



# The Coastal Passage

39th Edition  
Nov. - Dec. 2009

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## The East Malaysia Rally - what is it about?

Chris White explains

Photo by Chris White, SY Charmar



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



## Peter Holm takes a look back at the 2009 Surf to City "Demolition Derby"

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# Reflections by Alan Lucas The Sailing Cowboy

It's the characters you meet rather than the places you see that highlight cruising memories: memories of people who act outside the square and stir a seabag full of emotions too difficult to categorise in any normal way. Granted, most of them would have been impossible to live with but, equally, life would have been poorer for their absence. Chuck Kenehan, the sailing cowboy of the 1960s, was such a man.

Early in 1964 two yachts sailed into North Harbour, Sydney, and picked up moorings close to where I had been moored for most of the summer. One vessel was *Hoana*, with Joe and Ann Adams aboard, the other was *Vaquero*, single-handed by American Chuck Kenehan. They had just sailed in from New Zealand. On another mooring was *Sarong*, owned by live-aboard local, Merv Brown. Merv invited us all over for drinks.

It was a delightful get-together, enlivened by Chuck's stories of bronco busting, during which time he broke as many bones as he did horses before moving on to the easier work of dude ranching. Mixing with tourists for a few years, always having grog pressed on him at the end of each day, turned him into an alcoholic. Noting that he was nursing a small red wine, I said something pretty stupid like, 'So you were an alcoholic?' to which he exploded, 'No, damn it all, I *am* an alcoholic and the minute I forget that I'm dead'.

The wine Chuck had that night was his first alcohol in eleven years and he assured me that it would be his last. 'It's just that tonight's kinda special so I'm taking a risk'. A few years later, 'taking a risk' would fulfil his prophesy of death.

Chuck and I became fast friends, gamming over tea or coffee on each other's boats and sometimes walking into Manly for our victuals. Mostly, though, Chuck stayed on his boat simply enjoying the lifestyle. His only vice appeared to be cigars, which he smoked down to a butt then chewed the butt to - as he put it - 'anaesthetise my worn-out teeth from years of chewing tobacco'.

Whether smoking or chewing, Chuck was straight out of an old-west movie, with horse-belly legs and shoulder-length hair around a shiny bald patch. He was cross-eyed - a fact exaggerated by the thick lens of his glasses - and his sense of humour was as dry as bull dust. Rowing past *Vaquero* one morning I asked what he planned to do today, to which he drawled, 'Oh, about as little as possible'.

On another occasion, as he rowed past me in uncharacteristic haste, I called out 'Where are you off to Chuck?' to which he responded, 'I'm taking my tea towel back to the manufacturer. I've only had it two years and it broke!'.

When Chuck migrated to Australia, he quit the grog and worked for BHP driving heavy equipment at Yampi Sound, Western Australia, his long hours, hard work and abstinence paying off in the acquisition of *Vaquero*, a lovely cutter that, with typical Kenehan logic, he painted blue from truck to waterline. 'That way you just buy one pot of paint', he explained.

From Sydney we all went our different ways, *Hoana* around the world, myself to Papua New Guinea in urgent search of employment while *Vaquero* disappeared for a while until sighted anchored nearby in Port Moresby. Delighted to see her all-blue profile again I rowed over to be greeted by a voice from below decks saying, 'Come

aboard Alan, I'm looking for a rag to clean up this damn mess. There's two of the suckers somewhere, one's a greasy yella thing, the other's just plain greasy'.

*Vaquero* was never tidy, nor particularly clean: she was Chuck's ship and he tried to impress no one. He had the least airs and graces of anyone I have ever known, his warmth and unique character more than compensating for the floating hovel he called home. Few social moments have I enjoyed more than those with Chuck, listening to his stories, chuckling over his turn of phrase and pretending to enjoy his unbelievably strong coffee in mugs that, in themselves, were serious health risks. Indeed, I was always grateful that he never found his 'greasy yella thing' lest it wipe something *on* rather than off.

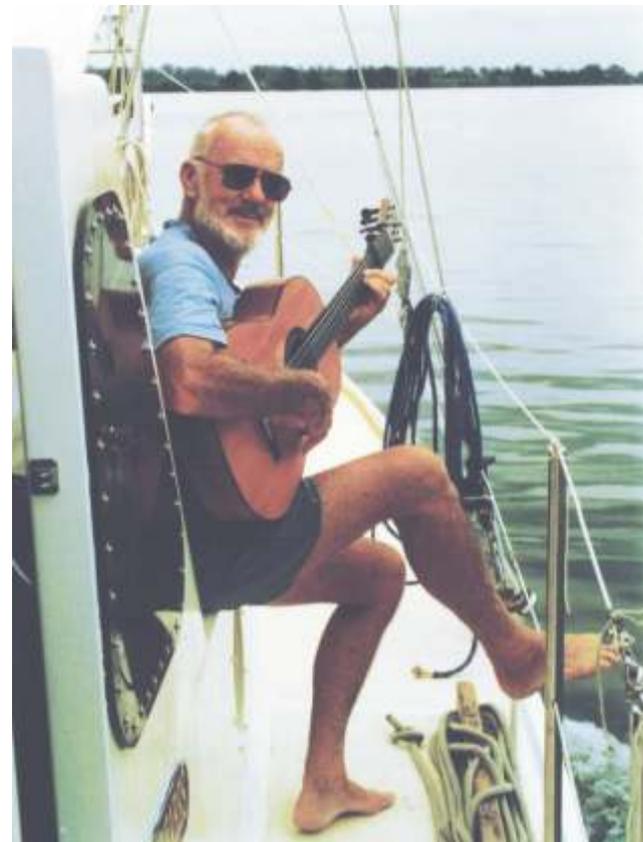
Like all yachties visiting New Guinea in those days, Chuck had no trouble finding employment, replacing me as night operator on the Port Moresby telephone exchange and outstations radio. I had worked there for some months and was moving on to a long-awaited position as commercial artist in the Department of Education. Chuck overlapped me to learn procedure and how to operate the tangle of cords, plugs and sockets that constituted telephone exchanges in those days. During this period, he displayed clear logic and surprising courage when one night a woman called up for help.

It started with the two of us sitting by an empty board in the dead of night. There had been no traffic for ages when suddenly the board lit up with a single call. It was from a very frightened lady who complained of receiving obscene calls and hoped we could stop them. I explained that I would need to invade her privacy by calling her number regularly until getting the engaged signal at which time I would then cut in to see if it was the offender. If so, I would then have to call every phone in Port Moresby and cut into engaged-signals until hitting the jackpot. I warned her it was a chance in a million and almost certainly against the rules.

With crystal clarity, Chuck felt that the offender had to be a local drunk calling from a public phone, a logical probability that would dramatically reduce our call-outs to just half a dozen phone boxes around Port Moresby. We noted the number of every phone box in the city area then I called the woman back. Defying all the odds of probability, we hit the jackpot first shot. The unfortunate victim was receiving an obscene call at that very moment.

The call lasted long enough for Chuck to dial a few public phones until, finding one engaged, he cut in and, bingo, we had our man. Chuck gave a cowboy 'Yahoo, we've got the son of a bitch', threw down his headphones and shot out of the building while I called the cops. Unfortunately for the pervert Chuck beat the police to him, dragged the bewildered fellow out of the phone box and vented a little personal vengeance on him before backup arrived. He then returned to the telephone exchange holding a handkerchief around his knuckles and beaming like a Cheshire cat, saying 'That felt good'.

At the end of our overlap-period, my new job involved normal office hours, effectively denying the socialising Chuck and I had so enjoyed. It came as a shock, therefore, when I later saw him



The author aboard *Soleares*

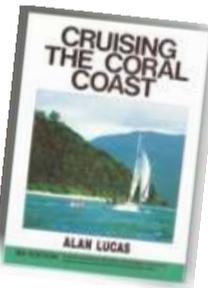
drunkenly diving for a bottle of scotch lost out of his dinghy. I rowed over, found the bottle, tipped its contents out then rowed him back to *Vaquero*. He was in tears over his downfall, ashamed that he had reverted. For months I watched helplessly as he sank deeper and deeper into alcoholism until, quite suddenly, he went cold turkey and spent six weeks feverishly preparing his ship for sea.

Now a man chased by demons, Chuck's sudden departure was quick and unexpected, *Vaquero* disappearing over the southern horizon and out of my life forever after the briefest of farewells. I later heard he had arrived in Sydney after three weeks beating into the trades. It was a mighty effort and proof to his friends that his life was back in order again.

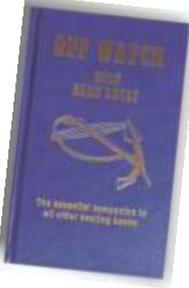
Sadly, it was not long before the grapevine told of Chuck's death, the cause being, I subsequently learned, that he fell off the wagon again and stumbled whilst descending his companionway ladder. Apparently he lunged head first into the mast compression post and died instantly.

A very special American cowboy, utterly unique to the cruising scene, had bitten the dust, but I have no doubt Chuck is up there somewhere still trying to replace his broken tea towel whilst heroically defending damsels in distress.

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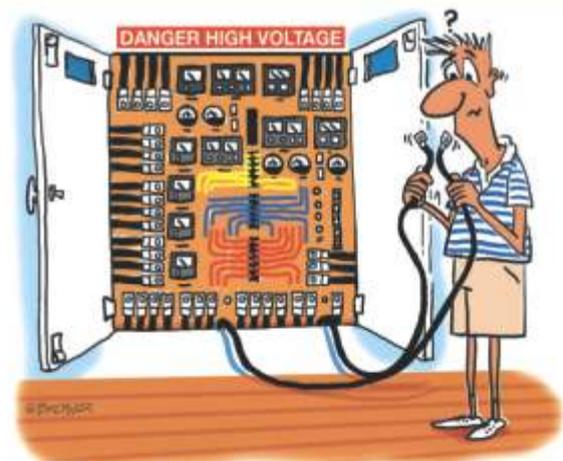
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*Macro photo of inorganic fibres*



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*"It can't be about you without you!"*



And as always, TCP very much appreciates your letters and other contributions that provides the rich forum of ideas that sustains the rag. For information on feature contribution requirements and awards, see the TCP web site, "contributions" page.

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## SAVE THE CORAL SEA???

A letter / editorial / comment from Paul Aubin

The other day I went to a Reggae Concert in Cairns. There were a great stack of people watching a great stack of bands, and in all, it was a great afternoon and evening. On the way through to the main stage there were a couple of young women with a CAFNEC (Cairns and Far North Environment Centre) display set up, calling out to the passers by "Save the Coral Sea! We need your help now. Sign this petition. Save the Coral Sea!"

I could see by the maps they had put up that this was the **PEW** proposal so I kept on walking. One of them stepped in front of me and asked for support and if I'd like to sign the petition. I asked if this was the Pew proposal and she said "yes we need to save the Coral Sea."

I said I thought the proposal was ridiculous and no, I wouldn't sign it. Again I kept on walking and again she stepped in front of me and said "So you don't want the Coral Sea saved?"

My pulse gathered a few RPM's. "Save it from what?" I asked. That seemed to stump her for a spell, but she came back with, "Exploitation".

"Exploitation from who?" I asked. Her mate had joined in by now. "Did you know there are long liners operating out there?" "Yes. How many are there now?" I asked. "Nine, I think".

I said, "Well why don't you go target them if that's your problem and leave everyone else alone?"

"The planet needs conservation zones and this is one of the last pristine areas left. Hardly anyone ever goes out there, so why should it bother you?" they said.

"If hardly anyone ever goes out there, why does it need protecting? Besides, I go out there every few years. I stay a few days, catch a few fish to eat, jump in the ocean, clean out some cobwebs and come home recharged. I'm not the only one that does that, and I do it because I can, and should be able to. Besides, every yachty heading into or back from the Pacific have to go through your proposed zone and they all rely on catching something to eat", I said.

"I'm a yachty, I didn't think of that" said one. "Can't they go around?" said the other. By now there was another older more hardened looking campaigner hovering. If I wasn't careful I was going to get one chained to my boat.

I pointed to their map and said, "What happens if you want to go here, here, here, or here?" I pointed to several likely South Pacific destinations. "And what happens if you want to leave from here, here, here or here?" I pointed to most of the ports in Queensland. "You can't go around it, are you crazy it's a million kilometre area. Recreational fishermen and yachties have almost an invisible impact and still you want to ban them. You've made a lot of people angry."

"And besides that, what's your point about the area being a sacred war site?" "Oh and you haven't heard of the 'Battle for the Coral Sea'?", she said.

Pulse rate. "Yes I have, and it wasn't fought here where you want your zone, it was fought up here around New Guinea and the Solomons". I showed them where that was on their map.

"Oh" they said. "It seems like you're getting annoyed. There's no need to be, we're just trying to help".

"Yes, I am annoyed" I said, "I'm annoyed because you're getting people to sign a petition and you're uninformed. The people signing up are uninformed, (the dozen or so that were confronted by the older campaigner and signed while I was there did so with a "yeah, whatever"). I'm annoyed because you're campaigning to get more legislation that restricts more people doing normal things and you haven't thought things through. Greenie groups have got heaps of opportunity to do good environmental work and the planet needs good environmental work. Can't you find better things to do with your time like fixing up pollution or getting chemicals out of food or something worth while. Saving something that doesn't need saving shouldn't even be on your list".

It dawned on me that this was all a giant greenie ego thing.

All you greenie groups out there, you should be well respected in the community for doing good work. But you constantly manage to tick off vast amounts of people. Don't you see that this affects all your causes, just or otherwise?

This crusade you've embarked upon will back fire on you. You all punched hard to get the 35% of the Great Barrier Reef shut down to recreational fishing and when you got it you all cheered loud and clear and said, "that was a nice start". Now you want a million kilometres adjacent as well! Hands up every one of you that wants to see the entire Great Barrier Reef turned green. No surprises there. And amazingly you wonder why we're getting annoyed.

Recreational fishermen and yachties are normal people that want to do normal things. Get out in the open, have a bit of adventure and catch a fish to eat. I run a business called 'Cairns Bed n Boat' and we've helped heaps of families and small groups do just that. I get involved with every group and guess what? Almost all of them are highly environmentally conscious regardless of their fishing skills. Most 'fishermen' use fishing as an excuse to get out in the open and if they catch a fish, it's a bonus. And most of them wouldn't trust you lot as far as they could kick you! Or the politicians you manage to manipulate! Do you think something is wrong here?

And before you greenies jump into bed with **PEW** you might want to look at what industrial company it was born out of and at their environmental record over the years. Do you know who you're supporting here? Having said my bit I continued into the concert and watched some excellent bands and simmered down. I sat there and thought about why I was so annoyed about this issue as I watched a group of a hundred or so people in a cage, smoking, in the middle of the thousand or so other people wandering around freely. How bizarre I thought. People have been trained to go into a crowded cage to smoke. A smokers jail! I thought it'd be that way for fishermen too, if some of these 'extreme green' get their way. Deary me.

There is another obvious angle we should all consider here. **GBRMPA will be watching these proceedings with great interest.** This is a perfect barometer for them to gauge the public emotion in preparation for their next round of green zone implementations.

So, all you relaxed and carefree fishermen and yachties out there, this campaign is only just getting started. The green groups plan to up the ante with advertising and promotions and petitions and lobbying starting NOW! THIS WEEK! They are organised. They have paid people working full time on this. They want to dictate where you can go fishing, and if you haven't noticed that place is getting smaller and smaller. If you like more green zones then do nothing and see what you get. If you don't, then get active. Join a group. Form a group! Fishing and boating clubs should all be active. Or write a letter. I just did.

**TCP NOTE: Beware the Green Fraud.** Some green organisations may not be honest about their real agenda or facts. TCP has just found an example you should see. Check out the TCP web site, "Issues" page or direct to [www.thecoastalpassage.com/bs-green.html](http://www.thecoastalpassage.com/bs-green.html)

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Paul with his daughter Ruby

# LETTERS



## HAS TCP GONE TO THE DOGS?

OK, I knew this subject would bring out lots of opinion, but here I had two excellent articles with both sides of the coin, so I just couldn't help myself. So here are responses so far from the first one received to the last one received October 11th.

Kay

### 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,

Great job on TCP Kay. I noticed the subject of dogs and washing laundry being aired. Mind you, I would have liked to have seen at least one photo of a single handed sailor of the male variety doing this tedious chore. Surely they have to do laundry at least once in their lives, although come to think of it, never in the public eye.

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. 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.

Also in the latest TCP is Alan Lucas's story 'Hole in one.' The very same thing happened to us in the Balimba Reach, Brisbane. One Saturday afternoon a bunch of drunk adults in a backyard ashore started using *Shomi* as a substitute driving range/target practice. I was entertaining on deck. We shouted and waved frantically so they knew we were in danger. They returned our waves and continued belting balls at us not even considering the threat to our wellbeing. 'Cruising is an attitude' reminded me of why I went sailing even though hulky men told me I had more balls than them to take my boat out in the unfinished state it was at the time. No safety lines, no anchor winch, no headsail, a dodgy outboard on a 7 ton boat. What they were really saying was 'You don't need balls. You need a brain woman.' My back and shoulders and wits have never really recovered but at least I did it. When I was working in aged care not one of the elderly clients warned me to be careful. Without exception they told me, 'Whatever it is you want to do, do it now. Don't wait until you are crippled or disabled like us.'

Vicki J, SY *Shomi*

### Dear Kay,

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,

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*

Notice to contributors: All contributions that purport facts in a matter of possible contention, should be ready to provide support for their assertions or additional information or the contribution may be refused at the discretion of the editor. Anyone disputing a matter of fact in any part of TCP is invited to respond as long as the discussion remains one of fact and the responding writer must also be ready to provide support for their assertions or additional information if requested. Any letter sent must have name and phone # or correct email address to verify, though you may request TCP to withhold your name.



### G'day K,

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*

### Hi Kay,

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, herpes and the swine flue.

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

### To Editor Kay,

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 pool 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... Below is one of the litters that Kay bred with a pair of Dalmatians we had and then one of Kay with family friend..



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 pets 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.

continued next page...

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 it's 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,  
Tech and issues editor, Bob

To TCP,

I see the problems arising from the cruisers curse are causing concern.

Moorings are slowly spreading through the Whitsunday and other area's like a plague of locust. Moorings often prevent a reasonable anchorage being possible and often placed in what used to be part of a marine park. They are used to the exclusion of all but the licensed vessel whether or not that vessel is occupying the mooring or not. Look at the Sydney area, it's all but impossible to anchor in this area.

To my way of thinking all vessels on the water should be lit at night. Today there's no need for a night watch on a vessel who's job was to trim wicks and refill the oil containers. We have electric power and automatic switching technologies at very low cost. LED demands are so low that torch batteries will supply current for a considerable time.

I go with maritime Safety Queensland in this instance which is a bit out of character for me. Having opted out of negotiating a low tide approach into Bowan Harbour at 0300hrs, I attempted to anchor out of the channel a bit South of the Harbour. Unknown to me at the time there were an assortment of vessels both moored and anchored in the area. A high percentage of which were unlit. An approach to this area

puts the towns light ahead and anything unlit or lit with garden lights is all but invisible. Fortunately I was at dead slow and ultimately became aware of other vessels simply because the town lights started to disappear. Not nice to say the least.

I believe that the authorities are correct in this instance but fall down badly allowing unlicensed moorings to persist and in allowing commercial interest to take over sections of a marine park.

Australia also needs consistent legislation. Unlikely due to the numerous bureaucracies involved. I also believe that rather than split hairs on points of law all boats light up at night, if you can be seen then your vessel is safer. You also reduce the risk of someone's death on your conscience knowing that they might still be alive had you switched on the lights.

I made up my own automatic switch for the masthead light. It comes on at night and goes off in the morning. It helps when happy hour goes on into darkness. At least you can look for a legally lit boat instead of groping round in the dark. Anybody wanting this circuit is welcome for free. Components for the switch would be around the \$5 mark.

Regards,  
Barry, SY White Horse

Hi Barry,

*I agree about the unlicensed moorings and have been suspicious for years how they can remain unnoticed. And I also agree that commercial interests should not be able to tie up anchorages for their private use... that's wrong.*

*However... I do (very respectfully) disagree on the basic light issue.*

*According to the rest of the world, a mooring area or a "gazetted anchorage" is marked on charts as such. When entering an area known to be a mooring area the onus is on the vessel skipper to proceed accordingly. A vessel moored may be left unattended for long periods. Even an automatic light may not be reliable enough to guarantee it's performance without occasional supervision and many vessels may not have the auto capability at all. Keeping in mind if you legislate the requirement and encourage vessels that enter the area to proceed without concern for unlit vessels... someone will get hurt sooner or later.*

*If it can't be achieved universally as a practical matter... I think it wouldn't work.*

*And do you really want to give those watercops another devise?*

Cheers,  
Bob

Hi TCP,

We have been trying to think of a way to get a paper to the guys in the customs plane that keeps flying over Lizard Island calling on vhf16 any boat anchored in Watson's Bay please respond. They seem to be desperate to have boat names to add on their collective lists. One boat called up and gave every boats name to them...They weren't very popular at drinks on the beach that night with those that don't like their methods. The plane called back and said she was an angel to help out with such detail. When they tried it again no one responded; total radio silence.

Name withheld

# Not such a "beautiful" sight



Bob/Kay,  
In TCP#36, p13 Stewart Mears related his story concerning being impaled by a stingray barb. I am not a medico but as no others have come forward with suggestions I would like to direct the community to the article at <http://www.wikihow.com/Treat-a-Stingray-Sting>

and, for the more scientifically minded, [http://archive.rubicon-foundation.org/dspace/bitstream/123456789/5828/1/SPUMS\\_V30N1\\_3.pdf](http://archive.rubicon-foundation.org/dspace/bitstream/123456789/5828/1/SPUMS_V30N1_3.pdf)

Basically, place the limb in water as hot as the 'victim' can tolerate and leave it there for about one hour (minimum 30 minutes), all the time making sure that the temperature is kept as hot as possible. A quote from the second reference "Local anaesthetic infiltration and exploration are usually unnecessary, except with injuries to toes, and should only be done if pain and tenderness persists after heat treatment."

David, (Shore-bound but planning)

To TCP and readers,

The absolute joy of owning a boat is the access you get to some of the most pristine anchorages of our Great Barrier Reef.

We had the amazing pleasure of visiting the very beautiful Lady Musgrave Island this week, and even though we had just spent 4 months diving further up the coast, this part of the reef would have to be the most spectacular; with the largest variety of reef fish and coral we have seen anywhere.

So how in the world did anyone get permission to dump the ugliest pontoon right smack bang off its beautiful white beach? You have to angle yourself at just the right position to be able to get a photo without this monstrosity destroying the view. Sure it gets use, hundreds of tourists off load onto it most days, (so that would be thousands each week) so at the value price of \$160+ p.p you would think there would be a few spare dollars to enhance the visual effect or are we so complacent we turn a blind eye to companies making money from our unique environment.

If I built such a structure in my back yard, the council would have their boys in uniform around before the first cup of celebratory punch was poured with their demolition orders in hand.

The National Parks and Wildlife sign on the Island suggests that 'we protect and preserve our natural and cultural heritage'. Lets hope that this part of our heritage doesn't get preserved! Perhaps the concerned parties could put back into the environment a little of what they take out.

Judy and Ray Painter

Hi Bob & Kay,

Once again TCP is a bundle of knowledge and great stories.

It is with interest that I read the article regarding MSQ and S/V "Tank Girl". I have a good friend who works with MSQ. He tells me of horror stories of what is happening within the department. It seems that the "Illustrious Leader" of this fine state is doing everything she can to stuff up the government departments by reducing their budgets.

A typical example was that my friend (lets just call him George) needed a new uniform. He purchased them from his own pocket and submitted the receipt for reimbursement. Sorry - there is no money in the kitty for that! He needs new batteries for a work related piece of equipment. Sorry - there is no money in the operational kitty for that! However you can go out and buy a new piece of equipment on the asset expenditure account - just make sure that it has good batteries!

And this is just a couple of petty incidences he relates to. The result of these petty situations is that George paid for his own uniform and bought a couple of rechargeable batteries out of his own pocket.

All this while Anna goes on "Celebrity Chef" and tours the state in her Queensland tax payers funded jet telling us what a wonderful job her government is doing!!

I do not condone the attitude of some members of the MSQ/HM Customs/AQIS (those I have dealt with have been excellent), but I can understand why they are getting pissed off when they are treated like this.

As a (retired) deck officer with the Aussie Merchant Marine and cruising yachting, I had my dealings with HM Customs and AQIS. Again there have been good days and bad days. Some like to play good cop - bad cop, while others are just very pleasant to deal with.

Unlike a lot of countries that I visited during my career at sea - at least here I knew that we would not be required to "pay a gratuity" towards the local uniforms who visited on-board, over and above the required fees.

I believe (know) that some people have a complete change of character when they don their uniform. It is a power thing and can be related to their (insecure) personality. I hope that by now Jason and Virian have had a positive solution to their challenge. Well that's my bit for now - cant let *Speranza* have all the say!

Cheers,  
Peter Safe

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**Sails, masts & more! Crew positions across the pacific or Queensland to Hobart see TCP's Bulletin Board**

The apologists for the MIB have flogged a variety of rumours in the past to provide any justification, no matter how weak, for the enforcement excess's that have been reported in TCP. One of the popular ones is that American boats deserve no sympathy because their own country is worse. Whilst the relevance of the argument may be difficult to fathom anyway, the facts usually don't add up either. So below (*in italics*) is an excerpt from an unsigned letter sent to TCP.

*A case in point is the American crying about a fine for not displaying Reg. Numbers and not carrying a 'V' sheet. He is in for a real shock when he gets home to the 'land of the free.' There he will be boarded by heavily armed combat troops from a military style Coast Guard vessel. He and his crew will be held at gun point (fully loaded automatic weapon and cocked) on the bow of his boat while the boat is stripped searched. It will not be the officer in charge who will listen to his excuses for any violations of USA laws because he was not aware of any changes while he has been away. It will be a judge, who will decide and if he gets a citation or a jail sentence.*

The author goes on to blame the fruit fly infestation and drugs in schools on lax scrutiny of boats in Queensland.

A phone caller claiming to be the author said he read of the account in the American magazine *PassageMaker*. The Magazine was contacted for confirmation but did not respond in time for publication, however TCP has researched the issue and can find no record of a US boat crew being held **"at gun point (fully loaded automatic weapon and cocked)"** as described above in any publication or web site.

TCP asked Jerry Powlas, Technical Editor of North American magazine *Good Old Boat* if he has heard of this or anything like it. His response is as follows:

*We have been boarded by the Coast Guard twice in the 18 years we have owned our boat. Both times it was by one person. That person carried a handgun which he kept in his holster throughout the boarding. On both occasions the boarding officer did not go below. He stayed in the cockpit, and asked for some documents, and ran down a check list of items, all having to do with safety, or the prevention of pollution. The list he used is well published and most boats are found to be in compliance. The boarding officers were courteous and business-like. We did not feel threatened. We have also had the same inspection done at our request by members of the Coast Guard Auxiliary. If you pass their inspection they give you a sticker which frequently satisfies the Coast Guard. The Coast Guard Auxiliary members are just civilians. They are never armed. They tend to be even more courteous.*

*These days we do most of our boating in Canada. We keep the boat in a Canadian port all summer and bring it back to the USA for the winter. This involves dealing with both Canadian and US customs officials. In the course of our summer cruising we also deal with US Park Service Rangers. All of these people are armed with side arms. None has ever drawn his weapon in our presence. We respect these officers but do not fear them, nor do we expect to be mistreated by them. The same may be said of all the law enforcement officers in both countries. I don't know where your reader has gotten his information, but it does not describe encounters with Coast Guard, and Customs Officers in the USA or Canada. I'm more afraid of their clip boards than I am of their guns.*

**Jerry Powlas,**  
**Technical Editor of Good Old Boat Magazine,**  
**USA**

*Our thanks to Jerry and Good Old Boat. TCP will endeavour to check further on these assertions as time allows and as always invites TCP readers to feel free to send in any factual information.... but please.. save the wild exaggerations or rumours, we have enough already.*

# News.....

## Queensland's Top Water Cop Raided Customs intercepts machine gun parts labelled "Marine Part"

by B. Norson

A BOLT used to convert a semi-automatic weapon into an automatic firearm was intercepted by Customs between August 31 and September 1, 09. The item was allegedly labelled a "marine part" and mailed from the US to an address near Brisbane. There were four parcels mailed separately containing this contraband.

The discovery led to a raid on the premises on September 19th, where Police Inspector Allen Magarry was reported to have operated a "private armoury business".

Customs and Border Protection officers, police from the Weapons Licensing Branch and the Australian Defence Force's Explosives Ordnance Demolition team were all involved in the raid.

Items seized during the raid were reported as including firearms and firearm parts, ammunition, documents and computers and a van. Insp Magarry is also being questioned over his alleged possession of a fully automatic Steyr assault rifle, a type of firearm used by the ADF (shown below, a US government photo).



This is the weapon that Inspector Magarry is alleged to have had in possession. Some police agencies may be allowed to have the semi-auto version but research indicates only the military is allowed the full auto in Australia.

Several other, possibly replica, ADF items were also found, including a Kevlar military helmet and body armour. These items also require a weapons license to possess. The *Courier Mail* stated in a report of September 24, that Customs has confirmed Insp Magarry is being investigated over the alleged unlawful importation of firearm parts.

The ABC reports that Queensland Police Commissioner, Bob Atkinson indicated the QPS would "revisit" the decision to allow Insp Magarry to operate a private armoury business. "Following this, as part of our own investigation into these allegations, that

will be something that will be reviewed and be revisited." According to a *Courier Mail* report, "He certainly was approved and he has all the appropriate licences to engage in firearms training and as an armourer," Mr Atkinson said.

These statements have opened an interesting matter. The ABC, *Courier Mail* and *Bigpond* news all have quotes from Police commissioner Bob Atkinson regarding Inspector Magarry's armourers license, yet when TCP contacted police to inquire if that armourers license had been suspended police claim he never had such a license! *"Inspector Magarry has never held an Armourers Licence. .. All other licences held by Inspector Magarry under the Weapons Licensing Act were suspended on 18 September 2009."*

### Are the police withholding information?

TCP is still trying to clarify the murky nature of the Inspectors licensing. A request to know what licensing Inspector Magarry had had was flatly refused.

TCP asked QPS if any charges had been made but was informed that as of October 22 the matter was still "under investigation".

Insp Magarry took sick leave "very soon" after the raid. He reportedly produced a medical certificate to say he was too stressed to be interviewed.

According to reports made in September, a QPS spokeswoman refused to say if Magarry had been interviewed – only that he was assisting the *Ethical Standards Command*.

President of the Queensland Police Commissioned Officers Union, Detective Superintendent Tony Cross was quoted as saying there was a "slight chance" the matter would be raised at the next executive meeting. "I understand the allegations are outside the ambit of his work," Det-Supt Cross said.

Insp Allen Magarry was appointed as the Water Police State Co-ordinator this year after a stint with the *Ethical Standards Command*.

Just what is this [Ethical Standards Command](#)? According to the Queensland Police web site it is:

**"Ethical Standards Command... Members of the community have the right to expect the Queensland Police Service to serve them in an ethical and accountable manner. The responsibility of ensuring that the Service conducts its affairs in an ethical manner is vested in all members of the Service and is a core function of the Ethical Standards Command. The goal of the Command is to ensure that the community has confidence in and respect for the Service. This is achieved through the activities of the Internal Investigations Branch, Inspectorate and Evaluation Branch, Ethical Practice Branch, Internal Audit, Research and Evaluation Unit and Intelligence Unit. The Command also works closely with the Crime and Misconduct Commission and other statutory bodies**

## More on Queensland Police Vessels



Austral of Tasmania handed over the last of three 22 metre aluminium catamarans for operation in Queensland.

Built at Austral's Tasmanian shipyard - the police boats will be stationed at Yeppoon, Brisbane and Cairns, and are designed to patrol remote, tropical locations for extended periods.

State Water Police Co-ordinator, Inspector Alan Magarry, said, "Working with Austral Tasmania from the initial consultation phase, through to the construction, systems commissioning, dock trials, sea trials, delivery and final acceptance was outstanding,"

Each vessel has a range of 900 nautical miles at a cruising speed of 20 knots, a maximum speed of 26 knots and features the ability to drive

on / drive off a six metre rigid inflatable boat (RHIB) while underway.

The three Queensland Police vessels, named "Lyle M Hoey", "W Conroy" and "Brett T Handran", are powered by two MTU Series 60 diesel engines producing 499kW each and consuming 169 litres per hour @ 20kts.

The builder reports, "This is in addition to the 22 vessels we have delivered to the Royal Australian Navy and Australian Customs and Border Protection Service, which have been at the frontline in patrolling Australia's Exclusive Economic Zone for over a decade."

The vessels have facilities to carry up to 70 people and include four twin-berth crew cabins plus six berths for additional personnel. Located on the main deck are a large galley and adjacent mess area and laundry, as well as dedicated communications and command centres. The wheelhouse is on the deck above, providing commanding vision. Toilet and shower facilities are located on both the main and upper deck.

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# Light of Their Lives

By Stuart Buchanan, SY Pluto



The Bustard Heads lighthouse

The place looked like a demolition site.

It seemed ludicrous that during this period of neglect and vandalism, Bustard Head Queensland's first coastlight, built in 1868 and with a history of murder, suicide, abduction and drowning was placed on the National and State heritage register. In 1996, the Federal Government handed control of the headland to the Queensland State Government's Department of Conservation and Heritage. One condition of handover was that the State must endeavour to conserve and manage the lighthouse property. But the State had no money to spend on Bustard Head.

Some officers in the Department of Conservation and Heritage suggested the buildings be bulldozed, or fenced off and left to rot. Fortunately that didn't happen. Instead, it was decided to call for expressions of interest from the public to lease the site on an 'as is' basis. But, as the wheels of bureaucracy are renowned for moving at an excruciatingly slow pace, nothing positive happened.

During one of our trips along the coast in my ketch *Pluto*, Shirley and I met Des Mergard from Town of 1770, twelve nautical miles south-east of Bustard Head. Des, along with his wife Betty and son Neil were proprietors of 1770 Environmental Tours, which ran tourist day trips to Bustard Head on their amphibian vehicles called LARCs. Des told us that if we were successful in obtaining the lease of Bustard Head, he would give us free use of his LARCs to transport the building materials necessary to restore the island lightstation.

It was at that stage, during a cruise along the coast in *Pluto*, that my mate Lawrie and I visited Bustard Head. On his return to Brisbane, Lawrie, a columnist with *The Courier-Mail*, wrote a scathing article about the apathy of bureaucracy for its inaction regarding the lightstation. His article was followed up by the ABC TV's *7.30 Report*, which interviewed the then Minister for Environment and Heritage Rod Welford. The Minister promised he would be "giving very clear directions to his Department to get on and look after Bustard Head".

True to his word, he put a bomb under his Department and, within three months, expressions of interest from the public were advertised in all major newspapers. We formed the Bustard Head Lighthouse Association Inc and submitted a proposal. In the meantime, the Department of Conservation and Heritage changed its name to Environmental Protection Agency; Bustard Head was put under the control of the entity Queensland Parks and Wildlife Service (QPWS). Despite the name change, the bureaucratic shillyshallying remained unchanged.

After two years of negotiations with QPWS, during which time my hair turned from black to grey (well, that's my story) we finally obtained a twenty year lease of the site. We estimated the restoration would cost around \$450,000. We applied for and obtained a \$140,000 Commonwealth Government Heritage Grant. And if you think all that was easy, read my book *Light of Their Lives*. The balance of the money was obtained from donations and loans from 1770 Environmental Tours and my wife Shirley. We did not receive one cent from the Queensland Government.

Before beginning work on the buildings we had to construct a timber corduroy road wide enough to accommodate the LARCs part of the way from Jenny Lind Creek to the lightstation; of course, the road had to be built to QPWS standards and approved by them before it could be used. Then all the damaged asbestos cement sheeting had to be removed, double bagged and transported to a mainland dump. Bureaucratic hurdles were put in our way at every stage.

Unfortunately, shortly after the completion of the road, Des Mergard's health took a turn for the worse. This meant that I spent eight months at Bustard Head, mainly by myself, but with the occasional help from some visiting cruising yachties. Lawrie Kavanagh was also a regular volunteer.

Conditions weren't four star; the toilet was a hole in the bush and the shower was a plastic bucket outside the back door of the cottage. We lived in one cottage while restoring the other. Because there were no walls, windows or doors, it was cool in summer and freezing in winter. When it rained and blew over thirty knots, the rain came in one side of the cottage and out the other, forcing me to wear a raincoat, even while cooking dinner.

One February, due to inclement weather, the LARCs didn't visit the station for a fortnight. I ran out of food and for a week lived on breakfast cereal and rice. I could have gone fishing, but I didn't want to take the time off work.

Living feral wasn't all that bad though. Housekeeping meant shovelling out the house about once a month; the small gas stove was never cleaned one thing was for sure, it didn't rust.

After eight months of working solo, I was joined by a friend Dudley Fulton, who had the distinction of being Queensland's last lightkeeper. Dudley stayed until the end of the project, both of us working between 10 and 12 hours a day, seven days a week.

It took us twelve months to complete one cottage, and it took us some weeks to become accustomed to civilised living again. Twelve months after that, all the building and site works were complete. After living apart for two and a half years, Shirley joined me at the lightstation and Dudley returned to Brisbane.

Our plan was to set up one cottage as a heritage display with lighthouse artefacts and memorabilia, where LARC tourists would pay to be taken on a guided tour. That way we would cover running costs of the site.

Everything was looking promising, but not for long. Being an Association, we had a Management Committee of five. I was President and Shirley was Treasurer. Most of you know what committees are like, don't you? What's the saying? A camel is the result of a committee that set out to design a horse. Well, two weeks after completion of the project, the other three Management Committee members banded together in an attempt to take control of the Association. They had other plans for Bustard Head. Not one of these three had done one day's work on site or donated one cent to the Association. It took five months of bitter conflict to resolve the situation.

Bustard Head is now up and running successfully; thousands of people visit the lightstation each year to enjoy its heritage. We've accomplished what we set out to do.

Oh, by the way, if anyone's interested, there are still a couple of lightstations around Australia available for lease. There's Booby Island, also known as 'Alcatraz', in Torres Strait; and at the other end of the world there's Maatsuyker Island off Tasmania's rugged south-west coast. Both stations require serious restoration.

**But I wouldn't advise taking the lease on either place, because if you did, you'd be a fool.**

*TCP note: Stuarts book "Light of Their Lives" is the story (with many photos) of the fight to save Bustard Head Lightstation, Queensland's first coast light.*

"You're a fool," my sailing companion Lawrie Kavanagh said to me.

We were at Bustard Head lightstation, walking around what was left of two cottages and three buildings that had been shockingly vandalised during the past thirteen years. Lawrie's remark was prompted by me saying that I'd like to restore the lightstation back to what it was in 1986, the year the lighthouse was automated and the lightkeepers withdrawn.

"If you take on this project, mate," Lawrie continued, "you'll die of old age before you finish it."

It wasn't a spur of the moment decision to restore the site. In the 1970s, my wife Shirley and I spent five wonderful years living there as lightkeepers. The 445 hectare lightstation reserve was situated 100 metres above sea level on a rocky headland surrounded by pristine estuarine creeks, isolated ocean beaches and bush. During those five years we realised we were living as close to paradise as was humanly possible.

Each year since the demanning, Shirley and I visited Bustard Head and saw its gradual decline. The vandalism was slow for the first two years, then quickly accelerated; almost every wall panel was smashed, all the windows were broken, there were holes in the roofs, fires had burnt through the floors, the stainless steel guttering was stolen, rainwater tanks were holed, the doors were stolen and any built in cupboards were either stolen or smashed to pieces.

## Read more by Stuart Buchanan!

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# Captains and Minnows



dreams that once, just once, the minnow will get it right. These dreams are rarely realised as no one can compare to the expertise he carries on his shoulders. A heady mixture of knowledge and hearsay. Indeed, it would be foolhardy to try to live up to the Captain's expectations. They are lofty reaches and give one a nose bleed just thinking of the altitude.

But the Captain has reflective moments and these are peppered with phrases like, Why do I ask you to do it? And, I must be stupid to let you take that rope. The small moments of doubt are quickly dispelled by other captains who calmly explain the nature of boating, and soon the therapy session has set the world to rights.

And yet, without their minnows where would they be. Minnows are a necessary part of the equation. They boost the captain and give his world meaning. They fall into a symbiotic relationship and although the captain would have them off the boat, he doesn't. He keeps them close at hand. Why?

This question has been pondered by all the greats, from Noah to Spinoza and Ratty and Toad.

The answer isn't easy. But it has something to do with companionship and a common bond with the sea. Who can describe the majesty of the sea to a landlubber? Who can command an audience when talking about siphon brakes and gimbals? Who can convey the feeling of salty lips and fresh water?

There is something about surrounding yourself with likeminded fellows. It is a sense of being part of something bigger. An idea that sailing on the sea is a noble venture and only those intimately close will understand. It is love.

So if you are a captain or minnow, just take your open palm and slap yourself on the forehead in times of stress and remember, it's love.

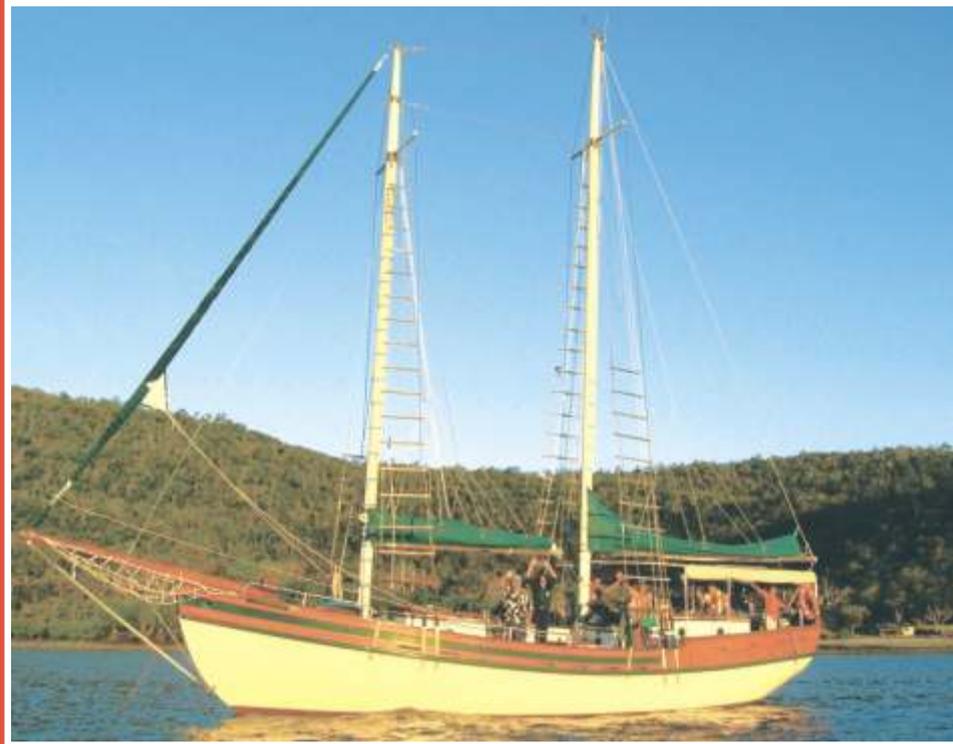
Story & photo by Kerry Ashwin, SY Dikera

Boating brings out the best and worst of some people. It can be an uplifting experience or feel like being pulled through a bush backwards with a wet sock over your head and someone shouting to do it faster. These are the two main camps, but scratch the surface and there are many in between. These will be discussed at length sometime in the future.

The school of thought, and this school is large and loud in their opinions, (ask anyone with a boat) is that it is the man who is the captain and therefore the person in authority and the one who knows what he is doing. All the other minnows are subordinate to the captain in matters of boating etiquette and practicalities, and once the minnows learn this, then their place is assured on the journey. The captain has an innate sense of what is right and proper and as the captain associated freely with others of his kind, his superiority is reinforced time and again over convivial drinks and small get togethers to discuss the merits of having minnows on board at all.

His is a world full of blithering idiots, and he doesn't suffer fools gladly. If one were to ask him he would say he just 'suffers'. But he doesn't do it in silence. No. The Captain has the ability to voice his opinions on all things, and this is done with gusto and scant regard for the nesting wildlife. He surrounds himself with high ideals, faint hopes, and wild

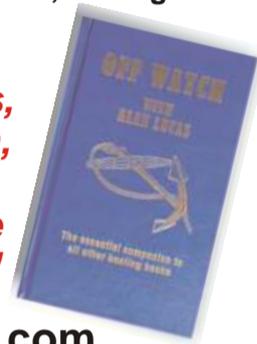
NAME WHERE THIS BOAT IS ANCHORED  
GET A TCP CAP!\*



Was it too hard to spot the places in last edition? Or was it too easy? Or are TCP readers not interested? Whatever the case, here is another place that seems to be very easy to us! \*Name it - first 3 get a cap - name it *and* last editions (TCP #38) place as well, first 3 get a hat & Alan Lucas's Off Watch book.



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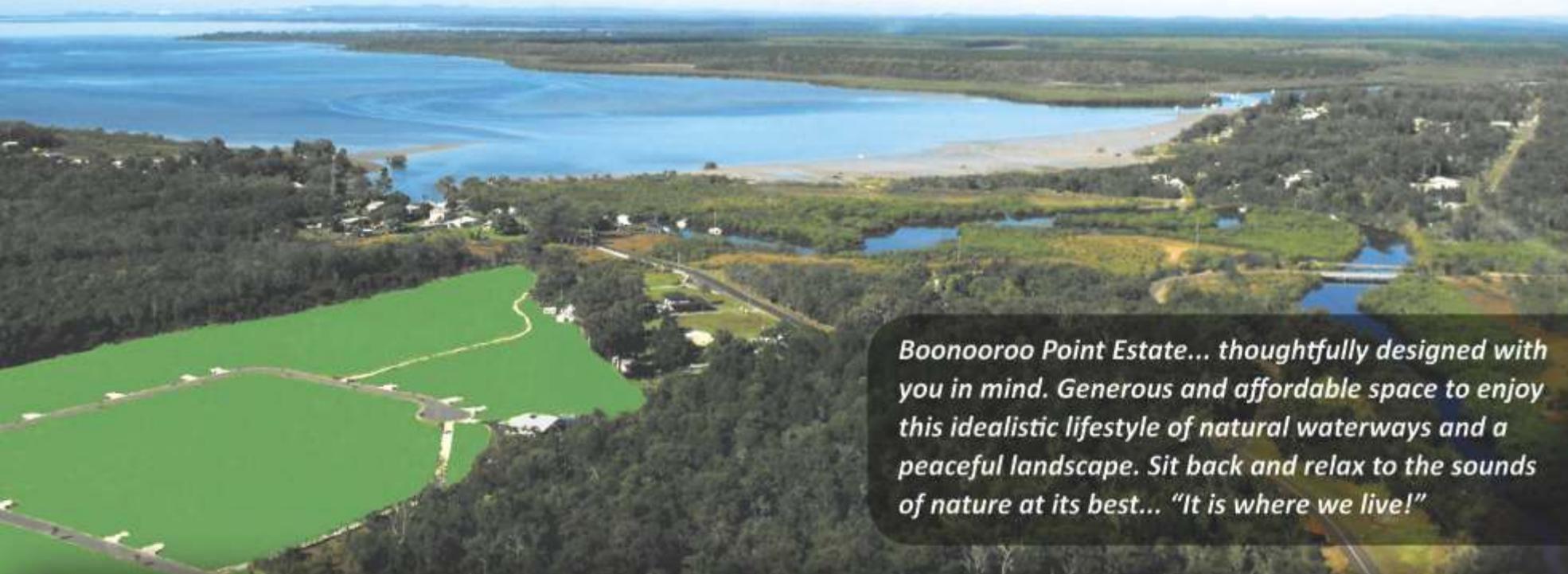


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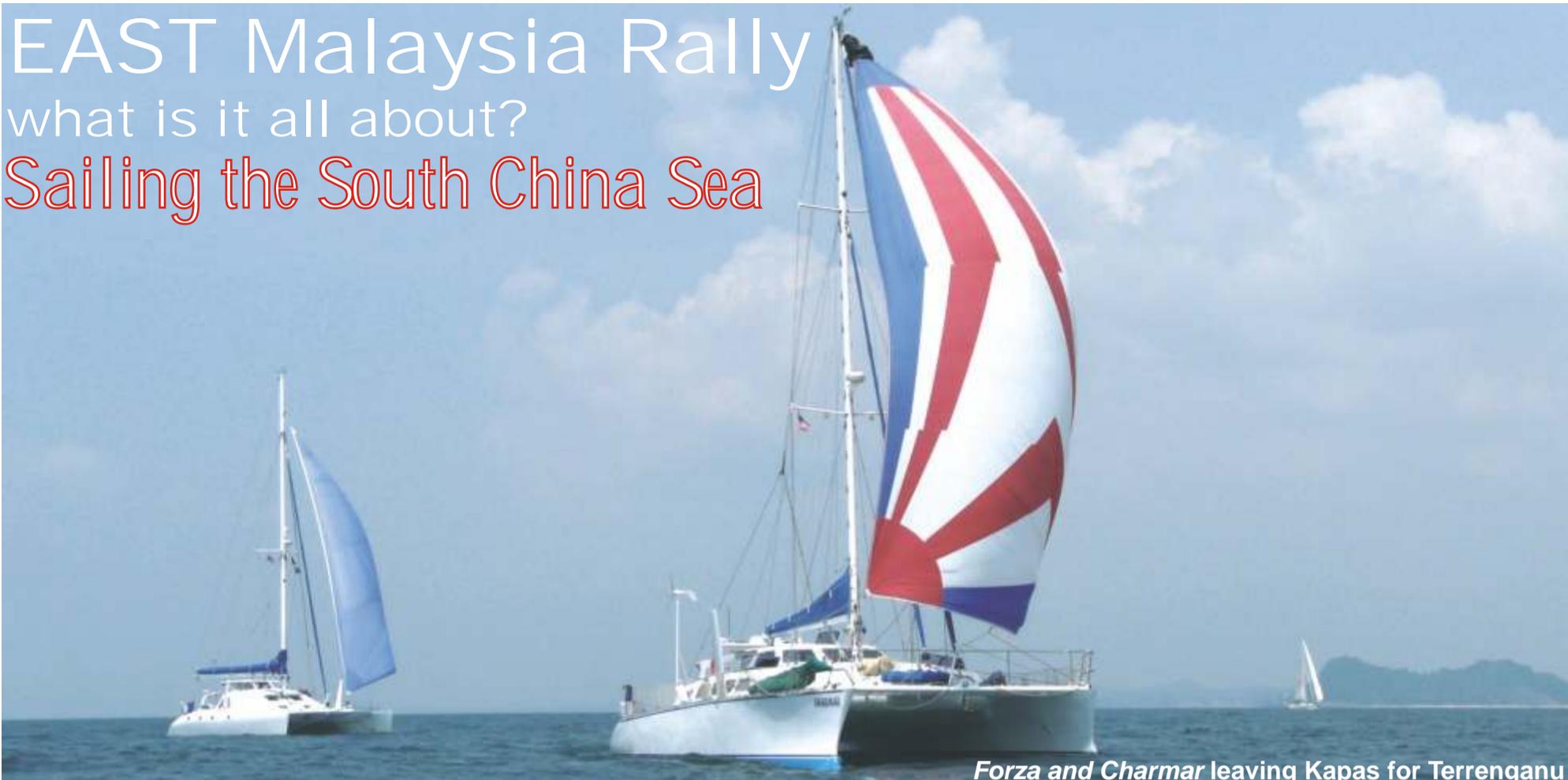
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# EAST Malaysia Rally

what is it all about?

## Sailing the South China Sea



Forza and Charmar leaving Kapas for Terengganu

By Chris White, SY Charmar

For many years now sailors from around the world have joined Australians and New Zealanders sailing up the east coast of Australia to join the Sail Indonesia Rally. Many have then gone on to join the Sail WEST Malaysia Rally to progress from Singapore up the Malacca Straits to Langkawi and continue their world trips.

What is not known or explored by many are the joys of East Malaysia, Borneo and the wonderful islands of the very benevolent South China Sea. Australians particularly, have some knowledge of the beauty of the Pacific Islands with their white, sandy, coconut lined beaches, beautiful fringing reefs and the many splendid coloured fish. Commonly however, we don't have an appreciation of the similarities in the South China Sea.

We also tend to forget that Malaysia consists of not only "Peninsula Malaysia" but also the Western side of Borneo, Sarawak and Sabah separated by the South China Sea with many islands in between.

The Sail Indonesia Rally, WEST Malaysia Rally and the new Sail EAST Malaysia Rally are vastly different experiences. Last year, over 100 yachts joined the Indonesian Rally. In Darwin this year 120+ and next year even more are registered already. We did the rally in 2008 and then 'parked up' at Sevana Cove in Malaysia, about an hour by ferry from Changi Airport in Singapore. This is a great place to stopover.

Many of the boats continued on to the Sail WEST Malaysia Rally which continues on through Danga Bay then the Malacca Straits to Penang and Langkawi, a haven for passing yachts with marina's, workyards, beautiful islands and beaches etc. The Sail EAST Malaysia Rally commenced last year with twelve boats, 46 registered this year and next year over 60 are expected.

On the Sail Indonesia Rally, from the time we left Darwin until we arrived at Nongsa Point, the last place in Indonesia before leaving for Singapore, we never saw or stopped at a marina. Our stopovers were all on anchor, in open waters, bays, fiords, behind reefs, at islands, in isolation, in populated areas - 98% of these anchorages were great. In Indonesia we never had issues with any of the authorities or any of the people.

The Indonesians were tremendously warm, welcoming, generous, helpful, interested and giving. Those who had the least offered the most! An interesting reflection on humanity generally. We were welcomed everywhere, overwhelmingly in many instances. Indonesia for us was about culture, nature, wonderful people and interesting, challenging and vastly different environments.

The only downside in Indonesia was the pollution of the oceans. It is a tragedy in the making. Even if it stopped today it would take generations to be cleaned up but it doesn't stop. It gets worse, exponentially, every day, as western

companies DUMP what they can no longer sell in our communities into these areas without conscience, care or thought. Wrappers, crates, foil, rubber, bottles and more plastic bags than could ever be counted are dumped into this area daily and find their way into the oceans.

It was the simplicity of life, the family caring and bonding, the generosity that left the most lasting impressions. And then of course there are Komodo Dragons, monkeys, volcanoes, rainforests and dry areas. All that with pristine waters, beautiful bays and wonderful islands create a montage of experiences.

The EAST Malaysia Rally on the other hand, now only in its second year, introduced us to the South China Sea that has just so much to offer. This rally is a totally different experience as you move from marina to marina punctuated by beach and island stops. As you travel north up Peninsula Malaysia, the waters get clearer, the Islands better; Tioman, Kapas, Redang and Perhentians and many more with crystal clear waters, reef, fish snorkelling, turtle rookeries, diving and swimming and it seems to just get better and better as you go. But there are also marinas with world class facilities, Tioman, Terengganu, and others that become the base for further exploring, stocking up, great food outlets, interesting shopping experiences and a kaleidoscope of food variety at wonderfully cheap prices in a relaxed and comfortable environment.

The ocean is flat, very flat, the beaches

and water beautiful. It is cleaner from plastic, foil and other pollutants than Indonesia but this is still the biggest challenge for these areas in the future. Again we are welcomed everywhere, they don't take your fruit, they GIVE you a local tropical fruit platter on arrival. They welcome and assist you and do not throw up barriers to entry. Yes, you still have to deal with the bureaucracy, but, heh, remember we showed them what bureaucracy is and we are still the masters at unnecessary officialdom, rules and regulations!

Crossing the South China we sail through Indonesian Islands again on our way to Borneo. Kuching is our entry to Borneo and in places this country shows signs of great wealth. We experienced traditional Iban people and their villages and "longhouses" as we traverse massive and extensive river systems, with whole trees and their foliage going up with the tides, down with the tide, back up with the tide.....

The next stop may be a modern marina and town with the economy "fuelled" by the many offshore oil rigs that light up the ocean at night for twenty miles and more. The grand finale is in Koto Kinabalu where one of the nicest boutique marinas in the world is located. With theatre, ten pin bowling, too many pools to pick from, crystal clear water with tropical fish and coral IN the marina! There are also several beautiful islands only the shortest of hops away.

continued next page...

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# Darwin to Ambon Yacht Race & Rally 2010

## It's time to start planning your next adventure

Expressions of interest for the historic Darwin to Ambon Yacht Race/Rally are now open, with the event scheduled to start on July 24, 2010.

The fleet will leave from Darwin Harbour, travelling 600 nautical miles to the race finish in Ambon Harbour, at the village of Amahusu in the Spice Islands.

Participants then have the option to tailor their own holiday by continuing to sail through the Indonesian region and beyond.

Possible destinations include the picturesque Banda Islands, Komodo and its dragons, the coloured lakes and savannah-type country of the Flores group. Activities include plenty of hiking, sailing, diving, snorkelling, sightseeing and importantly, meeting the wonderful, smiling people of Indonesia.

Watch the website for further details on post-race destinations.

The Darwin to Ambon Race is the only international yacht race organised and run from Australia.

Started in 1976, it ran until 1998 before a break of several years. The race recommenced in 2007 at the request of the Indonesian Government and has been run three times since then by the Dinah Beach Cruising Yacht Association.

Yachts in the first two divisions will be treated as the premier contenders in the fleet and prizes will be awarded accordingly.

Send expressions of interest to [info@darwinambonrace.com.au](mailto:info@darwinambonrace.com.au)

Further information available from [www.darwinambonrace.com.au](http://www.darwinambonrace.com.au)

Incentives offered by the Indonesian Government for the 2010 race include:

- Free Cruising Permits (CAITS)
- \$100 Ambon Port entry levy waived
- Boat bond not an issue for participants

### THREE DIVISIONS

Multihull Racing

Monohull Racing

*and for cruisers..*

a non-handicapped 'Rally' division





Malaysia has a diversity of peoples from many backgrounds with rapidly expanding areas of massive expenditure and development on marine infrastructure but not many boats visiting.....yet! So, for now one of the most under exploited boating environments around. Thus their emphasis on promoting through rallies and other means including events such as the Monsoon Cup and Miri Brunei Race where THEY PAY YOU to enter and offer other inducements to go and enjoy yourself in this welcoming and friendly environment.

**So just what is the "East Malaysia Rally"?**

Similar to the Sail Indonesia and Sail Malaysia Rally it is a partially organised event with plenty of time for participants to also do "their own thing", with the added value of numerous organised trips, tours and functions that add so much to the pleasure of the area. These provide a chance to share information, anecdotes and tales tall and thin with other like minded yachties. The Rally covers over a thousand nautical miles and runs from mid May to early August traversing firstly south from the Malacca Straits, Penang, down past Singapore, up the east coast of Peninsula Malaysia then crosses the South China Sea to Borneo, arriving at Kuchin to sail up the West Coast of Borneo. Almost from the southern to northern tip of this large island.

**To provide a summarised travel itinerary, the key destinations and their advantages, a very brief summary follows. So much more could be said.**

**Penang** - gathering boats from the Langkawi and the Malacca Straits. Penang is a scenic island off the west coast of Malaysia rightfully famous for its diverse and cheap foods and steeped in the rich history of Malaysia - a tourist destination in its own right. A rolly marina from the constant ferry and commercial traffic, maybe find somewhere to anchor off if you can or make sure you have good snubbing lines.

**Danga Bay** - sits in Malaysia just across from Singapore, the water is not clean, and the commercial traffic can be hazardous however near Johor Baru it can be good for a stopover (short or long) and for obtaining stocks and parts from the major city of Johor Baru with Singapore just across the "Causeway".

**Puteri Marina** - a new Marina in Malaysia to the west of Singapore which put on a great function and offered free berthing not only for the Rally but until Christmas to help promote this new marina and new yachties area.

**Sebana Cove** - this is where we joined the Rally, it is a short ferry ride across from Changi Airport, Singapore into Malaysia with a somewhat dilapidated golfing resort, but a great place to "park" your boat if you wish to return home as it is super protected up a mangrove lined river, is fairly fresh water (inhibiting marine growth) and "out of town" (so not many "lookneepers" around), and good rates. Monkeys and giant monitor lizards can be found here. Marina tenants have use of the "resort" facilities including towels at the pool etc.

**Tioman Island** - From Sebana expect to motor back to the Singapore Straits and the journey then starts up the East Coast of Malaysia in very hospitable waters with easy anchorages and stopovers to Tioman Island, one of a group not far offshore and part of a large national marine park. Sparkling water (coral growing in the deep blue and clear marina water) with good beaches, reef snorkelling and diving and many islands and bays to visit and explore. This is a great marina with new amenities and one could be tempted to stay on and on.

**Kuantan** - back to the peninsula mainland, not far, with a visit to this old tin mining city and some related land touring in this historic region. An average anchorage.

**Kapas Island** - is the next official stop and is reached by island hopping up the coast in easy day sails. Kapas is a tourist destination with low key resorts and once again clear, clear water. A great spot also for a bit of squid fishing and they will take you out on a squid boat and show you how it is really done. We sail in convoy the short distance to the next destination with Malaysian tourism and sailing officials on board for the experience.

**Terengganu** - the northernmost official port for us on the east coast of Peninsula Malaysia. An historic town in many respects and home of the annual Monsoon Cup, (a match racing event sailed on the fleet of Foundation 30's acquired from Perth some years ago), every December. We visited a traditional boat building yard in full operation and enjoyed China town. The Marina has fantastic facilities with spa, pool, sauna, gym and towels provided for your every shower! Time out here to visit islands like Redang and Perhentians, a short distance north which provide more wonderful anchorages, pristine beaches, coral reefs and turtle breeding areas. You can swim and snorkel with turtles, fish and sharks (very small ones) in the clearest of waters. Certainly an area we will go back to!

*continued next page...*



**Sebana Cove Marina Malaysia**

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Fusion has been designed by recognised Multihull designers, people that are tops in their field. The Power Cat's underwater hulls were designed by the designer of world famous, "Earth-race", Craig Loomes, and the Fusions prime designer is visionary Gary Lidgard.

Our infusion method of manufacture employs both professional people, procedures and materials used in the aerospace and defence industries. Infusion by vacuum gives a better result than the pre-impregnated, hand laid or chopper-gun systems because it helps prevent air bubbles in the laminate and also gives a more controlled fibre/resin ratio.

The infusion process is carried out within an enclosed environment, hence a very environmentally friendly process. This layup method allows the cloth and cores to be laid with precision and uniformity before the infusion, which guarantees bonding quality.

The components are manufactured using enhanced epoxy modified vinylester resin with a guaranteed high Tg.

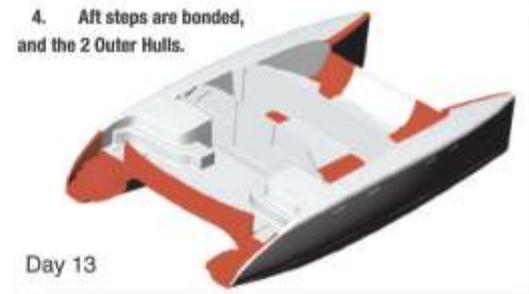
The vinylester is a resin that provides results comparable to epoxy, and helps eliminate the chance of Osmosis, plus there is no timber in the kit, which means no rot.

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Day 1



4. Aft steps are bonded, and the 2 Outer Hulls.

Day 13



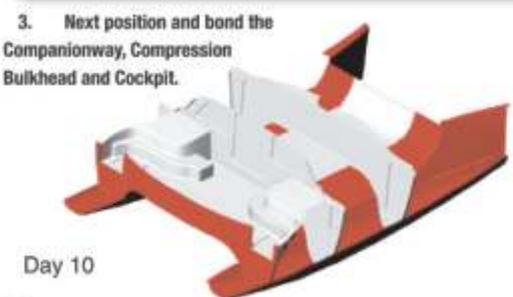
2. Place the Hulls and moulded tank liners in position. Lower Chamfer panels and bond. Position Bridge deck and bond together with aft Beam

Day 4



5. The Centre Roof section is positioned and bonded.

Day 16



3. Next position and bond the Companionway, Compression Bulkhead and Cockpit.

Day 10



6. Two Outer Roof sections, Catwalk and Prodder complete the main component assembly

Day 21

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**Dolphins in and out of the South China Sea**



**Dianne - At the very Tip of Borneo**

**EAST Malaysia Rally continues...**

**Kuching** - is the next destination almost 500 nautical miles across the South China Sea to Borneo. One can expect flat seas and calm weather, sail around oil rigs, and through Indonesian Islands to arrive at the trading port of Kuching or "Cat City" in south west Borneo. A visit to the Orangutan Sanctuary is a must and the size and strength of the alpha male cannot help but leave an impression. Attend the annual Rainforest Music Festival if so inclined or just enjoy the area. We anchored in the Santabong River, at Santabong, which must be the world's best barnacle breeding ground as we went in spotlessly clean and after only a week left with a blanket of juvenile barnacles attached to everything below the waterline!

**Miri** - travelling north also has a great Marina but no facilities - yet - they are coming next year. On the way there are island stopovers and the opportunity to travel deep into the massive Borneo River systems leading up to Sibiu where ships travel through the rivers and a myriad of channels intertwine and join in a maze of navigable waterways. There is the opportunity to visit water villages, and long houses and meet the Iban, the native inhabitants of Borneo. The many rivers are navigable and fascinating with fast running and complex tidal streams. They are not only populated by logs large and small, but also massive trees intact come floating down on ebbing tides and return on the flood to make life interesting. Miri, once reached is a modern town and the marina, canal development put on two splendid dinners for the Rally group. Miri is also the base for International Paints in this part of the world and many parts and repairs can be sourced from here. We saw two twelve metre yachts sitting on the hard whilst their sails spilled out of a container on the Marina; obviously an idea for something not happening yet!

**Brunei** - next, we leave Malaysia for this oil rich Sultanate where we anchor at first at the Royal Brunei Yacht Club and later at the annex to the Club much closer to the City and the Palace. Oil money talks in this country and the benefits of their arrangements with Shell Oil are obvious. Sailing up the coast we weave in and out of oil rigs and platforms of which there is no shortage. A trip to the highlands and up the rapids in longboats punctuates this visit as well as the opportunity to see the local Probiscus monkey, and other wildlife including Sea Otters, crocodiles etc

**Labuan** - just twenty miles up the track we return to Malaysia at the duty free island of Labuan (stock up on beer and other essential nautical supplies). A very busy port as one might expect and a new marina and amenities building already well under way opening in October this year; certainly a boon for next year's Rally. Not an official stopover but a great place to stop nonetheless.

**Koto Kinabalu and Sutera Marina** - the last official stop of the Rally. This is THE 5 STAR MARINA with crystal clear water harbouring corals and tropical fish IN the marina, dozens of pools to select from for a swim, amenities providing all needs for showering and fresh towels, ten pin bowling, theatre, "chartroom" or readingroom with current papers, journals, wifi internet, restaurants with 40% discount for Marina users and the list goes on. A prosperous town with all facilities. A group of nearby islands provide for snorkelling, diving, sound anchorages and the perfect place for family or visitors to come to and enjoy. A memorable Rally final dinner is put on here by the Tourism Board with local and traditional entertainment that is a real night to remember.

**From there** - well some boats just stay, some go on to the Bunaken Rally around the tip of Borneo and down to Indonesia, some are on their way back to Oz and

others just stopping a while and going back to Peninsula Malaysia.

Interestingly, the Sail Indonesia Rally is a great cultural experience where one doesn't see or even think about a marina from the time you leave Darwin (if in fact you were in a Marina inside the locks at Darwin) until Nongsa Point where you leave Indonesia for Singapore. The East Malaysia Rally however, takes one from new and good to even better and superb marina's, culminating in the five star marina at Sutera.

The seas are for the most part benign, although they can also provide you with quite spectacular thunderstorms; a vessel only a few hundred metres from us was hit by lightning near Tioman Island.

The Rally is quite different from Sail Indonesia, Sail (West) Malaysia and the Pacific Rallies.

Clearly the numbers will increase dramatically as the word gets out.

**Do it if you can! You will not be disappointed.**

*TCP Note: It is interesting that Chris reports very major investments being made in Malaysia to attract foreign yachts.*

*TCP hears about a growing number of Australian yachts leaving to stay in Malaysia and Thailand with crews flying home on occasion. Reasons stated are; bureaucracy, costs and diminishing freedoms.*

*Malaysia is evidently aware that the yachting community is high quality tourism and is aggressively pursuing the market.*



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# It's a long way to the top but you don't need to Rock n' Roll



**The Top from York Island**

Story & photos by Norm Walker,  
MY Peggy-Anne

I guess this has been our Mt. Everest this year. Getting to the top. We weren't in a real hurry and like most people with endless cruising days in the bank, didn't want to rush or punch weather.

Blue Water Marina had been our home for a few months as we readied the boat and became grandparents (Boatma and Boatpa).

The beginning of the adventure wasn't all that smooth with boatma falling down an open engine hatch and breaking a few ribs, combined with an engine problem that took a bit of locating. After six weeks the ribs were pretty near right and the engine was running like a bird, so it was time to get some trade winds up the bum.

Snapper Island was a good cosy overnight stop, followed by a dead flat day at Undine Reef. Here in the middle of nowhere on a lonely little sand cay, a huge tent has been erected, with lots of pretty people, all dressed in red, sipping Champagne and dining on white seats and tablecloths. "What The!!!!!!" Turned out to be an advertisement for French Champagne being filmed. We were politely asked not to come ashore until it was complete. We complied and went ashore in the afternoon. Very calm conditions made for a comfy night.

Hope Island was our next anchorage. Plenty of shelter there from those 20 to 30 kt Sou' Easters and a couple of moorings as well. It was great for a few days until the wind eased a tad.

Now everyone warned us that Cooktown was easy to get into and hard to get out of, but we never thought we'd be there for three weeks. In that time the Trades

howled at around 30 kts continually. The locals call it "the Cooktown breeze". Being part time muso's we approached a local waterside cafe (Cooks Landing) offering our music in return for a feed. The gig lasted for the duration of our stay. We were provided with a berth alongside and free meals and drinks. Thanks Tony and Lisa, we had a ball and we found it hard to leave. We will be returning on the way back.

Once underway again Cape Bedford was used for overnight shelter and proved pleasant although very shoaly a long way out. Cape Flattery on the other hand had a great beach with deep water access and some interesting walks, one of which was to the sand mining facility.

I think the highlight of our trip will be going out on deck at 20:00hrs thinking that there was a school of fish working nearby and being confronted with a very large humpback swimming between us and the shore. We were anchored in 2.5m of water. He or she??? Swam to the side of Peggy-Anne and gently swam rubbing along the chine on one side, kept an eye on us while turning at the stern and repeating the trick along the other side. This guy/gal was at least 14m long. You could hear the giant tail gently hitting the bottom of the boat as it swam alongside. Unfortunately too dark for pickys, but an experience we'll remember forever.

Off again for a night at The Turtle Group and another at Ninnian Bay (both comfortable anchorages). The coast here changes from rugged mountains to sand dunes and coloured sands. Next thing we're rounding Cape Melville with its boulder mountains and long sandy beaches. 30 kt sou'easters again but a very comfy anchorage.

Oops! We missed Lizard. Oh well we'll have to catch up on the social scene there on the way back.

We had an appointment to meet the Endeavour Bay Supply ship at Flinders Island and made our way to Stokes Bay, to take on fuel and water. The fuel was only 1c more expensive than Cairns and the water was free. "Double bag" your rubbish and they take that from you as well. What a great service.

After being re-supplied, we shaped a course for Hedge Reef but found it to be untenable and travelled on to Morris Island which provided good shelter for an overnight stop. The water up here is

very inviting but the croc tracks on the beach tend to put you off dipping a pinky.

An early start saw us anchoring off Night Island early in the afternoon. We caught up with the Paul Mitchell crew and followed them to Lloyd Island the next morning. Another great anchorage, where we caught up with Tony and Kate, a couple of Lockhart River locals, who insisted on giving us the Cook's tour around the community and out to Portland Roads/ Chilli Beach.

After three nights at Lloyd, Restoration Island was our next stop and a great night was spent with Dave and friends, barbequing on the beach and playing music till the wee hours. This anchorage did tend to attract a nasty swell which had us out early in the morning, running for Margaret Bay.

Beaches here are vast. A 2km walk saw us at the sight of a crash landed WWII fighter plane, still quite in tact. We also explored the Blue Track which takes you to the southern beach and is marked with blue flotsam and quite easy to follow.

An overnighter at Hannibal Island, saw us anchoring in pretty deep water, but the beach was great. After a big day and although pretty tired we decided to stay up until the tide had turned as our anchor cable was looking a bit too straight up. A good move in the end, as we dragged into deep water not long after and decided to lift the pick and head up to Bushy Island where we had a great night in shallower water tucked in behind the reef.

Boy we're getting close now. We are anchored in the Escape River, just off the pearl farm, before lunch.

Not much going on here, no sign of life although a gen set was running and a couple of big dogs were guarding the beach. The forecast is good so, tomorrow the tip.

The next morning's weather was calm which made exiting the river a dream and in no time we are cruising through the Albany Passage. We stop at Somerset Bay. There is a small graveyard right near the beach and the ruins of a homestead not far inland.

We up anchor and head out of the passage (we can see the tip from here). Soon we enter the narrow channel between York Is and mainland Aus.

There are a dozen or more people taking photos and revelling around the sign proclaiming the top. We passed about ten metres off, sounding the horn and waving the flag. The moment is quite moving.

**Peggy-Anne has now travelled the whole east coast of the country, from the bottom of Maatsuyker Island (Tasmania) to the top of Cape York, around 2000 nautical miles.**

**We have scaled our Mt. Everest. What's left to do???? More cruising? You Betcha!!!!!!!**



**Pip, Dawn & Norm at the TOP**

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# Lizard Island 2009



## Watsons Wacky Circus

The Big Top and a Five-Ring Circus come to Lizard!

Story & photos Keith & Pattie Owen, SY Speranza

The kids on yachts anchored at Lizard Island decided to entertain everyone with a spectacular circus performance. WATSON'S WACKY CIRCUS came to town!

While Trish from *Scuttlebug* did the organising, it was the young performers themselves who decided on the actual content of the program. And what a feast there was for the spectators (who mostly sat in deckchairs on the beach sipping sundowners).

The cast comprised of:

Trish - *Scuttlebug* (ringmaster or perhaps ringmistress??)

Natasha - *Kalida*

Matthew - *Kalida*

Jesse - *Scuttlebug*

Taiya - *Scuttlebug*

Emma - *Hillbilly*

Chris - *Hillbilly*

And what a show. The girls were fantastic acrobats - on a trapeze; high wire walking; and juggling. Lots of applause. Chris was the clown, rushing around creating mayhem with the aid of a water pistol. Jesse was a most convincing magician demonstrating how to make money vanish into thin air (obviously a career as a financial adviser awaits him). Matthew cracked the whip as the tough, strong lion tamer.

What talent! Had the scouts from *Cirque du Soleil* been in town, there would have been lots of contracts signed! A great evening all round. Well done kids!



## THE "NAUGHTY" TREE

By Natasha Harper, SY Kalida

On the south eastern side of Lizard Island there is a beach called Coconut.

This special place houses many interesting artifacts washed up on the shore. There are also a lot of strange natural growing trees, one of them we called "The naughty children tree" but later we renamed it to "The naughty adult tree."

We entered behind the prison type bars to set our traps for the adults (aka) trespassers. Creating a commotion the adults ventured over to see what was happening only to be trapped by the prisons roots and our fantastic lasso's and great knot tying skills. Once the adults were trapped we were free to raid all the nice goodies in lunch bags they had brought with them.

We highly recommend it to other boat children to try.



Matthew & Natasha at two of Lizard's famous landmarks...



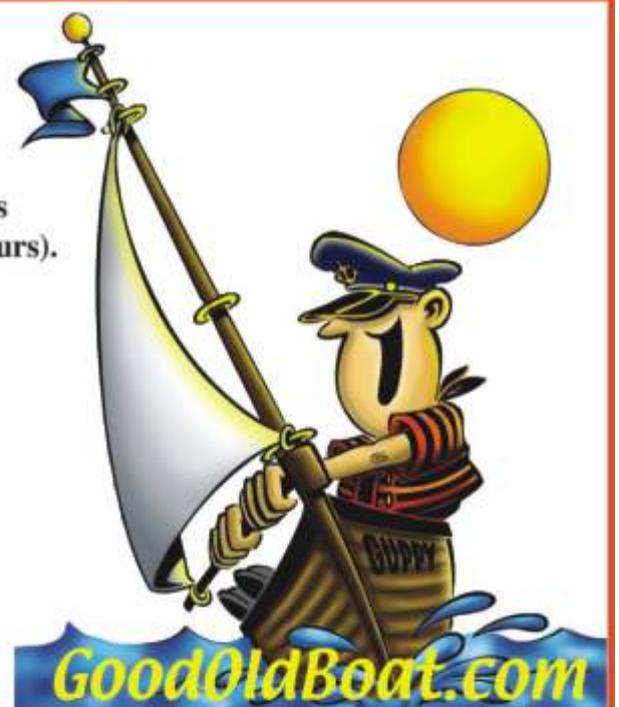
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# The 2009 Lizard Island Olympics



Story & photos Keith & Pattie Owen, SY Speranza

It was the adults' turn to perform. A couple of days after the circus, the 2009 Lizard Island Olympic Games were held (phew - when too much fun is barely enough!)

The usual quintessential events were on the program:

Sea Boot Tossing  
Men's Water Ballet  
Dinghy paddle race  
Tug O War multi's v's mono's  
And much more.

In all, there were 22 yachts and crews competing for the honours. As there was a gale blowing on the day, no new world records were set because of wind assistance. And, as with most Olympics, there was plenty of devilish scheming and plotting behind the scenes as competitors jostled for first prize. The most prevalent performance-enhancing drugs seemed to be XXXX Gold and Chardonnay.

The solemn (?) "March Past" kicked off proceedings. Most participants had dressed for the occasion including a couple in sea boots with "Winged Heels"! Pirate clobber seemed to be in vogue this year.

Then "Let the Games Begin". And was straight into the Sea Boot Toss. Points were awarded for distance and style. The latter prompted some remarkably innovative ways of delivery. One contestant scattered the judges with a wayward chuck. But in the end it was Rachael from *Caballero* who got the gold with a prodigious throw.

Next was a three legged race. This was decided on flat out speed. After heats, the finals saw David and Ashley from *Ahimsa* take the checkered flag in a photo finish from Rachael and Adam from *Caballero*. Broken legs nil.

The Bucket Boule event was modified slightly because there was no bucket and someone forgot to bring the Boule. Never mind let's bring on some creativity. How about chucking a coconut into a plastic fish

box? The poor plastic container was a bit second-hand after being landed on by a few direct hits. But it stayed together long enough for Barry from *Chloe* to be declared a winner. This was after a "chuck off" with Ashley from *Ahimsa*. Close event this one.

The Cockroach race was brilliantly manipulated by Rob from *Dancing Dolphin* who spun the dice. Some remarkable distances were covered in a single stride including an extraordinary summersault effort by one contestant. But the field couldn't catch Lyn from *Cheryl-Ann* who flashed across the line in first place.

While all this tomfoolery was going on the kids had a sandcastle competition. Some very imaginative creations resulted, but the winners were Cheyenne and Keanu from *Mango* and Taiya from *Scuttlebug*.

After a break for lunch and more performance-enhancing drugs, it was back into action with the Men's Water Ballet. Now if you're bored with synchronized swimming, the Lizard version for men is quite, quite different. Picture eight supposedly sane men dressed in fetching female swimwear doing the most extraordinary things underwater - you get the drift?

"Robina" aka Rob from *Dancing Dolphin* in plaits and a skimpy "little number" set the tone. But wait where did "Bruce" from *Scuttlebug* come in? In fact it was a well-padded Trish from *Scuttlebug* who gatecrashed the men only event (and was subsequently rubbed out when she failed the chromosome test after the event. I understand she has filed a case with the anti-discrimination board to protest the result.)

The Prima Ballerinas ended up being a very sophisticated team with great poise and grace comprising Ivor from the campsite dubbed *Camp Campers*, David from *Kalida*, Jim from *Hillbilly*, and John (bare nipples and red satin!) from *Cheryl-*



Keith & Pattie, "three legged"

Ann. Their choreography (and shapely legs) obviously swayed the judges. Bloody funny.

The Dinghy Paddle was a most competitive event until the leading boat snared the top turning mark and created absolute mayhem for the other competitors. *Mango* won line honours but Shazz and Mal from *Shamal* won the event after a nifty piece of handicapping.

Now you would be familiar with the expression "All's fair in Love and War". Not so with the multi v mono Tug of War the only similarity is the word "War". Dirty tricks preceded the pull. Sunscreen was surreptitiously applied to the rope of one team to make it difficult to hang on to. And some gentle tugging as the teams lined up was designed to unsettle the other side before the event actually began. It must have worked because the mono's prevailed in a walkover (pullover perhaps!)

Anyway a great day for all. Thanks to the organisers fantastic job. We certainly needed some performance-enhancing drugs next day to get over the event just too much sport!



The famous multi vs mono tug of war

The participants and boat names of the 2009 Lizard Island Olympics

<i>After the Storm</i>	Don, Bob & Kieran
<i>Ahimsa</i>	Dave & Ash
<i>Allikat</i>	John & Pam
<i>Caballero</i>	Adam & Rachel
<i>Cheryl-Ann</i>	John & Lyn
<i>Chloe</i>	Barrie
<i>Dancing Dolphin</i>	Rob & Gay
<i>Hillbilly</i>	Jim, Jude, Emma & Chris
<i>Kalida</i>	David, Allison, Natasha & Matthew
<i>La Nina</i>	John
<i>Malahini</i>	Bill & Lesley
<i>Mango</i>	Paul, Chan, Keanu & Cheyenne
<i>Marchrista</i>	Mark, Chris, Neal & Leah
<i>Nekari</i>	Ray
<i>Ovedie</i>	Andy & Erica
<i>Possum</i>	Brian
<i>Rum And Coke</i>	Ben & Boo
<i>Russell Dean III</i>	Dale & Jan
<i>Scuttlebug</i>	Ron, Trish, Jesse & Taiya
<i>Shamal</i>	Mal & Shazz
<i>Shamali</i>	Don & Louise
<i>Speranza</i>	Keith & Pattie
<i>The Campers</i>	Ivor & Debbie

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# 2009 SURF TO CITY DEMOLITION DERBY



*Espirit de Corps charges ahead...*



*a "break" for "The Blue boat"*

By Peter Holm, SY *Espirit de Corps* (EdeC) the ex *Four Play* referred to by all as "The Blue Boat"

Photos kindly made available by Julie Geldard of Vid Pic Promotions. [www.JulesMarineArt.com](http://www.JulesMarineArt.com)

The Surf to City Yacht Race has become a fixture on the racing/cruising calendar. Starting at Southport and finishing at Shorncliffe the event is the brainchild of the Queensland Cruising Yacht Club and has been run each January for the last 15 years. Two fleets make the journey - one outside via Cape Moreton and the NE Channel - the other, for smaller boats, negotiates the waterways between Stradbroke Islands and the mainland and then across the bay from Peel Is. between Mud Is. and St Helena Is. to Shorncliffe. Normally as much a cruise as a race, 2009 saw the wildest weather yet in the history of the event. Peter Holm tells the story of the race as experienced by the crew of *Espirit de Corps* the inshore monohull line honours winner and new monohull record holder.

Staring in disbelief and shaking an angry fist at the stern of the 65ft "plastic toy" that almost ran us down wasn't very satisfying.

We had just been forced to make an emergency 90 degree evasive turn to port to avoid being run down by a Princess 65 and it's accompanying 50ft "Riv" just east of Jacobs Well. He must have thought he was still cruising down Cavill Av in the Bentley and if he wanted to "keep left" he would!!

Graeme Smith and I were on the annual delivery trip in January 09 the day before the annual Surf to City Yacht Race run from Southport to Shorncliffe. This was to be our second entry in the "inshore division" in *Espirit de Corps* (EdeC) the ex *Four Play* referred to by all as "the blue boat".

Perched on the Dovell 8 Sportsboat we had motored from Manly early in the day under sunny skies with light northerly winds and a favourable tide to help.

As we approached "the crossover" just east of Jacob's Well we moved to the starboard side of the channel to make room for two large power vessels approaching the crossover from the east at speed.

The leading vessel held mid channel. We moved further right. He moved left! We moved more starboard. They more port!!

With a collision imminent we crash turned 90 degrees port (fortunately we could).

**The Broadwater has become one of the most dangerous waterways in Australia. No speed limits. No minimum IQ requirements.**

However, back to the "Blue Boat". Arriving at Southport Yacht Club we manage to squeeze E de C into a spot on the main walkway between the last of the "little boats" and the first catamaran and it's off to the bar and the marvellous hospitality of Southport Yacht Club.

The afternoon and evening are spent enjoying the hospitality of Lyn and Mark Rickard, apart from the compulsory "briefing" back at the club.

The significance of the weather forecast for Saturday is beginning to register. 25 to 30 knots SSE Strong wind warning all arriving mid morning Saturday.

The wind direction is positive, the forecast strength is thought provoking. Gale warnings have been issued for points further south. Local forecasts remain at 25 to 33 with the usual caveat "could be 20 to 50% stronger".

Early morning activity around the club has many boats reconsidering their entry. There is a large move from the offshore group to the inshore fleet.

For our part we make what preparation we can. Check the life jackets (sorry, PFD's!) With our draft of 6ft 6in with the board fully down striking the bottom is always a danger over this course. With 30knots up our tail it could be terminal. While the full board would be a distinct advantage across the open bay we opt for "up one pin" for the race.

The wind is well up before we leave the SYC to head up the Broadwater to the start off Crab Island. Before leaving we have a brief chat with Keith Glover of *Trilogy* who I am surprised to see still at the marina. He explains that apart from *Trilogy* all other multihulls in the outside fleet have opted to "stay inside". To have a race *Trilogy* has decided to join them.

Arriving in what is loosely described as the "assembly area" we get the gear up and join the assembled vessels reaching back and forth across the waterway which seem to get narrower the stronger the wind sets in.

We initially opt for a reef which seems prudent as we watch the Division 2 fleet get away.... well most of them.

The carnage is "slight to moderate" as gung ho crews let competition overcome caution and boats and crews entertain onlookers with some spectacular aquatic gymnastics.

In the half hour before our start - in a lull in the "breeze" or a lull in our common sense - we shake out the reef.

Just before the start we are hailed by Brian Hutchison piloting David Lambourne's support vessel *Sam Bri Jac*. Brian is currently engaged in writing a comprehensive history of the "trainee dinghy" *Thorpe Twelve* in which most of us in the "they should have more sense age" learnt to sail and cut our racing teeth.

*continued next page...*

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# Remembering the ride!



**Keith Glover's *Trilogy* has smashed the multihull record with an elapsed time of 3h 43m 38s**

At 11.30am our start is cautious. That is to say we gave half the division a head start. A repeat of the Division 2 dramas however sees us threading our way through even more aquatic carnage. Avoiding bent, broken, semi-submerged and/or totally out of control boats becomes quite a challenge. We pass a forlorn *Margaret Anne* half way up Crab Island. David's support boat is needed.

The wind is fierce. We pass Peter Stubbington's *Delerium*, a transfer from the offshore fleet. His main is reefed to the extent that we think it is now smaller than his #3 headsail.

We have left the retractable spinnaker pole fully extended, A - to save time if we need it (that's doubtful) and B - so that it reduces the water inlet orifice in the bow.

Since buying the boat from David and Harold Lambourne I had built in a small self draining well in the bow to reduce the vessel's tendency to absorb copious quantities of water past the pole especially in chop to windward and when doing the odd nose dive when pressed downwind. Thank God I did.

The wind is more southerly than SE and running square we can sail wing and wing most of the time. To help, Mark and Graeme transfer the sheet of the headsail to the spinnaker blocks on the leading edge of the wings. The wider sheeting angle produces a fairly efficient rig under the circumstances.

The meandering course past Sovereign Islands and on up to Couran Cove has the wind angle constantly changing but the water is still reasonably flat and the progressive loss of boats to damage and mishap has cleared the way.

Approaching Couran Cove we get some payback to the highspeed water cowboys of yesterday. A fifty foot motor cruiser is heading north at the usual Gold Coast courtesey speed of 12 plus knots. We approach from behind. Crashing through his wake, mainly under water, we flash past him in a shower of spray. How satisfying!

At the North Cardinal off "The Bedroom", we negotiate

the gybe without incident and head west towards Jacob's Well. As we approach the red off Woongopah Island two boats ahead are already in trouble. This is the shallowest part of the course. One is aground close to the beacon and the other well off. Going between them by necessity rather than choice and not able to slow to any extent, we hope for the best.

Sand at speed feels more like rocks doesn't it? We are able to heel the boat without going swimming and even keep what could loosely be called control and after one or two more bounces we are clear. However the real shallow bit at the "crossover" is 500 metres ahead.

God smiles on us again and in one of the rare lulls in



*As If screaming along!*

the tempest we negotiate the crossover with more controlled heeling and only a couple of bumps.

Neil reminds us that the speed limit for vessels over 8 metres through Jacob's Well is six knots. We decided we must be 7.99m long. But at this speed we aren't there long and leave little or no wake anyway. Skating along in the flat water and leaving a "speed boat" wake is certainly fun and where the water is flat, Peter J and Phil are able to wrestle gybes which while rough on the rig are controllable (sort of).



*Barney Army*

Clearing the Steiglitz ramp and Cabbage Tree Point we begin the curve around to Little Rocky Point. Through here we sail through a bunch of the Division 2 fleet. Half way around the curve we pass Mark Bucknall's *Jo* employing a similar rig to *Delerium*. They looked relaxed and comfortable enjoying the ride with the sensible snug rig while we continue to tempt fate.

With the winding course we are not always able to set our wing and wing well. Mark and Graeme work hard to keep the jib pulling its weight. They are hampered by the sheets being a little short because of the unusual sheeting position. What is impressive is the sudden acceleration each time the jib fills. With the boat already flying the sudden extra speed is quite remarkable.

Clearing the red buoy off Rocky Point we head for the power lines and the stretch up the western side of Russell Island. At this point the wind decides to get really serious. On starboard as we pass the reds north of the power lines, we run almost by the lee down along Russell Island.

Now the wind is really up. The brown bay water now has a white spume top. The tide is getting low at this stage and we have to repress visions of striking the bottom. (Records will show that the Southport Seaway recorded gusts to 38knots at 1316hrs that day and Cape Moreton registered just over 48knots at 1454hrs) Yes it's windy! It's not just our imagination!

**We need that reef back in. Now!**

*continued next page...*



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The ride from Peel Island to the gap between Mud and St Helena is exhilarating. The seas are as big as I have ever seen in over fifty years sailing in the bay but by now they are longer and more regular. Often we are able to ride a wave, down the trough and then climb up and over the one in front. We are able to get away a little from the Blazer but he's still there.

The slight change in course from the Coffee Pots to Compass and then a little sharper to the Fisheries Beacon makes the run home reasonably uneventful. By now we are getting a little blasé regarding the speed and the seas have eased off as we move into Bramble Bay. The wind however continues to scream.

Bearing away at the Fisheries Beacon to the finish we are surprised to find the finish boat on station. Herb Predergast and his crew deserve a medal for being prepared to anchor out in conditions like that to take times

**One of the most difficult parts of the whole day for us was to get back into Cabbage Tree Creek. On crossing we immediately drop all sails (before we fly up Sandgate's First Ave.), deploy the trusty outboard which starts but can't make headway against the wind and sea. We have to get the headsail up again to motor sail to the entrance beacons.**

In the washup we manage an elapsed time of 4h 55m 39s. The only mono to ever do the trip in under five hours. It's a new mono record by over half an hour. **(average speed around 12 knots)** The Blazer **Still Crazy** finishes just under ten minutes behind us also breaking the old record and taking out a well earned handicap win. **Barney Army** less than four minutes further back also breaks the old record.

In the multihull division Keith Glover's **Trilogy** has smashed the multihull record with an elapsed time of 3h 43m 38s.

Next morning, the presentation of trophies on the lawn at QCYC is, understandably, a little short of numbers. However, as is always the case, tall tales get taller and taller as the bar plies its trade. We sit rather quietly. We don't talk about the race so much as just sit and **REMEMBER THE RIDE!!!**

**Footnote:**

**The 2010 event is to be held on Saturday 16<sup>th</sup> January. Entry can be lodged with the Queensland Cruising Yacht Club, Sinbad St Shorncliffe 4017 Ph 07 32694588 or email [qcyc@bigpond.net.au](mailto:qcyc@bigpond.net.au) Peter and his Esprit de Corps crew will be there again but looking for a less eventful run.**

The "flight" down along Russell island is heart in mouth stuff. Running slightly by the lee we skim over the surface. A gybe at this time would be terminal. We pass Roger Overall's cat **Raider One Design**. Jamie Morris must have pushed their luck just too far and they now lie on their side on the western bank. Not that we have time to look. I'm praying we can get to the end of Karragarra Island and hide in the lee of the high ground long enough to get the reef back in.

We make it and just about sail onto the beach to get some shelter as the boys pull in the reef. We now set about running to the east to the Canaipa Passage end.

With the wind more south than SE we are able to sail the leg between Karragarra and Lamb/Macleay in one board, however the gusts are coming over the island. One minute it's thirty knots then nothing, then thirty knots. While I hold the boat roughly on course Peter J. keeps us moving and upright with a "main out main in" marathon. We aren't alone. **Elixa** and the Blazer **Still Crazy** along with **Barney Army** and a tail end cat endure the leg with us. Finally we are able to bear away towards the Eric Early light.

At this stage a new experience presents itself. In the narrow channel the wind well into the south sets up very steep and short swells. We sit with the stern stuck in the sea behind while the bow buries itself in the swell in front. In the narrow channel we are not able to angle our way off the sea in front. However even with the full length of the extended pole under water and the stem just submerged she is surprisingly controllable. Fortunately the for'ard well and drainage system is also working and we aren't taking too much water.

Once clear of the Merv Hazell beacon just north of Blakesleys we reach more open water and longer swells. Still on starboard, the GPS indicates we are holding just to the east of the yellow off Peel and we also have to keep off the rocks on Goat. With the early warning we are able

to cribb a little on each wave to give us a reasonable clearance and avoid the gybe. In the longer, and larger, swells north of Pelican Banks we begin to have the ride of our lives but even with more room to change the attack angle on the wave in front we do play submarine from time to time. Phil leaves his job on the traveller and moves behind me to perch on the last inches of the transom to help with the trim. Everyone else moves back to sit on the lap behind apart from Peter J. who maintains the mainsheet watch.

Across this leg **Elixa**, then leading the mono fleet and fifty metres ahead, calls it a day and heads for Manly. The Blazer, **Still Crazy** continues on our tail alternately setting a red spinnaker, broaching, getting going again, setting the red spinnaker, broaching etc etc. A little further back **Barney Army** is in hot pursuit.

Rounding the Yellow off Bird Island, we head for the red off The Bluff. At this point we pass a large trawler heading south from Rainbow Channel. As we flash past him crashing through his wash I get a glance at a guy standing at the starboard rail of the trawler looking down at us. He doesn't say anything but his expression says very loudly:- "What do you idiots think you're doing?"

Moving around the north east side of Peel Island we have a short spell from the swells. At the second red we take advantage of the flat water and put in a gybe hoping it will be the last one necessary.

By the time we get to the Hanlon Light we're back on cruise control. At this stage we see Ian Gidlow's **Risky Business** on station in the lee of Peel but still not enjoying a comfortable anchorage. His usual spot on the other side near Goat Island had proved impossible. As we pass the light we hear **Risky Business** call the Club to announce that the first of the monohulls had just passed. We ARE in front! All we have to do is stay afloat and keep the Blazer at bay.



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# The Great Airlie Fun Race 2009

Story and photos by Bob Fenney, SY Elcho



A figurehead now & a figurehead then...

The Great Airlie Fun Race has traditionally been the culmination to the racing and cruising season since 1976. This year was no exception, with more than 90 vessels competing with the exuberance and sense of fun the event has become famous for.

As usual, the voluptuous figure heads were showing their all, and there's been talk of bribery next year to wrest the position of judge away from Commodore Kev Fogarty. I for one, reckon I'm eminently qualified, and wouldn't mind the enormous responsibility!

Competition was hot for the titles of best dressed crew and best decorated boat, with party boat "Shangri-La" showing a Playboy, theme taking out the best decorated boat, and "Riff-Raff" getting the gong for best dressed crew.

Line honors went to "Telcoininabox Merit" of Sydney to Hobart fame, skippered by Leo Rodrigues who led the race from start to finish, followed closely by the local catamaran "Cynophobe"

The party continued well into the night at the Whitsunday Sailing Club foreshore, with live music, Mount Gay Rum flowing like a flooded river, and the Miss Figure Head and Mr. Six Pack parade being judged by the enthusiastic crowd.

The Whitsunday Sailing Club Fun Race has certainly become an icon over the years, almost a right of passage for cruising folk from all over Australia, this year even attracted a small fleet of Trailer Sailors from South Australia, and entrants from just about everywhere else.

**It will surely continue to be Australia's premium Fun Race.**



From the scrap book of Allen Southwood

## The First Fun Race

By Allen Southwood,  
(From TCP #20)

It all started when Bob Porter bought and restored the gaff ketch "Dahlia" in 1976 and used it as a tool to promote his accommodation resorts at Airlie Beach, one of which is now Magnums.

Barbara and I with my brother Dale and his wife Lyn had restored the "Torres Herald 2" about 18 months previously and were doing sailing trips daily from Shute Harbour to Hook and Whitsunday Island.

In those days the Airlie Beach Hotel was the only watering hole for yachties, fishermen and tourists, so it was quite raucous at times. On one of those occasions Bob's crew decided to tell us how fast "Dahlia" could sail so we of course said, "bullshit, ya couldn't blow wind up our stern!" So it was decided on a grudge race with a suitable trophy for the winner of a bottle of BUNDY RUM, but it may as well have been pure gold.

The first race was from South Molle Island to Airlie Beach in front of the pub on Saturday afternoon with the course of your choice.

"Dahlia's" crew elected to sail north around North Molle Island in about 15knot S.E. breeze with a falling tide, I

decided to cut through "unsafe passage" then directly to Pioneer Rocks, a good reach with the tide. At Almora Point we were miles in front and could just see "Dahlia" out of North Molle and losing ground in the tide. We could taste the rum. Then disaster struck. We sailed into the lee behind the headland opposite Pioneer Rocks and got into a series of "irons" and jibes for about half an hour.

Then we finally got going again and sailed into Airlie, anchored up, and were downing a few "coldies" when "Dahlia" arrived at sundown. We were then accused of running the engine to have gone so fast. We of course rejected this most strongly, but after 30 years this is the only time I will admit I did start the engine just long enough to turn the old girl about when we were stalled behind the headland. Even so it would not have changed the outcome, and in the next 6 or so races they could not outsail us.

Never the less it was a great time and enjoyed for many years. Bob was a great promoter and the race received much publicity on T.V. and press, in fact I think we may have promoted ourselves out of business as a result "Just for Fun".

### THE FUN RACE FIGURE HEAD

The "Fun Race" started in Airlie Beach in 1976. The next race was much more organised by Bob Porter and the Whitsunday Sailing Club. The figurehead competition became part of it with many prizes presented at Bob's Whitsunday Village Resort.

We on the "Torres Herald 2" had our original figurehead, which was carved out of a solid piece of wood by a very clever French girl from a visiting yacht at Shute Harbour. It represents a head & shoulders of a Herald Angel blowing a small trumpet.

As the "Torres Herald" was built in Brisbane by Norman Wright for the Church of England mission in the Torres Straits, of course I used to dress as a clergyman for the start of the race, as there was a prize for the best dressed crew. Because Bob had no figurehead he decided to second his office girl and sat her astride the bowsprit of "Dahlia". From then on every yacht and there were many, sported topless girl's on the bow's.

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# The Ketch, Hawk and a Sailors Story



Benito and SV, Hawk

By Benito Bracco, a Sailor

I read with interest your beautiful magazine. I lived in Sydney for nine years and worked as a shipwright at Cammeray Marina and at Neutral Bay yacht basin 1963-69. I loved Sydney. Every weekend I was in the harbour doing something. Sailing, nothing, exploring, fishing etc.

Before that I worked for three years on the Ketches in Port Adelaide and Spencer Gulf. My ketch was *Hawk*, the pride of the Port Adelaide fleet. A real sailing ketch, not like the others; half barges, half extended into something else that looked like a ketch. Oh, there were real ketches like *Wellington*, *Annie Watt*, *Stormbird*, etc. and some bigger schooners. One of them was the *Milford Crouch*, remodelled from a large River Murray barge to a three mast schooner, the new master of the fleet. But when it came to sailing ability, *Hawk* would beat them all.

One day we sailed along, fully rigged, jib, staysail, main and mizzen all up; we started to cross the Spencer Gulf from the tip of Cape York Peninsula, the engine stopped. The pump in the cooling system had broken. The Skipper, Max, growled because he had to go down into the engine room and change the pump. I thought we were going to stop with no engine; instead *Hawk* just leaned over and took off, two knots faster! I was steering and all of a sudden, we started to surf. I looked at the Skipper and he grinned - a big smile and I said, "Why are we using the

engine?" Reply: "We are a commercial ship and the engine must run."

The time he took to change the pump was exhilaration for me. A dinghy sailor, never mind a 125ton ketch doing 15 to 16 knots. The engine came on and it was just like a car brake.

In 1960 China started to buy Australian wheat. We would transport from Cowell to Port Lincoln. We loaded in the morning, sail 1pm. Arrive in Port Lincoln, midnight, unload. Sail the next day in the evening to load the next morning. Crew of 4, two lumping wheat and passing down bags. Loading 125tons in five hours, equal to 1,650 bags, 80lbs. each and sail to Port Lincoln. I always say I was young and innocent; I had done it for three years. I look back with great satisfaction and smile. Even now, after sailing yachts for 30 years, coming home from a hard day racing, I look at these little people rushing around in their jalopies. I feel pity for those poor buggers!

One Saturday evening, the Skipper decided to sail in the night and have Sunday off. My turn of the wheel was 20:00 to 24:00 hours. Out of Boston Bay in the Spencer Gulf, I took the wheel. Beautiful night. The wind was getting stronger and stronger. We sailed a broad reach, swivelling from one huge wave to the next. The wind was getting stronger. All four sails up. The full moon was coming up from the east. Now and again *Hawk* wanted to round up. The bulwark was getting wet and the toilet, a little house on the bulwark, was getting washed. Then a big wave came up, broadside. She rose up like a knife edge, crystal clear, up past the moon. I can see the moon through it and then the wave slammed on the starboard side. *Hawk* slid sideways. The water hit the combing of the cargo hatch. The main boom hit the

water, 20 miles an hour with a thunder. *Hawk* was a little toy all of a sudden. All the lights in the foxhole (foc'sle) came on. The Skipper rushed into the wheel house to see what had happened. I pointed out to the wind. He abused me for being out of control, broadside. He took the wheel, ordered the mizzen down. The staysail exploded and left very little behind. The jib was ordered down. I went to the jib boom to gusset. I was almost ready when the stern of *Hawk* was lifted up in the air. I clung to the jib boom, half of me under water and hanging for dear life. I still can't believe I survived. If I had lost my footing I don't know if I would have. The jib came down with a thunder and I crawled back on board. Nobody slept that night, except me.

Next day, Sunday, nobody said anything about the night before. We went fishing.

I joined *Hawk* in May, 1959. I heard there were some coastal traders; I thought to apply for a job, thinking I never stood a chance. In Port Adelaide, the first agency was Crouch & Co., the second was Frickers. I tried the first and was given this two by one inch bit of paper, with a name Max Godleman and the *Hawk* at Birkenhead Wharf. I got there and the skipper asked me a few questions. I answered and gave him the speal of my capabilities. I have a European sailing boat. I told him I could tie knots, I could splice and do other things. He listened and when I

finished he looked at me straight in the eyes and said, "Can you cook?" I replied, "yes." The skipper said, "You got the job."

I was stunned; almost embarrassed. We sailed 08:00 Sunday morning. We sailed out of the harbour into a southwest front. Black rain, 40 knots, jib and mainsail, visibility to the bow. The jib sheet; two inch manilla, full of splinters, three foot long cleat and little me on the other end. I got back into the wheelhouse, dripping wet. The skipper steering and yelling at the top of his voice, "Blow, blow you bastard, break the mast, kill the man on the wheel," and then he gave the wheel to the bosun! I was a bit scared, very scared.

The engine was screaming. It was a six cylinder Gray Marine engine with a scavenger. After two hours of struggling with the foul weather, we went back to Port Adelaide. We were successful the next day. The only time we ever came back to Port in three years.

## The Milford Crouch Story

27<sup>th</sup> October, 1959, 20:00, we sailed after dinner for Cavell to load wheat for Port Lincoln, South Australia. Flat calm, all sails up, motoring 7 1/2 knots. We crossed the St Vincent Gulf toward the Spencer Gulf. My first watch 20:00 to 24:00 hours. At midnight I made hot chocolate and turned in. 01:00, I woke up to a shocking blast of northeast. There was a roar on deck and in one half hour it was over 30 knots and *Hawk* came alive. I slept on the top bunk and the bow wave was up to my head, music to my ears. 06:00 we were at the top of York Peninsula, screaming in flat water. By 10:00 we entered Spencer Gulf. I could see the line of big southwest rollers on the bow. I went up next to the foxhole hatch and waited for the roller to hit *Hawk*. The first was ok, the second a bit of excitement, the third the bow went up and up and fell down and I was left up in the air, flying, and came down with a thud. I turned around and looked at the Skipper and he gave me the biggest smile.

Midday lunch, made some sandwiches, big pot of tea, secured everything in the sink. It was very difficult to stop the teapot. Lunch, I took the wheel and the crew ate their sandwiches and came back telling me the teapot was upside down. I made another pot of tea. Secured it the best I could, and guess what, made it three times. The skipper said to forget it.

Some of the boomers were half as long as *Hawk* and three to four metres high, big and short. *Hawk* was revealing itself. The noise in the rigging, the slapping of the waves on the hull was terrifying but sweet.

The *Milford Crouch*, a 220 ton schooner, three mast, almost new, beautiful ship, left Port Adelaide, 16:00 for the same destination, four hours before us. By 13:30 to 14:00 hours the next day, we got sight of *Milford Crouch* and we ran one half mile along side her to windward. *Hawk* suddenly was hit by a gust and huge wave and rolled and pitched and everything in the wheelhouse fell on the floor. It made a racket. The clock split in two. I gathered the bits. In the wheelhouse, No one spoke. I tried to put the clock together.

The Bosuns name was Ray Jenking, they called him Oka. He took the wheel. *Hawk* was surfing. The *Milford Crouch* was fully rigged. I was looking at her and she wasn't coming back in the trough, like *Hawk*. She was leaned over severely for a long time and eventually came up. I thought it was odd. Too much sail, I thought.

continued next page...

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**Hawk continues...**

14:00 to 14:30 hours the boss said *The Milford Crouch* had capsized. We looked and there she was, bottom up. We took all sails down. Motored towards her. I got the heaving line ready to throw. *Hawk* came around on the lee side. We were 20 metres from the men in the bow. The wind pushed the bow wide from the *Milford Crouch* and we were broadside, going backwards. The Skipper ordered the lifeboat into the water. We got the chalks off, waited for the wave and pushed, perfect landing. *How I got in:* It was too dangerous to jump in, instead, jumped into the sea and spread like an eagle and didn't sink. Hand on the gunnels and in, ready to roll. Oka wanted to come, but would not jump in the water. He jumped into the boat and injured his back and he couldn't row. So there I was, in a gale, in the middle of Spencer Gulf, with an injured man in the bilges, whimpering, "My back, my back." *Hawk* let go, I started to row towards the *Milford Crouch*. I couldn't see her but I could hear the men screaming, "Over here, over here!"

I was rowing against the wind until the boomer hit me. Foam so thick, I could not breathe. The foam has no oxygen. It was choking me and Oka. *Hawk* is far away, most of the time we could only see the mast. When she rolled I could see the water intake of the motors. *Hawk* will not make it to windward. We hear, "over here" again, but by this time the lifeboat was half filled with water, hard to row. The sun was going down. I was rowing, stationary, desperately going nowhere. Oka said, "Let's go back to the *Hawk*, it will be dark soon."

I turned the boat around and there on top of this huge wave, there was a surfer! Hicky, Brian Hickman, had decided to swim to shore, but he didn't know we were seventeen miles from the shore. He yelled back to Reg, who had been an Olympic swimmer, to swim with him and he declined because there was one man that could not swim and the crew was fussing around him. Hicky said, "F..k you!" (his words) and swam towards us and got saved. He was naked except he was wearing one Elvis Presley pink sock.

We got to *Hawk*, tied the line to the stern and tried to get Oka up. Almost lost him because he kept falling into the water near the propeller. Twice got him up. Hicky and I had no problems getting up. By the time we hoisted the mainsail, it was dark. The bosun took the wheel. The Skipper went to radio for help and discovered the radio on the floor in his cabin, smashed. No communication at all.

We sailed to Cowell. Oka went to town to notify the authorities. Next morning all ships and planes in the area were looking for the men. They never found a trace of the six men.

One of our crew was 19 year old Macinoni, little Irish boy, first time out. He was terrified of the ordeal, and left *Hawk* when we got back to Port Adelaide, never to be seen again. Oka went to hospital and came back for one trip, and never to return to *Hawk*.

*Hawk* got a lot of wheat for Port Adelaide and after that we stayed in the St Vincent Gulf, just the skipper and I.

The *Milford Crouch* got salvaged, refitted with one mast, ballasted with 20 tons of concrete and sold to Tasmania. I spent the three years on *Hawk*, until the 1962 credit squeeze, when all the ketches stopped working.

In the meantime in Port Adelaide the *Milford Crouch* saga went on. There was a Marine Inquiry. All the so called "experts" tried to blame *Hawk's* skipper for leaving the scene (If we had the power in the engine, yes, we could have stayed, but we did not). The gale lasted three days. The weather bureau stated at the Marine Inquiry that the 27<sup>th</sup>, 28<sup>th</sup>, and 29<sup>th</sup> October, 1959, at the tip of the York Peninsula station registered wind gusts at 76 knots. I was called up and they could not understand me jumping in the boiling sea when six men drowned. I said, "The *Hawk* was barely moving, I waited for the wave and heaved and jumped next to the lifeboat and pull myself in. Oka wouldn't jump into the sea and instead he jumped into the lifeboat and hurt his back."

I had a brother who worked as a shipwright in Port Adelaide and he was pestered with insinuations about what happened to the *Milford Crouch* by all the lounge chair experts. I became a celebrity, the Skipper the villain. The Skipper of the *Nelcebee*, who was always under the weather and always looked drunk, would scream obscenities to the skipper of *Hawk*. The Skipper came from a well respected family in Port Adelaide.

After the inquiry, *Hawk* got a new coat of paint, and the crew was recommended for a Royal Humanity Award, which we got as well as a silver medal from Lloyds of London for bravery at sea. Say no more. After a short time. The Skipper was respected and I had a good relation with him. He even tried to tell me the virtue of his daughter, and she had a brand new green Morris Minor!



**Ray Jenking (Oka), left & Benito Bracco receiving their Royal Humanity Award from then South Australian Governor, Sir Edric Bastian**

*Hawk* was one of the few dry ships in Port Adelaide. I became known as the best cook in the ketches. I cooked calamari, and they would say, "Those onion rings are really nice." And now and then I would try to tell them it was squid. They would say, "No, no, no, squid is for bait!" The favourite on *Hawk* was steak and onions, mashed potatoes and "onion rings" of course.

*continued next page...*

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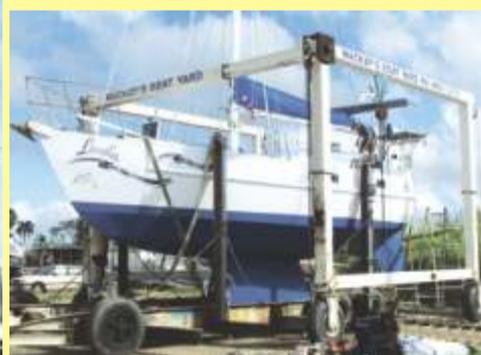
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**Benito, left with crewmate, Mick**

### The Ketch, Hawk continues...

After the ketches stopped trading, I left Adelaide and went to work in Sydney as a shipwright at the Cammeray Marina and after that Neutral Bay yacht basin.

Last time I saw Hawk was in Mooloolaba for the bi-centenary. It is now called Golden Hawk, working in Bali carrying tourists. The lifeboat was brand new, made of fibreglass with double bottom and was unsinkable. It had rations of water and glucose in the special compartment. When a big wave hit us it would run over and out and still half afloat.

Rowing, I am still good at it now. I rowed in 1955 August 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup>, seventy eight nautical miles to escape from Yugoslavia to Italy to migrate to Australia.

At school I just wondered how Australia hung under the rest of the world and now I know.

As a Yachty we all know you have two boats in the sea and there is always a race. The ultimate responsibility is with

the Skipper to know when to reduce sail, before it is really necessary. Especially in a storm.

### Lumping Wheat

Most people do not know what "lumping wheat" is. Wheat coming down from the wharf to a chute on deck of the ship at speed. You run to the bag, it goes on top of your shoulder and you run with it to be stored on the tiered stack and you run back for another one, 1,650 times. I did it by myself many times. A bag of wheat that travels at speed has little weight. It barely touches your shoulder. If you stop, it crushes you. I have seen this happen many times, to crush a young man under it. I have seen young men falling under a bag of wheat and I have had to kick it off their shoulders while I ran with my bag! All this, it was still a joy to work on the ketches.

### The Fairway Buoy

A fairway buoy in the harbour was a dolphin. Every time we came in, he would come to our bow and take us in. He did this for 20 years to all the ketches.

# A Dolphin Story

By Keri McKee, SY Sahara

Late in 1974 my husband and I were sailing up the New South Wales coast in our little 22ft yacht, Ventura bound for all points north. We had a slow trip to Coffs harbour where an old fisherman told us that if we ever got in a blow north of here we could always get our yacht into Sandon Bluffs. We didn't take much notice as we eagerly stowed last minute things away and set sail for Tweed Heads.

Before too long we found ourselves in the middle of the meanest Southerly Buster! It was a howler and nightfall was approaching. Our caulking started to leak badly and our bilge pump broke down, so all we could do was bucket and pray all through that long night. How we wished we had taken more notice of our fisherman friend!

The morning light found us exhausted and wondering how we would get through another night like the last one. What was worse was that the wind was increasing! What a delight (and diversion) it was to see a lone dolphin appear at the bow. He kept doing a triangle from bow to stern, where I was on the tiller and then heading towards the land. When he was opposite the stern he would eyeball me as if to say, "Come follow me!". I yelled out to my husband (who was very busy bucketing) to come and see this dolphin which seemed to be urging us to follow. After saying a few negative things about women's logic, he finally said, "well, we have nothing to lose, let's follow it."

We were about 7 miles out to sea and you couldn't see the shore at all owing to the spray and foam. We didn't have a clue where we were so we blindly followed the dolphin.

As we neared the shore I recognised the area from what the fisherman described as Sandon Bar, but there was so much foam blowing off the sea you still couldn't recognise anything.

Our blind faith paid off as the dolphin wended its way down the tortuous Sandon River often looking back "over its shoulder" so to speak to see if we were still there. It led us safely into a beautiful anchorage and then headed back out to sea...Just an amazing interaction with a dolphin which I will never forget!

## Who is "Pelorus Jack"?

*Kays note: From Chri's Whites stunning photos of the dolphins in the South China Sea, to Benito Bracco's "Fairway Bouy" dolphin and Keri McKee's dolphin encounter on the sail north from Coffs Harbour, NSW, there seems to be a "connection." I brought this up to Bob, and he mentioned a famous dolphin named, "Pelorus Jack." Here are a few facts I learned about Pelorus Jack from Wikipedia:*

**Pelorus Jack** was a dolphin that was famous for meeting and escorting ships through a certain stretch of water in Cook Strait, New Zealand between 1888 and 1912. Pelorus Jack would guide the ships by swimming alongside a watercraft for twenty minutes at a time. If the crew could not see Jack at first, they would often wait for him to appear. Jack was last seen in April 1912.

In 1904, someone aboard the SS *Penguin* tried to shoot Pelorus Jack with a rifle. Despite the assassination attempt, Pelorus Jack continued to help ships. According to folklore, however, Pelorus Jack no longer helped the *Penguin*, which was later

shipwrecked in 1909.

Following the unsuccessful assassination attempt, a law was proposed to protect Pelorus Jack. He became protected by Order in Council under the Sea Fisheries Act on 26 September 1904. Pelorus Jack remained protected by that law until his disappearance in 1912. It is believed that Pelorus Jack was the first individual sea creature protected by law in any country.

Reports suggest that Pelorus Jack was an old animal; his head was white and his body pale, both indications of age, so it is likely that he died of natural causes.

The legend of Pelorus Jack lived on after his death. A chocolate bar was named after him and he is the subject of a number of songs. Pelorus Jack had become a tourist attraction, drawing such well-known figures as American writer Mark Twain and English author Frank T. Bullen.

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# DOES SIZE REALLY MATTER?



Story & photos by Vicki J, SY *Alisa B & Shomi*

When it comes to sailing, how big does a boat need to be to fit the bill? What are the costs associated with having a large luxury launch or Catamaran? With registration being hiked so high and all boating gear at a premium as well as storage when the boat is not in use, it seems that the cost of a boat, unless it is ones primary place of residence just doesn't add up.

None-the-less, a sailor without a boat is a forlorn sight indeed. From the moment Steffen sold his primary place of residence, *Kuna* (a 38 ft Adams designed sailing yacht) and swallowed the anchor, he has been wistfully scanning the internet to gaze at sailing boats for sale. What came along was a friend in need. She needed help with some of the costs of her Columbia 22 (dubbed a 'Pocket Ocean Racer') named *Alisa B*.

*Alisa B & the you-beaut toy dinghy, Alisa B at Long Beach, Great Keppel Is., and Alisa B home at her jetty at Ross Creek*

So with the decision already made about what type of boat we would be sailing, we took stock of our newly launched pocket yacht. First bonus is a boat with a 4 hp motor does not need to be registered. All safety equipment is of course necessary, but the shared repairs on a 22ft. are without a doubt easier on the hip pocket than an ocean going 38 ft yacht, owned independently. That is all very well but how does *Alisa B* handle? She skips across the waves. All sails flying and into a 20 knot NE., she handled with two finger precision. By 24 knots and gusting more from around Humpy and Great Keppel Islands we were reducing the roller furling. A cinch with such light equipment.

Creature comforts are camping /outdoor adventure style stuff. Included free of charge are the regular circus events. Balancing a pot with a fold-out handle on the fold-away spirit stove on a swaying surface acts as the lead up event of the day. The main event is a stunning display of would-be fire-eating as it takes both of us breathing in deeply and then blowing in unison to get the damn thing out.

The cockpit in a Columbia 22 is huge, larger than on most 40ft. boats and when covered will yield the perfect indoor/outdoor, "fit a crowd" barbie spot. The only drawback is sharing foot-space with an outboard; so old and worn that the parts took 5 weeks to arrive and everything had to be torched before coming loose. My skipper and I dashed out after fitting

and firing up the ancient, chain smoking, coughing outboard as the ebbing tide in the Fitzroy River was beginning, to buy a you-beaut, pump-up plastic toy inflatable with screw together paddles. It spent a good deal of the trip as our stern kite.

Probably the most death-defying dingy I have ever entrusted with my life.

Swimming is my other option. Great at the Keppels but definitely not advised in the croc infested Fitzroy.

As serendipity would have it, our departure from the town reach coincided with a *Pig on the Spit* annual event for the Fitzroy Motor Boat Club, Yeppoon Sailing Club and Gladstone Sailing Club members to converge on the top spot in Pacific Creek, Sea Hill and use the little blue fishing shack for the evening of feasting, drinking and making merry.

This happens to be another poor time to enter or alight from our fearsome inflatable that eagerly tries to collapse itself around the hapless occupant's legs and shoot out from under them as they try to find a foothold on the deck. This reaches truly grotesque levels when the said occupant happens to be a tad under the weather. I chickened out of the dingy trip back to *Alisa B* on this occasion and was gallantly escorted home in a big tinnie with a big outboard, while Steffen flapped furiously with his screw top paddles which

barely reach the water, into the inky black night. I have Wayne and Kerry to thank for my rescue

The best part of this story is that *Alisa B* is tied to a jetty in Ross Creek and can come and go on most tides and is costing us next to nicks to store. We can concentrate on getting a gimbaled stove and kayaks when we tire of the circus routines. We are not in any hurry.

So as the age-old question is asked yet again; does size make for more enjoyment? And as always the answer is: Not necessarily. It depends on what you do with it.

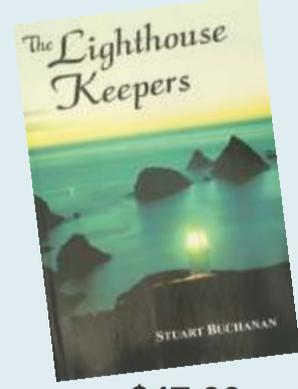


Steffen & Alisa B leaving Keppel Is.

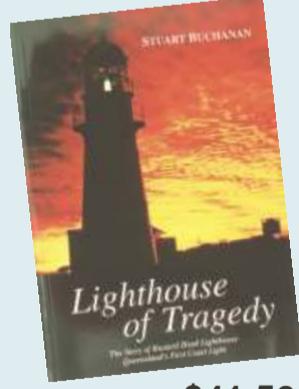
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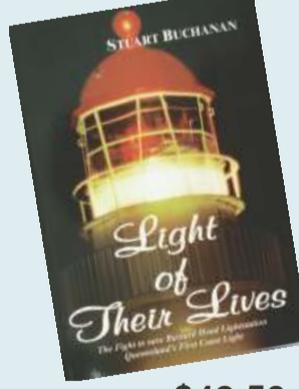
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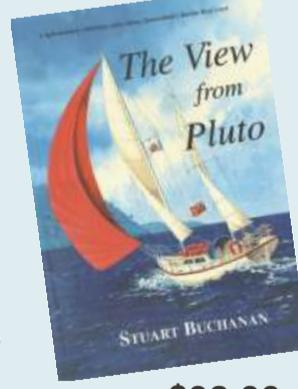
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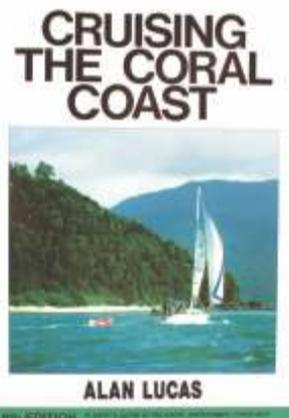
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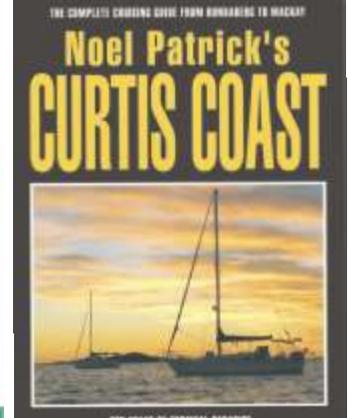
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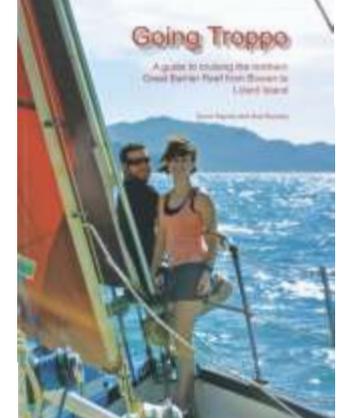
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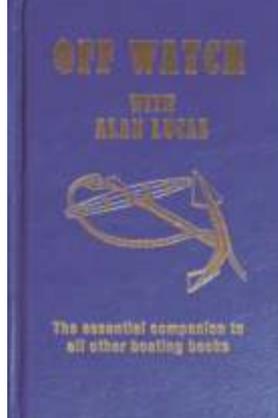
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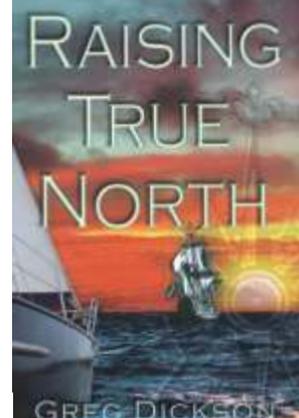
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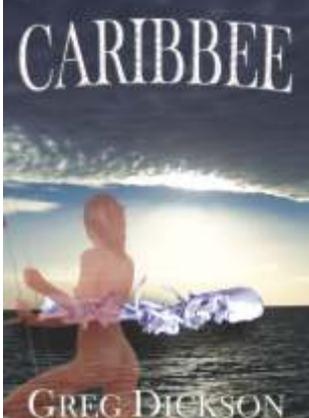
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# Boat Building Section

The BareBones Project continues!  
For the complete log to date see  
the website:  
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By Bob Norson

## Boat Building... and Health and Injury



**“Moderate degeneration” ...  
YEEHH!! I’m only  
moderately degenerated!!!**

The above was great news! Considering the recent symptoms and complicated by my past indiscretions.. gross dislocation of the shoulder and broken collarbone.. this was the best possible outcome. When terms go Latin, you know you are in trouble. You definitely do not want a subacromial bursa, for example. That can be more painful than a knackered glenohumeral joint.

Shoulder injuries due to ‘repetitive stress’ or accidental over extension, like losing control of a drill that jerks your arm around, can derail your project for years at a time. A ‘torn rotator cuff’ is worth from 6months to a year and a half... or more.

On the phone with Alan Lucas, I mentioned the injury, and the Latin poured forth.... “What was that?” I asked. Seems Alan picked up some Latin the way boat builders commonly do, by discussing their shoulder injuries with their doctors. So between that conversation and testing the subject around the boat yards.. I believe it safe to say that outside of epoxy reactions, shoulder injury may be the number one serious injury a builder will get, and considering the fantastic range of injuries available, that’s quite a dishonour! “Serious” is defined as any injury that stops work.

So my finding is... take a sore shoulder very seriously. Do not ‘work through it’.

The biggest problem for me was trying too hard to make up for lost time. The second biggest problem was.. **the lag between the act and the consequence.** This is how people re-injure themselves. You know the story: “I was feeling better so I went out to work and stuffed up, made myself worse than before”. It happened to me because it took several days for the impact of my act to manifest itself in pain/consequence. I thought I could tip toe around, get some work done and monitor the reaction and stop before I hurt myself. WRONG! I set myself back another month for 4 days of moderate progress. Not a good bargain.

## What are the Cool Tools?

Whilst waiting for the shoulder injury to subside, I had a chance to work on my tools and organise everything.. I mean everything.. I had my pencils lined up by length.. and in the few days that I did work before I realised I was stuffing up (see article at left) I got to test the results. To help readers catch up, one hull was a real mess due to a bad batch of hardener after dealing with extreme outgassing of the composite (see the web site). After spending months in the sun to cure the resin and in the moving process, the surface on the hull was as tough as it was rough and I wanted to remove as much of it as possible and re-coat the bogg. I was also very concerned with the fair. The kind of grinding I was doing was an invitation to a poor surface.

To attack the job I found a cheap and controllable sander/polisher. This, armed with a disc of #36 sandpaper would actually cut through the stuff but controlling the thing is shoulder work.... After that I used my modified inline air sander.. which did a fine job of taking off the high spots in preparation for a scrim coat of bogg that would seal the pits from outgassing and give a smooth and fair substrate for further work.

An important note about the outgassing.. if you are building a boat with ply, or particularly balsa core panels, and are having problems with pits in your bogg or high build surface that seem hard to fill, you better look at the TCP web site!! If you are applying bogg or any resin to the surfaces and you aren’t doing it at night or late in the day, you may be compromising the future of your boat.

But back to the sander, these cheap air tools have a massive potential but some limitations. Modified as described herein, it does the job of a torture board but with less side to side, arm and shoulder movement. To use this tool you need a powerful air compressor. Mine is 13.5 CFM which allows me to use the tool for a short period of time, say 5-10 minutes, before it runs a little low and then I swap to another type of tool, like my Rupes planetary orbital, to go over the area just worked by the inline air sander, with a finer grit, until the compressor builds more pressure. I have been using 60 grit on the air tool. Another problem it had was spitting oil all over the job which is bad news working with



fibreglass. Any oil left on the surface will prevent adhesion of resin or paint. I got around that. The air sander has two pistons on either end of the body. They are covered with caps using allen head screws. I removed them and wiped out the oil that comes from the factory and swabbed on a light coat of grease. I also unscrewed that big brass plug on top and did the same. Regrease after about every 8-12 hours of use. I also provided extra hose between the air compressor tank and regulator to allow cooling and thus prevent some condensed moisture from reaching the tool.

Another shortcoming was the sanding pad. It was too small and with a rubber pad. I cut a piece of FLAT12mm ply, 600 X 100, drilled two holes for mounting the screws and stuck it on. I did have to supply two longer 1/4 inch screws. I staple the sandpaper on just like my torture board and without the rubber pad the board makes a very flat, true surface.

Since modification the sander works better, faster and I haven’t had a drop of oil on my work since I converted to grease. It really is a time and muscle saver.



It does a good job of identifying, and reducing high spots



## Aluminium Split Sander

I was shown a plastic sanding gadget at the local boat yard that seemed interesting but fragile. It had been repaired already. The idea is one I am familiar with as a jeweller. A “split lap” is used to polish jewellery where seeing what you are doing as you are doing it is important. So I fabricated one in more durable, high tensile aluminium, applied some 80 grit on velcro and gave it a try mounted on my new \$99 sander/polisher. Works a treat!! It covers a large area fast, you can see every detail through it whilst working and the size of it helps keep a fair surface.

I think this tool will be most valuable when preparing bogg for paint and in finishing high build to prep for top coat.

A mate tried out my first attempt and it seemed OK to him except he found it would dig in on a slight concave surface, leaving “smiley faces” on the high sides. I believe I have fixed that problem by installing a foam surface to the ‘wings’ that will ‘give’ just enough. I may even try a larger version, perhaps twice the diameter and powered by an air tool. For \$40 in materials and an hour to build, I am very satisfied with it.

Sanding is the biggest, high labour part of the job and the easiest to screw up. Having equipment that will speed up the process and increase control is invaluable. I will mount more detail on the web site about the construction of Split Sander. It measures 300mm/1 foot diameter. The 1500 watt polisher is from Bunning’s and so far it has been excellent. It has an amazing speed control.

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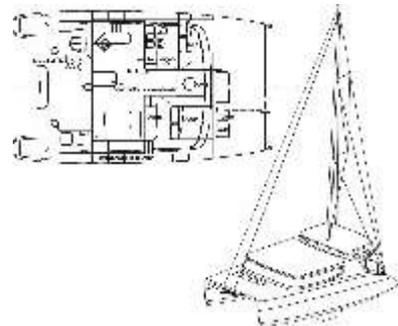
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# Ian's Little Project... Getting Close!

This project has been reported since TCP # 36 and is getting closer to launch. As this is the first substantial project known to TCP, built entirely of Polycore (less fitout details), we are eager to see the result in the water. As of Oct 25th (left) she has been painted. We hope that by next edition.. touch wood... launch! We know there are a few builders waiting for the result before they take the plunge. With costs of other materials soaring or quality fading, a fresh alternative is welcomed.



The project as of TCP # 36

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# Suckers For Punishment???

Diane ponders the question...



Story & photos by Diane Challis,  
*Boat Builder Extraordinaire*

**Suckers for punishment?** I don't know the answer to that one. Ten years ago I began building a 40 ft catamaran with my ex husband. It was a long tedious job with two and a half years and near on seven days a week of continuous work (15,000 man/woman hours and launched 2001). This was of a foam sandwich construction and designed by Gary Lidgard who now is the designer of the well known Fusion catamarans. When the project was finished I swore then that I would never do such a thing again. No way. Never. Not this little black duck, ever.....

2009: I am happily embarking on another boat building project. I guess once the sea is in your veins you can never shake it so here I am building a Peter Snell designed 12 metre (oops! a 11.99m) 'Easy' catamaran with my new hubby. John and I are enjoying the whole process and once we got our heads around the concept we have found that the 'cat' has been relatively easy to build. My only experience has been in foam sandwich and it was quite some time ago and sometimes I feel I have forgotten more than I remember. Now we are dealing with plywood and glass construction so the medium for me is different but I realise that the principles are still the same. Both John and I are not carpenters or cabinet makers. Outside of 20 years working with juveniles in detention centres, half way houses for street kids, the intellectually disabled and Autism Society, John spent his time in the brick/mortar brigade and the roofing game mainly in England. As for me ...well I guess I aspired to be a Jackie of all trades within my feminine scope. I am not scared of tools or domestic engineering, so working outside the female norm doesn't really faze me. I love challenges.

Never having a fear of trying something totally different and giving anything a go, we now found ourselves endeavouring to become boat builders' extraordinaire. For me the word 'again' crops its ugly head but this time with a smile, or is it a grimace .... not sure really.... and for John, this is his first time.

We left Western Australia for Queensland about three years ago, or was it four? Our dream was to have a home base in slightly warmer climes and then find ourselves the ultimate sailing vessel to travel this fantastic coastline. Our first thought was for a mono with centre cockpit and aft cabin. After travelling up and down the Queensland coast and seeing the amount of rivers and their sailability, we started to think about something with a shallow draft. So trimarans became the thing, but we wanted space to stretch out and be able to do our own individual thing. These vessels didn't quite have that sort of room below but catered well up on deck for the most part.

Another trip up the coast and back down again had us looking at catamarans. Wow, this was definitely the way to go. Bugger....the bank account didn't really allow for the

purchase of one, let alone leave enough money over to do them up. If we spent \$500,000 we wouldn't have to touch them but we didn't have that kind of money and the ones down near the \$150,000 all seemed to need work on them as they were of an older vintage. We didn't have the spare cash for that; we would have been over capitalising. What to do? I didn't fancy building another cat; it was bad enough the first time and I didn't think I still had it in me (we're not spring chickens anymore). Actually building was not really in the equation at that time.

A conversation with an acquaintance about the 'Easy' catamarans had us thinking for a while. The costing was more in our balance book's favour and we both really wanted to explore those far away places of our coastline. Our dream was and still is to travel around the Gulf of Carpentaria and manoeuvre up the rivers and estuaries where monos can't go. We wanted to live the majority of the time on our boat in secluded places where we could contemplate life and our belly buttons, fishing to our hearts content and just be one with our surroundings. To some that may seem a bit wishy washy but that is what we want for us. So the prospects of building for me became more of a reality and for John it was a long awaited dream coming to fruition.

Oh what the heck; we jumped in feet first, didn't think too hard about it, bought the plans. There was no turning back now, we were committed. Once the plans were purchased and before the timber and ply arrived on our doorstep, we needed to erect a temporary shed to house the project. A shed with steel frame and tin roof spanning 8.5 metres wide by 15 metres long was erected at the end of the large shed that we now live in. This structure has now become more or less a permanent fixture with a concrete floor, semi open sides and an open end. There is plenty of air flow and with using epoxy, ventilation is important.

Soon our plywood and pine was lying on the concrete floor of the shed. It really didn't spark the imagination much. How was this pile of 8 x 4 sheets going to make a boat let alone float? After a few upheavals and health issues we finally began with trepidation marking out our ply frames as per the plans. When we were a couple of days into it out of the blue and quite unexpectedly Garth and Denise, fellow 'Easy' builders and a couple of non boatie friends Chris and Sue arrived for an impromptu visit at exactly the same time. After some bantering and cuppas they grabbed tape measures and pencils and we had two teams working. One couple measured out the portside frames and the other did the starboard side. We had a team of adjudicators double checking that each frame's measurement was correct and lined up with the other hull's frames. We made a day of it with lunch and laughs and great encouragement and moral boosting to boot. This help really gave us a kick start for which we would be eternally grateful.

*continued next page...*



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*Diane & John smiling, of course!*

**"Easy" continues...**

With renewed invigoration we were up early the following day and the real work began. With jigsaw in hand we cut out all of the frames and when done each one was then edged with hoop pine. This was spread out over the following few days with gluing and temporary screwing. Each frame was notched for the stringers and painted firstly with a two part epoxy wood preservative and then a coat on both sides with epoxy resin. We also manufactured both keels and both rudders.

Once the frames, keels and rudders for both hulls were manufactured, the strong back was then built, levelled and squared followed by dyna bolting to the concrete floor. This took time but time well spent, as this is a crucial part of the overall end product. The hull needs to be true and if the strong back is not right all the measurements are thrown out and that would make the task at hand very difficult. Once we felt confident that we had done all within our power to have a level platform to start building on, we marked all of our distances from the '0' point and placed crosspieces on these points. Once all crosspieces were in their correct position we commenced butting the frames up to them and followed through by temporarily supporting the frames with stringers.

There is a chine about half way up the hull. This John shaped in preparation to receive the first of the ply panels to be attached. Every piece of ply and pine for this part of the job had been coated with the wood preserver then followed by rolling on of epoxy resin. This may take a little longer over the whole job but for our own sakes we will have peace of mind that we have done our best to have protection from wood rot and moisture in the future.

John and I personally chose to use a slightly heavier fibre glass cloth to not only supply a waterproof exterior but to add just that little bit extra strength. Reason being is that we intend going into areas where there could be heavy, dangerous objects floating down some of the river systems and we would feel better knowing that the 'cat'

could take a few extra knocks and surprises out of the norm. All these things are personal choices and that's the great thing about building your own vessel.

Since we first bought our plans we have met many people building the 'Easy' catamaran. There are five catamarans within a 60 km radius of our rural area, all in different stages of their manufacture. All these people are working towards their individual dreams and a life of freedom which we feel they all deserve.

We have completed our two hulls and turned them. The time taken to prepare for this day made every thing go smoothly. Our friends had an absolute ball helping and the bbq and drinks afterwards concreted the bonding. Building this boat is a job to us not a hobby. It is a job with a future at the end of it, a dream. A dream that will soon become a reality. We don't wake up in the mornings thinking 'Oh no, here we go again'. We actually get frustrated if we can not spend as much time on the catamaran as we wish. As time goes by we will keep you informed about the progress and as the project gets even more interesting.

And no matter what Murphy tries to throw at us during the build we will keep on smiling and dreaming.

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# An Easy flipping hull day! or a flipping Easy Hull day?



By Diane Challis

**4<sup>th</sup> October 2009...WHAT A DAY!** Hard work, determination and planning and most of all being surrounded by friends eager to help turn our two hulls. Hell it was fantastic. The tremendous effort of all involved was quite humbling and we just don't know how to thank everyone. Only two of our gallant men had experience in sailing and turning of hulls outside of me and John. For all the others it was an exciting affair to be part of the action. Some didn't believe it could be done.

We are building a Peter Snell 'Easy' 12 metre catamaran (see pages 26 & 27). This design is known as the 'Sarah' named after his daughter. It is a plywood/glass construction and as the name states it is easy. As Peter Snell says, "Just take each step at a time and don't worry." He is so right. This medium is so forgiving and with novice workers in wood like us, it needs to be.

Back to the big day: Both hulls had been faired and high build painted on. The shed had been cleaned up. Centre lines marked on the concrete, rubber tyres covered in old sheets (didn't want black rings on our hulls did we?) and a four wheel dolly covered in carpet

for manoeuvrability. John had welded tags onto a thick walled tube and this was bolted to the side of the shed. A rope was wrapped around it and then lead to a clamp attached to the keel. This rope gave us a bit of purchase and controlled the lowering of the hull.

All hands on deck and with a little huff and puff slowly, the first hull went over gently resting its chine on the tyres. The dolly was then placed under the side of the hull and the guys just pushed it back to where it started. The dolly was then removed and with a few more huffs and puffs the starboard hull was lifted up onto its keel. By using the dolly we were able to move the hull within a couple of feet of the centre lines etched on the floor. Minimal lifting and dragging into position made life for all involved so easy. There's that word again. Twenty minutes later and we were ready to repeat the process with the portside hull.

The whole affair was light hearted and fun. Then the real work begun when all involved retired around the bbq and the fridge which was full of refreshments. Laughs and jokes and patting on the old backs as everyone congratulated each other for a non stressful job well done. If this was so much fun for everyone...just wait until the boat is launched. Now that will really be a party.

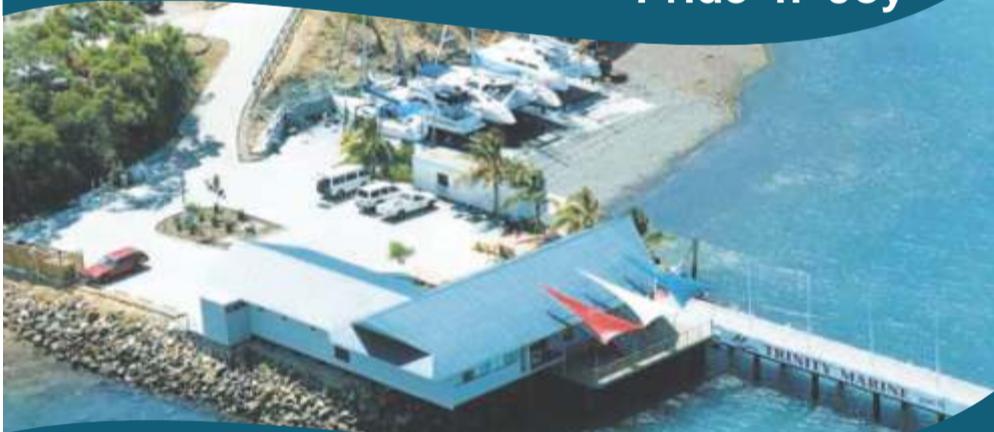


**John, Diane & Bob at the "Hull Turning Party". Thank - you Diane & John, you have given us fellow boat builders inspiration!**



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# "If you can't fix it, maybe it shouldn't be on your boat"

By Bob Norson

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



The dust 'worm' in the tweezer was the first time the author braved the guts of a laptop. This older computer was more difficult to 'operate on' but at the time it was believed there was nothing to loose so why not try.

It worked! Over the years since then, many TCP puters have been saved by this important little scrap of information.

So you've heard the quote above before eh? Not surprising but how many of you have a computer on board? I would guess the majority of you by now. This article is about picking the low fruit, that is, addressing the problem you are most likely to have and that you probably can fix with this information.

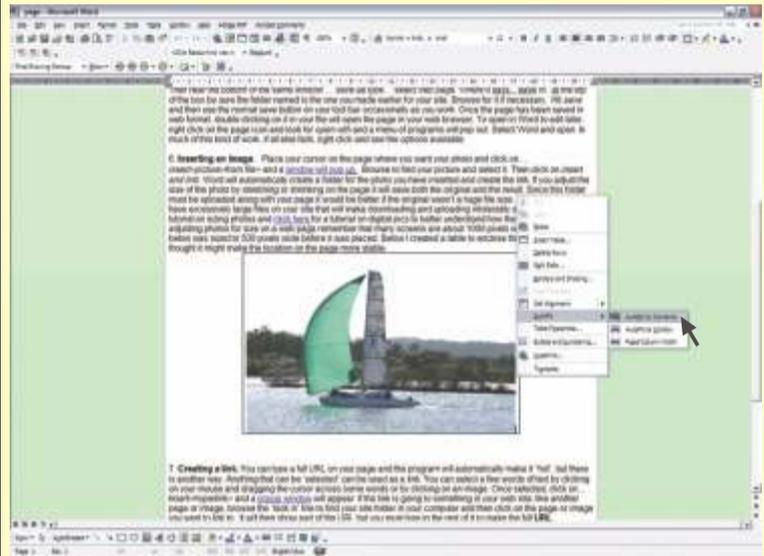
## One of the most common hardware failures, is one you can fix!

So, your puter is OK for a while and then it starts behaving erratically. It may have a 'hot smell' as well. The it finally shuts down. **Many shipboard computer failures attributed to "salt air" are actually caused by simple dust.** If you take it to "the shop" you may be told just about anything out of ignorance or avarice but the result is the same, you fork out large sums of cash when it may have been something you could do aboard in 30 minutes for the cost of having a small screw driver and a pair of tweezers.

To explain: your computer has a processor, the heart of the beast, and it creates heat. So much heat that a heat exchanger and fan is built in. Any environment, but particularly a boat, has dust in th air. The dust eventually clogs the fine grill on the heat exchanger, the processor overheats and runs poorly and may even die but most likely just shuts down. Especially if you catch the problem soon enough, you can save your computer without putting yourself into the smiling hands of a person I call a techno-snot. A twenty something with a cheap degree from a cut-rate uni that knows little more than you, but little is enough to cash in on baby boomers, renown for their/our Luddite tendencies.

This article in the print version of TCP is to alert computer users of the problem, it's potential cure and to direct you to the web page on the TCP site that has all the step by step photos to show anyone competent enough to know which end of a screw driver to point at the screw, how to do it.

## How to Make a Web Site! Seriously, you can do this!



If you can send email and browse the web, you can do this and all you need is a MS Word program.

Would you like to have a web site to keep in touch with your family and friends, to let them know how and where you are? You Can! Do you get the impression sometimes that this whole computer business is made out to be more complicated than it really is? Well you are right. If you have a windows computer with Word you can create web pages, and upload your material to a host. The new article on the TCP web site will explain the terms and show you how to do everything, with graphics (like the one above) of every step, including getting a domain name and a host site.

### The Heart of the PC Beast!

The heat exchanger is that grill you see in the centre of the picture covered with dust. It's easy to simply use a soft brush or vacuum cleaner to remove the dirt and save your computer. The web article will also identify some of the other goodies in there and show you how ridiculously easy it is to do your own service, some repairs and even upgrades. You don't have to be at the mercy of those kids anymore!

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SY Abrolhos Pearl, resting proud

By Allen Southwood, SY Abrolhos Pearl

Barbara and I are still in Shute Harbour enjoying the "Brochure Weather". We have stopped restoring the boat and have fixed an annoying leak so we are now able to enjoy the islands at our leisure, although some friends have offered us the loan of a chainsaw to cut the "tap root" holding us to the bottom. We enjoy Shute Harbour, (apart from the fact it is our old stomping ground of 40 years ago), it is safe and the facilities are good with a half hourly bus service to Arlie & Cannonvale. Moorings are available for hire at around \$40 per week or you can anchor for free (sure beats the marina).

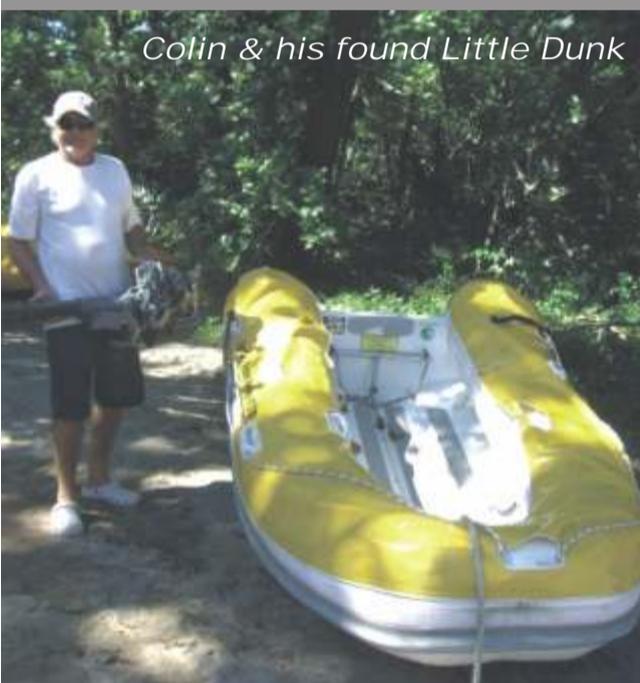
Last weekend I was having my first cup of tea of the morning when I noticed a 25ft cruiser a couple of moorings away listing to starboard and nose down, obviously sinking slowly. On boarding the vessel I could not find a phone number or evidence of who owned the boat. On ringing the Water Police I found they did not work on weekends and a message to ring 000 in an emergency. I then rang the local V.M.R. who advised me not to touch the vessel as I could get sued for damage. I of course ignored that advise and was bailing the vessel with a bucket when a staff from Whitsunday Rent A Yacht arrived with a pump and battery and pumped it dry.

Two days later she started to submarine again. This time I rang the local MSQ. They were very helpful and told me they can't pump it out as they can't board a private vessel, but they successfully tracked the owner by his rego number. The owner eventually arrived and grounded the boat at high tide.

It would make sense to have your contact phone number prominently displayed on the vessel when you not on board. It does not take much to sink your pride and joy. A rusty hose clip or a flat battery for bilge pump and fish can even pull your caulking out.

**IF IT CAN HAPPEN IT WILL!**

## "Little Dunk" saved!



Colin & his found Little Dunk



Colin (left), Carmen and Paul celebrate



Carmen with her Little Dunk

By Carmen Walker, SY Dream Weaver

This story really begins on Easter Friday 2008, when Colin and I decided to set sail in our 32ft cat, *Dream Weaver*, for an overdue weekend away from the maddening crowd at Airlie Beach. Weather was not promising, with strong winds and heavy rain forecast.

Blue Pearl Bay on Hayman Island sounded good. With prevailing 15-20 knot sou'easters, Stonehaven provided an enjoyable overnight anchorage of fishing and sharing a glass. Easter Saturday finds us in Manta Ray Bay, where I was promised a close encounter with "Fat Albert" the resident giant Maori Wrasse that has allegedly been entertaining visitors for over 20 years. What an incredible experience! With winds increasing to 25-30's, bullets of 40-50's are not uncommon this end of Hook Island, and this night was to be no exception. I'm a light sleeper, and seemed to spend most of the night listening to the "howling in the rigging" and the continual bumping of mooring buoy on hull as wind and tide conflicted at Maurine's Cove.

Colin was "up at sparrow's" and the news wasn't good. Seems our 2.6m Aqua Pro with 4 hp Yamaha have vanished in the night! Nothing north of us but endless whitecaps as far as I can see and that sinking feeling that I will never see our reliable little tender again. Oh, the agony of telling everyone at the sailing club you've lost your tender, which, of course, you are, compelled to do, if you are to hold out any hope of recovery. Not to mention the paper work and embarrassing questions required from the police. Everyone is all so bloody polite, but you know what they're thinking it's written all over their faces.

I did the rounds of VMR, and notices in every public place around town (Bowen included) I could think of and of course, the insurance company for a claims form. After a week or so, I start to resign myself to the fact that the dinghy is well on its way to Vanuatu or that someone further north is delighted with their new windfall.

Imagine the surprise when the Mission Beach police station called to inform me that Mr. Paul Russell, the Water Sports Manager on Dunk Island (200 nautical miles north), had not only recovered the near drowned (but still afloat) package, but had drained the outboard of gallons of salt water and had it running again!

I had just had the outboard serviced before the trip so was extremely grateful to Paul for spending the time to get the outboard going again as well as his honesty for reporting his valuable find to the local police at Mission Beach.

We drove up to Mission Beach, some 6 hours by road, armed with Paul's favourite cordial's, and looked forward to meeting the man and thanking him personally. We met his group of friends at a Mission Beach Dive Shop, and shared drinks and good company well into the night. The best comment was directed at Colin by a bold young female, who looked him in the eye, and said, "So you're the dumb bastard that can't tie knots". He had tied the tender along side the boat that night and I didn't think it necessary to check it. Colin roared laughing and replied, "A lot of our dear friends back at Airlie had it written all over their faces, but you're the first person we've encountered with the honesty to come right out and actually say it. Yeah, pretty dumb, hey!" My thoughts aired by another party, from the moment Colin had declared, "the tender has got away from us in the middle of the night".

This story had a happy ending. The little Yammie has been underwater twice since (but that's another story), and seems almost indestructible.

How the tender managed to travel all the way up to Dunk Island in such adverse conditions without sinking was amazing, not to mention the fact that it was reported and recovered. No rips or tears in the outer covering that protects the Aqua Pro. Sure, the motor cowling cover was lost, along with the seat, oars and sea anchor, however *Little Dunk* (appropriately named) was not seriously damaged, despite her long and perilous journey.

Shortly after our return, another 'yachtie' lost his tender while moored off the Whitsunday Yacht Club during the calmest of conditions. To my knowledge it has never been

recovered. While Colin found some consolation in the fact that he was apparently not the only sailor who "can't tie bloody knots", my advice to the "yachtie" is, don't give up hope. It may eventually turn up somewhere, sometime. Maybe found by someone as honest as Paul or his delightful group of friends at Mission Beach.

**Just when you think you have lost faith in human nature an exceptional person comes along and restores it. Thanks Paul.**

**Sadly Colin passed away 4th Sept 09.**

TCP contacted Carmen to see how she was doing after Colin's passing. Carmen filled us in a bit more on her life with Colin and her future plans:

Carmen is a sailor! So she is doing OK. Carmen and Colin had been together for 7 years, married for 4 of those after a ceremony at Daydream Island on a cat from Private Yacht Charters.

And speaking of cats, they decided to buy one and selected *Dream Weaver*, the original Simpson cloud 9. Colin was interested because he had previously sailed a Simpson Cloud 9 from Papua New Guinea (single handed) and Carmen, because she wanted a life style change.

Colin was a great fan of Captain Cook and relished the idea of following in a few of his more notable footsteps.

After Colin passed away, Carmen had to sail her boat back to Airlie from Cairns, so she had her son Jason and another crew Grahame, help out and she reports that the voyage was very therapeutic. A great way to come to terms and acceptance, and she says it was a magic sail, the boat at her best.

They both loved the Whitsunday's, Colin getting his skipper ticket and working for charterers giving briefings to bare boaters and getting to know the town, sailor by sailor.

Colin was originally from Woodford and had a few marriages behind him, three children and four grandchildren.

Colin was 62, and fit, but pancreatic cancer came very suddenly and in spite of attempts at treatment, succumbed quickly, therefore not fulfilling their goal to get to Lizard Island. Cooks lookout may have a memento of Colin some day, maybe next year because Carmen has decided to keep the boat.

# Passage People

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## Tropic Sailer



Trev Donnelly hooked this thing while in the Great Sandy Straits. At first it looked like a piece of coral, but as Kev released it, the piece of "coral" swam off at great speed! Moments later, he hooked another one similar, but smaller. I thought some of the mad fishermen out there might know what it is. Kev (and I) had joined our mate Ken Wallis to help deliver his newly purchased Yacht "Tropic Sailer" to Airlie Beach.

Regards, Bob Fenney photo's © Bob Fenney 09

## True Blue



That's Helen and Leon at right, photo taken at 'the shed' in Townsville. Leon has a 30 foot shed so has been building 30 foot boats...lots of em. The one pictured above was featured in TCP # 37 in an article of how he built the boat for \$21K and 900 hours. TCP made the article into a web page and have been inundated with requests for plans from people all over the world. Leon is thinking seriously (he said) of retiring so is willing to share what amount to trade secrets, thus the article and now with all the requests for more info, he is working on drawing up simple plans for clued up builders. The original plans were drawn on the back of a beer carton! Leon intends on making the plans available very cheap. Look for them on the web article at [www.thecoastalpassage.com/cheapcat.html](http://www.thecoastalpassage.com/cheapcat.html) A simple low cost, easy to build boat design is quite a legacy to hand out to the boating community, but what's more important is letting people understand it's truly attainable... Thanks Leon!



## Shaguar

From Pauls mail to TCP:

Currently anchored in Darwin Harbour after a "Coastal Passage" of my own. From Airlie Beach to Darwin and the Northern Territory! Spent 2 yrs. in the Whitsunday's before getting the Wanderlust bug once again, Thank God!!

A story: I had a flyover by Customs here and Radioed my sailing details by VHF, as you do... Later in Darwin at Fannie Bay, Darwin Yacht Club, I was approached by another cat owner enroute to Fremantle.

He told me his 2 adolescent sons (11 and 13 yrs. I think), had heard the conversation on their VHF and had never laughed so much.

They repeat the incident to all and sundry! Apparently, *Shaguar*, *Shaguar*, *Shaguar off Booby Island*" on the radio rattles the boys humourous neurons. "Get it?", the Dad said, "*Shaguar off Booby Island!*" That Naughty reference produced endless hours of mirth!

PS: I did NOT name the cat! This top Hitchiker came with nom de plume firmly in place! Previously was called, "Amazing



Paul, Alias Skipper with Mischa, ships dog, on *Shaguar* off Dinah Beach Cruising Yacht Club.

Grace "... Not the same ring to it!  
Everyone seems to remember *THIS* Cat and Mischa (loyal Doglet).  
They do not Remember my name!  
What's that all about?

## The Gun Chaser



Dan and Julie

This arrived at the "office" of TCP just after issue #3:

Just read your third (my first) edition. Enjoyed very much, especially the editorial, congratulations. Only complaint in the entire rag was the use of the American "meter" in place of the rest of the world's "metre". Makes me cringe every time I read it. Keep up the good work, but please add the proper spelling for "metre" to your word

processor's dictionary. Please, please. Great rag. Cheers, Dan Hughes

And thus a tradition of friendly criticism began. I did learn to spell better... somewhat. It was the engagement that the criticism represented that helped set a tone for the little rag in it's infancy and that has determined the course she steers today.

So.. you can blaem Dan and Julie fer thiss and kAY and me is reel grateful that they was abel to stop bi casa de Nordson on theyre wy to Brisburn from op thare in tonwsvull/ Wee had a grate time exopt when they ussed big wurdz.

PS: TCP readers may remember *The Gun Chaser* on the front cover of TCP #23. One of the few cruising vessels around equipped with *everything*, including a piano.