



80th Edition
Oct. - Nov.
2016

The Coastal Passage

The Ambon edition!

*Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race and
the Island - a magic experience!*



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The cover photo:

BareBones resting safely in Ambon. See inside for Bob's story of his visit to this special place.

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Contributors

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Sue Streeter, SY Pacifica
Pip & Norm Walker, MSY Peggy-Anne

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

The "Issues" Issue

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

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TCP #80!!!

It seems like yesterday when Bob came out of the shower saying, "I think I know what to name the paper...what do you think of *The Coastal Passage*?" I told him, "Well that does it, that is such a good name now we have to give it a go!"

That was back in 2003 when Bob decided to put his money where his mouth is and start up TCP. Australia needed this kind of publication and it still does. That is why we continue to do this every 2 months. Since we have been cruising on *Bare Bones* we keep low key about the fact that we are "TCP Bob & Kay". But when we spend a bit of time in one place for one reason or another it gets mentioned. I watch the response and it is always positive. Many say, "Good on ya Bob for sticking up for us boaties!" Thank you to all of you that inspire us to keep it going!

I call this edition "The Darwin Ambon Edition". Bob tells his story of the race and his time in Ambon. Along with a few classic stories and more, this edition is packed with lots of great reading. So enjoy! We look forward to another 20 more editions to make it to the 100th!

Cheers, Kay & Bob



The Coastal Passage

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

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LETTERS

A 'THANK-YOU' from Bob

This email notice (see below) was sent to many to notify all about my decision to enter the 2016 Darwin to Ambon Race. I was surprised at all the responses and want to thank you all for your support. To right are a few of the responses. I hope you enjoy my stories of the race and Ambon in this edition. There are lots of photos - it is so hard to pick the best from so many! Cheers, Bob

Bob's notice August 11, 2016: BareBones is ready...I scrubbed BareBones's bum today. Tim, my only crew, will come aboard Friday and then we tidy up and clear out of customs. Start of rally (race) is Saturday August 13 - a 600 mile offshore race.

We carry more in long life milk than some boats carry in water. We carry provisions for 6 months of cruising; most will carry enough for 4 days. We carry two sets of ground tackle. Some boats carry none. We carry enough in repair supplies and tools to begin construction of another boat! We carry more in taps, dies and drill bits than some carry in everything! By now you should be getting the picture...I ask the other guys how much their boat weights? They all say 4 ½ ton - whether it is or is not but maybe close as they have a shed to store all the usual boat stuff here in Darwin. BareBones IS my shed!

AND....BareBones is taking more than our share of boxes of gifts for the school near the harbour in Ambon. I now share my bunk with them. Everywhere else is full! Most of the entrants have run this race before. I haven't run ANY race before. To say we are at some disadvantage is a mild statement... so why?? Why? WTF...Why not?!

Notice to contributors: All contributions that purport facts in a matter of possible contention, should be ready to provide support for their assertions or the contribution may be refused at the discretion of the editor. Anyone disputing a matter of fact in any part of TCP is **invited** to respond as long as the discussion remains one of fact and the responding writer must also provide support for their assertions. Personal attacks will not be published and rude or offensive mail will not get a response.

Hi Bob, What a great adventure! I recall being part of an all girl crew in 1955 sailing an 85ft Ketch from Ramsgate to Flushing, Holland. It was one of the memories of my life I treasure, even though I recall being seasick along with others on board. The return was also memorable as we sailed through a severe gale. I was on watch at the helm with the youngest lass of 16 years old aboard on the midnight watch. Happy Sailing, **Pat White**

Hi Bob, Only just saw your e-mail, thanks for letting me know. You're going great, congratulations, you should be very proud of your effort especially on your own home built boat. Leaving a lot of bigger well designed Monos in your wake. Imagine how you'd go in racing trim! **Ray Warbrick**

Hello Bob, All the best for the race. As they say "perfect preparation prevents poor performance" I continue to enjoy "The Coastal Passage"
Sincerely, **Kevin Sawyer**

Good Luck Bob. You sound like the only sensible skipper there.
Wendy & Michael

Hi Bob, Wow.... that sounds amazing. Hope you have a wonderful adventure and keep safe. Happy sailing! **Marj & Col**

Hi Bob, Good luck with it all, the main thing is to enjoy the race, to do that you must finish. Cheers for now, **Bob Burgess.**

Hey Bob, Good luck, and have fun! All the best,
Cam Aird Salax (old Grand Banks)

Goodon yer mate.. have a safe and enjoyable trip.
Cheers n beers, Bob Fenney.

Hi Bob, You are probably inundated with reply emails. We "did" the Indonesian Rally to Kupang and beyond in 2009. Our plan was to sail six weeks into the Rally and then turn around and come back to Australia.

The plan never worked we are still sailing in Asia. Carried on from our six weeks, not always with the Rally, and ended up in Singapore. Left the boat at Sevana Cove in Malaysia and next year did the East Coast of Malaysia, diagonally back down the South China Sea and up the west coast of Borneo, got "marooned" there for a few years then back down Borneo, back across the South China Sea to Singapore, a year behind there at Puteri, then up the west coast of Malaysia now at Rebak, Langkawi, maybe onto top end of Indonesia or Andamans next.....

I reckon I could challenge you on your taps, dies and bolts although I still often don't have the one I want and have to shift dozens of containers to find them!!! Just offloaded a second hand genoa we left Darwin with and of course never used in 8 years probably 50 - 60 Kg worth. Huge accumulation of tools, some rarely used, a plumbers supply store, and other paraphernalia "that will be handy one day!"

It has been FANTASTIC - I hope you enjoy it as much as we have - and make sure you go to the remote areas.

Best wishes, fair winds and smooth seas,

Chris White, Charmar

BRUCE FOLLOWS BB & B's progress....

Friday Aug 12

WOOHOOO Bob, FANTASTIC!! Good on you! DOING, IT!

As my signature says and also the great B.Moitessier in his '*A Sea Vagabond World*' that I am currently reading, '*Problems encountered by the (solo) sailor; the hardest of these is just setting [casting] off.*' And indeed, I am sure that your heart, skin, soul and all else have yearned for these moments on the sea, indeed why not! Good luck, fair winds and I will try to keep a track of you!

Sunday, 14 August 2016, 1240

Subject: Doing well,...

Have tuned in a few times Bob and note that you have now done a break away from the pack, 4th place, go you good thing!

Monday 0645

You have well broken away Bob and are gaining on *Sue Sea* to time! *BB* I imagine is showing you things you didn't realise she is capable of!

Tuesday 1215

And it looks like you have 4th place in the bag Bob! What a great effort and I am sure a surprise for you that as a brand new race novice you & *BareBones* have pulled off a blitzing effort I imagine you will have PLENTY to write about for the next TCP issue & no doubt you & BB's will feature elsewhere!

Later...

CONGRATULATIONS Bob & Barebones!

4th place - WELL DONE!

You flew down the home stretch, the position sensor could not keep up with you!

Bruce Wilson



Hi Bob & Kay,

I just want to thank you both for your incredibly helpful, entertaining, honest and tenacious angled boaties e-mag. And to mention gratis!

I have been an regular reader since the free paper copy only days in the early 2000's and am so pleased that despite having been thrown so many obstacles, mainly political of course, that you/TCP are still around and providing your very valuable voice and service for so many! I really do hope that you are able to continue for many years ahead!

Which brings me to the another reason for motivating me to send you this email, where I would like to offer to make a contribution for (pay belatedly?) your good mag. I hope that it may go towards some of your efforts of having provided me with TCP over the years. And if there is any change perhaps it could help pay for a week of Don's charges, ha!

**Thanks again and all the very best,
Bruce Wilson**

Hi Bruce,

Thank you very much. It means a lot to us, every one who says the words and helps the bank book.

**Cheers,
Bob & Kay**



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Darwin to Ambon Yacht Race - 'BareBones' shines!

By Bob Norson,
SC BareBones
Photos by Bob Norson
unless otherwise noted

It is early morning the day after and my hair is a greasy mop. It is still hard for me to move and all the sores on my feet are complaining.

Boy did we have a good time! To race in any kind of sport takes a special tolerance of pain and suffering! Maybe tolerance is the wrong word but to get to a more important point...

We came in forth which puts us in very fine company and earned us respect but how we ever did it confounds me.

continued next page...

"I can't believe we did this well!"

Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race

To explain. Preparation means every thing right?! I prefer to be preperated which is my own word for so prepared all you have to do is touch the thing and it all falls in place of it's own. That was the goal! So how come I was diving on *BareBones* (*BB*) two days before the start to clean the hulls? I had only done it just over a week before and already the growth had come back. Love the topics! Then the endless necessities of social functions and government mandated clearance formalities. Blah blah blah...

Comes the start: From Stokes Hill wharf in the inner harbour to an orange buoy not bloody far off the wharf we were to start in waves; monos first and then the multis five minutes behind. The problem with that is the monos incorporated the fastest and slowest in the fleet and left a bloody mess for the multis to wade through.

Complicating everything, the wind dropped from light to near nothing. My strategy could have been better for not factoring that in. Too late. I noticed *Nautilus* (top contender in the multi class) sitting next to the outer line while I was intending a running start from further back. We got wedged between a no hoper



Tim Hill photo

Me at start: This is Bob Norson under stress. He is not supposed to be taking this seriously enough to be stressed but there is a starting line... and a flag... this is a race! And the prize is... doesn't matter, it's a race!

mutli that radioed into race control minutes later that they were changing from race to rally class! And a mono that claimed no steerage...

So in a breath of air we had to make a hard turn toward the wharf where the air promised to be worse and then ghost by toward the line. I had never tried to make *BB* perform like this, we are a cruising boat! But *BB* did it, pinching harder than we ever had with air so light I

couldn't feel it on my face. We crossed and picked up a little air to find our way into the channel; headed! Meanwhile the boats that had made a good start were well off having taken advantage of fair air that was there a little while ago. The rest of us on our own race now, were left to tacking our way out and trying to make a strategy to cope or at least survive.

continued next page...



A tri is always the boat to watch in a multihull division if not line honours like last years winner, *Spirit*. However *Wings* retired early.



This is Tim Hill, my crew. At least I think it is him but couldn't be sure without fingerprints. Since there is only one other person aboard and no room at all for stowaways amongst the junk BB carries, we will assume it is Tim. He would be arrested in France, and rightly so. People dressed like this obviously have something to hide, or a bad complexion, or both.

My study of the BOM wind charts suggested we ought to bare east toward the entrance to Van Dieman Gulf, Clarence Strait, and this proved correct. We found wind and got speed in double digits at last and as we got closer to Bathurst Island the wind gave us a beneficial change to allow us to keep sailing albeit a little slower. Then as we neared Afghan shoal someone turned the wind switch back to head on! It was truly that sudden. So tack to west.... it was getting dark and I could see two sets of lights of boats we had been closing on from a distance but lost track now in the confusion. The tide was against us off Cape Fourcroy but with another change in wind, this time beneficial, we sneaked through the gauntlet and into the Timor Sea.

About 0200 I turned over watch to Tim Hill, our crew for this voyage. Course under control and getting ok speed. I woke up about 0630 and wind improving. Our big MPS lays useless in it's bag as plain sail rules. We are doing well. The two boats we had seen the night before are revealed in close battle, both with kites up. Tim reports he has seen one of them take some serious manoeuvres shortly before and we both witness one that I thought I understood. She was turned downwind sharply to reduce load on the sail (??) so they could take her down but too late. The sail blew apart in two pieces. That was *Mango Madness* and the other boat I believe was *Wallop*. Those two fought to the end, entering Ambon Harbour together and crossing the line minutes apart as I was enjoying my first Bintang beer with the committee crew on the jetty.

continued next page...

Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race

But we were back in the Timor Sea weren't we?... the wind picked up and the seas became rough. *BB* was making steady 10 to 13 kts climbing and surfing. One shot over 15 kts and we pulled in a reef. There are conditions that I wouldn't have but these weren't it! Too rough.

The pace was starting to tell. As a course was organised for the passage between Palau Sermata and Palau Wetan I got my navigation by paper chart wrong and couldn't reconcile the difference to what our electronic navigation was telling us. Electronic was right, I had mistaken the miles on the side of the chart for five mile segments but they were in 10 miles bits. We passed the islands in the night, safely.

We had settled into a six on and six off. But the days were really both on except for cat naps. We passed visible islands the next morning. Beautiful! We sailed between Damar and Palau Teun.

Our speed, after passing the island chain was reduced a little as expected, along with a reduction in seas. We were now oscillating between 9 and 13 kts and later even less.

Then disaster! The auto pilot died. My faithful little Simrad TP32 that had punched a mile over it's weight gave up. Fortunately I had a spare new one and placed it in and good to go.... or so we thought. Then the new pilot blasted off it's mounting and I see the timber mounting itself has split! WTF? While I am trying to figure a way to repair the mount Tim reports that the steering is binding. AHH SO! The first pilot didn't die, it was murdered!

After a thinkout of what was happening and wasting time on a possible, but incorrect cause (but hey, that plastic washer needed replacing sometime), and fussing with the crap Bunnings drill, mystery was solved.

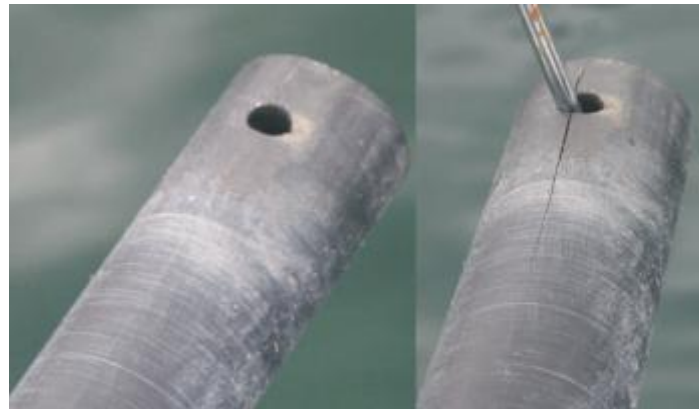


And just when things were going so well! But glad to have kick up rudders!

The composite rudder stalk had split down the sides aligned with the holes drilled into it for the bolt that fastened the lot to the tiller bar. With no stress on the rudder the split was so fine it was hard to see but with stress on it from sharp movement (the only kind the pilot makes), the splits open up and increase the diameter to the point it binds on the rudder tube. Solution? I found one hose clamp big enough to go round the tube and that did it and is what we sailed into Ambon on.

continued next page...

Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race



At left you can just barely see the line which is hidden in use but at right under stress it parts. Excessive wear on the shaft was another giveaway.



And there is our \$2 hoseclamp that saved the day.

But!! While I had our starboard rudder up on deck we had to reduce speed to a crawl (relatively) in a very good wind and with a sea state that invited 15+ kts. BUGGER!!!! When we finally resumed it was in a diminishing wind. Many lost hours but could have been worse if we were dead in the water while I made an epoxy resin and glass repair or had to sail the rest of the way into Ambon on one rudder.

We are out of radio contact with any vessel so can not report in. Are we so far ahead of one lot and that far behind of the other? And if so, who the hell are the 'other'?

I was the one who spotted the whale about to cross our bows. I waited just a couple seconds to see if it would dive but with no engines going it probably didn't know we were there! Shit. Hard port! We sailed over the edge of the whirlpool left from the power of that big tail fin. Don't whales know to give way to starboard!

We sail into another night..... I hand over to Tim who is always ready and waiting for his shift.

SKIPPER, SKIPPER!! Tim had spotted lights and didn't know for sure what it was. Was it a fishing boat? A platform? Anyway, we were in irons and starting to back up into my fragile rudder repair. It took precious seconds for me to come to grips as the moon had gone and 'spatial awareness' was wanting but I figured out the vessel was probably an inter island ferry that was lit up with many white light but no nav lights.

First BB had to get sailing. I got the main loaded and backed, then gibbed the boom and we were sailing again just as the thing in the dark passed us close enough to hear the tonka tonka tonka of it's big diesel, then a tack to turn us around north again. WHEW, this racing is great!!

continued next page..



Our first sighting of foreign land, Damar Island.

The next morning we are off with MPS flying and making better speed. We saw over 13kts with the kite up but more often around 9 or 10. This was going to be the final day. I try to take the helm as much as possible to reduce load on the jury rig repair. An autopilot can not anticipate, only respond so uses more steering to navigate and it knows only one speed whereas I can anticipate, using less rudder and bring it in slower/less force when possible.

Finally we make out the first bits of Ambon Island through the mist and clouds, still making reasonable speed with the MPS. Tim was the one who spotted the Fish Attracting Device (FAD), a tiny platform in the middle of the sea and this one attended by a brightly coloured fishing boat, and made a course correction to miss it! (In irons again!) That was about 20 miles out of the harbour entrance.

We had been warned not to come in too close to the south head of Ambon Harbour as we could get caught in a hole so did as instructed and sailed well to the north before bending our course toward Amahusu, the village where the finish line was to be.

As we went in the wind came closer to our bows and we were pointing with the kite still in place! All three sails going hard and fast! What a thrill! (Yes, you can point with an asymmetrical kite) One of those magic moments. As we neared Amahusu a fishing boat came along our beam and waved and had a look at this strange boat. And I had a look at their strange boat! Very long and skinny with an outboard.

continued next page...



In this pic you can see the boat is pointing a little. Entering the harbour entrance we were pointing more but too distracted for photos.

Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race



Easy seas and nice wind; I live for this.

Then we hit a hole in the wind at the bay before Amahusu. Again *BB* amazes us as he ghosts along in a breath of air now and then, first from that bow and then the other. I was manhandling the boom while I steered while Tim held out the foot of the heady keep it from flapping and that provided enough to move us along, agonisingly close to the finish. We can see the flag on the buoy but it appears to be mounted on the back of *Antipodes*?? Huh? We look and can only see three boats moored off the town? Where are the rest of them? We can't be the forth boat in after our horror start and mechanical problems.... can we?



Tim, unmasked

I take a big punt to pass off the bow of *Antipodes* to make the line which is very close in. I fear if we go aft we will miss it and have to sail/drift out again and go through it all.... again. But if we stop moving in the wrong place, lose way we will drift onto *Antipodes*. The tension on *Antipodes* must be just as bad as mine. The water off their bow is dead flat, no sign of air. I place my faith in *BB*. We pass and maintain steerage then bend back toward the marker and the horn goes off!

continued next page...

Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race



We grab a mooring and put up our yellow flag. Shortly a boat full of people make their way to us. That was just the first load! Quarantine. Then comes immigration.

And finally customs and they were efficient. I couldn't have hid a toothpick that they wouldn't have found. But they were very polite, genuinely polite, not the icy, phoney smile kind.

Always there was a part of the team that spoke ok English and there was a lovely young woman that accompanied all that spoke excellent English.

And Jason and crew from *Spirit*, last years line honours champ, they all remember and talk of you mate! Chaka says hi!

Our customs team, friendly and professional. Notice no shoes! And they didn't have to be asked.

Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race

What had happened was the first boat across the start line, *Antipodes*, had an unexpected bonus as they grabbed the tail of the wind that carried them to record breaking speed all the way. *Antipodes* plundered it best. The rest of us struggled to get clear of Darwin and missed the ride. If conditions had been more equal we still could not have gone faster than *Antipodes* or *Nautilus*. But we might have had a shot at *Sue Sea*.

The rudders on *BB* are my own design and larger than you find on most cats. I believe they were instrumental in keeping us under control and navigating remarkably well in very light air.

As an owner/builder we are unique in the field.

So now what? Hell if I know. I'll start with a shower!



Matt Punch photo

That is yours truly with a free beer, Ari, a fellow I don't know and Colin Freeman, an indispensable part of the race organisation. Nautilus is in the background; this was the cat to beat.

Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race - The after race celebratrions



Commodore Jim Grierson at work with a puzzled intreprater.



We were awarded; in this case 'Antipodes', who really deserved it. I talked to the skipper and he reckons they did what they always do but this year the stars were aligned perfectly.

Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race



We had willing hands to carry our load of goodies for the school.



We were well fed!

Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race



Everyone wants to have their picture taken with us celebrities, especially the kids.



We were entertained.

Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race



This act was on fire. He was good, she was fantastic!

Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race



And then we drank a lot! Especially Jim and I. Neither of us normally drink that much but it was Jim who bought me that last bottle that tipped me over the edge.

Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race



Repair under way and I know it is right because I did it, 5 layers of 450 DB tape and a SS bushing for the through bolt.



I missed out on the tours of the Island because of the need to get this repair done. It did give me a chance to meet the locals. We had crowds very keen to have a look and a ride. They were irresistible.

Darwin to Ambon Rally & Race



MSQ take note, this goes on all the time and nobody dies! Relax would ya!

This year was the 32nd Darwin to Ambon Yacht Race. The race is hosted by Dinah Beach Cruising Yacht Club. A fleet of 16 yachts with more than 100 crew from 9 countries set sail for Ambon on 13th August 2016. After a very slow start and a painful exit from the harbour the wind gods finally heard the calls. The fleet sailed in an average of 20-30 knots of breeze throughout the 600NM race. Warm weather, winds & a kite most of the way making for great sailing.

Geoff Hill's *ANTIPODES* (Santa Cruz 72) took out line honours breaking the race record set by *ZUMA* in 1998 and blitzing her opposition in IRC Racing.

Cruising Monohull was won by Alan James on *KITA* (Beneteau Oceanis) with Cruising Multihull won by John Punch on *NAUTILUS* (Stealth 1250).

Most of the fleet arrived in time for Indonesian Independence Day celebrations. As usual the locals put on a great reception (including fireworks for the first few yachts!). Participants spent the week chilling out in the village of Amahusu, talking to locals, visiting schools & participating in a number of organised events. There was even a rock concert on the beach!

The race was generously supported by the Northern Territory Government, Dinah Beach Cruising Yacht Association, City of Darwin Sister Cities Program & 2018 Indonesian Asian Games Organising Committee.

Next year's race will start on Saturday 5th August 2017. It is hoped that the race will attract a larger fleet in 2017 as it ties in with the Fremantle to Bali Race & word spreads about the great times to be had by all in Ambon this year.

Anyone interested in the 2017 race should register their interest via email to:

info@darwinambonrace.com.au
www.darwinambonrace.com.au

Ambon - The Island and the city of music



Story & photos By Bob Norson, SC *BareBones*

This is about all the Ambons, the Island, the City and the Harbour.

Starting with the last, Ambon Harbour is a freak of nature. If one were to ask for a harbour that would provide top shelter for every kind of craft ever floated, this is it. The Japanese recognised it's value in the big war. Their gun emplacements to defend it are still there if you look just east of Amahusu. As I write this I am anchored in 22ft and within a stones throw of an oil tanker anchored in a couple hundred feet. OK, call it 70 meters if you want; compared to my 7.

continued next page...



We were anchored in 20 feet and the ship next to us in deep water.



A rather fanciful fishing platform, note the big light facing the camera under the eve, all the better to attract fish. This one is in about 1700 feet or over 500 meters!

There is an inner harbour even more fun. A bridge spans the narrows now. A very recent addition to the view. I don't know how high it is but we are about 18 meters from the water and we had plenty of headroom. The easy passage separates the big harbour from the pond, or so it seems. There is still deep water there but plenty of shallows for us fussy yachties. Just look out for the rafts of oyster farms or fishing nets. A float of any kind should be suspected of connecting to something via a net.

And while I'm mentioning fishing hazards.... as you enter the harbour, even as far as 20 miles out, watch for Fish Attracting Devices (FAD'S), which means floating shelters on a raft attached by a short leash to a mooring buoy, usually a drum. They can be in very deep water. My sounder only goes to 575ft but the chart said we were in about 1500 feet the first one I saw. They remind me a lot of growing up in Minnesota by the Canadian border. People built little cabins to tow out to the ice and some dressed them up a bit beyond the necessary. I see the same here.

continued next page...

Ambon - The Island and the city of music



A view of the harbour looking north from Amahusu and by odd chance including the best looking boat in the harbour.



A view of the harbour looking west from the bridge.



The hulks in the inner harbour, many under arrest I am told, for fishing license violations. They add a spectral quality to the morning mist.

Ambon - The Island and the city of music

The typical Ambon fishing boat is very long and skinny, say about 30 feet by 4! And yes, beam on they roll like a pig! They pack a 40 hp outboard and go far out to sea. Not a game for pussys.

In the harbour a fun attraction in the evening are the white bait fishers. They go out in Bruahs, that's the best I can spell it. I heard several pronunciations including a heavy roll of the tongue on the 'B' that is beyond me with an H sound in the middle. They are about 12 feet and skinny. Traditionally made of a tree trunk, hollowed out and ends split and joined to form a prow but now usually done in GRP. They have beams fore and aft attached to grown timber, most with a little bow in them. They are equipped with a small generator and run two or more high power lights facing down to attract schools of the small fish that are fried whole. The fishermen scoop them up with a fine net on a wishbone of light timber frame. In the early night they line the shores paddling slowly for about 2 hours then all go home. Some will come out in the predawn as well.

Other fishing I have seen in the harbour is a long net or line strung out between one or more buoys and a small boat. The buoys are lit with an oil flame. If you see a fire in the middle of the harbour lookout for what it is connected to! Avoid!

Other hazards are the ferries that run between the city and the north shore. They carry about 20 people and are powered by big outboards. They cross as fast as they can and the lanes they use between the shores can be thick with them at times.

Another crossing is under the bridge on the inner harbour side. People use that a lot. The boats are Bruahs and hand paddled, so give way to all of them.

continued next page...



The jist of the message in the new sign is obvious.



So who lurks in fancy old timber charter boats in Ambon, movie stars or foreign spies?

Ambon - The Island and the city of music

Is there a downside to the place? YES, the bloody rubbish. Ambon people have gotten into the habit of using the harbour for a tip and it can be horrible at times depending on tide. However, the government is beginning to take the problem seriously and I think they are on the road to cleaning it up. Signs are being erected by the military, commercials are reported to be seen on TV shaming people that throw rubbish in the water and the mayor at the Ambon anniversary celebration speech made note of it. More important I have talked to people that realise it must stop and are dismayed it is taking so long but I think it is a wave about to crest. The critical mass needed to really stop it is close.

continued next page...



Another friendly reminder...and a pretty view.



A young couple hang out at one of the many opportunities for... hanging out! The sign says don't throw rubbish I think.

Ambon - The Island and the city of music



Ambon City - It is a beautiful city from any perspective.

Ambon - The Island and the city of music

Ambon City or Kota (city or city of) Ambon. If you have seen any Asian city you have an idea. Narrow roads clogged with traffic with rules of driving that seem pretty wild and ruthless. But...it all works. If traffic were confined to Australian rules you couldn't get anywhere. You thrust your way in and do not hurt anybody; easy! No place for the faint hearted. But don't worry about it, public transport is good.

All the buses on the south side of the island are green I think. From Amahusu, where there are good free moorings so that is where you are starting from, right!?! Anyway, stand near or in the east bound lane and stick a hand or finger out, the bus will stop unless it is full or doing a private deal. We hired one for running around; cost was about \$10AUD per hour. Going all the way to the depot is 5000 Rupiah; about \$.50, that takes you through the heart of downtown and along the coast on the way. The buses form in lines at the depot for particular destinations, ask around. Downtown is where you want to change currency for the best rate. Go to the BIN bank and get about 9945 Rupiah per dollar (Sept 16) minus a 6000R stamp fee. As soon as you get out of downtown you start climbing the hills through neighbourhoods of attractive and colourful homes, some palatial. A local and I were invited to the Mayors place for dinner where I got to meet him personally as well as the chief of tourism.

I didn't see the crazy cats cradle wiring that I remember from Thailand. But the drainage is typical Asian, often in concrete ditches along either side of the road where footpaths would be better but I did notice many were getting covered.

continued next page...



***Typical
Asia traffic.***



***The road
follows the
shore except
in the cities,
and there
are some
nice stopping
places.***

Ambon is 81 years old!

Independent Ambon anyway. I was fortunate enough to be invited to the celebration and not as a tourist but to the VIP A section along with the mayor and governor and all the islands other dignitaries - what were they thinking!?

So on the night of 6 September a local and I were yawning over the speeches and laughing at the comics as the hour approached and I thought we would get a better look at the fireworks from the nearby hill where the song of friendship is.

Little did I know... just before midnight a few men were moving boxes around on a level below us and then at the count of midnight, the church bells rang and they lit them up. WOW!

Each box contained many fireworks and we were in the middle of it! The hot debris was falling in my hair, I was surrounded by light and colour and noise.

They put on quite a show while people on stage below us were singing "Happy Birthday to Ambon, Happy Birthday to Ambon, Happy Birthday to Ambon"... to the tune of then original song in English.

continued next page...



That is the Mayor, the Governor and the Chiefs of everything lined up.

Ambon - The Island and the city of music



The Governors palace

The next day after a brief sleep we were at the parade ground in front of the governors palace for the best show they could put on and they had everything going, up to an including dropping people out of perfectly good airplanes to see if they could hit the big X in the field. Many did it! But one wound up on the roof of the place where we were seated... (VIP A section of course). He must have been awfully embarrassed.

continued next page...



From left is the Chief of Tourism, Mayor and a fugitive from Australian law and order.

Ambon - The Island and the city of music



Our hostesses and ushers for the VIP, A section.



Bullseye!

Ambon - The Island and the city of music



Rain or shine the show went on and several hundred school children gave it their all.



Every devise to make a show is used; even smoke bombs!



Luck would have it, his bomb was a dud.

A day at the Ambon Traditional Boat Race



*Boats are kept away from the racers so as not to create wake.
Every kind of vessel was out there and, including us, and it was a zoo.*



The Start



This was a local team in practise and they are deadly serious.

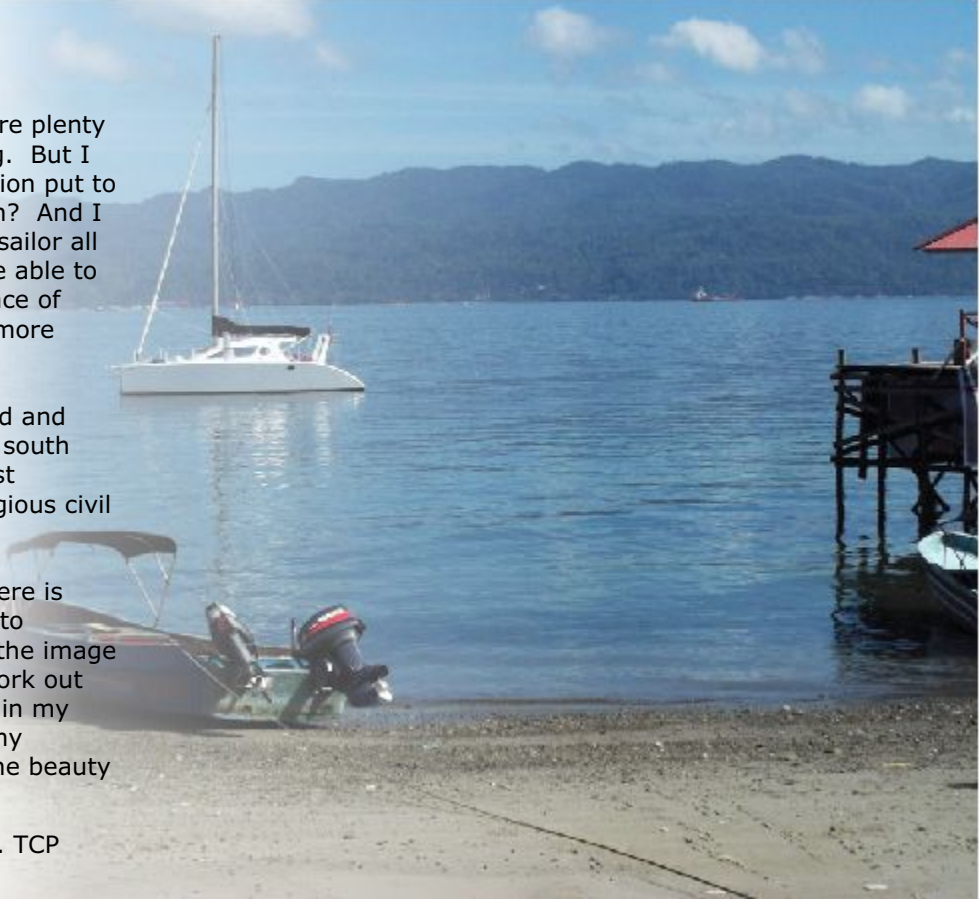
The Island

I am ashamed to say I didn't get to see the sights though I hear there are plenty to see. My one chance was cancelled due to weather and food poisoning. But I do have some political information, wouldn't ya know... a popular question put to me here is what of my religion? Unsaid; which am I, Muslim or Christian? And I answer 'none' which gives a poorly concealed start. I explain that for a sailor all options must be kept open. When things go wrong at sea you want to be able to petition all and sundry gods, not just the popular ones. For every instance of claimed success in petition to any particular god it is easy to find many more refusals of service. The average isn't good so play the field I say.

The island is about 55% Muslim that tends to gather on the north island and 45% Christian which gathers most on the south island. The city, on the south side, is shared with a competition going on to see who can build the most ostentatious places of worship the fastest. After a bitter and deadly religious civil war over a decade ago things seem to have settled.

I spoke to a former Christian fighter who admits is was folly but still there is annoyance at the volume of the mega sound systems the mosques' use to broadcast their prayers at all hours. They do seem excessive and have the image of a dog pissing on a tree, marking territory. But this is for Ambon to work out but if I lived there I would not get a house near a mosque. When I was in my twenties I had a stereo that would blow out windows, now I know how my neighbours felt! Not having to deal with it every day, I can appreciate the beauty in it.

That is my brief look in to very old and complex culture and geography. TCP would invite more perspectives so if you have a say... say it! Send it in.

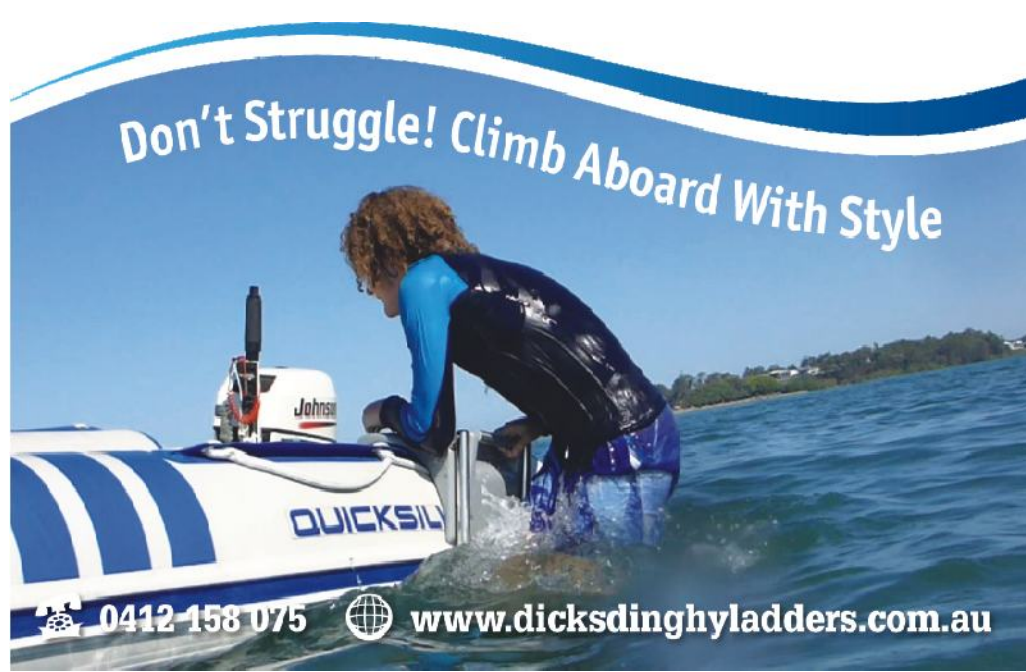


Have you ever...

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

Use Dick's Dinghy Ladders to avoid these problems

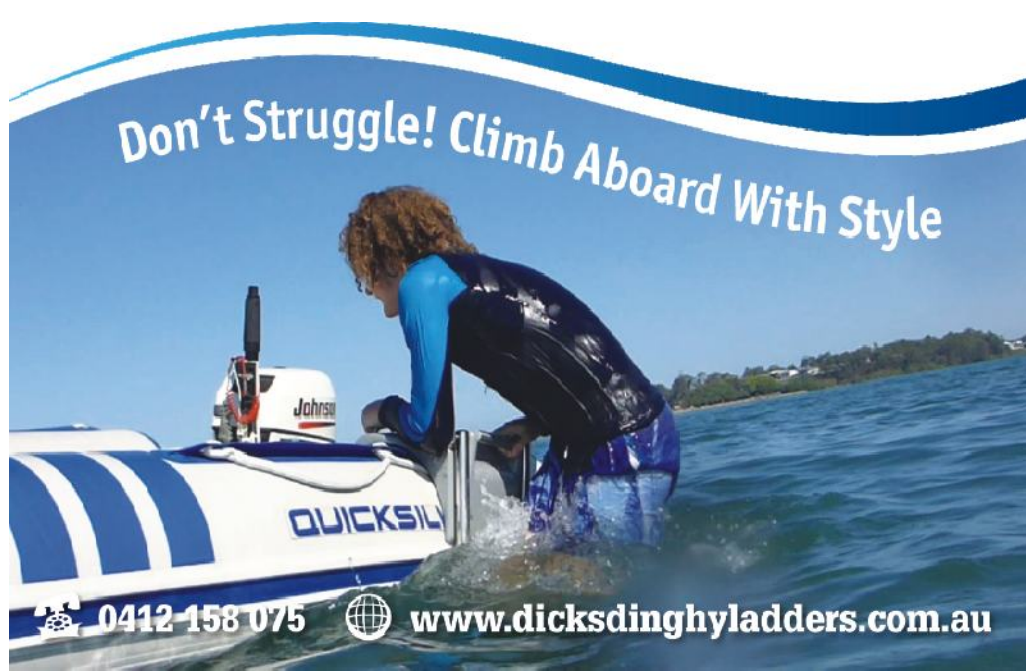
Australian Made
Durable
Portable
Increases safety
Quick & easy to use
Improve your boating experience



**Dick's
Dinghy
Ladders**
GIVING YOU A SAFE LEG UP

Dick gave TCP a Ladder and said go out there and give me feedback on usability and price. Everyone loved it! When I told him what people expected to pay, he choked, dropped a \$100 off what he hoped for and threw in a 10% discount for TCP Readers! If you have an inflatable you gotta have one. The quality and design are first rate and it works! If you see *Barebones* at anchor, come over and ask for a trial. TCP confidently endorses this product.

**Now only \$330 - 10%!
\$300 plus s&h Order now!!**



**Dick's
Dinghy
Ladders**
GIVING YOU A SAFE LEG UP

The Monastery of the sea

A small sailboat is visible on the horizon of a hazy sea. The boat is a Moore 24ft yacht, with its mainsail furled and jib set. The sea is dark and choppy, and the sky is a pale, hazy color. The boat is positioned in the center of the frame, slightly to the right of the horizon line.

Patrick Grinter shares his visit with Webb Chiles

**Story by Patrick Grinter SC Tangaroa - Wharram Narai
Photos by Patrick Grinter (unless otherwise noted)**

Burnet Heads, May 8 2016:

At first it was just a shimmering silhouette on the early morning horizon, a ghost of a ship on the hazy sea. The sun breaking through cloud that brought a shower well out to sea. As the yacht

came closer I could see more clearly a man sitting astride this small flush deck Moore 24ft yacht, an American racing class boat. The mainsail furled and jib set in the light breeze. The casual observer could have been forgiven for thinking this was someone out for an early morning sail from the local sailing club, but (no) the yacht was flying a small, square, yellow quarantine flag.

continued next page...



Webb Chiles and *Gannet* enter the Burnett River

No, the lone yachtsman was not out for an early morning sail but had just sailed the Moore 24 across the Tasman Sea leaving Opua in the Bay of Islands New Zealand, nonstop to Australia with landfall at Burnet Heads for Customs and Quarantine clearance. The lone yachtsman was Webb Chiles who at 74yr is on his 6th circumnavigation attempt.

I rose in the predawn that day and drove from Maryborough to Bundaberg to greet the man who had sailed so far. Webb was directed to a locked pontoon to await Customs and quarantine clearance which was to take all morning. I decided to come back next morning giving him a chance to shower, clean-up and rest.

Next morning Webb welcomed me onto his boat; it looked no bigger dockside than at sea. I was eager to talk to him and get a feel for the essence of the man whose preference was to be at sea away from land. He had mentioned in his online journal that is no coincidence that he chose to make landfall at Bundaberg as it was the home of the famous Bundy Rum.

So I give him a bottle of Select Bundy Rum to welcome him, a small reward indeed for such a journey but one most welcomed and enjoyed.

continued next page...



Webb has many favourite sayings and in response to my question of carrying an EPIRB he stated that, "No I don't carry one, someone who turns their back on society cannot expect society to come out and rescue them."

Of course local boats are compelled to carry an EPIRB in open waters and the New Zealand authorities once unsuccessfully tried to compel foreign yachts to do so, too. Webb's statement is no idle throwaway line and has proven that twice when he was adrift at sea surviving on his own. Sailing an 18ft open boat, a Drascombe lugger around the world, he departed Nov 12 1978 and sailed across the Pacific.

On May 10 1980 his little boat pitch poled and he was adrift in an inflatable filled with water for (the) 14 days until he reached the island of Emae in the New Hebrides.

"I was forced to live up to my admonition to save myself. Not seeking help or rescue. To rely on no one." Webb describes himself as "An artist whose medium is the wind, an artist whose defining responsibility is to go to the edge of human experience and send back reports."

Of all the books he has written he said the ones that sell the best are the ones he came near to death:

"Dying is a hard way to make a living"

continued next page...



"The second loss was as complete but took place during a single night in 1992 when I sank the 36' sloop, *Resurgam*, off the coast of Florida, following which I floated and swam for 26 hours and was carried more than 125 miles by the Gulf Stream before reaching an anchored fishing vessel."

I sat on the open cockpit of the Moore 24 enjoying the morning sun and Webb's friendly conversation. He invited me to explore the 'Great Cabin', a description of the boat's sleeping, eating, storage, navigation area. An area not much larger than my little 16ft Hartley of years ago.

It was a place with two pipe berths, and the cabin taken up with stores of food, water, spares for 6 months in a layered ordered manner that only he could find anything.

Webb states that when he sets sail he enters the, "Monastery of the sea", and communicates with no one on the outside world. My impressions of him were much like that of a Zen Buddhist monk; an ongoing journey of discovery and self-analysis. He seems to have no trouble coping with land and people, perhaps though for a short time.

"There are disadvantages to reading too much and thinking too much and analysing too much. Everyone must have times when he is tired and discouraged and doubts the worth of what he is doing with his life."

Gannet rests in Bundaberg

continued next page...

"What matters are not the doubts or even the opposing justifications? What matters is action. Not to think about writing, but to write. Not to think about sailing, but to sail. Not to think about loving, but to love." -Webb Chiles-

Webb Chiles was born November 11, 1941 (age 74), St. Louis, Missouri, United States.

Webb Chiles has completed four circumnavigations, set two world records, and was the first American to round Cape Horn single-handed. He wrote several books:

The Open Boat
The Ocean waits
Storm Passage: Alone Around Cape Horn
A Single Wave
Return to the Sea

Leaving Bundaberg Webb sailed outside the reef non-stop to Cairns, then day



Webb Chiles

sailed to Cape York and non-stop to Darwin. Clearing customs in Darwin he sailed non-stop to Durban where within the sight of the harbour a 50 knot storm blew him 40 miles north for days forcing him to beat to windward to gain entry to the harbour.

Webb Chiles's journal is at:

<http://self-portraitinthepresentseajournal.blogspot.com.au/>

Webb Chiles's yellow brick tracker is at:

<https://my.yb.tl/gannet/1099/>

"A sailor is an artist whose medium is the wind. Live passionately, even if it kills you, because something is going to kill you anyway."
-Webb Chiles-

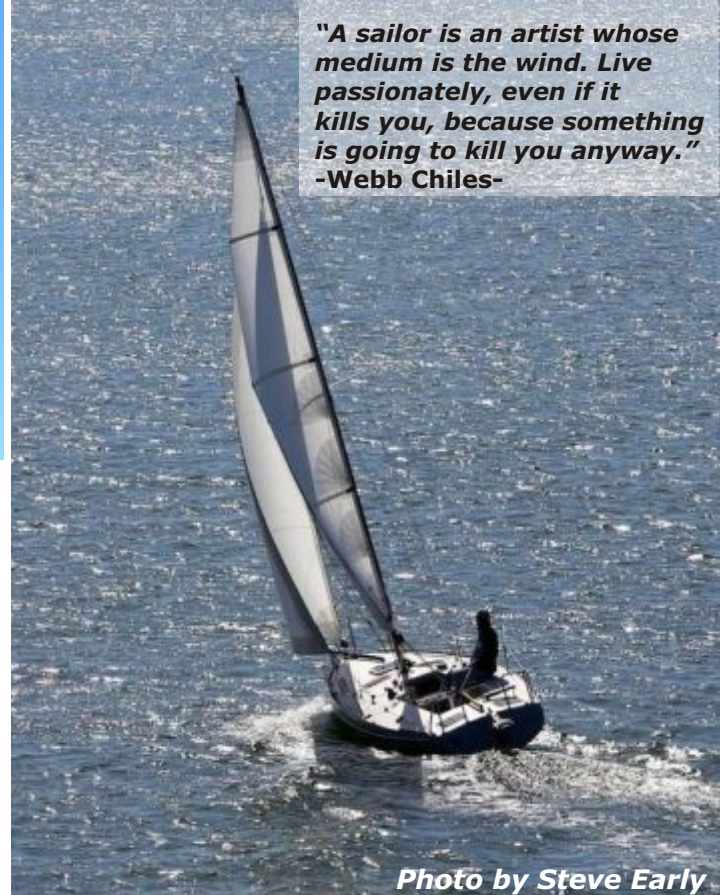
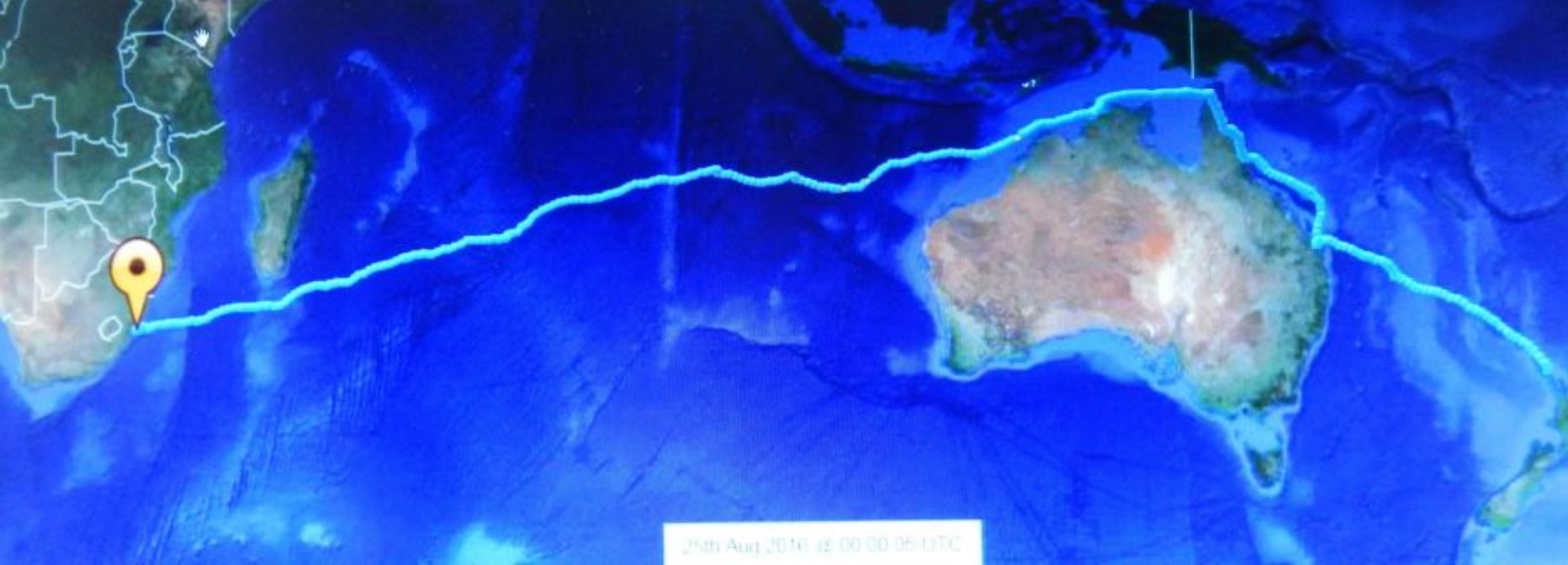


Photo by Steve Early



Track of Webb's journey as of August 26, 2016

Track photo courtesy of Yellow Brick Tracking: www.ybtracking.com



Whitsunday Ocean Services

The Whitsundays Premier Inflatables and Liferaft Sales and Service



Wok and Woody (Warwick and Janelle - left) are the driving force behind the success of Whitsunday Ocean Services. With their extensive experience in the region, they are able to assist you with any enquiry or need you may have in the field of inflatable boats, inflatable life jackets, liferafts, marine safety equipment, and protective finishes.

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Whitsunday Ocean Services is the Whitsunday's only Authorised Service Centre for RFD Liferrafts and EPIRBs. We can conduct your routine servicing and certification, as well as repairs and renovations

Whitsunday Ocean Services
17 Loop Road, Jubilee Pocket
Airlie Beach QLD 4802
Phone: 07 4948 1366 Fax: 07 4948 1377

Welcome to OCEAN ADVENTURE!

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



Adventure is any activity with an unknown outcome

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

The 1968-2018 Golden Globe Race

With the 50th Anniversary of the original Golden Globe Race just around the corner, Sir Robin has just completed a three-year refit of *Suhaili* so she can survive the next 50 years. He did the majority of work himself. He is an amazing chap, always generous with his time and an inspiration to many. We have been friends since 1982 and when I visited *Suhaili* last December Robin was busy on his boat ripping out the interior. *Suhaili* will be the official start boat for the 2018 Golden Globe Race which sets off on June 16th 2018.

The original Golden Globe was the first ever around the world yacht race. Nine sailors started and only one finished. Most sailors have heard of it and many non-sailors too, no doubt because of the extraordinary story of Donald Crowhurst sailing circles in the Atlantic and giving fake position reports. He eventually committed suicide apparently jumping overboard. It is the subject of a great documentary *DEEP WATER* (available on youtube) and a fantastic book, *A VOYAGE OF MADMEN* by Peter Nichols. Now turned into a Hollywood epic titled *THE MERCY* starring Colin Firth as Donald Crowhurst, it is due for global release in January 2017.

continued next page...



September, 2016 and *Suhaili* is back in the water after a three year refit ready for the Start of the 50th Anniversary 2018 Golden Globe Race in June 2018

OCEAN ADVENTURE

Bernard Moitessier was another great story within that Race. He started from Plymouth two months after *Suhaili* in *JOSHUA*, a steel 39ft double ender. After rounding Cape Horn and rapidly closing in on *Suhaili* Bernard turned hard to starboard continuing on to Tahiti instead of possible fame and glory back in Europe. It was a decision to "Save His Soul" as he put it. He was at one with the ocean and himself. To this day he is revered as a sailing hero and his boat is now in a museum in La Rochelle.

All his boats prior to *JOSHUA* were lost as ship wrecks and so it was in Dec 8th, 1982 that *JOSHUA* and Bernard were swept up onto a Beach in Cabo San Lucas Mexico along with many other yachts during a fierce storm. Bernard gives a graphic account of all he did to save *JOSHUA* that night, all to no avail and they hit the beach together. He gave the wreck to some friends.

Well...in reality this event has now been shown as a strange fictional story of unreality. He in fact apparently spent that very night in a hotel returning to the beach after Joshua was already wrecked. For some reason this giant of a man, who remains an inspiration regardless, felt unable to tell the real story, so he created a fiction that was covered by a few well meaning people till recently. Maybe Bernard felt bad about letting *JOSHUA* down? Who knows the reason and who really cares.

Even *JOSHUA* became an inspiration and over 70 copies have been built and are cruising the world. This may well be the boat I sail in the 2022 Golden Globe!



A young Robin Knox Jonston prepares *Suhaili* prior to setting off. The media were saying he had no chance!

***JOSHUA* , Bernard Moitessier's steel classic, Golden Globe entry that is now instantly recognised by serious Blue Water sailors around the world. Now a Museum piece, but how was she wrecked?**



People *PRESSURE* in Paradise

In four months I will be 62 years young. I have seen the world with a certain clarity and understanding that only comes from a post computer age and growing up in a world that on reflection back then, seemed totally free.

I remember clearly when no one had computers! I bought my first in 1984. It used paper floppy discs and no operating system. You had to key instructions. I could never get it to do anything other than make the voice synthesizer speak seriously bad swear words as I typed them, in a strange Russian accent. Funny at the time. By 1990 for the BOC challenge solo around the world race I still sent postcards to followers and mailed, yes in the post! Also newsletters to supporters and followers.

Now my home-office is anchored in a Pacific lagoon beside our island Nomuka IKI in the Kingdom of Tonga. Occasionally turtles rise astern and reef sharks have been swimming below *Explorer*, our Lagoon 450 cat. Humpback whales are resting on the surface about 200 metres out, their singing resonating through the hull which wakes you in the morning! Temperatures are right, wind 10kts and the colour of the cloudless sky is seriously competing with all the shades of blue in the lagoon.



continued next page...

Happy with our new lagoon 450 *Explorer* in the Kingdom of TONGA

OCEAN ADVENTURE

Yet now I sit in paradise trapped on a key board running my world from paradise! I'm not complaining of course, but change is everywhere. In previous years we had no internet on the island. Unannounced a provider arrived, set up and turned it on. I had just started a petition with the 500 strong community on the neighbouring island of Nomuka asking the Government to help get it. Now a second service provider is about to come online in a community that are subsistence farmers and fishermen with very little chance of earning cash.

While technology is changing the world, the basics of population pressure on our environment remains the same and it's getting worse. We all need to eat and want a better life and this is never more apparent than at island level.

On our island of Nomuka IKI there are spectacular corals and all sorts of fish. There are also vast areas under serious fishing pressure that threatens and degrades coral reefs. The local community are aware of this. They have a declared fisheries zone that only allows the local community to fish local reefs. Nine years ago they established a *Specially Managed Area (SMA)* No Take Zone to create some breathing space.

But still fish stocks appear to be declining while algae on coral increases. Parrot fish, the guardian of the reefs are sometimes hard to find and represent the most common fish taken for food and we are talking about family consumption. Stocks are not getting enough time to recover. This area is now our home and next year we build our shack on the island and the *Royal Nomuka Yacht Club* and establish a *Marine Discovery Centre*. If you are sailing through Tonga, a decision you would never regret, stop in and say Hi!

continued next page...



Nothing on this table is a luxury for Tongans..it is simply food. Turtles are also caught during a short season each year.



Coral Reefs are in trouble if all the fish are taken and local fishing pressure is not decreasing.

OCEAN ADVENTURE

In the past few weeks we have joined with the local Nomuka Fisheries Officer and Fishing Community Group, to sponsor and establish three *REEF CHECK* Survey sites around the island that will monitor reef health annually. Through the *Marine Discovery Centre*, we will develop a management plan for their SMA that includes a Coral Reef educational schools program and student snorkelling trail and finally we will establish a *Fishing Effort- catch data* collection system of log books for all local fisherman.

If the Oceans die we all die. Over time this effort and increase in community understanding may hopefully create a long term balance, or at least lower the threat. But for now the issue is complex. I sometimes think of Tonga as a hidden jewel with little development and pristine areas where life is just a tad slower. It is certainly a great part of the Pacific to visit or live.

If you're a SCUBA diver and would like to help with our *REEF CHECK* surveys or even the *Marine Discovery Centre*, volunteers and ideas people will always be welcome. If you think you can breed Giant Clams we would love to hear from you, or if you want to spend the rest of your life living on an island, we are looking for two couples to join us!

www.McIntyreAdventure.com



Don

The Art of Adventure

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

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

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

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

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

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

By Wilfred A. Peterson

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

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

KEEP YOUR BOAT SAFE

Article courtesy of The 12 Volt Shop and Blue Sea Systems

Does Your Boat have Ignition Protection?

Keeping sparks and flammable vapours apart is vital on a boat. Careless fuel storage, improper compartment venting and use of power tools which can spark a flame could lead to an explosion resulting in human injury and damage to the vessel.

Best practices dictate that all positive wires outside the engine start circuit must have circuit protection. When excessive current flows in an electrical circuit the wires insulation may melt and possibly ignite fuel vapours and start a fire.

The use of ignition protected fuses, fuse blocks, circuit breakers, switches and motors in critical areas is not only safer but is also mandatory in a number of boating regulations.

Circuit breakers and fuses protect the wires in electrical circuits from excessive load so as to prevent wire failure.

Ignition protected devices are designed so:

They won't ignite a surrounding air/fuel mixture (if there is an explosion within them). They cannot reach high enough surface temperature (cannot generate enough spark to ignite fuel/air mixture).

BOAT SAFETY GUIDANCE

Know your fuel sources:

Your diesel start motor does not need to be ignition protected.

A petrol container for your outboard motor which is stored in a compartment with a non ignition protected device may provide the spark to ignite vapours from a leaky fuel container.

Other fuel sources such as vapours from propane gas bottles, leaking gasoline tanks and fuel joints and fittings can also be a potential hazard for ignition.

Know your Ignition Sources:

Products which can produce a spark or flame whether intentionally or by accident is a potential ignition source. Circuit breakers, starter motors, alternators, distributors and open flames are more obvious. However, exploding fuses, switches, domestic outlets and power tools cannot be overlooked either.

continued next page...

KEEP YOUR BOAT SAFE

Check your Bulkheads

There are specific rules for keeping fuel sources and ignition sources isolated. Areas which are well ventilated and blocked off from areas with explosive fumes will not require the use of ignition protected product.

Check Devices

Ignition Protected devices are required to be marked. If an unmarked device is found in a prone area of combustibility check with the manufacturer or replace with an ignition protected device.

Common Sense

If circuit breakers in your system are not ignition protected they should not protrude into a compartment which could contain fuel sources which could be ignited. When seeking replacement fuses, fuse blocks or circuit breakers consider ignition protected devices particularly where gasoline engines are in use.

The 12 Volt Shop are distributors of the Blue Sea products which include Ignition Protected devices.

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

New product from the 12 Volt Shop - High & Low Voltage Cutout Device

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The Marinas Townsville Yacht Club Marina,

By Sue Streeter

The perfect backdrop to a bustling city, Townsville Yacht Club lies in Ross Creek, upstream from the Magnetic Island ferry terminals and in walking distance to the hub of Townsville City.

Navigation from Cleveland Bay is via a well-marked channel, shared with shipping and ferry movement. The very tall leading light situated mid channel also acts as a "closed port light", if showing a red light all boats entering or leaving the channel must give way to ships. The channel is dredged to a minimum of 2.7 metres allowing safe access into the marina.

The Clubhouse was built in 1969, then in 1984 the adjoining seabed was leased from the Dept of Harbours and Marine and work began on the floating marina. Originally with 65 berths the marina upgraded in 2009 to 165 berths, 151 of which are rented permanently or on a casual basis, and include 10 multihull berths.

Liveboards and cruising boaties are welcome. At this time 15 boats have permanent liveboards and 6 are casual liveboards. Four toilet/shower cubicles are situated in the clubhouse (1 being handicap cubicle) plus a freestanding ablution block next to the carpark.

continued next page...



Ross Creek,
Townsville, Queensland

The Marinas

There are also 4 more showers and toilets, all of which are in very good condition and cleaned daily. Two coin operated washing machines and dryers are for use in the adjacent laundry

The Yacht Club has an extended waterside deck, bar area and foredeck. The restaurant is open 7 days for lunch and dinner and Sunday breakfast with 3 dining areas and lounge. Function facilities cater for small to large groups with menus to suit all occasions. The clubhouse is environmentally friendly and its roof sports 296 solar panels.

Safely tucked away, the marina offers a refuge from severe storms, being protected on all sides. CCTV security are on the fingers and dinghy pontoons. The access by gate with swipe cards, and a boomgate at the carpark entry maximise security to the complex. During office hours, VHF channels 16 & 77 are manned, and an "arrival berth" with easy access is available for newcomers.

Coffee shops, restaurants, GPO, Woolworths Supermarket and Information Centre are within walking distance over Ross Creek via the Victoria foot bridge. The locality, being in such a prime position, renders casual berths difficult to procure, however set out below is an overview of rates for reader interest:

12m/39.37ft - Monohull - 1 Night \$48.00, 2-30 nights \$40.00/night, Long term Monthly \$749.00, 6 Months in advance \$4042.00, 12 Months in Advance \$7,884.00.

12m/39.37ft - Multihull - 1 Night \$72.00, 2-30 Nights \$60.00/night, Long term monthly \$1124.00, 6 Months in Advance \$6063.00, 12 months in advance \$11,826.00



Additional charges for Live aboards:

1 Adult \$5.00/night, \$35.00/week, \$145.90/month

2 Adults \$7.50/night, \$40/week, \$166.70/month

Electricity is charged on long terms rentals @30.866c/kWh

All rates shown above include 10% GST where applicable

The adjacent areas around Ross Creek offer adequate businesses servicing the boating community.

continued next page...

The Marinas

SERVICES NEAR THE YACHT CLUB:

The Townsville Slipway

Townsviklle Slipway dates back to the early 1900's. It caters for mono and multihull vessels, offering tradesmen for haulouts, antifouling, gurney, painters, diesel mechanics, stainless steel fabricators plus 2 shipwrights.

Charges are as below:

Haulout incl. return \$8.50 + GST per foot
(length of boat)

Hardstand fees \$1.50 + GST per foot per day

Water blast \$5.60 + GST per foot

Space is at a premium in the facility and only 2 boats are catered at any one time.

www.nqboats.com.au

seacraft@bigpond.com

Phone: (07) 4721 4472



The Townsville Slipway is situated next to the Townsville Yacht Club & Marina

The Marinas

Akwa Marine: www.akwamarine.com.au Ph: (07) 4771 4409 - Chandlery
Customworks: www.customworks44.com.au Ph: 0407 026 625 - boat detailing/restoration
Down Under Hull Cleaning: downunderhullcleaning@gmail.com Ph: 0447 055 433

Fuel can be sourced from Rosshaven Marine or Breakwater Marina

Rosshaven Marine: www.rosshaven.com.au Ph: (07) 4772 6392 Located in Sandspit Drive, Townsville. Has a fully equipped chandlery, plus a serviced haulout facility to include repair and maintenance to commercial, military, fishing and recreational vessels. Hull engineering, hydraulics, shipwright, abrasive blasting, painting, mechanical. electrical, electronic & refrigeration. Trades all work on site.

The Townsville Yacht Club is the organiser of the Sealink Magnetic Island Race Week. Currently in its 10th year in 2016, with 74 entries, run 1-6th September, it is a huge event on the year's racing calendar. The event follows the Hamilton Island Race Week and is the finale of the Queensland Season of Sailing.

Other club functions include Wednesday evening social twilight sailing, a quarterly race series featuring buoy races, fixed mark races, offshore races and round Magnetic Island races, the Commodore's Cup - awarded to sailor of the year, and Ladies Skipper Series.

The club also supports other club's events at Port Douglas and Airlie Beach and the Hamilton Island Race Week, and has members who take part in Sydney to Hobart Yacht Race.

All enquiries welcome:

Contact details -

www.townsvilleyachtclub.com.au

Email: admin@townsvilleyachtclub.com.au

Ph: 07 4772 1192 Fax: 07 4772 7363 Office hours


Townsville Coast Guard VMR408



Sue

Photo by Maureen Griffith

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



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PERSECUTED POOCHES

A TCP "Classic" from TCP 38



Pip

By Pip the Pooch, MSY Peggy-Anne

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

Life on a boat is great, but it's good to walk the beach and stretch ones legs. Now here lies the problem.

Even though, I am impeccably bred and have all the social graces. Even though, I keep my parents close by my side all the time. Even though, anything I leave on the beach is collected by my parents and brought back to the boat for disposal in the holding tank, before being macerated one mile off shore. Even though, the only thing I ever take are memories and leave behind are footprints. I am bloody well being discriminated against.

On any beach attached to a National Park and of course many of these are great stopovers, I am not permitted to stroll along the sand. Others are allowed to camp on the beach, and I have seen what a lot leave behind after these activities. Some can ride motor bikes on the beaches (noisier than jet skis and heaps more dangerous). Many are able to navigate four wheel drives along the beach (don't forget to deflate the tyres so that you only go down to the axles half as many times). One guy I "sniffed out", had permission to set up a mini McDonalds on the beach. But for me to go ashoreOhhhh No!!! Cry the law makers and Ranger Tims.

continued next page...

PERSECUTED POOCHES

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

I was thinking he must have been the 'Lone Ranger' because he appeared so quickly, but no he informed my Dad that he was the Parks Ranger and that I was not allowed on the beach. Said that "We should know the rules". My Dad explained we had seen the signs but believed that we were below the high tide mark." No,no,no,no, this is a "RAMS" area (they allow sheep?); it goes to the low tide mark, you should know this".

Dad suggested that the signs should be placed at the low tide mark, but was he referring to Mean Low Water Springs or Lowest Astronomical Tide and if that was done they would probably have to be identified with an 'Isolated Danger Mark'. You know two black spheres in a vertical line, probably need a light too. At this the Ranger became decidedly "dogged".

So then my old man asked to see some identification. "So you want me to go all the way back to the office and get my badge?. If I have to do that, I'll get the rego number of your house boat and I'll be sending you a fine". I think when he called our vessel a house boat was when pop lost his cool.

Dad pointed out that we had been watching four wheel drives bog and unbog themselves for the entire afternoon. There was a mob renting quad bikes just up the beach, the riders were doing a better job than a bloody rotary hoe on that particular part of the environment and you're worried

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

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

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

Seriously though.....

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

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

DOGGONE IT

By Stuart Bucanhan, *SY Pluto*

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

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

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

One yachting couple I met in Gladstone had a Great Dane on board. If left alone on the yacht, the mutt drove everyone within a 2 kilometre radius insane by barking hysterically nonstop until the owners returned.

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

Another time at the Gladstone Marina, I was walking along the finger when Annette, a friend from a cruiser, called me:

"Stuart, this couple have just arrived and were asking me about going through The Narrows tomorrow. You've been through there plenty of times - could you help them?"

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

continued next page

DOGGONE IT

"Yes, sure," I said over the noise. "What's your draft?"
"Four foot six," the bloke replied, ignoring the barking and looking down his nose at me. It was mutual hate at first sight.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you Stuart?" the bloke asked.

"Yes."

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

We spoke for a while and then I said:

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

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

"Are you going shopping?" Ivor asked.

"Yes."

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

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

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

I thanked him and he handed me the keys.

It was 35° C in the shade as the two yachties, Don and Fran, and I opened the car's doors. Getting into the vehicle was like entering a blast furnace that smelt of wet dog. We rolled down the windows and took off. A billion dog hairs flew around inside the car. Fran kept brushing them off her clothes.

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

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

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

continued next page

DOGGONE IT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

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

Bustard Head lightstation, which we lease from QPWS, is situated slap bang in the middle of a national park. Three kilometres from the lighthouse is Pancake Creek, a popular anchorage for yachties and campers. One long weekend a young couple, accompanied by a dog, arrived at the lightstation. I spoke to them for a while and discovered they had sailed down from Gladstone in a friend's yacht and were returning home by dinghy via Middle Creek Crossing. I then said:

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

"No," the young man replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

continued next page

DOGGONE IT

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

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

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

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

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

LETTERS



TCP NOTE: The dog stories in TCP #38 received numerous letters - here are some from TCP 39.

HAS TCP GONE TO THE DOGS?

To TCP,

I would like to reply to the story done by Stuart Buchanan on dogs on boats. As I am a marina manager and I myself live on a boat and have my own man's best friend, must say when I read Stuarts story I was quite irate. As I have always thought there was something wrong with a person who doesn't like animals.

We have had our dog since she was a puppy and all she has ever known is boat life and we definitely don't need to take her to shore for her relief as she has her own toilet system on the back deck of the boat, which is very hygienic and clean. And I can honestly say that nearly all the dogs on board, at our Marina are very well behaved and quiet. The only exception may be a dog that has just come from life on land to boat life and has yet to pick up on their boating manners. And over the last six years on the boat I must say that I have never come across a dog on a boat who does the

yodelling when their owner leaves the boat whether it be in the marina or out at anchor. So I suppose I am lucky I live on a boat and not in a house. And I thought it rude how Stuart spoke about the fellow Ivor who was decent enough to lend him his car, and if he does read Stuarts stories imagine how he will feel when he sees the story about himself and his smelly flea ridden car, when he was only trying to do a friendly deed.

Keri , Just Driftin

Hi Bob and Kay,

I wholeheartedly agree with Stuart on the subject of dogs. My primary objection apart from the barking, smell and shedding hair is I have witnessed a dog licking it's bum then come bounding onto it's hapless victim and licking them all over including face and mouth.

continued next page

HAS TCP GONE TO THE DOGS?

Dog owners seem to find this type of behaviour acceptable, even desirable. If I did it to them they would call to have me arrested or restrained in some way, preferably in a straightjacket.

Unfortunately I am with a person who IS a dog lover and although I made a case for at least a miniature Jack Russel x foxy, what Steffen brought home is a border collie x kelpie, cattledog. Fine for the farm but not so suited for a boat. Promptly named Tana, after the island in Vanuatu, she is, after a year, well behaved and mostly obedient but when it comes to leaving her on the boat she is in the dingy as soon as it is in jumping distance to the yacht. No amount of coaxing or bribing will get her out. She has to be physically lifted out. The only way I can manage it, is to stand, grab her collar and swing with all my strength pushing off at the same time so she doesn't scramble back instantly.

When left on my own to mind Tana and I've had to go to work for the day, I've been seen doing this several times before I manage to get her and the dingy enough distance apart, almost landing in the croc infested water for my troubles. If the crocs don't get me I'm sure the R.S.P.C.A. will, one day.

Dog lovers largely have a blind spot when it comes to other people not finding their dog so adorable. Our recent experience being an example. Instead of leaving her in a kennel when we travelled to Brisbane to visit my new grandson a friend offered to mind Tana. The reward? The dog tore to pieces her children's pet chicken and duck.

**Vicki J,
SY Shomi**

G'day TCP,

Loved the last TCP, particularly the contribution from Pip of *Peggy-Anne* fame. As readers will recall, Pip, the sailing master of *Peggy-Anne*, took Norm his deckie for a walk on the beach where they met up with The Lone Ranger.

I was interested enough in Pip's story that I decided to investigate the situation further myself.

I took the attached photo which adorns most National Park beaches.

It is very obvious from the positioning of the two animals that they are actually having it off!

Look closely and you will see the dog grinning from ear to ear. The cat has a smug smile of satisfaction.

So, the message conveyed by the sign is crystal clear No f...ing dogs and no f...ing cats!

So there you have it. Sorry Pip.

**Cheers,
Keith Owen
SY Speranza**



continued next page

Dear Kay & Bob,

I submit the following for your "letters" section:

Ha-ha-ha! Hi-ho-ho! Anyone who believes that dog owners always pick up their hounds faeces from the beach, takes it back to the boat, macerates it and keeps it in the holding tank until their boat is one mile offshore (TCP#38) would probably be interested in buying an inner city bridge I have for sale.

Regards, Stuart Buchanan, SY Pluto

Hi Kay & Bob,

I guess the statement in Stuarts article "Dogone it" (TCP#38) sums it up; "I'm not particularly keen on dogs." I can respect that, but unfortunately a lot of people are. Yeah, you've got to be a bit dedicated to have a four legged friend on board especially a biggun and something dog dislikers would never understand, is that they are looked upon as being siblings and most owners would suffer extreme grief, if they were lost or injured but hey, each to their own.

Most cruising dog owners are pretty responsible and clean up after their four legged kids. We are in the gulf at the moment, the beaches are a veritable mine field of horse poo, dingo poo, cow poo and oinker poo. How the hell do we fix that???

The "separation anxiety" thing could be easily fixed by allowing any dog, not just a seeing eye dog, to go with the folks. Limit it to the high tide mark in National Parks and the beaches would be self cleaning, "BEEWWWDIFUL".

Next time someone offers you the use of their bomb, take the bus, but be warned you could end up sitting next to a huge two legged animal with B.O., halitosis and the swine flue.

Norm, Dawn and Pip, MY Peggy-Anne (Named after the Greek god of dog lovers)

Hi Kay & Bob,

Before we all get too hot under the collar about dogs on National Parks beaches, following Pip the Pooch's comments in edition 38, I thought I would throw in a bone of my own.

The following figures are based on my observation only and are probably not accurate but I do feel that they are likely to be in the right ball park.

This year the number of cruising dogs along the Queensland coast appears to be significant with possibly in the order of 200 individuals. If the average time spent off National Park beaches is in the order of 100 days per cruising season and this results in 2 visits per day then we have in the order of 40,000 dog beach encounters per season.

My observation is that QPWS rangers are very thin on the ground and will not be in a position to issue too many tickets for breaching the regulations and I have heard from some dog owners that a warning is more likely to be given than a ticket.

If 20 tickets are issued to cruising people each year then it would appear that the risk of getting issued with a ticket is about 1 in 2,000 doggy visits to the latrine, sorry, beach. This works out to 1 in each 10 full seasons of cruising.

Given the extremely low risk do the cruising dog owners really have a problem? I think not.

Phil Rudkin, SY Tamar

A reply from Bob:

What an avalanche of opinion this one brought up! But that didn't really surprise me. In my past I was once a professional dog trainer. Which means in effect, I was a people trainer because dogs cannot work well with an ignorant handler.

Dogs are pragmatists, cause and affect (think Pavlov). People are more prone to interact with their animal on an emotional level and attribute their animal with those same human emotions which is usually not the case.

Not that dogs can't form strong bonds and exhibit behaviour that appears emotive, it's just that how those actions are motivated are often different from what is imagined by their owners. So, many people see their pet through very rose coloured glass's.

On the other hand, people who are unwillingly affected by someone else's pet can develop very strong feelings on the subject, like right after stepping in pooch poo on a beach or marina pontoon or having their peace shattered by a barking dog.

Don't expect an entirely rational response about dogs on boats from someone who hasn't slept for a couple days because of someone's little adorable yapping fluff

ball. People are generally tolerant and negligent pet owners can be overly aggressive in defence of their problem pooches so because a pet owner hasn't had direct complaints doesn't necessarily mean things are OK. A good pet owner will be sensitive to that and not wait for a complaint.

A pet owners rights end at their neighbours threshold - that simple. And no... it is not a cat's *right* to hunt in your neighbours yard. "But it's their nature, I can't stop it", is an admission of failure as a pet manager.

Responsible pet ownership takes work and relentless attention. Where problems arise is when the work gets too hard and then the excuses pile up again, "Ah, she doesn't make that much noise, it's just a bark or two till I'm out of sight, or another dog around or a cat or a full moon or a..."

Now someone out there is reading this and saying, "He just doesn't like animals." Wrong! In fact you can tell a dog lover by how little excuse it takes to show off some family photos... Right is a litter that Kay bred with a pair of Dalmatians we had and then one of Kay with family friend..



continued next page...

**Can a pet be successfully managed on a boat?
Absolutely!**

When a pet owner can begin to look at their pet's actions from the pet's perspective rather than trying to believe the dog sees the world through their eyes, the person is on the right path.

In other words, you have to be smarter than the dog.

Basic Tips for training your dog

A successful training scheme will bring you and your pet closer.

1. Be ready to understand family as defined by your dog. A dog's family is a pack with social rules well established over millennia, do not expect to change that. Are you the leader or subservient? I have seen many dogs that are certain they are the pack leader, not their "master".
2. Commit to 15 minutes a day for at least 3 days a week for training.
3. Pick a place or situation for the training to take place that the dog will recognise as such next session. Avoid distractions.

4. Pick an item to teach that you judge will be the easiest possible thing to train the dog to do. At first it isn't what you teach, it's that you establish teaching as a part of your relationship.

5. Command the animal and expect the proper result. Use a reward, a pat on the head, a biscuit. You don't have to be cruel in negative response but do be relentless. Never give in with the reward when the animal hasn't performed well. Do that and you have failed, go get a Teddy Bear.

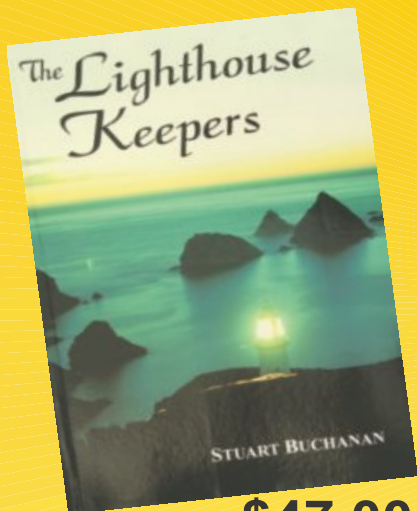
6. In between sessions be ready to recognise a situation reflecting what you have recently trained and be absolutely certain you follow up. Be relentless.

7. A shock collar is an effective tool for educating a barker and as part of a general training strategy for more difficult animals. Is that cruel, you ask? My response would be, a dog that is uncontrollable is a cruel imposition on your neighbours and a threat to its own safety. So the dog jerks the leash out of your hand and chases the other dog into traffic, they both get hit by cars. The well trained dog will instead respond to your command, both dogs are safe. Which is cruel?

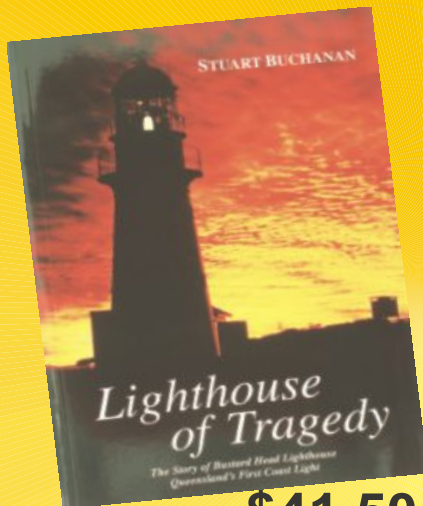
8. Some dogs hardly need training and some are just impossible.... like people.

**Cheers,
Bob**

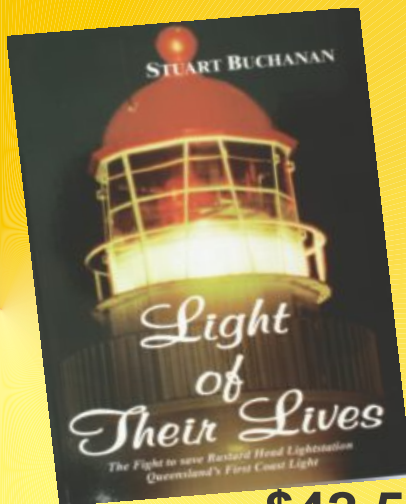
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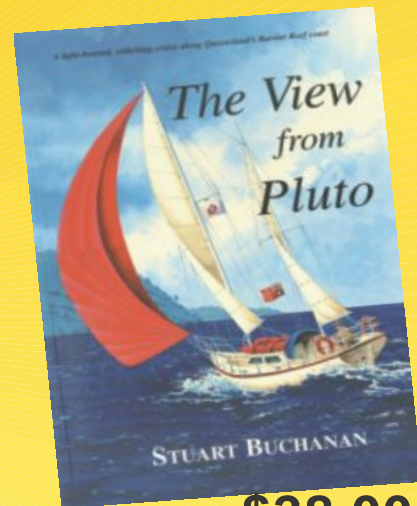
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TEMPEST TANTRUMS

A TCP “Classic”

Story & photos by Jan Forsyth, SY *Sea Wanderer*

Whitehaven Beach lures people from all over to experience its beauty and to walk on the powder soft sand. Shuffling along squeaking our feet in the soft silica, we looked up at gathering storm clouds, black and threatening and moving in fast. When the wind suddenly gathered momentum and turned, we were encouraged to run for the boat and hot foot it around the corner for the shelter of Chance Bay.

Just in time, we set our anchor in fast, and battened down before the full fury of the storm hit. It was evident, many other cruisers had the same idea to shelter, soon the small bay was almost full of yachts, which is nerve wracking in itself as anyone could drag anchor when wind and raging seas hit.

continued next page...



Whitehaven Beach, just before the storm



Calm before the storm



Here it comes!

Lightening flashed heralding a thunderous applause and the great black clouds, now so low as to touch finally pelted down buckets of rain. The wind, as if in competition, raged spitefully, spun around, from the NE to the south, upsetting the sea with a passion hard to match. The storm had now turned the sheltered bay into a dangerous lee shore. The sea, angry at the wind and rain hurled itself in violent emotion at the sheltering fleet.

As we braced our selves on board, the yacht's engine was pushed to slow ahead to ease the now straining anchoring system. However, as waves were breaking over the pitching bow, sluicing over the deck and cabin, the Captain (when things are tough) felt he had to don waterproofs and make his way up to the bowsprit to check the nylon snubber for chafe. I stood in horror grasping the helm as he almost disappeared from

sight on the plunging bowsprit. Terrible thoughts flew through my head of him washed off deck leaving me in charge of the frightened monster that our boat had become. How would I get him back on board if breaking waves swept him away? Would he be thrown onto the rocks that appeared too close for comfort now? Who could I call on the radio when everyone was intent on their own problems?

Something grey and large loomed out of the storm and then slipped away; another yacht I thought and prayed his anchor would eventually grasp the bottom. Then after what seemed an hour but in fact was only minutes the skipper appeared at my side soaked and shivering but satisfied that our snubber and anchor were holding.

continued next page...

TEMPEST TANTRUMS

I gladly handed the helm over, putting to bed my visions of rescue and heroism and sat up to watch the mayhem, secure in the knowledge that we weren't going anywhere at the whim of the storm.

There were many charter boats in the bay, few I presumed with little experience of these horrible conditions, a number had small children on board, and I felt for the poor parents, who would have had to reassure them all the time trying to stay calm themselves.

On and on the storm attacked, until as suddenly as it hit the turbulence moved on, the sky lightened, the sea settled and the wind eased and we were left wondering what it was all about.

The sun returned dissolving the mist to reveal a scene of confusion and disarray. Many of the boats around us had indeed moved with the surge, some were aground on the nearby beach, while others were so close to their neighbouring boat it was a miracle a collision was avoided.

The radio, silent during the turmoil, now throbbed with calls for assistance. One charter boat was calling frantically, desperate as he had rising water in the bilges, yet another charter yacht was anxious for

Right in the middle of it!



The Skipper checks the anchor

someone to pick up his passengers who, we gathered had never been at sea before, and were demanding a hotel room and the next flight home.

This was the strongest storm we had encountered; the first of our many tempests that introduced us to even more tempest tantrums as we cruised through SE Asia over the next few years.

Leaving the coastline not because of bad weather but because we were looking for adventure, it was interesting and informative to listen to international cruisers about their tales and experience of weather.

continued next page...

TEMPEST TANTRUMS

I learnt that between 10 degrees either side of the equator, in what is traditionally called the Horse Latitudes; there are rarely typhoons or cyclones. However, in order to make up for this particular lack of activity, Mother Nature decreed that storms of great electrical abundance reign.

While on our way up through Indonesia from Borneo to Singapore in company with three other cruising yachts, we were caught in the black of night in one of these frightening electrical storms. Three hours into the trip it hit, there was no shelter, nowhere to go except onward and into the strengthening storm.

Lightening bolts struck the sea all around the boat and deafening thunder rolled just above us. It was in the middle of this mayhem that we received a call from one of the boats about half a mile ahead. They had taken a lightening hit and their cabin was filling with smoke. Fortunately they were able to contact us via their hand held VHF which was saved by being stored in the microwave (which acted as a Faraday Cage) all other electronics were lost. Terrifying enough to be hit but to smell smoke, a sailor's worse nightmare, meant something could be alight and the boat likely to sink into the black malicious sea.

They managed to get the boat back on course through skill and determination thankfully it was discovered that the smoke was from burnt out wiring and not life threatening. They were able to make the rest of the passage sailing through the night to a quiet anchorage and assess the damage.

Everything electrical was in smoky ruins however, the boat was able to make Singapore for repairs and the skipper and crew are still sailing.

After Singapore, we moved on up the Straits of Malacca where weather there can turn in a flash. Storms originating from the large Indonesian island of Sumatra during the South West Monsoon season (between May and October in this region) strike quickly and violently, wrecking unsuspecting boats or anything else in the path. Fierce gusty surface winds recording up to 50 knots or more partner heavy pelting rain that can last up to two very long hours. If a yacht is caught out at sea or even anchored overnight, it can be a disaster.

Not only does a cruiser have to contend with weather here, the busy straits are fraught with freighters, floating fishing nets, giant container ships, tugs with unlit barges in tow, floating debris and erratic fishing boats with unsynchronized lights.

For this reason we would anchor each night; either in the lee of an island or close as possible to the coast of Malaysia. One memorable evening we arrived at a little island to shelter for the night. As usual, the skipper took a long time setting the anchor, which would not hold on the soft muddy bottom. Round and round we went dropping and trying to set the anchor, I was nearly beside myself with frustration taking his orders at the helm, turning the wheel hard to port then hard to starboard time and time again, while it seemed the skipper couldn't make up his mind where best to place the anchor. Finally, the anchor held steady as I motored astern, and we were dug in and secure for the night.

I happened to remark, as we settled in the cockpit sipping sundowners and watching the bright orange sun tumble into a pastel sea, that for once, the sky was clear and that we should experience a calm and restful night's sleep.

continued next page...

TEMPEST TANTRUMS

The previous evening, we had to anchor a couple of miles off the coast in shallow water, as there were no sheltering islands. The swell, having no barriers, intensified during the night rocking and rolling the boat, violently at times and causing us to wonder why we didn't keep moving. However, this night I felt a little more protected in the lee of the small island.

The evening progressed, as did the humidity; I could almost see the boat sweating in the static air. I thought to my self that regardless of the calm, that once again there would be another restless night.

How right I was when around two in the morning, thunder loud and rolling, woke us from our restless slumber. Too quickly, brilliant flashes of lightning split the air leaving its distinctive smell. The sea was still very calm but the feeling that something nasty was brewing was evident. Cloud cover had escalated and lay low and thick and I could not believe that our serene evening was turning into turmoil.

The Captain moved up to the bow checking the anchor, that earlier took us so long to set, saw that it was holding fast and I was now very grateful that he took so much time with it. However he fired up the motor, which always indicates concern; if we dragged before the wind and the batteries failed to start the engine, we would really be up the creek, or in this case on the rocks. In addition, if lightening hits and damages the batteries we would not be able to start. So having the engine running, we are in control and ready to manouevre if necessary.

continued next page...



photo by Jean Ward

THEMPEST TANTRUMS

The yacht was facing into a strengthening wind and by now straining hard on the snubber and chain trying desperately to run from the oncoming chaos. I secured the side curtains and anything else that moved and battened myself down in the cockpit.

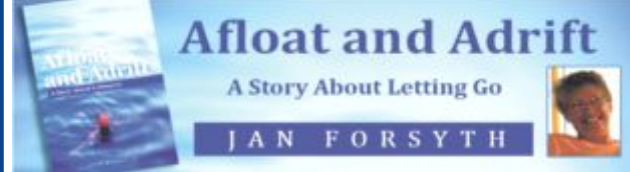
We literally hung on to the sides of the cockpit while 40-50 knot winds gusted; piercing rain forced its way through into the dry area. The lightening, so constant as to make the night into day, split the air zigzagging over us so close my hair stood on end and with its distinctive smell, while rain lashed strong and constant blocking out the night. Cringing in the cockpit, I had to cover my eyes as the lightening was so bright, and then my ears as the following explosions of thunder were so loud.

We were experiencing the legendary "Sumatra".

The storm fought furiously, but like all furies eventually petered out. We had suffered for about forty minutes, and were extremely relieved to see it begin to move on to torment areas further east.

As we stood on deck, grateful we had survived and in one piece, we saw that everything on board was in tact and after mopping up, we sat dazed trying to relax as we looked up at the stars, sparkling in the clear black atmosphere. Only the buckets left out on deck now overflowing, gave proof of heavy rain but there was nothing to indicate the huge wind and sea or the massive attack of thunder and lightening, just a glow in the distance.

Even the most prudent sailor will meet with up with bad weather at some stage of his cruising life and there is not much that can be done about nature's tempest tantrums. However, having confidence in the boat and the anchoring system, good planning, good seamanship and a lot of luck will certainly help minimize the risk when meeting nature's tantrums.



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Why DIY is always the best way to sell your boat

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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STUART MEARS

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***Vision* is for sale**

50ft Steel Pilothouse Cruising Ketch

more on next page...



Vision is for sale



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

SY New Song



\$45,000 ono

For more details & photos see:

www.thecoastalpassage.com/monohulls.html

or phone owner, Geoff on 0414 857 300



42'6" on deck, 3.6 mtr Beam, 1.8 draft, Samson cutter rigged ketch, centre cockpit. 45hp HRW Lister Diesel, Eutectic fridge, Radar, GPS, Electric anchor winch, 2x225litre fuel, 450litre water, Gas cooker, Hydraulic Steering, TMQ Auto-Pilot, Arco winches, Aquapro dinghy with 4hp Yamaha O/B, 60lb plough anchor on 10mm s/l chain (80m) spare 45lb plough.

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

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

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More pages added November 2015!

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I CAN STILL PUT MY SHOES ON

By Kay Norson, *SC BareBones*

Many cannot. Frank has very nice leather shoes. They probably cost him 200-300 dollars. When I was helping him put his shoes on I commented to him that I thought they were very nice quality shoes; they looked custom made. He told me they were indeed custom made and then explained why. This took Frank about 15 minutes to explain why he has these high quality shoes. He was searching for the right words but the memory was as clear as if it happened yesterday. It had to do with an injury of his left big toe. Half way through Frank's explanation he forgot why he was telling me this story. I told him it was about his left big toe. "Oh", he says, that's right." Then he finished his story.

A 25feet long by 1 foot square piece of hardwood timber beam fell on his left foot and smashed his big toe. This was many years ago when Frank worked hauling timber beams from a Queensland sawmill. His left foot needs special shoes to allow Frank to walk comfortably.

Laura needs help to put her slippers on. They are almost worn through on the bottom. I told her it is time for new slippers. "Yes, she said. My son will get some. I need size 6 1/2, not 6 as these are a bit too small." I wanted to go to the store that day and buy her a pair. Will the son get them or will I see these same slippers on her next week? Does Laura have a son?

For three weeks I have been "in training" at a retirement village as part of a course in community and aged care to gain a certificate. Most of the 50 plus residents whose ages range from about 80 to 95 in this aged care facility have some level of dementia. All they all have an individual life story. If you want to listen, really listen, even when no words are spoken you will get to know them. Most always say thank you to any care you give them. There are a few that can be demanding and even mean. I think those are just a bit scared.

The trust they have in the carers is impressive. Some have to be hoisted out of their chairs or beds, then dangle freely for a few seconds while they are transferred to another chair, a "fallout chair", or a shower chair. Their eyes express this trust though they are relieved when the lifting is over. They show trust when they are being showered or need to be cleaned up because they are incontinent. They know they are unable to do these tasks anymore. Their eyes tell their story.

The first week I was there Lynne was able to stand up and walk with assistance. She is in the high level care dementia lodge. Today, my last day, she would not stand up her eyes showed fear. The carers were worried she may fall or hurt them trying as Lynne is a tall, big boned woman. Now she has to be lifted using a hoist. The carers express sadness because they all know the stages of dementia and this one is one they hate to see.

continued next page...

I CAN STILL PUT MY SHOES ON

Jack used to play football and owned a farm. He always has a smile and a big hello. He always says thank you after you serve him his meal or help him to the toilet. But Jack is now continually wandering and falling. He knows this is wrong but often his brain cannot connect the dots anymore to what is right and wrong. Even though he is a very strong man if he continues falling he could suffer from broken bones or a head injury. He tells me he is going home to be with his wife soon. His wife died some years ago. Do you medicate him so he will stay put? Do you put him in a fallout chair where he cannot get out? Do you just let him be and maybe he will learn?

I went on a bus trip with about 20 residents. The bus driver takes a route where they can see the ocean and beaches. Many stated they love to just get out and see something else than what they see every day.

I observe the guest lists in each of the 4 lodges. Not many names there during the 3 weeks I am there. When some do have visitors their eyes burn a bit brighter for a few days. They come out of their rooms more often and participate with activities and are more social. Many tell me their husband, wife, son, daughter, father, mother or baby will be coming to visit and they wait for them every day.

Many tell me of their homes they have had and that they will be going home as soon as they get better. They will not. This is their last home of their life.

I am surprised that in spite of their situation they have smiles and a sense of humor. Does humor help keep the brain "alive"?

I was struggling with putting on Joes compression stockings on at night before bedtime. He chuckles at my struggle and jokes that I may someday get the hang of this art. Joe is a quiet, kind, intelligent, private man of around 80. After his evening meal he sits outside his room on the back porch and watches the sun set. I noticed he has the same radio we have on the boat in his room. I commented on it and then he asked me many questions as he loves the sea and boats.

Joe asked me how old my husband is. I told him 65. He told me he was happy to hear he is enjoying his boat as "time will fly and then he will become frail like me". I finished with his socks, help him put on his pajamas as his arms are very weak, then he lay in his bed. "Thank you Kay" he says. His eyes tell me his story.

Kays note: I wrote this for a project for class and I sent it to some friends and family. They told me I should put it in TCP. I had mixed feeling about doing this but in the end I figured, why not?

TCP is about stories; they do not always have to be "boatie related". So if you have a story or view about something you feel passionate about send it to us.

Your health is under attack

But you probably don't know it...yet

By Bob Norson, SC BareBones

And hopefully you never will know it but you might be one of the millions of Australians that will someday be lying in a hospital room dying of a brain tumor or other cancer, Parkinson's, or one of the other maladies that seem to be more common now than in previous generations and asking why?

The doctors will explain it away as a result of a longer lifespan due to their fine care. I don't buy it for three reasons. **One:** I grew up in a backwoods part of North America, a true hunter gatherer society and accidents caused by climate and hard living killed many, especially in their teens and twenties. The ones that survived lived long with little if any medical care. **Second reason:** Really good doctors are one in a thousand, the ones that really think about what they are seeing and doing. The rest just Google their drug treatment for a particular complaint or nearest to it and call for next. **Third reason:** Because the pharmaceutical companies may be the greatest cause of cancers and the rest of our "modern" diseases. Wait a minute! You don't know what I mean yet.

Are they poisoning the pills? Don't be silly. They don't need to. Some of the big pharmaceutical companies are also the big pesticide companies. Chemicals designed to kill. The bugs get killed quickly, like the bees. You are bigger, so you get killed slower, or if you are lucky, not at all. But the chemical companies say you can't "prove" their products cause cancer. Sound familiar? Just what big tobacco claimed just 30 years ago.



photo by Tony Willis, courtesy of Wikipedia

Bayer, the aspirin people, have designed a powerful neurotoxin that they soak seeds in and the plant becomes so toxic it doesn't need to be sprayed. Genius! Beehives adjacent to fields planted with those crops seem to die off but... TaDa! You can't prove it! Yeehaa! The funniest part about that is YOU eat the plants or you eat animals that were fed the plants. You drink the water the poisons ended up in. But it's what you breath that is really dangerous.

continued next page...

Multiple Chemical Sensitivity (MCS), The canaries in the coal mine

After being diagnosed with MCS a while back I tried to research the web to find out everything I could about this disease. And it wasn't easy. The amount of propaganda and bullshit polluting the searches was daunting. An MD in the US stricken with the disease (Dr Ann MacCampbell) put years of effort into researching the ways that the chemical/pharmaceutical companies use to disguise their part in it and to engender the belief there is some kind of "controversy" concerning the connection of chemicals and ill health when it is crystal clear. Dummy websites pretending to dispense free medical advice, "health organisations" funded by... you guessed it, the chemical companies. Another instance where it seems Google sells search results. The whores of Silicone Valley.

Explained simply, many people when exposed chronically, or even to a single large dose of the neurotoxic chemicals used for pesticides, may suffer from a reaction in certain receptors in the brain that create a vicious cycle that ever increases the reaction to the point where even a minuscule amount of the chemical causes severe symptoms.

It can be hell being so vulnerable to the actions of others who may in all innocence cause serious harm and feel it is their right to do it because a chemical company has assured them it is "safe".... and they wouldn't lie would they? Would they?

Keep in mind, it is all a matter of dosage. The Organophosphates that are in common pesticides are the same chemicals (nerve gas) that the Nazis developed in WWII but chose not to use. (wikipedia) You ALL have ingested these chemicals but there is supposedly a "safe" level. The chemical companies do the research to establish that level. (Makes you feel better already, right?)

So Mums and Dads in Airlie Beach. Think of that when your wee one is playing in that nice grass along the beach and by the pool that is sprayed for sand flies to enhance the tourist buck for the town merchants. You didn't know? Of course not. Everyone wants to hide the use of it, which makes life difficult for people who suffer MCS but at least we know!

Lucky you don't have it hey! Or do you? I didn't know it for years. It took time and very high exposures to put me over the edge to the point it was overt. Even had unnecessary surgery because a doctor didn't know what he was doing. Well, maybe he did know what he was doing, he took \$4000 off me.

Do you have chronic sinusitis? Chronic headaches? Aches and pains in joints? Does new carpet annoy you. Do you seem to catch colds and flu easier than others and feel it worse? Are you sometimes lethargic? Feel mentally disorganised, dopey? Are there certain places or conditions that cause you any of the previous symptoms and anxiety? Could be early stages. Don't waste time on an MD. There are specialists in environmental medicine but they are rare. Few want to battle big Pharma. and thanks to The Whores of Silicone Valley, they are hard to find on the web.

Find out and remove yourself from the chemical. Look upwind! Or in the walls of your house. Some places require pesticides to be in your walls (the reach and influence of the chemical companies is strong, even to building codes), there ARE such things as sick buildings.

Act now to guard your environment. When you or a loved one is lying in that hospital bed it will be a poor time to recall what a boatie in TCP published.

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Cheers and happy boating!
Kay and Bob Norson

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