



# *The Coastal Passage*

**79th Edition  
Aug. - Sept.  
2016**



***Darwin has soul!***

*photo by Bob Norson*

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# The cover photo:

This picture was taken in Cullen Bay, Darwin.  
**WOW! He was screaming! See inside for the story...**

Attn TCP readers:

All web site and email addresses on ads are "HOT LINKED".  
Its so easy to check out advertisers!

## Contributors

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



**Claudia & Cliff, SY Gallivant I**  
**Jan Forsyth, Expert crew**  
**Steve Kenyon, PIYC secretary**  
**Cliff Lawrence, Building a boat**  
**Don McIntyre, SC Explorer**  
**Stuart Mears, SY Velella**  
**Bob Norson, SC BareBones**  
**Sue Streeter, SY Pacifica**  
**Marj Sullivan, MV Aussie Spirit**

As always, TCP very much appreciates your letters and other contributions that provides the rich forum of ideas, issues and news. For information on feature contribution requirements and awards, see the TCP web site: "contributions" page.

## The "Issues" Issue

This is a collection of articles from TCP #15 to #57 that illustrates the advocacy and educational thrust of the paper's content. This is by no means an exhaustive or complete assemblage. It is a sampling and reference to the high points.

**TO DOWNLOAD PDF CLICK HERE:**

For more see [www.thecoastalpassage.com/issues.html](http://www.thecoastalpassage.com/issues.html)

**TCP is once again paying for contributions and Don McIntyre has set the bar.** After vigorous negotiations a settlement was reached for a sum of \$.05 per edition! Which just goes to show you can get blood from a rock.... just not very much! We are very pleased to have world famous adventurer Don McIntyre on board and am certain Don will be the inspiration for more great things done.

**TCP readers love the technical articles!** So this one is a real winner! I had electrical training 45 years ago and surprise surprise... I forgot a lot of it so the article on ammeters and shunts was good reading. I need to put meters on my solar system to keep tabs on the panel and battery condition. And the article on celestial navigation as a plan B has me thinking...

**Speaking of tech articles** - We left TCP75 available for downloading because it has Leons "Cheap Cat" plans in it and many have downloaded this edition. TCP 75 became available in November, 2015 and as of July 15 2016, there has been apx. 181,000 downloads of that edition! We also have had many emails from all over the world saying "thank- you" for that article. If you have technical advice, please feel free to send.

MSQ has been famous for zealous enforcement of rules applying to private yachts whilst at the same time leaving the commercial charter fleet to "self enforcement"! Pete Kerr of Lizard Yachts keeps their feet to the fire though. See them squirm under fire; Click links below to view the battle lines. And no, there is no word yet on whether MSQ gets it's ticket to gouge more money out of the private fleet by making it a de facto requirement to register tenders.

[http://thecoastalpassage.com/79links/MSQ\\_Response\\_to\\_Peter\\_Kerr.pdf](http://thecoastalpassage.com/79links/MSQ_Response_to_Peter_Kerr.pdf)

[http://thecoastalpassage.com/79links/pkerr\\_lackofsurvey2.pdf](http://thecoastalpassage.com/79links/pkerr_lackofsurvey2.pdf)

This edition is a full one, with much variety - enjoy!

**Bob**



# The Coastal Passage

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Bob Norson: publisher, editor, journalist, advertising, photographer, etc...

Kay Norson: senior volunteer, TCP format organizer and semi - retired postie.

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# Welcome to OCEAN ADVENTURE!

**Sailor, Adventurer and Explorer Don McIntyre joins TCP as a regular columnist. His passion is adventure.**

**Adventure is any activity with an unknown outcome**

**By Don McIntyre, SC Explorer  
Photos courtesy of Don McIntyre**

My Mother wanted to drown me at birth. She would remind me of that on regular occasions when I came up with another silly idea or expedition. When will you get a proper job? How can you afford to do that? Don't be so bloody stupid! Oh grow up! We actually loved each other and had a special relationship for 60 years.

If she could only see me now all her worries would surely be over. I have a proper JOB writing this Ocean Adventure column for TCP! I'm excited. I can afford to do it because I am getting paid. Yes \$0.5c an issue. Even better, I am writing this column on my first ever multihull in Papeete, Tahiti, with ten coconut palms within 15 metres astern. Welcome to my new mobile office. Giving up a 45-year relationship with Monohulls is NOT a stupid idea, right! So to my mother's great delight I must have grown up! Actually maybe not?

I concede that I have never really grown up and why would I. Life is simply too much fun with opportunity everywhere if you really want it. So welcome to OCEAN ADVENTURE no 1. I hope it becomes a regular thing for you and me. Thanks for following this far.

*continued next page...*



**Don on *Buttercup*, during the 1990-1991 BOC (solo around the world) Challenge.**



# OCEAN ADVENTURE

## ***Who am I?***

Just me. I wrote my first feature magazine article with a type writer on-board my self-built Duncanson 29 *SKYE* back in 1979. I have been doing it on and off ever since. I mailed that original (kept a carbon copy) with an undeveloped roll of 35mm film to Sydney. It took nearly a week to get there! The story was about the Airlie Beach Fun Race with bare breasted figure heads! As a 24-year-old sailing out of Adelaide, I was living the dream with a gaggle of other Grotty Yachties and a girlfriend with two very good reasons to enter that figurehead competition! Alan Lucas was the guru and clothes were optional. It was a good time to be sailing the Whitsundays. If you needed money you went and anchored out front of Hamilton island. Construction had just begun and they needed workers who did not need accommodation. You had a job!

With my WWII M1 Carbine I would shoot goats in Butterfly Bay, or across the Pacific in newly independent Vanuatu I would hunt wild chickens with my recurve hunting bow. For 15 years I was known as Jungle, short for Jungle Jim as I provided other cruisers with meat! Those memories are burned into who I am today along with all the melanomas I regularly have cut out.

MY Mt. Everest moment came in 1982 when I decided I had to do the BOC Challenge, a solo yacht race around the world via Cape Horn. In 1983 I set up McIntyre Marine Services and possibly sold some of you boat bits over the next 24 years. I formed the Shorthanded Sailing Association of Australia in 1983, organizing and underwriting the 1988 Goodman Fielder Wattie Bicentennial Around Australia yacht race and finally in 1990 crossed the start line of that years BOC Challenge solo around the world yacht race finishing 2nd in Class.



**About to launch my Duncanson 29 *SKYE* in Adelaide in 1977 to set off on my first three year cruise two years later.**

Then it was off to Antarctica with 200 Teddy Bears and two years later in 1995 a year of isolation in a little BOX chained to Rocks alongside Mawson's hut in Antarctica with my then wife Margie. Tarmac Rally cars, solo around Australia in an Ultralight Gyrocopter etc., etc., etc... Fast forward to present Day and yes, still having fun!

*continued next page...*

# OCEAN ADVENTURE

## ***What's this Column?***

Well let's say it'll be related to Adventure and life on, under or around the ocean (the one constant in my life). It will be about people, places and my opinions. No politics or religion, as I accept the world is struggling and we are all too lucky to be Australian. It will be spontaneous.

I start with a clean sheet every issue. You will get inside information about the 50th Anniversary edition of the 1968 Sunday Times Golden Globe Race won by Sir Robin Knox Johnston in *Suhaili*. I am organising that and there are some interesting characters signed up. Antarctica is pet subject as virtually every summer for the past 23 years I have been deep south doing fun, silly, tough and cool things on ships, planes and yachts.

Diving, pirates, cannons and treasure hunting, will all be covered and even living on an uninhabited tropical island. I secured my own Island last year in Tonga for the next 25 years. We had a party and immediately set up a flag pole. The flag is surrounded by 4.8 Km of white sandy beaches, pristine coral and lots of Coconuts. There is no such thing as paradise, right! But with Govt. retirement age pushed out to 67, why would you wait? An Island to myself is much more exciting.

Finally, this column will be all about the people I meet, travelling the world; a celebration of their life and all the positive values these adventures bring.

*continued next page...*



**The world is looking a bit crazy these days. A good time to call Nomuka IKI in the Kingdom of Tonga our new uninhabited Island home.**

# OCEAN ADVENTURE

## *The Art of Adventure*

Well that's the essence of life! You're an adventurer, because if you are reading TCP you are either thinking about, or actually playing around in boats right now. Boats mean adventure. Adventure is not only my friend Jessica Watson sailing solo around the world, it is someone simply riding a bike for the first time, sailing an optimist dingy for the first time, or preparing their own four metre tinny to go set those crab pots for the first time. If it has an unknown outcome, you're on an adventure.



You are facing risk, one of the inherent attractions to any worthwhile adventure. You will make value judgements best learnt from previous experience. You fall off your bike, pick yourself up having learnt something and then have another go! You will probably scare yourself, not a bad thing, and grow through the experience. You will tackle each challenge in different ways.

To celebrate having survived my first 21 years, my mother gave me a card and a sextant. On that card was a piece titled *The Art of Adventure* by Wilferd A. Peterson. It was relevant to who I was then and still is. I have tried to live by it ever since. Whenever at a cross road I read it. It's in the back of every ships log I have ever owned and embedded into my subconscious.

You don't need lots of money, nor lots of time, not even lots of skill to live life to the full. You simply need the desire, passion and commitment to do just that.

*continued next page...*

## The Art of Adventure

**Create mental pictures of your goals  
Then work to make those pictures become realities**

**Exercise your god given right to choose your own direction  
And influence your own destiny and try to choose wisely and well**

**Have the daring to open doors to new experiences  
And step boldly forth to explore strange horizons**

**Be unafraid of new ideas, theories and new philosophies  
Have the curiosities to experiment, to test and try new ways of living and thinking**

**Recognise the only ceiling life has, is the one you give it  
And come to realise that you are surrounded by infinite possibilities for growth and achievement**

**Keep your heart young and your expectations high  
And never allow your dreams to die**

***By Wilfred A. Peterson***

**Given to Don by his mother "Betty"  
on his 21st birthday.**

# OCEAN ADVENTURE

## **Multihulls ROCK!**

Yeah baby! Lock Crowther and I were good friends back in the early 80's and 90's. He was one of the foremost multihull designers in the world at the time. There were just a few cruising cats and trimarans around then.

In the Papeete Marina a few days ago, there were at one point 74 boats all passing through and 30 of them were multihulls. Lock would never have believed it. Ironically one of those cats was *Deguella*, the last cat Lock built for himself. Sadly, in the early 90's he suffered a heart attack on board while up the mast sailing north along the east coast of Australia.

I have owned everything from a 36 meter, 600 tonne ice ship with my own helicopter, called *Sir Hubert Wilkins* (thanks to Dick Smith Sponsorship) down to a 25ft open Whale Boat. I sailed that one with three others across the Pacific re-enacting William Bligh's epic journey after the Mutiny on the *Bounty*. In December last year I sold my live-aboard dive support boat *ICE*, a 15.25 meter, 40 tonne steel motor sailor and I knew what I wanted next.



*continued next page...*

**The late great Lock Crowther's last boat *Deguella* pulled in alongside *Explorer* with a new owner on the way to America.**

## OCEAN ADVENTURE

I now own a modern apartment on the water with four bedrooms, all with en-suites, a kitchen with an ocean view and a fantastic outdoor patio. The whole place handled 45-50 knots on the beam with 5-7mtr breaking seas sailing to Papeete no problem! How could it take me so long to finally convert to Multihulls? I certainly look at monohulls very differently now and could never go back. (well unless it was maybe to sail in the 2022 Golden Globe Race?)

Once you had to wear leather thongs and a silly hat to be part of this crowd. Not anymore. They really are mainstream and continuing to grow and the Lagoon 450 is an amazing boat. It is a good thing I do not want to race to windward, by why would you. I am a gentleman right! And now have two 54HP Yanmars.

We sail for Tonga in July and then all the toys will come on board. *Explorer* will be set to dive, sail, surf and explore everything the Kingdom of Tonga has to offer. If you are sailing past come say Giddyay! If you want to chat you can grab me on [www.McIntyreAdventure.com](http://www.McIntyreAdventure.com)



**Don**

# Three more of Don's family of boats



**My Bounty Boat. 48 days , 3800 Miles Tonga to Kupang, with three others in 2010 re-enacting the William Bligh open boat voyage after the Bounty Mutiny. Fun trip, nearly killed us and I lost 48kg.**



**MY ship *Sir Hubert Wilkins* in Antarctica; my second home.**



**Motor sailor, *ICE*. The best little Expedition ship I have ever owned...until I got into Multihulls.**



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# TCP V Canberra?

Observation and Editorial by Bob Norson

Several articles in this edition were meant to be in last edition but the email that they were attached to somehow disappeared.

A fault of our server? It would be the first time but certainly NOT the first time our email and computers have been attacked in a way that would be odd for viral attack.

These attacks were to destroy data and capability, not steal information that could be sold or exploited. Now who would do that?



Sometimes I like a nice quiet, secure anchorage. So when on the Moresby River I used a Alan Lucas recommended anchorage well up it. No other yachts around and for the week I was up there, only a couple of obviously genuine fishermen doing what they do.

And then a boat showed up that didn't fit. It drew my attention. Then I noticed it didn't seem to have rego. Suspicion apparently substantiated! Camera at hand, click click click.



Then the boat pulled up to shore right in front of *BareBones* and me. What is this about? Click. There were two men huddled around a device of some kind. Uh oh... I had my wireless on, pull battery now!

Soon after that the boat took off upstream at full speed and a while later back downstream at full tilt and as far from us as they could without pruning the mangroves.

*continued next page...*



## TCP V Canberra?

It wasn't till later that I examined the photos to see the people involved that I noted the emblem on the boat. Department of Defence (DoD). Holy shit!

Now most people think of tanks and ships when they think of the Department of Defence (DoD) but in modern times the agency has a much more domestic political function and a different enemy; you and me; well, especially noisy independent publishers. The DoD incorporates the government spys, Australian Signals Directorate (ASD), the equivalent to the US NSA but without the pesky constitution.

They are also our government's web filter and propaganda machine. *For example:* Several years ago, as reported in TCP, a coder in America set a program that would tell who was making edits to the site Wikipedia. Our DoD was one of *the most prolific* in the world with over 5000 edits.

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

Is our government obsessed with controlling information and rewriting history under the guise of "protecting us from terror"? You may feel that it is a "good thing" to have these agencies spying around but when does it just go too far and possibly go backwards? Where does security end and a police state begin?



# DoD V TCP

## Rigging the Game?

Observation and Editorial by Bob Norson

**Sure looks like it.** To explain.... it had been noticed that Google's response to a search for the name Bob Norson was heavy in links to many years old and inactive threads *to other sites* but links to recent and popular articles authored by Bob Norson in *The Coastal Passage* or *Build a Catamaran*, read in the hundreds of thousands every month are ignored. Why would this be?

Nine years ago (2007) several pages from *The Coastal Passage* site that were on the first page of a Google search for "Australian Customs" that were very unflattering of the government agency, *disappeared overnight*. *The Coastal Passage* sent a letter to Google asking if they censored results for our government. No reply Providing censorship for rich governments may be very profitable.

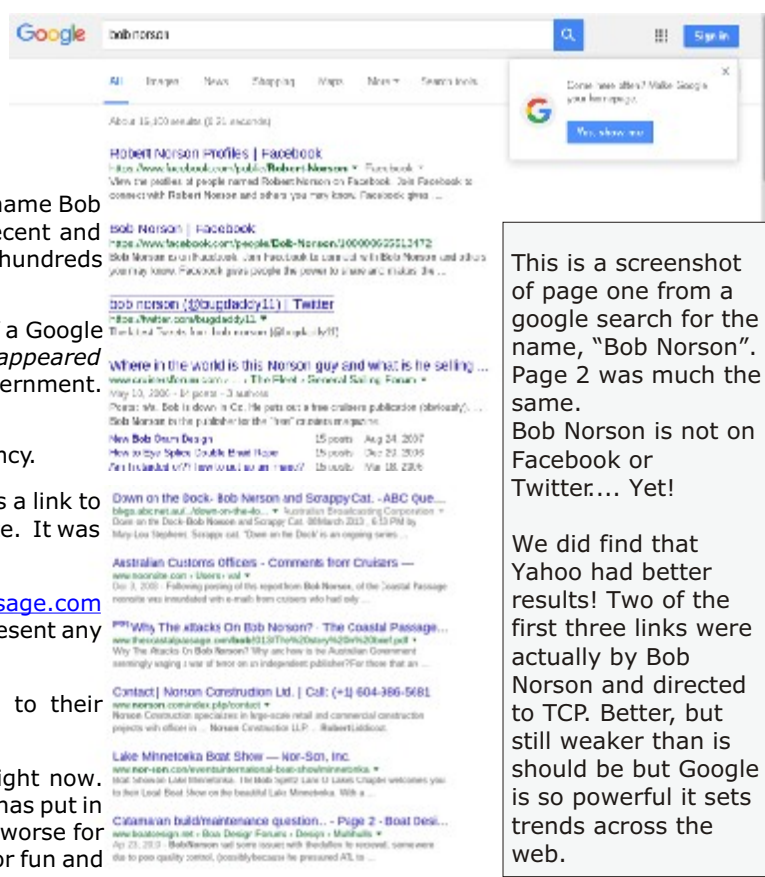
I soon after found that the Department of Defence was the government's web filter and censor agency.

Below are images taken this day, 28 June 2016, of a Google search for Bob Norson. Only one was a link to *The Coastal Passage* and that was for a long deleted document that was never linked within the site. It was purposely hidden! Amazing how they found it!

Given the number of downloading documents with Bob Norson as author for [www.thecoastalpassage.com](http://www.thecoastalpassage.com) and [www.buildcat.com](http://www.buildcat.com), that is impossible without intervention. I notice care has been taken to present any page that may have a negative sounding lead in.

Search results for "the coastal passage" or "coastal Passage" are also suppressed relative to their popularity.

So, you ask, what am I supposed to do about that? Nothing more than what you are doing right now. Downloading and reading TCP, because for all the roadblocks the government (DoD, presumably) has put in the way, TCP is still the most popular boating publication in Australia. You can help make it even worse for them. Forward a link (in BCC of course) to all your contacts and encourage them to have a read, for fun and for freedom of information.



This is a screenshot of page one from a google search for the name, "Bob Norson". Page 2 was much the same. Bob Norson is not on Facebook or Twitter... Yet!

We did find that Yahoo had better results! Two of the first three links were actually by Bob Norson and directed to TCP. Better, but still weaker than is should be but Google is so powerful it sets trends across the web.

# ***Squatter's Arms***

A wide-angle photograph of a rugged landscape in the Kimberley region. The foreground shows a calm river reflecting the sky. The middle ground is dominated by steep, rocky hillsides covered in dense green vegetation. The background shows more distant, hazy hills under a clear sky. The overall scene is a mix of natural beauty and rugged terrain.

**Tucked away in the Kimberley....**



# Phil and "Squatter's Arms"

By Bob Norson

photos supplied by Phil Wray except where noted

know as conversation flows and goes. Some people have stories and some have a blank look. This guy had stories! Now a lot of people know Phil (one L) and his deceased mate Marion. They were a fixture on the Kimberly coast and a legend for cruising folk; the proprietors of "Squatters Arms".

years they planted trees and shrubs to the point they actually created a small rain forest environment on their little peninsula on the creek. A cool haven.

*continues next page.....*

photo below is Phil aboard Scott Free II



Bob Norson photo

## Interesting People

I was motoring around the anchorage to check out a sand bar for drying out BareBones on a tide. I got near Scott Free II and was hailed but didn't hear the words so came to and I heard, "ya wanna beer?" That sounded friendly enough to me! But I finished my mission and went and got a beer from BareBones and came back.

Some people have a special nature and you

How it started.... Phil got into a stoush with his boss at a near by mine, so they left and set up camp in Silver Gull Creek. Gradually they imported enough building materials to make themselves a bit more than a comfortable home. But they didn't stop there. They actually terraformed (I learned that word from Star Trek) the place. Over the

# Phil and "Squatter's Arms"

As yachties learned of the place and traffic to the "Arms" increased, they got into merchandising! They got T shirts and stubby holders emblazoned with their logo and did a little a little jewellery making. It all sold well.

In the process of getting connected to the web (via gov funded satellite dish) the government discovered they were there! Not that they seemed too care too much but Phil pressed them for a lease, which they got.

Things were great and Phil says he wouldn't have traded the place for anything and he has been around the world a bit so that is saying something. But then Marion got sick, very sick, cancer. After she died Phil spent a wet season at the homestead alone and

reckoned he had had enough after 23 years there. So he went to Darwin and bought Scott Free II.

We were talking and he mentioned where he might go, emphasis on might. He said he would get to the cape and decide to go left or right, Queensland or across the strait and pacific islands. The subject of having a drink aboard came up (dunno how!) and breathalysing. Phil was convinced that since his boat was his home he couldn't be done whilst at anchor. I told him in Queensland he could. So I filled him in on a few of the stories I had published in TCP. Seems he is more inclined to turn left now. Queensland's loss.

*continues next page.....*

# Phil and Marion and now Scotty of "Squatter's Arms"



Phil and Marion on a visit to Italy  
Phil and Marion used to sail the 30' Endeavour,  
*Exuma*.

He has left the place in good hands so don't worry about missing your chance to visit if you haven't already. Scott Obrian is an ex Noosa surfer and he is set up there and doesn't seem inclined to leave any time soon. Bigger! There went my chance. But notice to the ladies, there might be a position available as companion! But for the rest of us, the place is preserved for our opportunity to visit, enjoy and be able to say, "we've been there!"

Notes, the place has 11 metre tides and plenty of crocs so watch it! It also has a great artesian well with good water so a tank top up point.  
S 16,11.29  
E 123, 42.17

following pages are a few more of Phil's excellent photos of Silvergull and surrounds





continues next page



The End!



# Have you ever...

- been dragged into a dinghy?
- avoided a lovely snorkelling spot to avoid the hassle of getting back into the dinghy?
- cut short your swimming/snorkelling as you were worried about being too fatigued to drag yourself into the dinghy?
- been worried about children climbing up the outboard motor?
- been injured being dragged into the dinghy?

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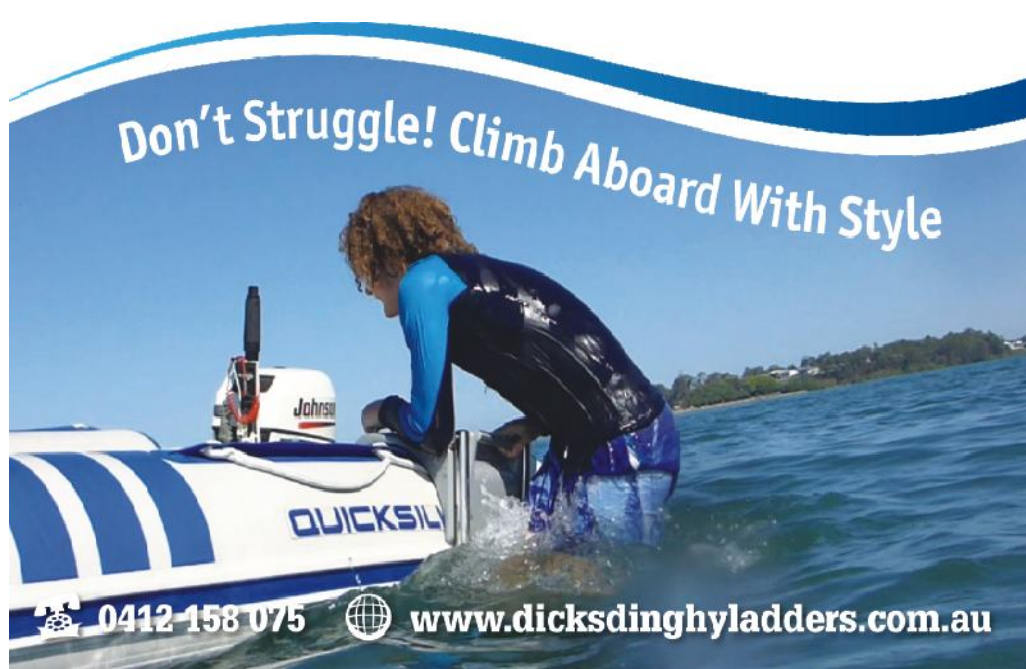
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# LETTERS

**Notice to contributors:** All contributions that purport facts in a matter of possible contention, should be ready to provide support for their assertions or 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 provide support for their assertions. Personal attacks will not be published and rude or offensive mail will not get a response.

**Bob and Kay,**

I sent a little money to you today, hopefully to help you to continue producing such a fine publication for us yachties and cruisers (and would be cruisers) and to keep fighting the good fight against stupid authoritarianism.

I very much enjoy reading all the articles and letters in TCP.

**Regards,  
Peter Freeman**

**Hi Peter,**

*Just a note to say thank you very much for your support. Your donation does more than add to finances. It lifts spirits.*

**Very Sincerely,  
Bob and Kay**

**Dear Bob & Kay,**

Some time ago I de-registered my main dinghy and correctly marked it as "tender to AB123" (correct number changed to protect the innocent!). I have now decided to re-register the craft so as to extend the area of my fishing grounds instead of the usual 2nm restriction as applies to tenders.

I accessed the current Qld Dept of Transport website to check on current registration requirements and this item caught my eye. The highlighting is mine.

Tender registration: If your boat or PWC is a tender to a registered recreational ship, it is exempt from registration if:

- a..** it is only used within 2 nautical miles of the parent ship and
- b..** it is being used to transport people or provisions between the ship and the shore. This does not include fishing or sightseeing activities.

The tender must be marked on the exterior with the word 'tender' and the parent ship's registration numbers, in characters at least 75mm high. If this is not possible, markings should be on the inside of the boat in the largest characters possible. If the tender is used for more than 1 ship, it may be marked with the owner's name.

Read more about safety equipment and registration requirements for recreational tenders:

<http://msq.qld.gov.au/Safety/Safety-equipment-recreational-ships>

*TCP Note: When you get to this page go to **bottom** of this page see "Further Information" to download the relevant PDF.*

Frankly, I don't know of many, if any, tenders that are not used for fishing, sightseeing or a plethora of other tasks not mentioned above. Another example of restrictions of freedom by stealth, perchance?

**Cheers,  
Derek Mayne, MS PommyGranite**

**Hi Derek,**

*As far as we know those rules you saw posted are still wanna bees of MSQ rather than **legislation**. And that includes the marking of a tender to ID it to a particular mother ship. Another "rule" that MSQ has promoted for years that was never in the legislation.*

*We should be "in the loop" should Marine Safety Queensland be successful in getting that hair brained nonsense made official and would include that in the next available edition.*

*What would we do without those nutter, hey?!*

**Cheers, Bob**

## Middle Percy Island News - Percy Island Yacht Club has 200 members!

### G-day from Middle Percy Island!

First the big news is our membership is now up to.. wait for it.. Mackay legend Bert Salisbury of "Margay" joined the club at #199. Then Rick and Glad Smith of "Jake" picked up the prized, and long awaited #200!

Bert was great mates with Peter on St. Bees, and I think he also helped build the A frame while Rick used to cover the store runs for the Lighthouses along the coast on "MV Saramoa", including the fortnightly run to Pine Islet. He remembers Andy Martin and rushing the lighthouse keepers son over to the mainland with a fish hook impaled in his face. Rick recovered the hook before they reached Mackay, much to relief of Steve's distraught mum and brother. Steve Johnston's father worked on Pine Islet during the 1970s...so the history is living on today with Steve J. base resident of the Middle Percy Rondarval!

As you all know, the singular purpose of the Percy Island Yacht Club (PIYC) is to help John and Cate preserve West Bay for our children and all future Yachties. If they didn't take it on, there would be nothing left here. That costs \$3.700 a year for public liability insurance. Our PIYC keeps covering that, and it is such a good cause for all us yachties to support.



**Cate working in the jam making department**

*continued next page..*

## Middle Percy Island News

Any-the-ways, John and Cate, (with help from Marty, Steve J, Earnst, Robin and Annie on *Joshua C*, and Donny) have been powering along. John loves a challenge, and once started on a new project is unstoppable. So after a huge effort, there's now a new wharf in the lagoon.

At the Homestead Jam making has been fashionable this year, with home grown rosella jam, star fruit jam, sweet chutney and lime marmalade available in the Aframe. The rosella jam is made from fruit growing at Rondarval garden, from bushes planted by Donny of "*Silver Gull III*" who brought them down from Bowen. They were donated by Carl, another yachty and friend of Percy Isles. He will be tasting the jam by the time this email is distributed, as he is kindly bringing some chook food and vegies for Percy from Yepoon.

Honey is also now in production, while vegies and eggs are available. By the way, Percy Honey has long been quite renowned on the mainland, and several retail outlets always ask for as much as Percy can supply. Anyway there is normally some in the Aframe, ready for tasting! Another yummy harvest is due in the next couple of weeks, so remember to stock up for the dry seasons!

Steve J has adopted an orphaned Roo, "Max" who now calls the Rondarval home! He is friendly, happy to be fed his bottle by visitors, and loves playing hide and seek with Steve and Donny.

A Fire fighting tank has been donated by the Whitsunday National Parks. It is now fitted on the quad bike, all ready for a P&W plan to burn parts of the Island after the school holidays....so watch out if travelling our way next month.

It's now into winter, which is normally the busy season (I've twice counted 23 vessels in West Bay, plus another 6 or 7 in the lagoon), but there seems to be less yachts each year. Maybe it's a changing financial scene?



*continued next page..*

**Max, the orphaned roo**

## Middle Percy Island News

The other thing which has definitely changed since Andy's time, is the ole "Grotty Yachties", who lived on the smell of an oily rag and were great hunter-gatherers have vanished. Those days, anyone with a boat that could take the hard, went straight into the Lagoon, then explored, collected oysters, fished, and helped out in the gardens in exchange for honey, mead, fresh vegies or perhaps a chook. Even just a few years back it was common to have 4 or 5 Cats in the lagoon for a week or so, while "Euphoria" and friends re-thatched the Tree House and shared wonderful campfire sing-a-longs. Oh well, time moves forever on.

The Tree House is vacant if anyone would like to ask John and Cate. Marty, (who was so terrific there) has been away travelling. Earnst is down south working while Donny and I are sailing north.

Just as an aside - people have this notion that all that folk do on an island is laze around, and one of the most frequently asked questions on the Homestead veranda is, "What do you do all day?" The answer, often dis-believed, is "work".

Take one simple thing - water to the A frame. First it has to be pumped from a creek to the Homestead, run downhill though 2.5 kilometres of pipeline, to a holding tank, then to a small one in the A Frame. Much of this pipe is old, hidden under fallen trees, and frequently develops leaks which then take days of hard yakka to locate and fix. So John and Steve J have been flat out maintaining this, while also looking after the primary water pump, homestead tanks etc.

*continued next page...*



***The new wharf in the lagoon***



## Middle Percy Island News

In the garden, Cate and Donny have battled for years to bring it back, using mulch, humus, plus animal manure and are gradually winning.

Oh well folks, that's the latest news.

The big thing always will be that the unique history, open hearted hospitality, and freedom for all mariners to explore the pristine beauty of Percy, is living on. Everyone in the PIYC has helped ever so much to preserve this.

Enjoy this years cruising with blue skies, lots of fun, plus fair and favouring winds.

**With best wishes,  
Steve Kenyon, Secretary PIYC**

PS: We are having difficulties with our email file so if you are a member and you have not received our member news, please send us an email:  
[kilroykenyon@hotmail.com](mailto:kilroykenyon@hotmail.com)

Also the Percy Island website has lots of information, history and stories of this amazing Island.

[www.percyisland.com.au](http://www.percyisland.com.au)



**Here's two beautiful paintings of the "Tree House" by Jenni Kirkwood.**

**Anyone who'd like a copies, or the originals, please contact "[jenni@kirkwoodart.com.au](mailto:jenni@kirkwoodart.com.au)"**



# TCP's Forum | Barometers and weather

Modern day sailors rely on VHF plus the internet for weather forecasting and GPS for navigation .. but what happens when our electronics go on the blink ?

So I'd like to put in a little support for them thar old fashioned methods. First of all are barometers... and as a prelude, can I mention why.

Way back in the early 80's Jenny and I cruised the Queensland coast extensively, in a small comfy cat which had no GPS, no radar, no sounder, no VHF, and not even a FM/AM radio. A we used when we cruised the entire time, (night or day) were paper charts, hand bearing compass, parallel rules, and a barometer; yet, (apart from one midnight thunderstorm), never had any problems with the weather!

So, for anyone interested, how it worked was like this:

As everyone knows, on this coast high pressure systems generate SE/E winds, whilst low pressure systems produce N/NE wind. So all you have to do is check your barometer against the nearest weather station before starting a cruise - then shift the top arrow over the bottom one at a regular time each day. Some folk prefer 9am, but due to the diurnal variation each day, (10 am/pm high .. 4 am/pm low), we always used 10am. Then, all you have to do the next morning, is look where the bottom arrow is compared with the top one. If you had SE yesterday, and the pressure is higher today, the wind will increase. Lower, it will decrease. Same with northerlies, just the other way around.

This system works fine from Brisbane to Cooktown, but not north of there.

There is an added bonus; twice we predicted Cyclones before, (as we found

out later), the Weather Bureau listed them. The Barometer was low, yet winds were increasing from the due South.

This meant it wasn't a high pushing winds up - but a deep low sucking them north. After that all you need to do is put your back to the wind - the low/cyclone will be bearing 45 degrees until it gets close, then shift to 90 degrees.

The reading on the picture of this Barometer was during Cyclone "Marcia".

These days I'm an old salt, yet still a very average one, so hesitate to offer advice which oft times it is not needed. how-some-ever I'm often amazed to see a dingy on the beach with no anchor out - and feel every vessel should have paper charts, hand bearing compass, parallel rule's - and a good ol' trusty barometer.

**May you have sunny skies with fair and favoring winds,  
Steve Kenyon**





**Words & photos by  
Marj Sullivan, MV Aussie Spirit**

# Lean pickings at Hinchinbrook - And what about the crocs?

MV Aussie Spirit is continuing its journey along the Queensland coast with Captain Col at the helm and your's truly everywhere else. We left Hervey Bay in April 2015 with a rough plan to 'head north' as far as Hinchinbrook with no particular time-frame in mind. The weather and tide has been basically our clock and timetable determinator.

We recently spent a couple of weeks in the Hinchinbrook Island area, our initial destination, enjoying the relative solitude of Australia's largest island national park on the east coast of Queensland. It truly is a magnificent sight: Mount Bowen at 1121 metre the largest of the mountain peaks; Hinchinbrook Channel with a plethora of mangrove creeks and crannies; Missionary Bay on the northern side home to eight 'major' creeks and endless mangroves; and home of the Thorsborne Trail, a three day walk from Creek Number Seven boardwalk to George Point just across the Channel from Lucinda on the mainland.

As mentioned in a previous story, Col spent a couple of his childhood years in Lucinda. He and his five brothers went to school at Halifax where they made up about a quarter of the kids being schooled there at the time. The Dann family lived in a caravan at Lucinda van park which is still there but now located back from the beach front. His dad was the pylon engineer for both jetties built at Lucinda, the small jetty back in the sixties and the six kilometre jetty which now conveys raw sugar out to ships in deeper water at the end.

*continued next page...*



***Captain Col in charge of the tinnie and on the lookout for crocs in Gayundah Creek near the foot of Mount Bowen, Hinchinbrook Island.***

## Lean pickings

When the original smaller jetty was built, now derelict since a vessel ran into it during a storm, there was plenty of fishing to be relished in the area. Col recalls the coral and fish that lived under the little jetty even while the molasses was being loaded onto vessels there. The Dann boys did a roaring trade of collecting poddy mullet and prawns from Post Office Creek and selling it as live bait to keen fishos at the jetty. It was not unusual to catch, barramundi, coral trout and red emperor.

It's very much a dismal story now as it is along much of the Queensland coast. Vessels we're unable to dock at the jetty as silt built-up underneath and along the whole channel. The coral, of course, was no more. Col believes this was caused by the cultivation of sugar cane along this fragile coastal area, the very reason that the jetty's had been built, which is rather ironic I think. Hence, the new jetty was built to allow ships to dock in deeper water. It still remains the longest jetty in the southern hemisphere.

Much less glamour can be attributed to Post Office Creek in it's current state. As the photo's show, it's a minor trickle now with the road joining Lucinda and Dungeness going right through it. There doesn't even seem to be any drain under the road to allow it to flow to and fro with the tide. I suspect that no self-respecting mud crab would camp in there any more. The Dann boys used to drop a crab pot in the creek on the way to school and pick-up whatever had been caught on the way home. Mum didn't really relish being handed live muddies to be cooked but I'm sure she enjoyed the end result as much as the boys did.

Now we, like many others I'm sure, are rather partial to a mud crab or two and were looking forward in particular to some Hinchinbrook delicacies. Col's reputation as a 'crabber' is well known in Hervey Bay where, during a good season of crabs, he shares them with our marina neighbours who also relish them, in moderation of course.



**Post Office Creek between Lucinda and Dungeness, no longer a good home for muddies.**

*continued next page...*

# Lean pickings

So when he potted just one crab during our visit to this most pristine and lush mangrove area, there was certainly no boasting and only contempt for it being 'crabbed-out' and 'fished-out'. From our experience over the past 18 months, this seems to be the norm along all the coastal area we've travelled. Dismal but true and we have been asking the gods 'why?' on a pretty regular basis.

There seems to be a couple of possible reasons for this poor population of crab and fish in our beautiful coastal ocean area. While chatting with the owner of the fuel pontoon at Cardwell, he commented that commercial crabbers, especially those from 'down south', have pretty well raped the Hinchinbrook Island area. Apparently the same can be said of the commercial barramundi fishing, in spite of annual closures and regulations being changed/upgraded at some point to try and allow the population to be resurrected to some degree.

Another possibility could be the over abundance of recreational fishos who, like us, are happy to catch a couple of fish or pot a few crabs. But I'm sure there are the minority who, when they do have a good catch, go a bit overboard and break the rules to the detriment of the estuary community. Fish and crab community that is! The water reptile community seem to be doing quite well thank you!

Which brings us to another possible reason for difficulty in catching a bite to eat. In spite of there seeming to be plenty of smaller fish and an abundance of bait fish in some spots we've anchored, there is not much to mention other than that. Me thinks that croc's are just a bit fussy and prefer something other than entrée sized servings for dinner and are quite partial to a crab or two as well, especially in lush and muddy mangrove habitat.

*continued next page.,,*



**The now derelict original jetty at Lucinda engineered by Col's dad, Frank Dann.**

# Lean pickings

But of late, as their preferred main meal sized fish is taking a down-turn in numbers, they may well be turning to alternative creatures, such as 'human's in tinnie's' variety. It's not difficult to imagine that a hungry croc would think nothing of tackling a three metre runabout with the chance of getting a good meal. Not to mention if it sees the fishing competition as a threat to catching it's dinner.

Apart from the recent reports of croc attacks in various locations around the Australian coast, it seems that the crocs are getting particularly cocky in the Hinchinbrook area. This makes me all the more wary of these 'water goanna's' in any bit of water along this beautiful coast. As Bob's recent article reflects, the 'population explosion' of crocs since culling was stopped some time ago seems pretty obvious. But there's been no increase in their chosen diet of fresh fish has there? What is a hungry croc to do?

Dine on home delivered human possibly? Scary isn't it? But in light of the apparent situation out there in the mangrove community, it's very possibly the way crocs are thinking. They don't have to venture far from their our private larder to locate the occasional tinnie doing what tinnies do; float around the shallows with occupants distracted in fishing activities. Tinned dinner, no can opener required, yum yum!

*continued next page...*



**Col heading under the big jetty at Lucinda, back to *Aussie Spirit*.**

# Lean pickings

But seriously, do we actually know how many crocs are in the Hinchinbrook area and other apparently thriving estuarine environments.

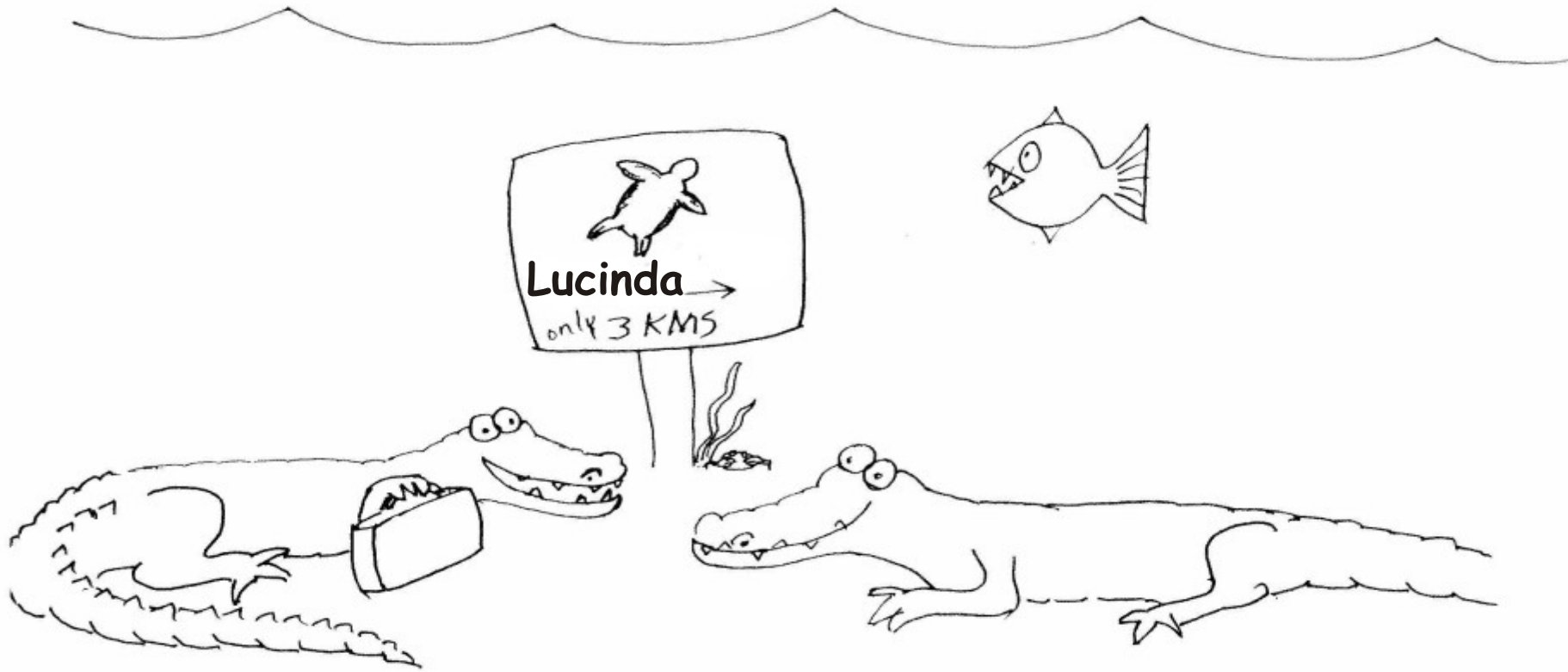
Maybe there needs to be a more serious look at this issue and some serious considerations made for the communities of both humans and sea creatures.

Perhaps the whole of the Queensland coast should be shut down to fishing and crabbing of any description for a couple of years and croc research undertaken to help make some good decisions for the future benefits of everyone, including the crocs.

In the meantime, we'll keep cruising along this beautiful coast and enjoy the pleasures of living on the water, literally. Hard to imagine living on land these days. No lawn to mow, no gutters to clean. And you can't beat the changing scenery and stunning sunsets over the water. Wouldn't be dead for quids. Just tell that to the crocs!



***Harwood and Aussie Spirit at Gayundah Creek, Hinchinbrook Island.***





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# Tips on Monitoring D.C. Current Draw on your Boat or Yacht

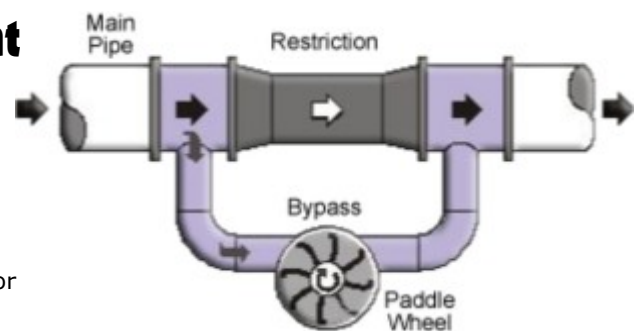
## Technical Brief - Sizing a Shunt to a DC Ammeter

Article and photos courtesy of The 12 Volt Shop and Blue Sea Systems

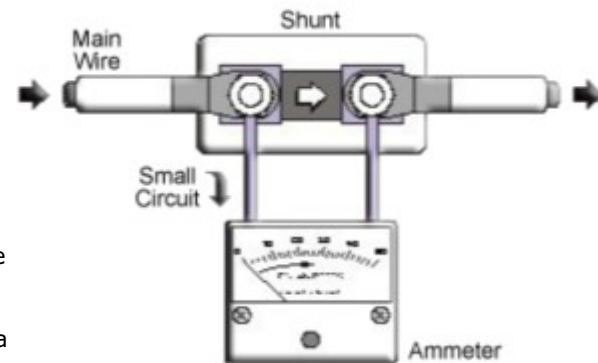
DC ammeters require shunts for their operation. Some meters have built-in shunts, some meters have external shunts. External shunts are placed in the circuit where the current is to be measured. See Technical Brief (at Blue Sea Systems website: [www.blueseasystems.com](http://www.blueseasystems.com): Strategies for Monitoring DC Current) for a discussion about ammeter positions in DC electrical systems.

Shunts and meters must be matched by their ratings and calibration. For example, a 50 Amp/50mV meter requires a 50 Amp shunt; a 200 Amp/50mV meter requires a 200 Amp shunt. (Blue Sea Systems' meters read full scale deflection at 50mV). How a Shunt Works. It is useful to think of water flow in a pipe when thinking about current flow in a wire. The way that a shunt works is analogous to a restriction to the flow of water in a pipe and a bypass around the restriction. Some of the water flow in the Main Pipe is diverted through the Bypass. A Paddle Wheel in the Bypass measures the water flow through the Bypass. If the Bypass allows 1/100th of the water in the main pipe to flow through it, and the Restriction allows the remaining 99/100ths of the water to flow through it, the ratio of flow in the Bypass to the Restriction is 1 to 99. Using this ratio, the Paddle Wheel could be calibrated to indicate the total flow through the Main Pipe.

A DC ammeter and shunt works in a similar way a small amount of current that flows through the Main Wire is diverted to, and measured by, the Meter. Analog meters have very fine internal wires that flex to enable the needle to move. Because the wires are fine, they carry only a very small current. Therefore, the current in the meter must be a tiny fraction of the total current to be measured. In order to obtain an accurate reading of the current flow through the main wire, the shunt and meter are very precisely calibrated at fixed resistance values the meter resistance is typically 50 Ohms and the shunt resistance is a fraction of an Ohm.



Water Flow



Current Flow

*continued next page...*



**Example:** 50 Ampere Meter.

For a meter calibrated to 50 Amps full scale deflection, the meter will indicate that 50 Amps is flowing through the shunt when the meter reads 50 Amps. The shunt resistance is .001 Ohms. The ratio of shunt resistance to meter resistance is:

$$\frac{0.001}{50} = 0.00002$$

Therefore, when there is 50 Amps flowing through the shunt, there is  $50 \times 0.00002 = 1\text{mA}$  flowing through the meter.

**Example:** 200 Ampere Meter.

For a meter calibrated to 200 Amps full scale deflection, the meter will indicate that 200 Amps is flowing through the shunt when the meter reads 200 Amps. The shunt resistance is 0.00025 Ohm. The ratio of shunt resistance to meter resistance is 0.000005.

**Continuous Current.** The shunt current rating indicates the current that produces a full scale reading on the associated meter. Continuous currents should not exceed 80% of the shunt rating. However, short term currents that occur in motor- starting or engine-cranking can exceed the shunt rating by a factor of 2 or more without damage to the shunt or meter.

**Connecting Multiple Meters to One Shunt.** Because the shunt carries almost all of the current and the meter currents are small, it is possible to connect several meters to the same shunt so that current can be observed in more than one location. Sometimes meters are installed in both the engine room and the helm station to monitor alternator output or other significant currents.

*The above article is courtesy of The 12Volt Shop, [www.12volt.com.au](http://www.12volt.com.au), specialists in low voltage product and accessories for marine and automotive use. The information is provided by Blue Sea Systems. More details can be found on their website: [www.blueseas.com](http://www.blueseas.com) in their technical section.*



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# An unusual mayday in Cooktown

**Cooktown had the highest rainfall  
in May in a *CENTURY* on May 22nd, 2016**

**By Claudia and Cliff, SV *Gallivant I***

Talk about unpredictable weather pattern we have these days..... Currently our fine sailing vessel is in transit between Townsville and Darwin.

After a blustery visit to Hope Island we decided to call in at Cooktown for last provisions and water. The forecast was for 20 knots SE with possible thunderstorms in the late arvo which is the norm around that area.

We sailed through one squall with a whiteout (hallelujah, our newly installed AIS was working to dodge the big ship we didn't see moving in the channel) and arrived close to low tide in Cooktown safe and wet, just to discover that past the jetty, the river has silted up, so anchoring was only possible at the end of the main channel in 2m of water. A nuisance we thought, that turned out to be in our favour.

*Bob Norson photo*

*continued next page...*

## Mayday in Cooktown

So far so good, a walk across town and a refreshing beer at the Top Pub was first on the list. By then the rain was a steady drizzle and we all went back for a good nights rest. Or so we thought. The heavens suddenly opened up just after big dog (yes it was raining cats and dogs and cows and more) and the winds were howling with big gusts coming through...all night and into the morning. 15m chain went out to 20m but that was all we could run before we would have hit others. Would the anchor hold? What a restless few hours we had.

At daybreak the beautiful Endeavour River looked like the mighty Amazon River, brown and mud shake like, and by then the current was running out at 5 knots plus gaining speed and momentum. We were in the middle of a flash flood and no tidal flow would reverse this floodwater for another two days! A sailing boat on the side of the channel had already dragged anchor and was leaning against a sandbank. Several other anchored boats started to pile up floodwater debris on their anchor chains.

The commercial fishing boat and trawler men of Cooktown were out in their dinghys helping boaties wherever they could and our attempt of helping a sailing catamaran was cut short due to huge amounts of logs and sticks suddenly coming around the river bend and floating down rapidly towards us - forces we could not have matched in a small inflatable dinghy with a small motor.

And there was more to come; bigger logs, whole trees, bushes, debris and they all started to move further towards our boat as the flood tide was ebbing more. What to do? The log watch was in place and already busy fending off flotsam. Bob on his sailing catamaran tried to re-anchor behind us but ended up admitting defeat to nature's forces and sailed out (or better

***"We were in the middle of a flash flood and no tidal flow would reverse this floodwater for another two days!"***

got washed out) through the channel and into the distance (*TCP note: See Bob's story after this one*). The thought of "he might be the smartest and got out of here" crossed our minds but the ugly brown standing up sea just outside town in the bay did not look very inviting. Our friends in their sailing boat were still anchored behind us and they got a real good test run on their anchor and hung in there for dear life.

More boats dragged anchor due to the sheer weight of logs piling up on their anchor chains and a trawler had to cut lose his ½ ton mooring anchor since it started dragging but still ended up on the sandbank. Chaos and mayhem all around as nature did the big royal flush of the Endeavour River.

Then a local friend told us about his friends mooring buoy on the side arm of the river just up from the main channel. While at the jetty for a disaster powow we met these friends he was talking about and they said no worries, just go up there and grab it....what a heaven sent!

So we up anchored and slowly fought our way upriver against the ever increasing flow into the side channel (which seemed much calmer once we got out of the main channel and no debris). We slowly motored forward but unbeknownst to us, on the wrong side of the moorings and voila, ended up stuck on a sandbank. Bigger, we were getting pushed sideways now and could not move anywhere. Not good!!

Luckily with the help of a passing dinghy and a line we got our bow turned around and off the sand. Now there was nowhere to turn the boat around in the small channel so we are racing back, sometimes sideways, out the way we just came in and dodging boats as we flew back downriver.

## Mayday in Cooktown

The skipper yells out 'lost steering' due to strong current (OMG), hi and goodbye again to all the boats we passed minutes before, as we got flushed out the main channel and one comedian trawler man yelling out "slow down"-not so funny. At that moment I really wished boats had handbrakes! Anyway, a hard turn (steering was back). just before the entry channel got us pointing back in the right direction, upstream, so we decided for a take two.

Once again the battle against the currents, this time on the right side of the side channels and the moorings, calm and all good to where the mooring buoy was. Hold on, next to the creek crossing, in front of trimaran, we were close...but there was no buoy anywhere in sight. It was submerged due to the flood waters. Oh well, out comes the trusted anchor again and hoping for the best. We love you Brucey!

### Afterword:

Cooktown had the highest rainfall in May in a CENTURY on May 22nd, 2016. According to the weather channel it was 210mm overnight but friends living near Hopevale emptied their rain gauge of 100mm FOUR! times that night.

No weather channel predicted the monsoonal downpour we encountered. According to people that live upstream of the Endeavour River, the floodwaters in their backyard was higher than after cyclone Larry.

The mooring buoy popped up right next to our bow the next morning and we grabbed it with a boat hook and tied onto it.

Other than a filthy sea strainer the boat and the crew were unharmed. We are still not sure if we were idiots and should not have moved the boat that day but hey, roll the dice and stick with it...

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# The great Cooktown flood of 2016

Story & photos by  
Bob Norson, SC *BareBones*

The days had been on and off rain for more than I could count. I had been in Cooktown for several days and had topped up provisions and water. I was getting itchy feet...again.

I squared the boat away. Cockpit cleared which meant stashing some things in the dinghy, lines tidy and in place, proper chart on top of a tidy nav station, flick up rudders returned to the down position, everything ready to sail anywhere.

I had a great meal of two slabs of Barra, a full ziplock bag full given to me by John and Tracy of Cat *LingaLonga*. While that was underway, John delivered a bag of Muddies! With friends like these I am doomed to obesity! He asked if I knew how to keep them alive for four days. I bullshitted a little by nodding affirmative. My personal method of preserving crab is to cook the lot and then eat until you are ready to explode!

*continued next page...*

# The great Cooktown flood

If there is anything left ya clean the meat out and put it in a bag in the coldest corner of the fridge. It's great the next day and no mess to clean up twice. It started to rain again as John delivered them.

I was going to pull the bung from the dinghy as soon as the shower passed. Not that I was worried anyway. How much could it rain anyway? Enough to fill it? Don't be ridiculous! Big meal, soft patter of rain on the top, about 10 minutes of my book... snoooooz.

The roar woke me at 0200. I jumped out of the rack and ran for the dinghy and saw it was full!! I reached over to grab the side close to me as it was visibly tipping to aft as the weight deformed my supports on the duckboard. My fingers got within 3 inches of it before it went over in a violent crash. Holy shit! How much had it rained!

I lost some important gear including my oars which with my faith in small outboards, are deemed important safety gear. I got the dinghy righted and empty and bung removed. Then it was time for a general assessment. The river was already running hard. Have I drug? Nope, checked my position against others and though we weren't hanging to wind anymore but to the rushing current, we were OK. Leaks? Yup, a couple but manageable. Dozed on and off until light, such as it was.

Dawn saw a river in full flight. It looked like nature had decided to flush the catchment out like a big toilet. Big timber, old and new along with the small stuff were forming into huge rafts and we were right in the main path. Our bows were taking a beating.

The rain was starting to ease but I believed the water level and debris might just be getting started. The winds had been strong all night and the sea was atrocious but the river channel right next to the wharfs looked less clogged with logs.

***"Between the two strong Hondas and the ripping current I was shot out like a canon until I faced the full SE."***

I upped anchor and found a spot in the main channel where you wouldn't normally anchor but no one was going to be stupid enough to complain in this stuff.

But I wasn't happy. For one: I was holding OK but what about the fleet in front of me? I was at the end of the line. I was monitoring my boat but many of the ones in front of me were unattended. And I was right next to an military landing craft tied up safely to the wharf whose crew, seemed very entertained by the whole scene and us in particular. I was being videoed by a woman on board. With their craft secure they could have been assisting others. Maybe they did later. Or maybe not.

Stuff it! Or something like that... I upped the anchor again and did a pirouette in tight space and headed out to the channel and some wild seas. Between the two strong Hondas and the ripping current I was shot out like a canon until I faced the full SE.

*continued next page..*

## The great Cooktown flood

Did I do the right thing? My guess was it was going to get worse before it would get better and poor *BareBones* had already taken a beating. Or it might have abated soon after I left. Anyway, *BareBones* took those seas like a champ. Later that day I found secure anchorage and let the storm blow it's guts out whilst scrubbing my decks some more.

Later talking to people at Lizard Island, we all agreed that getting out of there was a good thing to do. Reports were that this was a 100 year flood, in fact the greatest ever. Officially over 200mm fell that night but unofficial reports from further inland in the catchment area suggested much more than that.



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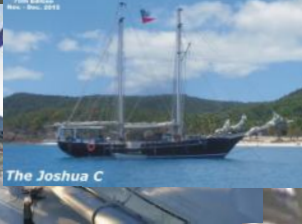
# The Coastal Passage

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# The Marinas

By Sue Streeter

Fishermans Wharf Marina is operated by the Murphy family, who came to live in Hervey Bay from Victoria in 1978. In 1987 the first fishing trawler was purchased by the family who now operate 7 trawlers from the marina, which they leased 2 years ago.

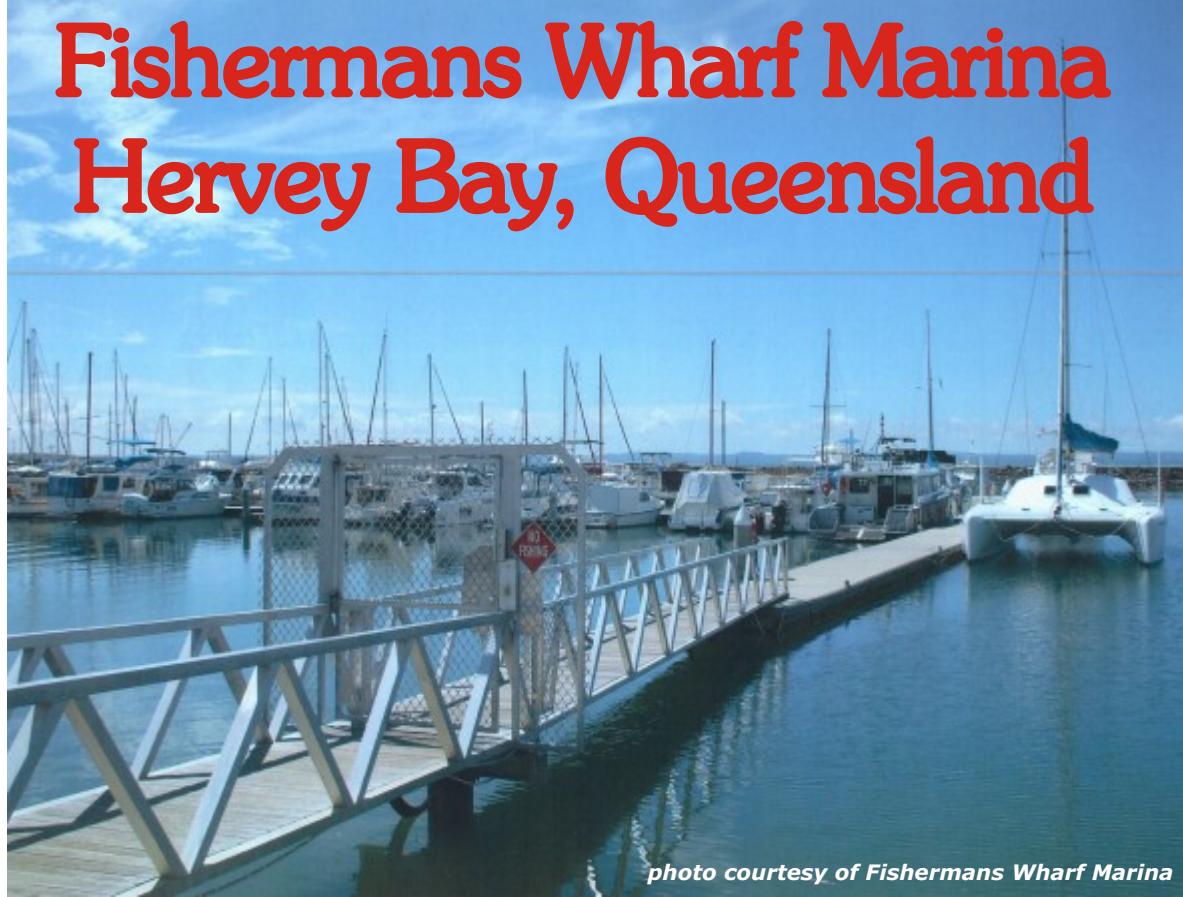
The facility has been restructured and upgraded to accommodate the massive 300 tonne travel lift, large enough for vessels up to 12 metre beam, with adjacent workshop/garage equal to the task, plus wash down & work areas on the hardstand suitable for all sized vessels. Works in progress were continuing during my visit in June, with a new office block to begin construction in July plus modification and new layout to the work areas.

Hervey Bay is the "go to" holiday destination, well known for whale watching and is the gateway to Fraser Island. Fishermans Wharf Marina is situated in Urangan Harbour, easily accessible by water or road.

A public boat ramp with extensive carpark is situated next to the marina, then the Boat Club with its bars, restaurants, poker machines, function rooms and marina - a favourite with locals and visitors to Hervey Bay.

*continued next page...*

## Fishermans Wharf Marina Hervey Bay, Queensland



*photo courtesy of Fishermans Wharf Marina*

# The Marinas

The adjacent boardwalk offers a restaurant, tour, coffee & novelty shops, chemist, hairdresser and laundromat plus 2 more marinas. A regular local bus service, 3 minutes walk from the marina, takes passengers as far as Pialba, with shopping centres throughout the length of the city; the closest being at Urangan shops, approx. 2 kilometres away.

The marina consists of 130 berths, from 9 metres to 24 metres, all with power and water, accommodating commercial vessels, cruisers, monohull and catamaran private vessels. Only 13 berths are owned privately, the remainder can be leased in 6-monthly rests. Mens, ladies, disabled and unisex showers and toilets plus laundry are provided, presented in a modest, very clean condition.

New facilities are on the drawing board and will be built in the next few months, with a BBQ area to be added to the new block.

Electronic security keys operate 1 gate access to the marina, whilst the entire facility is locked up nightly under CCTV surveillance.

A dry storage yard for long or short term is available, plus long or short term parking, both with security.

*continued next page...*



*photo courtesy of Fishermans Wharf Marina*

# The Marinas

Cruising & live aboard boaties are welcome and currently there are 20 live-aboards residing in the facility. An overview of fees, subject to review when marina updates are completed and systems are fully functional, is as below. Also note live aboard fee (permanents) \$15.00 per person per week, and air conditioning use \$15.00 per week per boat.

Berth length 12m/40': - \$49 per day, \$276 per week, \$580 /4 weeks, \$1661 /12 weeks, \$2737 /26 weeks

Vessels with 4.5 m beam but less than 6 metre beam:  
Berth length 12m/40': - \$63 per day, \$356 per week, \$816 /4 weeks, \$2316 /12 weeks, \$3976 /26 weeks

Vessels with 6 metre beam but less than 8 metre beam:  
Berth length 12m/40': - \$97 per day, \$552 per week, \$1161 /4 weeks, \$3322 /12 weeks, \$5474 /26 weeks

#### Travel Lift & Forklift Rates:

All vessels \$12.00 per linear foot

All vessels over 5m in width - set up fee \$250

#### Hardstand rates:

Monohull \$2.00 per foot per day for 1st week \$1.70 per foot per day after 1st week

Multihull over 5mtrs wide \$2.50 per foot per day first week \$2.20 per foot per day after 1st week

*continued next page...*



*Sue Streeter photo*

# The Marinas

All trades are represented within the marina complex, plus sandblasting, aqua blasting and painting by slipway staff, rates and labour charged per hour, with an environment levy \$25.00.

For you information:

Shed 1 & 2 - Ken Shaw Engineer Mob: 0419 723 230

Shed 3 - Mobile Mechanics Mob: 0458 969 915

Shed 4 - Knot a Worry, Rigging, Diesel Mechanics, 12-48

Volt installs + repairs & Chandlery

Mob: 0487 190 486

Shed 8 & 9 - Sandy Straits Marine Boat Repairs Mob:

0438 186 178

Shed 10 - Fibreglass repairs John Saliba Mob: 0405 849

729

Old Cafe - S&L Upholsterers Mob: 0434 433 779

A commercial freezer storage facility on site exports seafood & sells wholesale and retail to the public, plus Hervey Bay Shipbrokers - completes the many outstanding features of this innovative marina, providing the complete requirements for local and cruising boaties.

VMR 466 call sign for Hervey Bay Coast Guard

Enquiries: Phone 07 4128 9119 during working hours.

Email: [fishermanswharfhb@bigpond.com](mailto:fishermanswharfhb@bigpond.com)



*photo courtesy of Fishermans Wharf Marina*


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



**Sue**

*Photo by Maureen Griffith*

Now based at Cairns, Sue has owned *Pacifica* for 15 years, and moved on board to live in 2010. *Pacifica* is Sue's 4th sailing boat. The first 2 were with partners, the 3rd was an 8 metre Quest which Sue kept in Moreton Bay, Redland Shire. Sue has sailed as far as Thursday Island group, onto to Gove in the Northern Territory, and from Cairns as far south as Bundaberg. She regularly makes trips to the reef and loves the Cairns area because, as Sue says, "We are so close - a day's sail there and back - to coral cays and The Great Barrier Reef." Sue retired last year after 30 years in real estate doing property management. She has started the business *Marina Berth Swap* in 2015 ([www.marainaberthswap.com](http://www.marainaberthswap.com)), which she hopes will take off to benefit cruising folk.



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# On land or on sea -

*Jan Forsyth gives her opinion*

Why do we cruise?

It's the challenge. The far horizon, the unknown, the desire for adventure not found in mowing lawns and collecting 'stuff'. Pitting oneself against nature, having an understanding of tide and moon, of wind and cloud, of the full moon rising orange and pulsating above an uncluttered horizon is in my book a perfect life.

I have friends who drag their posh caravan around the country with a flashy SUV and - yes that life is a great alternative to sailing. A road doesn't surge up and hit you in the face, there are resting spots and cafes along the way and safe havens in foul weather. Everyone has a vehicle and most are skilled sufficient enough to avoid accidents. There are many advantages of road travel, and let's be honest - the road is a safe and convenient life but is it more exciting or dangerous than life on the sea?

Granted, there are many more skills required to cruise and one must or should have a certain amount of technical talent. Technology has opened the hatch to cruising navigation, a skill once requiring understanding of the stars now requires the use of a good computer program. If there is mechanical troubles on the road, help is usually at hand and in most cases it is not life threatening. If marine systems breakdown anywhere on the sea it can be a helpless situation even for those with mechanical knowledge. And you can bet an engine will give trouble when the boat is in a precarious situation.



***Jan (right) at a market, somewhere...***

Cruising near reef or rock or navigating through rough seas or even coming into a marina an engine must be reliable or have someone on board who has engineering capabilities.

*continued next page...*



## *On land or on sea -*

We lost the yacht's steerage in the middle of a storm from Lombok to Bali; treacherous reef and a huge swell didn't make it easy for the skipper. He had to disengage the steerage and find the tiller and it was thanks to his knowledge of his boat's workings that the boat did not capsize and we reached Bali safe and sound if a little wet.

The art of tying knots, simple as it may sound has always been a psychological challenge for me. Coming in the dark of night on a storm to a marina in The Bay of

Islands I had to jump off and secure the boat with a bowline. Do you think I could tie the retched knot? Hands slippery with sweat and rain didn't help. That same bloody knot I had practised for weeks failed me when I needed it most.

The skipper made me stay on the finger in the pouring rain that night until I got it right and secured the boat. I still, after a decade at sea have trouble with that particular knot.

Having to jump off a high deck onto a skinny bit of dock to secure a great thumping boat can never be less than terrifying. Anchoring is much more painless, as I usually have the easy job at the helm while the skipper directs from the bow. However there are many more hazards anchoring out than being tied up in a marina.

Like the night in Marcona Inlet, when I awoke, with a strange unexplainable feeling that something was wrong. The boat was perfectly still. Up on the dark deck everything appeared normal, we were a safe distance from the rocky shore, no other boat was near, so what was it?

We were aground; the sensation of 'no movement' had woken me. Stuck in the mud of Marcona, the anchor had lost its hold and we had quietly slithered up onto a bank. Fortunately the bank saved us from the rocks. But with the tide racing out, there was no way of moving the heavy boat at that time. An anxious night followed worrying whether the boat would tip over as the tide dropped and whether we would be able to move off to deep water in the morning.

***"Sometimes in distant countries there is little or no food let alone fresh milk for a cuppa."***

First light on an incoming tide, skipper launched the dinghy packed with the spare anchor and lines. The main motor was no use as the prop was buried in mud. I stood at the helm hoping the other yachts were still asleep and watched the depth as he tugged and strained and swore. Although unspoken, the situation would have been quickly rectified with help from other dinghies, a small matter of dignity had to be considered.

You can't hop in the car and head into town for a carton of milk. Sometimes in distant countries there is little or no food let alone fresh milk for a cuppa. There isn't even water if the boat is not graced with a water maker this can become a grave situation. Like the time when a friend drank a glass of water from a tap on an island in Vanuatu he did this just to prove I was wasting precious resources by boiling all our water. His groans from the heads woke most of the yachts in the anchorage that night.

Then there is the problem of transport. While in Mackay Marina I found myself hitchhiking for the first time in my life in order to get to a supermarket. Coughing in clouds of dust at the side of the road as many cars whizzed by, anxious as to who will offer me a ride, I began to regret my impulsive behaviour.

*continued next page...*

## *On land or on sea -*

But finally a kind woman stopped - what a feeling of friendship I felt for her and vowed to be kind to hitchhikers from then on. Later with laden trolley I found I could have caught a bus from the Marina instead of hitchhiking, I felt so stupid, but then to recharge my ego I told myself I would have missed a new experience.

When cruising in Asia there are wonderful produce markets, fresh and cheap, but a distance away. Rather than paying for a ride I bought a fold up bike with baskets fore and aft to gather supplies. Taking my life in my handlebars I would wobble back to the boat overladen with goodies. A nightmare of a journey past huge open monsoon drains, swept up in a surge of violent traffic and beeping horns, I would somehow make it back to the marina alive and with supplies intact. Then it would be another hour or so while I de-vermonised, dried and packed everything away.

Thinking of that necessary production I wonder if life in an SUV and caravan would not be more attractive. I would be able to drive to the supermarket for vermin free goods, no hauling necessary as I push the trolley to the vehicle. On my return to the van, I would pack everything straight from the vehicle into large cupboards and fridge. Not bothering to wash or wrap for protection or life span. Connecting the caravan's hose to the nearest tap then drinking the water from the sink faucet. Having a long hot shower and settling down for the night with the knowledge I would wake in the morning still in the same place.

Why, would anyone prefer the complexity of cruising to the straightforward life in a caravan? For me there is no choice. It will always be cruising. The smell of brine, the wind in my hair, swimming, diving, snorkelling and the sheer freedom of it all casts a shadow over all the inconvenience and dangers that are life on the sea.



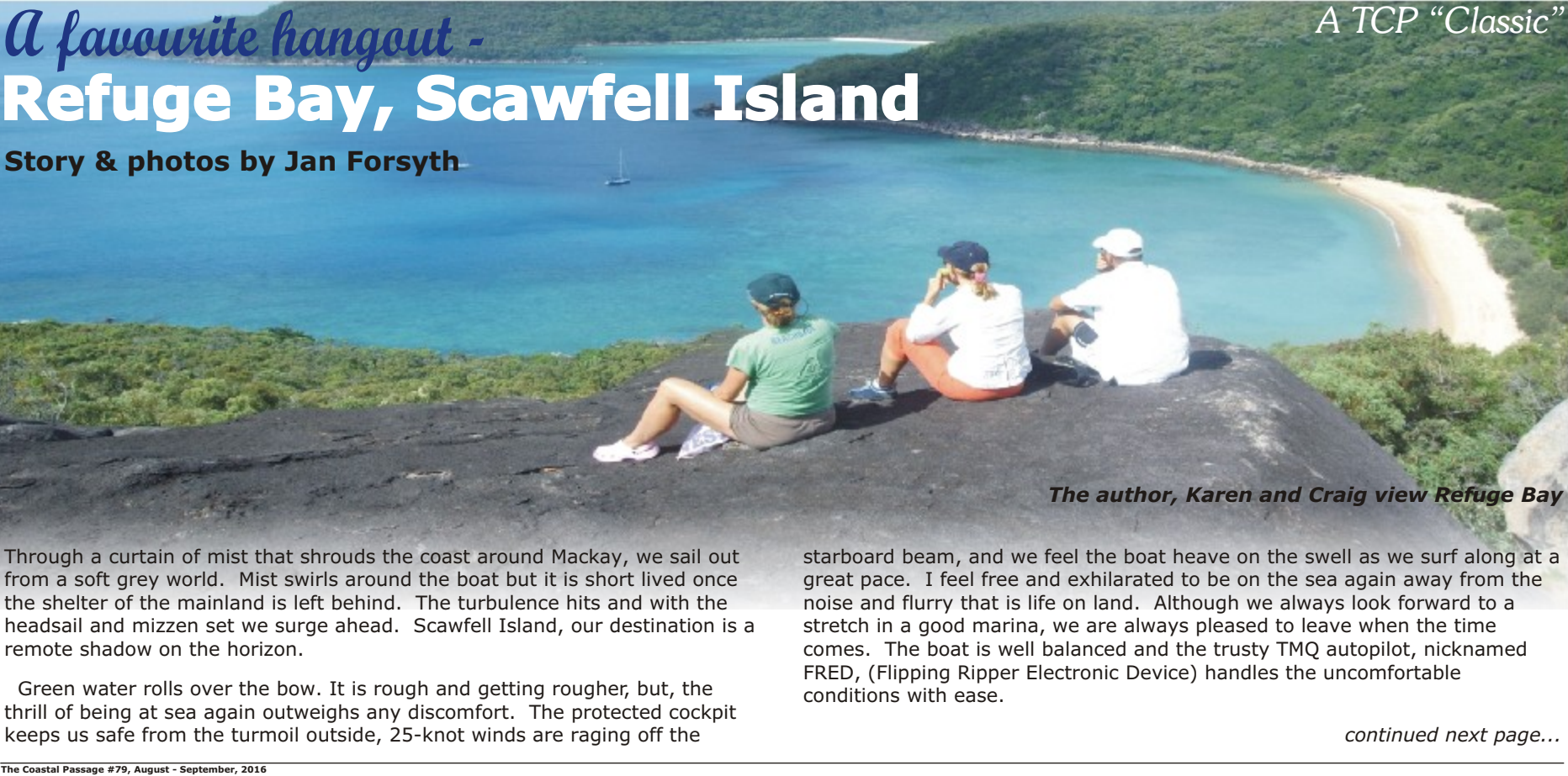
***Prepping the transport***

*'To steer a boat is a unique pleasure that combines all the sensory perceptions sparked by wind and waves and the way a boat deals with those elements.'*

*"A Salty piece of Land" by Jimmy Buffet.*

# *A favourite hangout -* **Refuge Bay, Scawfell Island**

**Story & photos by Jan Forsyth**



*The author, Karen and Craig view Refuge Bay*

Through a curtain of mist that shrouds the coast around Mackay, we sail out from a soft grey world. Mist swirls around the boat but it is short lived once the shelter of the mainland is left behind. The turbulence hits and with the headsail and mizzen set we surge ahead. Scawfell Island, our destination is a remote shadow on the horizon.

Green water rolls over the bow. It is rough and getting rougher, but, the thrill of being at sea again outweighs any discomfort. The protected cockpit keeps us safe from the turmoil outside, 25-knot winds are raging off the

starboard beam, and we feel the boat heave on the swell as we surf along at a great pace. I feel free and exhilarated to be on the sea again away from the noise and flurry that is life on land. Although we always look forward to a stretch in a good marina, we are always pleased to leave when the time comes. The boat is well balanced and the trusty TMQ autopilot, nicknamed FRED, (Flipping Ripper Electronic Device) handles the uncomfortable conditions with ease.

*continued next page...*

## *A favourite hangout -*

Refuge Bay on the north side of Scawfell Island is our destination, a 28-mile trip and we are both pleased to be able to sail rather than have to use the motor. Nothing appeals to the senses more than the whish of the wind in the sails as it pushes the yacht along rather than having to listen to a motor that hammers away below dulling all power of thought.

Unlike me, the boat is in her element sliding gracefully across the troubled sea. While I'm tucked up in the cockpit trying to keep my breakfast down, and fighting the nausea that comes after too long a time in a marina and a few too many sundowners the night before. I am grateful that we are not setting out on a long ocean cruise, as I am not physically ready. It will take a number of days at sea for the body to adjust from the stability of the marina to a world of constant movement.

We arrive at the anchorage after nearly four hours of hard sailing. The bay, deep blue and peaceful, is protected from the south easterlies that reign in April. As I drop the mizzen I look up at the high granite rocks and thick foliage that clings in colourful abandon around the edges of this imposing bay. I wonder if the rock face would be accessible as the view from the top would be supreme, but the thought of scaling up is not in the least appealing to me.

The anchor is carefully set after a number of unsuccessful attempts, which take about 20 minutes, driving me mad with impatience at the wheel, but with a conscientious skipper who likes to make sure the anchor is properly set so the boat won't drag, I have to contain my frustration and follow orders. He is immune to my crankiness anyway, taking no notice of any suggestion that he is "taking far too long" and "why do we have to go round the bay again?"



***Safely anchored at Refuge Bay***

We are out of the constant wind but not the roaring bullets that shoot down the rocky gullies. Some gusts must be up to 50 knots but we settle in comfortably and the skipper is content that we are safely anchored.

*continued next page...*

## *A favourite hangout -*

Time to relax and take in the scene, the thrashing and crashing from the trip over has taken its toll so we rest for a couple of hours in the cockpit. I look up at the landscape with its huge granite boulders clinging precariously to the cliff and marvel at the beauty of this imposing island. We watch from the cockpit as friends drop anchor close by and when we get together a little later a plan is formed to climb to the top of the granite cliffs. I am silent with dread at the thought of clambering up to the top, but to decline would be a cop out, so I reluctantly agree.

The trusty 3-metre tinny takes us ashore after our rest, the wheels are lowered to pull it high up on the white sandy beach, out of range from the incoming tide. I take a deep breath as I look up at the granite face we are about to climb, mumble something about wishing I'd stayed on board, and begin. No easy feat, I find that I'm sadly out of shape as I heave myself up trying to locate crumbling footholds with straining leg muscles and shaking feet.

The others race up way ahead of me, but I am happy to be left behind as no one can see my slipping and sliding as I try to grasp the unforgiving granite. Sweat rolls from my forehead into my eyes, a branch snaps as I grab hold and I slip back down. By now the others are up on the top. I have to rest a moment after making a tremendous effort to reach the half way mark. Pressing my body against the warm rock, I try to scale higher, in some places reaching above my head for a hand grip, and then slipping back down to the ledge that I'd just left. It takes all my perseverance and concentration to make the top.

But wow! The view is worth every scratch and aching muscle when I finally haul myself over the last ledge and sit on top of the world to take in the vista below.

*continued next page...*



## *A favourite hangout -*

I forget for a while that I have to get back down as I gaze out over the bay at the stunning scene and the yachts resting at anchor way down below on an azure quilt. It is a relieved feeling of accomplishment to be there looking down from where we have come but this feeling is short lived as if I thought the climb up the cliff was difficult, the scramble down via a dry creek bed to the beach was deadly.

We moved off for the downward journey after I had collected my breath and steadied my racing pulse. The creek bed, embellished with small boulders and what I imagined would be waterfalls when it rained tried its best to kill me. Slipping and sliding down over rubble and rock, I had to grab hold of overhanging branches to save me from falling. With my feet pressed against the rock face, trying desperately to maintain a grip, while in some places I just had to sit down and slid on my bottom to the next ledge, thankful there was no gushing water.

Scratched and exhausted I finally arrived back on the beach, where the others were already recuperating. Plunging into the cool water I soon recovered and felt a tremendous feeling of accomplishment and was damn glad I still had life and limb.

The next day dawned, presenting a repeat of the day before's weather; 0645 and we are ready to dive for dinner. Our friends pick us up in their inflatable and we're off for a hair-raising ride hanging on for grim death as we zoom over the wind-swept bay and around the point looking for a good dive spot. I found it great to be back in the water after five long months ashore, and although my wounds of the day before protested at another new activity, it was only a matter of minutes before I felt completely at ease and ready to explore the underwater world of the island.

Visibility was marginal and there were very few spearable fish about but I



***Will this one survive the all the obstacles?***

didn't care. I was in my element chasing fish and feeling weightless. My skipper, an experienced diver, armed with spear gun, stalks the reef and rocks in order to find our dinner. I move off on my own to explore rather than hunt. I hover over a rocky community of industrious fish, pecking away at the rock that feeds and protects them, while others dart in and out chasing intruders that dare to invade their territory, while still others stop at a fish cleaning station to allow a cleaner fish to remove their parasites.

*continued next page...*

## *A favourite hangout -*

I am not in the least bit interested in spearing fish, I'd much rather observe their antics while imposing in their territory. However, once they are on the plate or BBQ, I don't complain as long as I don't have to kill them. Meanwhile the skipper manages to bring in the first good size coral trout, his sheer determination makes him a success in the water and we soon have enough fish for both boats.

After lunch, the wind drops so we clamber into the tinny to explore the island from the water. Around to the windward side where giant boulders graduate to small stones covering the beach, it is still far to rough to linger, but I can see that without the choppy conditions it would be another attractive anchorage.

Motoring back, the engine slows and we find it is overheating; we have to stop. The wind is increasing and I begin to worry that we will have trouble rowing back to the boat. However, the trusty skipper puts on his mechanics hat, tinkers a little, swears a little more and we are mobile, I put the oars to bed thankfully and we are under power again.

Our friends Craig and Karen roar over in their dinghy soon after we return, they report breathlessly that turtle hatchlings are racing down the beach; do we want to watch? We jump into their dinghy and hang on for dear life as Craig only knows one speed flat out! We skim over the top of the waves into shore and there they are - tiny turtles scampering over the sand and down the beach to the water. I wonder in amazement how they know their way to the sea from way back over the dunes. When they hit the water, they swim like hell to who knows where; dozens of them reach the water without mishap, as we are standing guard protecting them from the hungry birds that soar with agitated frustration above us. Gently I grab a couple of babies for photographs and inspect their perfection then softly place them on the sand to continue their rapid pursuit to their new and treacherous home. Craig spots a dark shape hovering out in the water; waiting for dinner I presume, however it is too murky to distinguish the fate of the babies, we can't protect them in that element; the sea only allows the strongest to survive.

After three days in this captivating anchorage where there was much to discover and explore, we up anchor and set our course for the next adventure. For us sea gypsies it is time to face the gales and squalls once again on route to Brampton Island. We say a sad farewell to our friends who must return to their life on land in Mackay. Who knows when we will meet again?



***Afloat and Adrift*** begins on the West Coast of Australia when a discontented career woman begins to question what life should really be about, she makes a courageous change that sets her adrift from financial and personal security.

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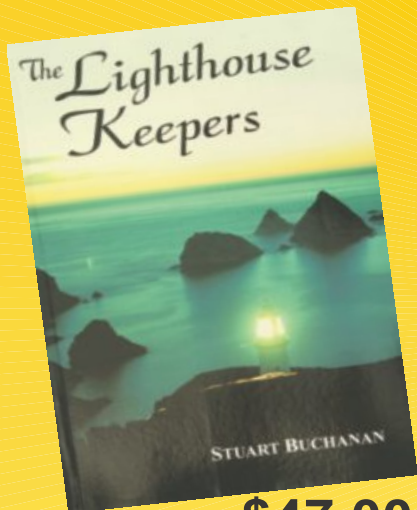
But it is in the South Pacific, when she becomes part of the world of oceangoing yachts and the people who have made the sea their home that she finally finds what she is looking for.

In this adventurous but somewhat dangerous world, maintaining her place sets new challenges, and she almost loses everything she has gained.

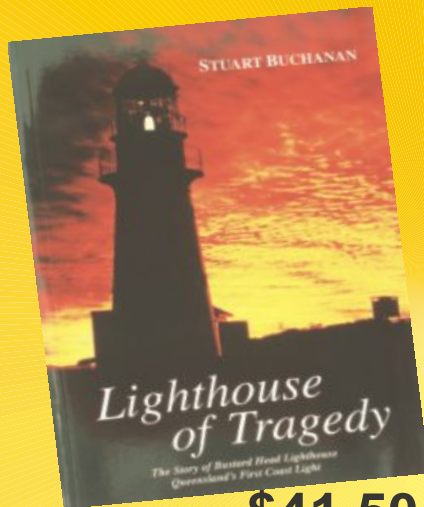
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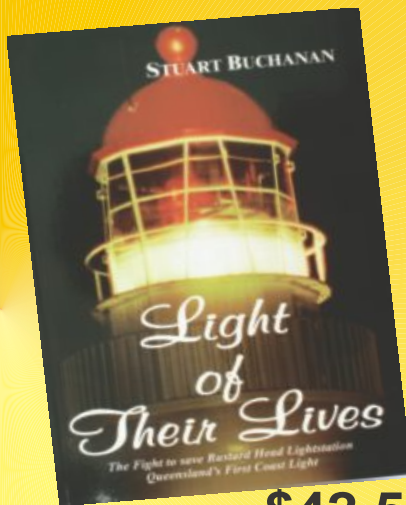
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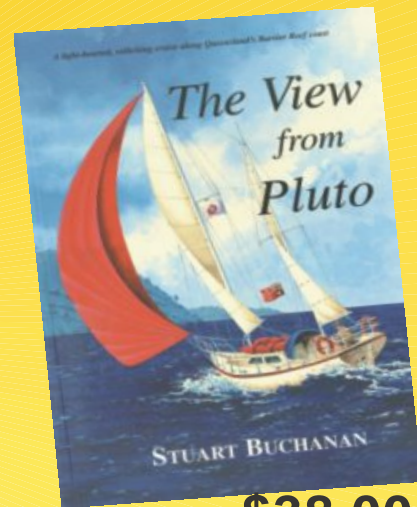
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# ***Cairns, Queen of the North!***

A scenic view of Cairns, Australia, featuring a harbor with several sailboats and a backdrop of blue mountains under a cloudy sky. The foreground shows a white sailboat with a blue canopy. The middle ground is filled with other sailboats of various sizes. The background consists of a dense forest of green trees and a range of blue mountains under a sky with scattered white clouds.

**Sailing the far north, whether it is all the way around or just to Lizard Island has one must stop - Cairns.**

**Words and photos by Bob Norson, SC *BareBones***

# Cairns



The fuel wharf as seen approaching the marina from the west. The entrance is visible to the right and the grey donga is left of the tug.

Marlin Marina is a government owned facility that caters largely to the commercial operations, even cruise ships on the outer wall, but yachts are welcome if there is a vacant berth.

The marina had a pretty vial reputation a few years ago. They were charging for daily rental of dinghy berthing space which upset those that were anchored outside that wanted access for provisioning and very importantly, water. TCP covered complaints by yachts about that. The Gov relented and now at the inside of "E" row is a large area allocated for dinghy berthing which is abused by many. This annoys me. It tends to validate every derogatory thing ever said about yachties by those that resisted giving in to things like free berthing for dinghys. Sailors short-leashing their dinghys and often leaving them for long periods are a nuisance and reflect badly on all of us. Unless there is a shortage of

room for navigation next to the jetty there is no excuse for short-leashing. A decently long painter, say at least 2.5 meters can allow for more to use the same space and will prevent damage to neighbouring dinghys. And need I say that leaving your outboard tilted up is going to inflict damage to others, especially deflatables? And especially if the jetty takes an inside corner... If you can't make easy on other sailors, sell the boat and go get a government job. OK... I'm almost done with my rant.

There are also pile berths outside the marina but they are usually occupied by local boats but you can ask in the marina office about them is you like.

Fuel... Cairns is the last-best stop before the great wide open. There is fuel at Yorkies Knob but not as handy as Cairns.

Cooktown also has fuel and an IGA supermarket but neither is the all purpose stop over of Cairns. Having said that, there are some rules you should know about fueling up at Marlin Marina. They are there to cater for the commercial operations and take care of yachts as best they can. Look for the fuel wharf just inside the marina entrance to your west/left. If you want smaller amounts and have jerry cans, you are advised to show up between 0800 and 0830 in your dinghy. The crew will be standing by for you. Tie up to the wharf on the end near the entrance and alert the crew in the office above (grey donga) if they don't spot you coming in. Don't look for bowsers! The squirter end will be dangling from a stainless steel box above. Industrial size! If you need to fuel your boat and are taking more than you have jerry cans for, ring Frank or whoever is on duty at 0408 515 955 or (07) 4051 9917.

*continues next page...*

# Cairns & Trinity Inlet



They will really try to accommodate you if you look after them but remember they have the commercial boats coming in and they are on schedules and they buy a lot! And they are big enough to crush you like a bug if things get crowded! You are also welcome to water your boat there but again, don't get in the way of the commercial boats. And here is my last bit about bum yachties... they used to have a hose on the tap but it seemed to disappear at night... so have your own ready.

## Anchoring

Trinity Inlet and adjacent waterways are perhaps the largest system of its kind in Queensland if not Australia. This has attracted an amazingly large and varied fleet but there is still room for more.

If your are only around for a day or two and the weather is quiet, you

can find a place on the outside end of the pile berths. That makes it handy to the marina for fuel and water.

A fair tide runs through the inlet so give yourself some room to anchor but the holding is excellent.

If you are sensitive about being cramped in, you go in deeper, but then you have newer neighbours, newer and smaller and they all bite! Bring Areoguard! Come to think of it, better get Bushman brand repellent with the highest DEET content you can find. It will be expensive but worth it's weight in gold, pay the

money.... On the weekends, that far down in the creeks still won't keep traffic away as at the end of Redbank Creek is a boat ramp and trailer boat storage facility. You have gone so far up the creek you have got BACK to civilisation! Lesson learned Grasshopper... you can't win that easy. Cairns is a city, you aren't "there" yet.

*continues next page...*

# Cairns & Trinity Inlet

But if you can't beat em, enjoy em! I had fun sitting in the cabin people watching and noticing what different boaties do. Here is a mind blower for you. Whilst I was way up Redbank creek there were only two craft that ever slowed down as law requires within 30 metres of an anchored vessel. A pair of jet skis! The fishing boats? Not one, zero, zip, nada, nill. They all had to take a look at this big white thing in "their" part of the inlet but it never affected their throttle control!

Besides the midgees and fishing boats, there was another pest, a plane that flew over us a few times a day, very low, everywhere we anchored. It had a blue bottom with no wing numbers? No rego? Very strange.

Navigating the creek isn't that bad. If in doubt use a rising tide but if you have experience in creeks the deeper water will be where you expect it. If your tidal creek experience is limited, the general rule is there are two channels: one for flood and another for runout. Remember that water doesn't like to change direction unless forced by land mass. They can share a path. The hard rule is that the inside of a bend is never the best water and because the tidal paths diverge as mentioned a moment ago, a wide spot in the river may shoal in the center confounding a navigator assuming the middle has the best chance of being good depth. If you see a bank steep to with bare mangrove roots showing on the outside of a bend, there is probably good water there. Lucas has most of the system charted and his paths make sense but are older and incomplete. There is more creek than he charts.

Upper right: The weekend Gawkers on parade! I'm sure they mean no harm but they can come alarmingly close to an anchored yacht while distracted by it's presence!

Lower right: That bloody low flying plane. Usually aircraft have to have approximately 600mm tall numbers on the underwing. Unless it was an aircraft used at least partly for government surveillance? See editorial for my reasoning.



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By Cliff Lawrence, Building a boat...

When we stand at one of life's "crossroad" decisions, how do we interpret the signs?

## OPTION A: ADVERSITY

If doubt clouds our minds capacity to preform, doubt usually manifests into fear of failure. Failure becomes focus.

We contrive all manner of reasons/excuses not to commit. We cannot visualise success.

"Advisors" step in; but their well-meant philosophies are usually irrelevant. Being products of their peculiar enviros, not yours. Their opinions shall range from gung-ho to timidity. Their motives from genuine concern to envy. Some shall talk you down, to avoid onus.

Deflated and indecisive, you're now a self-fulfilling prophecy of adversity/failure.

## OPTION B: OPPORTUNITY

An open, objective mind balances the decision's pros and cons, favouring neither. Your instinctive "6<sup>th</sup> sense" kicks in and does an on the spot S.W.O.T. (Strengths, Weaknesses, Opportunities, Threats) weighing your varying capacities against the decisions requirements.

Your subconscious "6<sup>th</sup> sense" is your best "advisor". It knows you better than anybody. It stores a lifetime of your capacities/incapacities. Trust it.

If probability is a possibility, opportunity gets a fair hearing via ongoing R&D (research & development) inquisition.

Two very basic attitudes are often the difference between success and failure in any consideration:

1. Belief that it should happen.
2. Not enough obstacles too prevent it happening.

With confidence high, success is a simple process:

1. Visualise the decisions "perfect world" conclusion.
2. Reverse the conclusion back to current situation - in say, increments of 5 stages.
3. Reverse those 5 stages, from current to conclusion. You now have a sequential structured plan/strategy.
4. Get fair-dinkum and make it happen.

OK, where's this "positive vs negative" "proactive vs reactive preamble heading?

*continued next page...*

## Adversity or opportunity?

Friends in the boating industry are concerned about the industry's extended slump. Its affecting their business. They're industrious professionals whose experienced backgrounds instigated and nurtured their business contribution to boating.

They don't deserve to become "collateral damage" due to other participants benign acceptance of the industries "bust" cycle. Failure to adapt to the opportunities changed circumstances invites. The industry's contrived problems are cyclical, predictable and thus remedial.

Too many boat manufactures have forgotten the aqua elements essence and magnetism; "messin about in boats" in the cradle of life. A boat used to be a simple affordable structure with basic objectives; to float and keep water out. A child has more recreational fun on a truck's inflated inner-tube than on a super yacht. Bass and Flinders charted much of our unknown coastline in "Tom Thumb", an 8ft/2.4m dinghy why deploy that era's tall ships when a tiny craft did a better job accessing our river and estuary shoals? Less is more?

Change is the only constant. A few property & mining booms raised boating's sights. And costs.

1. Around 1960 the recreational benefits of ancient multihulls was rediscovered. Larger craft accessed the shallows and crossed oceans too.

2. Monohull brands fought back to defend market monopoly. Bigger. Faster. More luxurious than median real estate. Hang the expense they targeted the rich and various "booms" new money.

Multis took up the challenge. Whilst Wharram and his ilk produced spartan, affordable craft, OZ brands headed by Crowther fought mono luxury with multi luxury. Status and ego prevailed.

**"A boat used to be a simple affordable structure with basic objectives; to float and keep water out."**

3. The race was on to price itself out of the market affordable to boating's majority. Fun for the overcrowded top end brands whilst it lasted. But as John Lennon observed, "Life is what happens while were making other plans", predictably, "bust follows boom"/ The GFC!

4. GFC '08. The top end market closed down as receivers almost outnumbered viable corps and the newly rich. Another change. To survival territory.

Another reality penny dropped. The cost of Australia (OZ) labour. As consequence of the mostly 70's 80's rebellious "ambitlog of wage/conditions claims" era, our labour is globally non competitive.

Put the double-negative together, i.e. trying to manufacture luxury boats in OZ, to sell to a reduced quota of buyers spelt malnutrition to such brands. Only the elite shall muddle on.

The inevitable has occurred. More luxury brands of both monos and multis manufacture offshore. Labour content in OZ accounts more or less 40% of cost less offshore.

*continued next page...*

## Adversity or opportunity?

5. Other "here now and medium term years" considerations include government instability and more potential hung-parliaments. Apart from inhibiting fluent governance, disruption prolongs the reeling in of our unsustainable debt, business confidence ebbs, superannuants confused as rules change and diminished confidence promotes a "consolidate without risk" philosophy. OZ treads water.

6. What a great operating enviro for the boating industry! The family home is the last untaxable bastion. Spending on luxury and speculation otherwise, ceases.

During such belt-tightening times when I was a L J Hooker franchise, homeowners spend on creature comforts. A home reno is also an investment which pays off next "boom". Cars get upgraded. A pool/spa. Perhaps a cruise. Or how about a mid-range family boat? Summers of bonding and cherished memories!

What a magnificent opportunity for an OZ boat manufacture (or three) to capitalize in a non-active competitive market! Everyone's asleep.

One industry attitude must address reality and the constancy of changing times. Sidestep or decimate the cost of labour; pass such savings on to buyers. But most importantly, target the markets majority of buyers with something they haven't had for at least 3 decades - value.

Global grocery giant ALDI (\$80 billion p.a.) gives value; around 25% cheaper than the duopoly of Coles/Wollies, whose assumption made them easy targets.

What's the winning edge? ALDI are privately owned, thus no non-productive addendums such as share holders. A fact: ALDI employ 1 staff to each 10 Wollies staff. Every ALDI staff do everything from check-outs to loading docks. That 1:10 ratio is a winning edge in labour cost.

***"..target the markets majority of buyers with something they haven't had for at least 3 decades - value."***

Another global giant IKEA has similar labour and target market strategy. The flat-pack furniture saves storage space, thus cost of real estate (storing assembled furniture). Flat-pack reduce the bulk, thus cost of freight. Unassembled furniture eliminates most labour cost. That reduces retail, thus creates a more affordable product to low mid range buyers.

Bunnings success also involves the DIY market.

A personal endorsement re cost of labour: I'm a 73 Y.O. non-tradie solo building a 37ft power catamaran within a \$110k budget including propulsion, solar, wind turbine, a foredeck spa and absolutely no skimping. Its 4 layers of epoxied glass over 40mm of foam insulation. 3 double berths, 2 vanities, separate shower and WC. 8 seat dining/lounge in saloon. Bridgedeck galley. Cockpit BBQ & tubs plus an 8 seat table/work bench. Outdoor solar shower (100ltr), full headroom throughout.

Imagine the boating market's response to , say, 3x aesthetic, super functional boats which arrive in compact containers in pre-glassed sections, attach as simply "LEGGO"; have all plumbing/electrical materials colour-coded & really only require glassing over joins, then faring and spray painting.

*continued next page...*



## Adversity or opportunity?

A say, 30ft mono trailer-sailer, a 30ft trailerable fast fishing boat and a 30ft catamaran would cost way less than my 37ft cat. Lets say in the vicinity of 70-80k each. A family fun yacht/fishing craft for way less than a 30ft tinny or a 22 footer.

Too easy to sell. It would create a new market; a couple of mates/rellos throwing in \$40K each would halve assembly time, have 26 weeks each p.a. usage. Compare that to a 30ft bareboat mono/cat hire for 6 months p.a. over say, 5 years. Cater to the time-poor buyer who wants to spend the school holidays in the Whitsundays, but cant if the family have to sail from Brisbane. Better to spend a day driving to, then from, have that holiday afloat, then park the boat at home.

I've noticed decreasing advertisements for that market recently. Old habits die hard. Why quit, draw the drapes and crawl under the bed when such opportunity is there for the taking? A relevant analogy. It respects the basic tenet of any form of investment for purchasers): Sell n the high, buy on the low!

My experience: The mid-late 1970's recession; 17% mortgages. I was eating capital and not too far off dire straits. Top end properties weren't selling. Nobody responded to such adverts. Perchance I read Einstein's definition of lunacy; repeating an identical action and expecting a different result!

I decided to test the cheaper market. A double page spread in a free property mag, "Realtor" did the trick. Bold letters headed a dozen or so of our low-mid-range best value properties: "BEHOLD THE TORTOISE...HE CANT MAKE PROGRESS IF HE DOSENT STICK HIS NECK OUT!" The adverts excluded photos. Just facts and red hot prices. The bottom line

truth was obvious: "YOU'LL NEVER BUY AT THESE PRICES AGAIN!" We sold more real estate off that advert than the previous 6 months in total. Why did I keep the cheapies (affordable) a secret so long?!

Forget the glossy boat mags for advertising entry level boats. A grapevine type boaties mag like TCP preaches to a captive audience of over 100k boat addicts. The "wholesale" price concept of DIY assembly, TCP exposure and sail/motor club "field days" would breath life into the industry.

### **Bob's reply**

*Yes Cliff, I COULD NOT AGREE MORE!!!!!!!!!!!! Australian business ethic is AFU. For years I have seen examples. 'Why the price rise?' Because business was slow so had to raise prices to pay the bills. Stupid Stupid Stupid!!! Makes a probable failure into assured. Whether it is fish and chips or yachts. You need to generate more volume and LOWERING PRICES has that effect. Not to mention it has to be a good product that people want.*

*My BareBones concept (circa 2006) was in anticipation of the GFC. I saw the market for cruising cats as unsustainable, financed by a housing boom. I envisioned a cat (and that is the kind of boat that was/is still in demand) that was reduced to the essentials, everything you need and nothing you don't. Fast, seaworthy, well constructed of good materials and comfortable as long as you can live without tile lined showers. for a home builder, as Cliff says, even a 73 YO non-tradie. Or a 60 year old publisher.*

*continued next page...*

## Adversity or opportunity?

*I got derailed with some early bad advise and materials which was costly to overcome but with the 'bugs worked out' it is now a reasonable way to go.*

*If parties are interested, I might draw plans for BareBones II, incorporating all the things I've learnt in design and construction and what materials to use and avoid.*

*As far as unit construction, Fusion Cats has done a good job and continues to sell the now Thai made kits. The kits aren't as complete as in Cliff's vision but there is a builder in Mackay that will finish to whatever state you want.*

*Builders like Bob Burgess prefer traditional polyester resins and female moulds. So once the first set of moulds are produced, and the first boat proven, lucky followers can get the use of such moulds for reasonable cost and that can amount to a real savings in time=\$. Not to mention being able to achieve a quality of finish even a talented first timer would not have a chance at.*

*I do not recall any ads lately for the lowest price cat but plenty for the 'most luxurious' or such. How many people remember the Seawind 24? Still sought after.*

*I spent a couple decades in retail and I always figured a recession was the best time to start up. Reason being that when things are tight people look into start ups whereas when things are fat they tend to just go where they have before, inertia.*

*Cliff, you and I would have been good neighbours on retail street!*



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# Why DIY is always the best way to sell your boat

By **Stuart Mears, SY Verella & Author of "OVER-BOATED?"**

When it comes to selling a boat, the vendor's first impulse is often to hand-ball responsibility over to a yacht broker. Maybe the boat has become a mental block; maintenance has been neglected and the vendor just wants it gone.

But the reality is that this mindset is an open invitation to rape. Bend over if you must, but it's not to be recommended as a recipe for survival, let alone financial prosperity.

A big part of the reason why boat prices have crashed since 2007 has to do with precisely this dysfunctional vendor mindset against a backdrop of generalized financial stress.

There is a very powerful reason why this tactic fails every time; which is also the reason why DIY is nowadays the only way to go.

The reason has nothing to do with broker commission. While the broker's commission is often cited by vendors, the rationale for DIY has absolutely nothing to do with cutting out the middle man and saving commission.

The yacht broker business model is about getting deals across the line. And even though the boat vendor pays

the broker's commission, for multiple reasons it's the vendor not the buyer that will be leant upon in a price negotiation. The vendor is already in the broker's pocket. The buyer on the other hand represents not only an immediate opportunity, but also future business because every buyer becomes a vendor. The broker leans on the vendor and price takes a hit.

The thing is, buyer emotion trumps price every time. But activating buyer emotion must begin the moment your prospective buyer discovers your vessel on the Internet. If you're serious about selling your boat for its true worth, you absolutely need know how to activate buyer emotional response. Step by step, it's in the book.

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DIY boat vendor advertisers in the The Coastal Passage now have access to a free copy of OVER-BOATED? (the book) in whichever format is e-reader compatible. If you are one of them send me an email at [editor@over-boated.com](mailto:editor@over-boated.com) and specify your e-reader.

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# ***Vision* is for sale**

**50ft Steel Pilothouse Cruising Ketch**

*more on next page...*



# Vision is for sale



Hull is 6mm Corten medium tensile steel, reputed to be more rust resistant than mild steel, this boat is well equipped for long range liveaboard cruising, and furlers on headsail and in main and mizzen masts simplifies short handed sailing. Dual helms, on covered aft deck and in pilothouse.

This vessel has recently undergone an extensive refit and there doesn't appear to be anything left to spend.

120 HP MWM 6 cylinder diesel, reconditioned BW gearbox, new uni's in jack shaft, reconditioned 3 cylinder Kubota driving 8kva 4 pole genset, runs at 1500 rpm, much wiring renewed, new led interior lighting, new battery banks, fully repainted, tankage for 1700 litres diesel and 800 litres water, some new electronics, massive amount of storage, plenty of hanging lockers, this is a big yacht with 6ft 8in headroom throughout.

Large aft cabin with queen size double, ensuite, with another head forward. New stove and new gas installation, new stainless sink, 12V fridge/freezer in galley and a microwave.

Large engine room allowing excellent all around access to engines for routine servicing.

Large ice box forward could easily be refrigerated. Hot and cold water with new hot water service. 2 x 12V macerator toilets with holding tank on forward head.

Nicely varnished timber finishes throughout in a generally light, bright,



interior. Large furling genoa has been sailmaker inspected and new UV protection strips added. In mast furling main and mizzen sails.

No expense spared refit recently completed with the view of long range world cruising and unfortunately unexpected health problems have put paid to these plans and the boat has reluctantly been placed on the market, at well below cost and well under insured value of \$220,000. Now reduced to \$165,000 this is good value for money. More details on [www.nqboats.com.au](http://www.nqboats.com.au)

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**New Song** is a reliable passage maker and comfortable live aboard yacht. With double bunk, nav station and vanity aft. A "galley alley" leads forward to a spacious saloon forward of which is the head/shower, sail bin and tool area, the forepeak has a vee berth and chain locker. Deck work is easy as most sail control lines lead to the cockpit. I have sailed many miles single handed. We have moved to small acreage, and offer her for sale as a great opportunity for anyone interested in cruising, an extremely satisfying and enjoyable lifestyle. We would also be very negotiable to a buyer who would take her over and use her well.

**New Song** is currently moored at Iluka, on the NSW north coast. The vessel is probable worth 70k but the asking price is 45k ono, considering the current boat market, and my desire to see her carry someone else on their cruising adventure.

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# Build A Catamaran



**More pages added November 2015!**

This site will feature building projects from as great a variety of materials and build methods as possible. If it's a cat or any project that relates or enlightens we want to feature it here. How about yours??

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# Managing your safety on board: GPS - Is it time to buy a Sextant?

By Simon Parker, courtesy of Ocean Time Marine

Global Positioning System (GPS) has become a ubiquitous "utility" supporting critical infrastructure depended on by many across the Maritime Industry. Originally developed for providing precision navigation and timing to the United States Military, the Maritime Industry has rapidly developed a strong reliance on GPS. GPS has become an indispensable source of information with significant economic benefits, making it increasingly important that GPS data be available and reliable.

Future satellite designs are being prepared to improve the transmission capability and security of GPS data. However, addressing GPS information outages needs to occur now as the availability and usage of low-cost GPS jamming devices has resulted in a growing threat of GPS signal disruption and increasing the likelihood of future outages to systems that rely on GPS data. Addressing the security of GPS signals and preventing denial of services should be a priority. In the event of a national emergency, the US would probably have to shut the GPS down because as it can be used by potential enemies.

The Maritime Industry may already be dangerously over-reliant on satellite radio navigation systems like GPS... signal failure or interference could potentially affect safety systems and other critical parts of the economy.

Sextants, chronometers, and nautical almanacs became artifacts of another, less technological time. Now, a decade later and Navies around the world are having second thoughts. Recent concerns about potential cyber-attacks on global positioning satellite software and data, which could disable or spoof



*photo courtesy of Oeantime Marine*

GPS navigation systems world-wide, has led the shipping companies and US Navy to start teaching navigation more in depth again.

While celestial navigation can calculate locations very accurately if done properly, however it is never going to be as instant as GPS. Imagine standing watch on your boat, it is the middle of the night, it is dark, it is foggy, you are in a lot of traffic, and then this happens: A GPS failure.

*continued next page...*

# Product News Is it time to buy a Sextant?

You can simulate this by pulling the plug on the ship's receiver. Within a few seconds, alarms start to sound as one by one the instruments stop working. The gyrocompass, the radar, the dynamic positioning: it holds the ship's position, that is not working. The electronic chart display becomes unusable. Even the ship's clock stops working. In a series of tests, you will find that almost every bit of kit on the boat uses GPS - even the onboard satellite entertainment system.

Losing GPS is not a just theoretical problem. The system works using a fleet of satellites orbiting high above the Earth, but the signal they transmit is weak and can be easily interfered with. Other sat-nav systems - such as Galileo in Europe and Glonass in Russia - have the same vulnerabilities. A little bit of power from a jammer on the frequency used by GPS close to your receiver can deafen it, and it will not be able to hear the GPS signals

For example, jamming is a real issue in Korea. There have now been three occasions when the North Koreans have transmitted high-powered jamming in South Korea. The Sun too can knock satellite systems offline, it starts to transmit radio noise during solar storms, so intense that it either makes GPS positions wobble about or causes GPS to be lost across the entire sunlit side of the Earth. In the case of a GPS failure a sextant and charts would save the day.

The grounding and partial-sinking of the Costa Concordia was the fault of human error, because of the reliance of GPS, ECDIS, or AIS. All vessels that rely on e-navigation and GPS, ECDIS, and AIS are susceptible to jamming or cyber attacks, and all such systems can be manipulated by hackers and cyber criminals. It is only a matter of time before the next headline alerts us to the recent grounding of a particular cruise ship, fishing vessel, river-cruising

vessel, ferry, or container ship due to the hacking or over reliance of the vessel's e-navigation system.

## Facts about GPS Satellites

- \* First GPS satellite launched in 1978
- \* Full constellation of 24 satellites was achieved in 1994
- \* Current constellation consists of over 30 vehicles
- \* Satellites are built to last about 10 years
- \* Replacements are always being built and launched into orbit
- \* GPS satellites weigh approximately 2,000 pounds and are about 17 feet across

*The content of this article is intended to provide a general guide to the subject matter. Specialist advice should be sought about your specific circumstances.*

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

# Product News **SEXTANTS PROVIDE MORE THAN BACKUP NAVIGATION**

Modern electronics have made navigating simple and easy. But what happens when a boat's navigation system completely fails far from shore? A prepared mariner reaches for a wristwatch, copy of *The Nautical Almanac* and a Davis Instruments sextant, and continues on the voyage.

Celestial navigation can seem intimidating to the uninitiated. But a sextant and the tools needed to find one's way are surprisingly fun and easy to use. Best of all, practice is more important than a detailed knowledge of the subject to accurately find one's position.

Davis Instruments offers three models of sextants to cover a wide range of needs and skill levels. They're constructed of rugged, dimensionally stable, corrosion-proof polymers. Each comes with an instruction booklet.

The company's inexpensive Mark 3 Sextant is perfect for learning the basics of celestial navigation, yet is accurate enough for ocean crossings. Full-sized, it has two sunshades and an easy-to-grip handle.

Davis Instruments' Mark 15 Sextant is ideal for the serious navigator. It has seven large sunshades, a 3mm x 27mm star scope and a traditional half-silvered mirror. Its 7" frame radius is graduated from 120° to -5° and comes with a drum micrometer that reads 2/10 of a minute of arc.

The top-of-the-line Mark 25 Sextant has all the outstanding features of the Mark 15, but is made with upgraded materials and comes with a Beam Converger™ full horizon mirror. LED illumination and coated optics aid in finding low-light stars and planets.



**Davis Instruments Sextants: From left: mark 25, Mark 3 and mark 15**

The company also offers tools and accessories to make learning and using a sextant even easier. Its Celestial Navigation Quick Reference Card is perfect for both the student and experienced navigator.

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

**TCP NOTE: Kris Larsen sells an excellent tutorial on how to use a sextant for only \$3: [www.monsoondervish.com](http://www.monsoondervish.com)**  
**If you decide to buy a sextant from anyone/anywhere please let them know you read this in The Coastal Passage!**

# Why you should install an integrated security system on your yacht or boat

By Simon Parker, courtesy of Ocean Time Marine

People set up security systems in their homes, places of business and work, for their cars and should not short change themselves by not doing the same if they are lucky enough to own a yacht or boat. There is almost no difference in the need for a security system for your home or yacht. In fact here could be more need for one in your yacht, I mean I'm sure your home is your number one priority but the likelihood is that a yacht would be left unmanned for a far more longer time period than your home. If you have spent the money on a yacht, which are not cheap, then you have to protect yourself by spending that much extra on a security system.

Whether you are at home and have a yacht docked nearby or weather you are on a trip around Europe or the world and are constantly docking in different locations you will need to take the right steps with regards to setting up an integrated security system on your yacht to act against possible crime. Yachts and boats can obviously be docked in many places around the world and these places need to be considered with regards to security, as they will be likely to differ, and no matter what you want comfort and assurance when your yacht or boat is docked.

A CCTV security system set up in the correct way should be used to monitor the entire yacht, inside and out, not only will this combat the aforementioned possible crimes but it could also settle disputes that may be unfortunate enough to arise if, for example, property goes missing amongst people you have invited onto your yacht you will be covered because the cameras will monitor everyone coming on and off board as well as what happens in between. If you have evidence caught on camera be it visual or audio or, even better, both then you won't have to rely on your word against someone else's if the matter is taken further into the hands of the law.

Making sure you make the right decisions when buying and installing a CCTV system is imperative, it can make all the difference. Of course budget may be an issue but if that's the case then buy wise instead of cheap. In instances of capturing a crime you want to be able to see who has done what and be able to use it as clear evidence; you don't want to spend time and money installing a system that doesn't do a good enough job. You would be horrified to find that your yacht had been broken into and probably as equally as horrified if you had captured the crime via your CCTV system yet your equipment wasn't good enough to the point the face was blurry and you couldn't take any further action other than notify the police. You would want a good clean image, one you could report to the police, and one, in this day and age, you could share on social media not only to help capture the criminal but let others become aware of issues that they may also face.

Also with today's technology you can have access to your security systems via mobile devices such as iPad's and mobile phones and can catch would be criminals in the middle of performing an act of theft or vandalism etc and can instantly notify authorities. Imagine the satisfaction replacing the horror if your yacht was actually stolen but you had it on a live feed and the police were notified and returned your yacht and placed the thieves under arrest!!

An integrated security system uses cameras, sensors, and a feed to a watching/recording device and preparing to protect yourself against crime is in your hands. What I mean by this is that you need to buy cameras that have good visibility feedback, audio too if possible, you also need to take care when setting up. Positioning the cameras in the correct places are vital, take into account day and night, any possible obstructions, and maintain them where and when needed. Mix common sense with modern technology to make sure you combat possible crime in the most proficient ways.

# Action packed program for Airlie Beach Race Week

By Di Pearson

Competitors are gearing up and looking forward to racing in the warm climes at Airlie Beach Race Week where the shoreside entertainment is guaranteed to be as action packed as the racing.

Boosted numbers across the board will make for a stimulating program in 2016. The Cruising divisions are swelling in numbers for the 27<sup>th</sup> running of the increasingly popular Whitsunday Sailing Club hosted event. And why not - with so much to take in - on the water and onshore.

Race Director, Denis Thompson, has again composed thoughtful and varied courses to keep all-comers on their toes and happy.

In the spinnaker divisions, 30 owners have already announced their intention to compete. The famous *Holy Cow!* owned by John and Kim Clinton, was the first entry received by Whitsunday Sailing Club for this year's Festival of Sailing.



*continued next page...*

**Cruisers race against a dramatic race drop**

*photo by Andrea Francolini*



The Clintons will have other regulars for company, including Geelong, Victoria's *Bundaberg*, the Adams Radford owned by John Kint and a famous blast from the past in *Hammer of Queensland*, the 29 year-old Kel Steinman pocket maxi originally owned by Arthur Bloore, but now campaigned by Michael Ireland.

Ireland says of the yacht, which was lengthened from 66 to 76ft in 1992, "She has won a race at every appearance at Airlie Beach Race Week, so look out!"

The well-travelled *Biddy Hu 11* returns from Victoria, escaping winter for the delights of warm Airlie Beach. Paul Lindemann's Beneteau 49 has competed locally, including the Melbourne to Hobart and crossed the border a few times to compete in the Sydney Gold Coast Yacht Race and Airlie Beach Race Week.

Don Algie, founder and long-term sponsor of Race Week also returns with his Van de Stadt 55, *Storm*. Algie, a fixture with his various *Storms*, always receives a warm welcome from locals and other competitors alike.

In the non-spinnaker division, female owners representing the host club are prominent. Helen Henderson has entered her Northshore 340, *Island Time* and Heather Sutton is bringing her Moody 45 DS, *La Quilta* to take on the opposition.

Airlie Beach Race Week has so far attracted entries from Hong Kong, Queensland, Victoria, Western Australia, Tasmania, NSW and South Australia.

## Crews enjoy onshore entertainment last year



photo by VAMP Photography

Onshore, the music line-up is a veritable feast, anything from Reggae (The Natural Culture) on the opening night to old favourites from the 80's and 90's (Jan Arns) the following night. On the third evening, Saturday 13 August, The Cadillacs will play 50's and 60's favourites.

Sunday night will feature Blues from the popular Mason Rack Band, and as Monday is the lay day, Gold sponsor, Pantaenius Marine Insurance, will make a contribution to the festivities, much to the delight of competitors.

As competitors wind down and prepare for racing the following day, on Monday evening Churisma will play Rock 'N Roll, Funk, Reggae, Rhythm & Blues and country rock favourites. On Tuesday night, solo artist, Chris Boroff, will deliver a great mix of tunes and play trumpet.

On Wednesday night, Sun Salute will lift the roof off with a combination of reggae, neo soul, jazzy hip hop and ragamuffin, and to close the event, The Hillbilly Goats, with their colourful costumes, stories and songs will have everyone up and dancing.

Competitors, family, friends and Airlie Beach locals are all invited to rock the nightly parties back at Whitsunday Sailing Club, so put the dates on your calendar.

Entry for Airlie Beach Race Week 2016 closes at 2400 hours on Friday, 5 August, 2016. The race committee may accept late entries after this date subject to an additional late fee.

**Entry and Notice of Race online at: [www.abrw.com.au/sailing/entries](http://www.abrw.com.au/sailing/entries)**

# A Battle of the Supermaxis set for Audi Hamilton Island Race Week 2016

By Rob Mundle

The entry of the 100-footer, *Scallywag*, has set the scene for a spectacular showdown with rival supermaxi Wild Oats XI at Audi Hamilton Island Race Week 2016.

Previously owned by Australian ocean racing legend Syd Fischer and named *Ragamuffin100*, *Scallywag* has been purchased by prominent Hong Kong-based businessman, Seng Huang Lee. His sailing master will be the hard-driving ex-18ft skiff sailor, and now offshore campaigner, David Witt, who held the same position for Fischer.

Born and educated in Australia, Lee is a newcomer to offshore racing, but he has already hit the ground running big time! After competing in this month's Sydney to Gold Coast race, *Scallywag* will head north to Audi Hamilton Island Race Week before continuing on into Asian waters for a series of major events. She will then return to Sydney.

*continued next page...*



photo by Andrea Francolini

A sign of things to come: the supermaxi *Scallywag* (formerly *Ragamuffin100*), and Wild Oats XI will be doing battle at Audi Hamilton Island Race Week.

For Witt, racing *Scallywag* against *Wild Oats XI* on superbly scenic courses around the tropical Whitsunday islands during Race Week will be an invaluable part of the yacht's preparation for this year's Hobart race. *Wild Oats XI*, owned by the Oatley family and skippered by Mark Richards, is the Hobart race record holder.

"Fortunately, I've managed to retain the majority of the *Ragamuffin100* crew for the *Scallywag* campaign," Witt said. "Consequently, we are really looking forward to lining up against *Wild Oats XI* at Race Week. We have increased the area of the mainsail and improved the water ballast system, so it will be very interesting to see how we go."

As well as racing to win Grand Prix Division trophies, *Wild Oats XI* and *Scallywag* will be competing for top honours in their class in the prestigious Australian Yachting Championships, which will also be decided at Race Week.

*Scallywag* and *Wild Oats XI*, both measuring 30.5 metres overall, are the largest yachts entered to date, while *Monkey Business* (Jon Rowe) and *Hydraplay* (Justin Hickey) are the smallest at a mere 6.5 metres in length.

Organisers of Audi Hamilton Island Race Week which will be staged from August 20 to 27 continue to be impressed by the rapid escalation in fleet



size. The number of entries, which is destined to top 200 this week, is 38 per cent up on the previous best in the regatta's remarkable history. The multihull fleet also stands at a record number with 36 entries.

Exciting tradewind racing, exceptional dockside camaraderie among competitors, and an unprecedented party agenda across the entire week combine to make Audi Hamilton Island Race Week unlike any other local or international regatta.

The Notice of Race and entry form for the 33rd staging of Audi Hamilton Island Race Week are now posted on the website, [www.audihamiltonislandraceweek.com.au](http://www.audihamiltonislandraceweek.com.au) The regatta Australia's largest offshore sailing series caters for a remarkably wide range of sailboats: from sportboats and trailers through to Grand Prix level keelboats, maxi and supermaxi yachts, cruising yachts of all sizes and configuration, and multihulls.

Audi Australia returns as the naming right sponsor of Audi Hamilton Island Race Week for an incredible eleventh year. Throughout the past decade of partnership, Audi and Hamilton Island have worked hand-in-hand to create the most impressive sailing regatta in Australia, with even more activities on offer for sailors and onshore guests alike. This shared vision is based on a joint passion for winning performance, technological innovation and spirited competition.

# SeaLink Magnetic Island Race Week 2016:

## Epic birthday adventure for IRC contender

By Terri Mitchell

Leaving a bitterly cold Melbourne to head to the warmth of northern Queensland to celebrate a milestone birthday is turning into an adventure of epic proportions for Daniel Edwards.

Edwards decided some time ago that he needed to do something special in his 50<sup>th</sup> year. So he has gathered up his sailing friends and signed them on for various stages of his birthday adventure on board his Beneteau First 35, *White Noise*.

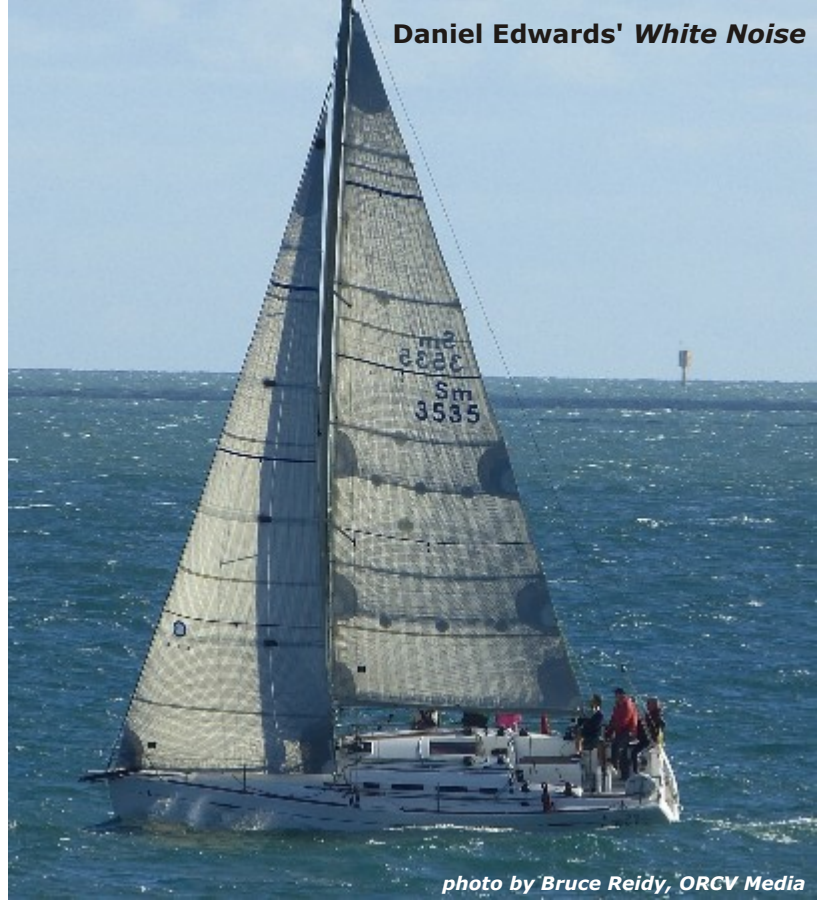
It all starts for the IRC class contender from Melbourne, takes on several events on the way north until they reach the piece de resistance, the 10th SeaLink Magnetic Island Race Week which runs from September 1st to 6th.

Edwards plans to cruise *White Noise* to Brisbane, then join in the Royal Queensland Yacht Squadron's Brisbane to Keppel Race for the next part of the adventure. Once in the Whitsundays he will campaign *White Noise* in the Airlie Beach and Hamilton Island race weeks before participating in the SeaLink Magnetic Island Race Week. There Edwards will be racing alongside a growing group of fellow inter-state IRC class competitors.

Edwards starts telling his story about his adventure with an emphatic statement; "It's a mid-life crisis. I decided, what better way to celebrate my 50th birthday than to leave my wife and kids behind and spend time on the water." The decision to organise this adventure has been brewing for close to 10 years. "Among the sailors that I have got to know, there are always stories about when they travelled north. Everyone in Melbourne talks about the race weeks, but I have never been there yet. To be honest; a lot of people speak positively about Magnetic Island Race Week.

*continued next page...*

Daniel Edwards' *White Noise*



*photo by Bruce Reidy, ORCV Media*

"Every second person I talk to when I am discussing my plans, they say, 'Magnetic is probably one of my favourites' or 'that's the best one I have ever done'. So, I decided; I have the opportunity and the boat that is capable of getting up there, it's a great way to celebrate my birthday and do what I love doing, that is, going sailing."

Edwards is quite new to competitive sailing. At 40 the Architect and Sustainable Development consultant returned to sailing after building a successful business and spending quality time with his growing family. He initially campaigned a trailer sailer on Port Phillip Bay. "That was the first mid-life crisis. I thought, what's happening; life is going past me so fast. I decided that I wanted to do competitive sailing, so I bought a trailer sailer, arrived at Sandringham Yacht Club and started racing," Edwards said.

Edwards bought *White Noise* just over two years ago after he decided he wanted to take up ocean racing. Top results have poured in and the blue water bug has bitten him hard. *White Noise* won the 2015 Melbourne to Devonport Rudder Cup, Australia's oldest ocean race, and achieved a clean sweep of the Ocean Racing Club of Victoria's 2015/16 Ocean Racing Championship by winning on IRC, AMS and PHS.

The trip north will take Edwards away from his business activities for close to 10 weeks. Luckily he has business partners and a very understanding wife at home, and lots of sailing mates to keep him company. "The whole exercise I have worked out will include about 50 people by the end of the day. I have different people joining me for different parts of the journey. It's quite an organisational event for me, but heaps of fun," Edwards said.



photo by Neville Rose, ORCV Media

Daniel Edwards and his *White Noise* team just before the start of the 2015 Melbourne to Devenport Race.

**This year's regatta is open to IRC, Cruising Spinnaker / Performance Handicap, Cruising Non Spinnaker, Trailable, Sports Boat, Multihull Racing and Multihull Cruising entries.**  
Entry to all classes is open at: [www.magneticislandraceweek.com.au](http://www.magneticislandraceweek.com.au)

# ***Darwin Has Soul!***

by Bob Norson



And not every town does! But Darwin exudes it. From end to end until it trails off into other towns and finally bush. The CBD extends from Francis Bay to Cullen Bay around the corner which puts you in sight of Fanny Bay. Those are the places that are home to yachts of all kinds, including a lot of hopeless looking "sinkers" as Kay calls them.

Some may say that Sydney or Melbourne are Australia's great yachting locations but I would disagree. Both have fantastic harbours and a

lot of boats but Darwin has that worldly class. Besides the native fleet, Darwin is the jumping off point of choice for Asia and around the world. Yachts may arrive at Australia at a number of places but they'll probably exit via Darwin. If you cross the Gulf of Carpentaria between Queensland and The Northern Territory, it works out to about the same distance as from Darwin to Indonesia... Asia!

I'm pretty sure there is bus service from the sailing club in Fanny Bay to downtown, it would

be a bit of a walk.

To get to Downtown from Francis Bay you can catch a bus from near the Dinah beach club or motor over to the jetty by the Stokes Hill wharf. Leave your dinghy so it doesn't interfere with the commercial operators, like toward the end where the footramp is. Then walk up the hill and you are in the middle of it. Everything is nearby.

*continues next page.....*

# Darwin Has Soul!

The shining star of Francis Bay is the Dinah Beach Cruising Yacht Association which is the long winded version of simply, Dinah Beach club. It still has the rough charm it was known for. Informal to the point of undress but you better have footwear! I had to be reminded.....

The feeling of the place is that of an open air pub in the middle of a boat yard, which is pretty much what it is! I could live there! Membership includes the use of a shop. Drill press, heavy vice, grinders, welders, etc. And the beer costs less at the bar if you take it over there because then it is takeaway? Works for me!

Does it sound like I'm prejudiced? You bet! I became a member as soon as I could corner someone to take my money. That is Ash's job at the bar.



On the Cullen bay side you park it on the beach, being mindful of the tides. There are buses from Cullen Bay into town but it isn't a big walk. Minutes really. By the entrance to Cullen Bay Marina there is a jetty with fuel by plastic and water.

Something you soon discover is that the business of Darwin is government. So business is always booming.

I notice there are many "massage parlours" in Darwin CBD. Obviously people that work there are very health conscious! I saw one place that advertised Thai and French massage with a big red painted door. Makes one wonder....

But amid all the splendour of the town there is an underlying feeling of

menace. I notice the bus drivers are in a cage. The divide between races is too sharp edged for peace. The division between 21<sup>st</sup> century white culture and a 40,000 year old black culture can be loud and occasionally violent. There are "communities" in (but not a part of?) Darwin where native peoples can live within their own culture, more or less. Perhaps this influence has a beneficial side to it. Famous engineless sailor and author, Kris (Longgrass) Larsen thinks the native peoples resistance to authority of any kind sets a tone for the Northern Territory. Maybe, I notice that jettys having signs saying, no leaving your boat unattended at any time, are utterly ignored.

Lots of little things you see.

*continues next page....*

One of the fun outbreaks of revolution in Darwin is Territory Day! What fun! Fireworks are illegal all over Australia as far as I know but for one day, very strictly one day.... that turns into a week or more... Darwin goes ballistic! Try to be on the Fanny Bay side if you can but anywhere will do. Rules?! F\_\_\_ the rules!

Cullen bay has THE market! It is Thursday evening. It is huge. It is crowded. It is expensive? Food is the popular selling stuff but I think you could pay about the same in some of the downtown restaurants. I didn't see any craft items that really interested me but I really didn't have time to see it all. That could take weeks!

So there is a little bit about the town, hopefully enough to add to curiosity you may already have. It's a good place BUT I haven't been through a "wet". This year has been abnormal, where hasn't it been though? "Normally", winter is dry, not a cloud in the sky and the wet is just that, endless rain but the rains bring down the otherwise awful temperature. People who are long term in Darwin say the last "wet" that wasn't, nearly had them ready to pack up. No rains but just heat with humidity. We will all have to adjust to new climates.

So anyway, a stepping off point to the Kimberley, Asia or the big blue yonder. Darwin will be memorable. There is always something interesting going on!

*one more page.....*



# ***Darwin Has Soul!***



Seen in Cullen Bay, WOW! he was screaming!!



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