we immediately opted to change course toward the general vicinity of the incident and communicated our intent to the relevant VMR. We could hear Tony Eppell calling on his hand-held VHF set. We also heard two other boats offering to lend assistance to the stricken vessel and one of those was another of the cruise rally members - Phil Day's 'Rhythmic', the yacht that became directly involved with the crew recovery operation. We held our course toward a position about seven nm north of Indian Head and eventually came within about a mile of Rhythmic and Dancing Emu. By that time, Heather Day had reported that they had taken all of Emu's crew on board and subsequently transferred Richard and one other crewmember to a long-line fishing vessel that offered to attempt to right Emu. That operation was later abandoned after two unsuccessful attempts. Meanwhile, we watched as the rescue helicopter approached at dawn and winched Tony Eppell off Rhythmic, from where he was taken to Hervey Bay Hospital.



Once we knew our assistance would no longer be required, we resumed our progress towards Break Sea Spit light and turned in toward Lady Elliott Island. Somewhere in that vicinity we heard a shipping report warning of an upturned catamaran in the vicinity of Lady Musgrave Island. With no further information available, we assumed that the report referred to Emu's demise. Later we discovered that the vessel referred to was Rogntdujuuu that had capsized several hours after Emu and under rather different circumstances. Mike Hodges offered her crew a ride to the finish line aboard Renaissance; that offer was gladly accepted particularly by Geoff Cruise who had undertaken a bit of low flying earlier in the day. At last reports, both upturned vessels are still afloat and heading north inside the reef and awaiting calmer conditions more conducive to salvage operations. Richard Jenkins believes that Emu might finish the race on her own.

Conditions for us across the paddock were fairly hairy with a confused sea and occasional gusts to twenty five knots. We kept our double reef all the way to the finish and balanced the boat with a bit of unfurled jib. As a cruising yacht, we maintained a very conservative, almost stately, approach to the finish line. Trilogy had withdrawn from the race with steering problems the previous day and as we breasted Bustard Heads we heard that Touché, another of the cruise group, was being towed into Pancake Creek with steering problems. We were berthed and quenching mighty thirsts by midnight, 'only' nineteen hours after the leading racing multihull, Raw Nerve. Last to arrive at Gladstone was Rajah



whose elapsed time was about fifty one hours. We were disappointed that we had caught no fish but very pleased that, despite the dramas on several other vessels, the bulk of the fleet had made it safely to Gladstone with only a few minor injuries. Tony Eppell's suspected broken leg turned out to be a dislocated knee that had relocated itself by the time he got to hospital. A few other sailors have reported a broken rib or two.

Congratulations to all the finishers and to place-getters in each of the categories. Our thanks go out to all the VMR's and rescue units involved and special thanks are due to Richard Jenkins' wife and daughter Bryony and Debbie, who manned our race HQ in Gladstone. It was a particularly trying time for both of them when they heard Richard's mayday and I was amazed to find Debbie still communicating with Rajah when I dropped into race HQ on Sunday morning to start sorting out the details for the presentation.



# King of Kalimantan

Story and photos by 💛 Tyrone and Kerry Mckee of SY Sahara

#### Keri & Ty have spent many months exploring Asia. They are always keen to take the paths less travelled. Here is an "excerpt" from Keri's journal.

From Bali we headed north to Kalimantan.

Kalimantan was the highlight of our trip through Indonesia. It was always a secret dream of mine to see the orang-utans in the jungle, and Ty was just as keen. The local people were wonderful and we soon arranged to hire a long boat to take us up the Sekonyer River to where the orangs were in Tan Jung Puting National Park, southern Kalimantan.

So off we set, sitting on two chairs on the back of the long boat, feeling every bit like Lord Jim and the Queen of Sheba! The trip was beyond our wildest expectations as we wound our way through the thick jungle either side of a very narrow river estuary, often having to stop and pole our way through. There was so much to see on the way, orangs, proboscis monkeys, macaques, long tail monkeys, deer, boar, crocodiles, snakes, dragon fish, exotic birds and butterflies-rave, rave, rave! It was every bit like watching a David Attenborough documentary unfolding before your very eyes. Nightfall brought with it fireflies dancing in the dark, and a myriad of monkeys settling in for the night in the trees above us, squabbling madly and throwing the occasional twig or nut at us!

We were so tired by the time we reached the first ranger station about 10pm, that we gladly curled up on our meagre mattresses on the deck of the longboat and fell fast asleep. About 5am I was awakened by something touching my hair. The mind boggled! I turned around to find a young orang sitting by me, SMILING! I think I must have called out, "holy mother of ducks!", or something to that effect, because very soon the whole crew was on deck laughing. They quickly told me that it was only Gistok ("the cheeky one"), coming to say hello. With that, Gistok grabbed my cigarettes and was off. Ty finally coaxed him back with a mango and made a quick exchange. We had so much fun playing with Gistok. He was a never ending source of amusement. He had been owned by a wealthy Indonesian until he was about 2 (he was now 7), and the rangers were trying to re-introduce him into the wild. Nevertheless, Gistok had never lost his preference for chocolates, champagne, etc... He wouldn't even eat the same bananas as the other orangs, and never really knew he was an orang. The funniest sight was watching the rangers trying to teach him to climb trees. Gistok was highly amused!

Soon after, one of the rangers came running down very excitedly to tell us that "King" had ventured back to the station after a months absence, and to come quickly if we wanted to catch a glimpse. As I hurried after Ty and the rangers, Gistok caught up with me and took me by the hand. He had decided he wanted me to stop by and play, and when an orang decides anything, that's exactly what you do! A bit like the old joke": What does a gorilla/orang do?....Anything he wants to do!" Even at 7 years old, they are incredibly strong, and weigh about 60 kilos. We couldn't extricate his long, leathery hand from mine, so there I sat. I wasn't quite prepared for his next move! Suddenly, he puckered up and planted a big, wet, sloppy kiss on my lips! Being kissed by an orang wasn't exactly my idea of romance! The boys thought it was hilarious (bless their cotton sox).

To make a long story longer, the crew finally distracted him and I broke free. I ran through the jungle trying to catch up with the boys, followed closely by the amorous orang. Thank goodness they can't move very fast on the ground.

A little further up the track, the rangers froze in their tracks. Ty and I caught up with them and we soon realised why they had stopped. Coming toward them down the track was the one they nicknamed, "King". His real name is "Corsiska". 230 kilos of sheer muscle! He was the dominant male orang in the area, and even the rangers gave him a wide berth.

By this time we had reached one of the ranger's huts. King was only feet away from us, and even though he had rarely



shown aggression to anyone, he was still a powerful, wild animal. My instincts said, "RUN!", but we were all mesmerised by the sheer proximity of him. Besides, the ranger's house was just behind me. Suddenly, he came toward me and I backed up to the door and tried to open it. My worst nightmare. It was locked, and the ranger with the key was on the other side of "the beastie"! I suddenly realised I was praying (and it wasn't even Gold Lotto night)! Thank goodness a little cat distracted King, and he set off after it. He probably felt like having his evening entrée! All the same, he was a most magnificent animal. It was awesome just being in his presence. Only in Indonesia could you see these animals at such close quarters. Every other country would have them behind bars. We were so privileged to see him, as he rarely comes near people. The rangers agreed that the end of the dry season had brought him to the station looking for food (now they tell me!), as the fruits in the jungle were becoming scarce, especially with all the fires they were having.

It was a fascinating two day trip. I could rave on for hours!

This great funny story was published way back in TCP # 6. Old friends Ty and Kerry, are currently hanging around the Clarence river. This couple just naturally make friends where ever they go. Whether it's with the wild life (above and right) or the local café operators, (below) and are always conscious of presenting the best image possible when visiting a foreign country at a beach party. (below right) Cool man!







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## The Townsville to Port Hinchinbrook Bluewater Classic



This is one of those events that captured my attention right off. My sense of the attitude was very positive. This seemed an especially friendly gathering and when I found out about the prise money for the sailors....! Well that did it! \$10,000 in prises is pretty good evidence the event is run for the sailors and not to put cash in someone's pocket so TCP is now onboard. \$500 was donated by TCP and the organising crew worked out to give all of it away to boats in the cruisers event. Love it! Expect

Upper left: Changeable conditions kept the fleet on

it's toes and sailmakers in business Below left: We don't know who that was in the bunny suit but there is suddenly a long list of volunteers for next years event. Below: Now there we go! Sponsorship cash going where it ought to. Enough for a new sail perhaps!

to see more coverage and sponsorship of this regatta next year. If you are around the north central coast next year consider joining the fleet for the voyage north. Port Hinchinbrook goes out of the way to accommodate the fleet, lots of fun social activities, a class for every craft and sailing style (Bluewater racing to inshore cruising day sail) and best of all, sailing in company with a mob that has organised an event by and for sailors! Well done Townsville! Cheers, Bob

#### Hi Bob,

It was a quick trip up and many boats blew spinnakers and other equipment such as blocks etc. On the way up: *Hi Flyer* broke their rudder, *Zoe* blew a kite out. In the channel race on Sunday: Match Point shredded their kite and ran aground, Akarana lost some crew over the side but still hanging on! Kachina lost their wind vane and Chinese jybed. Zoe put their anchor down for 20 mins during the race to stop going backwards with the tide. In the Island Race today: Jack broke their forestay, *Bushwacker II* blew their vang apart and lost spinnaker gear and *The Boat* blew kite and headsail and a dugong was sited outside it's lane!

We spread your \$500 between the winners of the Dungeness to Port Hinchinbrook Race. Next year I hope we can do bigger and better things with your support. Many people commented that this regatta has been the best yet, and with the opening of the new 200 seat restaurant at the resort in May, I believe it will just get better and better!

I thank you sincerely for all your support and hope that sometime down the track you are able to come up to Townsville and go for a sail. Regards, Cherie Stafford TCYC

## Cruising Rally to Port Hinchinbrook Resort

3rd prize WARRIGAL 2nd prize BUSHWACKER II 1st prize BARBARELLA

The Navigation Centre and Coastal Passage Dungeness to Port **Hinchinbrook Race** 3rd prize ALEXANDRA 2nd prize JACK 1st prize MY WAY

The Townsville to Port Hinchinbrook Resort and Marina Race 3rd prize KACHINA 2nd prize TEDDY BEARS PICNIC 1st prize ZEN

The Port Hinchinbrook Regatta Cash Draw Sponsor's lucky draw cheque \$1000 - JIMOJO WIRELESS BROADBAND Runner-up cheque \$1000 THE BOAT 1st prize cheque \$3000 - JACK



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## The Bay 2 Bay AKA, the boom crash opera!

We had just completed moving all our earthly belongings about 1000 k's south in time to set up the production of this edition of the paper. Plainly put, I was knackered and grouchy. I hadn't been on the water in months and now had to get stuck into a project that was going to see me ensconced into the puter chair for a few weeks again. I'm sure it wasn't because I was miserable to live with.. oh no, it would have been out of public purpose that Kay suggested, ever so gently, that maybe I should ring up Bob Oram to see what he is doing Sunday as the Bay 2 Bay was running and he is showing off his new motorboat. After gently removing the boot from my bum, I agreed, maybe the paper would benefit from the coverage! So I found myself wading out to meet Bob by the boat ramp about 0730, camera bag and beer overhead and my shorts already wet. Bob gave me the helm and away we went to try to catch the fleet at the start line. Hard to believe that boat by the way. No drama as she gets going. She just quietly and smoothly, gathers speed. Not bad for just a hundred horse OB on a 27 foot boat. But I digress...

The race was on by the time we got out there. And WOW, what a sight! I gave the helm back to Bob and just told him to go where he liked as photos were everywhere. As we cut back and forth and all around we noticed a small sloop with green topsides off by itself in the shallow water. Nothing you would notice except the boat was way ahead of everybody except the fastest multis and sports boats. HHhmmm... We buzzed over for a little chat and Bob hailed out from alongside, "you're working the shallows to get out of the

MCB Flert

9 9 \$

by Bob Norson tide aren'tcha"? The reply came in the form of a shy nod and sly smile from the two crew. Righty Oh.. everyone else was bashing up mid channel bucking a roaring tide and these guys were finding still water and cleaning up. You got it.. *Evergreen* would be the overall winners!

We made it back to the finish line, but just missed *CarbonKopy* (Grainger cat) taking line honours. Next in was *Bare Essentials* (Grainger Tri) followed by the pod cat *Porkchop* and then the first of the sports boats. Peter Sorenson's *Vivace.* 

All up I had a great time as did the many other observers on everything from ten foot tinnies to the big whale watchers. After we got back I stuck a sample of the photos up on my web site and passed a little message to the Hervey Bay Sailing Club that I would be happy to supply a disc to the club and any competitors. Holy shit! Kay has been running daily to the post office with bags full of packages containing a disc and a paper and still the requests come in. I had no idea how enthusiastic the crowd was and I'm not bitchin, just astounded.

The Bay 2 Bay was run on the 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> of May this year. The race starts in Tin Can Bay on Saturday, has an overnighter at Gary's Anchorage in the Straits and then continues on Sunday with the finish off Urangan, Hervey Bay. This was the 27<sup>th</sup> year for Colin Verrall running the event that is for trailer sailers. For more information get onto the web site for the Hervey Bay sailing Club at

www.herveybaysailingclub.org.au to see the TCP gallery go to www.thecoastalpassage.com/b2b.html

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## **Skippers Call for Shoalwater Shelter**

Bob McCollouch of Mackay VMR reported To TCP that he had talked to a Marine Safety Queensland representative concerning the need for smaller vessels especially, to have shelter in the Shoalwater area, regardless of official weather terminology or military live firing exercises. I contacted Peter Irwin, Senior Project Officer with MSQ who did confirm this good news. Effective now, any skipper who determines that the safety of his vessel/crew may be at risk, may use the anchorages in the Port Clinton area, (south arm) Island Head Creek or Pearl bay if required. Vessels must contact VMR Roslyn Bay during the day or Gladstone nights. If out of range, Hay Point, Thirsty Sound or Mackay VMR may be able to relay notice to the relevant authority. Let them know you are there. Peter also stated that there is a radio repeater being installed in the vicinity now but it won't be done until it's done! We'll let you know. It is emphasised that this is for genuine situations as determined by the master of the craft. It's your call.

#### Island Head Creek or Orgy anchorage?

For a report and guide to this destination go to the TCP web site. Click on "Destinations". The Shoalwater anchorages are controversial in that they represent a wildlife refuge of some importance yet they are used for military "live firing exercises".

New, "Notice to Mariners" page on TCP web site! TCP now has a web page that takes the information that the migratory fleet needs most from the official sources, including Shoalwater closures, and distills those announcements for easy access and downloading. See the TCP home page and look for the link there.

## What's with Creal Reef Weather station?

Many boaties use the weather service observations of off shore locations to size up conditions for coastal passage. Creal Reef being a key source. BOM reports that the structure itself on the island is rooted and unsafe for personnel to service the gear! Because of the remote location, reconstruction will take some time but the project is under way and it will be restarted immediately upon completion.

## **News...** For Going North New \$15,000 Fine for Gladstone Harbour

The following is an edited version of the "notice to Mariners".

#### QUEENSLAND **NOTICE TO MARINERS**

244 (Permanent) of 2007 **GLADSTONE PILOTAGE AREA** LOCALITY: **GLADSTONE PILOTAGEAREA** ACTIVITY: REGIONAL HARBOUR MASTER'S

#### **DIRECTION TO ALL SHIPS 10 METRES OR MORE IN LENGTH**

This Direction applies, until further notice, to the masters of all ships that are 10 metres or more in length that are:

(i) underway and entering, or about to enter; or (ii) at a berth, or at anchor in the Gladstone Pilotage Area and are about to be operated in, or leave; the Gladstone Pilotage Area.

Action required:

The master of any ship to which this Direction applies must contact "Gladstone Harbour Control" on VHF channel 13 prior to entering,

departing from or operating in the Gladstone Pilotage Area. It is an offence to fail to comply with the above Direction without a reasonable excuse (maximum penalty \$15,000 for individuals and \$75,000 for a corporation). If you fail to comply with the above Direction then prosecution action against you may be commenced.

Any queries concerning this Direction may be directed to: Captain Mike Lutze Regional Harbour Master (Gladstone) Maritime Safety Queensland GPO Box 123 Gladstone QLD 4680

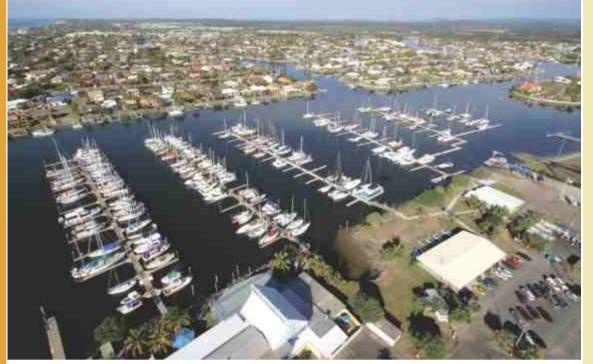
MSQ provides a "chart-lette" on it's web site to show the perimeters of the Pilotage area but roughly described it is the area north of Tiber Point on Hummock Hill Island all the way to Connor Bluff on Curtis Island and all the way up the narrows past the cattle crossing and extending over 15 miles due west of the port. This includes Facing Island anchorages. TCP has many questions regarding this new direction and will be asking them before the next edition of the paper. For example, what constitutes a "reasonable excuse"? What about boats that are not equipped with vhf radio? What about vessels that do have vhf but can not monitor or respond while under way, especially in area's of high traffic. And why this incredibly large fine? Whilst in contact on the Shoalwater issue with Peter Irwin of MSQ I had a chance to briefly discuss this and he assured TCP it was purely a safety issue reflecting the increased ship traffic in the port and that this practise was common in Australia and many international ports. TCP will keep you posted.

## CP has shifted anchorage

So don't stop in to Bowen to say G'day cause we aren't there! The rise in property values in Bowen has allowed many in town to consider their options and so... a little sea side ranch is in our future. Being a few minutes away from the Susan River anchorage and the Urangan/Hervey Bay harbour insure TCP will be in regular contact with the community while we organise a boat for ourselves. The new place is required to have a bloody big shed! I am confident the move will further enhance the progress of the paper by increased accessibility to the larger southern markets but don't even think that TCP has abandon the north! No way. All the old contact details will work for a while



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15 metre Mono Hull berth	\$ 210,000		
17 metre Mono Hull berth	\$ 238,000		
18 metre Mono Hull berth	\$ 252,000		
15 metre Multi Hull berth	\$ 315,000		
16 metre Multi Hull berth	\$ 336,000		
17 metre Multi Hull berth	\$ 357,000		
18 metre Multi Hull berth	\$ 378,000		

An additional cost of approximately \$1,280.00 will be payable by all buyers to cover legal costs, lodgement fees, registration fee, survey fee and general outlays.

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#### By Captain Oddworm, SY "Mariposa"

I am an inexperienced trader and so have a difficult time distinguishing the difference between cost and value. Thus, I was feeling a bit anxious as I motored toward shore. Sandra sat serenely holding our bag of tradable treasures while I worried. How much was any of this stuff worth? What if no one wanted anything we had? How are we going to cut a deal in a language we don't speak?

As the dinghy grounded on the black volcanic sand my mind took a tack. What do these guys have but a bunch of fruit hanging off trees that they probably didn't even plant? It's not like anybody is really bustin' ass planting and harvesting and doing all that farming stuff. They can trade or watch it all rot on the ground the day after the next big wind! Yeah, that's right. Before I can kill the outboard the boom in my brain swings to another tack.

Why am I thinking tough? Why be presumptuous? These are probably nice, friendly, and maybe even generous people. They have too much fruit and we have a collection of odds and ends for which we no longer have any use. Yeah, that's right! All I really need to do is keep a sense of proportion and shoot for a win-win out come. Am I crazy? What am I fussing about anyways? Of course, I know the answer to my own questions. It's basically the language thing.

After two years of working on a re-fit, spending thousands of dollars on gear and charts and guides, I find myself sorrowfully unprepared. The fact that I never studied French doesn't bother me because, after all, no one can learn every language needed to sail around the world. But the fact that I overlooked buying a French dictionary now seemed a bit lame. But then again, who can read a French dictionary anyways. Silent letters are bad enough, but silent syllables? And then there are all those stuffy noises in the nose and those gargling "Rs" in the throat. But..., but...,but! Rationalizing is Bull! We are in French Polynesia now and I am determined to communicate.

As I swing up the motor, Sandra is already wading in the warm knee-deep water, and up near the palms I spot the stocky little man who lives here. He bird-walks down the beach with the stiff legged gate of age to greet us with a broad toothless smile.

"Bo jue, masure. Vou exchangux?", I venture. "Sure, you want fruit? O.K.? Come, come", he grins. Wow! The old guy speaks my language. This simplifies everything...or so I thought.

# Island Trading

As it turns out, this opening line was nearly all the English he did speak but it was the critical ice breaker. With this instant thaw came a feeling of warmth and I relaxed. Without further delay the old guy starts picking his trees and filling our bags. We never discuss price or any sort of exchange value, which again set me off balance. I absolutely hate feeling obliged and now, with his fruit in my bag, the feeling is strong. Well, I figure, I'm in for it now.

We sit in the shade of a broad leaved almond tree, gaze about at the scenery, and say nothing. Our almond grove is situated in a wooded ravine, squeezed between tremendous black cliffs which reach up and cut the sky into a pie-wedge of washed out blue. I can make out tiny specks of birds swirling about the cliff face and realize that they must be quite large to be seen from this distance. The day is hot and clear but the sea breeze and shade are pleasant so we just sit. All is as it should be and there is no hurry. Then a tiny brown woman emerges from her



I still felt like a confused kid, which isn't good at fifty.

thatched hut and sits beside me. She offers everyone a big toothless smile and I sense that it is time to begin. I nod to Sandra who opens ourtreasure sack.

First she pulls out an old bread knife and lays it on the clean white sand before the woman. To my surprise, the old gal seems totally uninterested. Then Sandra pulls out a frying pan but again, no response. Next come two sure winners; a "T" shirt and a base ball cap. And still we get no response. I am starting to watch the woman very closely now. She looks so happy and content, and so completely uninterested that I begin to wonder just what, exactly, is going on.

Sandra presents a few more items to no avail and then pulls a small tray of silver rings from her bag. For a fleeting second I again see those happy gums and I detect a faint sparkle in her dull wrinkled eyes. Yes! The rings score. At last, our new friend is unable to contain her pleasure and she paws over the treasure. Every ring is tried on every finger as she hums a quiet little tune. I am feeling good. We are relaxing beneath a cloudless sky. Closing my eyes on the soaring cliffs which surround us I listen to rustling of palms, sounding like distant rain, and bask in the warm serenity of the afternoon. Our host is enjoying his wife's playfulness and the old woman is taking her sweet time; and the time is ever so sweet.



## Multicultural Cruising... continues from pg 2

There is a reason people pay big bucks for a holiday at Brampton Island. The resort is located on a wide sandy beach protected from the SE trade winds by lush rainforest covered hills and separated from neighbouring Carlisle Island by a channel of clear water with patches of coral, sand and colourful fish. The water is so clear that cruising the channel in the dingy was like being in a glass bottom boat, only the occasional breeze distorting the perfect view.

The next morning the clear water revealed a troublesome sight. We always try to "set" our anchor to insure a good hold. In some bottoms, I've always felt the plough of our 45lb. CQR just didn't stick as deep as I would like... The problem, it doesn't stick at all. It was just laying there on its side!

I've found since then that a sandy bottom with even very little sea grass is almost impossible for the CQR to penetrate. It's the root system of the grass that is the problem. I've since designed and made an anchor to deal with that. As I write this, my new anchor is holding us very well. The details of that is another feature...

## Andy you Wanker!!!

Refuge Bay at Scawfell Island has great sandy beaches nearly enclosed by brilliant coral reef. The wind had shifted to the NE when we anchored, but was predicted to fall off and come again from the SE that evening.

Andy was keen to do some snorkelling, so I ran him over to a likely looking area in the dinghy. I had a snorkel that was good. Andy wanted to see much more of the reef, which extended



parallel to the headland and far into the bay finally reaching the beach. I figured to leave him there about 50 metres from the boat, and he would work his way to the beach, while I rounded up the ladies and would catch up with him en route.

It all sounded easy, but in no time at all, Andy could not be seen! Jenny, Kay, and I ran the dinghy all over the reef without result. No sign of Andy. We were very quiet, dealing with thoughts too dire to share. All the worst possibilities flashed before our imaginations...

We made our way to the beach, still calling out, looking for a head bobbing in the chop, when out popped Andy from the bush behind the beach. "Andy, you wanker!" Yelled Jenny as

she punched him. We had really been frightened! We will never do that again! No one will ever snorkel from our boat without constant supervision, a lookout. It's hard to describe how concerned we all were. We didn't want to lose Andy, even if he was a Pom! We had almost forgiven Andy for surviving by that evening.

The wind was coming up that night and shifted to due north. We were exposed. I didn't want to move around at night. I checked the location of the anchor lights of 2 other boats near us to see if we were in the same spot. By about midnight they were gone. They had apparently fled.

Waves crashed against the bow all night. Sleep became impossible, but the sounder showed the same depth. I decided to stall till daylight. At dawn it was apparent we had dragged a lot. I had anchored with a god margin before the reef, but we had used most of it!

We headed for Mackay. The north wind gave us the best sail we had had so far. A roaring reach straight into the Marina.

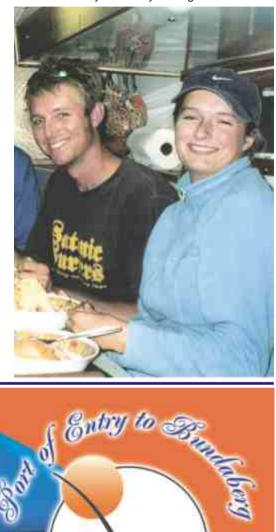
Andy and Jenny needed to jump ship and return to Bowen to make enough bikkies to keep travelling. We were headed to places where they wouldn't be able to "jump" from.

We had many more adventures and met some wonderful and interesting people before we sailed back to Bowen. But those are other stories.

Next year we just might talk to Larry and see if he knows a fun couple... If you are looking for crew, keep in mind that those wild looking backpackers are often from the best families in Europe, Canada or America. Hard working, and not afraid of adventure. Perfect Crew!



Above: Do 10 of these equal one fish? Right-O mate. Below: Jenny and Andy were great crew.



1 01

## VELCOME

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## Island Trading continues...

I open my eyes upon a happy brown face. The woman is holding two small bands of silver. I smile and nod my approval and in an instant she pockets the rings and sweeps up all the other trade items lying in the sand.

#### Hay....Wait a minute!

Before I grasp what's happened, the oldguy is gleefully pumping my hand and his wife is waddling off to her hut. Unsure of myself, I glance at Sandra who only shrugs. Then the old fellow heads down the trail toward the beach so I figure the deal is done. We fall in behind like puppies and Sandra breaks out laughing. I, on the other hand, am beginning to feel hood winked. But I'm still unsure. Was the old girl being clever or did we suffer some sort of communication breakdown? Were we now getting the bum's rush or was this island etiquette? My mind reeled through unknowable possibilities and scenarios.

Well, I guess the "bottom line" here is; I got what I wanted. And yet I still felt like a confused kid, which isn't good at fifty.

Several months later and many islands away, I told my fruit trading story to an old time cruiser who got a real kick out of it. Her name was Pam. She had years of experience trading all over Asia and Africa and found my neophyte blunder amusing. "You idiot!", she laughed, "She played

you." "Come on Pam," I defended, "How can you

know that. You weren't even there!" A few favourites from: Romance of the Sea

"So what! You were a babe in her hands and she knew it."

Damn! I knew she was right; I felt it at the time but didn't have a clue as to what to do about it. So, I figured it was again time for this Old Dog to learn another trick.

"So enlighten me Oh Master. How shall I play this game in the future." She then gave me my first lesson in island trading, and that my friends, is really the point of this story. This lesson was only a beginning but, so far, it is working well for me. It goes like this:

Pick up the things you want, look them over, and place them down without too much excitement. Then produce the item(s) that you are willing to offer in exchange. Then, and here is the hardest part for me, wait. Just relax a while and see what happens. If, after a while you feel dead locked, put your stuff away and make a differentoffer.And again, wait.

By nature, I am an impatient man but even I am getting the hang of it. It works! And now, since I have your attention, I'll clue you in on something I have learned first hand.

When trying to make a trade, I found myself trying to find items that I felt would be of interest to the person I was trading with boys things for boys, not showing women's stuff to men, holding back "inappropriate" items, and so on.

Sandra always seems to master the obvious stuff that flies right past me and so, after one particular trading session, she asked, "Why didn't you show him the shoes?"



Feeling the sting of criticism I bristled, "Why would I show a pair of number nine shoes to a guy who has spent his entire life running barefoot through the jungle on gunboat sized hooves?"

"How 'bout, he has a son who needs them? Or a brother, cousin, friend? Or try this: He'll trade them to a neighbor for his extra water jug. Or to the Run Boat captain in exchange for carrying his bananas. Or, lets see now... shall I go on?"

"I think not, thank you."

I realize now how presumptuous I was beina. To effectively trade in this manner requires a high degree of skill in mind reading. Upon reflection I have come to understand that I can never really know the people I meet. They have wants and needs, desires and schemes and involvements at which I can only guess. In other words, they have Lives. The best I can do is to simply show the items Ihave, relax, and wait.

Seacall

The laughing, rippling, dancing waves That frolic on the sea, As carefree as the Albatross I hear you calling me.

The sighing whisper of the wind, A gentle zephyr breeze, Playing with the silver clouds, I feel you calling me.

The setting sun a ball of fire, A flash of gold and green, Surrounded by a blood red sky, I know you're calling me.

So I must draw my canvas tight, and set my helm a'lee, To sail on slowly through my life, Because you're calling me.

> Peter Utber© Ketch, "Leah"

#### Beautiful and game old ship!

There is little man has made that approaches anything in Nature, but the sailing ship does. There is not much that man has made that calls to all the best in him, afterwards; but the sailing ship does. There is little man has done, these modern years of rush and nerve-rack when beauty is sacrificed to useless hideousness and art to the monstrosity of the daubers, when books are churned out as soullessly as the presses that print them, and the theatre is given up to bawling shadows there is little that man has to inspire generations, and carry on the loveliness and sweetness of glorious and efficient beauty. The sailing ship does these things.

#### BY WAY OF CAPE HORN, Alan Villers (First published in 1930)

SUNSET

We had a sunset of a very fine sort. The vast plain of the sea was marked off in bands of sharply-contrasted colours: great stretches of dark blue, others of purple, others of polished bronze; the billowy mountains showed all sorts of dainty browns and greens, blues, purples, and blacks, and the rounded velvety backs of certain of them made one want to stroke them, as one would the sleek back of a cat. The long sloping promontory projecting into the sea at the west turned dim and leaden in spectral, then became suffused with pink-dissolved itself in a pink dream, so to speak, it seemed so airy and unreal. Presently the cloud-rack was flooded with fiery splendours, and these were copied on the surface of the sea, and it made one drunk to look upon it. FOLLOWING THE EQUATOR, Mark Twain (First published in 1897)

A FIRST MATES TALE

A dinkum country girl am I, The Skipper, he's a city guy, From the bush, but shy I'm not, His nickname is, 'Sir Chatalot'.

We've covered some miles, aboard together, Twenty five thousand - seems like forever. Some days are dull, some they do sparkle, Others are just, one great big debacle.

Survival at sea, it's part of the plan, We dive and we fish, even open a can. He's at home on the ocean, brewing the beer, While I'm quite content on land - in Golf Gear.

We have an agreement, between he and me, And now I hit golf balls, from deck to the sea. He sits in the dinghy, dodging the "fours", We both drink the beer, and add up the scores.

Fine breeze and fine weather, for me they're the best, Towing drogues, crashing rogues, put us both to the test. The Boat, The Journey, The Skipper, All Great, Along with the tolerance, of the First Mate.

> © Sandy Way S.V. "CAT'CHUS"



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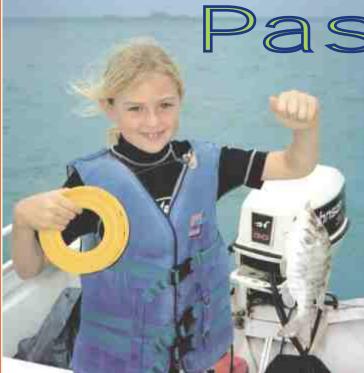








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### MY FIRST FISH

When I caught my first fish I was in Australia with my family. Bob and Kay are my mom's friends, also mine. My brother, Bob, and I were out on a small fishing boat. We were going over huge waves.

I thought we were going to tip over. We went to a place in the water where it was calm.

I through out my line but we weren't using a fishing pole, we used a line and reel. I was waiting and I got mad because everyone was catching the fish and I haddend caught any. Then all of the sudden. My line tugged a little, then it got harder. I slowly pulled in my line and I had caught my first fish. Bob was taking pictures like crazy. I was happy for the rest of the day.

Francine Crivello California, USA

From,

#### Passage It's never been a secret how much I enjoy seeing kids on boats. I also admire the innocence and honesty when our small folk put pen... oohps, crayon to paper and tell the tale from their perspective. So here is a small collection starting with issue # 1 where lovely Francine tells her story. If this page doesn't make you smile, go get a heart transplant!

## Turtles at Lady Musgrave Island

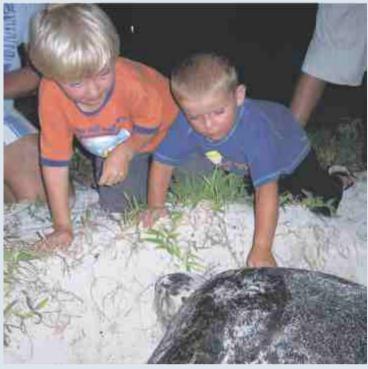
By David Hawkins, SV "Quoll II"

At night time on Christmas Eve 2003 we walked around the other side of Lady Musgrave Island to the guide who was going to show us the turtles laying their eggs. WE watched one female turtle dig her nest. She put her back flippers down and threw the sand and coral out of the hole. Her back flippers kept on digging on the sand like a bucket.. It is a good idea to stand on the side because the coral can come at you like a rocket.

When she stopped digging, she started laying her eggs. We watched her and were allowed to take an egg out. It felt in between hard and soft. When you pushed down a bit not too hard, it would pop up. We didn't get to watch the hatching that season but we did this year. Just before Easter, we stopped at Lady Musgrave again. At night, we went on shore and found a baby turtle going down to the sea.

We helped it a bit by shining a torch in front of the young hatchling.

There were some seagulls around but they were scared of us. We heard them squawking because they wanted some more food.



David & little brother Matthew get in close.

Lady Musgrave Island is a great place to swim, snorkel and walk. Best of all was watching the turtles lay. I look forward to watching them again sometime.

went sailing hen When I went sailing with Faye and Steve with my Mum and By: Linnea Freeman dad and Fayes pussycat Shelly. We went to Airlie Beach where we put everything in the dinghy and went out to the boat. As we unloaded everything onto the boat including the pussycat, Steve fell over into the water and we all laughed. When we started sailing my Mum lost her sunglasses. Mum didn't laugh. We sailed from Airlie Beach to Nara Inlet and stopped with all the other boats. The next morning we went for a row and a walk over the rocks. Then we rowed back to the boat. After lunch my Dad sailed the boat to Cid Harbour where we went for a swim and a walk. The wind got stronger so Steve and Dad took the boat to Gulnare Inlet where we stayed the

night. Then we had a fast sail back to Airlie and I saw some Mermaids sitting on some rocks near the end of an Island.

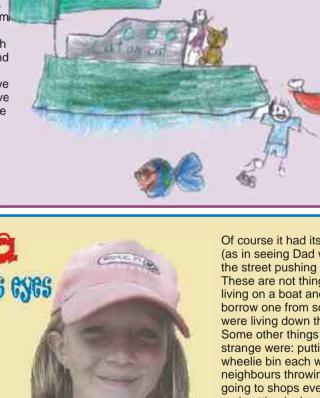
Bob's note: Linnea refers to the mermaid statues by Daydream Island

# Suburbs V the sea By Aimee-Rose Burns, thru Aimee-Rose's eyes

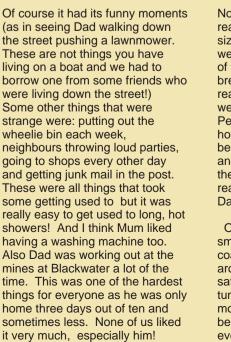
The sun was going down behind the mountains, casting a reddish light over the yachts anchored in Pearl Bay. The hills were beautiful with thick bush reaching down almost to the water. Pearl Bay is one of our favourite places to anchor.

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.



Aimee-Rose



Now we're back on the boat and it was really strange going from living in an OKsized 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 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.

Linnea, with her pussycat, Biba

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.