



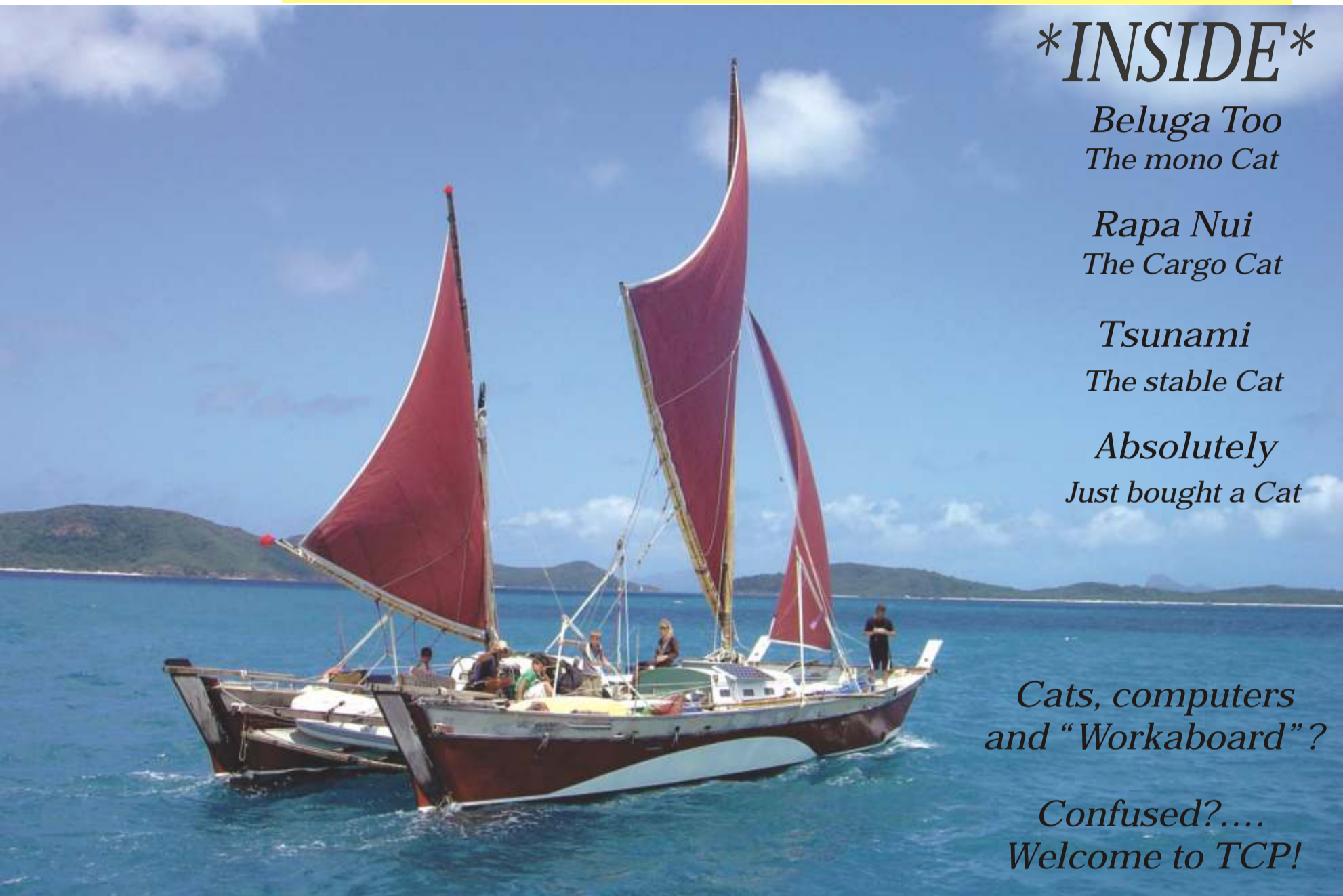
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The Coastal Passage

22st EDITION
2006

The *Heartbeat* of the boating community!



INSIDE

*Beluga Too
The mono Cat*

*Rapa Nui
The Cargo Cat*

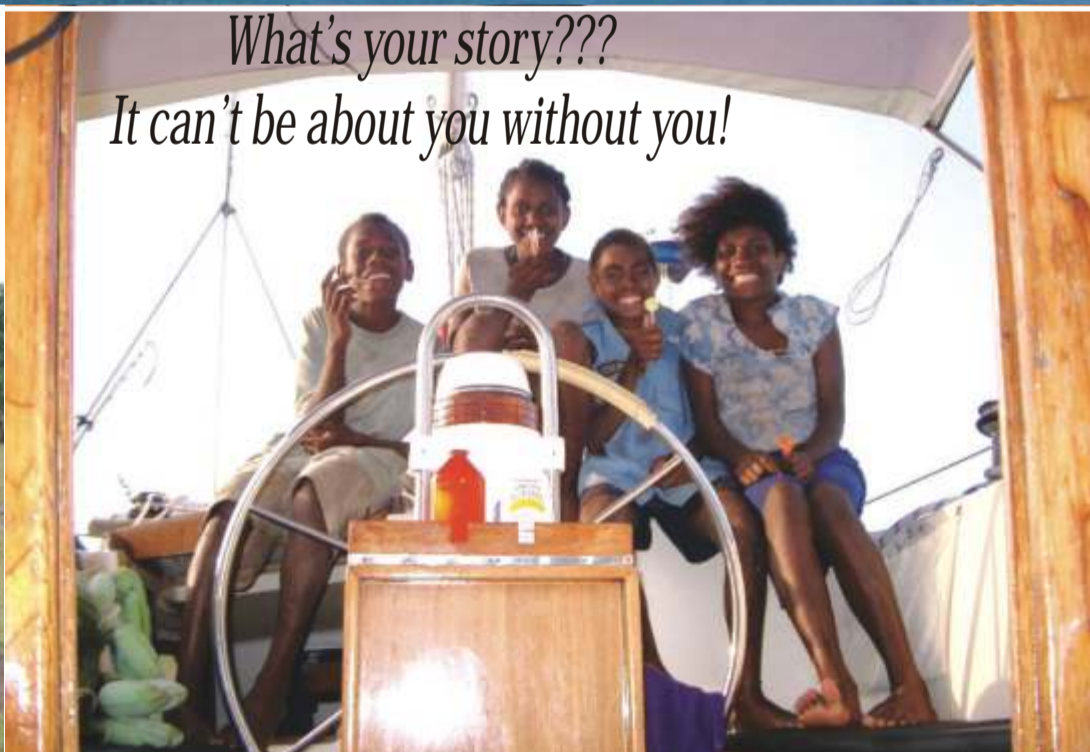
*Tsunami
The stable Cat*

*Absolutely
Just bought a Cat*

*Cats, computers
and "Workaboard"?*

*Confused?....
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Sally of *Acropora*... using the only link to the 'world' for about 20 villages scattered over 7 islands.



What's your story???

It can't be about you without you!

Project Marc and selfless cruisers pitch in to bring desperately needed health care to the warm and friendly people of Vanuatu. Sally and Martin of *Acropora* worked as hard as any one and came back with the story and heart melting photos. While their effort has been outstanding, it is not unique. Proof once again that if the world were run by Boaties, it would be a far better place. TCP wishes you peace, goodwill and 15 knots on the beam through the holidays!

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ACROPORA... Hospital ship

(& cargo transport, engineer and mechanical services...etc)



Introduction by Bob Norson;

Sally and Martin Peet of SY **Acropora**, were one of several boats that assisted with Project MARC. The following is from their log and comments from another boat that also participated. The photos were too numerous to give anything except a glance in this TCP. Many of the photos resulted from Sally giving her camera to a

local who went walkabout for a day, photographing people in the village as they went about their lives. A very candid insight. I will be posting the additional photos to the web site as time becomes available.

If you want a good idea to go wrong at great expense, get a government to do it. When it requires one on one caring and sacrifice, you better hope there is a fleet of boaties around.

left; Martin at the helm of Acropora. middle; Young people visiting to trade for lollies is a daily thing. Above; Carlo is the local baker and his price is very low but prefers if you bring your own flour.

The loop then on to Vanuatu Islands, June 5th 2005

Having given up on a slight breeze we sailed out of Port Moselle, Noumea, for the Isle de Pines planning to island hop until the winds decided to turn NE and miraculously drop below the 25kn puff. They haven't as yet but boy, have we seen some gorgeous spots whilst waiting. Our quiet night before departure broke the rule of "no alcohol" and ended up with drinking home made Rocket fuel on *Rascal 2*, then everyone over to *Acropora* for an impromptu dinner. The 20 to 25kn breeze in the wrong direction forced a respite in the Baie de Ire and another party on *Adamant 2*. This yacht had a personal interest in meeting us as they tracked us on the crossing from Gladstone to New Caledonia through the squalls and angry seas. (eds note; more on this see page 14, 'That's just Sally'). They were a bit further south from us, experiencing similar conditions with lesser winds and were concerned for our safety. When we reached Noumea these strangers confronted us with hugs and stories re our progress. They also had some tales to tell! A little late but somehow a comfort to know that "out there" another yacht actually cared! On their day 3, overcome with fear and sea sickness Roslyn succumbed to the berth with her Teddy, where she spent the rest of the trip. Peter, X-navy, had a ball, riding the waves and reminiscing about the good old days!

Another attempt to the Pines ended with us in Bonne Anse, a beautiful area surrounded by scarred, red hills, a legacy of the nickel mining and immense erosion. There appears to be NO replanting or regeneration.....The French have the knack! Remember the nuclear testing!

Acropora held position through a rough night before she decided to drag anchor towards the reef at 0600hrs, much to Garry's (old friend and temporary crew) surprise when he went on deck to dilute the sea! We moved to the Baie de Carenage, a cyclone safe, small bay, which proved to be fun. There we bathed in an old convict built hot spring pool, which we accessed from exposed red mud flats at low tide. You could hear the waterfalls in the distance as the winds caught the trees above us. An abandoned hotel at Isle de Casey also caught our attention. A stroll through the Paw Paw garden (no looting!), and the cemetery, where saw-millers died in 1867. We left Garry climbing mountains still searching for those "dusky maidens" his friend had promised.

With time fast approaching Garry's ETD in Vila, we abandoned the "Pines" to set a course for Lifou in the Loyalty Islands. After the compulsory 2 day return trip to check out of Noumea and do the exit paperwork from Customs, Immigration, and the Harbour Master we left Noumea for the second time. It is a dirty place with rubbish floating freely in the harbours and lining the streets. The cost of living is extremely high and speaking to the locals there are many "Kanacks" who are quite unhappy. Rising above that we really enjoyed our stay there. The Maritime Museum was fascinating, the markets great and wandering about was an adventure. As always we met terrific yachties. How could you forget doing the Salsa on the marina finger! Martin spilling 20kg of flour in a cramped storage cupboard or those sumptuous French Baguettes!

The plan was to exit the Havama Pass on an out going tide. That was exciting as it swept us through at 8 knots.

A motor/sail by day and a terrific sail at night landed us at We on the island of Lifou, at a miniature unfinished marina. Here I could have stayed forever. The locals netted the entrance nightly for fish and even presented us with a catch....yummy! The water was SO clear that coral was growing on the rock walls and the tropical fish were abundant in their outlandish

colours. After Noumea's cold ways these Melanesians were lovely.

They even rescued me when I crashed into a fence riding my bike past a funeral procession. (Terrific Sally! I was trying so hard to be respectful and unnoticed.)

Unfortunately for us and "him" the fuel man died the day before we had to leave so "gas oil" was a problem. Just as we thought that my wish to stay forever had been granted, on dusk, Henri, the Melanesian Harbour manager, customs agent, local elder and fisherman, arrived in a boat beckoning the men to follow. They were loaded into a truck and whisked off to a depot that he had arranged, due to the funeral, to open for us. Jerry cans full and Henri in tow they returned. He joined us for a whiskey or 2 or 3 or was it 4?

Although technically we had left the Loyalties and could not anchor anywhere en route to Tanna we snuck into Ovea, an Atoll 35km long and in parts only 400meters wide. The magnificent turquoise water allowed us to see the bottom at 60 feet. The sea floor plunges almost instantly to 1000 metres in depth. We went ashore and photographed some early churches that resembled French Cathedrals, not island churches. The children in these islands speak English, French and their own dialect. (Later on in Vanuatu we discovered that their children learn all these plus "Bislama", a nationally adopted version of Pigeon English.)

In 1988 19 Kanacks were shot dead by the French Police during a siege on Ovea when they took French families hostage. I wonder if all is forgiven yet? The island is, like all New Caledonia, dirty and obviously not affluent, yet a beauty surrounds you always.

We swam in the clear aquamarine water, and then returned to *Acropora* for the wondrous sunset and star gazing. Pinch me!

Each day we call the "Namba Net", a volunteer network that tracks yachts on passage and at anchor. It is an information source as well and can assist with weather, queries and enables us to track new friends and their yachts.

We saw villages and met an old Ne Van at Million Dollar Point who collects pieces from the sea floor that are still being found 60 years after the Americans dumped \$ millions worth of trucks, machinery and goods in 1945 after the War. He has a collection of old Coca Cola bottles too, all dated and stamped with the town of origin.

A highlight was our day with the Kaltabang family at their village. They invited us to lunch and treated us to local lap lap, manyok and a treasury of coconut sweets and meats cooked in the coals in a pit oven. We were honoured to dine in their home. Women cannot eat with the men so the women ate in the open air kitchen whilst the teenagers waited on us. The tiny children are so beautiful with their huge smiles and happy disposition. Everyone is so friendly and open to your hand of friendship.

Their children have been well educated and one son, now a Member of Parliament and former minister of Agriculture, spent a lot of time with Martin and Garry discussing cultural attitudes and the country's plans for a desirable future.

Sadly we left Garry at the airport to return to Australia. We drove back to our amphibian nest and pondered upon the last 2 months, experiences shared, never to be forgotten.

One thing that we have learnt is that "life is not a rehearsal".

Next, Vanuatu and project Marc.

Continued on page 12>>>>>>>>

Having lunch with the village women. The woman in purple is Alice, the 'Den mother,' who became a friend.



Above and below; The men making the Kava, the intoxicant that is credited with many social ills.



SMART SAILORS WEAR PROPER HATS!



editors note; I knew I was going to cop it! I just wasn't sure from whom. Last issue I featured a very useful article written by Cdr John Butler USCG (ret) above, left. The problem was that John didn't send a photo at the time so one of me was thrown in to provide some sort of graphic for the article. I knew the baseball cap wasn't the best but I also figured it would be fun to see who took the bait. I shoulda known! Steve Halter, multihuller extraordinaire of Airlie Beach, general critic and editorial abuser barely let the ink dry before he filled my email with the screed at right. But I didn't get off that easy! Kay had to have a go at me too. She went into my photo files (I should replace the pass word on my puter!) and in about 10 seconds came up with an album of sailors with more good sense than me. It's a good thing I'm fairly secure! Here are a few of the sailors smarter than me... Clockwise from upper left; Cdr John Butler who started all this, Wanda of "X it" proving that style is as important as function, Steve the critic and currently getting in the way of the pro's trying to build his new boat, Frank of "Escondido" and last but not least, Vicki J of **Shomi** with her new custom made convertible model that the Asian bloke made for her for \$15 at Rusty's market in Cairns last week.

On another note; John and I were comparing thoughts on the medical business and we both have had instances where doctors have missed important options or diagnosis. So.. if you see a doctor about a patch of rough skin and it is dismissed as a bump on the head, (like mine was seven years ago) you might have a second opinion before you decide not to worry about it.

Steve shows off the right hat...

Bob:

We very much liked your article on skin cancer and the picture of your beautiful face was ok but....!!! What is it with the stupid baseball cap on your precious head? Maybe all those little air holes they have in the top of those hats have fried your brain! If you had a boat that would do over 4 knots, you would know that the ball cap flies off your head in a breeze. Even with clips and strings, one is always checking, grabbing the cap & most remove it. More important than that, is that your ears (yes, you have big ears) are covered. I knew a sailor that always wore his ball cap and he also had a slow mono boat. But after 20 years his ears did indeed get skin cancer and had to be removed. Yep, not just a chunk of the ears but both ears (now he has small artificial ears). Moral of this story; wear a **proper** hat! The best of the best is the Tilley Ultimate hat. It is guaranteed for life and protects ears and, as a bonus, it protects your neck. (Well, it protects normal necks... maybe not your long pencil thin neck.) There are also plenty of knock offs made of this hat. Just make sure you get a hat with a full brim. To make sure I get my beautiful face in your paper I am sending a pic of me with a proper hat. Notice the strap around my fat chin that comes in handy when you sail at 10 knots. P.S Bob, no mention of sunglasses in the article. We have a choice on sunglasses. Buy expensive ones or pay for early cataract surgery. Just remember the old oil filter commercial when you are buying sunglasses: "Pay me now or pay me more later!!" (Editors note.. That was an American TV commercial Steve refers to. He must have had the chin strap on a little tight when he wrote this!)

Steve Halter



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Beluga Too



A Cat Yawl for the Queensland Coast & beyond

Story by:
Petrea Heathwood, SY "Talisman"

Beluga Too is a centerboard cat yawl. Thirty feet long (9metres) and drawing twenty inches (about 0.6m) she is ideally suited to the Queensland coast. Unlike many centre-boarders she can sail and tack with the board up. She was built in 1990 by Bruce Tyson at Port Sorrell in Tasmania to U.S. designer Phil Bolger's "Romp" design. For those who are familiar with Bolger's work, this is no "Bolger box". Lovingly strip planked in King Billy pine and fitted out with Huon pine and other Tasmanian timbers, she was meant to be a "keeper" for Tyson, but circumstances proved otherwise.

A couple of years after crossing Bass Strait for her new Sydney owners she was sold to Don Halliwell of Brisbane. Don sailed her along the Queensland coast and to Noumea. She was acquired by Dennis McCarthy on Christmas Eve 2002, at Tin Can Bay in southern Queensland. No man ever provided himself with a finer Christmas present.

Prior to this Dennis had been sailing with me on *Talisman* and had become an avid reader of *Trade-a-Boat*. (Those two facts are intimately connected). For several issues Dennis and I had both perused the offerings and chosen the boat most likely to suit him. Phone calls had been made to the broker, who could only tell us that *Beluga Too* was somewhere in north Queensland. One day we sailed into the Breakwater Marina in Townsville and who should come sailing out but *Beluga Too*. After a quick mid-channel discussion Don agreed to return to the fuel wharf for Dennis to have a look, and as they say - the rest is history. Don continued south until Dennis and his money caught up with him at Tin Can Bay.

Dennis sailed her to Brisbane where the bottom was stripped to reveal the King Billy planking in perfect condition. After a bottom and topside repaint, she also received a new set of tan sails from Smith Sails at Mooloolaba.

Down below *Beluga Too* is all bright-finished, except for bulkheads and the deckhead. Right forward she has a deep anchor well, divided into two compartments and serviced by a Muir anchor windlass. This is divided from the rest of the

boat by a watertight bulkhead. Next is a spacious head and storage area, now sporting a plastic porta-potty thanks to the new poo laws.

Moving aft past a bulkhead, there's a good long berth each side, with pair of partial bulkheads separating this area from the doghouse. In the centre is the housing for the centre-board, reaching up to deck level and forming a strong brace for the entire deck structure.

The port side of the doghouse has a small dinette/chart table and the large galley is to starboard. The diesel engine is mounted centrally at the aft end of this space, its cover forming part of the step up to the deck. The flush deck allows the area aft of the doghouse to contain a big comfortable double berth, complete with an opening port into the aft cockpit and storage lockers on both sides.

The original "Romp" was designed without an engine, and *Beluga Too* was also launched without one, so this aft cabin would have been truly luxurious for a thirty footer. Now it is slightly spoiled by having the engine ahead of it and one of the lockers taken up with a large stainless steel fuel tank and other engine bits and pieces.

In August 2003 *Beluga Too* began a leisurely cruise towards her new home port of Cooktown. A stopover in Mackay Marina saw a new 18 h.p. Yanmar 2GM diesel fitted and matched to a new shaft and propeller. After cruising the Whitsundays over Christmas and New Year, she put in at Bowen for stores and an unwitting date with disaster.

She was badly damaged in a massive thunderstorm. Lightning struck the top of her solid, freestanding Oregon mainmast and zapped down the metal sail track. From the lower end of the track it jumped to the wire jackstays, shackled to eyebolts on either side of the mast. It followed the jackstays to their aft end where they attach to eyes bolted through the cabin top. When no more metal was available it went down through the aft bulkhead, shattering the timber and taking out the depth sounder, compass, log and radio speaker on its way. The engine was next in line, so it jumped across past the head of Dennis' grandson Joel, who was in the berth under the cockpit. The engine and propeller shaft provided an exit path to the sea.

Dennis sailed her to Townsville in a partly crippled state, no electrics, radios, instruments, or compass and unreliable engine. In a way *Beluga Too* did OK after that incident, as insurance cover provided for new replacement of all electrics and electronics. The engine was removed and rebuilt to new standards as it was only weeks old at the time. Luckily there was no structural damage so she ended up better than before.

The only disappointing aspect of the insurance cover was that it didn't cover the cost of four weeks in a marina while the repairs were done. The insurance company rep. said they assume that all boats are kept in a marina situation

normally so this would not be an added expense. Even for boats which do live in a marina, if an accident happens away from the home port the owner has to stump up for mooring charges for as long as it takes to have the repair authorized and carried out.

As soon as the repairs were done, Dennis continued north, eventually dropping anchor in the Endeavour River in March 2004. From Cooktown her home cruising waters extended north to Lizard Island and south to Fitzroy Island.

In 2005 Dennis bought a property on the Wild River at the southern end of the Atherton Tableland so *Beluga Too* moved south again. The new mooring in Mourilyan Harbour was right in the path of cyclone Larry. As reported in TCP #19 she rode out the blow undamaged and is now awaiting further adventures. Lizard Island again maybe?

Terminology explained - For those not familiar with some of the terms in this article:

Cat: has the mast right forward and only carries a sail behind the mast (like a mainsail), no headsail

Yawl: two masts. The big main mast forward and a smaller one called the mizzen, aft. There are various technical ways to define the difference between a ketch and a yawl, but in general the mizzen mast of the yawl is smaller and further aft than on the ketch.

Tanning: sails was a messy process used to preserve canvas sails in the days of working sail. It was a disgusting mixture of fish oil, ochre and other ingredients which caused nice white sails to go a reddish brown colour. This is considered traditional and is now available as a modern sail colour. Personally I think it looks terrific.

Freestanding: unstayed, the mast is supported at its base where it rests on the keelson and where it passes through the deck.

Jackstays the wires that run along the deck for safety harnesses to be clipped on to.

Topsides: the area of hull between the waterline and the deck. Many people confuse this with the deck. It is part of the hull.

Deckhead: underside of the deck. Confusing terminology but it is basically the area that might be called the ceiling in a house. The ceiling in a boat is something different again, but I won't go into that here.

Doghouse: a small raised cabin area. Most yachts have a **trunk cabin**, a raised cabin running most of the length of the accommodation area.

Flush deck deck unbroken by cabin structures or sunken cockpit areas. A very strong construction.

Another definition I heard while living on Cape York: A Ketch..? It has one big fella mast up front and a smaller one a little more behind.

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Petrea with mate, Dennis

Island Time Benefit Concert!

We had a Ball!!! As soon as I heard about this one I was keen. I dragged Kay down to Mooloolaba with me for a look and we sure weren't disappointed. The music was brilliant, the huge crowd a joy to be mixed in with (and I'm not always a crowd kind of person) and over all, best party I've been to in years. Photos and details next TCP!

CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE:

Roslyn Diask, SY "Adamant II"
 Pierre Four SY "Plume"
 Steve Halter, SY, "Cheetah" (almost)
 Petrea Heathwood, SY "Talisman"
 Julie Long, SY "Adagio"
 Sue Oiser, SY "Peregrine"
 Sally & Martin Peet, SY, "Acropora"
 Lloyd Price, SY "Tsunami"
 Alan Southwood, MV, "Solaray"
 Thomas, SY, "Rapa Nui"
 Wendy, SY "Absolutley"

NOTICE... you do not "submit" to TCP but your contributions are welcome! (language is important!)



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see below for new locations marked in **RED**

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 Cairns Cruising Yacht Squadron
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 BIAS Boating Warehouse
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 North Qld. Cruising Yacht Club
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 Shute Harbour Chandlery & Slipway
 Marlin Marina
 Whitsunday Ocean Services
 *SHINGLEY BEACH
 Emultihulls Brokerage
 *AIRLIE BEACH
 Whitsunday Sailing Club
 Abel Point Marina office
 Whitsunday Ocean Services
 *SEAFORTH
 Seaforth Boating Club
 * M A C K A Y
 Mackay Marina
 Mackay Yacht Club
 Mackay's Boat Yard
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- *RABY BAY
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 (Northhaven)
 Cruising Yacht Club of S.A.
 Royal S.A. Yacht Squadron
-WESTERN AUSTRALIA.....
 Boating Hardware-Prosail - O'Connor (near Fremantle)

This issue, last issue, whatever..

Broke all records! It was amazing last issue! I have never seen the papers go so fast. TCP was out of stock before the end of the cycle. I actually got to take a few days off and spend some time on the water (thanks Frank and Jane of "Escondido") and hung around Mackay Marina on "Two Easy," (thanks Chris and Judy). It used to be that when I met someone who knew the paper I would be so proud, now it's a given! Thanks to all the boaties that gave me such warm feed back. TCP sails in uncharted waters so it's good to take a sounding and find good depth. It was a great time to be at Mackay Marina too because so many boats were stuck there because of the...
Bloody perpetual south east winds!! It was last year this time in this same place that I was bitchin about the northerlies! Struth! In issue # 16 it had been two months solid of northerlies and much of the fleet had headed south early because they figured it couldn't last... but it did. This year sailors are looking for any kind of relief between the 30 knot trade winds. (The northerlies did come finally...) But the positive trade off is that;
Cyclone season predicted to be mild. Because of the developing "El Nino" condition the BOM has predicted less cyclone activity this year. Do I need to state we are talking odds here, not guarantees? "The general climate pattern is typical of the developing stage of an El Nino event... Furthermore, there is considered to be an elevated risk that these El Nino conditions will soon become fully established, and then persist through until autumn next year. ... cyclone occurrence on and near the east Queensland Coast is lower during El Nino conditions than in neutral or La Nina years." However, "At least two cyclones are expected .. and one of these may well be severe." This information from Jim Davidson, regional director of BOM, issued 18th Oct.

Sleaze in the media...?? My statement last issue regarding 'cash for comment' was well timed. Seems one of those talk back radio people has been caught out *again*. Australian media is unique in the amount of material presented as content that is actually trying to sell readers an idea or product. This can put a publication or advertiser trying to do the right thing at a disadvantage, among other ill affects. I think it is time for a public discussion of this issue. BTW, As soon as I made public I was in the market for another style of boat several months ago, I received an offer by email for me to buy a boat from an exporter at great discount in exchange for future positive editorial.. I didn't even bother to reply but I wonder who else got the offer... and who accepted.

Last issue was the humour issue. Just the way it works sometimes. Keith of *Speranza* and Iain of *Extra Chilli* and Vicki J were all at the top of their form. But no one bared themselves more embarrassingly than David of *Tygress* with an admission in public of **Six Groundings in Three Weeks!**

This just in!! Tygress just gave a call from Gladstone, they have just completed navigation of the narrows and DID NOT GROUND!! Congratulations David and Isabelle! It's now up to *Tsunami* and *Currawong of Pittwater* to bare the burden! See page 9.

Boaty Bucks! Last issue I broached this subject and introduced readers to the SSCA that had originated the concept. Now that you have had some time to consider the device, how about some ideas on how they can be best used. Rather than a shot gun approach that may have less impact, I suggest boaties target particular places with clearly defined issues. A port that needs to provide access and water for example. To be effective, you need to identify WHO is responsible. A nameless organisation or government department is useless. You need one individual to address your complaint to. You need to have a SOLUTION clearly in mind and ready for suggestion. Check local law. By not supplying basic amenities, they may be disobeying their own laws, or they may just be plain ignorant of boaties existence let alone our impact on the waterfront business's. Once you have your goal, target and means sorted out perhaps the Boaty Buck can be filled in on the reverse side indicating to the merchant "Tell your mayor Fatboy that we deserve a public wharf at Greed-head beach. Boating tourists are good business." You get the idea. Even just a few boats working in concert can have a big impact. It all depends on how much you all are willing to do to preserve the life style. And not just for us. Just a few years ago we had it pretty good. This is all happening on our watch. If boaties don't do something the next lot may not be able to cruise unless they are rich. See the web site for copies of the "Boaty Bucks" and more info on SSCA.

Military Closure of Shoalwater Bay Again!! Effective from time of printing to November 30th. This report just in from Rapa Nui, Thomas says that Port Clinton and Pearl bay appear to be available for general use by passing craft! This very reasonable compromise, would be a welcome departure from past policy.

Rendezvous Fallout!? If I needed proof that I was justified in renouncing any association with the event using the name "Multihull Rendezvous" in Airlie Beach this year, I got it in the form of an **anonymous** screed published by a local Whitsunday weekly and Multihull World magazine. (SO FAR!) But is this about the Rendezvous or is it because little TCP is starting to scare shit out of those who felt they had a private club going? Keep an eye out for who is providing more coverage this year or even never did before... might indicate a lot eh? I also made some comments about integrity in the media that may have had something to do with this as well?? In any case the piece was a show bag of miss-information, quotes out of context and red herrings accompanied by obvious spin to sell their version of the Rendezvous, and everything cobbled together to serve some vested interests and maybe one wounded ego? And speaking of ego, while it would have been very satisfying for me devote half this edition to taking whoever to task for it, this is YOUR RAG and after considerable thought I concluded that, except for a minority, readers really wouldn't care and would prefer to see the pages put to better use, but for those interested.... Go to the web site, click on the "Issues" button on the home page, then click on "Money Talks". You will find the lot! But in short, I stand by every word I published, under my own name, in exactly the context it was printed.



The Coastal Passage

The Voice of the Great Barrier

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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 is a benefit to the boating community. It's about a fair go for boaties.

Dear Bob,
When we read the praises for Keith of Life Support Systems in Gladstone (TCP #21 Letters), we had to second the notion!

When we had a hydraulic problem, he was recommended to us by another cruiser, Dave off "Elangeni". Who would have thought to consult a dive shop?! Life Support Systems is at Gladstone Marina. Having done so, we can't recommend him more highly. He dropped other work and was very knowledgeable with anything to do with seals, hydraulics and who knows what else! Anyone who is willingly and happily helping our boating fraternity deserves the accolades. Thanks Keith!

**Judy & Chris,
SY "Two Easy"**

"THE SHOP" at Mourilyan Harbour

To TCP readers:

In the past this was not much use to cruising yachties but since Rodney Timms has taken over **TIMMS MOURILYN HARBOURSIDE BAIT & TACKLE** 12 months ago, the service has changed. He still offers ice, fuel, bait, ice creams, pies, tackle and boat storage (and a toilet!). However, if you radio "Second Best" on channel 80 and give them a food order they will do your shopping in town and bring it to the harbour for you. So, if you are going ashore to dump your rubbish and get water at the boat ramp, walk through the carpark to the Mourilyan Road and continue along to the Timms Kiosk.

The village of Mourilyan has been hard hit by Cyclone Larry and we need to support these folks by giving them our business and helping their recovery. I would recommend Rodney Timms at the harbour.

**Regards,
Beth, SY, "White Bird"**

Gday Bob,

Where are we with the pump-out of toilets? We cruise mainly around Hervey Bay, which is mostly a no-no for discharge of toilets, unless you travel 6 hours out past the exclusion zone, making it very time consuming and expensive. I have been holding off installing a holding tank and treatment

tank because I cannot get the same answer to my question: What sort of system is required to treat the sewage before it is safe enough to discharge into smooth waters, etc.? Do any of your readers have a home made design to **get out of the poo** before I get pinged? I have had a look at some ready made systems that will not suit my needs and space. What is the simplest chemical treatment to build to comply? If you could put this out into the water world I would be much appreciated. Luv the mag, I hardly have read one issue before the next one is upon me.

**A. Ladlow,
MV, "Aquatation"**

Greetings Allan,

Good luck on getting a straight answer on requirements!! I couldn't get answers either. If you have web access you can go to www.thecoastalpassage.com/poo.htm for the whole thing, the debate, the laws, the ridicule and finally, the cheap way out. How about a \$50 holding tank system? It's on the web site.

As far as a treatment system, "Sani-loo" is the best one going. That is, it's the cheapest at around \$1500 and reputedly, trouble free. The composting toilet is an option that may suit. As it is self contained the poo cops should have nothing more to say. See the "Air Head" ad here-in.

**Cheers,
Bob**

SY, "Motu Iti" sends letter to Queensland MP, Mike Reynolds

The following letter was sent to Queensland MP, Mike Reynolds. John Booth of SY, "Motu Iti" sent TCP a copy asking it be published. Following is that letter...

Dear Sir,
Myname is John Booth. I am a yachtie who is travelling on a holiday from New South Wales. I met you while in Townsville for a few days before the state election and discussed the 9 cent a litre fuel surcharge interstate visitors have to pay to the Queensland government. If this is a fair thing, why aren't motor vehicles registered in other states treated the same way?

I am now anchored in Horseshoe Bay, Magnetic Island waiting for a northerly wind to take us home to N.S.W., never to return to Queensland. I was approached by a Queensland patrol boat (boating & fisheries) and asked to produce a Qld. Boating licence. I did not have one as I comply with NSW laws where one does not have to have a licence for a boat that does not have a top motoring speed of 6 knots. I have been given the option of spending a day in port being taught boating rules after which it will cost me \$120 for a Qld. Licence or pay a \$350 fine.

I have been sailing boats for 60 years and have taught numerous adults and children in sailing clubs and scouts the importance of rules of the sea, safety and the art of sailing. I have had a boat licence in NSW for 16 years as I was in charge of a rescue boat that had a 70hp motor attached.

Here in Horseshoe Bay there is a fleet of 3 hire boats with 50hp motors on them. There is a sign on the side of each boat that these boats can be driven by people without a licence! I challenged the officials in the patrol boat who informed me that the owner of the hire business gives the hire-ees 2 hours instruction before they take control of the boats!

Yours Faithfully,
John Booth.

P.S. An interesting slogan printed on the back of Qld "Boating and Fisheries" patrol field officers business card is: **Mission Vision:** "Profitable primary industries for Queensland maximise the economic potential of Queensland primary industries on a sustainable basis." (Howszat?)

Greetings
It was good to meet you in Bowen Harbour. The hypocrisy of the license laws have been a festering sore on the QLD coast. I hear there is movement afoot to change that by requiring the charterers to require licenses but I don't see it happening. For one, it would devastate the business and MSQ has a reputation for doing backwards somersaults to please a powerful interest

which the charter industry is so I'll be watching out for a 'compromise' to save a little face for the MSQ whilst still allowing the charterers to continue. My personal opinion is that the charterers shouldn't have to license but neither should we! It's not about safety, it's everything about revenue raising against a group that is perceived as powerless. And the "2 hours" of instruction? See below, an ad found in a tourist mag.. The fuel tax issue deserves it's own edition. Reality avoidance and double speak are all the rage in government circles lately.

**Cheers
Bob**

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SHOALY ISSUES

Dear Bob,

Well after finally having our story on Shoalwater Bay published in The Australian newspaper on Monday 25/9/06 I thought a few changes to the way the cruising fraternity are treated by the Army might follow. It seems the promise of allowing vessels safe anchorage during adverse weather conditions such as strong wind warnings was immediately overturned by Canberra as stated in the above mentioned publication. The Army also stated they would have not ordered us to leave the area had they known a strong wind warning was in place. Now we should all be worried to think the Army flies fully loaded black hawk helicopters and fixed wing aircraft without checking wind speeds and weather conditions. I would have thought a weather report the first thing any pilot would check before even starting an aircraft engine. (I wonder what the wind socks are for at airfields.) My family and I have received no apology or explanation for the way we were treated by the Army whatsoever. The Army made two appointments to speak with me but broke both at very short notice. I think they hoped I'd just go away. If I pointed a loaded rifle at anyone I would probably be jailed yet the Army can point a fully loaded black hawk at us and that's ok! I've spoken with numerous boaties about our ordeal and am surprised at the amount of people who tell me had it been them they would have told the Army to f**k off and remain anchored. That's all very well whilst they're standing on the berth in the marina with their children safe at home. Our boat is our home when the shit hits the fan in any situation we can't tie the boat up in a marina, jump in the car and drive home. We don't have a home, we don't even have a car; our boat is our sanctuary. Maybe some people don't understand the circumstances as to how this ordeal came about. We did everything right; we checked for closures, we checked for notices and on the 12th July we headed for Island Head Creek. The Army issued a notice on the 14th to close the area on the 17th. They stuffed up, not me. The Army knew they stuffed up; they should have checked the whole area and made sure it was secure before starting live firing exercises 3 days after issuing a notice. There could have been 10 boats in there; I shudder to think they didn't know we were there until 3:30pm on the 18th, they could have killed us. How dare they say they were looking after our safety. These guys are meant to be meticulous in their operations, they're the Australian Defence Force for Christ's sakes and I'm Australian, what a pack of arseholes.

I read with interest the writings of S.Y Emu and the his comments. I won't even comment on what the Coast Guard commander at Yeppoon said. (eds note; the person that made the comments in TCP # 21, said he had the rank of commander but may not have been the usual staff there.) Where as the commander at Thirsty Sound VMR was brilliant during our ordeal. I phoned him to thank him for his help on our return to Rosslyn Bay. He was off duty when I phoned and I spoke to his brother, Bill, and asked him to pass on my thanks. I find we Australians a strange mob, if you've got the balls to stand up for what you believe in you're told to stop whinging and get over it. That may be one reason we suffer from so many regulations on our boats. We have found over the past 4 years whilst cruising the east coast the cruising community are some of the best people we have met in our life. Some will, I'm sure, remain friends for life, no matter what nationality, walk of life they come from nor boat they cruise on, whether power or sail, on the water we are all much the same and the lifestyle is fantastic. As for Karen and I it's been precious to spend every minute of every day with our girls. I'm one father who won't be saying in years to come "I wasn't around when the kids were growing up". Anyway I'm starting to waffle on here so thanks Bob for putting together such a great publication to allow me to waffle.

Thanks Bob,
Brad Stephenson, S.Y. Volaré

P.S: If the government is genuinely concerned about safety on the water how the hell does any department get away with pushing cruisers to sea during strong wind warnings? It makes me wonder whether safety checks and fines for out of date EPIRB's and flares etc. is just revenue raising. And the bloody \$184 it cost me to get my Queensland boat licence in a 16 foot tinny fitted with a 90 horsepower motor to sail my 12 meter yacht is a joke. Sorry, Bob, still waffling.

Hi Bob

In reference to the Shoalwater Bay closures, I checked my chart, AUS820 1994 Edition (the paper kind), and in the notes it states: "Shoalwater Bay Military Exercise Area" The waters within the area are closed to public access during the conduct of defence practices; closure will be advised by notice to mariners. However, all creeks within the area are permanently closed to public access. Shelter from storm or tempest may still be sought at Freshwater Bay, Port Clinton and Pearl Bay.

Now I know the chart is a little old, but I dare say it hasn't changed from the above on the latest chart.....because I went back through my notice to mariners of course and couldn't find a change relating to that...but that doesn't mean it doesn't exist. The important points here are the "all creeks" part, and the "storm and tempest". A storm warning is issued when the average wind strength is expected to be 48 to 62 knots. Dictionary.com describes a tempest as: "a violent windstorm, esp. one with rain, hail, or snow."

The skipper of the Volare did what he had to for the conditions. It's difficult for us to imagine the convincing argument of helicopter, guns, and that back up call to the VMR. I merely wanted to bring to your attention that there is information on the chart relating to this matter and if this is changed then an appropriate "Notice to Mariners" should exist, or the "Notice" excluding the area should say to disregard the notes on the chart.

Kind Regards
Rich Robinson, "Robinson Cruises"

To TCP Readers,

In Townsville The Qld Govt. has inticed large shopping centres and the Magistrates Court office to have Justice of Peace on daily at various times. This service has become very popular and the general public are taking full advantage of this service.

JP's are available at Willows Shopping Complex every Wednesday from 9am to 3pm. Also JP's are at Stockland Shopping Complex and Willows every Saturday between 9am and 1pm. JP's are also at the Maistrates Court office downtown on Wills St. Mon.-Fri. 9am to 4:30pm. This office is in walking distance from most boat anchorages in Townsville and could become quite handy for boat people requiring JP services. This service is free to anyone, so gone are the days of searching for a JP. We look forward to meeting the needs of city and boating population.

Anyone can find out more by contacting the

Magistrates Court or myself, JP qualified (0417 754 639).

Karl Reye, Boaties Friend

Editors note; Karl is a retired gentleman farmer from the Bowen area with a long history of public service and community interest. Those people that are providing public service to the boating community are encouraged to contact TCP for public notice.

Hello Bob,

You may have wondered where Ocean Emu has disappeared to? We bought her in Airlie Beach (mastless), installed a new motor and prop and motored back to Brisbane.

We are now 6 months into the rebuild being done by Adam Ashby Boat Builders at Mooloolaba. His team is making her all "new" again. Mast, boom, furlers, traveller track and cars, sails, every electrical wire, navigation equipment and more - right down to a the new pedestal, compass, wheel and steering system. Photo shown being lifted onto the hard in May 06.

Philippa Smith (my partner and co-skipper) are hoping for a Christmas cruise well, possibly a fast cruise.

It seems so many people know the boat, have seen her or sailed/raced on her that many comments start with "is that the boat that....." Ocean Emu is great boat, a survivor and Philippa believes our answer should be "yep, don't you just love a woman with a past".

Cheers,
William Fea, SY "Ocean Emu"

Greetings
Thanks for the up-date on one of the more notable multihulls around. It's good to see the ah... old girl being looked after! Bob

Letters continue on next page>>>>>>>>>



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Dear Bob,

Reading the letter from Geoff Henry OAM in the last edition of TCP reminded me of an event that happened two or three years ago. It demonstrates why the cruising community appreciates Geoff so much. Hope you enjoy it. The name of the lost yacht has been changed.

Regards, Elaine Kleiss, SY "K-Sera"

Three Flashes in the dark OR It was a dark and squally night....

"VMR Mackay, VMR Mackay, VMR Mackay, this is *Sailor, Sailor, Sailor*. Can you help me? I don't know where I am. Is there a light on Scawfell Island?" cried a voice from the VHF.

"No!" chorused the cosy gathering on K-Sera, securely anchored at Goldsmith Island.

Chris and I were sharing a fresh mackerel with Don of *Black's Myth*, who had bashed to windward to meet us on our arrival in the Whitsundays. Thinking back to our northward passage, the only light I could recall was on Bailey Islet, southwest of Scawfell.

The lost boat called again. No response. Then he called for anyone able to help.

"I don't know where I am! My GPS isn't working! It's very dark with the squalls coming through. I can see a flashing light. Is there a light on Scawfell Island?"

"*Sailor, Sailor*, this is VMR Mackay. What is your compass heading?"

"I am on a course of 300 degrees. I can see this huge island. I think it must be St Bees."

"I'm coming from the Percys but the engine started playing up; then the GPS went on the blink and with the squalls it's hard to see... but I passed this light flashing three times, and there's a very high island to my port side. I thought I passed Scawfell and was heading for St Bees."

The VMR volunteer was monitoring the radio from home. "I'll go straight to the station where I can consult the charts," he called back.

"Flashing three times," said Don, "It would have to be an east cardinal mark. They don't usually have other lights flashing the same number as the cardinals." Leaving our meals we moved to the chart table, pulling out a chart of the area. The Bailey Islet light flashes in groups of five, so it could not be the one *Sailor* was seeing.

Meanwhile the VMR operator had called up Geoff of VMR East Mackay, renowned for his

knowledge of the area and ability to help people in this sort of situation. In fact we had talking about him just before the distress call had come in. Geoff calmly elicited information from the lonely yachtsman. Listening, we imagined being out in the blackness of the squally night, with numerous islands, rocks and reefs waiting for the unwary. But we were not the only sympathetic listeners.

"VMR East Mackay, VMR East Mackay, this is *Captain Alex, Captain Alex*. If he's seeing Bailey Islet light he should be able to see all our lights too. We're down that way." Geoff thanked *Captain Alex* and suggested *Sailor* speak to him direct.

"*Sailor, Sailor*, this is the trawler *Captain Alex*. Can you see the lights of our trawlers?" "No, I can't see any lights except that one flashing three times. And there's this really high, massive island nearby. I'm sacred still I'll run into something hard," came the tense reply.

Don and Chris continued to study the chart. "The only cardinal mark in that area is on Penrith Island," said Don. "The reef comes out from the island a long way too." My heart dropped as I imagined being lost in the dark near a jagged reef. "He's got to be coming up on the eastern side of Scawfell," added Don.

"Please stand by and I'll see if I can get any sense out of this GPS," called *Sailor*.

"*Captain Alex*," he called a few minutes later, "This is my position," and he read out the latitude and longitude. "The batteries must have been flat. Now I've replaced them the GPS seems to be working OK." I could almost feel a sigh of relief from the radio operators and boat crews following the drama.

"Received your position," replied *Captain Alex*, as he, along with VMR and the community of listening sailors plotted the spot.

"That light is on Penrith Island. The high island on your port side is Scawfell Island. There's a secure anchorage there in Refuge Bay. Work your way around the northern headland and you'll see the anchor lights of other boats in the bay," said Geoff.

"I knew he must be seeing Scawfell Island," said Don, "The three flashes was the clue. The only east cardinal mark in that area is on Penrith Island. You can see it from the western side although it's there to direct ships going up the channel to pass east of the Whitsundays. On his course of 300 degrees that light would be behind him, as he said."

"*Sailor, Sailor*," called Geoff again. "I've got the co-ordinates of the northeast point of Scawfell here for you so you'll know when to turn. Have you got a pencil?"

"He'll be right now," we said to each other, confident the lonely skipper would soon be able to relax in a secure anchorage. We settled down to finish our dinner, grateful to be warm, dry and secure.

"*Sailor, Sailor*, this is *Oscar II, Oscar II*. We are a power boat anchored in Refuge Bay. "We have put on all our lights. You'll be able to see them to find the anchorage."

"Thank you *Oscar II*, and thank you everyone for your help," replied *Sailor*.

"Just a bit of advice for the future," called *Captain Alex*, "Check your position every hour and mark it on the chart."

"I certainly will," came the reply, "That's for sure!"

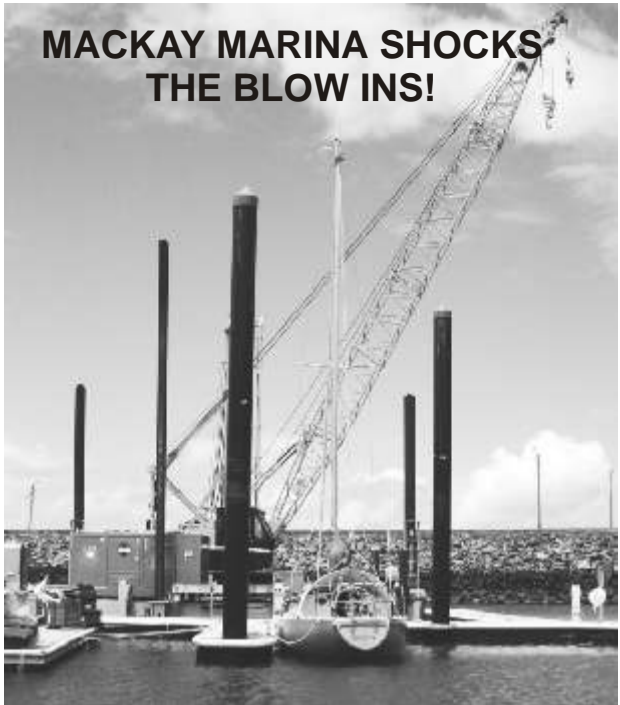
The two radio operators thanked *Captain Alex* and *Oscar II* for their assistance and went back to a listening watch. We thought that was the end of it, but there was one more call. It was Geoff's friendly, reassuring voice, checking to see if the singlehander was safely inside Refuge Bay.

"Have a pleasant night," he said. "When you described the island so huge and very high, I was pretty certain it was Scawfell."

MACKAY MARINA SHOCKS THE BLOW INS!

Cruising the Whitsunday's, you come to expect that the mighty dollar will always win. Due to the fact that the charter boat people are on holiday for that week or so and don't mind spending. As a result, cruising yachts tend to end up at the bottom of the pecking order. We have to put up with very expensive marinas and the added pleasure of being put on waiting lists to get into said marinas. It is nice to know that cruisers can still get up to Bowen in the north and Mackay to the south, and be welcomed. Mackay is an important stopover to reprovision for the haul down to the Kepples, which in the wrong weather can be a month or so hop.

This you can imagine our horror when we rang Mackay Marina from Brampton Island to be told they were full! Not only was the stop in Mackay for reprovisioning, but more importantly, an impending gale had been predicted for that evening. We were told to keep coming anyway and something would be found when we arrived. Upon our arrival, thanks to the initiative of Peter Hansen himself, there was a berth available. The



marina was half way through the process of installing 156 new marina pens. Neither power nor water was yet hooked up, but we were able to safely tie up for the blow. During that afternoon this new finger filled with about 20 yachts all running for shelter from the gale, and that's exactly what blew for the next few days. Not only did Peter find us a berth but a general invite was put out to all of us "blow ins" to come to a communal free BBQ, including beer and wine. What a welcome feeling it was after the Whitsunday's!

Speaking with Peter Hansen at the BBQ I was in for another shock. Not only had he cut through red tape and unofficially opened this new finger for us desperate shelter seekers, he then tells me that he had told the principals of the Marina that he would not be charging us until power and water were hooked up! You can imagine the goodwill and joy that was spreading around that BBQ!

On behalf of ALL the boats that you offered shelter to during that really foul weather, we thank you Peter and your staff. It is so rare these days to see management use commonsense and not be blinded by the almighty dollar. Your generous hospitality has set a benchmark. It would be nice to see other marina managers take note of your operating style.

It is a nice feeling to be treated as a decent human being and not as a "grottie yachtie". We DO spend money and we also GOSSIP about various marina on the coast. You run one of the best marinas on the coast. Keep up the good work!

Chris & Judy,
SY "Two Easy"

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The day we bought a boat continues..

After three days of looking at the first four boats we were a bit disheartened, as none of them, while lovely boats in their own way, were really suitable for what we wanted. The last boat to look at was a bit out of our price range but something about her picture appealed enormously to me so we went to at least have a look.

She was perfect of course and it was love at first sight.

I wanted her. She is a 35' catamaran measuring about 22' across the beam, with white sails, red hulls and a baby blue topside. The topside won't be blue for long once we get home. A nice clean white to reflect the heat will look much better. The interior is all lacquered wood with green carpet and matching upholstery in the salon. She boasts two inboard diesel Yanmar motors, four big water tanks, a shower - cold, and two heads.

There are two queen size beds and a couple of narrow single ones. Actually, after sleeping on one of the queen beds, I have discovered that it isn't quite as wide as a standard queen but that's fine as being quite tall, length is more important than width.

We offered as much as we could afford and didn't waste time in haggling. The broker made noises about our offer, suggesting that something a bit more might just secure a sale, but presented it anyhow once we explained that it was our first and final offer as we simply couldn't go any higher. The owner accepted. I never doubted he would. I just had a feeling that there was something about **'Absolutely'**, right from when I first saw her photo on the internet. She belonged to a couple who unfortunately found that due to their business commitments couldn't spend the time on her that they envisaged they would when they purchased her initially. She had been sitting at the marina, not maintained particularly, not taken out enough and generally neglected. She was dirty both inside and out, needed a good paint, the woodwork and stainless needed polishing and the sails were mouldy. But underneath all that was a beautiful catamaran with pleasing lines, nicely built and looked like she might sail well. I also liked the red hulls, Eddie didn't. I have managed to talk him into keeping them red when she is repainted; the compromise is a slightly different red.

She passed the sea trial and survey and we moved in.

A jib had ripped on the way back to the marina, with the other one just beginning to tear, the repairs of which gave us a few days to get used to the boat, even though we were itching to get away. As I have learned, when you are cruising on a boat, impatience is just not an option. The owners had left some foodstuffs on board, most of which I had to throw away as it was old. The only item I regret getting rid of was the Asian fish oil, as have never cooked with it and couldn't see myself starting now - a couple of days into sailing and I realised I could have used it to make up some berley to attract fish. Oh well. Lateral thinking has never been one of my strong points.

"Absolutely" welcomed us with open arms, you could almost hear the appreciation humming through her rigging and coursing along her hulls, that someone who cared for her was on board. She is a wooden boat, designed by John Hitch, and built over six years by a chap named Lyle Smith from Victoria, who quite obviously put a lot of love, care and thought into her construction. Thank you Lyle for a beautiful boat. .

The sails turned up the afternoon of the day we were completely ready to go; is one ever that ready?. Eddie and I put them up and furled them safely, ready for the next day. Hoisting the first one on the port side was an experience. Usually sailmaker's and repairers fold them with the leading edge showing first and we assumed this was how the sails were done. Eddie fed the leading edge into the track then ran back to the rope and started to haul it up. I made sure it was fed in correctly. As I was doing this I noticed the sailmaker's patch going past upside-down. Oh oh, the damn thing was going up the wrong way. Back down it came and was put over on the starboard hull and the other sail brought out. Up this one went; much better. It was one of those things that when it happens you hope no one is watching and someone always is. The following morning we were up at about 3am, double checking everything and trying to quell the butterflies.

Our adventure was about to begin. At 5.20am precisely Eddie backed **"Absolutely"** out of the pen and we were on our way.



Above: Sunset off Cape Clinton. Beginning a new tradition of beautiful sunsets and sun rises. Below; The author in her new office and home and looking pretty comfortable with it!



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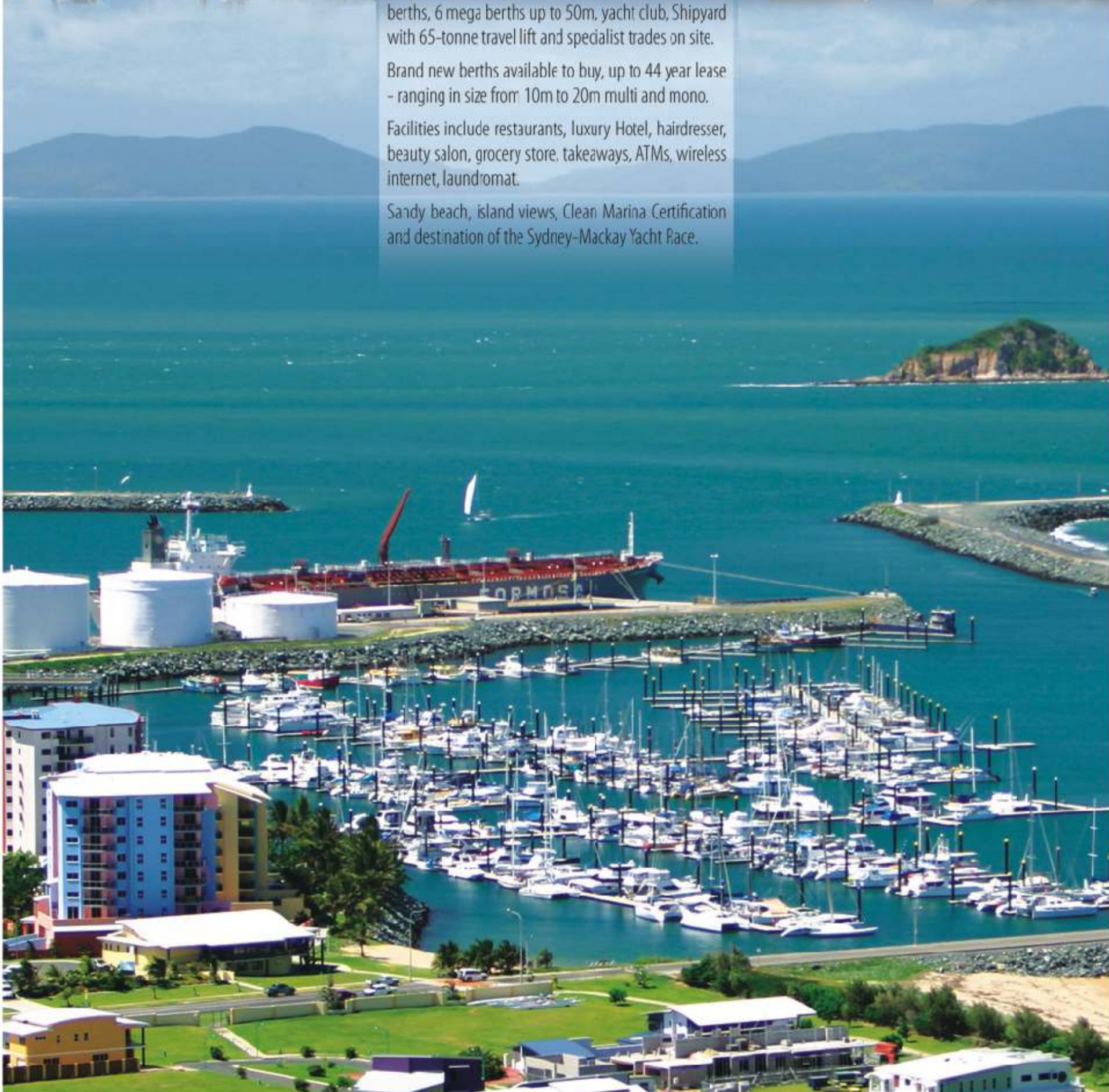
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"That's just Sally"

There I was, flat on my back, seasickness does that, four days into our crossing from Brisbane to Noumea on our first offshore trip on **Adamant II** listening for my husband Peter to check into Pentacomstat. That's when I heard a woman's voice asking for the weather report and not having any luck. She sounded like I felt, exhausted and wishing she was on a bus going anywhere. I was concerned as I heard, big seas, very strong winds, they had been getting hammered and for some reason felt I had to meet this voice - seawives empathy. I listened everyday after that but only a man's voice did the sked for **Acropora**.

Eventually I caught up with Sally (the name of the voice) in Noumea and introduced myself and told her how she was not out there alone, just like Frasier, 'we were listening'. Our paths crossed a few more times (as you do) and I was really happy to see her in Port Vila, Vanuatu. You see, its like this, Sally is a nurse and as I've come to find out, a very extraordinary nurse.

She had spent the last month helping out in Port Vila hospital and had heard that Project Marc (a non profit volunteer organization setting up clinics and training health workers in Vanuatu villages.) were one volunteer nurse and boat short due to illness. Sally and Martin (engineer husband) put up their hand to help out, so off they went to the clinic at Sakao previously set up by Project Marc, it services all the Meskelyne Islands. I know they both worked endless hours and did wonderful things for the health of the local Ni-Vanuatu villages. I wasn't with them then but knowing Sally, she would have worked till she dropped. **Acropora** then took a Dutch film crew, associated with Project Marc to the west coast of Santo at Wusi to provide further medical assistance.



Sally and the crew, landing for another days mission.

They recorded the work on film to assist in raising awareness and money to continue the services so desperately needed.

We finally had some time with **Acropora** in Hog Harbour on Santo Island. We had arrived a few days earlier and had learned that the nurse had left and no one was sure when she would return, the clinic had been without a nurse for a few weeks by then. We told Sally when she arrived and it was - 'right, let's go to the village, see the chief and find out if we can help'. Now lets get one thing clear, I have no medical experience whatsoever, but Sally said

"Can you cuddle a sick baby? Can you tell a mother she's doing a great job?" Yes, I could do that, "then you can help" so off we went. We saw the chief and he said it would be announced in church that a nurse was available the next day. It started with about 20 people and then they just kept coming.

Some people have a gift and it was wonderful to see Sally tenderly treat the babies, the women, the elderly, with her own brand of caring and understanding. A boy with a piece of coral stuck in his ear canal, a baby with infected ears, only after several attempts at cleaning did we discover that she had a still alive bug in her ear canal (the baby was 3 months old). Or of the pregnant women, there is no midwife in the village, the women young and old with chronic back and knee pain from working day in and day out in the village gardens.

Asthma, diabetes, heart problems, we saw the lot. Sally could only do what she could to make people more comfortable and dispense what medicine she had at hand and in the clinic (not much). She did dispense however, her advice, telling how rubbing oil into backs and stretching would help alleviate the pain, doing physio in the sea for a woman with a withered leg. Told it like it is, if you don't do something you will be a very crippled old lady.

Sally put me in charge of attending to the children with scabies and head lice, a huge problem as the cycle is never stopped and in children, scabies, if left untreated can even cause death. I was putting on the lotion as gently as I could on the feet of a six-month-old baby, blistered and covered in sores. These two great big brown eyes with eyelashes that could sweep you away, looked up at me, not a murmur and it must have stung beyond belief, that nearly broke my heart.

The reason I'm writing this is to tell people, firstly of wonderful Sally off SV **Acropora**, I stand in awe of her kindness, gentleness and heartfelt caring of the Ni-Vanuatu people. Secondly, to say a great big thank you to ALL yachties who do such terrific things whilst cruising, fixing generators, solar panels, running pipes for fresh water and the enormous aid they bring on their boats to remote villages. Books, pencils, candles, matches, towels, clothing, bedding, soap, washing powder and a huge amount of other assistance they give everyday to the villages they visit.

Cruising is not only about sundowners and snorkelling. I have to say, it is an easy thing to do, to help the Ni-Vanuatu people. They are just so gracious and lovely natured and friendly people, always happy despite the harsh conditions. Giving assistance when you can is a joy

and it shouldn't be missed.

We left Hog Harbour going south to Luganville and Sally and Martin set off north to the Banks group of islands, Sally had heard that a clinic on the west coast of Guau, the nurse had left and there were some very sick people there. Not surprisingly, she had organised another group of yachties to help out in the clinic, just for a day or two, but they will be forever touched by what they did and what they saw. Sally of course, will be visiting a lot more villages and tending to countless more people because, well, that's just Sally.

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“Workaboard” a new boating lifestyle?

by Bob Norson

Save money by living on a Boat?!?

That's the dream, and for many the false one, the rationale but less often the fact, until now.

There is no denying, the job situation on the Queensland coast is incredible. The demand for people to work has never been greater but the real estate market has left many trades people, especially young families, in a bind. The current situation means a person making \$60,000 a year is barely able to survive. I'm sure the treasurer is proud of his claim that inflation is at an all time low



Mick of "Falmari" is making money to spend on fast bikes and new boat gear... check out the new sail covers! Very seaworthy Mick!

but families in the towns adjacent to the mining areas are reeling from the increase in that most essential family expense, a roof over the head. Increases in real estate are across the board and greater than I would have guessed a year ago but the area under particular pressure is the medium to modest family dwelling. A three bedroom fibro in Mackay or Gladstone that may have sold for \$80,000 a couple years ago is now going for over \$300,000. There are reports that rentals are even being auctioned but if you are lucky enough to find one with a 'flat rate' expect to pay \$350 a week or more.

Workaboard? Or Boaties finally get a win!

It's a rare time when living aboard is a (nearly) fool proof financial benefit so make the most of it! While the land people are seeing big chunks of their wages go to mere survival in the two mining towns, working boaties have two of the most reasonable marinas situated right in the midst. For people that may have been considering buying a boat 'sometime,' now may be the time. Consider selling the house now. For those that already liveaboard and will have to top up the kitty sometime, now is the time. This boom can't last forever, mining booms never do. Living aboard in the marina can see accommodation cost's reduced by as much as 60% and you have a better place to go on the week ends! Both marinas have nice little anchorages within a couple hours of the berth.

I had a stroll around Gladstone Marina to get a feel for the subject and in a few minutes was able to talk to several people that were working from their floating homes.

Monty of "Duet". Look for the pirate flag flying from the mast head of the sloop with the dark topsides. Hailing from Canada, Monty stated the reasons for Gladstone were that the money was good and he met an Aussie bride. On the three year work plan so far. I stumbled over Monty and David of

"Wyandra" as they were in a heated sabo race in the harbour. According to Johanna of "Wyandra" the rivalry had been going on for some time and David almost always won but Monty would never give up!

Mick of "Falmari," a 33 foot Roberts Spray design. Mick bought the boat up in Weipa and sailed her down. He is a crane operator and rigger so his skills are in demand. When the money is enough he'll sail away... somewhere. In the mean time, he is another of those boaty/motorheads. Notice the motorised scooter thing on the foredeck and he is now getting a "tigerblade" Honda to replace the classic Z1000 Kwaka that some bastard recently nicked off him. He

says the Honda comes from his mate Dave Short, who just won the new Audi from the Hamilton Island race week! Motorheads are everywhere!

Mike of "Snowgoose II" is from Emerald doing a sea change. Wound up in Gladstone because that's where the boat was and the money is good. He plans to start cruising soon, maybe making another stop in Mackay, then Townsville, and round to Perth before taking the Indian Ocean on for a circle.

I just wasn't in Mackay at the right time to find a lot of people hanging about to ask but I personally know several that are doing the "Workaboard." One is commuting to the NT by plane though his home is on the marina. Others are working weird hours but I did do a little foot work to find out the possibilities. Boaties don't even need a push bike to get on the work force in Mackay. The jobs are right in the Marina complex. Jobs in Restaurants and bars are there now! See the lighthouse Restaurant for details. Ring (07) 4955 5722 for more info. I also talked to Todd, the shipyard manager, he reports that there are positions for everything from upholsterer to painter to marine mechanic available now. In short, any reasonably competent marine trade can probably start work straightaway. In town, I talked to Extreme Employment Agency who affirmed the local demand. I asked for a list of



Work still leaves time for play.... Monty of "Duet".

the 'top ten' job placement opportunities and they're reply is in the box on this page.

A big advantage to Mackay is the availability of berths as the marina has just expanded.

The drain from all coastal towns to the mines has been such that any port will have jobs available but the two mentioned here are the most prolific regarding jobs.

Conclusion; Sailors can be like cosmic rays, passively bounced around and guided by forces of nature. More effected by gravity and enertia than plan. But that's what sailing is all about isn't it? Somehow though, a lot of boaties are winding up at these marinas and it's working out very well, thank you!
If the wind blows this way anyway... maybe "I'll pop in ..." maybe "get back to some participation" for a while.... Maybe chuck away some serious cash!!



"Workaboard" life is good for Mike on "Snowgoose II..



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"My Friend Fred" continues.....

You may think my joy at using the laptop for communication takes me away from the benefits of natural life aboard our floating home. Not so, it is my creative link to our experience. Each day I quickly type up a diary which I reference before writing up our blog. I had no idea what a blog was until I started sending travel newsletters via email to friends, and someone suggested I set up a weblog. For the uninitiated this is a personal site on the net where I write stories of our travels and upload photographs. I guess in some ways it is a bit like diarising and scrap booking but takes a lot less time, and is readily available to a lot of people. In generations to come these sorts of diaries will be used by family historians to get an insight into the type of lives and personalities of previous generations. As a mum I learnt over the years to watch our boys swinging from trees, cook a meal, mend a scabbed knee and talk on the phone simultaneously. Living aboard *Adagio* is no different. I am able to sit in the saloon typing, keep a watchful eye for coral, turtles, whales or anything the captain hasn't seen, jump immediately to his orders (who am I kidding?) and have a hand ready to grab the camera for that illusive whale shot. For me being technically connected makes me more visually aware of all that is around me.

We have a little card that slips into the side of the laptop which gives us internet connection, albeit sometimes difficult to get. At the moment while sitting out 30+ knot sou'easters we are nestled next to the shore of Shaw Island and downloading data involves climbing on the roof of our catamaran, placing the laptop on top of the boom cover and pushing the Bigpond connect button. I haven't yet mastered the art of googling on the roof, holding onto the sail cover, trying to read the screen in the bright sunlight and type coherently, but no doubt that will be added to my CV in the months ahead.

Communication with loved ones and friends is again just the push of a button, whereas in times gone by it required written communication or very expensive phone calls. In today's world we just text a message "whale breaching at 100 metres", send an email with photo of whale breaching at 100 metres, or point the mobile phone in the right direction, dial, and let the person at the other end, who just happens to be sitting in a sterile office in the middle of a big city and wishing he wasn't, listen to the splash and your exclamations as you relate your whale of a tale. Bearing in mind the boat budget, it would be a good idea to organise the whale display during the free hour you have with your Telstra phone.

I have a great communication system going with our grand-daughter who is five years old. I speak to her on the phone, send her emails with attached photos of what we are doing, and create exciting stories for her Dad to read to her. Just yesterday I sent a kiss down the East Australian Current, graphically describing the route to her home then asked her where it landed. Stories are limited only by the imagination of the author, although sometimes the Captain's call for all hands on deck will quickly stem the creative flow. Only yesterday our little one sent me a photo of her face painted like a butterfly and a brief message which she asked her Dad to spell for her as she typed the letters. She is not even in kindergarten and is quickly learning her way around a computer. Her cuddles are only a flight away, and with today's competitively priced airfares and marina facilities to leave our boat, we can be with her in the blink of an eyelid. Virgin enables us to wing our way homewards in just twelve hours, a distance that took us three months to sail. A privilege not available a few decades ago,

well not on a boating budget anyway.

Googling is the best thing since sliced bread, although there are times aboard where I would swap google for a lovely warm slice of freshly baked bread. Our little baby doesn't have an oven, so bread making is on the hooded barbie, with it's variable heat. Success lies not in the strength, but lack of wind. Now some may ask, what in heavens name is google. This is a program with a little icon that I select with the mouse and then type on the screen what I want to know. In seconds it gives me information about a forgotten recipe, photographs and information about fish, coral, and other things we want to identify. Recently I used it to research information about a grandfather who died long before I was born. Beats stowing on board thick expensive and sometimes out of date books giving information such as "what fish is this" "what bird is this" "what plant is this" even "what day is this". The captain can look up all sorts of technical information and I can even look up all the latest Hollywood gossip, although to tell the truth that is the last thing on my mind, the here and now is way too much fun. Recently we were able to keep abreast of the up-to-date efforts of the Socceros in the World Cup by just googling Harry Kewell.

Man has always been a hunter and gatherer, and catching fish is no exception. Things are a little simpler today with the aid of technology and new state of the art tackle. A computer cannot catch our fresh reef fish for us, but it can help to locate where the little buggers are hiding. Once the captain has hauled in "the big one" the first mate could google to confirm whether he kills the blighter or releases it kicking and fighting to live another day. She could then look up THE recipe that uses what is available in her pantry. She could then phone, email or SMS her new found best boatie friends and invite them to diner. In reality the boat has been pointed into the wind while the captain landed the catch, the sails are flapping wildly and the captain impatiently informs her "I'm just going to kill the bugger and get back to the helm. Can you get ready to clean and gut it", and with luck if he is not too upset by this stage, a "please" will be added. New found friends to share in the treat will be just that, people you meet up with after you are safely anchored for the night. What better way to meet people than to invite them to join you for some freshly caught reef fish. This just goes to show there are times when you say "to hell with technology", just wing it and see what transpires. We learnt this from our friends Chris and Judy from *Two Easy*. Our friendship was born the day Chris paddled up to our stern and invited us to join them for fresh coral trout cooked on a beach barbie.

Fred is multi talented, not only does he give us a wealth of information and communication, but he also entertains us with music, DVDs and talking books. A couple of nights ago we huddled downstairs and watched as Anthony Hopkins transported us to another place in *The World's Fastest Indian*. For a couple of hours we were totally oblivious to the sound of the 35 knot gusts whipping through the rigging above us.

From my perspective I enjoy the challenges the sea gives us, our lives are ruled by the sea and wind, but for this little black duck it is great to have brought along with us some of the embellishments of our modern society. The purists out there will no doubt disagree, but as the saying goes "whatever way floats your boat".

WHAT IS A COMPUTER VIRUS???

or..What evils lurk out there?

By Bob Norson

The following is opinion based on my experience with the web over the last few years of intensive use. I am not a computer program expert however I am a good observer with a healthy sense of scepticism and a daily user.

What is a virus?? The common answer is a program that intrudes into an unsuspecting computer and causes problems like poor function or outright crash. This is rare. In most countries the legal penalty is high if caught and there is no money to be made. The far more likely attacks your computer suffers from are issues of privacy. **Spammers.** I'm not just referring to those obnoxious ads that come in your email for Viagra or suspect shares but really serious frauds that attempt to induce you into giving your bank details to them. But how do they get your email address and how do they know so much about you? The three most popular ways are...

"Chain mail", can be anything that comes to you that says something like; 'forward this to six people today.' That is a spammer scamming on you. They can also take advantage of your concern for affairs, 'sign this petition and forward to all your email contacts' or the joke that advises you to forward to all your friends that need cheering up, anything at all, those are all spammer tools. Every time you forward those on, the spammer that originated the scam or hijacked an innocent mail, gets a copy with all your contacts on it and they are then added to his data base that he sells to the Viagra people or whatever. If you want to use what you have been sent but want to insure your friends privacy, simply copy the material and paste it unto a new message and that should be OK. My favourite chain mails? The ones promising Bill Gates will send you cash for forwarding or the one warning of an impending virus on the web. The creeps are not without a sense of humour!

"Up dates", oh that's a big one. Many computer programs are designed to not work properly or at all until at least one so-called up-date has been done on line. This gives the vendor of the program access to your computer details to insure the program isn't being used without license but often it's just

plain data collection. It's gotten so popular that even a \$60 printer comes with a program that wants you to allow "automatic up-dates", the worst kind of all. They may make as much from the data collection as they do from the hardware sales. If the program you are using has the capability and you can find it, open the window that monitors the data as it is being sent/received from a so-called up-date and see how much data is going OUT of your computer compared to what is coming in. You might be surprised. A small amount of data has to go out to be able to receive but if it's over 10% of the incoming for example, your privacy is being invaded. Ironically, the worst offenders in this group? (besides Windows) The virus control programs of course! Exploiting your fear to plunder your privacy isn't unique lately now is it!?

"Download programs from the web." Never download an *unsolicited* program! EVER! These may be in the form of a "pop-up" or come via email and may be described as "prevent computer crash" or (ironically) "virus protection" or whatever. Sometimes the question is framed in such a way that an apparent no is actually a yes. If you see one of those bombs start to run, download or install to your computer, pull the plug on the connection immediately!!!

"Cookies" these are small programs that are more accurately described as "data miners" and can be used for innocent purposes. For example, as they identify who you are and what you have stored in your computer, they can make browsing fast and personalised. Or they can be used for evil. Always block cookies and be sure to delete them if you do let down your guard for a particular purpose.

Acquiring and selling your private data is a major industry. There is billions of \$\$ in it. With those kinds of stakes involved and the general innocence of the web users, it's a very ugly business. What do I do? I allow no up-dates, no so-called anti virus programs. I block all cookies except when in a site that demands them and then I immediately delete them. My web puter is just fine thank you. The sky hasn't fallen yet. The web is a wonderful place with a mountain of possibilities but as long as the big guys leave a legal back door open for their own purposes, there will always be the creeps in the wings using it any way they can. Have a crawl, have a ball, but do watch your backside.. And all my friends that send me chain mail? I've got a published address anyway, you are forgiven!

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Going North to Mackay..... continues

The last bay at 'Turkey Creek' is wide and open, the headwind was too strong, and so I had to turn back to find an anchorage. The wind swept the waves and they were now breaking with foam tops. The wind was blowing at 25 plus knots head-on. I was none too pleased with the afternoon run. I dropped anchor at 16.30 in rough, uncomfortable water. The current runs to the NE and the wind comes from the NE. It became wind against tide and it was choppy. I plan to raise the anchor at 23.30 tonight and motor to the entrance if the bouys are sufficiently visible. The wind should have abated by then.

Synopsis; The River is boring for most of its length with slight, low banks and a mixture of gum trees and mangroves. It's a narrow river and the wind funnels along it accentuating the wind by channelling it along the surface and blowing one's hair off. This hasn't been a good start to the trip. There might be only two lights to go, but I prepared to sit there for days. That's to be expected of sailing. It's like driving into Sydney against the lights.

Resolution; Avoid sailing against the winds at all cost. Always have the dingy shipboard and properly secured before sailing anywhere.

Saturday, August 26 00.00hrs. Calm night, some clouds and very light northerly breeze. Haul up the anchor when tide is slack. It's impossible to do otherwise. Begin motoring down river with the current from Turkey Creek to the entrance. I round 'Horseshoe' with the aid of three red buoys to starboard, then two greens to port. The last red buoy on the river is in view so I head for it. At 'River Heads' the channel is deep and narrow and the current, going through the mouth, is excessively strong. Suddenly the surface in the channel is turbulent and invisible in the dark. I was startled as it felt like going down rapids. Clear of the river, I enter the Great Sandy Straits where the tide still affects sailing. Two car ferries lie at anchor just north of the channel and I pass within 60 metres of these ponderous shadowy hulks.

Everything goes well until I reach mid Straits where I turn northward. The wind rises coming from the north. I can't make headway so I cut across the wind and current and head for a light on the far side of the Straits. When I arrived close to the far bank I searched the bottom with the sounder but it was deep and the shore just metres away. The Dingy raced all around the boat while I tried to anchor in the rough waters with a wind blowing a gale. The same thing happened to me four years ago on my maiden sail in Moreton Bay. There the dingy hammered the boat and scuffed the new paint. It stayed patched like a car with primer on it 4 years later. I finally repainted the hull a couple of weeks earlier. I was pissed off and exhausted and ashamed of my mistake.

My hands were bleeding from hauling anchor chain and rode. At one moment the boat touched bottom. I jumped into the cockpit and thrust the boat off by applying full throttle. I got off. Now I must re-position the anchor further away from the dark and barely visible shore. I then drew the dingy up to the transom and lashed it against the large fender which saved more scuffing and damage.

I went to my bunk at 02.30hrs. Not before setting the alarm for high tide slack at 10.00hrs. I hoped to find a southerly then. Come high tide I hauled up the anchor in a very light NW wind and began motoring

northward. It wasn't long before the wind rose so I set my Genoa, and with motor, sailed as close to the wind as I could. I headed NW toward Big Woody Island. The wind on our nose began to strengthen. Arrived at Big Woody at 13.30 after beating about.

Synopsis; I am exhausted, sick of sailing against the winds and slightly cut up and bleeding which is normal.

Resolution; same as yesterday; always avoid sailing into the wind. Never be in a hurry. But I am expected at Urangan Boat Harbour to meet Karen, a friend. I tried to get the dingy aboard but the current and wind precluded that. Always tie the dingy onboard before sailing anywhere. The weather forecast was for northerlies turning to SE in late morning or afternoon. I am still waiting. It is now 14.30hrs. The weatherman is not always right. Even short term predictions are terribly wrong. It is nice to be in rather clear waters. The underwater hull is now visible in the clear water and I notice the mud of the Mary still on it.

While in Urangan I took photos of signs on the harbor front. The signs were either advertisements or they were warnings. There were plenty of "Don't Signs" like; Do not... Do not.... Do not... For example one large Queensland Government Authority sign had 8 Don'ts, 4 directives and 1 large contravention notice on it which said; "Contravention of this sign is an offence. Maximum Penalty is \$1500 - \$3000" for something quite innocuous. The sign dimensions of 1.0 X 1.5m. consisted of 205 words and it stood on a pontoon only 6 metres long. Of course, this sign is only one of many on the harbor front. Who cares, nobody sees them anymore? I saw one bloke smoking while filling a ship with diesel. He was a government employee. Chances are that if you read every sign you will collide with something. There is no argument going for the skipper. A sign with ten words is considerably wordy. A sign with 205 words is perilous and ugly.

Tuesday, August 29, 2006 I listened to the weather forecast at 12:05 on channel 73. Strong wind warning from S, SE to 25 knots. Perfect; I might make it to Bundaberg in 6 hours. I miscalculated once again. I motored for an hour before the wind rose slightly. The boat progressed at about 4-5 knots for hours before the wind became stronger. I hardly felt the effects of it in the downwind run, but Plume increased speed to 8-9 knots and I was feeling more hopeful. Dark clouds formed in the east but they didn't seem threatening. The waves were sharper now but still small, with a swell of 1-2 metres. I drop anchor in Burnett Heads Harbour at 22.00hrs.

Synopsis; a reasonable run for one afternoon having done 30 miles.

Resolution; dolphins are just human. I saw my first blow straight ahead of me near 'Burnett Heads' and two dolphins came into view and they began to play. They took no notice of me. In their oblivion they continued with their courting. The male seemed enchanted with his mate and wouldn't let her alone. I passed by them without a sound and admired them with a touch of envy.

Wednesday, August 30, 2006 Leave Burnett Hds., and I sail up river to Bundaberg. I sailed 90% of the way. There were interesting commercial and pleasure boats along the way. Two years ago on my way to Sydney I saw

Gypsy Pearl, Port of Hobart. I first met Paul on the Gypsy Pearl, this beautiful black and white ketch, When I met this solo sailor in Ballina, NSW, we weathered 10 days of storms at anchor in Mobbs Bay. That was a nightmare time, but to him it was just a simple matter-of-course as he had sailed the Pacific for 38 years. However, one should never forget where one is, for the sea can become extremely agitated, anywhere, anytime. We can't all be lucky. I relate quietly with this Ex Vietnam Veteran who seems to deny the existence of landlubbers. Out-of-touch is a phenomenon that many Australians live out on the water.

Friday, September 01, 2006 at anchor in Bundaberg. The weather is overcast and a strong wind warning is forecast with S to SE winds to 30 knots in afternoon. I am not ready to take advantage of them. I spoke to a French couple on a Gin Fizz. Then I tweaked Plume's rigging and sorted a few loose ends. 15.00 Hrs. I sail down river to Burnett Heads. Arrive 16.30 and anchor.

Synopsis; a quite restful day.

Resolution; Sailing is all about leaving, arriving, lowering and raising the anchor. For sailboat operators these simple operations require patience, strength and speed. It is often necessary to wait for the tide to be slack, the wind to be light, the engine and windlass must work. When the time is opportune you can leave. Might as well have an all weather motorboat. The secret for small sailboats is to be ready to use every weather opportunity that favours your travel route. In my case sailing plans or strategies are complex for I essentially go down wind or sail on a beam reach. With the same wind I hope to blow into port. Otherwise I go back out to sea and wait the night. Not a good option, but a safer one! My thoughts now wander and revolve around my experiences in Bundaberg.

While at "CentreLink" Bundaberg, I approached the reception to enquire about work. I handed them my "Job Network Card". It was out of date. The woman there re-printed me a new one and said I could now use the job search computer. But she had also asked if I was on benefits of any kind? I answered "no", where upon she advised me that CentreLink would not help me to find work. Bundaberg is a wonderfully violent town. There were two throats slashed, in a shopping area, in the past week. Welcome to Bundaberg, get your throat slashed.

So what is the point of having a dedicated Government department that won't help job seekers? I can't receive benefits because my finances, as little as they are, preclude me from getting benefits. This simply equates as follows; I don't cost them anything so why do anything for me. My conscience does not permit me to seek benefits and I have never received any. I have always found that looking for work is an expensive exercise so I search when I have the money. The Government expects me to be insolvent before searching for work. By then one is powerless to do much about getting work. The logic is flawed.

Saturday, September 02, 2006 01.00 hrs. I have always planned ahead and researched Alan Lucas's books and navigational charts before each trip. This time I raise the anchor and set sail for Lady Musgrave Island. At Lady Musgrave Island there seems to be a dangerous anchorage. The swell is running at

2 metres in the trade wind and was a lovely 15 knots from the South. I arrive at the island after 12 hours of sailing. I had made a slight error in judgment along the way and had to beat close to the wind for the last 10 miles. I could have missed the island it's so small. By contrast the cay is quite large and it lays just beneath the surface of the ocean at high tide (less than 20cm).

13.00 hrs. I approached the narrow little entrance to the lagoon on a high tide. The coral cay was visible as shades of green on the blue surface. Alan Lucas had strong advice about anchoring inside the cay. So I opted for the outside anchorage in the heavy swell. I head for the nearby beach. But my anchor line wasn't long enough for the deep water. I rested fitfully for 2 hours and on 15.00 hrs. I raised the anchor and made way for Gladstone Harbour. At 18.00 hrs I lowered the sails and lashed the wheel and went to my bunk. I drift and monitor my position every hour until tomorrow sunrise. I was parked without a hand brake and within cooeeee of Llewellyn Reef, one of many nearby reefs.

Synopsis; What a wasted out-of-the-way sail to see nothing. I am sure that diving in the lagoon would be wonderful, but who would ever want to be here for very long? Lady Musgrave is only a name and a tiny atoll on which vessels founder. The water is enticing but the hidden dangers lurk ominously. Three days later the vessel 'Levitation' goes aground on Lady Musgrave reef.

Resolution; Don't place any value on recommendations that people make. Popular places are often just a myth.

Sunday, September 3, 2006, 05.00 hrs. The dawn is upon me. I must have found a hole in the water to anchor in overnight. My drift overnight was 1 mile. The swell had been strong and made sleeping difficult. I am only half rested. A trawler is close by, trawling with its deck lights ablaze. He must have seen my anchor light. I feel uncomfortable being so close to it that I immediately set sail even though the night has not yet lifted. My course is set for due west. The wind is weak from the south. Along the way I sailed straight over a wreck out in the middle of the channel. It is really only a dot on the chart and 14 metres deep. It's not even an obstacle for a trawl-net.

15.00 hrs. I arrive in Gladstone Harbour and drop anchor inside the breakwater close to the marina. I am not aware that it is prohibited to anchor in the harbour. This mean ruling is just another of the cult or psychic of Australian authorities and I will deal with this later when I discover how the UCQ (University of Central Queensland) operates. No mention of 'No Anchorage in Harbour' on the chart, or in Lucas's guide. It's just another little rule that the authorities like to enforce. I made provision for a huge tide and set the anchor.

Synopsis; I was impressed by the number of large ships and tankers at anchor off the entrance to Gladstone. It indicates that the port is important to trade, especially with China and Japan. There were no less than 11 huge hulks out there. These ships will carry away the depths of mother earth to be wasted by the gluttons and cheats of Asia and Australia.

Resolution; I will look for work in Gladstone and get back to participation.....

THE LAGOON TRAP or, Advice to young sailors..

By Capt. Allen Southwood,
SV "Solaray"

When you are cruising around the outer Barrier Reef and the weather is perfect and visibility is clear, the temptation is to anchor in a lagoon either almost enclosed or the NW side. A minefield of bommies.

I spent nearly four years anchored in Hardy Lagoon 40 miles N.E. of Hayman Island as a floating hotel to cater to Air Whitsunday's early days. Kevin Bowe was operating five Lake Buccaneer amphibious aircraft from Whitsunday airstrip. We catered for over night guests, first with our 60ft. Schooner "Torres Herald 2" and later the 112ft. Fairmile "Reef Encounter Sandra".

I had laid out a 1" heavy chain and huge anchor, in anticipation of acquiring a larger vessel, but still operating the "Torres Herald". One night about 20.30 hours in May, we were in the lagoon on the heavy mooring when it started to blow probably approaching 90 knots or so. The lagoon was a white cauldron of short choppy steep seas. For about an hour the chain held, but being so heavy it bent the cheek plates and roller down like it was made of putty and the chain started to saw through the gunwhale. After about an hour fortunately the wind abated, but made us reach for the nerve tonic.

Next morning was bright and clear and we went reef walking at low tide and to our surprise we found a couple cooking pots on the reef. They must have been thrown out by an upset cook weeks before.

So the moral to the story is don't trap yourself in a lagoon without the chance of getting out in the event of a blow at night at low tide. A good idea is to set course to clear the bommies before sundown. It is a good idea to be within easy striking distance of your intended anchor site by 16.00 hours. In the days before all the electronic gadgets the rules don't move before 08.00 and not after 16.00 and always have the sun over your shoulder as going into the sun can be hard on the keel.

Mooloolaba Marina Christmas Boat Parade 2006

by Margaret Mulholland

Boat owners along the Sunshine Coast will soon be thinking of creative ways to decorate their boats for the annual Christmas Boat Parade which will take place on December 2nd.

This annual event was initiated by Julie Nunn and in the four years since it's inception has attracted thousands of spectators along the many vantage points of the Mooloolah River and Kawana Waterways to watch the spectacular sight of the beautifully decorated boats as they slowly wind their way along the waterways. Participant numbers have increased each year and it is estimated approximately 70-80 boats will take part in this years parade.

Many of the homes along the canals also hold their Christmas parties on this night which helps bring the waterways alive with the spirit of Christmas and good cheer. This is a free event for the community with plenty of vantage points to view the parade at La Balsa Park, Beltana Park, in the parking lot next to the Coast Guard on Parkyn Pde, Charles Clark Park, the foreshores or while enjoying a meal at one of the restaurants.

There are five categories for boats to enter each attracting a prize for the owner. This years event will be run in support of Sailability with proceeds going to this well deserving organization who helps those with a disability learn to sail.

A special thanks goes to the major sponsors, 7 Local News, HOT 91.1 FM, Jetty Specialists and local newspapers.

The parade commences at 18.30 and concludes at approximately 21.30. Yachts, powerboats, dinghy's and vessels of all sizes will be taking part with Coast Guard and Water Police vessels taking the lead and rear positions in the parade.

The Mooloolaba Marina, who now run the event with the assistance of volunteers, say this years event will be the most spectacular ever. Information and entry forms are available on the parade web site

www.christmasboatparade.net
or ring the marina at (07) 5444 5653



Booze flowed and stories told as the 30 knots blew away.

Blow ins Shocked!

by Bob Norson

Nobody could believe it when the management at Mackay Marina opened the doors for FREE!! Overwhelmed by boaties calling in for bookings because of the relentless high winds but hating to turn boats away, Peter Hansen gave the order to get everyone in. Put them somewhere. The expansion of the marina was under way, hammer and tongs. Boats were mixed in with the jetty builders and boaties were walking over pipes and wires but no one cared! It was shelter and it was FREE! And then to top it off, Peter threw a party and shouted the food and the grog!

I have said a lot of good things about this marina over the years. and this is another example of why I'm happy to do it.



No water or electricity yet but all these and another couple rows of boats had free shelter.

Our little yellow friend



Story & photos by Sue Oiser, SY "Peregrine"

During our crossing of the Mediterranean from Port Suez to Marmaris, Turkey we had a crew member join us. No, we didn't find somebody floating two hundred miles off-shore, this crew member flew in. Our crossing happened to coincide with the annual bird migration from Africa to Europe.

It became obvious that we were not the only beings out there taking a beating. One night we had 25 to 30 knots

blowing on the nose (why does it always seem we have big winds on the nose?). We had several birds land on the boat,

apparently exhausted by their attempts to reach land in such fierce winds. We tried hard not to scare them, but our frequent pop ups to scan for ships spooked them. I wanted so much to offer them sanctuary, but one by one they left the safety of **Peregrine** when we had to scan. When they flew off their perch, it seemed that the winds just blew them away into the darkness, it broke my heart.

The birds we had and lost were: European Kestrel, Dove, Swallow, and Flycatcher. We did have one bird stay. In fact, he stayed for three days. He was a Yellow Wagtail and was a huge source of enjoyment to us. He must have known that we were going the way of his migration route, because he was very content to stay on his two star, free meal cruise ship. Wagtails are flycatchers and I had no moths or worms, or protein birdie snacks on hand, so I scrambled him eggs twice a day. He loved them. I also left out crumbled bread-sticks which he ate quite a bit of. The first day, he flew down the hatch and landed on Gene's shoulder. He climbed into my hands and he liked to sit on us while we were out in the cockpit.

On day three, we arrived in Marmaris. About five miles out, Kato gave Gene a "Cheep, Cheep" and flew towards

land. I was below and missed the farewell. He had a cross breeze of about 20 knots, but it was no big deal, I know he made it safely. You should have seen what he ate that morning. We were still off-shore a ways, but we had lots of moths flitting about and Kato would fly from **Peregrine**, grab a moth, and bring it back to de-wing it and eat it. He must have eaten eight of them, then he finished the eggs. I couldn't believe anything so small could eat so much. He was strong and ready to finish his migration. It was a wonderful ushering in to Turkey.

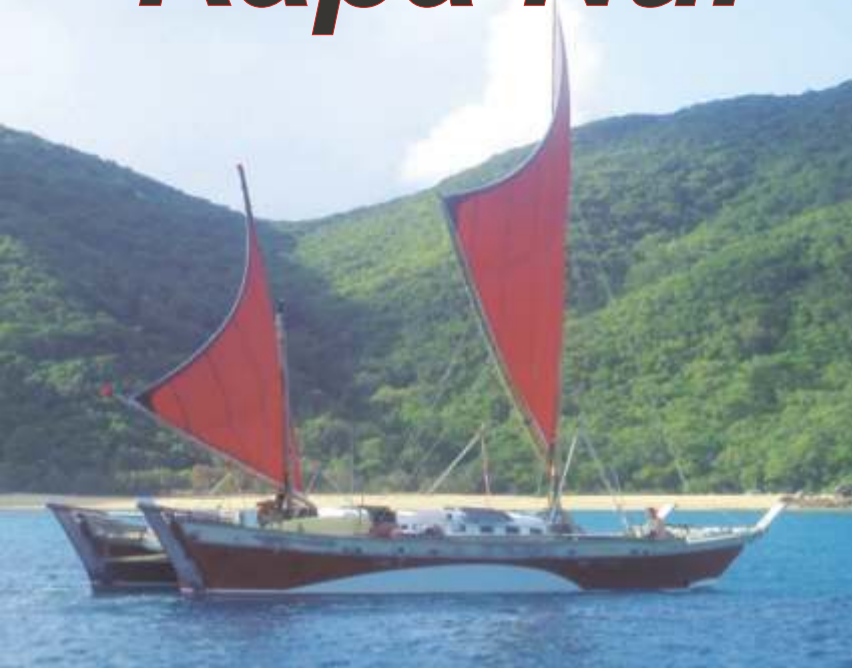
Cheep! Cheep!

Editors note... for those of you that have read Sue of "**Peregrine's**" account of their adventures in the Red Sea and Africa I have very good news. Her and Gene are in Turkey and it just keeps getting better. Be sure to catch the next TCP.

Next... Turkey



“Rapa Nui”



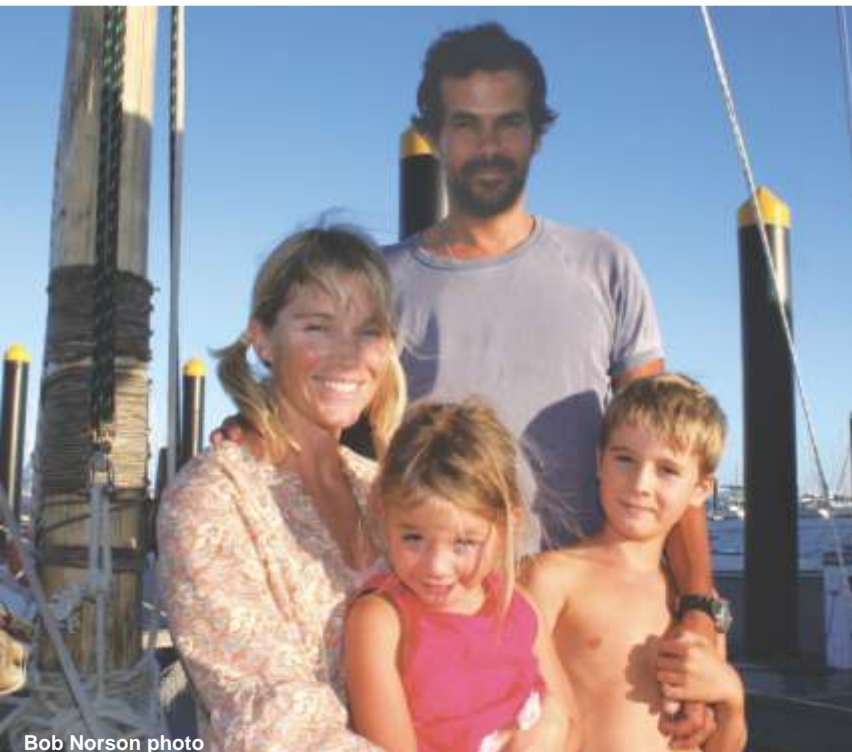
I was chasing the wrong story and found a better one! A miss-understanding lead me to the wharf where the **Rapa Nui** was tied up in the marina during the high winds a while ago. It didn't take long for the penny to drop. This was a boat that I had read about years ago. There are some stories so rich in characters that I can not forget and the adventures of the previous owner were remarkable. Treasure hunting and free-lance trading on the African coast and anywhere a living could be made. This was a working craft lifted out of some other time. A little hunting on the net revealed another surprise. The story I had read about Hans Klaar (former skipper) and several others that my memory had favoured, were written by one person and all archived unto a web site! James Baldwin is the author and the site is atomvoyages.com then look for the articles page. I asked Thomas, the current skipper, for some info and here is the brief history...

Rapa Nui is a Tehini 52 ft and was built in England over eight years, finished 91 and bought new by Hans Klaar (the builder never sailed her), sailed to Brazil, South Africa and Madagascar where he changed the rig and subsequently used it for trading between there, Mauritius and other small islands. His three kids grew up on it, sailed back to England, then Caribbean, Easter Island and pretty much all of the South Pacific.

I bought her in New Zealand, Bay of Islands nearly two years ago, and was so impressed with the rig that I decided to have new sails made (the old ones were pretty much a patchwork of different cloths, sugar bags etc, (still obviously good enough to keep crossing big parts of the ocean) for it instead of fitting the "Tiki" rig that was to original design. I did a bit of research on it and it is actually better than a Bermuda rig in all but hard on the wind (wind tunnel tests). As it turns out, good enough to keep up with most modern cats and surprising to many monohulls.

Spars are bamboo, except for the main leading edge one which is laminated Oregon. All lashed and easy to renew when needed. The idea is to have a boat that by being able to cheaply and easily replace components basically is always as good as new. As Hans said, it is a canoe, like a very big Hobie Cat, you can go places with it few can, use it like that - and we are doing just that.

Tara, Pascal, Mila and myself have been on it this year for six months now, first out to Lord Howe through that storm that turned Auckland's lights off in June (50 kts wind, doing eight under bare poles), then into Gladstone and up the coast to the outer reefs past Dunk and now homeward bound.(BrunswickHeads) We are having the most wonderful time and plan to enjoy the last few hundred miles of cruising this year to the fullest.



Bob Norson photo

That's Tara and Thomas in back, with Mila and Pascal to front. This is a very international family. Thomas's accent is part German with a bit of Brazilian Portugese and I lost track of the rest but it is apparent the boat has gone to hands that will continue the tradition for a unique crew aboard **Rapa Nui!**

“Buffeteer”



photo supplied by Gerry Noon

The **Buffeteer** out of the port of **Margaritaville!** Fair enough and I think Jimmy should be honoured. This is the second recently launched Alden Malabar I've seen on the coast. The other one, The **Decatur** was made by an experienced boat building family so I naturally asked Gerry Noon what his background was in boating.. Zip! He answered.. I just woke up one morning and decided, "I want to build a boat!" He certainly did just that. He didn't even know how to sail so while the project was underway he and partner Debra chartered a learner! You meet amazing people on the water!



photo supplied by Gerry Noon



Bob Norson photo



I happened upon a battle that I found had been going on for over 40 sessions so far with Dave (at left with the predatory expression) winning most all the time. Monty (at left below) doesn't give in without a fight! The concentration shows! When they came in I noticed blood dripping from Monty who hadn't noticed the wound in the excitement. The boys provide quite a show for the marina and prove how much fun a little sabo can be. That's David and Johanna of "**Wyandra**" at left and Monty of "**Duet**" at right. As I left the harbour that evening, Dave was strumming the Ukulele by the BBQ, just no end to the entertainment!

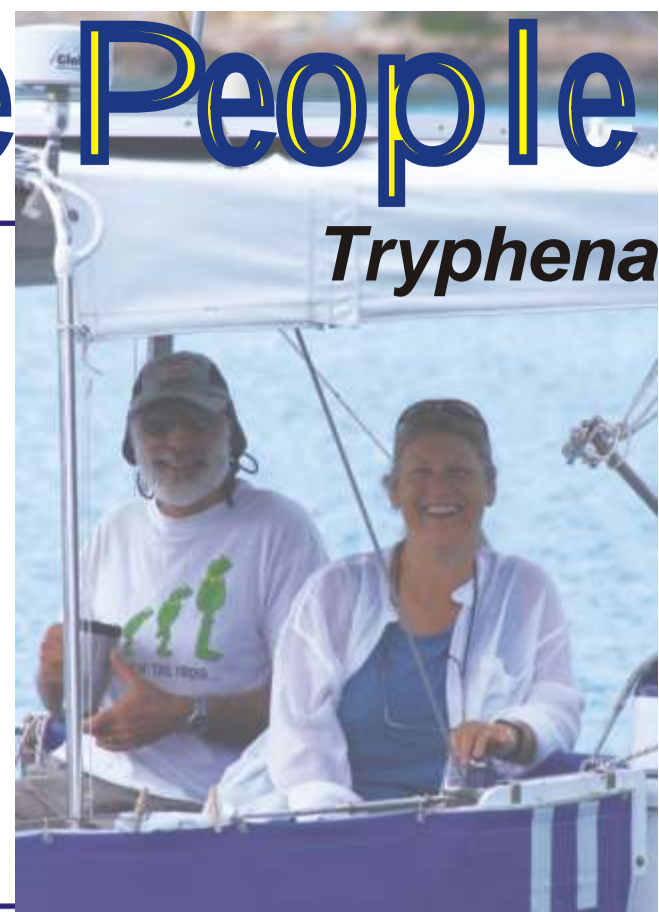
The Gladstone Harbour Warriors



Passage People



Tryphena



Peter and Shannon are teachers. The kind that ask to go where others would avoid but where the teachers may be needed most. Tolerant and environmentally aware, boats that will always leave a clean wake. They believe in setting an example. Peter has built two boats before, one of which is a BullFrog style of Crowther Tri named *Aladdin*. A very high performance boat. The current cruiser suits their more comfortable style and has a great cockpit for entertaining. Good thing because if they are around they are good company and gracious hosts.

Pat Mathieu first fell in love with sailing when she was 5 years old and her dad would take to the harbour in Sydney to watch the skiffs race. Dad liked a punt! First chance came in PNG where she worked for the gov for a while. She picked up a little gaff rigged Mirror to sail. When the family moved to Townsville the son got a 125 and mum was on the trapeze. Since then she has crewed in the T'ville-PNG/Coral Sea Classic, Hamo, Darwin Ambon and more. I caught her on her first "arm chair" cruise while helping her friends Lucinda and Mal deliver their fabulous new (to them) Schionning Cat *Barbarella* north from the GC. She had tried a circumnavigation before but the skipper turned out to be a nutter and she jumped ship. I asked her if she found another offer from a good boat with a competent skipper, would she try it again.... "With a good skipper? Yes, I would go."

I was strolling around the marina and noticed the Mal Fairweather designed cruiser. A rare breed. I popped in as Pete was pondering a mechanical problem. He asked my advice and I came up with a really dumb solution. My embarrassment was compounded when I found out he used to skipper ice breakers into Antarctica until P&O changed hands. It's always a big job looking after a big steely but Pete and Chris don't need my help!

Charmer



Polaris

Andy and Kathy and daughter, Morgan live aboard a very tidy sloop. No wonder when you hear that this family is a serious world travelling professional crew. Puts paid to the idea that people that work on the sea prefer real estate when off work!

I was leaving the car park at the marina when I saw the yachties barber shop going in the corner. With a life style demanding 'make do' and self reliance.. why go into town when the talent is in the next berth?! That's Joy of *Lirica* with the scissors and Tony of *Flight Path* is the scissoree.



In memory of Ben Sinnige

A sailor returns to the sea



Rob Clark photo



By Elaine Kleiss, SY K-Sera

To murmurs of 'Goodbye Ben,' a miniature yacht sailed away from MV *Peggy Anne*, watched by a group of friends gathered to scatter the ashes of 81 year old Bernardus Sinnige at sea.

A single man who sometimes said he had few friends, Ben may have been surprised how many visited him in hospital, a fine example of the boating community caring for its own. One couple, John and Kay Dempster of MV *Voss*, travelled from Sydney. Sunday, September 10 saw a dozen people board the power cat for Ben's final farewell. Dutch sea shanties wafted through the air as *Peggy Anne* left Burnett Heads. Rob Clark launched the 30cm sailboat (supplied by John and Kay Dempster) that Rob had inscribed with Ben's name and life dates. It sailed away as Sandy Hartnett of Midtown Marina lowered into the water a floral tribute from Ben's brothers. Ben, skipper of the 36 foot sloop *Coral Dancer*, passed away in Bundaberg Base Hospital on September 3 after battling an aggressive cancer. In recent years he had spent most of his time in Gladstone and Bundaberg's Midtown Marina. At 80 he was still hauling himself aloft to paint the mast, and most would remember him armed with a paintbrush, maintaining his beloved vessel. After serving with Dutch forces in Indonesia in the 1940's, Ben migrated to New Zealand. There he became a respected building tradesman and qualified as a welder. Ben caught the sailing bug and after selling his trailer sailer and real estate interests, built *Coral Dancer*, a steel Breekveldt (Dutch design similar to a Van de Stadt). Twenty-four years ago, Ben got a crew together and crossed the Tasman. He ultimately imported *Coral Dancer* and cruised Australian waters.