

What's your story? It can't be a<u>bout you without you!</u>

Reflections by Alan Lucas **Taking the bike**

Taking a bicycle cruising is far from a new idea the practice goes way back, but with today's greater choice there has been a mini-boom in the habit. The velocipede of choice for those with deep pockets is made of stainless steel and aluminium with a central hinge allowing it to fold into a wheel-size packet. At the opposite extreme is the battler with a full-sized rigid bike that is cumbersome, rusty and darned near impossible, to stow aboard.

My own experience with the latter was one of unmitigated disaster, mainly because it was an old, full size tandem that occupied more space on board than it could ever justify by its so-called 'convenience' ashore. It sat sullenly lashed to the rail, paddling its wheels in the scuppers on every starboard tack from where, as a daily exercise, it caught, snagged and refused to release every rope aboard ship. And once, whilst taking it ashore in the dinghy, it became suicidal and jumped over the side, apparently regretting the decision at the last second by reaching out and grabbing the gunwale with its handlebar. I was all for giving it a final flick, but my wife couldn't bear such cruelty and insisted on getting it ashore for artificial respiration.

Thereafter I often wished I'd over-ridden Patricia's compassion because it spent ninety nine point nine per cent of its life lashed on the side deck, rusting in peace, and proving too heavy to bother taking ashore in most ports. Effectively, our rising contempt for the stupid thing made it about as useful as a wheelbarrow.

However, in Europe, our stern up to a seawall with an easy-access gangplank, we relented and went cycling often enough to discover a rather terrifying characteristic of a tandem (ours anyway). What happened was this: on a hill- climb, when both of us were standing on the pedals and pumping hard, the frame would start living a life of its own, flexing in a syncopated way, throwing us off our rhythm and obliging our young son on the dicky seat to hang on for grim death. This characteristic almost brought us down in heavy traffic on a couple of occasions so it wasn't long before Patricia (the same person who saved it from suicide) was all for drowning it. In fact, we solved the problem by giving it to some poor unsuspecting yachtie who mistook the gesture for one of friendship by thanking us! The cruising grapevine later told us that he never used it himself, preferring to let others risk their lives in the forlorn belief that it was a safe and sensible means of victualling ship. The grapevine even said that he charged a hire fee, the money, he claimed, being sent to us. It never happened, of course, but we were by then contemplating its replacement with Italian folding bikes until it was realised that they would occupy more space aboard ship than one malevolent tandem at a cost that makes the latter seem positively cheap.

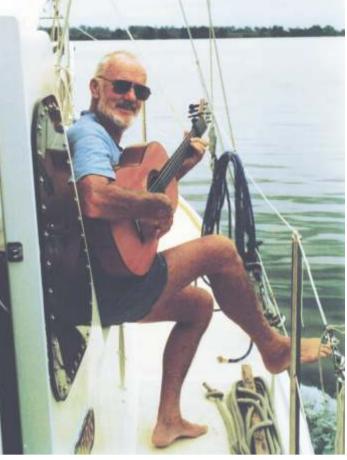
But quite apart from any economic objections to folding bikes, the clown-like image one assumes when riding the tiny things was another consideration, to say nothing of the perils of riding in traffic. Being so hard to see on a small bike, Dayglo vests and flashing lights would scarcely help whilst a red and yellow clown suit with size-50 shoes, bulbous nose and air horn might be the profile needed to avoid being run down.

We will never buy another tandem not even a top quality non-flexing and non-rusting one, but folding bikes still have an irrationally strong appeal despite bringing with them a whole catalogue of their own problems, including high price and the fact that even the best of materials - such as stainless and aluminium - are unhappy bedfellows in a salty environment.

Okay, so alien materials can be protected against each other using products such as moisture dispersals and silicone paste and protective bags, but they nevertheless represent layers of maintenance aboard ship alien enough to be regularly shunted aside, especially if the folded bikes remain unused for too long.

I believe the real answer to having a bike aboard ship is to not have one aboard at all: instead, when the bike-bug bites you, pop along to the nearest garage sale and pick one up for a song, then as we eventually did with our tandem you give it away just before departure. You would need to cruise for decades before this would prove more expensive than buying the ultimate cruising bike and keeping it aboard.

Cycling is a marvellous exercise so aspiring cruising cyclists should not be discouraged by someone, like myself, who had a bad experience with a recalcitrant

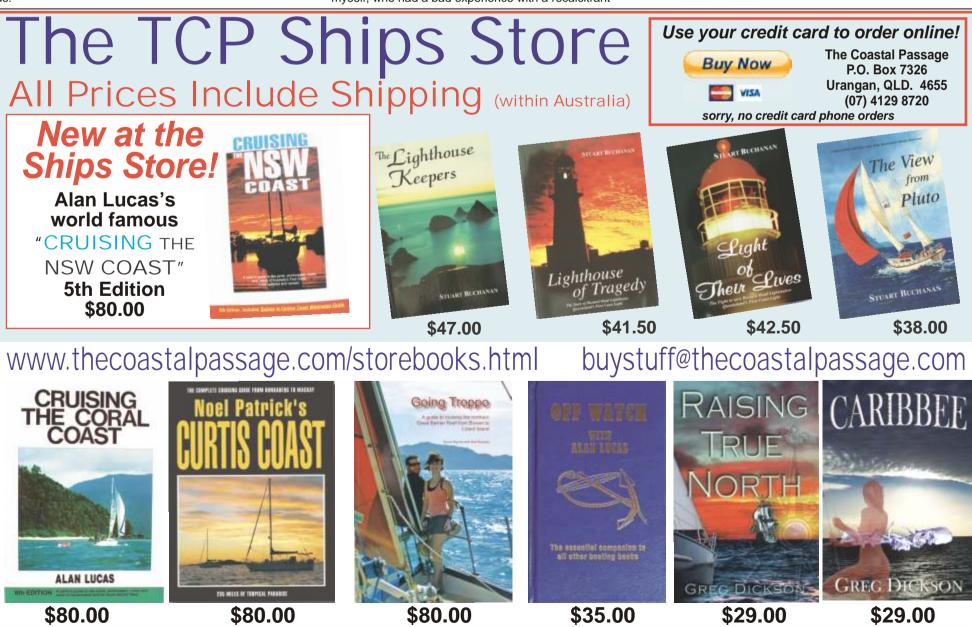


The author aboard Soleares

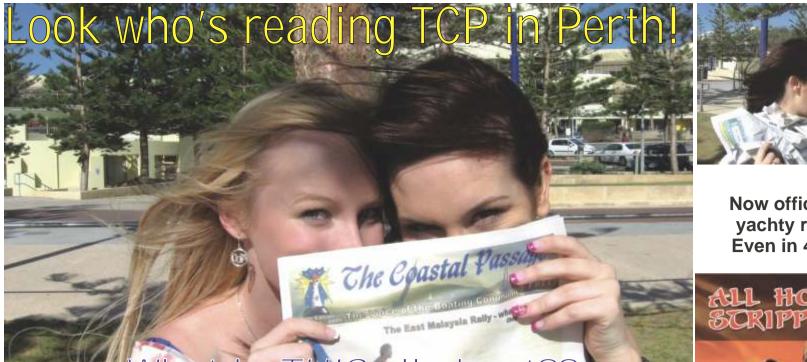
bicycle built for two. On the other hand, to get carried away with the idea of 'always having land transport aboard ship' needs some serious reconsideration as to its percentage of use. The fact is, walking is also a good exercise, and for heavy shopping taxis might well prove cheaper in the long run.

I cannot let this subject go without digressing to describe the cleverest idea I have ever seen for stowing, carrying ashore and then using a bike in this case a small motorbike.

The creative owner, back in the 1970s, had two dinghies in davits astern, the bottom one being the main tender, which would be lowered first. Next came the smaller craft in which was stowed the motorbike. The former would then tow the latter ashore where the smaller dinghy morphed into a sidecar (or trailer, I forget which) for the bike.



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This little story is all about details in advertising copy. Don't get it? No worries... let me carry on for a moment. So in producing ads we take a lot of care but sometimes.. something can slip by. Phone numbers are especially tricky... things can get misunderstood. Boat speak is a language all it's own, and out of context, can be dangerous.

The busy yachty calls the number in the ad; "Hello! I've got a 30 footer and I want a quote for a bum job!"... silence for a moment from the woman's voice that answers..... "Sorry sir, I understand you are very proud of your.. er 30 footer but we just strip here." "You just strip? What about an-ti-foul?" Silence again for a moment, hmm... sounds like?? "Yes, we can entertain your party with leather, lace or *nothing at all*."

"HUH?? never mind that for now. Whilst I'm up, I need my rudder dropped and my shaft pulled. Do you have someone there that knows how?" Dead silence.. then.. "sir, I'm calling the police"... Alarmed yachty... "What kind of shipyard is this anyway!?" "Where did you get this phone number?, says the woman on the phone." Answer; "From the Mackay Marina Shipyard ad in The Coastal Passage... why?" (snicker snicker) "Sir, this is *All Hot Strippers* in Perth." FMD!

OK... probably nothing happened like that (we hope!), but the possibilities are endless... so make up your own joke! The fact is it could have been a disaster if it was annoying to the recipient of the calls. The number could have been for Tiger Woods office, or Dame Edna's's or a raft of other fun or catastrophic possibilities but fortunately, it all worked out! *All Hot Strippers* were more than kind. They received the calls and forwarded them to the correct number back in Queensland. How's that for sweet!? And we are not sure if the reported good response to the ad was in spite of, or as a result of... the cool babes and guys of All Hot Strippers.

It is worth noting here that not only did the warm hearted crew at All Hot forward calls but took the time to shoot some photos for us on the beach in spite of a sudden 40 kt wind!



TCP! Now officially, the Sexiest yachty rag in the world! Even in 40 knots of wind!

ALL HOT SCRIPPERS

WWW.allhotstrippers.com To get in touch with the friendliest strippers in Perth, ring 0439 575 369 or just find last issues ad for Mackay Shipyard!

AND worth noting that the Mackay shipyard management and Port Binnli had no objection to TCP having some fun with this. In fact they were delighted!

So if you want to pick up issue #40 of TCP in Perth, we have a new distribution place!

Award winning Facility Great location Competitive prices





Phone: 0439 575 370 anytime Email: shipyard@mackaymarina.com

Great Barrier Reef Queensland www.mackaymarina.com/shipyard.htm



OR... DIY and save!



ontributors

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Woopsie! A contributor missed from TCP#39 -Keri McKee, SY Sahara, (A Dolphin Story)

Where can I get copies of The Coastal Passage??? new distribution places in red

...NORTHERN TERRITORY..... DARWIN **Dinah Beach Yacht Club** GOVE Yacht Club QUEENSLAND..... PORT DOUGLAS Port Douglas Yacht Club Port Douglas Combined Club YORKEYS KNOB Yorkeys Knob Boating Club CAIRNS **Blue Water Marina** Cairns Yacht Club Cairns Marlin Marina Office Cairns Cruising Yacht Squadron The Coffee Bean Estate **MOURILYN HARBOUR Coast Guard Innisfail** CARDWELL Hinchin brook Mari na MA GNE TIC I SLA ND Iga, Horseshoe Bay Supermarket, RSL, Maroon'd and "TraxsAshore" TOWNSVILLE Motor Boat & Yacht club Breakwater Marina office

Breakwater Chandlery Café BIAS Boating Warehouse AYR

- **Burdekin Browser Book Shop** BOWEN North Qld. Cruising Yacht Club Harbour Office
- Summergarden Cinema (Q.B.) A IR LIE BEACH and surrounds Whitsunday Sailing Club Abel Point Marina Office
- Whitsunday Ocean Services Marlin Marine Shute Harbour Chandlery & Slipway
- Q ua dr an t M ar in e **SEAFORTH**
- Seaforth Boating Club МАСКАҮ
- Mackay Marina Mackay's Boat Yard
- PERCY ISLAND
- A frame **ROSSLYN BAY Capricornia Cruising Yacht Club**
- Keppel Bay Marina R OC K H A MP TO N **Fitzroy Motor Boat Club**
- GLADSTONE
- **Gladstone Marina Office Gladstone Yacht Club**
- 1770 AND BUSTARD HEADS
- 1770 LARC tours BUNDABERG
- Midtown Marina
- **BURRUM HEADS Burrum Traders**
- HERVEY BAY/BURRUM HD
- Great Sandy Straits Marina Office Fishermans Wharf Marina The Boat Club Marina *MAR YB OR OU GH
- MARYBOROUGH Boaties Warehouse Muddy Waters Café *TIN CAN BAY Tin Can Bay Yacht Club Tin Can Bay Marina Tin Can Bay Boat Sales

- * MOOLOOLABA Kawana Waters Marina Mooloolaba Marina Office Whitworth's (Minyama)
- * N O O S A Noosa Yacht & Rowing Club
- ***REDCLIFFE PENINSULA Moreton Bay Marine Supplies**
- * S C A R B O R Ó U G H
- Scarborough Marina Moreton Bay Boat Club *NEWPORT
- Australiawide Brokerage *SAN DGATE
- Queensland Cruising Yacht Club *B RI SB AN E
- Whitworths (Woolloongabba) Whitworths (Breakfast Creek) **Boat Books Glascraft Marine Supplies**, (Rivergate Marina) M A N L Y
- Moreton Bay Trailer Boat Club East Coast Marina **Royal QLD Yacht Squadron** Wynnum Manly YC, Marina Office
- *RABY BAY Raby Bay Marina COÓMÉRA/HOPEISLAND Outback Marine
- Gold Coast City Marina Office Marina Foods and Takeaway Hope Island Resort Marina
- *SOUT HPORT Southport Yacht Club, Marina Office Whitworth's (Warehouse Rd.) .. NEW SOUTH WALES
- YAMBA
- Yamba Marina *COFFS HARBOUR Coffs Harbour Marina
- Harbourside Chandlery PORTSTEPHENS
- Lemon Tree Passage Marina *CENTRAL COAST
- **Gosford Sailing Club** *N EW CA ST LE
- **Newcastle Cruising Yacht Club** *SYDNEY & SURROUNDS
- **Boat Books**
- Middle Harbour Yacht Club Cruising Yacht Club Australia,
- Rushcutters Bay Royal Motor Yacht Club Broken Bay
- .CANBERRA... Canberra Yacht Club
- VICTORIA.
- Royal Yacht Club (Williamstown) Royal Geelong Yacht Club
- Sandringham Yacht Club **Royal Brighton Yacht Club**
- **Royal Melbourne Yacht Squadron**
- Hastings Yacht Club
- (Northhaven) Cruising Yacht Club of S.A. Royal S.A. Yacht Squadron ...WESTERN AUSTRALIA....
- Boating Hardware-Prosail -O'Connor (near Fremantle)TASMANIÀ...
- Oyster Cove Marina (Hobart) Port Huon Marina (Pt Huon)
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- feature are particularly invited to respond. Be prepared to explain or reference your assertions Page 4 The Coastal Passage #40 2010

VMR Coast Guard Innisfail-A safe and friendly Harbour & now a TCP Distribution place!

QF15 INNISFAIL COAS T GUARD QF15



So, you are sailing down the coast from Cairns to Townsville when you hit Meaburn Rock bugger! Well, who do you call? VMR 415 Coast Guard Innisfail based at Mourilyn Harbour, that's who.

They will come and get you in their big yellow rescue launch. But wait, there's more. They can also bring you out the latest edition of The Coastal Passage so you will have something to read during the tow in. Yes, the VMR is the latest distribution point for TCP.

And a few copies seem to end up at Timmsey's Seafood (on the road from the sugar shed). So, while you are chatting with Rod, Sandra and Anthony enjoying a Magnum ice cream, you can also tuck a TCP under your arm to take home.

So thanks to the great crew of VMR 415 Innisfail. Mourilyn Harbour now has TCP!

Words & photo from Keith Owen, SY Speranza

Petrea Heathwood ponders pet "laws" on National Park beaches in Queensland

Is it legal to take Fido for a run ashore below the high water mark on islands which are a National Park?

According to Department of Environment and Resource Management Senior Director Terry Harper "If the island is not in a Marine Park or a Recreation Management Area, dog owners would be allowed to walk their dog below the high water mark, unless of course there are other controls, such as local government regulations, preventing this."

Sounds reasonable, except most of the national park islands along the Queensland coast are also within the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park.

While national parks are a definite no-go zone for domestic animals, they only reach to the high water mark (H.A.T. for the technical). The inter-tidal zone below high water mark is part of the Great Barrier Reef Coast Marine Park.

It gets tricky here because the GBR Coast Marine Park is not the same as the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park. Stephanie Lemm of the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park Authority (GBRMPA) says it is "all the intertidal areas (tidal lands) [State waters] within the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park". That is, a state marine park adjacent to the Commonwealth GBRMP.

Marine Parks Regulation 2006, Division 6, section 141, part 2 (a) states: Aperson must not bring a domestic animal onto tidal land that is within the Great Barrier Reef Coast Marine Park and adjacent to a national park.

So there you don't go - if the beach of the island national park your dog so desperately wants to go on is within a marine park, bad luck.

Part (b) of the rule quoted above applies the same restrictions within the Moreton Bay Marine Park. There are various exemptions if the animal in question is a guide dog, guide dog trainee or part of a tourism program. (Tourism program? Don't go there)

Other Rules you may need to know about:

You may not take or allow a *living terrestrial animal* on to an island that is owned by the Commonwealth and within the (GBR) Marine Park. Unless that animal is your guide dog or hearing dog or you have written permission.

How do you know if you're on a Commonwealth island? There are 70 of them stretching from Lady Elliot Island to the tip of Cape York. I think all seventy islands will prove to be either national parks or light house islands. I asked a GBRMPA representative to confirm this, but no reply as of Dec 15.

(To be continued.....)



Pedro at St. BeesCaught on camera. But is Pedro breaking the law?



And as always, TCP very much

appreciates your letters and other

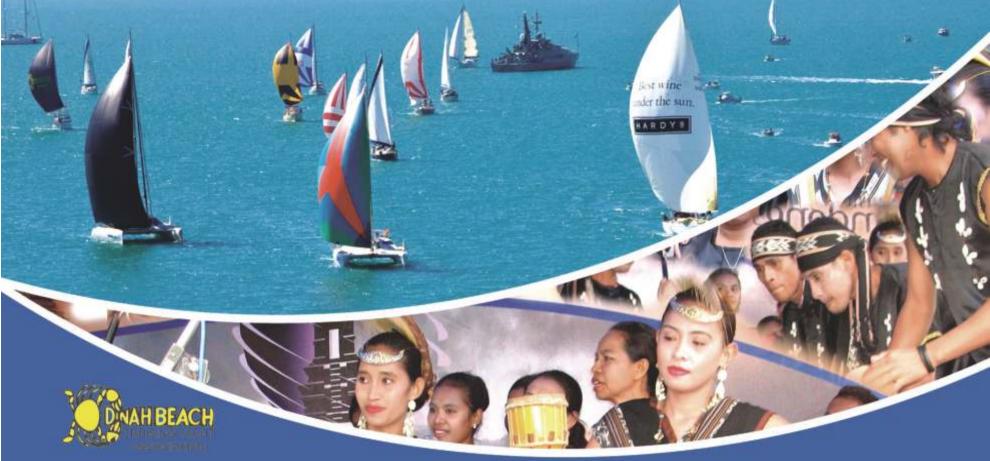
contributions that provides the rich

forum of ideas that sustains the rag.

For information on feature contribution requirements and

awards, see the TCP web site.

"contributions" page.



Darwin to Ambon 2010 Yacht Race & Rally

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

Further information available from 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



acht race

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.

Hi TCP,

etters

TCP

My name is Randall Hammond, happily living

in Indonesia with my wife and two children. I

left Australia more than eleven years ago and I

have not been back, apart from my desire to sail

the world I had had enough of the bureaucratic

interference in my life. I was also happy to find

that the "world really is your oyster" and I have

travelled to many places in the world plying my

In my travels to various places on the globe I

have met many Australians who supply no

argument to the fact that Australia has become

an over regulated country to the point where in

many cases it is impossible to comply. There

are many like me who will probably not return

and there are some who are desperately

I have just returned from two years working in

Vietnam where I considered myself an

"Australian Boat Person", I found it to be ironic

that in a communist country one enjoyed more

social freedoms than in Australia. Also in

Vietnam there is a fledgling marine business

who have found that the old communists

regime (pre free trade) had in their quest to

totally restrict access had tied up all the

waterways with bureaucratic process. The

champions of the developing marine industry

have made some inroads towards breaking

down this bureaucratic process in an attempt to

make it possible for pleasure craft to move

freely along this amazing coastline. The

present communist government have opened

up the country to free trade and have had the

foresight to realize the potential of

particularly Queensland just the opposite is taking place and it will not be long until the

Australian government will have achieved what the Vietnamese government had achieved in

The thing that I cannot understand is why

amongst the multitudes of disgruntled

Australians both overseas and "in country"

there is no VOICE, no visible dissent against

what seems to me like "Bureaucracy Gone

Mad" Perhaps I have not looked hard enough

so I would very much like to hear from "dissenters" who like me are in despair at what

I should also like to offer advise based on my

own experience to anyone who would like to

TCP has organised the email address of

randall@thecoastalpassage.com for those

that may wish to contact Randall on this

subject. Reports to TCP concur with Randall's

experience regarding Aussie boats in Asia and

the fleet preparing to leave as soon as they can.

Also, many boats are already staying in Asia

with the owners flying home on occasion

because of the bureaucratic interference and

now justified by quarantine fees being

comparable to airfare. Though some marina

managers have voiced concern to TCP for the

lost trade due to this flight of paying customers,

the state controlled "industry bodies" have

been silent on the subject along with other

boating media. So much for representing their

is happening to our country.

"be free" and move offshore.

Randall Hammond

Regards,

Bob

the old communist days; food for thought.

I find it incredulous that in Australia,

trade building luxury yacht interiors.

planning to leave for good.

deregulation.

I just went for a little sail to NC Noumea in September and back October, and was confronted with a massive hike in quarantine fees from \$120 last year to \$320 this year with promises of more to come next year reported to be over \$400 just to enter Australia.

This is more expensive than an airfare, and is the only country across the south pacific that requires payment for quarantine. I know as I sailed from the Caribbean to Bundaberg last year. No wonder we have less and less international boats coming here, and now I am putting on hold a trip next year to the Lousiades, as a kind of silent protest, and protecting mydwindling bank account.

Another whinge, yes what about QLD. Rego. What a laugh - I don't think. So, if you don't have a concession, a 13m yacht costs \$400 a year. That is unheard of for a car, so why a yacht, just because its a little longer than the average boat ramp user, (which we don't use) and we pay excessive fees if we use a marina.

This payment should be a one off or do we have a pirate in the QLD. transport dept, because these charges are outright piracy. There should be a better rating between trailer boats and ocean going boats.

Well that is out, and I don't feel any better. But maybe we can get some thing done about this if the yachting minority can get together and submit a protest to the Bligh Government.

Virginia Iliff, SY Overproof

PS: I have recently been informed the Qld. Dep. of Transport who are in control of the mooring poles where I've kept my home, have decided I cant live on board. vBut they still take my rent money.

If I lived in the port of Brisbane up the Brisbane river moored to their poles then its ok to live on the boat. Reason: the Qld. dept of trans don't have control over the port of Brisbane, as yet...

There again is the ignorance of the Qld. transport marine pirate authority, with a strokeif a pen innocent lives are made homeless, who was consulted on this rule, not me...

Hi Virginia,

We at TCP & many readers know how you feel. There are many of us that do feel bad about what's happening here in OZ... first step in getting things fixed is to let people know what's happening. Have you had time to "cruise" TCP's website? Much useful information is archived there. Since TCP began in 2003 it has covered the important issues. Unfortunately, other boating publications tend to steer away from those things...The best thing TCP can do is to keep reporting issues and give all boaties the knowledge to be able to stand up when the bad guys try to use lack of knowledge to bully people around!

Regards,

Kay

SAVE THE CORAL SEA?

G'day Kay and Bob,

The article on "Save the Coral Sea" (TCP #39) started me thinking on how the "green" thing has got out of control and how easily it could be diffused with a little factual history as opposed to the fanciful "history" our kids are taught today.

Any discussion on maximum temperatures should include the Sydney heatwave of December 1790 when the mercury thermometer, hanging in the shade and facing south, registered the equivalent of 43 degrees C. The following day it dropped a little but was up again in February. The flying foxes and "parroquettes" were falling from the trees from heat exhaustion and the newly arrived English in their woollen undies were not too flash either. That's what probably made the surviving bats "endangered".

Being yachties of some experience, Governor Phillip and his officers deduced that the excessive heat was caused by the wind direction, blowing from a large inland desert. definitely, not global warming.

A few years later an explorer named Sturt discovered a small river he named the Darling near where Bourke is now situated. To his horror, he found that the water was too salty for men or stock to drink. After following the stream for some days (not hours), he saw the water bubbling from the ground as salt springs, long before heterosexual males introduced hoofed animals to cause erosion and salinity. And let's not mention the flies.

All this information is available in old journals written by the participants, whose existence is apparently unknown to modern historians. These same lazy wine slurpers could have rectified the urban myth that Matthew Flinders and his cat were the first to sail around Australia. He gets a bronze medal. The dubious honour goes to Captain Ball (Ball's Pyramid) in the "Supply" who was sent by a starving Governor Phillip to Batavia (Indonesia) for supplies and returned the long way around West Australia. The second was a Dutch ship chartered by Ball to follow him.

Should we say sorry to our Elite Academics who find themselves unemployable in the competitive Real World and have to either attend TAFE courses to get practical experience, or find themselves condemned to the cap in hand existence of Scientific Research; every few years having to produce an earth shattering "scientific breakthrough" just when that elusive tax sucker grant is due. Imagine the marital disruption of telling the kids they will have to move from private to state schools if that grant is lost in the mail.

Not likely, with all those gullible and lazy news rooms begging for an easy day.

I have noticed that since the collapse of communism and international socialism, the people I personally know who were associated with those movements have transferred their allegiance and annual fees to the green movement which has identical goals; to wreck the capitalist system and promote themselves, probably through the Senate. An example is the banning of both coal fired power stations and the only viable alternative; nuclear.

Regards, John Herlihen, SY Golden Arrow

Hi John,

Your observations are interesting. The following is an editorial Bob wrote in TCP #5, 2003. You two may not agree on everything except that blame may be misdirected.

Save our Reef!

"Pioneer awash with herbicide.", was the headline on the small article in the June 9, 2003 Courier Mail.

If you've been reading my editorials for the last couple issues, you may recall several mentions of the problem of agricultural waste as a real issue concerning the reef, as opposed to the fictional issues of boat sullage, anti-foul and line fishing. In case you've missed them, very briefly;

1. Though the state expects boats to suffer thousands of dollars of expense and health risk to acquire holding tanks for sullage, there is no

evidence that poses any risk at all. Note that coastal communities pump their sullage in concentrate directlyinto these nearshore.

2. While the authorities say fishing must be stopped to save the reef, I've encountered no convincing evidence that is true. The reef doesn't need fish at all, but the fish need the reef. If there is a reduction in fish stocks, it's most likely a result in the reduction of habitat caused by harm to the reef, not the other way around!

The article in the <u>Courier Mail</u> went on to describe how in flood rains, large quantities of the herbicide diuron, which has been linked to massive die backs of mangroves, seagrass, and corals, was found flowing past Mackay recently. Large amounts of the chemical have been found in surveys of marine mud, and even on the outer reefs. Diuron is regularly used by the canefarming industry.

That was just the Pioneer River. How about the Johnstone, Tully, Smith, Burdekin, etc., etc., etc...

If one decides this issue on rhetoric, you would execute every boatie on the coast. However, if you decide on facts, a whole different group is in trouble.

Most cane farmers would probably accept the restrictions on chemicals if their competitors were also required to stop. But the governments fail to act. (an update; several years after this article, the state asked for voluntary reduction in herbicide use by farmers with predictable result. The Bligh government states it will require reduction but the jury is out.)

All land based dwellers and farmers have to rethink their use of water. Many of our coastal rivers are dammed. This is an important disturbance to the balance of the reefs ecology.

The people who use the reef and know it well, particularly the live fishermen, should be consulted when there are changes in usage being considered by GBRMPA. They <u>say</u> they will, but it must be only for propaganda purposes. When representatives of the fleet approach GBRMPA with legitimate concerns they are put off and finally dismissed (according to Terry Must, industry representative, Arabon Seafoods, Bowen).

I think governments "scapegoat' boaties to hide the fact that they have utterly failed their duty of care to protect the reef.

I believe fisherman and boaties deserve compensation for the degradation of our environment caused by incompetent supervision by the relevant authorities.

The reef can't be saved unless the government begins to rely on facts, not politics. The <u>real</u> and most important issues must be identified truthfully, and then whatever steps need to be taken to fix them are taken. Even if it hurts a political ally. Which do we need more, diuron, or the reef?

ED

Bob's note: Kay inserted this old article which is OK with me except I would like to note that some of the material is dated, not inaccurate but incomplete. I think the point here is that the governments position on environmental issues is suspect as policy seems decided along political lines rather than on objective information. Sadly, the Greens seem to have followed suit. The public should <u>civilly</u> discuss these issues and everything should be on the table.

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more Letters...



That rubbish and more

Hi Kay & Bob,

We have been very impressed with the rubbish cleaning operation, we hope that the boating fraternity is coming up to the challenge. It'll be so good if we can make a difference in the amount of rubbish and plastic on the beaches, and in the water.

We didn't get to the Whitsunday's this year as we were hoping to, due to other commitments. However we spent about 2 and a half wonderful weeks in Platypus Bay and the various creeks on the western side of Fraser Island. Guess what, among the frolicking whales, dolphins & turtles, the spectacular beaches and crystal clear creeks we collected quite a lot of rubbish (see photo), more than what we could carry on our small boat and interestingly, some with Asian writing. Lots of stuff from boats including hats, fishing knives and on most days a near new golf ball. Reading Alan Lucas's article about being the target of golf practice (TCP #38), we were wondering if some boaties practice shots from the boat onto shore (as we believe that golf balls don't float). We were wondering if it's a good idea to expand the rubbish collection operation to Hervey Bay Marina?

PJ had an article that got us really excited about how to keep carrots when cruising (TCP #38). We've always had problems with them and they invariably go off very quickly. We're conducting a trial on the keeping of carrots as a result of the article (keeping them in paper definitely doesn't work for us), and so far we got some good results with other methods, and if you like we could share those with you when we finish the experiment.

We've had a very good result with cleaning dust out of the computer that was getting very noisy, heating up and getting very slow. Thanks so much for that article; it saved us lots of time, frustration and money.

Cheers, Ada & Charlie TS *Geronim*o

Great to hear from the Geronimo crew!

Thank you for participating in cleaning up our shores. We hope that the fleets inclination to care for our environment is encouraged even a bit more. If everyone in Australia were as kind to the earth as the cruising fleet is the country would be a better place. We would be very pleased to know of your experiments on food storage, let us know when the facts are in! It is also rewarding to know the time taken to produce those computer articles is useful to you. It seems we won't be able to live without them anymore, so we might as well learn to live with them. I would never have thought that my Bob would ever be a computer geek. Maybe we should have a new regular section in the paper, "The Cruising Geek"?

Regards, Kay

G'day Kay and Bob,

In my recent cruise to the Solomon Islands I was asked by a couple of skippers about clearing in at Bowen. This arose because I'd cleared out from there. I just want to make it perfectly clear to your readers that whilst you may clear out from Bowen, because of a lack of AQIS personnel, it is NOT possible to clear in there. I have confirmed this with Customs very recently. I found clearing out very simple. I rang customs on 07 4786 6915 a couple of days before my planned departure. Made an appointment to be at the public wharf. They turned up and a very short time later I was on my way.

Regards, Lawrie Gubb, SY *Tropical*

TCP NOTE: The following is a letter Tony Little sent to Australian Communications and Media Authority.

Dear Australian Communications and Media Authority,

Regards your discussion paper on current procedures for obtaining a VHF marine licence. could I offer the following..

I am an authorised invigilator for Marine Radio licencing.

The current system is unwieldy, doesn't meet AQTF guidelines, (feedback, improvement, identify weaknesses)

the exam material is focussed on matters that have absolutely NOTHING to do with radio operations.

The cost of the licence is prohibitive.

The failure rate speaks for itself.

The system is a deterrent to people fitting vhf radios.

The system increases risk and decreases safety.

The Radio Operators Handbook is full of errors - they have even forgotton the phonetic 'Z - Zulu" in the alphabet!

The one final and absolutely glaring observation is this.....That to get a licence to "Operate a Marine Radio", you don't actually have to use one - you only have to answer correctly most of a bunch of questions, most of which have nothing to do with "operating" a radio.

Obviously whoever dreamed up this scheme is a professional public servant with a degree in humanities - who probably watched a Syd-Hobart on TV once!

I am available on (phone number withheld), unless I am in class explaining to the students why anything from Canberra should be viewed with suspicion.

Sincerely, Anthony Little. Dip T&AS, Jp (qual)

Dear Kay,

Just have to share a moment I had the other day at a popular anchorage. I was on the VHF with a mate anchored there that chose to leave because of a hoon on a jet ski.

I've always wondered about Jet Ski's or PWC. They don't seem to be inherently evil machines but why then, do the people that operate them tend to be such <u>%\$!!*(&@\$\$%</u>!!! Even an quiet island anchorage isn't safe. Someone had to have driven or towed their you beaut toy all the way across the straits so they could use the anchored yachts and houseboats as slalom posts for their personal amusement. It is inconceivable the operator didn't know he was disturbing the peace and annoying the place. I guess there are those sad people that take greater pleasure from that aspect of it than any thrill of being out on the water.

So when I steamed in the next day, hoping the coast would now be clear, I found it curious when I spotted on shore, dragged up past the tide, hardly visible from anchorage, the black, shiny tool of my mate's torment. I took my dinghy to shore. No one around? No camp site nearby. No boat in the anchorage that looked suspect.

In my eagerness to get my dinghy in the water, I neglected a personal duty before I left and found myself ashore with a bloated bladder. Normally that isn't information I would share but in this case it was relevant. Perhaps the most satisfying relief ever! All I can say is, it was really lucky for the jet ski owner that I didn't find the thing a little earlier in the morning.

From, "Pissed off Yachty" (but like they say, better to be pissed off than pissed on!)

Dear Kay and Bob,

Many thanks for the supply of T.C.P.s for the Birdsville Yacht Club. The letter about boarding by the heavily armed U.S. Coast Guard caught my attention. This sounds like one of my favourite stories that has been wrongly attributed to "Passagemaker". The absolutely true version goes like this.

In late 1986 I was helping an American mate bring a pretty flash 21 ft Mako tinnie back from Key West to Norfolk, Virginia. We had a beast of a V8 outboard on the stern that would push it along at over 30 knots. How much over, we were never game to find out. After cruising along the Inland Waterway for a couple of days at "no wake " speed, and it being a perfect day, we decided to take a shortcut across a stretch of ocean at considerably faster speed. At the end of a lovely ride, we again entered the canal system at a largish port in South Carolina. At the entry to the harbour we were hailed by a Coast Guard cutter and ordered to heave to as they were going to board us.

Now, I have no problem with that. It was a known entry port for drugs, we were driving a fairly swift boat of the type used by smugglers, my mate was a hairy, hippy type, and those blokes had a job to do. It did, however, get my attention when four crewmen armed with some type of (semi)automatic weapons lined up on their foredeck and cocked their weapons. Another stationed himself behind a heavy calibre (half inch) machine gun that was mounted in the bows. I have been through military training. I know what I am talking about. I also know the distinctive sound of a machine gun being cocked. Trust me. It happened. And that gun was pointed not too far away from yours truly.

The officer and two men proceeded to board, question and search in a thoroughly professional manner. At no time did the officer handle his side-arm, but the clip on the holster was undone for quick access if needed. And yes, the registration letters were still below decks in an envelope. Needless to say, I wasn't making any of my usual smart remarks that day. They were applied in double quick time, and we were let off with a courteous warning.

These law enforcement officers were doing a very dangerous job in a very professional manner, and I have no complaints. It certainly gave me a memory to treasure and a story to dine out on for the rest of my life. So that is probably the origin of the story you have heard. These things do tend to get twisted over the years. **Regards**,

Russ, SY Vanda III

Greetings Russ,

We hear you may have had good sailing in Birdsville lately!?

By a fluke, I recently found a copy of the issue of PassageMaker referred to in the previous issue (TCP # 39, page 7, "Enough of the Rumours"), and though the circumstances described in the article bear considerable resemblance to your experience back in 86, this report was contemporary and written by one of the magazines staff. Even the location in the US was very close.

The letter TCP received regarding the article was a gross exaggeration, as suspected. The USCG personnel described in the report were armed but acted professionally and at no time was a weapon pointed at people, locked, loaded or otherwise. The writer of the article commented on their professionalism and understood the circumstances.

Excusing abuses by our water police, as the letter writer to TCP attempted to do, by comparing to actions in the US is invalid in any case. Australia has never had the military armed drug cartel, smuggling issue that has plagued the US since the "war on drugs" was begun by US president Nixon. Now if they outlawed beer in Queensland, or make it just a little more expensive...

Seriously, the thought of our armed water police with a genuine rational for bullying around a disarmed population could be frightening.

We might all wind up in Asia!.. or Birdsville.

Cheers, Bob

Hi Bob,

Thanks for your comments on the letter from Barry of *White Horse. (TCP # 39 letters section, subject of requiring lights on boats in a mooring field).* With the best intentions in the world it is not always possible to ensure an unattended moored boat remains properly lit. There is always the potential for a blown bulb, flat battery or some other failure of the anchor light.

As a very sensible MSQ officer (yes, there is one) pointed out, the onus is on the skipper of any boat to keep their eyes open and proceed at a safe speed. Most of us know the frustration of entering an anchorage and finding unlit boats and mooring buoys in our path but the only safe option is to assume *nothing* is lit.

Cheers, Petrea, SY *Talisman*

Hi Kay & Bob,

I tried the stitch-it-awl and it actually works. Me being a male I could not read the instructions so I had to get lessons from someone who knew how to sew (the little woman). After reading the instructions she knew exactly what to do. I did get to use the screw driver to tighten the needle! I watched for a while then actually picked up the idea sewing. So after a couple of stitches I had it down. Easy! In fact so easy maybe I will put an ad in The Coastal Passage for *"Stevie's Custom Stitching."* My motto will be: "slow stitching is like slow sex...."

Steve Halter, SY Cheetah

more letters on page 25...



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The Vegemite Wall? The Great Firewall of Australia?

Protest Site Taken Down

A website mocking Stephen Conroy, minister for communications who is backing internet censorship, was taken down by administrative action by the auDA, the organisation that regulates domain names in Australia.

www.stephenconroy.com.au, was the site ordered taken down and access denied to the public under circumstances that created suspicion within the IT community.

The organisation, Electronic Frontiers Australia expressed its surprise and concern that the operators of the satirical protest site StephenConroy.com.au were given only three hours to justify their "connection to" the domain name.

It is unusual for operators to be offered so little time to provide those reasons. EFA spokesperson, Geordie Guy said, "At a time when criticism of the Minister around the government's proposed mandatory filtering scheme is so prolific, it's easy for Australians to be cynical about such assertive action from the domain authority particularly when we understand that other cases are usually afforded much more consideration."

The site owner has obtained a new name www.stephen-conroy.com that is not under the authority of the auDA. See the TCP web site for more.

Communications Minister, Senator Stephen Conroy has stated the Federal Government will introduce compulsory internet "filtering" next year. Though the legislation hasn't been finalised as yet the government states it will proceed. This has sparked unprecedented reaction from the IT community and regular web news readers who view the web as the most reliable information source due to it's peer review environment.

A quote from one web reader in reaction to this news, "...It is an open attempt to limit the people's ability to counter the propaganda pouring out of the mainstream media. Just despicable."

A comment on the subject from a TCP reader regarding a recent ABC broadcast also indicates a wide information gap between mainstream and the new web based media: *"I found the ABC discussion deeply disturbing. There wasn't even an attempt to air both sides of the argument - open and shut case all about porn. You either support the censorship or you support porn. I did think, obviously naively, that the ABC would make an attempt to present the whole argument."* TCP notes that ABC web coverage does balance the issue.

"It is important that all Australians, particularly young children, are protected from this material," Conroy said. "The Government believes that parents want assistance to reduce the risk of children being exposed to such material.".

But a web poll conducted by the Sydney Morning Herald showed 96% of people who participated were against the governments filter, with 4% not sure, didn't understand or were for it.

Minister Conroy stated; "Our pilot, and the experience of ISPs in many western democracies, shows that ISP level-filtering of a defined list of URLs can be delivered with 100 per cent accuracy," he said. It also demonstrated that it can

Not Found or Forbidden Error number 406 Censored

be done with negligible impact on

internet speed.'

This met with ridicule from IT professionals as no "western democracies" have ISP (internet service provider) level censorship of this type and the tests the government conducted in Australia this year indicated the opposite of the ministers claim when tested at the level the minister intends .

A list of countries that do use ISP level censoring include; North Korea, Saudi Arabia, Iran and China. According to an ABC report, one of the larger ISP's that particupated in an earlier test, iinet, backed out claiming it wouldn't work and calling it a "dead parrot".

The government said it would give grants to ISPs to voluntarily block 'other content'. This released a firestorm of reaction from web readers who claim this strongly indicates the reality that the filtering will not be confined to illegal material and the grants eguate to bribes.

ISP's can independently provide a filtered service for those that want them now if the market were there. Also the Howard government initiated a program to supply a filtering box to homes that wanted them several years ago. The current government extinguished the program, presumably due to a lack of interest.

The basic issue of protecting children and apparently all adult Australians as well, from child pornography is ludicrous according to IT professionals; *"I have worked on computers for*

20 years. Never in my life have I EVER come across child pornography. It's not going to be accessible via a run-of-the-mill webpage.

Torrents and FTP downloads, CD-ROM's and DVD's, USB sticks are the way this content is peddled."

This comment does reflect Australian Customs experience in that illegal material is most commonly reported coming into Australia in the forms described. Also, in 6 years of general web research, TCP has never accidentally discovered material described by Minister Conroy. In checking Google for this article, it was noted that there were over 4 million sites responding to the search for "child pornography". A brief look through the first 500 or so reveals law enforcement discussion and general discussion but no literal content.

Earlier this year, the "blacklist" of forbidden sites used in the filter test was leaked to media through wikileaks.org. The government denied it was the actual list but did threaten to prosecute anyone involved in distributing it. Many of the sites listed were unrelated to any illegal activity.

See the TCP web site for more including a link to the "blacklist" mentioned above and links to wikipedia and wikileaks.

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Are HF Weather Forecasts in Danger?



The BOM (Bureau of Meteorology) is having a survey regarding the current HF radio service for Marine weather.

If you use or may use the service in future, it is recommended that you find a way to have your say. As most users of the service do not have internet on their boat, thus may not have known of this survey, TCP publishes this as a service to the community.

It is feared by some that a poor response to the survey may be used as justification for it's termination. Or optimistically, this survey result may be used to improve the service.

Go direct to the web page www.bom.gov.au/marine or follow the link to "Marine Weather" from their home page. You will see the page above. Click on the link where indicated by the arrow in the above screen shot.

Then you will be directed to the screen below to begin the survey. There are about 15 to 20 one question pages depending on your responses.

Assessed Assessed Frees

MARINE WEATHER REDADCASTS INFR SURVEY

INTRODUCTION

Thank you for agreeing to participate in the Marine Weather Broadcasts User Survey. This research is being conducted on behalf of the Bureau of Methorology to obtain information on the usefulness of its high frequency (HFI marine weather broadcasts and inform ways to improve the service. The survey is being run by Market Solutions, an independent research company contracted by the Bureau to conduct the research.

Progress

Please Complete Survey No Later Than February 10 2010

if you have any technical problems with completing this survey, please contact Danielle Jenner or 03 9372 8400 or email Benner@marketsolutions.com.au .

More News.

Excalibur Conviction Quashed!

The racing Yacht Excalibur, was returning to Victoria from Hamilton Island Race week in 2002 when the keel fell off, the boat overturned and 4 people were killed in the incident. Skipper Brian McDermott and John Rogers survived and were found by a bulk carrier but Christopher Hayes, Tracey Luke, Peter McLeod and Ann-Maree Pope did not.

In 2005, a coronial inquest recommended charges be laid against the former director of the company that built the boat, Alex Cittadini, and his employee, welder Adrian Presland. It was found that the keel had been cut off while at the yard and then re-welded later and that the weld had failed causing the loss of the keel.

At trial in April of this year, Presland was acquitted and Cittadini was narrowly convicted after the judge allowed the jury to decide on a majority vote instead of a unanimous decision. Cittadini was later sentenced to 3 years jail with 18 months mandatory. But according to an ABC report, the presiding judge Stephen Norrish said at the sentencing, he was not satisfied Cittadini knew what happened to the keel. He said he believed Cittadini when he said he would have rectified the problem if he had known about it.

At that hearing Cittadini's lawyers asked for bail and lodged an appeal.

December this year a Supreme Court heard the case and decided that Cittadini was unaware of the keel having been cut and re-welded, upholding the appeal and quashing the conviction.

This case is likely to be a focus of attention in debates concerning the regulation of recreational boat building. The argument against this is that regulation probably would not have prevented the incident, however the supporters argue that at least it would have made conviction of the builder assured.



Near Death For Ten Year Old Stinger Victim

A ten year old girl will be scared for life but lucky to be alive after a savage attack from a Box Jellyfish (Chironex Fleckeri). The victim was saved once due to bystanders having vinegar at their camp site and knowing to use it and again by CPR when her heart stopped in a car meeting an ambulance.

The girls brother was also stung on the foot but not seriously injured. The girl is stable in hospital. Besides the severity of the sting, what is remarkable is that it occurred over 20k's from the ocean

in the Calliope river near Gladstone. Since that report, stings from box and irukandji have occurred near Bowen, Hamilton island (world's greatest job winner) and even three persons on the Gold coast. Cruisers are encouraged to be especially cautious this season as this *may* indicate extraordinary conditions and unusual range for the creatures.

Dangerous and small, Irukandji most lethal of all.

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A fitting memorial to Geoff Henry, OAM





Words & photos by Keith & Pattie Owen, SY Speranza

They say that the best ideas come about when friends are sharing a drink in fact, I am reliably informed that Edison discovered electricity over a Fosters or three at a neighbourhood BBQ!

Well, on this occasion, the setting was the Lighthouse Hotel at Burnett Heads. Bill from *First Light* felt it would be fitting for a memorial to be erected in memory of Geoff Henry.

Geoff had been the persona behind VMR East Mackay and had, over many years, dedicated his life to helping boats transiting waters between the Whitsunday's and Middle Percy Island. Geoff was awarded an Australian Medal in recognition of his efforts. It was often said that if you were in trouble on the water, it would be good to have Geoff in your corner. He was widely known and very well liked.

I floated the idea of a memorial with many yachties and received an enthusiastic response yes it would be good to have something to remember Geoff by. So I took it upon myself to make it all happen.

A plaque seemed to be the way to go. But what would be the most appropriate site for it? Geoff had started the VMR when he was the caretaker of Keswick Island. Could that be the spot? He then went on to Halliday Bay. How about there? What about the current VMR base at Mackay Harbour?

These options were discarded because very few boats actually visit Keswick Island and Halliday Bay these days. And, if VMR Mackay wanted to recognise one of their own, it was open to them to do so. Middle Percy Island increasingly suggested itself as the most appropriate spot for the plaque, even though Geoff had never visited the place (we believe). There is no doubt that MPI has become a "yachtie Mecca" over the years with a steady stream of boats

The Plaque Launching Party - names in no particular order: Steve and Von, SY Alcandos, Dominic, Peter and Michael, SY Flash Cash, Chan, Paul, Keanu and Cheyenne, SY Mango, Dudley and Jenny, SY Tropical Cat, Mark, SY Papa Xray, Keith & Pattie (Pattie not in photo she had photographer duties - thanks Pattie!), SY Speranza, Kate MPI, Ernst who helps Cate on the island & Alistair, a visitor to MPI.

calling each sailing season. There is the famous A-Frame and the new lessees of the Island, Cate and John, have restored the place to its former "welcome haven" status.

We thought about the A-Frame. But the building is festooned with the boat signs of passing craft. Somehow that didn't seem to gel with what we were trying to achieve. But a memorial plaque erected in the forecourt of the A-Frame would be seen by everyone going into the building. Cate and John were very supportive. So that became the spot.

Having determined the site, we then ordered the plaque. A size of 300 x 200mm. seemed about right

Donations towards the cost were received from a wide group of people who knew Geoff. I am very pleased to acknowledge the contribution received from *The Coastal Passage*. This means that the readership of *TCP* can rightly feel that they have a stake in the final outcome. So, when you next visit MPI and see the plaque, I hope you feel a sense of personal involvement. Thanks Kay and Bob!

We picked up the completed plaque when we were in Abel Point Marina. I went to the marina chandlery to purchase some steel rods and jointing compound to attach to it. The person serving me was curious as to what I was up to. So, I showed him the plaque and he said "That's terrific I'll give you 10% off the bill!" Thank you, Quadrant Marine.

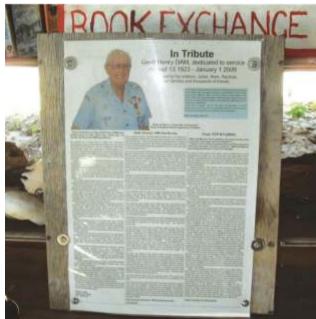
We then sailed to MPI. It was an eerie feeling having Geoff's plaque on board it was almost as if he was with us. We went past Geoff's notorious Ripple Rocks off Cape Conway, near his (and our) favourite Thomas Island and on through the many anchorages that Geoff logged so often. We spent the night at Homestead Bay on St. Bees near where Geoff's ashes are scattered. It was as if we were taking Geoff on a farewell cruise!

The initial idea was to mount the plaque on a rock in the MPI A-Frame forecourt. However, the logistics of getting a bloody big and heavy rock to the site lead us to consider a Plan B. A cairn made out of smaller stones was much more feasible. Pattie and I fossicked along the hill near the boat shed and Cate was good enough to bring a trailer on the quad bike to get the raw material down to the A-Frame. Our attempt at dry stone cairn construction is not too flash, but the plaque has been mounted and is there for all to see.

Some visitors may not be familiar with Geoff's exploits, so we laminated a page of a *The Coastal Passage* edition (TCP #34, pg 3) which came out after Geoff's passing away. People can read what an extraordinary person he was and why it is so fitting to remember him. The laminated page has been erected in the A-Frame above the book exchange.

When construction was completed, all the crews of the boats in West Bay came in for sundowners where we "launched" the plaque and drank to Geoff's health.

Our thanks go to Cate and John as they now become the custodians of Geoff Henry's memorial plaque. Cate has also erected a plaque in memory of her cousin, Andy Martin, who was the lessee of MPI for many years and built the A-Frame, the Tree House and more.



The laminated page of The Coastal Passage #34 in Tribute to Geoff Henry.



Middle Percy Islands, West Bays "A Frame" with Geoff's plaque



GOLD COAST

Marine Centre

Hydraulic Trailers and 70t Lift
Refit Bays (open & lockable) to 85'
30 Berth Marina for vessels up to 85'
25,000m2 Hardstand & Service Area



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P 07 55 000 000 www.goldcoastmarinecentre.com.au



QUEENSLAND'S marine rescue services provide an excellent repeater network enabling them to communicate over large areas, way beyond the range of normal ship station VHF range.

Repeaters make this possible by using a duplex channel, a method of receiving a transmission on one frequency and almost simultaneously sending the message on another frequency. If the same frequency was used, the repeater would jam the originating signal.

Ship and shore station radios sold around the world use several pre-programmed groups of frequencies which are given agreed channel numbers. The two most common modes are International and USA. All repeaters in Australia require the use of International mode. Use of other modes will prevent communication as the frequencies used in duplex channels will not match.

Repeaters are usually located in elevated and unobstructed locations to give a line of sight transmission to and from ships at sea that would otherwise be over the horizon at sea level.

Gladstone VMR, for example, has a repeater on Queensland's second highest geographical feature (some consider calling Mount Larcom, at 629 metres high, a mountain, a generous use of the noun).

This gives the repeater a coverage of more than 3,000 square miles of sea. Vessels and stations more than 120 miles apart may communicate using this volunteer funded service.

VHF is in effect a line of sight radio band that may have greater range with higher power outputs but is typically only capable of a range of twenty miles or so from a mast head antenna or three miles with a hand held radio at sea level. Remember, radio communication will be heard by all stations scanning the channel you use. Chatter between vessels within sight of each other is best carried out on a simplex channel at the lowest possible power. Calls using a repeater will be heard over thousands of square miles!

Safety messages, weather information and emergency radio traffic is therefore available to vessels working the Great Barrier Reef, more than 40 nautical miles from the coast.

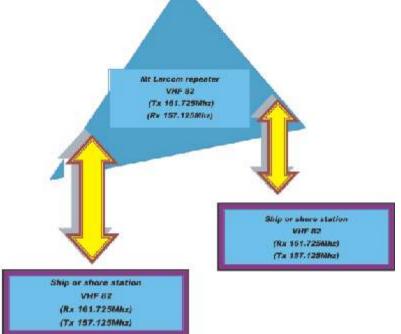
In Queensland, the spacing of VHF repeaters is achieved by alternating the repeaters along the coast so a radio signal will not fire off more than one repeater. Unfortunately, atmospheric conditions can cause skip which can result in a Cairns repeater being fired by a signal transmitted in Brisbane!

The congestion caused by these conditions can be trying if you can hear a busy area like the Mackay/Whitsundays in another busy area like Yeppoon where they both use VHF 21. These conditions often occur ahead of the passing of a trough. (The observation of this phenomenon can aid passage planning as part of on board weather forecast interpretation).

In many cases the repeaters are established in very high locations and may allow ships to transmit a message over long distances, even on low power settings.

To check repeater access, select the channel and 'key' the mic, upon release of the key a short break in squelch will be heard (static sound). This sound, called 'the tail', is the repeater being activated from your transmission. Repeaters will often, time out, or switch off, to prevent transmitter burn out from excessively long ship transmissions.

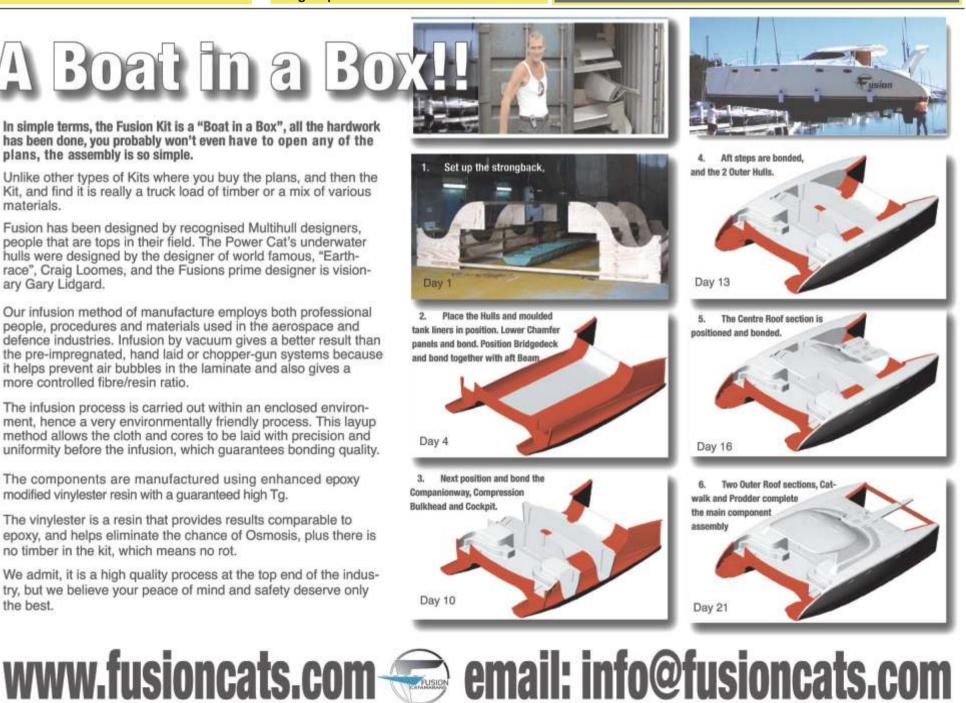




The repeater receive (Rx) and the transmit (Tx) frequencies are reversed to ship and shore stations. If the same frequency was used the repeater would jam the originating signal. Ship stations are unable to transceive directly to each other using duplex channels.

Duplex VHF channels available in International mode for use in Queensland are Channels 21,22,80,81 and 82.

These and any other duplex channel on your VHF will not provide you with ship to ship communication without the presence of a repeater station. Check your radio manual for the correct use of VHF channels.



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"Just wait till you get to Malaysia!" Anne learns the truth about cheap goods

& services in South East Asia

Story & photos by Anne Wilson, SY Hybreasail

Every good discussion starts with sharing a bottle of wine with friends, and as the night wore on and one bottle became two the excitement around the room became almost tangible as Brian and I discussed our proposed sailing adventure to South East Asia.

We related what we expected to find along the way, especially as many people had earlier told us of the friendliness of the people of whose countries we would be visiting and much laughter could be heard as we discussed the issues that we might have to face with the authorities of various countries. One of Brian's particular interests was the drawcard that we would be able to have work done on our boat at a fraction of the price of getting it done in Australia. Indeed the cost of various goods and services was talked about at length.

"Just wait till you get to Malaysia" we were told, "you can get your boat repainted refitted, repaired it's sooo cheap", "Go to Thailand and get the work done on the boat. the prices are to die for."

These were the sorts of comments that friends and many others were telling us. All the comments were made in good faith as I am sure that just a few years ago the prices were good with the cost of getting the boat repainted, refurbished, etc.; everything indeed being cheaper than Australian prices - but not today.

A Year Later

After having received quotes for repainting and minor repair work on Hybreasail and having listened to the quotes received by others who wanted similar work done I would have to say "Yeah sure, your right about that, the prices certainly are to die for, they nearly kill you. Cheaper than what I ask"?

It certainly isn't the price that many yachties especially Brian and I were lead to believe we could get. In fact, in many cases it seems that Thai and Malaysian pricing has caught up with and overtaken Australian pricing. Indeed for many boaties the prices are now fast approaching the prohibitive, yachties need to be aware that prices are not the "super affordable" that they once were.

The cost of spare parts from chandleries and boat shops has become outrageous (especially as most of the parts are made in Malaysia, Thailand, Indonesia or China). I could not understand why parts made in countries so close were so expensive; it felt like boaties are a captive audience and are being charged accordingly.

The other issue that I feel needs airing is the 'them and us' pricing strategy. The blatant overpricing of many goods and services by the local shopkeepers and purveyors of goodwill just because we appear to be tourists. One example was of a taxi driver that we had hired for the day who told us that the cost of a fare to Krabi from Phuket Town for a local was 120baht one way, yet the same fare for a western person was 600 baht. A big difference by anyone's standards, you might like to guess who was asked to buy the ticket.

However, one has to qualify the above statements and say that there



are a few exceptions to this overpricing issue and one area is in regard to antifouling. The best that can be done is to check your prices at the various stores before making your purchase. An informed decision is better than an add hock impulse buy. It is also suggested that people call or email (emailing being the preferred mode of communication) the various boat yards or marinas that you may consider using to haul out. The prices can vary significantly and there can be added extras that may need to be addressed. The cost of repainting is also questioned and can vary in price as well as finishes with the rating going from good to very good. If you do find a reasonable quote then "jolly good for you". So after having made the above comments re: the cost of getting work done on boats, it must be remembered that in South East Asia boating is considered to be a lifestyle for

people with lots of money.

Consequently, I see this as a problem for many boaties, especially those on a lean budget. There is amongst many in the boating fraternity a feeling that we are being given the bum steer either advertently or inadvertently by being told about the cheapies that abound although I certainly don't mind if I am corrected on this matter

Another unrelated issue to the above concerns the various government bodies that we had to deal with. They all love paperwork. They also love things stamped and in triplicate. Some of them asked for monies and will then receipt at a lesser amount, whose pocket did the money fill one asks. They all require numerous copies of your crew list, boat registration, passport, and clearance from your last port of call.

Many boats including ours had a

photocopier on-board that proved to be very useful. Others had to hotfoot it to get photocopies, however other than the bureaucratic shuffling we found the officials to be very courteous, friendly and helpful.

I have also found that it pays to carry a couple of cold cans of drink in the fridge for any officials who may come on board and may be thirsty.

When is it good to buy cheap?

Local foods are cheap, especially when eating at the hawker's stalls. It's cheaper to eat out than to cook onboard. Or maybe it's the fact that I am really tired of having to put together a meal when all I have to do is get in the dinghy go to the beach, go down the street and buy a meal already made.

There is no preparing and no using gas, especially as it's so hot there. I don't want the boat to get any hotter than it already is. If we eat out there is no having to wash up and the choice of meals can be endless.

I like the various local dishes and always try to eat were the locals eat. To date, the food has been great and the pricing even better. I tend to stay away from very touristy areas, as this generally forces the prices up and the quality of food is not always that good. We have suffered very little from the so-called "Bali Belly."

While the food is cheap, some food items bought from a supermarket are astronomically expensive given what they are, but in many cases they did have to come from Australia. I can't understand the pricing structure Vis a Vis food products going to Australia from Asia vs. Australian products coming into Asia. Obviously the free trade agreement works for some and not others.

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Another cheapy is the fuel. Both diesel and unleaded is cheaper than Australian prices, although again there can be a catch. Some fuel sellers like to make their dollar, or should I say their unleaded fuel go further. They do this by adding two parts unleaded to one part kerosene. This brings the quality and the quantity of actual fuel costs down, but they do not tell you the end user.

We wondered why our motors were not performing as well as they had, until a chap in Borneo finally told us that this was a widespread practice throughout Indonesia. We found that kero in the petrol reduced the octane level to approx 82 percent octane. 'Ouch!'. The octane is already lower than we were used to. It became very noticeable that were getting less nautical miles per litre. Added to our worry of kero and low octane was the fact that the litre measurements are also different. Expect to get at least 2 litre less in a 20-litre jerry can. When purchasing fuel you will constantly be told that you are wrong and no amount of discussion will make any difference.

So in most cases we just gave up and after emptying fuel into our motors we then had to go back and buy the extra litres required. No regard was there to the fact that boaties need a certain amount of fuel to get them from point A to point B especially as we spent more time motoring than sailing. So whilst I say the fuel is cheaper - it is but at what cost? Beware of the kero in your fuel.

Clothes are worth buying, but space is often an issue on boats, and in the end do you really need it or is it just a whim? A cheap tee shirt can look good before the first wash and then the arms begin to grow or the body of the shirt pulls down at the sides and rises up in the middle.

Sometimes the clothes just aren't what we would wear back home, so cheap doesn't always mean good. If its presents you are wanting to send home there are bargains to be had. Keep your whits about you and you can bargain. I know of one boatie who would sell his mother for a bargain, but do

you really want to sell your dear old mum to get something for 10 ringets cheaper?

The other good old tried and true adage is that you get what you pay for, so when buying items whatever they may be at a cheaper price, remember what you paid for it and its only a bargain if it works well, is useful and used often and you purchased the item in a fair manner, not haggling to get the guy down to a few cents, rupias, baht, etc. I have bought shoes that fell apart on the third wear. I know I am hard on shoes and I could have taken them back in Australia, but you can't always do that in Asia. But hey, if the price is right...

I do have good news for those who like the occasional drink of wine, spirits and particularly beer because all three are very cheap especially in Langkawi. It's a duty free area. I saw lots of yachties having slabs of beer delivered to the jetty ready to put into their dinghies and onto their boats.

That certainly saves time. Also having someone else do most of the hard work is nice. I am also amazed to be able to buy Australian wine at less than half the price on the shelves in Australian stores.

It's nice at the end of the day after having paid the bill to sit back and relax and bend the elbow while discussing with our fellow yachties the fact that the waterline has certainly been lowered.

My Favourite Cheapy

Now here is one that I really like. It's the phone calls back to Australia. I hope that by this time the reader will have assumed that I am an Australian and I love being able to keep in contact with our family. But what I want to know is why is the cost of an international call soooo much cheaper especially in Indonesia and Malaysia than dare I say Telstra international calls? Well it just is, believe me. Just ask your local service provider (in whatever Asian country you may be in) from whom you have purchased your mobile prepaid card and they will give you the number to ring as prefix to your Australian number. Now I can say that I am really happy. I have finally found something that I love to do and is cheap!

I am the first one to admit to loving a bargain, but not if it's at the expense of others. Be aware of who you are dealing with and be patient. It does no good if you loose your cool with people, and above all else be courteous and respectful to others, because the bottom line is that we are in a different country dealing with people whose ways may differ greatly to our ways. Enjoy your sail through South East Asia.

So now I can say that our friends were right and the people are very friendly.



Anne with her best mate, Brian

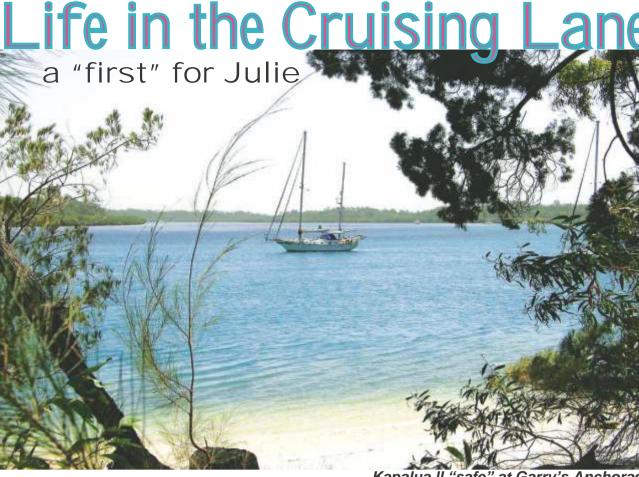
I have been a photographer of sorts for the past 5 years and am a writer of sorts of short stories and poetry. My husband Brian, the Skipper of our 12mtr. Schionning catamaran *Hybreasail* and I have been sailing for the past year through Indonesia, Singapore, Malaysia and Thailand and in most cases we have had a ball. *Hybreasail* has looked after us well as we cruised the balmy waters of South East Asia with the view to heading back to Australia via any island that takes our fancy.



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Story & photos by Julie Hartwig Crew aboard SY Kapalua II

Being invited by our good friends Pam and Len to join them aboard their lovely Transworld 41 Kapalua II for a 3-4 week cruise was a "no brainer". Pack a few bags, stock the boat with a small mountain of supplies, cast off the mooring lines and head north out of Tin Can Bay. While I've been sailing for 5 years, this was my first "major" cruise, having previously only been away for a few days at a time. I'd never been out of sight of land and never sailed at night. The cruise promised to deliver a few "firsts".

The cruise got off to a great start with a magic four-sail reach to the mandatory overnight stop at Garry's Anchorage, the only really safe all weather anchorage in the Sandy Strait. As if on cue, a howling 35 knot north-westerly kept us there for two nights, but gave a chance to tidy the boat and stash things that we'd left lying around in our haste to be gone

A day motoring in flat calm conditions took us to a lovely anchorage east of Little Woody Island. Gorgeous sunset, dugongs and turtles around the boat at Beer O'clock, but we would learn later that this anchorage was only suitable in calm weather.

Another day motoring to Rooney Point put us right in the heart of whale country, and we experienced some magical whale watching. To hear the whale song through the hull, then to be up on deck in the middle of a flat calm moonlit night with stars reflecting in the sea, listening to the whales playing around the boat was fantastic.

Deayo

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Kapalua II "safe" at Garry's Anchorage

provided an opportunity to do an overnighter to Lady Musgrave, where we were met by friends Don and Kay from Sequel Too. After 3 days exploring the lagoon and island, we upped anchor and headed west to Pancake Creek, sailing all the way under cloudless blue skies with 10-15 knot SE-E winds. Kapalua was in her element, averaging 6 knots and cracking 7 as we surfed down following swells.

As we entered Pancake Creek, Murphy decided that we'd had it too good for too long. When the foredeck crew went to drop the pick, the anchor windlass had an electrical dummy spit and no amount of pressing the remote would make it send the chain over the side. Thankfully, my partner Jon is something of an expert at manhandling anchors (we have a Cole 28 that does not have a windlass) and the anchor went to the bottom, though with rather less control that the windlass provided.

The hiccough with the windlass forced us to review our plans at that day's celebration of Beer O'clock. Having no windlass meant some poor sod was going to have to man-

The continuing excellent weather window handle the CQR and its prodigious amount of chain up every time we wanted to stop somewhere, so we'd have to limit how many times we did that. But for the moment, we decided to enjoy Pancake Creek.

We ventured ashore to walk to Bustard Head Lighthouse. Setting off across "Dead Tree Swamp" behind the low shore dunes, it was a relief to discover that previous yachties had thoughtfully marked the track with an ingenuity only a yachtie could possess: there were beer cans and plastic bottles stuck on branches and fastened to tree trunks, ribbons tied to branches and wooden signs painted with arrows to show the way. But basically, we followed the power lines to the top of the hill, where the marked track entered the bush and emerged on the cliff top and provided a fantastic view of Clews Bay and the Middle and Outer Rocks. The track continued to climb and rejoined the power lines. Wildlife was abundant and there were lots of wildflowers and beautiful white grevilleas on the last section up to the lighthouse, which was quite steep and uneven and rather hard going.

It was a relief to reach the top and

emerge in the breeze again. Terrific views down to Round Hill Head and far out to sea. The lighthouse, white paint sparkling in the sunshine, and surrounding buildings and grounds looked very neat, tidy and well maintained. So thank (See Stuart Buchanan's article "Light of Their

Lives" in TCP#39.) You have done an amazing job to preserve this icon of Queensland's maritime history.

We followed the main road to the Jenny Lind Creek lookout, where a panoramic view took in Round Hill Head, Bustard Bay, Jenny Lind Creek, Upper Pancake Creek and Rodd Harbour. It would have been nice to continue down to Jenny Lind Creek, but we had missed "Elevenses" and the thought of having to trek back up what was quite a steep hill in the heat of the day was enough to make that as far as we ventured.

Back at the lighthouse, we stopped at the cemetery, where nine graves stood in the sandy clearing, each surrounded by a white picket fence. The headstones told the story of a hard life and many sacrifices for those who lived in the area. Some of the graves belonged to children, one only seven weeks old.

The trip back down the hill to the boat seemed to take less time than the trip up, but the round trip took us over three hours and was quite exhausting as much of the track was in the lee of Bustard Head where little or none of the lovely breeze blowing on the top of the hill reached us.

Returning to the boat, Len announced that while we had all been very good with our water consumption to date, we would have to be super conservative as we had only three quarters of a tank left about 150L. Whether we liked it or not, we were going to have to go into port to fill up with water at some stage in the near future. We debated our options north to Gladstone or south to Bundaberg but the decision would ultimately rest in the you, Stuart and Friends. hands of the weather gods.

continued next page..

Those Magical whales!

First whale sighting crossing Platypus Bay



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Julie the Galley Wench Winch covers make great chefs hats!



four boats were sheltering in Garry's and with

Bustard Head Lighthouse, and(below) a Sandy Strait Sunset

After three idyllic days in Pancake, the northerlies were forecast to get up so we headed south for Bundaberg. Lifting the anchor was an operation that required military precision as the CQR had a lot of chain down and was well dug in, but the "operation" went like clockwork and we headed for Bundy in awful conditions with hardly any wind and a big swell.

"Cruising Lane" continues...

On the way south we motor-sailed through huge slicks of coral spawn and saw more dolphins, whales and turtles. The wind and seas gradually increased and by the time the sun went down we were still a long way short of Bundy. Perkins, our engine room crew, had developed a bad rattle and a small oil leak from a loose oil filter. It was about this time that we decided the Seventh Wave had brought along his cousins, Eight and Nine as larger waves were coming in after the seventh (or waves Five and Six were on steroids!) Bundy Port Marina looked awfully good.

The ride up the fairway in the dark was hair-raising under Perkins and a full main; 25 knots on the starboard beam, a couple of metres of sea and swell on her quarter, and a few knots of tide up her stern, Kapalua scooted along, cracking 7 knots with Len driving "the old lady" like Wild Oats XI! We were well over-canvassed but as there was nowhere safe to drop the main we rode it out.

There were so many lights it was very confusing and as I'd never entered Port Bundaberg in daytime let alone at night, I had no idea what any of it looked like and felt beam reach with 10 knots of easterly breeze rather useless, much like a spare wheel in a car boot.

Twenty minutes later we were in the shelter of the Burnett River but the "Fairway Rollercoaster" was nothing compared to the fun we had getting into our berth at the Port Marina. It was dark, not much light at the marina means purple pile caps don't look much different from black, red or green ones

the fritz! With the aid of Len in the tender, the skill of much practice, a judiciously applied bow thruster and helping hands on the dock, Pam managed to thread Kapalua between docks and a rather large "gin palace" in the berth next door, and by eight o'clock we were safe alongside with the Captain Morgan flowing more than a little freely

Being Saturday, no courtesy buses were running, so we hired a car (the marina's \$35 a day car hire was just too good to go past), restocked, did a pile of washing, gave Perkins the once over, sorted out anchors (the windlass had been declared totally unserviceable), refilled the water and fuel tanks and prepared to leave the next day. By then a howling north-westerly had set in that saw us marooned in Port Bundy for a week

When we finally got away, it was into surprise, surprise near windless conditions and thankfully a fairly flat sea. The forecast was for 10-15 knot north-easterlies with seas to one metre perfect for heading south. We motored out of the Burnett River just after sunrise with Perkins' rattle worse than ever. However, given the chance to observe the engine operating in a calm sea, the cause was finally identified as a loose engine mount; an easy fix provided Perkins held together long enough to get us to our

overnight anchorage at Little Woody Island. By mid-morning, we were on a four-sail and an almost flat sea. Magic sailing conditions; but as usual, Murphy decided to spoil the sailing party and by the time we passed the Fairway Buoy and entered the Sandy Strait late in the afternoon, the wind had increased to 25 knots, gusting 30. The seas were two metres plus; Kapalua was rolling like the proverbial barrel and we'd reduced sail to a full main. One look at the

at night and all our torches decided to go on mass of whitecaps rolling past the "Woodies" gave us no option but to carry on down the Strait.

> Passing Kingfisher Bay, the wind was up to 30 knots, gusting 35, and we were heading into a wind on tide situation about as bad as it gets in the Strait. We couldn't get a chilling out in Garry's. The raptors which desperately needed reef in the main and one of the runners had torn its cringle out of the luff just above the first reefing point. Everything was really getting a bit out of hand! I mean, these were supposed to be the "smooth waters" of the Great Sandy Strait! We finally got the main down off River Heads, and as we motored past Ungowa, the wind and seas began to abate and twelve hours after leaving Bundaberg, we anchored in the lee of Bookar Island opposite South White Cliffs.

After a surprisingly quiet night and a few tweaks to Perkins' engine mounts, we were ready to run for shelter at Garry's Anchorage. The only thing stopping us was the tide at Sheridan Flats. While we waited, the wind quickly got up to 25 knots again and a whale and calf came by, heading south towards Sheridan! We notified the Coast Guard, but

soon after the whales were thankfully sighted heading north again. The anchor raising

exercise was again conducted with military precision, lots of back slapping all round; and we motored the short distance to Garry's. By the time we arrived outside the entrance, the wind was blowing 35-40 knots from the north-west vastly different from the forecast - but by this stage we had learned to "be aware that wind gusts may be up to 40% stronger etc., etc.". Twenty-

our anchoring woes, it took a while to find a space big enough to drop the pick. We didn't want to think about lifting the anchor if we dragged.

We spent the last few days of our cruise swooned around lazily on thermals above the anchorage were amazing. Bushfires had been raging on Fraser Island for several days and were burning over the next ridge; a wind shift was all it would take to bring the fires down on Garry's (which we later learned happened after we left).

We motored back to Tin Can Bay, seeing lots of turtles, dolphins and even a Wobbygong Shark off The Bluff. The sea at Inskip Point was a like a mirror, but past Big Mick (T1), the wind shifted east and quickly built to ten knots, giving us a lovely two-sail reach home.

After a wonderful 23 day cruise (Captain Morgan did a marvellous job of erasing memories of the rough bits!) one thing became clear: life in the cruising lane was an easy one to slip into.







Story & photos by Jan Forsyth, SY Sea Wanderer

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

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

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

As we braced our selves on board, the yacht's engine was pushed to slow ahead to ease the now straining anchoring system. However, as waves were breaking over the pitching bow, sluicing over the deck and cabin, the Captain (when things are tough) felt he had to don waterproofs and make his way up to the bowsprit to check the nylon snubber for chafe. I stood in horror grasping the helm as he almost disappeared from sight on the plunging bowsprit. Terrible thoughts flew through my head of him washed off deck leaving me in charge of the frightened monster that our boat had become. How would I get him back on board if breaking waves swept him away? Would he be thrown onto the rocks that appeared too close for comfort now? Who could I call on the radio when everyone was intent on their own problems?

Something grey and large loomed out of the storm and then slipped away; another yacht I thought and prayed his anchor would eventually grasp the bottom. Then after what seemed an hour but in fact was only minutes the skipper appeared at my side soaked and shivering but satisfied that our snubber and anchor were holding. I gladly handed the helm over, putting to bed my visions of rescue and heroism and sat up to watch the mayhem, secure in the knowledge that we weren't going anywhere at the whim of the storm.

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

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

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

The radio, silent during the turmoil, now throbbed with calls for assistance. One charter boat was calling frantically, desperate as he had rising water in the bilges, yet another charter yacht was anxious for someone to pick up his passengers who, we gathered had never been at sea before, and were demanding a hotel room and the next flight home.

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

Leaving the coastline not because of bad weather but because we were looking for adventure, it was interesting and informative to listen to international cruisers about their tales and experience of weather. I learnt that between 10 degrees either side of the equator, in what is traditionally called the Horse Latitudes; there are rarely typhoons or cyclones. However, in order to make up for this particular lack of activity, Mother Nature decreed that storms of great electrical abundance reign.

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Whitehaven Beach, just before the storm



Calm before the storm



Here it comes!

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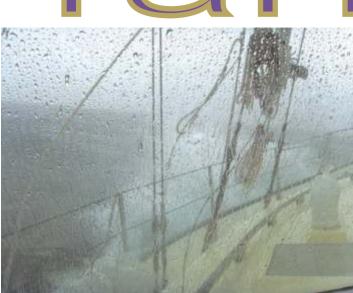


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Right in the middle of it!



The Skipper checks the anchor

While on our way up through Indonesia from Borneo to Singapore in company with three other cruising yachts, we were caught in the black of night in one of these frightening electrical storms. Three hours into the trip it hit, there was no shelter, nowhere to go except onward and into the strengthening storm. Lightening bolts struck the sea all around the boat and deafening thunder rolled just above us. It was in the middle of this mayhem that we received a call from one of the boats about half a mile ahead. They had taken a lightening hit and their cabin was filling with smoke. Fortunately they were able to contact us via their hand held VHF which was saved by being

Tempest continues....

stored in the microwave (which acted as a Faraday Cage) all other electronics were lost. Terrifying enough to be hit but to smell smoke, a sailor's worse nightmare, meant something could be alight and the boat likely to sink into the black malicious sea.

They managed to get the boat back on course through skill and determination thankfully it was discovered that the smoke was from burnt out wiring and not life threatening. They were able to make the rest of the passage sailing through the night to a quiet anchorage and assess the damage. Everything electrical was in smoky ruins however, the boat was able to make Singapore for repairs and the skipper and crew are still sailing.

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

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

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

I happened to remark, as we settled in the cockpit sipping sundowners and watching the bright orange sun tumble into a pastel sea, that for once, the sky was clear and that we should experience a calm and restful night's sleep. The previous evening, we had to anchor a couple of miles off the coast in shallow

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

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

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

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

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

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

We were experiencing the legendary "Sumatra".

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

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

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



Jan, looking out over Whithaven Beach, on a quiet day...



Dodging Cyclones... if you can, but what to do when you can't



Post Larry, Johnstone River, B. Norson photo

By Bob Norson

Cyclone strategy is a very personal thing. This article may be helpful to sailors doing their first season in the north and parts of it may add to the information experienced yachtys already have.

Living up north on a boat has it's virtues and risks. The virtues are apparent but the cyclone risk is easily put in the too hard basket... she'll be right mate!

At times you have to look at the possibility of running south(to attempt) to get out of the cyclone belt OR... figure out how to mitigate the risk OR... over-insure.

We chose #2, mitigate the risk. When we lived in the cyclone zone our boat was kept at Bowen Harbour and Mackay Marina. There just wasn't much for alternative around Bowen but the harbour is good natural protection. In Mackay Marina, the marina itself is top notch and behind a rock wall. No marina or harbour can be called cyclone proof until it takes a direct hit from a cat 5 storm and survives relatively unscathed. So no matter where you are a plan "B" is a good thing ... unless you relish the idea of being the crash test dummy.

The good thing about cyclones is (and there aren't many good things) they tend to move slow enough that modern forecasters can give you time to act IF YOU HAVE A PLAN. But sometimes you aren't handy to the bolt hole you have sussed out or maybe you are a foreign boat in Queensland waters.

Local holes! We found that it can be rough competing for the nearest and easiest. My favourite place will be the one just past the obvious and is usually surrounded by mangroves.

Port Newry anchorage is a few

hours sail north of Mackay. A good anchorage but not a storm hole. However, there are a few creeks behind it, one of them is well known; that is Victor Creek. At crunch time Victor would be chockers so we had a look around at the others. Cluny is the next one. With our tender loaded with esky and handheld sounder(we were the first on the block to get one of those little beauties!) we had a look. Our old steely had a 6.5 ft draft and there was no way we could just steam into the creek but we did find enough water to get in on a tide. We found the best water in a line between the creek entrance and the passage between Rabbit and Inner Newry. With the shelter provided by Rabbit and Newry islands, working a tidal entrance in this case was doable.

Inside the creek we found better water for quite a distance in. We had our hole! This has been our deep dark secret for quite a while but in talking to a of couple old timers, can't claim it as our invention. We'll call it our re-discovery. I was told that the old Fairmiles (see below for details) that serviced the island resorts 40 years ago used Cluny Creek for storm shelter.

For boats caught out between the Whitsunday's and Mackay, that creeks

What if the VHF lights up with warnings right now? The rivers at and immediately south of Cookie are well known. The Endeavour, Packer Creek, and Trinity Inlet are all relatively easy to enter and have a reasonable amount of room or access to sheltered marinas.

The one further south and slightly less known is Mourilyan Harbour. With it's deep entry and immediate shelter it would be my pick for the coast between Cairns and Hinchinbrook. The open area near the sugar wharf is poor shelter in a cyclone as Larry amply demonstrated. The boats that had the best chance to survive in that part of the harbour were on the piles and some removed their stern line to allow the boat to swing to face the wind and reduce windage as a result. Most of the boats left in the open harbour were found in the mangroves later... see photos at right



The Moresby River which creates the harbour, is good shelter if you get deep enough into it. Petrea Heathwoods report in TCP # 19 was evidence of that. That is where her and Dennis kept their two boats during Cyclone Larry. Petrea reported that other than stuff being tossed around inside, no serious damage.

The Johnstone River into Innisfail has it's good shelter but the bar is unstable enough that I wouldn't want to chance it with a blow on it's way. But if you are there already, the town reach was beat up pretty bad during Larry. Some boats wound up in backyards of homes, some were washed downstream by flood and some were OK. I found some boats sheltering in a Creek off the river (Ninds Creek I believe? See photo top of page). They did just fine though the trees above them were stripped bare of leaves and even bark!

continued next page ...

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that is always on my mind ..

what hole am I closest to?

coast in cyclone season

They were designed for prefabricated assembly. Various boatyards were contracted for components. Between 1940 and 1945 over 1000 of them were

constructed worldwide.

Fairmiles wore many hats. Some were configured as submarine chasers, ambulance launches, motor launches, torpedo boats, etc. They were about 110 to 115 feet long with a beam of about 18 feet. Depending on equipment and use, they had speed of 20 to 30 knots. After the war many found use in the commercial and tourism markets. Several operated around the Whitsunday's and other areas around Australia. Also Canada, the USA and South Africa. There are fine examples still afloat.



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Johnstone River in Innisfail, post Larry

B. Norson photo

Hinchinbrook Island, Missionary Bay? I would prefer the numerous shelter opportunities of the channel.

Townsville has a lot of local craft to shelter and I wouldn't want to fight it out with the fleet. Ross Creek would be my hope if cornered. Otherwise run for...

Bowen: probably the best protection around. The greatest danger there would be from other boats that haven't done the right thing in the confines of the piles but Mike Smith , the harbourmaster and staff go beyond the call of duty to prepare the place in case of a storm.

Airlie Beach has Abel Point Marina. Rock wall facing north. Easy to get in but would vacate the boat. The bad northerly storm of February 07 didn't overwhelm the rock wall but the moored and anchored boats were savaged.

The Whitsunday anchorages: Nara, Macona and Gulnare inlets, among others, could be shelter. The holding is excellent and there is a lot of room but bullets can come screaming over the hills.. If you aren't carrying real storm ground tackle you wouldn't want to risk it. The good part is, easy entry. Except for Gulnare, any vessel, any tide works, and if it is already blowing that could be very important. If you aren't familiar with the place, leave plenty of room for the fringing reefs as well other vessels. That aside, get up as far as you can.

Mackay: The Marina is rock wall protected and in bad storms water blasts over it on a high tide but so far so good. If I knew something really bad was coming I would try to get lifted out if there were time. The boat yard is designed to be very tough. The cradles are massive and the concrete slabs have steel rungs to lash boats down in case of a blow. It is designed for cyclones. I don't like the Pioneer River in town. Where there is water it is exposed. Where it isn't exposed up the mangroves there is little water. It would take local knowledge and quick response to find a good spot I think.

Middle Percy Island: The Boat Harbour or Lagoon or whatever you want to call the inlet from West Bay could be a saviour if no better shelter can be found. Tidal entry and some deep water inside but not much.

Claremont Creek: Noel Patrick, in his guide "Curtis Coast" gives this creek high marks for shelter but in a developed sea the entry may be hard to work.

Port Clinton and Island Head Creek: IH Creek, especially, has a shallow entrance but if you can get through that, you are OK. If you let it wait until it's already blowing, you may practice those surfing skills on your way in.

The Narrows! Great shelter and what I consider the bottom of the danger area of cyclones. But then I have always been an optimist. The Fitzroy River and creeks at the north end will be less crowded than the south which may fill with Gladstone locals. Beware of flood hazards in larger rivers like the Fitzroy as they could be more damaging then the winds and the surge created by cyclones may raise the water level of any shelter.

So, if cruising the cyclone coast in season, develop your strategy and be aware of the nearest, best place as you cruise. Refer to the excellent guides available, Alan Lucas's *Cruising the Coral Coast* or Noel Patrick's *Curtis Coast* for example.

That sums up my personal cyclone awareness list and the alternatives I have considered and filed away. This in no way intends to be exhaustive and the subject is subjective.

The point is to always be considering where the nearest bolt hole is as you cruise the coast and keep that radio on. It's a better strategy then a rabbits foot for good luck or blind faith.

CHECK LIST FOR CYCLONE SEASON

For harbours, marinas and moorings: If you know a blow is coming OR if you are leaving the vessel over a period when a storm could come and you wouldn't have time to return to sort it out. Leave nothing on deck...no outboards, buckets or life slings.. nothing.

Strip sails off or at least wrap a lot of rope around the sail covers and tie securely to the boom or furler. Make them snug! This will reduce windage and prevent the wind from gabbing a corner and ripping the stuff to shreds. Furling headsails have a reputation for unraveling. Roll it in tight and let the sheets wrap around the sail several turns. Secure the furling line very well or even padlock the drum.

Secure booms with preventers or lash to boom galleys or hard canopy tops.

Secure all halyards, topping lifts and sheets. In a blow they may have more windage than you imagine and if they get loose, can be destructive.

Strip all biminis, canopies, window covers, anything canvas. Check your solar panels. If they are adjustable you may want to lash them hard in position or even remove them if that's feasible. Also any wind generator.

If you have storm boards - use them.

Check your bilge pumps.

Double or triple your lines. At a mooring or piles I like heavy chain at the bow taking primary load through a snubber, then a heavy rope with some slack in it and wrapped in an effective abrasion resistant cushion. Don't forget to lash down your chain and warps to your bow roller (and stern if on the piles). When things get wild you don't want the gear to jump out of position and against surfaces that will be damaged or that will saw through your tackle. In a marina, doubled or tripled lines.

Do you trust your cleats? If in any doubt run your lines past or through them to something tougher. Your sheet winches or anchor windlass or...? As was reported in TCP # 27 the vessel *Triad* was lost in cyclone Larry when the bollard was ripped out of the bow. The mooring held though.

Secure your dinghy. Lash to deck if you can do so without increasing your windage too much or just sink it next to your boat. If left on davits, leave titled on the stern so it won't fill with rain water. If in a marina lash to the jetty.

Every boat and situation is different but the ideas above are ones I have used as a precaution at one time or another.

The best reference around is one you have (or should have!) at you nav station. Alan Lucas's "Cruising the Coral Coast" has excellent information beginning on page 16 of the 8th edition.





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TCP NOTE: The following story is one of several short stories contained in Kerry Ashwin's book, Long after the Thrill. These stories are not "boatie" stories; I just enjoy Kerry's writing style. Kerry is a long time live aboard on her Yacht "Dikera" with her family and has informed us that she is now working on a book about (quotes are Kerry's words) "a hapless man who lives on a boat." Bongo takes it on the Chin is "A humorous romp along the dock in the company of a maniac collector of junk and more than a few mates who drive the manager of the marina to distraction." Long after the Thrill is available at many online bookstores. To order book from the author, email: kerry.ashwin@gmail.com to buy her book...only \$22.00 which includes gst. Shipping costs depend on where you need it sent! See www.kerryashwin.com for more on Kerry's writing endeavours.



Kerry on her Yacht, Dikera

THE LAST BANANA

By Kerry Ashwin, SY Dikera

People said we were so suited to one another. It was a match made in heaven they told us. We found each other over the last banana at the grocery store.

I grabbed it just as he reached for it. Although if he was telling the story, it was he who had hold of it and I was reaching for it.

I looked at him and he looked at me and neither of us was about to give up our banana. I smiled at him and assumed he would give it up. He smiled back and then I knew we were grid locked.

The decision was taken from us when the green grocery lad came along with a new bunch. We let go of our prize and looked at the new hands on the table. "You like bananas?" he asked me.

Stupid question I thought considering I was about to fight to the death for the last one.

"Yes actually I do," I said mustering up a smile. "Me too" he said. And he picked a nice one from the bunch.

With our bananas in our hands we parted company. I went to the drinks cabinet, he went to isle 6.

I have always maintained I saw the free checkout first. He says he was half way there before I even got close. We rubbed shoulders as we tried to beat the other to the conveyor belt. I put my banana and drink down and he looked at me as if to say 'I was here first' "Excuse me!" I said, "I think I was here first"

"Excuse me!" I said, "I think I was here first" "I don't think so lady," he said to me. And he took the checkout divider and shoved my things to the back, depositing his toilet paper and banana in front. At the time I thought cheap paper, cheap individual. "Not so fast buster" I replied and I grabbed his things and proffered them to him.

He says I threw them at him, but I remember different. We both agree he threw my banana on the ground and had my drink ready to follow when I grabbed it and it spurted onto his shirt.

He reckons I should have apologized then, but I said it wasn't my fault.

Then the checkout girl called for assistance. Of course he remembers her name. Rebecca. All I can recall is big tits and even bigger teeth.

The manager said we should follow him to his office. Well I only had 15 minutes left of my half-hour and he looked too wet to go anywhere, so we said "No" together. It is funny how a third party can make two enemies into one adversary.

The pimply youth who was called to clean up gave him a towel to dry his shirt and while he was thus occupied I sneaked my things through the check out. He remembers me poking my tongue out at him as I walked away, but I wouldn't do that sort of thing. He says he didn't chase me as I walked out the door, but I think he did. "You will have to pay for this," he said indicating his shirt.

"In your dreams sunshine" I said. My 15 minutes were rapidly disappearing so I quickened my pace; and then he grabbed me.

He said I gave him a black eye then, but I think it was the bumper on the car as he fell down. The security guard at the police station said we just tussled. What ever that means.

The police were very nice about it and we had to wait ages for our statements to be typed up so we could sign them. That was when he jabbed me with the pen. It was the only one on the table and we both went for it like Olympic athletes to the final tape. He got there first and I reckon it was spite that made him jab me on the back of the hand. He reckons if it were on purpose, he would have gone for my eye.

Well the sight of blood brought everyone running and they took us to separate rooms. The woman who fixed me up said I was lucky it wasn't serious. "Wait until he gets a summons. Then say it isn't serious" I told her.

I received my summons for assault on the same day he received his. I saw him in the waiting room of the Magistrates court, and he still had the shirt he had spilt my drink on, wrapped in plastic.

When we were summoned into court, we both hit the doorway at the same time. He recalls I pushed him



through and tripped him. I think he was just clumsy and fell.

They adjourned the proceedings while he cleaned up the blood from his nose, and I went for a coffee.

The magistrate was very nice about it and we had to just stay away from one another for a period of 6 months. When we left the court, I went for a drink at the pub down the road. Glad it was all over. He tells it like it was just a coincidence but he ended up at the same pub. I saw him trying to get the bartenders attention and I knew I had won because he was already pouring my drink. I saluted him with my beer and then when his arrived he did the same.

Neither of us can remember who came over to whom, but we got to talking, and drank the afternoon away.

It wasn't 'till we went to leave and I found out he had parked his car too close to mine and boxed me in that I called him a moron. He said I was a bloody woman driver.

I didn't scratch his car on purpose, and he didn't dent mine on purpose either.

The Magistrate said we deserved one another.

Our friends agree, we were made for each other.



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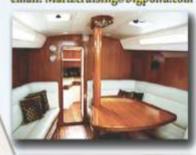
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The Launch and Wet Test of Lyra...

Words & photos by Bob Norson



The last job before launch....



The boat was transferred from the shed next door on a trailer pulled by various combinations of trucks, 4X4's and lan's old Mercedes. On the ramp the trailer was attached to the slipway's winch via a turning block. Craig from *Two Up* is lending a hand.



Getting the boat to this point on the trailer was worth a story by itself as the modest clearance and uneven terrain made for some desperate, and effective engineering solutions!



Finally she touches water for the first time. The Gori folding prop is visible at left.



All it takes is the courage of ones convictions, a pile of money and a lot of help. She is wet and the motors got her this far... will it all work, out there....?

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"Forecast for Hervey Bay waters, winds 15 to 20 knots with squalls to 30 knots..."

Not exactly perfect conditions for sailing an untested boat. And when I say untested I mean nearly every aspect of it.

The design is unique, drawn by an individual who is not a professional marine architect but with a solid footing in general engineering.

Untested materials: Polycore panels have been making headway as an accepted construction material to a point.... I know of several boats incorporating these polypropylene honeycomb panels in their construction but this is the first substantial boat I know of that is entirely of the material.

The rig is unusual. John Hitch incorporated something similar on his magnificent cat X-*it* but he ran three furlers, centre, port and starboard bows, but John's is a sailer with outboard motor auxiliary. Ian's is motor boat with sail auxiliary... or so it seemed.

Anyway, by 0745 we were off from Maryborough. The 30hp motors were pushing us along at about 8 to 8.5 knots SOG at 3000 rpm out of 3600 available. As far as we could tell and with what we were to see later in the day, this was probably about honest speed through the water.

Navigating the Mary River gave opportunity to test the electronics and the accuracy of the plotter charts. With the radar overlaid on the plotter screen it became apparent that the river wasn't exactly where the plotter showed it however the beacons appeared to accurately placed.

ramp the trailer was attached to the slipway's Once past the heads the inner sail was unfurled into a diminishing breeze (so where is this 20 or even 30 knots I heard about?). Our destination was the anchorage off Kingfisher resort, dead into the ENE wind, so I expected this to be a good test of the motors!

The sail we rolled out was a self tacking thing about 53sq metres. On conventional rigs I have rarely seen a self tacking heady do much more than assist the main somewhat but not something very useful on it's own. Nothing you could actually sail with in anything less than a gale. So I didn't expect the motors to get turned off but could feel them reduced to idle speed. Ian took her off the rumb line (and the wind) by about 35 degrees and we were going nicely in the mid to low 5,s. Not bad for the sail and motors idling I thought. The wind was about 9 knots true so motors at low r's and the sail made sense but then I looked at the controls. We had not been motoring, they were in neutral! Ian shut the motors down and we continued at that pace and better. Sometimes up to 7+ knots in wind not strong enough to lift a cup full of foam off the chop. Not a horses head in site and making 5 to 7+ knots, 35 to 45 degrees off the wind (38 best point of sail) on a self tacking heady, er staysail... wow!

I took to the bow to have a look up the stay the sail was on and it was loose as a goose (whatever that means). The sail shape was compromised by the bow in the stay and still... we were going very well. The lower tell tails were right on whilst the uppers sets were flogging on the windward side. When asked Ian said we was a little concerned with the amount of tension on the backstays. I pointed out that the outer (masthead) forestay was tighter so winding up the inner wouldn't increase the tension on the backstays anyway. Then the truth came out... since the turnbuckle is buried inside the furler, which would have to be disassembled to get at it, it is a nuisance to adjust and Ian just couldn't be bothered yet! I wonder how much improvement it would make. I bet it would be well worth the effort and I know Ian will eventually... but when it goes this good sloppy, it can take the urgency right out of hard work.

Going to windward means tacking... and I've been on multi's that were very unforgiving on a tack and with this rig especially, I expected drama. Silly me. The boat tacked like a 16 ton steely with a full keel. In other words, like a freight train. Calm, steady and relentless. The helm went over, the sail ran along it's canopy mounted track and we accelerated and were gone. Ho hum...wow!

Just on 1200 and we are anchoring off Kingfisher. A Dugong greets us as we settle in for a lunch, just before the jet ski thing blasts by us less than a boat length away.

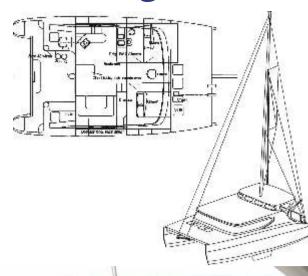
A few relevant facts on Lyra:

She is powered by twin Yanmars, 30 hp each.

The folding props impressed everyone from minute one.... literally. Launch day saw the need for heavy reverse right off the trailer as one keel dug into mud while the current was pushing and twisting the boat around toward some piles. Reverse response was powerful and immediate... whew!! They are Gori's, which lan considered pretty dear except when compared to the crop of feathering styles available.

Ian sent off inquiries to a slew of sail lofts and received no quick responses except from Gary Saxby out of Brisbane. Perhaps the others didn't regard Ian as serious...?? Whatever, the Saxby quote was delivered quickly and even when the others did get around to a reply Saxby's quote was good so they got the deal. The inner sail is 53 metres and the outer, mainly intended as a reaching sail, is a little over 70 metres.

The stick is 16 $\!\!\!\!/_2$ metres done up by S&H Spares in Labrador, Gold Coast.





Eddy at right, who helped build the boat, handles the furling line whilst lan works the sheet winch. This is the first time a sail is used, and it seems to be working!



This shot taken at about 6-7 knots sailing doesn't indicate any tendency to drive in. It would have been good to get enough wind to take her into double digits to verify but it looks like she may run quite level or just slightly high in the bow. The tube under the bridge deck routes halyards from the mast back to the powered winch by the davits used for the dinghy as well.



Might not hurt to tighten up that inner forestay. And yes, she was missing the port sheet on the outer sail. We installed one later.





Ian reckons the hulls in a cat are for floating on, engine rooms and storage. Even without the hulls, the accommodation is large by any standard and huge for a 40 footer. The price you pay is windage but if the boat suffers for performance it doesn't show much. She is a two bedroom unit with full kitchen. The bedrooms are well ventilated from forward facing hatches and curtains provide privacy if desired. The bed frames are structural as is everything. The nav station is next to the door for handy access.

As the mast is supported by the cockpit bulkhead there isn't unlimited space available for entry or windows but the layout is clever enough not to make it seem claustrophobic. Head room is almost excessive. All up the configuration is suggestive of those floating apartments the charter business loves and cruising sailors ridicule for their lack of seaworthiness and performance. A word of advise though, If you challenge this boat to a little impromptu regatta... you might want to have your excuse prepared ahead of time...



The ground tackle is on 8mm short link chain with a Farca anchor and a little Maxwell HRC windlass. Ian likes the Farca and anchoring in the Mary River, known for poor to indifferent holding, is a test of how well the anchor works. Ian says the river bottom is loose rubble so the anchor has to get set right in deep to find anything to hang onto. The windlass seemed powerful enough and had reasonable speed.

There is a small powered winch located port side deck aft for the furler lines and another for the dinghy lines and halyards centred between the davits. The sheet winches are non-powered self tailers located either side in the cockpit. The single sheet for the inner sail runs from the car to a block at the clew then back to the car and then to the port side sheet winch. The car and track are controlled by clutches on the canopy top accessed by a hatch above the helm. The main sheet winches are #40 Arco's.

Electronics? Every bloody thing.... I heard it took two weeks to run the wires..



And the composite material? There was no way of telling the difference between Polycore and any other material from performance. The "feel" of the boat is solid. The design has created a slow easy motion without the quick, jerking I have experienced on some cats. Keeping in mind the boat was not subject to rough seas while I was aboard but my impression suggests it would handle rougher conditions particularly well. The motors cast minimal vibration through the decks and noise was low. The insulating nature of the material was evident when you opened an engine room door. Years gone by are the final test but nothing I can see so far indicates any particular shortcoming. I expect to see more of Polycore in future projects, especially when you consider cost... and who isn't lately?

lan reckons 6 ton displacement. Not bad for a 40 footer built for comfort.

continued next page ...



Lyra concludes.



The engines rooms have a luxury of space to work in. As lan doesn't try to make living space in the hulls there is no pressure on the room. The 30 HP Yanmars performed well and have a reputation for good value and long service.

Lunch done and away we go.... Now the wind is dead astern and we prepare the bigger sail on the outer stay.

It is important to mention (again) that lan designed a motor boat with sails as an auxiliary. Ian does not do 4 knots so with the wind up our bum I was thinking we might be motoring most of the way back to the river.

We raised the anchor and once clear of other craft, rolled out the sail and shut down the motors. The wind picked up a little on the

way back, to a screaming 10 kts true, gusting to 14 (confirmed later with BOM site for Hervey Bay) *Lyra* took off. Best speed was 8.5 knots in seas I would consider boring in a ten foot tinny.... Wow!

But wait it gets better! When well past the heads Ian wanted to roll up the sail to avoid the blanks spots and windshifts and to keep a steady pace. With the sail rolled up and motors running but not in gear, we were still making 5 knots! We sailed like that for about ten minutes just to make sure it wasn't momentum or all tide but it wasn't! The tide surely was contributing but the water boiling off the stern indicated we were under power and the only source would have been from the windage of the canopy top!! No joke... now that's what I call an easily driven boat... wow!

Ian is keen for some 30 knot stuff, I'll be hoping he needs crew.

Calling this boat a "motorsailer" seems incorrect. We need a new term.



The photo above is of a space forward and centre. The desk has very good visibility forward, good ventilation and ultimate shelter. With the pilot engaged and plenty of sea room, this is a brilliant place to take your watch. Comfortable in any condition yet still keeping an eye out for those container ships, floating debris or pieces of real estate the plotter didn't plot...



I thought it better to show rather than describe the conditions that prevailed when the boat was doing the speed indicated on the plotter screen and enlarged in the separate box. This was about 15 degrees off a dead run. The photos were taken less than a minute apart. If tide contributed to this speed I doubt it was substantial as we were off in the shallows and the beacon we passed shortly after showed no sign of tide passing it.

Nits and Picks.... The sheets for the outer sail are going to be tricky to work out. The windows are mounted with tape and glue on the inside of the cabin sole and I would rather have the structure behind them in case of a solid blow. Being a man of science, Ian was already questioning some parts of the design as we were sailing. Are the keels in the best spot? And are the rudders of optimum size? He was concerned about the rudder angle being 7 or 8 degrees off the course sometimes but time spent in fine tuning the rig may dispel those concerns. As it turned out I think the boat would have been ready for a 30+ sea in spite of a few gremlins. Hey, it's a new boat!

And why have I devoted this much editorial to this boat? It is pretty rare to have an individual take this much of a calculated risk in a project of this magnitude. Conservative convention had nothing to do with this project. It's all or nothing and I respect that.

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Letters continued... Replies on two historical vessels from TCP 39

Dear Kay,

I would like to respond to the article by Alan Lucas about Chuck on *Vaquero* in the 39th edition of TCP. I agree with what Alan says about Chuck being a character. *Vaquero* is a real classic beauty with lots of character and Karma of her own. In fact, I think it is her true character that attracts the characters that have owned her. She is a cutter rigged 32 foot Alden Malabar Junior design, which is held in very high regard in the USA. She was built in Western Australia, some time in the 1950's (I was told), with a carvel planked hull of Jarrah.

Alan describes his first meeting with Chuck as he returned from New Zealand at the same time as Joe Adams. I heard that Chuck and Joe had a gentleman's bet on which boat would arrive first in New Zealand and Chuck had won the bet, despite the fact that he was single handing while Joe had a crew.

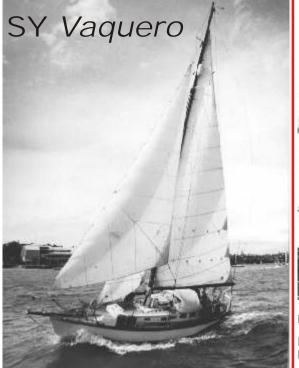
After Chuck died on the boat I think Vaguero changed hands fairly rapidly a few times before another character named Bill came to own her. My ex-wife and I bought Vaquero from Bill in 1980. After inspecting the boat, we sat down below with old Bill for hours while he told us excerpts of his life. He had first come to Australia as crew on the square-riggers that carried coal to England. He told stories of shovelling coal that had shifted in the hold while rounding Cape Horne. He worked his way up through the ranks and retired as the captain of a small inter-island ship in the South Pacific. After buying Vaquero, he lived aboard in the Hawkesbury/Cowan Creek area but never really travelled anywhere. He was angry that his son was making him sell the boat because of ill-health and an incident that involved finding and rescuing him in a remote anchorage. Sadly, we heard that he died within a few months of selling the boat and moving ashore.

After buying *Vaquero*, we did some work on her then sailed to the USA via New Guinea, the Solomons, Micronesia, Guam and Japan. In the US, we put her in a barn and gave her a complete rebuild, before sailing her back to Australia via the South Pacific milk run in the late 1980's. During our travels, she handled all conditions with speed, grace and style. On our return to Australia we sold her to a fellow who lived in Cronulla. A year or two later I received a phone call from a lady who was seeking information about *Vaquero* for her boyfriend who had recently purchased *Vaquero* with

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plans to sail to England. I have not seen or heard anything of *Vaquero* since then. I sincerely hope that she is still sailing around out there and not rotting away on a mooring.

Any letters to the editor with further information about *Vaquero* would be greatly appreciated.

Cheers, Bruce Pease, SY *Hina*

TCP also received a note from Libby Pease about Vaquero and some photos of lower resolution. We hope to add to the story of this extraordinary sailing boat and the characters who sailed her.

Do any UK readers know of the vessels history there?

Regards Kay

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Hi TCP,

Loved the write up on the *Hawk* in the last editon. Would you believe Jacques Sapir from the *Avon* Tug story (TCP # 38) owned her before, and ran her from the Solomon's as a trader, maybe you can get him to write up a little further history of her life at sea. Also the book, *The South Seas Dream, an Adventure in Paradise* by John Dyson, the first 3 chapters are about Jacques and the *Hawk*.

Carol Miell, VMR American River Radio

And then...

Hi Kay and Bob,

Need to talk to you about the Hawk as she became a very large part of my life. I was able to bring her back to life for a while, while I was the custodian... **Cheers**, Jacques Kay's note: Bob had a chat with Jacques, connected Jacques with Benito, and we were told by both that they had a very enjoyable conversation about Hawk. These historical boats have a way of bringing people together and sharing fond memories. We at TCP hope to share more stories on the history of these boats.

More on this vessel next issue. There is an amazing history of her. Benito's story was only a part of it, though a very dramatic one.

And speaking of history....

Hi Kay and Bob,

Re the article on the *Hawk*, my Dad was harbour master at Port Turton, lower Yorke Peninsula and I used to climb all over that boat as a kid - and a lot of the others as well.

That cook might have known me, I was the kid who put the kettle on for the morning tea break. Not ever having seen gas stoves before I just put her on and turned the stove on full. After 20 minutes they asked if it had boiled and I said not even hot, must be a very slow stove. Needles to say there was no cuppa that morning, took hours to get the gas out of the galley safely.

I last saw her in Bali, looking a bit sad, after we sailed up there in '97 in the Freo Lombok race (which we won - cruising section).

Gil Waller, SY Natsumi

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MEAT B GRA D)

Milk: We're not milk drinkers but do use it daily for our cappuccinos & on cereal on occasion. A VERY OLD trick to make powdered milk palatable is to add just a drop or 2 of vanilla to a litre. We find long life milk not as tasty & powdered much easier to store

Most people, I find, like long life milk just fine. Be careful storing it though. If it can rub anything, it will leak & hot weather can soften the wax coated boxes. It must be stored cold after opened & put into another container, as it will spoil quickly left in it's box.

Canned evaporated milk, sweetened condensed or cream may be useful. Yogurt: I don't think I could live without my

Easiyo Yogurt Maker. It's makes yogurt SO easy & SO good. Any other ideas out there for yogurt making?

Eggs: Many agree if you buy eggs that have not been refrigerated & turn them over weekly, they will keep a very long time. I have found this to be true but also find more & more groceries refrigerating eggs. Even caught one out eggs were on the shelf as fresh but sweating from the fridge & very cold....be wary. Watch that Green Grocer!!

To test for freshness, place eggs in a bowl of water. If they sink, they're fresh. If not, they're spoiled.

Russ Gard suggests keeping eggs in plastic trays, not cardboard. Drill holes in the tray to let out moisture & aid ventilation. You can buy egg substitute at a Health Food Dept...powdered eggs. It is suitable for baking or scrambling, saving the fresh eggs for frying or boiling. *(On Cheetah I often use* ½ fresh, ½ equivalent powdered in omelettes or quiches.)

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Bread: Some things are just so variable it's hard to generalize here. Some will bake bread, chapati or naan. Others may fill their freezer/fridge with store bought bread. Figure your weekly usage & multiply by weeks between provisioning.

(On Cheetah we buy large packs of tortillas & make wraps, not sandwiches. We find them to last weeks, out of the fridge & opened, in their own packaging which includes a silicon pack.) Ross suggest adding a bay leaf to flour, zap it in the microwave or place in the freezer for 24 hours to make sure no pest climb aboard.

Take store bought bread out of the plastic as it will sweat & cause the bread mould. Try wrapping it in foil or Green Bags sold for fruit & veg work fairly well also.

Meats: Some readers say meats will last a few days when cyrovaced without refrigeration. It will last a few weeks in the fridge. Mariet Pruim suggest we wash the outside of the bags with water & a little bleach before putting in the fridge (no butchers bench is without blood & they will start to smell). Good idea, Mariet.

Get your meats cryovaced at the butcher (in portion sizes) or buy a home vacuum sealer. I find I use mine for lots of things, not only meat. We even cryo bread but DO NOT suck those packages, only seal. Your bread will be as flat as a tortilla if you do use the suction! Be sure & label the bags unless you are psychic, it's awfully hard to tell what's inside onceit's sealed orfrozen.

Cheese: Wax coated cheese last for a very long time without refrigeration, as does parmesan. Rub most cheeses with any oil, then store in the fridge or icebox

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Tupperware makes a great container for storing cheese but it's awfully big for a boat fridge. You can also use disposable Ziplocs by piercing the sides with a few pin holes on each side. When mold starts to form, it will consume the oil and not the cheese; simply wipe it off, or rinse in tepid water. Dry, rub with fresh oil and store as above in a clean container with clean towels.

If stored as above and rubbed with oil,

larger chunks of semi-hard and hard natural cheeses can keep for months. Wipe off any mold every couple of weeks as it forms. After a few treatments, mold will slow or cease to grow if your container has enough towels to soak up excess moisture. Change the towels and wash container often.

If you can locate canned cheeses & like them, they will keep for 2 or 3 months if stored in a cool spot below the waterline.

Processed cheeses (cheese food not really cheese) can last for months if not vears unopened.

Water packed feta will last for months in fridge or icebox or it can be stored in pure olive oil in a cool spot. You can spice up plain feta this way as well with pepper/bay/rosemary/chilli etc.

Butter: Lin Pardey, of the famous sailing duo who, along with her husband Larry, have done hundreds of long crossings, lecture tours worldwide & countless books written. In "The Care & Feeding of Sailing Crew" Lin tells how she preserves butter. The method is similar to canning. Tinned butter is hard to find but margarine, she says, can be kept for up to four months with no spoilage. I haven't tried it....haveyou?

PJ



A bread maker on board? No way! They use up too much power!!!

By Kay Norson

Making bread onboard is such a mess, and my hand made bread ends up like a rock! I never can get the fluffy bread I always hope for, so I just resort to store bought bread and tortillas / wraps, etc. with a long shelf life. You have to wonder about all those preservatives needed for a 2 year shelf life!

While land based we rarely buy bread. The \$100 bread maker I use is on its 5th year of service. It not only bakes bread of many types, but the best pizza bases, bread sticks and cinnamon rolls. Yes, we are very spoiled and like it that way! We save lots of money and the ingredients are what we put in, not



Gloria and Wesley Worley of SY Blue Tang "Stovetop" Bread

Bread takes up a large amount of space in the freezer on long cruises. Here's a loaf that is cooked on the stove top.

31/2 cups of plain flour 1 sachet of dried veast 1 tablespoon sugar 1/2 cup milk powder 50ml olive oil pinch of salt 310 mls warm water

Knead the dough until it is smooth and springs back. This has released the gluten in the flour. Let rise in a warm place for about 30 mins.

Knock back, and place in a oiled and floured tin, let rise until it has doubled it size.

Heat a large heavy base saucepan, carefully place the bread dough tin, in the saucepan, with a trivet underneath and a lid on top.

Cook for about 40 minutes to 1 hour on med-low heat.

Tapping the bread will tell you when it is cooked.

This recipe can used for a fruit loaf by adding mixed spice and fruit. Garlic, herbs or cheese for something savoury. It is also a good pizza base mixture.

Whilst it takes time to make, it is heavier bread so it is more satisfying.

Normally to use a bread maker you need to use power for apx. 31/2 hours from start to finish. That's a lot of power on a boat. I have been working out a method of how to use a bread maker to mix & knead ingredients, rise (an hour of power?), then finish cooking in oven, stovetop, over coals, etc..

How about just using the bread maker for the first (& messiest) part? One hour to knead & first rise, remove the dough from bread maker, quickly shape into bread or rolls, and place in lightly oiled baking dish, lightly flour top, let rise again in warm place, then finish on stovetop (see Blue Tang recipe), or oven. Actually, when I can monitor the process, I like to use this method on shore as the bread cooks a nice crusty top (see photo).

I have a small bread maker. It bakes a 750gram loaf and so is only 600 watts. Even so, a lot when storing power with wind & solar. When you do get to a marina with shore power, you have the bread maker there to use.

I think there should be a bread maker that can be powered with solar/wind from the mixing ingredients & kneading process. I know there are small solar ovens, but that is the easy step. This invention would get my attention! Maybe a "hand cranking" dough mixer???

Do you have an invention for mixing dough???



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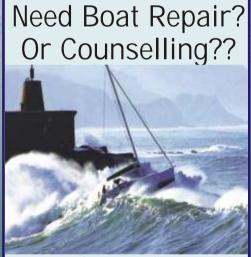
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Rolex Sydney Hoba Two True Wins after Protest Dismissed

By Di Pearson, Rolex Sydney Hobart media team

Andrew Saies' new boat Two True became just the fourth South Australian yacht to win the Rolex Sydney Yacht Race overall, but the win did not come without a long wait and plenty of angst.

Saies arrived in Hobart to hear the news that he was being protested by Todd Leary (She's the Culprit) in relation to a collision that forced the Tasmanian boat to retire with a hole punched in her starboard side. Adamant he was innocent, Saies was devastated.

"I felt absolute elation when the decision was handed down," an emotional Saies said.

"This is an iconic yacht race and every yachtie in Australia wants to win it. I feel proud to have achieved this once in a lifetime goal."

An international jury of five heard five protests at the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania relating to the same incident which occurred at the first rounding mark of the Rolex Sydney Hobart.

In relation to Two True, and two other vessels the International Jury dismissed the protest against the boat relating to an incident in Sydney Harbour after the start. Kioni – was disqualified by the International Jury for an incident in Sydney Harbour after the start.

"I'm in great company with the names on that trophy," Saies said when CYCA Commodore Matt Allen handed the orthopedic surgeon the stunning Tattersall's Cup.

"This race cannot be won without a great team, a great boat and an ounce of Rolex Sydney Hobart luck," Saies commented. He went on to say that the Cruising Yacht Club of South Australia, the club he represents, has a proud tradition of trying to field at least one local boat in the race each year.

A sistership to Two True finished second overall and had the protest against Saies been upheld, Mike Welsh's Victorian entry Wicked would have been the winner.

"I do not want to win a race like this on a protest

against a similar boat that sailed a better race," Mike Welsh said yesterday. Fortunately, he was not put to the test and is very happy with the outcome.

Two True and Wicked finished fast under spinnakers before a moderate southeasterly sea breeze with Two True crossing 22 minutes ahead of Wicked.

Saies said: "It was a very difficult and frustrating race. Having had a couple of light patches on the way down, we thought we were through it and then we got a third one, 25 miles from Tasman Light last night; around 3:00am we were flapping around for three hours." Tactician Brett Young said Two True had followed a strategy of always being well east of the rhumbline and had received a favourable push from the current in two major eddies.

"Our routing was always east of the rhumbline," said Young. "It's the first time I've ever done that. And we had really good competition from Wicked. They sailed hard, but we got through them. We really stuck to our game plan, even with the weather not being anything like what it was originally forecast. We only came into Tasmania when we could lay Tasman Island."

Young said the First 40 had performed well in the bumpy seaway following the southerly front. "Last night was a tough night, but that's when this boat comes into its own. In a seaway, it just goes faster."

Mark Welsh, boat manager and tactician on Wicked for his owner-skipper father Mike Welsh, said: "We chose the design after a lot of searching around the world for one that would be very competitive in IRC racing and it looks like we might have chosen successfully."

Third place overall went to the Sydney 38 Next, chartered by Ian Mason from the host club. A second Sydney 38, Swish, owned and skippered by Steven Proud was fourth.



photos by Rolex /Kurt Arrigo



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Wild Oats Tries for fith in a row but Alfa Gets the Gun Rolex /Daniel Forster photos

By Rolex Sydney Hobart media team

After sailing a near perfect tactical race in extremely difficult conditions, with extremes from a testing 25-knot southerly, with a bumpy seaway through the first night, to a calm in the notoriously rough and windy Bass Strait, Neville Crichton's Alfa Romeo was first to finish in the 2009 Rolex Sydney Hobart Race, with an elapsed time of two days, 9hrs, 2mins, 10secs for the 628nm course.

The line honours win, with a Reichel-Pugh designed canting keel 100-footer, was Sydneybased New Zealander Crichton's second in the Rolex Sydney Hobart Race. His previous win, in 2002, was with his first Alfa Romeo maxi, a water-ballasted Reichel/Pugh 90.

Alfa, with good speed and crew work, as well as tactics, led from the start, holding off all challenges from her arch-rival Bob Oatley's R/P 100 Wild Oats XI, a very similar design from the same builder, McConaghy Boats in Sydney, launched only a few months apart in 2005, and Mike Slade's (UK) Farr 100, ICAP Leopard.

Crichton's fears of slowing in a southwest headwind in calms in the River Derwent over the last 11 nautical miles to the finish were unfounded. She stalled only once in a light patch and finally steamed home to get the finishing gun at Battery Point just after 2200hrs, with *Wild Oat*s XI 17nm behind (Wild Oats eventually finished just over two hours later.) Crichton said: "It's fantastic and the welcome here in Tasmania is unbelievable."





He praised his crew, half of them New Zealanders and half Australian: "The 22 guys I have are the best crew in the world. The two days coming down the coast was hard work and it was good; the boys did a helluva job on the boat and it was very, very close racing. Crichton was presented with a Rolex Yacht-Master timepiece and the JH Illingworth trophy for his line honours win. The victory-pumped Crichton showed his mischievous sense of humour at the dockside presentation; MC Steve Barker asked Crichton if he had any message for the skippers of Leopard and Wild Oats, who had challenged a couple of times. He raised a big laugh with the answer and a gesture toward the River Derwent: "Where ARE they?



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An Author's



"Are you Stuart Buchanan?" a burly bloke on the pontoon enquired as I stood on my yacht Pluto tying a sheet onto a headsail.

It was Sunday morning and the Moreton Bay Boat Club was alive with members and visitors preparing for a yacht race

"Yes," I replied, at the same time wondering if I had met this person before. I was convinced I hadn't.

"Can I hug you?" the stranger asked. I involuntarily dropped the clew of the headsail and backed away as far as possible.

"What?!" I exclaimed. "Can I hug you?" the stranger repeated, as I stood there frozen to the spot.

"You saved my life," he added, "and I want to thank you." "What are you talking about?" I spluttered.

At that moment he was joined by a woman and two men.

"A few months ago," the stranger continued, "I was in hospital convinced I was going to die. I felt so depressed and saw no hope for the future at all. Then a friend gave me your book The View from Pluto. When I read it, it turned my whole life around. It was your book that led to my recovery and left me with a renewed zest for life. Can I hug you?" The woman smiled and

nodded as if confirming the bloke's story.

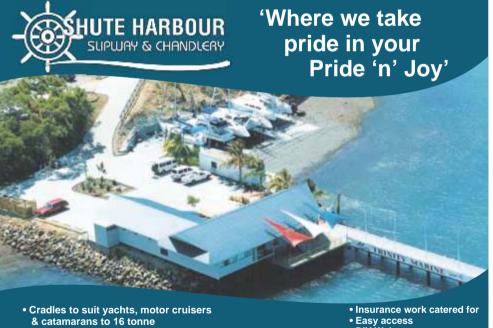
"Well . . ." I replied hesitantly. I had never been hugged by another bloke before. I was aware that macho front row forwards built like stud bulls seemed to take great pleasure in hugging each other after one of them had scored a try in a grand final. But nine o'clock on a Sunday morning at the marina didn't seem the appropriate place for such

exuberant behaviour. "Go on," the woman said. "It will mean

a lot to him.' I shuffled reluctantly towards the safety

rail, where the bloke leant over, grabbed and hugged me. I prayed that the couple who I had invited out on Pluto for a sail that day, didn't arrive right at that moment. My reputation as a red-blooded heterosexual would be shattered.

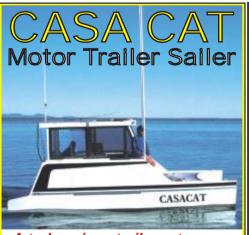
Eventually, after repeated handshakes, the four people walked away, leaving me to nervously return to tying a bowline onto the



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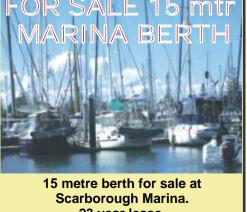
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yacht.drummer@bigpond.com for more information see: www.thecoastalpassage.com/marinaberthsb.htm clew, as I glanced surreptitiously around the marina wondering if anyone I knew had witnessed this display of emotion.

I write books simply because I like writing and have a desire to record stories that would otherwise disappear into oblivion. But never did I think my books would affect other people's lives.

Four years ago my bank manager Clair, invited me to meet one of the bank's financial advisors.

"Ian Loxton is his name," Clair said. "We've invited a number of customers to the branch at 7 p.m. on Tuesday. After the talk, we're having a cheese platter and a few drinks.'

It's not often you get something for nothing from the banks these days. I wasn't particularly interested in hearing lan's financial advice, because for years I had held the belief that if financial advisors were so clever why were they still working for the bank and not living the life of Riley swanning around the Whitsundays in a luxury yacht. It was only the free cheese and drinks that induced me to accept Clair's invitation.

When I arrived at the bank at the appointed time, only Clair and Ian were there

"No-one else has arrived yet," Clair said. "We'll wait until 7.30. In the meantime we might as well have a drink and some cheese.

It wasn't long before lan told me he had recently purchased a 10 metre yacht.

"It's been a dream of mine for years to cruise along the Queensland coast," Ian said. "I plan to work for another three years and then I'm off.'

I told Ian that I owned the ketch Pluto, and had just written a book about my first trip along the coast. It was arranged that I would send lan a copy of The View from Pluto.

Eight o'clock arrived and I was still the only customer. We gave away any thought of talking about financial matters and got stuck into the cheese and drinks, while discussing, sails, anchors, anchorages, islands and navigation.

Four weeks later when I walked into the bank, Clair came out of her office and said:

"What the hell did you do to lan?" "What do you mean?" I replied. "He's resigned from the bank and taken off in his yacht."

I felt wholly responsible for lan's future. If I hadn't written that book, I thought, Ian would still be a financial advisor. What happens if he runs aground, wrecks his yacht and drowns. It would be one hundred percent my fault

A few months later, while I was at Bustard Head restoring the lightstation, Ian arrived. He was fulfilling his dream and appeared deliriously happy about it. Phew! What a relief.

Some weeks after that, while still working at the lighthouse, a man and woman approached me. They told me that after reading The View from Pluto,

didn't feel too bad about it because they appeared to be thoroughly enjoying their new lifestyle. A month later, another couple introduced themselves. "It's been a dream of mine for years to

my track along the Queensland coast. I

they had bought a yacht and were following

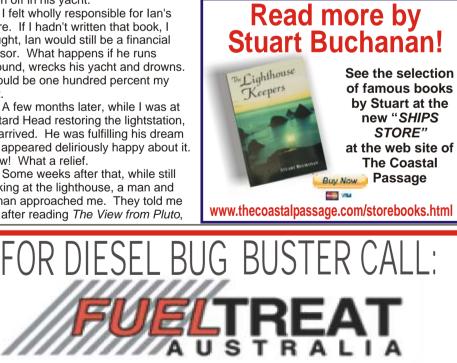
buy a yacht and sail the Barrier Reef Coast," the bloke said. "Your book convinced me to finally turn my dream into reality. Thank you."

He looked pleased enough, but his wife didn't look happy at all. She kept giving me the evil eye, which seemed to be saying: "You're the reason for my misery, you bastard. I want to be back on dry land with my grandchildren".

I sail Pluto single-handed, simply because my wife Shirley does not like cruising. Even before I bought Pluto, she flatly rejected the idea of sailing with me throughout my planned six month cruise, but said that every so often she would fly up to places of her choice and stay on board for a week or two you know, places where there's no swell, like the Gladstone marina. To this day, she still talks about her most enjoyable trip on Pluto it was in the Gladstone marina when we moved from berth J6 to berth H5.

And Shirley's refusal to sail full time with me opened up another can of worms. Some women, who were sailing with their husbands under sufferance, after reading my book decided it was time to follow Shirley's example and stand up and say NO MORE, or as it has become known "Doing a Shirley". This endeared Shirley to a band of reluctant female sailors, but I became many a husband's object of hate. You see, if it wasn't for my damn book, they would still have a deckhand and someone to do the cooking and the washing.

No, an author's lot is not a happy one. The burden of responsibility is almost too much to bear. And I don't know what to do about it, because it's too late, the book's out on the shelves. Wait a minute I have an idea! I could start going round the bookshops buying back my book so no-one can read it! That's what I'll do I'll start with Angus and Robertson at Kippa Ring and then drive my way around Australia. But hey, why drive, when I could sail Pluto around Australia. I wonder if Shirley would come with me . . .



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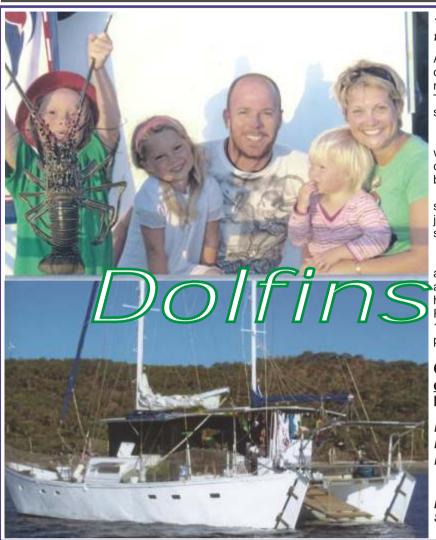
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More on The Rolex Sydney Hobart 2009

She takes the PHS win but skipper takes a flogging!

By Di Pearson, Rolex Sydney Hobart media team

Peter Rodgers did not quite take in the fact that he had provisionally won the PHS class overall in this year's Rolex Sydney Hobart Yacht Race when he moored at Constitution Dock just before midday today; maybe the slight head injury he sustained yesterday during the race had affected him.

Rodgers was tired after spending five days at sea and was possibly suffering a spot of concussion after being whipped by wet sheets (ropes) as he came up the

companionway of his modified Olsen, *She*, yesterday and hit his head as the boat went through a crash gybe.

When told of his provisional win, Rodgers responded: "Did we win our division – what division are we in?

Rodgers, a 13-Hobart race veteran, was fortunate to have Colin Apps, an Intensive Care Paramedic aboard who checked his skipper out and bandaged him up, satisfied that he was alright to go on with the race.

"He's OK. We just bandaged him up and made him take it easy for a while," Apps said



Dolphins and memories of special mates

Shortwave sails for Andrew and Sally Rolex /Carlo Borlenghi By Bruce Montgomery /Rolex Sydney Hobart media team

A pod of dolphins off Bicheno on the Tasmanian east coast, the biggest that veteran yachtsman Roger Hickman has ever seen, stopped him in his tracks on board the Rolex Sydney Hobart Yacht Race entrant *Audi Centre Melbourne*.

Until that point in the race, he had not really reflected on the night of October 10 when he lost his "first mate" Sally Gordon and "good mate" Andrew Short when Short's maxi struck Flinders Islet off the coast of Wollongong and they died.

Another Rolex Sydney Hobart boat, the TP52 *Shortwave*, with 11 members of Andrew Short's family making up the crew of 16, took time out to stop racing as they crossed the same latitude of Flinders Islet.

"We had agreed on what we were going to do when we got to that point on the course," Matt's wife Christine said.

"He said a few words to the kids. It wasn't heavy. He said that Andrew had died doing what he enjoyed doing and he reminded the kids not to make any silly mistakes. We wore lifejackets for the whole race," Christine Short said.

"After that, we threw one of his favourite hats into the sea, the one from last year's Rolex Sydney Hobart. From then on, we knew he was with us. Every time we needed some wind we said 'Come on, Andrew, give us a puff', and he did."

Hickman, reflected particularly on the loss of Gordon, his memories triggered not by passing the Wollongong coast but by the haunting presence of that pod of dolphins off Bicheno.

"Sally was a really good friend, a special lady. We sailed the world and did the last 13 Sydney Hobarts together," Hickman said. "Sally was a terrific crew person, a wonderful lady, very special, because she was my first mate."

Then came the emotions of the dolphins, with which Sally Gordon had a special affinity. "Off Bicheno we got more dolphins than any of us had ever seen, and I've been floating around for a long time," Hickman said

TCP note: Here's some words from the Crew of SY Dolfins:

After Having the idea in the back of our minds for 7-8 years, a chance meeting got us into our first boat. This ORO model Wharram, suits us so well.

As we believe in following life and what it brings, we jumped at the chance to chase the opportunity the boat offers to do this.

We were already home schooling so this hasn't proved an issue. After just 3 months cruising so far, we've set our sights on Indonesia.

Consequently if anyone knows anything about the previous history and owners of *Dolfins* we need to hear from you (to help obtain Aust. Registration). *Dolfins* was built in 1965, foam sandwich. Possibly previously named "*Chicken Wings*".

Contact email: <u>coastaljs@bigpond.com</u> Ph: 0433 130 227

Photo above: Marty, Christy, Levi (8) Eden (5) and Sage Goodey

Photos by Judy & Chris Carroll, SY Two Easy (thanks (J & C!)



A TCP #39

Virginia of SY Overproof showing off her new cap!

Thank You Virginia and all the other winners who picked Double Bay, Whitsunday's by "The Hut". We thought that was an easy one!

Kate Lovegrove of SY *Delight* picked both spots from TCP 38 (Port Newery, QLD) & TCP 39, so she won a cap & an Alan Lucas's Off Watch book. Good on ya Kate!

t 2009 Sport stars thrive at sea

By Greg Peart & Lisa Ratcliff, Rolex Sydney Hobart media team

Investec LOYAL, dubbed 'the celebrity boat' completed the race with a bunch of sports stars and sailors, and arrived with a tight team of yachties who can all talk the talk and walk the walk – albeit a little wobbly after nearly three days at sea.

Boxing world champion Danny Green described his experience once *Investec LOYAL* had docked in Hobart, his first visit to the island state, after finishing fourth over the line. "The whole thing was a buzz. We all pulled together, there was great camaraderie."

When asked what he had Rolex /Daniel Forster photo planned for his first

moments ashore, Green said "brush my teeth, have a shower, and I'm looking forward to a cold schooner."

Olympic gold medallist Grant Hackett said "it was very trying, very rewarding getting to the other side" while Wallaby hooker Phil Waugh described the 628 nautical mile ocean classic as a big challenge. "Early on there were some hairy moments. We didn't get much sleep. I really enjoyed being out there. Physically it was harder than I thought; it's very different to playing rugby."

Investec LOYAL's navigator David Dickson summed up the trip beautifully, "I've never laughed so much on a boat. The owner's rep, Ross Field, is a passionate Kiwi supporter. The banter between him and the two Phils [Phil Waugh and Phil Kearns] was priceless." Skipper Sean Langman had nothing but praise for the sport's latest recruits. "These guys never stopped. They are excellent, competitive men who don't give up. I hope they come back."

"Considering the conditions, morale was really good on board. We had a very good first part of the race. We were hoping for a bit of breeze and a bit of luck, but we didn't get either. The guys on board just kept their chin up even when it became pretty evident we just weren't going to be able to draw them back."

Investec Loyal came in 4th line honours overall.

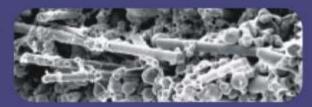


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