



The Coastal Passage

65th Edition
March-April 2014

E-TCP #65

Photo by Patrick Grinter



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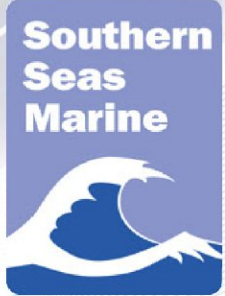
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The cover photo:

Oosterschelde is a Dutch three topsail schooner built in 1918. Patrick Grinter's story as a conscript on this Tall Ship and more beautiful pictures inside.

SPONSOR TCP AND WIN!

Go to: www.thecoastalpassage.com/sponsorTCP.html - Sponsor for \$5 or \$20. The 1st & 10th to sponsor wins a **FREE TCP cap & T Shirt.**

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TCP #64 Winners:

John Herlihen & Ben Hardie

Contributors



Susan Bett, MY Scallywag

Chiara Bussini, SY Ithaca

Dianne Challis, SC Elan

Patrick Grinter, conscript on Oosterschelde

Alan Lucas, SY Soleares

Lin Nemeth, ST Star Voyager

What's your story?

It can't be about you without you!

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

Sponsorship totals from E-TCP #'s 61, 62, 63 & 64 is \$640.00

Below is a list of the Sponsors:

To give you the recognition you deserve for sponsoring TCP, send us your boat name and we will post it in next TCP!

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Jan & Nick Wooller, MY *Yarrawa II*

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Dianne & John Challis, SC *Elan*

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Geoffrey Hannan

Igor Tumpej

Linda & Steve Nemeth, ST *Star Voyager*

Mark Folley, *Solitaire*, RVMYC Williamstown

Wanda & John Hitch, MC *Nutshell* & SC *X-IT*

Thank-You to all of you!

Kay & Bob



The Coastal Passage

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

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

The Coastal Passage

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SANCTUARY COVE INTERNATIONAL BOAT SHOW TICKET WINNERS:

Tony Law, Estela Sedawie, Jack Dunn & Patrick Grinter

There were lots of interesting reasons why TCP readers like to go to the Show, from inspecting boats, seeing new products, people watching in a boat lovers environment, the "show-girls", a chance to dream of owning a "water palace" someday, etc., etc. Here is one of our favourite letters:

Hi TCP,

I saw your advertisement for the Sanctuary Cove International Boat Show, and freebie tickets.

I am a fulltime single father liveaboard in Townsville at the Breakwater Marina. My two kids and I were in a house on our own for about 3 or 4 years, and I/we decided to sell (unfortunately at the bottom of the market) about 18 months ago to become liveaboards and pursue some cruising. I am in my 50s now, and long-term cruising has been a dream I am now trying to put together - at the same time giving my kids a taste of this wonderful sailing/cruising lifestyle.

After I finalised the divorce and paid out all the debts from the marriage there was 'sweet bugger all' left in the kitty. We lived for a short while on a rented houseboat, then for a short while on my 23' Northwind trailer sailer - wow, living aboard a 23' TS with two kids was pretty tight, I can tell you.

Anyway, we eventually got our hands on our current boat - a Jim Young Rocket 31' *White Knuckles*, which is not your usual liveaboard, but it was the right price at the right time and they took my TS as part of the deal - so it suits us for the time being. Now I am trying to put aside pennies to save for something a tad bigger, whilst also improving *White Knuckles* (both for ourselves and to improve our probability of selling it).

Anyway, it would be great if I could score some freebie tickets. I could check out gear, boats, ideas, and maybe a couple of boats for sale in the area - and maybe even get a few days off from the kids. Don't get me wrong - I love my kids dearly. But a day off here and there does not hurt either. I have a lady friend in the Gold Coast who would love to accompany me to the show, so I can definitely use the two tickets well.

So, if you choose to give me two tickets you will help keep the dream alive, and help me keep moving forward. A good dose of this sort of enthusiasm would be really nice - so, here's hoping.

Take care, and keep up the good work on TCP.

**Many thanks,
Tony Law, SY *White Knuckles*
Breakwater Marina, Townsville**

**ANOTHER CHANCE TO
WIN TICKETS TO THE
SANCTUARY COVE
INTERNATIONAL
BOAT SHOW!**

May 22 - 25, 2014

The Coastal Passage has kept 2 pairs of tickets to the show to give away to TCP readers.

All you need to do to enter the drawing is send an email:

mail@thecoastalpassage.com telling us why you like to attend the show.

TCP will have a drawing early April and if your name comes up we will let you know - then you can send your address. We will mail these tickets ***anywhere in the world!***

To learn more about the show see the ad in this edition with a link to the shows website.

**Cheers,
Kay, Bob & the Sanctuary
Cove International Boat
Show crew.**

Cheers Bill!

Last August when I asked my brother if he would like to visit Australia, with the "catch" of helping me paint *Scrappy's* insides I was really just kidding around. After all Bill had a job, a dog and a quiet life in Montana after 20+ years working hard on boats in Mexico and California. When Bill said, "Yes, I can come in the winter here between December and March", my heart soared!

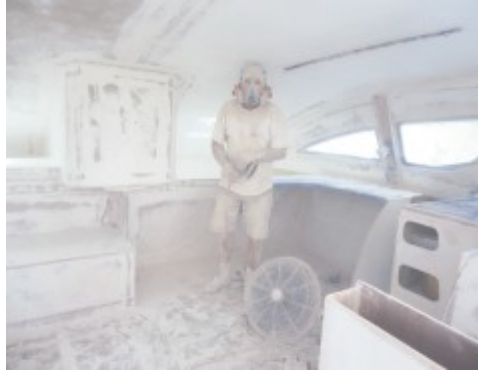
Bill arrived and got right to business accessing what needed to be done to get the bogging and painting done inside. He was there almost every day. The weather has been great and that helped too. There were a few horribly hot days with humidity as well - Bill was dripping with sweat and still carried on.

Now the painting is complete with a few little fiddly spots to finish up. Lots more to do but getting the paint system finished inside will make all the rest go much smoother.

I tried to get mad at Bill his last few weeks here so maybe I would not miss him so much, but as we never fought, that did not work. We took a week off and went south to spend time in a cabin on the beach. Bill surfed, surf fished (even caught a Woobbegong shark with his bare hands! - we did let it go...) and had a beautiful day out sailing - and of course Bill caught a Yellowfin Tuna!

I will miss my tuff brother, but his new love for Australia will see him back again - next time no work - just adventures - on *Scrappy* we hope!

Kay



Bill, knee deep in the sanding process



Scrappy is now very white inside...



Bill, surf fishing on a quiet beach in Australia

Dear Editor,

The boat the reader asked about on the ad in GOB is a boat I know. It is not a "Easy" design by Peter Snell as you thought though because of the name, "Two Easy" I can see how you misunderstood.

It is an old Roger Simpson design updated with redesigned transoms. The hull is solid glass if I remember right, and ply used in bulkheads and cabin.

Simpson designs are no longer available though there are quite a few old paper drawings running around and form the basis for many semi custom one off's from the backyards. The transoms are dated but otherwise the boats are still perfectly sound and proven cruising platforms.

Snell's boats are good home build projects in ply. Watch the void areas though, I would leave hatches in them to allow inspection for moisture and rot. You can always fill with polystyrene foam chunks if you are

nervous about emergency buoyancy. Something to watch in a used boat.

**Regards,
Jake Smith**

Thank you Jake,

That was a mistake from me. I did not do my homework properly. Lesson learned.

**Regards,
Kay**

To TCP,

I read the article by, Bob Norson on how to install windows... I used his system on my 1975 Teak, Holman & Pye Puma. It worked out beautifully.

I am now re-painting the decks which are epoxy/glass over plywood. I removed the genoa tracks and need to re-install them.... Has anybody tried the VHB 4991 tape for track

bedding??? Or what do you believe works best for the bedding and screw holes?

Mark Whidden

Hi Mark,

The screw holes need to be sealed as well. Do not understand the need for the tape but masking as done with windows would make a nice job. I would use polyurethane sealant - black, white doesn't like sun/UV. Lovely boat.

**Cheers,
Bob**

RECOGNITION OF' VOLUNTEER MARINE RESCUE (VMR) WHITSUNDAY'

I have been a Whitsunday resident for 12 years and personally know of and have seen the commitment and

dedication displayed by our Marine Rescue volunteers.

They are our 'local unsung heroes of the sea' and for anyone who enjoys boating and being on the water, you should know about VMR Whitsunday.

However, we rarely see mention of these volunteers and their good deeds in the media as they just quietly go about their business, with generally very little appreciation shown by the community they serve, either verbally or financially.

They survive by the generosity of their volunteered time and the support of a handful of loyal supporters and a few sponsors.

I understand VMR Whitsunday consists of approx. 500 plus members, of which some 35 members are 'active' either in management, boat crew and/or radio operators.

For those of you who don't know about our local Marine Rescue volunteers, let me give you a 'brief' of some of their ongoing activities:

continued next page...

- 24 hour emergency phone response service for ambulance, police, our Island holiday resorts and the general public (often when the weather is at its worst and often in the middle of the night).
- Search and Rescue assistance.
- Medi Vacs from our Island holiday resorts or private boats as re-quested by ambulance and police services.
- Assisting local boaties back to port when required in an emergency.
- Assisting the local community (e.g. TAFE, Sailing Club and PSHS) with their marine training programmes.
- Licensed Radio Operators rostered to monitor all marine channels during weekends for the wider boating community, including our Island holiday resorts and providing local weather updates.
- Logging details for local boaties on their individual departure and return times.
- Recognised Qualified training programme for VMR crew, including Coxswains.
- Recognised Qualified First Aid training programme.
- I trust that VMR1 (the rescue vessel)

and VMR. Whitsunday receive sufficient financial support to continue providing the first class service that we have grown to rely on.

Well done VMR, we really do appreciate your tireless efforts in providing such wonderful support to our huge boating and Island holiday resort communities. There is no better place to be a volunteer than in our beautiful Whitsunday paradise where we choose to live. Wishing all the volunteers a safe and happy 2014".

**D Thomas,
Cannonvale**

ARE AQIS INSPECTIONS NOW PAINLESS FOR YACHTS ENTERING AUSTRALIA?

Dear Coastal Passage,

In September 2013 Robin and I returned to Queensland on our yacht *True Blue 1* after completing a 10 year circumnavigation.

After reading so many horror stories of Australian Quarantine & Inspection Services (AQIS - now known as DAFF) inspections and having met folk who in 2012 had been forced to hire hugely expensive 'sniffer dogs' in Bundaberg we were understandably nervous about what was in store.

The reality was the opposite to what we had expected. The officials (two of them) were polite, thorough and genuinely seemed to want the process to be pain-free. They took their time so that they were with us for a full hour and a half (which is the time you pay for in your minimum fee of \$330). At the end of the inspection the officials told us we were 'clean' and no further inspection would be required unless the single ant corpse they found (and carefully wrapped up to be examined elsewhere) was found to have something nasty or be a borer in disguise (most unlikely). What a relief!

Once the formal stuff was over, we asked the officials whether there had been a change in heart in respect of how yachts entering Australia are treated.

We were told that the "working guidelines" had been revised in 2013 and as long as inspectors can gain access to 90% of timber surfaces they should not need to pull a boat apart any further. That is of course providing no evidence of termites/borers is found. It goes without saying you need to dispose of prohibited foods including honey and meat products etc but can you put these in the bags AQIS officials bring with them for disposal if you have not dumped than in your last port (for Pacific crossers this is usually New Caledonia, which is now equally fussy).

continued next page...

We are reporting this positive news as our case is NOT unique. In late 2013 we personally know of 7 other yachts which entered Australia from overseas and had no hassles with the AQIS inspection. And like us, all of these yachts had spent time in countries deemed to be "high risk" areas and most of us had older yachts with a considerable amount of timber in them.

Moreover, this positive news re AQIS inspections applied to boats (Australian and foreign flagged) arriving in Australia.

If anyone is interested in the steps we took to make sure we had a clean bill of health on arrival, you are welcome to email us for more info.

Robin and Suzie
vandathree@yahoo.com.au

Hi Robin and Suzie,

Thank you for your letter. It looks

like TCP got this right (see TCP Note below). It is always good to hear good news from AQIS (DAFF) inspections, and the fact that the "working guidelines" had been revised. Let's hope we hear more positive reports in the future and more yachts from other parts of the world are not "nervous" to visit Australia.

Regards,
Kay

TCP NOTE: In Bob Norsons editorial section of TCP #53 (March-April 2012) there was a paragraph that stated:

Are Customs and AQIS Lightening up a little?

The loss of trade due to the avoidance of world cruising yachts has been stinging and maybe hurting some southern ports enough for them to complain (QLD gov. wouldn't give a toss. They just

get the local "friendly" media to write a propaganda piece about how good everything is and you are meant to believe it!).

We have a report that AQIS has relented on their ridiculous termite inspection with sniffer dogs requirement to normal housing termite inspectors that can be arranged at a fraction of the cost.

The protocol was utterly stupid to begin with but whacking incoming boats with up to \$1000 inspection fees only goes to put the nail in the coffin of respect for AQIS. The E-TCP of this edition may have a report of interest concerning AQIS.

And Customs?

We saw a response from Customs about a valuation dispute on an imported yacht that was even handed, measured and reasonable! The yachty was asking for trouble and Customs didn't take the bait. hmmm.....

As stated Bob also wrote a report on AQIS in TCP 53, March -April 2012.

Click on red box below to download the PDF of TCP 53 (6meg)

TCP #53

This is a good example of TCP's publishing of these types of issues having an impact on **change** of unnecessary rules important to boaties. TCP is **your voice** for these issues and always will be!



IT IS TIME TO STEP UP TO THE PLATE

Over 10 years ago I was in Bowen enjoying home brew and salsa with Bob and Kay when they shared their idea of producing a free yachties paper called *The Coastal Passage*.

Employment has since taken me to the prairies in Canada. Cruising is unfinished business for me. Thousand of miles from the nearest ocean and in the frozen grip of winter, TCP keeps that dream alive.

TCP has come so far in 10 years and I know that like me there are many of you that have enjoyed all 64 editions.

After 10 years it is still free. And just keeps getting better and better.

With Bob's illness, needing to be away and Kay taking over the reins it has been a tough year for TCP. You know that Bob does not pull any punches. He is the first to start raising funds when he is defending a cause, friend or fellow yachtie.

They have asked for nothing from the readers for 10 years. Now they are asking for just a \$5 sponsorship to help out. Kay was way too polite when she thanked us all for a total of \$250 in sponsorship.

Edition 62 had 106,900 downloads. This means there are probably over 200,000 of us reading each edition of TCP.

While I am sitting at the airport typing this I am drinking a coffee that cost me \$5.30. I bought a Pacific Yachting magazine to read on the plane, it cost around \$7.00.

\$250. This saddens me. Lets step up to the plate readers. If you enjoy reading TCP then give up one or two coffees this week and log on to www.thecoastalpassage.com/sponsorTCP.html and show some support.

**Forever a fan and supporter,
Stuart Sinclair**



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ROYAL GEELONG YACHT CLUB'S WOODEN BOAT FESTIVAL is on again in 2014

Words & photo by Lee Renfree

Here's some news for all wooden boat owners and enthusiasts. The Royal Geelong Yacht Club will once again be hosting the Whyte, Just & Moore Lawyers Wooden Boat Festival of Geelong next year, and they need plenty of wooden boats to attend.

As in previous years, public entry to the event will be *absolutely free* with an entry fee of \$45 (plus GST) for all exhibitors.

Meet Special Guest Renowned Solo Circumnavigator and Author Jill Knight.

The 2014 Festival will take place over four days from **Thursday March 6th to Sunday March 9th** and, as with previous occasions, will be an opportunity for the public to get amongst wooden boats old and new, as well as fascinating onshore displays of nautical equipment, brassware, rope making and lots more. Best of all, the festival will feature wooden boat builders demonstrating traditional crafts like caulking and steam bending.

Out on the water there will be plenty of action. Royal Geelong Yacht Club will be hosting the Heron Victorian Titles as a part of the festival. As well, yachts will race around set courses in and out of Corio Bay, competing for many sponsored trophies. Timber powerboats will engage in baffling navigation exercises. And at the dock, all vessels will vie for awards in a magnificent concours d'elegance, while on land there will be music, food, drink, and roving entertainers. The RGYC theatre will screen evocative old time movies and historic pictures that show how life on the water used to be. There'll be heaps for the kids too,



including a treasure hunt and face painting and a visit from Pirate Captain Jack Sparrow.

"In 2012 we ended up with over a hundred boats," says Stuart Dickson, festival chairman and himself the proud owner and builder of a wooden yacht. "We had classic yachts, some built over 100 years ago. Couta boats, Tumlarins, a tall ship, speed boats, dinghies, you name it. We're trying to make 2014 even more special."

Speaking of special, the 2014 festival special guest is author and wooden boat legend Jill Knight. Jill circumnavigated the globe, with only her cat for company, in a 120 year old, 47 foot gaff cutter called *Cooee*. She is internationally acclaimed and recognised as an author, a long distance cruising sailor, and an authority on wooden boat maintenance.

It is perhaps appropriate that Royal Geelong Yacht Club, established in 1859 and the oldest in the bay, throws a party attracting all sorts of wooden boats from all over the country, in a celebration of the incredible craftsmanship that goes into creating boats out of timber.

"It's grown so much over the years, and it's just keeps getting bigger and better," says Stuart Dickson. "2014 will be huge, I can promise you that."

**Anyone interested in finding out more
can ring Stuart Dickson on
0417 379 860**

**email stuard@adrec.com.au
or visit www.rgyc.com.au**



Black Jack and Cut Snake entered in Sail Paradise March 14 -16, 2014

It's off like a "cut snake" to Southport Yacht Club's Sail Paradise Regatta for Brisbane multihull sailor, Rob Dean.

Rob has declared that he will be taking his very competitive, 12-metre long catamaran to Sail Paradise, which will be staged off the Gold Coast.

Apart from looking forward to some great racing against a fleet comprising both multihulls and monohulls, Rob is planning to use the regatta as part of his preparation for the 50th Brisbane to Gladstone multihull race, which will start on Moreton Bay on Good Friday.

Rob has contested three Brisbane to Gladstone races with *Cut Snake*. Last year his efforts were fully rewarded when the yacht took handicap honours in the 308 nautical mile classic.

He's now hoping for a similar result at Sail Paradise 2014.



Having claimed an impressive fourth place across the line in the recent Rolex Sydney Hobart Race, Peter Harburg has set Southport Yacht Club's Sail Paradise regatta as the next challenge for his Volvo 70, *Black Jack*.

The series will be contested on courses off the Gold Coast's famous beaches.

Black Jack was built specially for the 2011-12 Volvo Ocean race round the world as a Spanish entry. She was launched under the sponsorship of Telefonica and won the first three legs of the gruelling event.

Harburg purchased the 21.5 metre long racer early last year, shipped her to Australia and had modifications made to suit local conditions.



Photo by Andrea Francolini

Sail Paradise 2014 is open to racing and cruising monohulls, multihulls and off-the-beach sailboats.

Preliminary details for Sail Paradise 2014 can be found on the regatta website:

www.sailparadise.com.au

For more information please contact

Bronwen Ince: (07) 5591 3500

enquiries@southportyachtclub.com.au



News from Southport Yacht Club

Southport Yacht Club will host a *FREE!* 'Discover Sailing Day' at the Club's Hollywell Sail Training facility, 1 Marina Crescent, Hollywell Sunday 30 March 2014

The Discover Sailing Day is aimed at increasing public awareness in sailing, especially amongst children, promoting the message:
Sailing is for Everyone it can be cheap, simple, safe and fun!

The event is open to everyone, with children and adults given the opportunity to 'go for a sail', under the guidance of qualified instructors. Buoyancy vests and all sailing equipment is provided. Attendees will need to bring swimmers, hat, sunscreen, towel, old sandals and a desire to have fun!

Mum and Dad can relax under the Clubhouse patio whilst watching the kids sailing. Breakfast and coffees will be available from the Club's Waterfront cafe from 7.30am. The Discover Sailing Day commences at 9am and concludes at 1pm.

By Bronwen Ince, Marketing Manager

***For more information please contact
Southport Yacht Club's Hollywell Sailing Squadron
on 07 5537 7030 or sailing@southportyachtclub.com.au
www.southportyachtclub.com.au***



The Great Race - Are You Up to the Challenge?



On **Saturday 5th April 2014** Southport Yacht Club will be hosting The Great Race - for the 10th time since its inauguration in 2005. Year after year, The Great Race attracts competitors from all over Australia, looking to test their stamina and willpower in this 70km endurance race from the Gold Coast to Brisbane.

The Great Race is possibly the longest off-the-beach sailing event of its kind to be staged in Australia. Starting just outside the hosting Southport Yacht Club's Hollywell Sailing Squadron on the Gold Coast, competitors make their way up towards Brisbane. The narrow and twisted waterways between the mainland and the islands will test the competitors' tacking and boat handling skills before the open vastness of Moreton Bay which provide some challenging wind and waves. Finally, the race will finish just off Royal Queensland Yacht Squadron in Manly.

This Year see's the continuance of a ½ Marathon which will use the same start area but finish at Weinam Creek which is 20.5nm (38km) from the start and just before the entrance into Moreton Bay. This has been introduced for those who don't meet the criteria set out for the full endurance race.

This is an intense race. The current race records were set in 2012 with 2:33:32hrs elapsed time for Multihulls, 3:25:09hrs elapsed time for Monohulls and 2:39:58hrs elapsed time for Foiling Moths, with the majority of the fleet taking between 4 and 6 hours to complete the course. Concentration and

strength are called on for varying angles and sailing conditions that are encountered as you plot your way through the myriad of channels. Competition is fierce all the way, and with tactics changing constantly, you arrive at RQYS or Weinam Creek absolutely spent and hurting, but with a strange little smile of satisfaction on your face that only fellow competitors can relate to!

We've picked the weekend with the most favourable tide. Now it is just up to the breeze and to the competitors to set new race records. Entries for The Great Race are open to all off-the-beach dinghies with a yardstick rating less than or equal to 112, and all off-the-beach multihulls with yardstick no higher than 100. The Great Race ½ Marathon is open to all off the beach dinghies with yardstick rating of greater than and including 113 and less than or equal to 123.



If you're up for it check out the website:

www.southportyachtclub.com.au

for updates, NOR and the Entry Form!

No late entries are accepted! So commit early!

Contact Simon at Hollywell Sailing Office on

(07) 5537 7030 or email him at

sailing@southportyachtclub.com.au for further info.

Get SYCed!

By Helen James, SYC Hollywell Sailing Squadron

New faces join "old hands" on the SCIBS team

The Sanctuary Cove International Boat Show (SCIBS) team has seen some changes in the past two years, with senior events personnel coming on board to inject SCIBS with new enthusiasm and adding their expertise to that of the foundation crew, Harry Davis and Barry Jenkins. The 2014 event will be Harry and Barry's 26th SCIBS. They were among the small group of pioneers who presented the first boat show in 1989. "I would never have guessed the Boat Show would be going strong 26 years later and develop into what it is today," said Harry.

In those early days, exhibitors were quick to take up the opportunity to exhibit at the fledgling event. There were 104 at the first show, mostly drawn from south-east Queensland. Visitors poured in, causing all kinds of traffic headaches for the local police, such was the interest. As Barry Jenkins recalls, "The boat show had potential, we saw that from the results of the first event. Exhibitors were ecstatic with sales, which really created the impetus to analyse the potential and plan for the future. Then we waited for the right time to take it international and started promoting it internationally in 1999, which is when the show and the industry really took off. "The recreational marine industry was growing by six per cent per annum at that stage, and SCIBS had to grow to keep pace with the expanding industry. The show has faced the same economic challenges and highs and lows as the boating industry, which supports the point that boat shows reflect the state of the broader marine industry."



According to Barry, "Boat shows are the window of the industry, most sales of boats and equipment occur at boat shows". "Our motto: 'Where the Marine Business Does Business' has always been what we aspire to, attracting the industry as well as consumers. Sanctuary Cove does its utmost to deliver for our exhibitors."

continued next page...

Some new team members will join the crew for SCIBS 2014, along with some familiar faces which have been on board at Sanctuary Cove for a year or more. Corey Rattray-Wood has been promoted to SCIBS Events Operations Manager from his former role as Events Operations Coordinator at the Boat Show in 2013, which he described as "a unique event, lots of fun and great to work with such a multi-talented team".

Prior to joining Mulpha Sanctuary Cove, Corey honed his skills working with Tennis Australia in Melbourne as Event Operation Coordinator on the Australian Open tournament. "It was a similar role, but because there were more people involved, I was only required to focus on a specific operational area. With SCIBS, I found all my skills called on, which was very fulfilling. I am really looking forward to the 2014 boat show in this new role, working with contractors and stakeholders as the show comes together," said Corey.

Moving to the Gold Coast from Cairns, Gemma Tanks joins the Boat Show team as an Administration Assistant. Gemma has worked in events and marketing within the Hospitality and Tourism industry for several years, most recently as the Sales and Marketing Coordinator for Vision Hotels and Resorts which incorporates Paradise Palms Resort and Country Club and The Lakes

Cairns Resort and Spa in Cairns.

"It's exciting for me to move into the marine and boating industry. Barry and Harry are a wealth of knowledge, not just their knowledge about SCIBS, but also about the industry and history of Sanctuary Cove. I'm looking forward to SCIBS this year and being involved in such a significant large-scale event," said Gemma.

Johan Hasser, Head of Events says the new recruits offer new perspective, skills and energy to the team. "This heralds a new era of SCIBS which we are committed to making bigger, better and fresher each year," he said.

Proudly sponsored by Club Marine, the 2014 SCIBS will run from Thursday, May 22 to Sunday, May 25.

By Morgan O'Brien, SCIBS Media Liaison

Tickets are now available online from
www.ticketmaster.com.au

For more information, visit
www.sanctuarycoveboatshow.com



Gemma Tanks



Corey Rattray-Wood

Sail Mooloolaba 2014: Queensland IRC boats to head to Mooloolaba for State titles

The 2014 Yachting Queensland IRC State Titles will for the first time be conducted as part of **Sail Mooloolaba** which is being held in **June through to early July 2014**.

This is also the first time this championship has ventured to Mooloolaba and it won't be the last. IRC is the premier yacht racing division and the championship will attract the biggest and fastest yachts in the State. Entries from north of Mooloolaba and from Brisbane and the Gold Coast will make up the expected 20-boat fleet.

The yacht event, to be held within the multi-faceted Sail Mooloolaba Regatta, is scheduled for the weekend of the 28th and 29th of June.

To further encourage not only the IRC, but other cruising yachts and multihull racers, the **Mooloolaba Marina is offering free berthing of up to one week** (subject to availability) as well as a 15 per cent discount for any competing yacht booking bordering either side of the event. To take up the offer, please contact the Mooloolaba Marina via email at manager@mooloolabamarina.com.au and copy to Sail Mooloolaba (sailmooloolaba@bigpond.com).

The Queensland IRC Championship adds to what is developing into the biggest and best Sail Mooloolaba regatta ever.

Already booked is the SB20 Sports Boat National Championship and the ASBA Winter National Championship for Sports Boats, now over three days from 13 to 15 June. A total fleet of close to 50 sports boats are



Photo by Teri Dodds

IRC State Championship racing to be included at Sail Mooloolaba 2014

expected over that weekend for the two events and will be the biggest Sports Boat event ever held in Australia.

Combine these events with the Dinghy event on the 5th and 6th July, Schools Match Racing on 3rd and 4th July, Radio Controlled Yachts on Tuesday 1st July, the Fun Sail on the 2nd July and Open Match Racing on the 21st and 22nd June, you have the ultimate Sailing Event. One location, eight events. Something for everyone.

The Notice of Race and Entry for all events will be available soon on the Sail Mooloolaba web site : www.sailmooloolaba.yachting.org.au
It really is time to get off the couch and come for a SAIL.

By Darren Spence



The word is out. The 25th Airlie Beach Race Week is going to be huge!



The courses are perfect for great racing in The IRC, PHS and Cruising divisions



The multihull division always have fun both on and off the water

The club's Sailing Development Officer, Tim Parker, is already busy with the technical details and the Notice of Race is due out by the end of February.

On shore, the club is going full steam ahead on planning the parties, live music and venues for the sailors to enjoy.

The first entry in is expected to be Don Algie's *Storm 2*. He was there at the start, he's competed in it every year for 24 years and he wouldn't miss the 25th anniversary. *"The original Storm was an integral part of Race Week and so has been the new Storm for the last 10 years. I am always there, supporting it every year. "The crew will all be there. The gang all get together and come in from all over the place Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, the Sunshine Coast and Cairns: we come together for Race Week every year,"* Algie said.

**By Tracey Johnstone,
Photos by Shirley Wodson**

Event organisers Whitsunday Sailing Club are planning for more boats, more supporters, more parties and more fun for everyone.

Race Week is on 8th to 15th August 2014.

Accommodation venues are already taking bookings from eager sailors who know it's a good idea to get in early and secure the best on offer from among the diverse choices.

Airlie Beach Race Week 2014 is hosted by Whitsunday Sailing Club.

For more information -

**Tracey Johnstone, event writer - E: traceyjohnstone@bigpond.com
www.whitsundaysailingclub.com.au**

The 31st Musket Cove Fiji Regatta 2014



The legendary Musket Cove Fiji Regatta a regatta like no other will be staged from **September 5 to 10, 2014**. Hosted by the **Musket Cove Yacht Club**, it will be based amid the unhurried and carefree world of Musket Cove Resort and Marina on historic Malolo Lailai Island, Fiji the centre of the sunniest region in the South Pacific.

The island is the perfect venue for this famous annual regatta, and the sailing is superb almost always under clear blue skies and enhanced by a balmy tropical trade wind.

Musket Cove Fiji Regatta is open to all-comers cruising and racing sailors who are sailing through this beautiful part of the world aboard

monohulls or multihulls. The event is all about casual fun and camaraderie people having good times on and off the water. Most importantly, the program for the six days is simple: sail by day and party by night, the latter usually happening around the beachfront barbecue area at the Yacht Club a recently refurbished open-air facility located on its own tiny island which forms part of the Marina. Anyone who sails to Musket Cove is eligible to become a club member.

Musket Cove offers competing yachts docking facilities at the island's marina, or deep-water moorings in a sheltered bay immediately adjacent to the resort. These marina and mooring spaces are limited, so book early to avoid disappointment.

By Rob Mundle

The South Pacific's legendary regatta:
September 5 - 10, 2014

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mcyf@musketcovefiji.com

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Losing the Cannon Bay



Cannon Bay

Story photos and line art drawings by
Alan Lucas, SV, *Soleares*

How Great Palm Island's cargo vessel, *Cannon Bay* was lost in cyclone Althea. A response to those readers of "Cruising the Coral Coast" who have requested more information than offered in my fact box on page 199 of 8th edition of "Cruising the Coral Coast".

As most people who cruise the coral coast know, Great Palm Island is the home of a major aboriginal settlement which lies towards the southern end of the western face, in Casement Bay. It is serviced by plane and a supply barge which unloads at, or close to, a jetty situated at the inner end of a dredged channel through the intertidal shelf.

Up until the 1970's, policies were more towards self-help, the island having its own cargo vessel skippered by caucasian and crewed by aborigines. Named after a small bay towards the north of the island, she was the "*Cannon Bay*", driven by twin Gardner's and loaded by her own goal post derricks. She carried around 30 tonnes.

Her timetable involved sailing Townsville every Monday and Wednesday, returning fully laden every Tuesday and Thursday. Friday was maintenance day on her mooring in Casement Bay. Two nights per week were spent at

her berth in Townsville's Ross Creek in the vicinity of the present day Museum of Tropical Queensland.

The island was still 'dry', so it was hardly surprising that crewing on the *Cannon Bay* was the most popular job going giving, as it did, an opportunity to do a pub-crawl two nights a week. Part of the skipper's job was not only to discourage this, but to prevent grog being smuggled back the next day. Needless to say it was an unreasonable and impossible task. As a result, the vessel was nearly always loaded by a very hung-over crew whose grog-smuggling talents were highly polished. The island was never really dry, but nor was it anywhere near as wet as it is today.

The idea of living on an Island and working my skipper's ticket had an enormous appeal at the time.

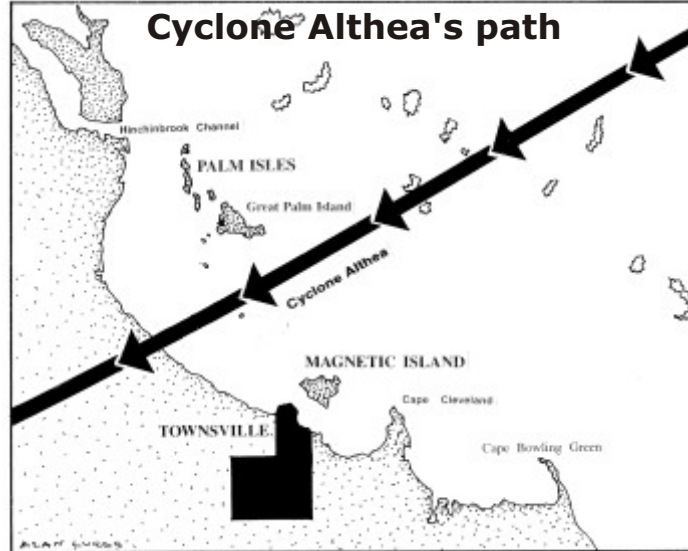
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So much so that when I was awarded the job, I cut off my line of retreat by selling my cruising yacht of the previous eleven years. By the end of the year (1971), I would seriously regret that decision, but I could not even imagine the dramatic way which I would lose my job.

The beginning of the end of nearly one year's employment came on Wednesday, 23rd December, 1971 as *Cannon Bay* plodded her way into Townsville for the last cargo pick-up of the week. It would also be the last shot at supplying the Island before Christmas break, and with its supermarket virtually empty it was an important shot. The trouble was, however, that a major depression was heading straight for the Palm Island-Townsville area. It was named Althea.

I had a decision to make: Load up and get back to the island and risk losing the vessel there, or stay in Townsville and risk losing her there. There was really no contest because both plans would probably result in losing the vessel, but the first would, at least, feed the island over Christmas. Moreover, if there was any chance of saving *Cannon Bay*, I would need a sober crew, not one that had succumbed to the temptations of a large town.

The other tempting possibility was that for the first time in my nine months on the job, a tide high enough to steam straight into the island's jetty to unload presented itself on the next day. Whereas normally we offloaded from a mooring onto barges, here was a chance to speed the operation by direct delivery ashore and then get out and use the same tide



into the 'cyclone creek'. It seemed possible that we would deliver the goods and save the ship.

The heavily laden return trip, on Thursday 24th December, was under a leaden sky and before a freshening south-easterly. The radio blurted out the latest news on Althea; "Here is a top priority cyclone warning issued by the cyclone warning centre, Brisbane. Cyclone Althea, with a central pressure of 28.5 inches, lies 240 miles north-east of Townsville and is travelling in a west-south-west direction at 14 miles per hour.

The most fundamental sense of navigation left no doubt that we were in for a pasting. I squeezed those Gardner's for everything they could give and knew that the key to success was catching that tide (there was no dredged channel then).

Alongside by mid afternoon, with just inches under the keel and the tide about to turn, we unloaded as fast as humanly possible, but it wasn't to be. Despite the decreasing draft, *Cannon Bay* took the bottom and killed any further thoughts of getting her into the creek. She was doomed to face the cyclone sitting on a tidal flat.

The uninitiated can be forgiven for seeing that as a positive: No mooring to part, no anchors to drag, nor any chance of sinking. Just the security of a dry berth with stout lines ashore. What can go wrong?

continued next page...

What could go wrong is this: If the cyclone passed between the Palm Isles and Townsville, the wind would strengthen from the south-east then, as it moved away, it would veer west, through south, to north-west. It would thus throw a considerable sea into Casement Bay and put **"Cannon Bay"** on a vicious lee shore.

Far worse, though, would be the storm surge caused by the low pressure 'sucking up' the sea level which, if it combined with the next tide while the storm was at its worst, nothing short of a miracle would save the vessel.

With the cargo unloaded and the crew paid-off, I fussed around doubling and tripling up warps and removing all soft or loose material. I then went home (to my government house at the foot of the mountains) and did the same to the house metaphorically, at least. In the back yard was a small displacement yacht I was building which I also secured as best as I could. Upside down, it was fully clad and the building jig was well dug into the ground. It should be ok.

Yeah. And boats can fly!

By midnight of Christmas Eve, the very old, tall and resilient coconut palms scattered around the settlement started chucking coconuts at each other, then debris of all descriptions took flight. The most challenging were the sheets of corrugated iron zipping out of the darkness like guillotines from hell, quite capable, I was convinced, of decapitating a person.

And then it really started to blow! By 03.00 hours Christmas Day, my backyard boat not only blew off its jig but it did, literally fly! As it sailed over the rotary clothesline, heading for next door, its painter fouled the



hoist which then swung it around a few times before the whole lot, clothes hoist, bits of building jig and hull crashed to the ground. The boat would survive. The clothes hoist was a write-off.

It was around about then when the island's cop banged on my door. An Irishman who knew little about boats, he called out, "You better get down to your ship. She's walking along the beach!" At that he jumped back into his Landie and continued on his very busy way. I ran down to the waterfront, hitting the dirt to avoid flying things whenever threatened, and survived intact to see that, yes indeed, **"Cannon Bay"** was "walking on the beach".

With a high tide (that would normally be three feet short of floating her) and the storm surge, she had torn her wharf apart in her bid to escape to the beach. There, she rode the savage wave train beam on, hammering her heart out as she thumped from bilge to bilge. It was just a matter of time before she would be driftwood.

Lying on the ground, just beyond the beach (so that I wouldn't be decapitated, sandblasted or drowned), I pondered the smallness of man. With winds nudging the ton, waves and blinding spume driving onto the beach and a small cargo boat pounding out her death throes, exactly what can one man do?

The answer is not a lot, but there was one vague hope of saving the vessel or at least minimising her damage. This was to get aboard and throw off her cargo hatch covers so that the sea sweeping her deck would pour below and, by its weight, pin her to the beach.

continued next page...

Getting aboard was a story in itself, but the ploy worked like clockwork, the wind doing most of the work of removing the hatch covers and the waves being more than willing to pour into her hold

Cannon Bay eventually sat like a rock as the wind, easing slightly, veered into the south-west then kept going to the north-west. I sat exhausted under the lee of the wheelhouse waiting for dawn where I realised I was not alone. Also enjoying the lee were a number of birds whose normal timidity was abandoned in favour of security. Nothing would convince them to fly off into the wind, not even my gentle stroking of their saturated feathers. Cyclones are great levellers; everyone becomes humbled.

Dawn exposed a rubbish tip of debris strewn far and wide, with many buildings shattered beyond, dislodged off their foundations or minus their roofs. Trees along the distant mountain ridge were shorn off every vestige of foliage, looking for the world like giant fish skeletons. And the Island's other vessel, the 15 metre passenger launch *Kiru* had broken free from her mooring and was later found smashed ashore in North East Bay.

Compared to Townsville, the Palm Isles were lucky, having copped only the northern semicircle of Althea. The southern half, the most destructive half, turned the city of 71,000 people into a disaster area. Christmas Day was a dismal affair of preliminary clean-ups, attempts to save food in the absence of power, and for at least ten percent of homeowners, a search for accommodation.



Ross Creek became the graveyard of many vessels, some of which piled up on the slipway near the Motor Boat Club, whilst others were stranded in city parks. Dozens of glorious old fig trees along The Strand were uprooted and a recently laid submarine pipeline to Magnetic Island virtually disappeared.

Back on Palm Island, I used the neap tides to patch *Cannon Bay* in the hope of a refloat on the next springs. The Gardner's needed little more than a wash-out and the hull seemed sound enough despite every seam being started and many fastenings showing signs of failure. And here, let me put to rest a persistent rumour that suggests she was pulled off the bank and set adrift to become a navigational hazard for weeks after. This is quite untrue.

What happened is this:

The assistant Director of Aboriginal and Island Affairs (as the department was then called) flew up from Brisbane a few days after the cyclone. We discussed the future of *Cannon Bay* and I was categorically assured that the Island would continue to manage its own cargo and passenger deliveries using its own vessel. To this end, I was requested to get the vessel into Townsville, book her onto Matt Taylor's slipway and have her fully restored.

My crew and I limped her into Townsville as soon as she floated off on the next spring tide. Pumping all the way, we were met at a public jetty (near the Motor Boat Club) by the local fire brigade whose truck pumped her dry and promised to be on call should we experienced trouble keeping her afloat.

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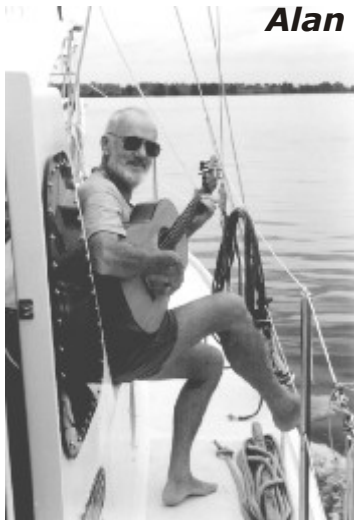
The crew went home and I lived aboard for no other reason than to keep her pumped out. When it became too much, the fire brigade's offer was taken up on a number of occasions.

Weeks passed alongside that jetty waiting for vacancy on the slip. It had to clear the wreckage off its slipways and then rebuild its own infrastructure.

I spent my time pumping, sleeping and because there was nothing else happening, boredom set in. This led to a decision that I would quit the job as soon as the *Cannon Bay* was in safe hands.

Such was the pressure on boat repair services at the time, *Cannon Bay* was still unfinished towards April, at which time I resigned. With a private barge contractor supplying the Island and every indication that the department would change its policy from one of supportive engagement with the Palm Island community to economic rationalisation, I presumed this private arrangement would continue. And I was right. Despite the money poured into *Cannon Bays* repairs, she was pensioned off and abandoned.

Her remains lie in the very same cyclone creek on Palm Island that I hoped to enter after unloading those Christmas supplies so long ago. As to how she became a navigational hazard so soon after her restoration, I cannot say but obviously someone managed to shove her into the creek. Perhaps that hazard was not her at all, but another victim of cyclone Althea.



Alan

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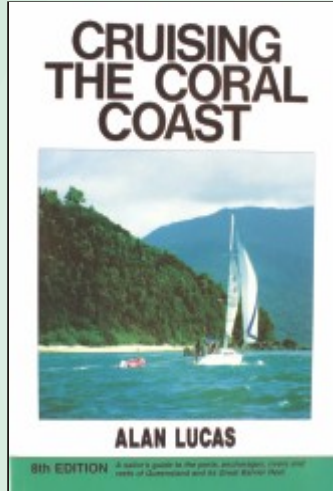
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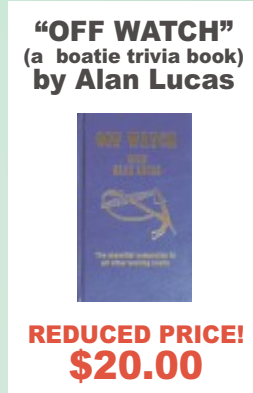
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SHOULD WE GO NUTS?

**BY Susan Bett, MY Scallywag
& Author of Great Ideas Galley Guide**

Nuts are nature's testament in proving to us that great things come in small packages. Nuts are packed with nutrition heart-healthy fats, protein, fibre, vitamins, minerals and antioxidants.

Nuts are a whole package of health and have shown to be linked to a lower risk of death due to cancer, high blood pressure, heart disease and respiratory disease. One study found that walnuts contained a heart protective benefit during times of acute stress. And almonds, thanks to their high vitamin E, vitamin B, and Magnesium components can bolster your immune system and provide protein for growing bones.

Nuts are high in calories so although a small handful will keep you going until dinner time, you can risk gaining weight if you overdo that satisfying nutty snack. For example -100gm of Brazil nuts = 656 calories! Brazil nuts are free from Gluten and also contain Selenium making them the highest natural source of this mineral. Adequate selenium in the diet helps prevent coronary artery disease and cirrhosis of the liver.

A health promoting daily intake of 30-50gms of nuts is about 1 small handful which corresponds to any one of these nut varieties:

- 15 cashews
- 20 hazelnuts
- 15 macadamias
- 15 pecans
- 2 tbsp pine nuts
- 60 pistachios
- 10 walnuts

Or a small handful of mixed nuts or peanuts

A healthy choice on their own, but add any form of sugar or salt, nuts can actually become detrimental to health. Most nuts grown on trees are not associated with any health problems but nut allergies from legumes such as peanuts are a major concern for some unfortunate people.

Nuts are also great to use in cooking. Transform simple dishes such as grilled fish or vegetables - particularly beans - by sprinkling roasted or fried almonds over them before serving.

Try making your own muesli more economical to make in bulk.

Mix together:

500gm oats, 500gm wheat germ and 500gm wheat flakes.

Add chopped nuts Brazil, pecan or almonds.

Add sultanas and 200gm desiccated coconut, chopped dried fruit and sesame or sunflower seeds.

Seal in airtight containers and enjoy on watch or every day for a healthy breakfast.

Your loved ones will go nuts over this pre-dinner or happy hour spiced nuts snack:

1-1/2 tbsp honey, 2 tbsp olive oil, 2 garlic cloves, ¼ tsp chilli powder, 1 tbsp smokey paprika, 1 cup almonds, 1 cup salted cashew nuts, 1 cup macadamia nuts, 1 cup Brazil nuts.

Preheat oven to 180 degrees.

Line a baking tray with non-stick baking paper.

Combine all ingredients except nuts in a small frying pan over low heat.

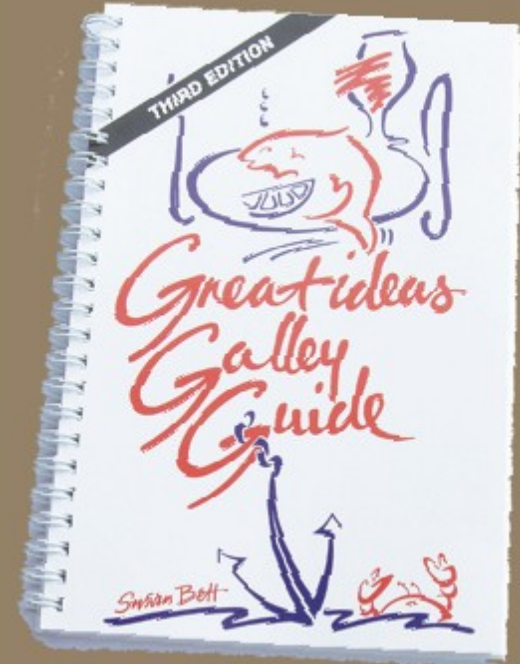
When combined, transfer to a large bowl and add the nuts.

Stir until the nuts are evenly coated then spread the mixture on to the baking tray.

Bake for 15 minutes, turning occasionally.

Cool before serving. The mixture will keep up to 2 days in an airtight container.

Great ideas Galley Guide by Susan Bett



This handy little recipe book has been compiled especially for those would be cooks who have not much time, not much experience in the kitchen or galley and possibly not much imagination when it come to making a great meal.

A comprehensive 120 pages of great ideas, the contents include an A-Z guide on effective provisioning, storage and cooking hints. Over 60 simple recipes, the majority of which use only one burner or hot plate. An absolute bible for boaties and happy campers.

A can of tuna, a can of tomatoes and garlic is transformed into a yummy and healthy pasta sauce or an inexpensive red wine added to chicken makes a great Coq Au Vin.

From these simple recipes to more adventurous meals such as Sweet Chilli mud crab or decadent Carpet Bag steak with oysters, both sure to gain compliments, but like all recipes in this book, very easy to prepare.

Due to popular demand this is the third print of the Great Ideas Galley Guide. It is simply the best value and most informative recipe book ever compiled.

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Wet season inner journeys



Chiara Bussini on SY *Ithaca* shares her adventures in Mackay while waiting out the wet season

Far far, there's this little girl [...]
Every day she writes words and more words
Just to speak out the thoughts that keep floating inside
And she's strong when the dreams come coz' they
Take her, cover her, they are all over
From time to time there are colours and shapes
Dazzling her eyes, tickling her hands
They invent her a new world with
Oil skies and aquarelle rivers...

Yael Naim

After many months of constant adventure, winds caressing the sails and pure nomadic joy, SY *Ithaca* had to surrender to the wet season weather and to other practical necessities and relax in a marina berth in Mackay Harbour. Its crew, hyperactive and curious as always, decided to use this opportunity to explore the surrounding area, commit with some local organizations, do some extra work and prepare both the vessel and themselves for the next dry season's challenge: heading overseas.

you can never plan anything. Or better said, you can, but don't expect it to happen as smoothly as you thought. Between job changes, postponed exams, bureaucratic epopees and tricky weather conditions, many times after we thought we would be on the verge of leaving, we realised it just wouldn't happen. What a great lesson for people surrounded by a fast-paced society: remembering that not everything is up to us, and that we have to respect and accept natures and life's laws and twisty paths.

continued next page...

During this year aboard we learnt the first basic rule of all liveboards -

So we learnt to dance with the rain: "Are we staying in Mackay until April? Well then let's get the most out of it!". And so we did! First of all we joined the local Surf Lifesaving Club, attending classes and training and obtaining a bronze medallion and an IRB crewman certificate (Preston just had to do a refreshment, but for me it was all new and challenging!). Secondly we got two longboards and went surfing at any possible occasion (and for the readers who might be raising their eyebrows wondering what waves there could be in Mackay, we can ensure there have been some pretty good ones with these SE blowing... plus with "Malibu" surf boards you can surf any little white foam!).



called "SOS Save Our Seas" aimed to sensitize the public opinion about the issues of marine debris and more in general about the impact we have on the environment. Local volunteers are being photographed among debris found on local beaches and all this will lead to a photographic exhibition that hopefully will give voice - through images - to silent and urgent ecological quests. The good thing about remaining in a community for a few months is that you can give back some energies, time and money as a pay-back for all the excitement and knowledge that the travelling lifestyle has donated you. This is a main part of the journey for us: the places we leave after remaining there for a while are no more pure geographical names, locations on a chart; they now represent emotional stopovers that have enriched us and made us grow.

continued next page...

My restless and adventurous spirit, longing for perennial travel, has been fulfilled by the numerous friends and opportunities encountered here... it has been a journey itself! And like our vessel's name reminds us, it's all about the daily journey rather the actual final destination!

In these months I learnt to surf ski, row, stand up paddle board, perform water rescues, and even climb up on aerial circus equipment and trapezes the latter not really water-connected, but awesome nonetheless! Who would have thought you could find so much in a little town in Central Queensland! I joined some environmental organizations participating in rallies for the reef, local beach clean-ups and more. I developed a project



The rain hasn't really appeared until the beginning of January in Central Queensland. Christmas and New Year's Eve have been glorious and sunny, allowing us to enjoy the peace of the Southern Cumberland Islands while snorkelling, paddling and swimming in the numerous protected bays. Apart from the risk of cyclones and the not always constant winds, we love sailing in this period of the year: the air is warm, the water comfortable, many anchorages almost deserted!



Waves breaking on Mackay Marina breakwater wall



Paddling around deserted Carlisle Island

Later on in January, as soon as my partner Preston left to go back to his work on barges in the Northern Territory, a cyclone tested the vessel, its refitted portholes and the remaining crew's ability to cope with everything and keep safe! Our mastiff Mannie was so glad to be allowed inside, due to the extremely wet cockpit, that she slept throughout the blowy night when cyclone Dylan passed less than 200km north of Mackay. She was so glad to be dry, warm and spoilt that she probably hoped there would be more cyclones coming our way!



Flooded roads in Mackay after cyclone Dylan's passage

On the contrary, I had a rather sleepless night. Despite having tied down the halyards to the maximum so that their rattle would be minimal, the sound was still quite loud, especially during the numerous gusts. Moreover, I got up to check and secure the double lines each time that the wind swang and while doing so I was checking the latest forecast reports.

All went well though, and in the morning I drove around town observing the consequences of the rainfall and the king tides. There were overflowing creeks, pedestrian paths covered in smooth sand, some minor flooding, logs and debris everywhere. The surf was up, so I joined the many locals who euphorically grabbed their boards and celebrated in the water after another damage-less cyclone.

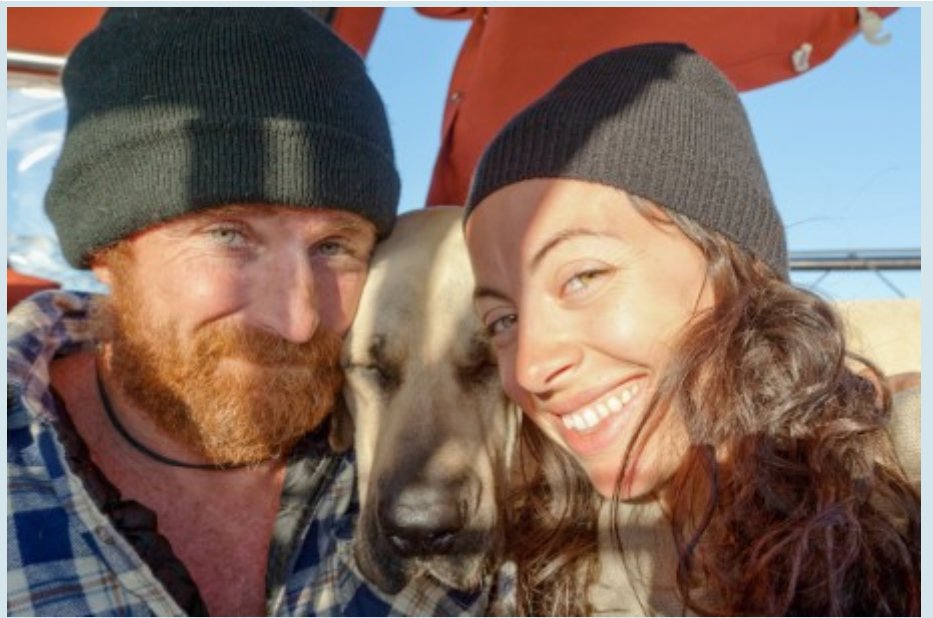
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Back in Europe, in this cold season of the year, rain and bad weather made me want to stay indoors, warm up under a blanket, drink hot tea and just read a book. Similarly, I enjoy reading and sipping teas below decks, but a whole new dimension has appeared. The pure joy of being covered in pearly rain drops while out on a surfboard, the cooling effect of a shower while walking the dog on the beach, or the splendid calm after a storm, when a rainbow appears in the still humid air..the warm and quiet wet season is not so bad all in all! Uncrowded from tourists and visitors, beaches and islands retain their purest essence, bare against the overcast sky and wild against the elements.

This special season also allows the core preparation of our projects, as it's in this period that we are working harder and getting serious about saving, studying and getting ready for the new travelling season that will see us sail up north along the East Coast and finally overseas. Pilot books and charts have been collected, data has been read, documentaries have been watched and advice has been listened to. Now we just have to patiently wait and dream until on a dry sunny day we will watch it take off!

Like us, many friends are sheltering in the comfort of a marina for the season, performing all the usual duties that boats require. "It's the time that you spent on your rose that makes your rose so important", states writer Antoine de Saint-Exupéry in his masterpiece *The Little Prince*. So here we are again, lines momentarily tied up but ever-free spirits, scanning the horizon leading to our next step, waiting for the next big tide that will take us far away.

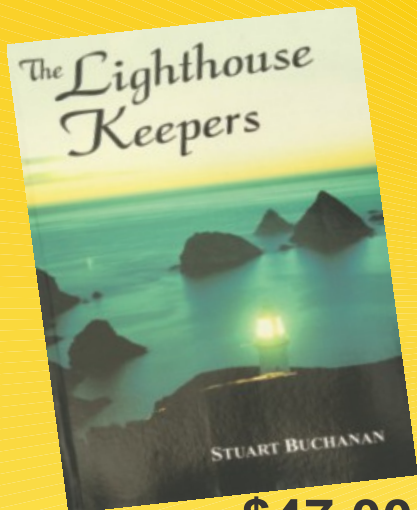
Happy Wet Season everyone!



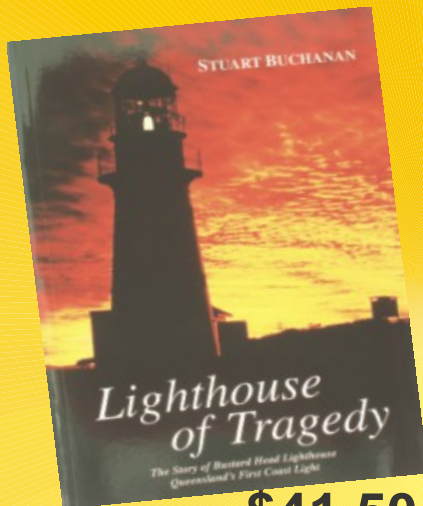
Preston, Mannie (a 7 years old mastiff) and I have always lived close to the sea (coastal areas, Aboriginal islands, etc.) and been fascinated by it, but it was not until January 2013 that we actually decided to make our latest dream come true and start living aboard our newly-bought yacht *Ithaca*, a lovely Nor'West 33'.

With plenty of enthusiasm but just a few races as our sailing background, we learnt a lot in these months, cruising up the East Coast of Australia and enjoying the beauty of the country's coastline, while planning to head overseas next dry season. Our jobs, hobbies and interests mostly relate to the sea and environmental conservation: we clean up beaches, live as sustainably as possible and cooperate in several projects... Follow our blog, www.storiesfromithaca.com to know more about us!

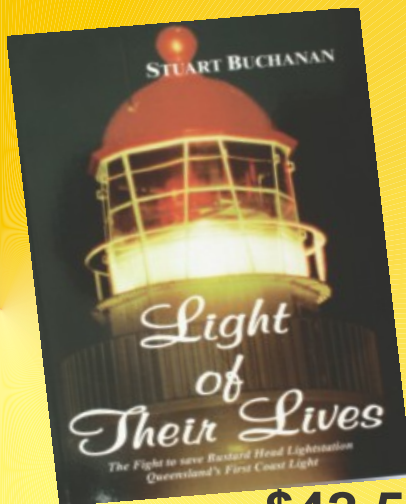
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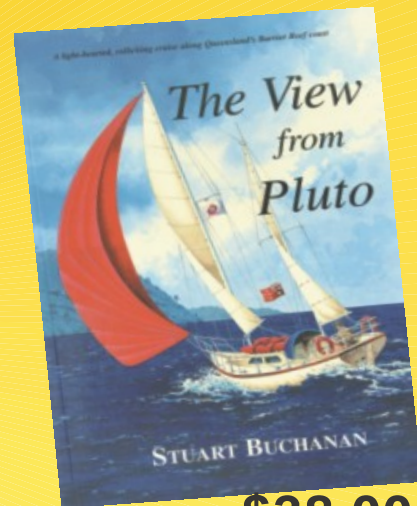
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The Christmas holiday that wasn't



Jaxon and Lin

By Lin Nemeth, *ST Star Voyager*

We'd been looking forward to it for months sailing in the Great Sandy Strait over the Christmas/New Year holiday on our 36 foot sailing trimaran called *Star Voyager*. All packed up and ready to set sail at first light from Burnett Heads on 29th December 2013, Steve and I were in great spirits. We had checked the various weather forecasting websites and predictions suggested ideal northerly winds that would take us all the way to Urangan.

As northerlies are apt to do however, they increased way beyond the predicted 20 knots and the sea became very lumpy, so we decided to call into Burrum Heads. The timing was such that we would arrive at the leads into Burrum Heads just after low water, so we did everything we could to slow down. Wouldn't you know though, when you want to slow down you simply go faster!

By the time we arrived at the first red into Burrum Heads the sea was very rough and waves were breaking. It was only an hour or so after low water but we had to go in. Despite one or two hair-raising moments when we seemed to have no water under us at all, we were finally able to drop anchor in the calm of the northern bay. We stayed there for several hours before motoring in further to a spot we had anchored in during an earlier visit. We had a pleasant dinner and then retired to bed at about 2100 hours.

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I woke up a little before 2300 hours feeling very apprehensive. There was an un-nerving stillness in the air and I could see large flashes of lightning not too far away. I immediately turned on my iPhone to check the Bureau of Meteorology website. Sure enough, a very large storm cell was bearing down on us. I woke Steve and we bustled around closing hatches and stowing items that might be blown away. By this time the thunder and lightning was all around us.

The thunder and lightning lasted for about an hour but at that stage there had been little wind and only light rain. Lightning flashed all around us and the thunder shook the ground, however, when that passed we thought that was the end of it. By that time we were we were sitting on sand we thought we were OK. Then the wind really started and rapidly increased to about 50 knots at times we think. Then tide started racing in. Low water had exposed a big tree root stuck in the sand about 10 or 12 metres in front of us and as the water started to lift the boat we were being pushed relentlessly towards it.

In the meantime the wind was such that we were in danger of losing our canvas canopy, the dinghy on the davits was bouncing around all over the place, and because we were unable to face into the wind our boom was in the wrong place. We started the motor and began to tie things down (at times we were simply hanging on to them for dear life), and Steve moved the boom as far around as he could so that it was almost in line with the wind. So there we were enduring very strong winds, and trying to manoeuvre around a large tree as the boat was being lifted off with tide. In all we battled for about 4.5 hours. We eventually managed to dodge the tree root and motor into deeper water where we could anchor in safety. It was one of the most horrendous nights ever and by morning we were absolutely shattered!!!!

So there we were enduring very strong winds, and trying to manoeuvre around a large tree as the boat was being lifted off with tide.

We stayed at Burrum Heads for a couple of days, by which time the northerly were petering out and a south-easterly was predicted for late the following afternoon. We took off for Torquay early in the morning and anchored in about 3.5m at low water to wait for the south-easter. The tides at the time were among the highest of the year. As the tide came in we moved closer to shore where it was calmer. We had to move back out as the tide receded but then we were in a wind against tide situation and it was not very comfortable. On top of that more storms were predicted for that afternoon and evening. So much for a relaxing holiday!!!

As it happened the storms did not eventuate but they were all around us so we didn't get much sleep. The wind did follow the pattern predicted by the BOM and by late afternoon it was turning north-east. I had earlier telephoned BOM and spoken to one of their very helpful forecasters. He assured me that the south-east wind was definitely on the way and that the northerly should peter out by 1800 or 1900 hours. He told me that the south-easterly was going to be very short-lived so we decided that we would have to leave early in the morning to get around the sand bar extending out from the pier, and into the Great Sandy Strait before the northerly kicked back in.

We were anchored off Torquay Beach on New Year's Eve 2013 and as darkness fell we sat in our cockpit and we enjoyed a front row viewing of the on-shore fireworks displays. At last it felt like things were improving.

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We'd had an unbelievably bad start to our holiday. First night a big storm and hardly any sleep and the second night better but not much. Even with the south-easterly however, we were bouncing around a fair bit at Torquay so it wasn't particularly restful. Both of us were very tired so we tried to rest during the day in order to be ready to leave early in the morning. As midnight struck we raised a toast to the beginning of the New Year and hoped that once we got onto the Strait things would improve and that 2014 would indeed prove to be a good year for ever thing and everyone!

On New Year's Day we scooted around the sand bank and headed south. We needed a bit of a rest day but we had to grab the opportunities to move when we could even if it was not necessarily the best sailing weather. I was hoping like mad that we would be able to relax further south because by this time I was a wreck mentally and physically. Then I received a Happy New Year text from my sister who was holidaying in France. Kinda wished I was there with her rather than in the Strait!

New Year's Day proved to be quite good for sailing and we finally dropped anchor in the southern anchorage at White Cliffs. As time passed however, the northerly increased so we moved across to the other side, and were quickly followed by the other boats that had been anchored at White Cliffs south. We settled in for the evening and enjoyed a Thai curry washed down with a nice white and decided that the day had been the best one so far.

The next morning we set off for Poona where we were going to meet some friends who reside there. Unfortunately that turned out to be another scare-raising trip. The predicted 15-20 knot northerly was more like a 25-30 knoter and getting into Poona (which doesn't have official beacons) was

rather yukky even for a shallow draft multi-hull that was being crewed by people who had been in there many times before. We by-passed the beach and went straight into Poona Creek where we were able to anchor in a deep hole. We hoped to catch up with our friends after we'd had a bit of rest

because we were pretty tired after the dramas of the previous few days. I think I will go overseas somewhere next Christmas!

The internet signal in Poona Creek was very poor but we were able to send and receive

text messages intermittently so we were able to find out about the weather from people who had better reception. One report suggested that conditions for the following day were going to be good, however, another was predicting a 30 knot northerly. At the time we thought the north wind might have arrived earlier than expected since it was blowing something fierce even in the safety of Poona Creek. So far this holiday had been a week of stress for me. Certainly not relaxing. I decided that if the wind dropped I might feel better in the morning. In the meantime there was red wine!!!!

Morning dawned bright and clear so we motored out to the beach and Steve went to get our friends who hadn't seen *Star Voyager* before. They came aboard for about an hour and then it was time to go. We finally made it to Pelican Bay after what I can only describe as a horrendous trip from Poona. I have never seen such waves and messy seas in the Strait and I have been sailing there for years.

continued next page...

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Once in the safety of Pelican Bay we met up with some sailing friends on *Ngkala* and *Quickstep* and joined them for sun-downers and best of all finally had a good night's sleep. Our friends left in their two catamarans early next morning while we rested there for the day as we had arranged to meet Steve's daughter and family on the following day. They duly arrived from the holiday house they were staying in at Rainbow Beach and we had a great day. We took some wonderful photographs of the children, Jaxon (5) and Tallulah (8) as they helmed the boat in Pelican Bay.

After the family left we retired for a nap. Upon waking at about 1700 hours I checked the BOM weather forecast. In the space of a few hours things had changed significantly and we needed to get to Tin Can Bay as soon as possible. South-easterlies to 35 knots were predicted. We hauled in the anchor and set off knowing that it would be dark before we got there. With an increasing head wind it was slow going so we opted to anchor at Smoodger's Point. Within minutes of dropping anchor the storm hit and we were buffeted around for the next 30-40 minutes. During one of the massive lightning flashes we saw the silhouette of a large ketch anchored nearby. It was completely unlit. Despite waving torches around as we got close to the anchored boats we had not seen the ketch, so if you are going to be arriving in that area after dark BEWARE.



Tallulah at the helm

So far on this trip we'd had only one day free of some trauma or other. For days we had been contending with strong north winds which were then followed by strong (up to 35knots) south-east winds. After just one night outside we moved into Snapper Creek where we were safely held by fore and aft anchors. One of our sailing friend couples live just up the road and the other couple (permanent live-a-boards) were there as well. We really had to get in there so we could re-provision as supplies were running very low. We were able to tank up with water and our wonderful friends took us to the supermarket, butcher and green grocer, and I was able to sleep that night!

It seemed like we've been caught in or dodging storms (strong winds anyway) ever since we left Burnett Heads. The fishing rods had not been taken out of their racks at all and we had only had one occasion to drop in a crab pot, when we managed to catch a single legal sized blue swimmer. After only a couple of peaceful days in Snapper Creek it was time to prepare for the return journey.

South-easterlies at 15-20 knots were predicted for the next several days and on the first day of the return journey we got as far as White Cliffs. Not long after we anchored a motor cruiser arrived and anchored about 500m away. As we were sitting in the cockpit and about to have sun-downers I noticed that something had fallen off the motor cruiser and was floating slowly towards us.

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From a distance it looked like some kind blow-up toy and when I mentioned it to Steve we decided that if it came near us we would try to recover it. No one on the motor cruiser was going after it so we thought that it couldn't be very important. A couple of minutes later I realised that the object I could see was in fact two or three people!

As they drifted closer it became apparent that they were in trouble. Because of the way our boat is set up it takes about 10 minutes to lower our dinghy and attach the outboard.

If we had done this the people in the water would have floated well passed us, so we started the motor and went towards them. By this time we could see that there were two adults and a child clinging together in the water and we could hear them calling for help.

As I steered the boat Steve put the boarding ladder down and got a line ready to throw to them. When we came alongside the first to be lifted aboard was a three year old boy. He was followed by his mother and finally father.

It seems that the little boy had fallen overboard. He hadn't been wearing a lifejacket and his mother immediately jumped in after him. Father followed a few seconds later thinking that he could get to them and swim them back to the boat, however, the current was too strong and all three were quickly swept away from the boat. In the meantime their eldest son who is nearly nine years of age, had thrown them a life jacket and a line which they were able to reach and a line, which unfortunately they were unable to grab. Also left on board was the couple's six year old daughter.

When all were safely on board *Star Voyager* we motored back to their boat where their other two children were anxiously waiting. Having disembarked our additional passengers we returned to our spot and finished our sun-downers. There were no other boats around and it would be dark shortly. We had no doubt that they would have made it to shore eventually as it gets quite shallow further in, however, how they would have managed to get back to their boat is anyone's guess. I shudder to think what could have happened if we had not been there! This was definitely a case of being in the right place at the right time and when we left next morning the entire family was on deck waving and cheering as we motored passed.

When we came alongside the first to be lifted aboard was a three year old boy. He was followed by his mother and finally father.

The south-easter came in strong, just as it had for the previous couple of days so we sailed to Point Vernon, from where we planned to set sail for Burnett Heads. Because the wind had been dropping off at night and not strengthening until 0800 hours or so, we decided we would depart Point Vernon at midnight. This we did and for the first couple of hours it was relatively easy going even though the wind was a bit fickle.

At around 0200 hours however, the wind came up fast and strong. It was too late for us to detour to Burrum Heads so we were committed to continuing on to Burnett Heads. We had reefed the main and rigged a small stay sail on the previous day so the boat was well balanced and we weren't over-powered, but sailing in the dark in what was an increasingly difficult sea was very nerve-wracking.

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As the sun rose we could see just how bad the situation was. We had a 25+ (gusting to 35+) knot wind blowing from the south-east (with a north-easterly swell. To say the sea was confused is an understatement! For the first time in my entire sailing life I felt the need to don a lifejacket. Previously I had only ever worn a lifejacket when crossing bars.

We continued on with Steve at the helm nearly all the way as I believed that I would not be able to handle the boat safely in such conditions. I logged on with VMR Bundaberg as soon as they opened for business, however, by that time we were only an hour from Burnett Heads. It was most re-assuring however, to know that someone was aware of our situation. You can't imagine just how happy and relieved I was to log-off as we sailed into the river mouth at Burnett Heads, after what can only be described as a nightmare passage. We were speaking with people from another boat that came in a couple of days after us and they too said they had never experienced anything like the seas they encountered in Hervey Bay over the previous few days.

So there you have it; the Christmas holiday that wasn't. Steve and I have sailed in the Great Sandy Strait over the Christmas period for many years and never have we encountered such appalling conditions. Is such weather a consequence of global warming? Who knows? What Steve and I do know however, is that never again will we be sailing in the Strait or indeed anywhere else at this time of the year.



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A conscript on a tall ship

Patrick Grinter shares his adventures on the tall ship, *Oosterchelde* from Melbourne to west coast Tasmania and finishing in Hobart.

Photos by Patrick Grinter

Patrick & Oosterchelde at Port Davey



Days 1&2

Oosterchelde was everything I dreamed it would be, it sailed like a witch and was a dry stable boat. I say stable because even in the 40kt. gale of the first night we heeled a constant 15deg. With her sails reefed and reefed again we were driven on at over 9kts., her bow tucking down into the waves and refusing to give way to the ocean. *Oosterchelde* said the ocean will give way to me! I stood in awe watching mountains of water pushed aside by the power of her sails, constant, steady and powerful.

The previous day had started with a sedate motor sail down Port Phillip Bay in company with the other tall ships of the fleet, *Lord Nelson*, *Soren Larsen*, *Windward Bound*, *Tecla*, *Young Endeavour* and *Europa*.

Anchoring in the calm of the bay for the night we enjoyed our second evening meal aboard in the sumptuous dining room, wood and brass all around.

continued next page...

Meal time was not to be missed on the *Oosterchelde*, whether it was breakfast, lunch or dinner and dare I forget morning tea with delicious apple strudel cake. When we were served what I would have considered as French toast I was told it was 'Wentelteefjes'. Eliciting a translation I was told by Fernardie the chef it was called 'Turning Bitches', should I have asked?

Ingredients: 16 slices of stale bread, 3 eggs, 3.5 tbsp sugar (50g), 1 tsp ground cinnamon, 2 cups tepid milk (500ml), 1/2 cup butter (125g). Not so different from what I would make, perhaps it was the sea and the pitching ship or the lashings of cinnamon on top, regardless I was intoxicated.

The second day started as discreetly as the first, weighing anchor and with a full complement of crew and conscripts (paying passengers) on board we set full sail for the entertainment of the assembled fleet of pleasure craft that were to accompany us to a becalmed Port Phillip Heads (The Rip).

At this point I should pause and explain that the conscripts (paying passengers) were required (encouraged) within their abilities to take part in sailing the ship, standing watches, raising sail, navigating and steering and helping out in the galley.

continued next page...



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The conscripts were divided into three watches, Red, White and Blue, seems as though they are the colours of the Dutch flag. The watch roster was one watch on and two watch off, that said, eating, sleeping, socializing had to be budgeted into the spaces in-between. All those ancillary occupations to the running of the ship were vitally important to me and to the experience.

The watch system ran; 0000hr-0400hr, 0400hr-0800hr, 0800-1400hr, 1400hr-2000hr, 2000hr-2400hr. Equally important to remember were meal times: 0730hr Breakfast, 1330hr Lunch, 1930hr Dinner.

My first serious watch for the night crossing Bass Strait started at midnight, but as the wind had been building all afternoon until by evening it was approaching gale force I stayed on deck helping with reefing sail. By the time we had sails sufficiently reefed it was 2200hr and only two hours to go for my watch to start so I didn't go to bed.

The temperature was 13deg but with the forty knot winds the wind chill factor was closer to 5 deg. My investment in waterproof, thermal sailing pants, jacket and boots was now yielding dividends. With a balaclava covering all but my eyes I stood watch until 0400hrs.

We passed to the east of King Island and could see the lights of *Lord Nelson*, *Tecla* and *Europa* dotted around us. We were also able to spy on their

performance as they were on us through the use of the AIS readout on the Sat Nav. Captain Gerban had reduced sail (although he said the boat could retain it safely) for the comfort of the conscripts, some of whom had succumbed to sea sickness and one of who had fell off his chair at dining and hit his head on the mast.

I stood in the shelter of the navigation cabin away from the biting wind at the aft of the ship enjoying *Oostechelde* surging through the waves. The Southern Ocean swell was 2mt by 75mt from Southwest and the gale force winds were whipping up 3mt waves from the Northeast. White caps surrounded the ship and the winds were blowing the white caps off the tops to spume.

The dramatic action of the waves being cast aside at the bow was contrasted by the smooth wake of the stern. In its wake large flumes of florescence swirl out behind us and added to the magic of the night. On watch in the cold of night it felt like this, stark, black and awesomely beautiful on *Oosterchelde*.

The chairs had a restraining chain attaching them to the floor and the Captain had advised us they were for the chairs benefit not ours. After poor Ed Rensen was caught off guard yesterday with the spring loaded chain letting go and falling against the mast, hitting his head, everyone was taking more care not to load the chairs and hang onto the table instead.

continued next page...

The advertisement features a background image of a desert landscape with a wind turbine and solar panels. The Pxn logo is in the top left. Three products are highlighted with green heart-shaped price tags: a 120W Flexible Solar panel for \$550, a 100W Folding Solar panel for \$599, and a 400-600W Generator Wind turbine for \$899. The text 'POWER BY NATURE' is at the bottom, along with the website and email address.

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Day 3

My watch had ended and I stripped off my wet weather gear and climbed wearily into bed at 0415hr but not before setting my alarm for 0700hrs. I was not going to miss breakfast!

After two hours sleep I rose and pulled on more warm clothes, the confines of my bunk were warm and inviting. Heating in the wall next to the bunk was so comforting. *Oosterchelde* goes down to the Antarctic so underfloor and wall heat is not a luxury, its necessity to stop the ship and her crew from freezing up. I had hung my wet weather gear in the shower ensuite of our two bed cabin.

My cabin mate, George was on deck on watch so I was able to dress easily in the small space. I opened the door and braced myself before leaving, timing the roll of the boat so that I could close the door easily on the return roll. We had a toilet and a urinal closet outside the cabin, all beautifully lined with tiles and air exhaust keeping fresh air circulating.

I briefly climbed the stairs to the entrance cabin, wet weather gear hung all-round the perimeter although a warm air vent kept the space a lot warmer than outside. As we travelled further south the temperature had dropped to 12deg C

and we were still exposed to the North Easterly swell coming around the tip of Tasmania.

As I walked down the stairs past the kitchen, Fennardie the chef slid across the floor with the grace of a ballerina and smiled widely to me as she took another tray of sausages out of the oven. The dishwasher spewed water from its lid and surged around the floor before draining away. In the dining room wine glasses in the cabinet tumbled over as the ship rolled and anything that did not have a non-slip mat tumbled to the floor.

I took a plate of muesli and added lashings of yoghurt and honey and waiting for the return roll of the ship to find a chair and sit down. One of the conscripts had unwisely brought their muesli, toast and coffee all in one trip and wore the contents down the front of their clothes and spilling into the bookcase nearby.

On the wall in the cabin there was an inclinometer showing the angle of heel and it was oscillating at 8-10degs which was at least less than the 15deg of the night before. I finished breakfast and went back to bed as I was due on watch at 1400hrs that afternoon; sleep came easily with the comfort of a full stomach and a warm bed.

continued next page...



Dining room



My bunk

Lunch was at 1330hrs so I had time to eat before my next watch, Fennardie seemed to have the kitchen under control as the sea state had abated a little. Every day Fennardie cooked bread - usually two or three different loaves; rye, whole meal, Vienna. With the fresh bread came a selection of sliced meats, salami, ham and turkey with cheeses and condiments, followed by another slice of Vienna bread with lashings of Nutella spread as dessert, coffee and fruit to finish off.

I put on my wet weather gear, said hello to George as he climbed into his bunk to sleep and went on deck at 1400hrs. The wind had eased from force 8 to force 6 and the sea state though choppy with white caps did not have the North east swell as we were in the shelter of the Tasmanian coast now. In the comfort of the navigation room I checked our position which was 8nm off the Pieman River, our speed sitting at 8.4kts.

On deck those not on watch found shelter behind the cabin from the biting wind. When we started out the 22 conscripts and crew of six made it feel a little crowded on deck, but now that some were sleeping, eating or sick it felt less so. Some of the sick had come out of their bunks and sat meekly getting some air whilst my friend Edward Ripplier (76yr) from England lay on the cabin top resting.

Maarten, the first mate decided the main

courseyard arm was rubbing on the main sail so we were all put into action to wear the yard around a little. All three yards, the Gallant sail, fore top sail and lower sail yards had to be worn around. With two people on each of the yard sheets anybody on deck was conscripted to make up the twelve people we needed.

Yards worn and lined up to Maarten's satisfaction we set to work to coil the ropes again. In broken English our Dutch crew would bark out instructions: "Coil them clockwise!" "How big do you think your hand is, with all that rope coil it on the deck." "Who coiled this rope?" Throwing the rope on the deck, he said, "Coil it again and don't have it touch the deck."

For some who were in positions of charge back in their old world it carried no weight on *Oosterchelde*; we were all equals, just that the Dutch crew were a little more equal than the conscripts. Never the less we were all united with one purpose - to sail the ship.

The fore sail had developed a tear in it during the gale and needed to be replaced with a small storm jib whilst it was being repaired. Hoisting the jib required 4 people on the halyard to raise the jib and another 3 people on the sheet to make it fast.

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A first class galley with first class meals



Crowded around the belay pins we pulled in unison, hand over hand until Maarten shouted, "Belay! No, I didn't say, make fast, I said belay!" He chastised the tailer out person; "OK now, one, two, pull out and down." "Now make fast", he said, giving the instruction to the person tailing the rope around the belay pin.

1800hrs; only two hours to go before dinner. I hope Fernardie keeps dinner going. The wind had eased further now and our boat speed was 5.5kts. *Europa* had pulled away in front and *Tecla* that had started after us and anchored behind King Island in the height of the gale that was now closing on us. Captain Gerban ordered more sail!

It is a sailors lot, - raise sail, reef, take it down and raise it up again, and at two hours before dinner we set to taking the reefs out of the main course, schooner and mizzen and raising the Gallant sail again. We're starting to get good at this and good at coiling ropes too! After another excellent dinner, coffee and a chat with our fellow travellers, I went to bed setting the alarm for 0330hrs to do my next watch.

Sleep came easily but seemed too short and at 0330hr I climbed out of my warm bunk, donned thermals, pants and tee shirt, jumper and then my sailing pants, jacket and boots and went on deck

17 Sept 2013 0600hr., Aus. eastern standard time

Lat/Long: 42'59.68S 144'59.72E
COG/SOG: 167 deg @ 7.3 kt Temp: 13 deg C

We were now 25nm west of Tasmania. On dusk last night six little birds (Silver Eyes) had landed on the rigging and kept attempting to fly into the wind back to the mainland finally resting and feeding in the coils of rope on the belay pins, this morning they were gone. We are sailing well now with a steady 15kts of north east wind and moderate SE swell. Captain Gerban has been trying to get permission to enter Port Davey but the Maritime authorities steadfastly refuse saying we must have a pilot. "Give us a pilot", the captain replies. "There are no pilots", was the response.

After talking to the other tall ships by radio it was agreed they would ignore the official directions and go in. Other concerns of transferring root rot fungus on into the world heritage area were addressed by following the governments shoe disinfection protocol. At breakfast Gerban announced we would go into Port Davey. At 1000hrs we changed course to 143deg and headed for Port Davey.

The conscripts were now starting to settle into a routine of life onboard *Oosterchelde* and now half way through our voyage we all knew it would eventually end, but not just yet.

continued next page...



Day 4

Maarten the second mate stood watch over the grey dawn of the third day, no surprises with the weather or the ship. Away to the east a thin dagger of sky heralded the dawn, the Tasmanian wilderness a dark jagged line of forbidding looking mountains on the horizon. Again we all relished breakfast, each of the crew tucking into a well-earned first meal. The ships roll was back to 8 deg and tolerable. Some of the crew helped Fernardie the chef out in the galley with cleaning up. I showered, changed socks and underwear and went on deck.

17 Sept 2013 @ 1000hrAus. eastern standard time - Lat/Long 43'18.70S 145'18.87E
COG/SOG 143 deg @ 5.9 kts Temp 13 deg C

With the decision made to enter Port Davey made, Gerban ordered a course change from 167 deg to 145 deg and anticipation onboard heightened. Anticipation that would be tempered with time as sailing ships make progress slowly across the oceans. Much of the weather that had tested us across Bass Strait was now further north. As we sailed toward Port Davey 20 miles away, the cloud thinned and broken sunshine lit up a grey sea.

A hundred foot aloft on the top yardarms Peter and Ben (Dutch crew) worked to tidy up the top Gallant sail whilst on deck the conscripts who weren't on watch amused themselves. Cabin mate George seized the opportunity to take the helm; the focused look on his face lacked only one thing and that was a mariner's beard. Ed Rensen busied himself weaving



rope trivets around the sheet blocks using a Carrick bend. Ed had done a couple of legs before we boarded and had sailed *Oosterhelde* before. He was Dutch and seemed more at home on the ship and that made him in my eyes less a conscript and more an honorary crew member. If Ed wasn't doing rope work he would be tidying up the mizzen sail or coiling rope. Some of the rope trivets done previously had aged with time and that gave credence to his lineage on the ship. Having completed his latest trivet Ed sat there for some time examining his handiwork. I always wondered what he was thinking.

The crew were rarely idle. When the weather eased Ben would be scraping rust spots on the hatches and priming them, Gerhard and Maarten would be examining the sail set for wear points. The conscripts on the other hand were still on a cruise, some stared in placid enjoyment at the rolling sea and distant shoreline whilst other more enquiring minds followed the crew around learning what they could.

Tony (Dutch crew - Australian raised now Dutch resident) held court with rope making classes on deck armed with his heat gun rope cutter; Ted, George, Josephine, and Geoff all joining in on the class. Tony stood out as the proverbial comic/comedian commentator on any subject that came his way. Watching another ship in port he would conduct a parody on the happenings in English with a thick Dutch accent:

continued next page...

Captain:

"Seaman, lowering the dinghy on the Port side."

Seaman:

"Excuse me Sir, which is the Port side?"

Captain:

"The Port side is the opposite to the starboard side."

Seaman:

"Sir, is that at the back of the ship?"

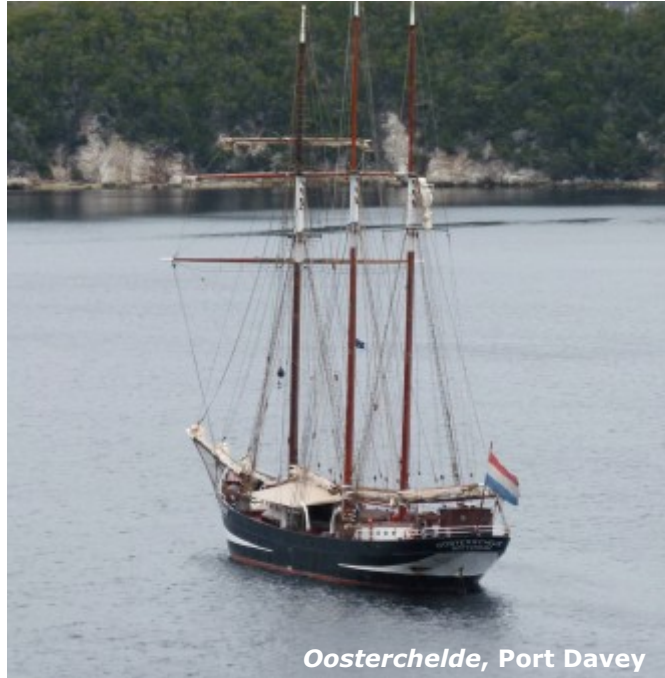
Captain:

"The back of the ship is the blunt end, the front of the ship is the pointy end, the port side is whatever side port is on. It changes depending on whether you're going into port or coming out."

We all laughed with amusement and as every comedian loves audience, appreciation it only encourage him more. Adding to Tony's comic relief was his Barts balaclava with its floppy ears hanging down and his ever-changing expressive face.

The sea was pleasant. We were running almost down the swell now, the distant black mountains turned blue and as the filtered sun shone through, white peaks like snow appeared. It soon became evident that the snow was bare dolerite rock the mountains were made of, devoid of covering soil and only in the gullies running down to the sea could trees survive.

A pleasant sea and the south west coast of Tasmania are not words often uttered together; this is a hostile and dangerous environment. At Cape



Oosterchelde, Port Davey

Sorell on the West coast the wave rider buoy recorded an 20metre wave on Aug 6th 2012. There are more bad days than good days out here and we were fortunate in our journey.

Having finished my watch at 0800hrs I was due back on watch at 1600hrs but we would be at anchor by then, so I stood and watched the unfolding canvas of natural beauty that is the South West wilderness. The rugged cliffs had an almost Dover white appearance. We passed Payne Bay, rounded Breaksea Islands and entered Port Davey to anchor under Munday Island.

Port Davey runs another 15 mile further up into Bathurst Harbour. This is a harbour that has been protected from human habitation by its hostile environment. At 1600hrs we anchored and Fernardie could prepare the evening meal in calm waters. We could feast and share a wine with the safe knowledge that only one hour anchor watches need be stood tonight.

We all slept well, enjoyed our hour anchor watch. In the half light the silhouette of the *Tecla* and *Soreen Larsen* took us back 140years to when whaling ships anchored in this sheltered harbour as did the Piners chasing the white gold of Huon Pine.

continued next page...

Day 5 & 6

We landed in Bramble Cove where the gravesites and brass plaque were. The day started with a grey overcast sky, *Tecla*, *Windward Bound* and *Young Endeavour* lay at anchor in the bay silhouetted against the mountains looming all around.

After breakfast we manned the main sheet halyard and sheets to launch the inflatable off the middle deck and all hands worked in unison achieving it flawlessly. We proceeded to dip our boots in the disinfectant as per the protocol to protect the environment from transferring root rot fungus to the wilderness area and went ashore in groups of six at a time.

Ashore in a Bramble Cove a tree lined creek ran out of the mountains and there in shallow graves their bones lay:

Patrick Bourke fell from the masthead of the Bark *Planter* off Macquaire Harbour 5th Feb 1872, aged 22 years.

George, native of Mangepa died on the Barque *Terror* 4th April 1853 aged 20 years.

Mathew Hendry fell from the mast of *Maid of Erin* 29th Jan 1863 aged 32 yr.

James Chard fell from the topsail yard on the Brig *Roscoe* 13th Jan 1852 aged 39years.

Many other graves, unmarked, desecrated and lost to time rested in this beautiful place.

A small tannin stained creek ran down from the mountains, trees were



stunted and gnarled from the winds blowing off the Southern Ocean. The other boat inflatables pulled ashore and crew waded bare foot through the icy waters before putting on their hiking boots. As comfortable as I was going ashore in my sea boots this was going to be my undoing in a short while.

A line of people stretched up the ridge back trail to the mountain top until they appeared like ants. I hiked to the first hill in the drizzling rain and satisfied myself with a photo of myself of *Oosterchelde* and the bay far below. The return down was slippery and I sought clumps of grass and rocks to maintain a good foothold until suddenly my left foot slipped out and down I went with my right leg locking under my body. I feared the worst but was able to stand continuing down with only minor strain to the knee which did not affect the rest of the trip. I vowed to purchase good hiking boots after that!

18th Sept. 1600hrs. With the westerly change due later that evening and the promise a good sail around the bottom of Tasmania we weighed anchor and motored out of Port Davey in company with the other tall ships as the misty rain closed down the mountain peaks. The wind change did not eventuate and the sail we had set flogged incessantly as the throb of the diesel drove us through a bleak and listless night.

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19th Sept. 0000hrs. I began my watch. The lights of *Europa*, *Tecla* and *Young Endeavour* dotted around us in the sea mist. Looming black and ominous were Maatsuyker Island, Dewit Island and Flat Witch Island.

As foreboding as they looked in the black of night the GPS plotter gave them a friendlier face and we could see we had clear water. What must it have been like 150 years ago with no diesel engine and no GPS plotter to guide our passage? We took in useless sails and tightened the main and schooner sheets and boom preventers to stop the boom from flogging side to side.

After my watch I managed a couple of hours sleep and rose for breakfast. The rolling ship caused great commotion at breakfast with Fernardie struggling in the galley with cups of coffee spilling and a fire extinguisher breaking loose and rolling across the floor.

Relief came at 0900hrs after rounding South East Cape when we dropped anchor in Recherche Bay. It was Thursday, we had Friday to sail into Storm Bay and make a grand entrance, then Saturday onboard with an open ship and Sunday to disembark at 0900hrs.

As Maritime authorities would not allow *Oostercheld* to pass through the calm of



Oostercheld arrives at Hobart

Dentrecastreaux Channel inside Bruny Island, we raised anchor at 1000hrs and set sail for Adventure Bay on Bruny Island. The westerly change had now arrived and provided excellent winds and a favourable sea for a great day of sailing past the towering cliffs of South Bruny National Park.

20th Sept. We made our entrance through Storm Bay into the Derwent River in company of the other tall ships and surrounded by a plethora wooden boats that Tasmania is renowned for. Graceful sailing yachts, steam and motor launches, one boat sporting a pirate crew who were making noises of taking over our ship! One lone sailor in wooden Nordic sailing boat pulled alongside and played the Pan flutes and that was just grand.

After our open day on Saturday we had a final dinner. Presentations were made from the conscripts to Captain Gerban, Fernardie the cook and the crew Maarten, Arno, Peter and Ben.

I recited John Masefields 'Sea Fever' too much applause as tears misted our eyes knowing that our adventure had ended.

I must go down to the seas again...



The Ship

Oosterschelde is a Dutch three topsail schooner built in 1918. Her home port is Rotterdam. After an early life carrying clay, stone, wood and also herring, potatoes, and straw some sail rigging was removed in the 1930's and a large diesel engine installed. Then after another life as a coastal freighter she was brought back to the Netherlands in 1988 for restoration to the original state of a topsail schooner. The Rotterdam Sailing Ship Foundation was formed to raise funding to complete the 3.2million euro restoration which was done to an uncompromising standard of quality and authenticity. As the largest restored Dutch sailing ship *Oosterschelde* is a monument for Dutch shipbuilding and maritime navigation under sail.

The Schelde is a river that flows from France through Belgium and the Netherlands to the sea. In the Netherlands the Schelde splits into an eastern ("ooster") and a western part. The eastern part is called "Oosterschelde" and that name was given to the ship in 1918.

From 1996 through 1998 *Oosterschelde* made a trip around the world (route: Red Sea, Indonesia, Hong Kong, Japan, Australia, New-Zealand, Cape Horn and Antarctica) The current voyage around the world started on November 3, 2012 and will end in May 2014. This will bring the ship to Cabo Verde, Brazil, Cape Of Good Hope, Mauritius, Cape Leeuwin, New Zealand, Cape Horn and Antarctica. In October 2013 *Oosterschelde* participated in the International Fleet Review 2013 in Sydney.

TECHNICAL DETAILS

Type: Three-masted topsail schooner

Year of Launch: 1918

Restoration: 1988 1992

Port of registration: Veerhaven, Rotterdam

Length overall: 50 m

Length stem to stern: 40,12 m

Width: 7.5 m

Draught: 3.00 m

Air draught: 36 m

Sail area: 891 square m

Engine: 6 cylinder Deutz, 360 pk

Two person cabins: 6

Four person cabins: 3

Toilets: 5

Showers: 5

Capacity voyages: 24 guests

Capacity daytrips: 120 guests

To follow *Oosterchelde's* ship tracker and log go to:
www.oosterschelde.nl/en/

A few tall ships that sailed with *Oosterchelde*



Lady Nelson, Storm Bay, Hobart



Windward Bound & Tecla, Port Davey



Europa, Storm Bay, Hobart

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Plymorph - ELAN'S emergence



By Dianne Challis, SC Elan

What an incredible journey we have had. Five years ago we started with a pile of marine ply wood and lengths of pine. Who would ever think that these flat uninteresting freaks of nature could possibly turn into something that floats. John had never worked with timber in this fashion before. He

is a cockney who spent his early working life in the UK roofing and then in Australia he spent the best part of 20 years working with children in remand centres, hostels for homeless and abused children of all ages, also with young people with disabilities. He was gob smacked at the task we were about to take on. "If only my Dad could see me now" he would say. Teachers from those early days said "Challis you will never amount to anything, you are only fit for factories and digging holes". How little did they know that this strong willed, hard working lad from an extremely poor environment would achieve the things that he has. That little boy dreamed of one day going to sea but at the time it seemed so far out of reach that the dream was exactly that, just a dream.

Fifty years later the dream is a reality. The determination and hard work paid off. Here we sit at the Bundaberg Port Marina floating, no leaks and as happy and relaxed as we possibly could be. We joke about being divorced about 4 times during the process of building the boat. Yes there were many days that we wanted to run away and pretend that she didn't exist. We wanted to pretend that the shed was empty and we had a more normal life. Then again what can you call normal? For us it has been a great achievement as there were so many obstacles put in our way. The past five years were a real test on our stamina, emotions and our resilience. If only we had started this project 20 or more years ago it may have been easier. Health issues, mother nature and other life experiences would have been minimal. Here we are in our 60's and finally able to retire in our home afloat.

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Our Peter Snell Easy has had a few little changes to her roof line; our choice. We followed the plans to the letter up to this stage. The 'Sarah' design which is the 12 metre Easy has very comfortable wide decks which are easy to walk around. We chose to widen our bulk head by approximately 150mm on each side which still left us with a nice wide access across the decks to the front. Also by doing this we had much more headroom for going down into the hulls. Instead of having the sleek lean back cabin roof we chose to stand the saloon sides up which in turn also moved the front more forward giving us more head space and making the saloon wider and increasing our visuals all around. By doing this we encroached the area where the mast step would normally have been so we have had to put in a compression post and had the mast stepped. The roof

was built exactly to the plans except we took the roof out by 200mm past the windows creating what they call an eyebrow. This gives us a little bit more shade on the saloon. We continued this line through to the back where we joined onto our targa bar. By doing this we have more protection from the weather in the cockpit.

We are thrilled with the final results and have received many compliments from passing boaties walking the fingers of the marina and looking at everyone else's dreams. The idea came from a friend of ours Barry and Pam who also did the same roof line on his 11.6m 'Easy' *Minx*. Barry has been very inspirational and kept us going with his moral support. Lucky bugger is up at Thursday Island having the time of his life doing absolutely nothing and only doing something when he really feels like it. That's the life for us.

Back in June 2013 we decided that we would get professional painters in to paint the boat. Our equipment was antiquated and we thought that we could get on with other things boat related while they did their thing. We wanted to have the boat in the water by September. That then became October and then by the time the painters had finished it was December. There were lots of issues with the paint work done and we are still dealing with that.

With this on-going hiccup out of the way we continued to do what we could and then one day I approached John and said we needed to make a date to get this boat off our property and into Bundaberg slipway 60kms away. I grabbed my diary and chose Monday 2nd December 2013. That gave us exactly three weeks. I organized the Herbrner Brothers for moving the boat and rang the slipway and told them when we would be there.

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Everything was set in motion so there was no turning back now. It was several trips into Bundaberg to get our Dow Corning 791 from Lincoln Sentry for our windows and also our Bostik Sikaflex for all our deck gear. We worked our little butts off, not that we didn't normally, but this was different. We were getting our big project closer to the water. Up went the windows, what a messy job that was. I can't wear gloves when I work I find them more hindrance than help. I had black fingers and nails topped with the white from the Sikaflex. Who needed gloves when I had created my very own chemical coverage. Certainly created a few looks of distain from locals and checkout chicks.

John got our two Honda 20 h.p. outboard motors into position on their individual transoms then the morse controls were hooked up and the power with isolator switch to them. He worked hard on the electronics and battery area which we have housed within the Navigation table. We have 3 x 200 amp/hr batteries which are currently fed by 5 x 120 watt flexible solar panels and a wind generator. Backup power is in the form a 2 kva genset.



shifted out of the shed and up our heavily tree lined drive to the road edge. This is where our dream sat for the night. Her emergence from the shed was like watching a butterfly breaking free of its cacoon and wanting to spread those wings and be free. The following morning at 5 a.m. with a police escort, we ventured out onto the country roads where trucks and cars were forced to pull over to allow this strange cargo to move over the bitumen. She was a strange view to behold as we followed behind taking photo after photo of her rear as she waddled at 80 kms per hour towards her new home for the time being. This would be the fastest she would ever go.

Not all electronics are hooked up as yet. The plan was to get the boat as water tight as possible and get her off the property before the wet set in and finish her off on the water. Otherwise we wouldn't be able to move before March 2014.

With everything to lock up stage and liveable we were loaded onto the house removal trailer and gently and carefully

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An advertisement for 'Power by Nature' featuring various renewable energy products. At the top left is the PxN logo, a stylized sun with rays. Below it, a green heart contains the price '\$550' next to a curved solar panel. To the right, another green heart contains '\$599' next to a folding solar panel. Below these, a third green heart contains '\$899' next to a wind turbine. Text labels include '120W FLEXIBLE SOLAR', '100W FOLDING SOLAR', and '400-600W GENERATOR WIND'. At the bottom, a pink banner contains the text 'POWER BY NATURE', the website 'WWW.PxN.COM.AU', and the email 'E: SALES@PxN.COM.AU'.

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We arrived at the Bundaberg Slipway where she was carefully chocked up on blocks and a trailer was then placed under her for more support in readiness for her launch in a week's time by Mick and Mike the guys who worked there. They were extremely helpful in many ways and made our time there stress free. Nothing was too much for them and they made us feel at home and always had a smile and enjoyed a laugh.

Now here she sat under large gum tree's facing the Burnett River waiting for her rigging from All Yacht Spars to arrive. We slept on her and continued to work on her while on the hard.

We had her name *ELAN* placed on her. She was now more than just a project. She was no longer a pile of plywood she had plymorphed into our home, she now had a name. *Elan* was now a reality - not just a drudging project that we had to complete because we were in too deep to give up.

As time has gone by for me the bonding has become strong. I talk to her as if she understands what I am saying. Oh yes, I do get strange looks from those around me but too much of me has gone into her. It's like

giving birth, when you see the miracle emerge you soon forget the pain and that is how it is for me. John is so much more relaxed and the smiles are more prominent again. His dream is truly a reality, he is in his element.

At last the day had come and the rigging went up without any problems, the last coat of antifoul was on and the morning dawned a glorious golden glow. We were ready for the big splash. Along with a fellow Easy sailor Bob from *Bobzaway*, Bill an experienced sailor from USA, and Kirsten his niece and a dear friend of ours, we waited for the water to rise and lift *Elan* from her bonds. We sat on our trampolines speaking to other friends who watched from the river bank and wiled away the time with laughter and bantering.

At last the water rose and lifted *Elan* enough for her to reverse off the trailer. We had the RSL club on the opposite side of the river where friends took photos of the launch. We moved forward and what a relief that there were no leaks. I was constantly checking all the through hull fittings as the water lapped around her bottom.

We actually floated. How could I have doubted it?



The silly things that go through your mind on this day of reckoning, all the self doubts of did we do it right go whizzing through the head. I had hold of the wheel as we manoeuvred through moored yachts and crab pots heading down river towards the marina at the port. John took over a few miles down the track. We had strong winds and tide against us but we were happy with how the boat handled. All the tension of the day went away as we poured champagne over the bows in the safety of the marina christening *Elan* with friends cheering us on.

This is where we will be until mid February. We are having our sails measured up on the 2nd January and then at the end of the month they will be fitted. Where will we go? We are thinking of the Great Sandy Strait and Tin Can Bay and then when the sailing season begins around end of March, beginning of April we will slowly work our way up the Queensland coast exploring all the safe nooks and crannies we can and experience this beautiful country from the outside. We will be fair weather sailors, we are not in a hurry; we don't want to miss anything. This is our time and we can make choices that suit us and *Elan*.



Dianne & John christen ELAN

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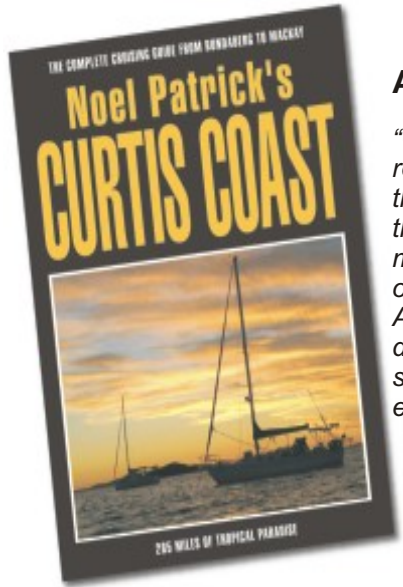
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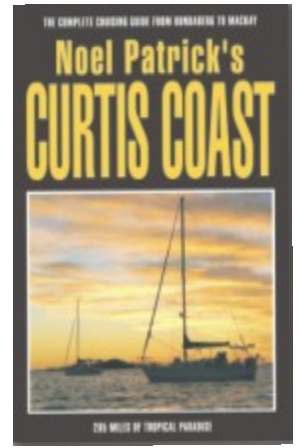
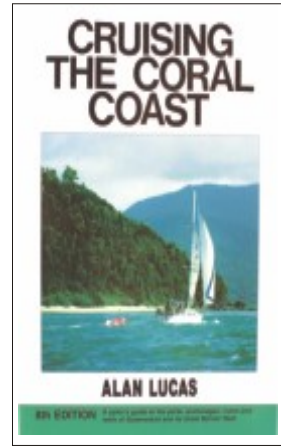


A quote from Noel Patrick:

“Over and above all other reasons for starting this book, is the realisation that this section of the Queensland coast offers more, in most respects, than any other to the boating enthusiast. A person making such a discovery generally wishes to share it so others may find equal enjoyment.”

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Servicing your winches - don't let it scare you!

By Mike Lee,

The technical expert at **HARKEN'S** Newport Rhode Island office

Harken note: Mike works closely with naval architects, boat designers, and boat captains, designing custom winch and hardware packages, and figuring out the best deck layouts for the projects. A Milwaukee, Wisconsin native, Mike has been in the marine industry for over 17 years and at Harken for eight. For many years he sailed big boats in the Milwaukee area, but admits he's addicted to speed. "I sailed a Hobie 16 for a long time until one day a sailboard shot past me. I also satisfy my need for speed by sailing ice boats."

GREASY AND MESSY

If you're like most sailboat owners, you haven't serviced your winches since you owned the boat. Every year you say this is going to be the year you clean and grease them, but something more important always comes along.

Without sugarcoating the job, cleaning winches is a greasy, messy, pain in the @\$# that intimidates even some boat-savy persons. However, winches need to be greased because they are among the most expensive items on the boat!

ABSTRACT PUZZLE

Every brand of winch is different, so there's no perfect way to memorize how a winch goes back together. However, a winch can not be put together wrong because the parts only fit together the right way with the exception of maybe getting a washer in the wrong place. While I'm trying to piece my winch back together, I like to think of it as an abstract puzzle. If you do find yourself in trouble with a Harken, you can download a parts breakdown off the website:

www.harken.com/winches/winch.php



1

GETTING READY

It's a good idea to have everything handy before you start because you'll be too greasy to dig around your clean boat for needed items: lots of paper towels, mineral spirits (white spirits), large tin or plastic container, small paint brush, winch grease, tools including metric Allen wrenches, access to hot water, and cold beer.

The paper towels let you keep the mess under control. The cold beer... well hopefully you know what to do with that. Beer can also induce a friend to help you clean a winch or two.

DIS-ASSEMBLY

To disassemble, remove the drum from the base of the winch using the screw at the bottom of the winch handle socket. Simply unscrew it, pull the socket out, and the drum will lift off.

As you lift the drum, be aware the roller bearing cages may momentarily stick inside the drum and could unexpectedly drop out. Make sure they don't bounce off the deck into the water.

Now you can remove all the gears and bearings for cleaning. Even though the winch only goes back together one way, it won't hurt to take a good look at everything.

Most importantly, remember where the washers and other little items go. Don't waste time worrying about the larger gears and drive shaft. It's easy to find their homes.

Pulling the gears and bearings out is actually quite simple and doesn't require any tools or skill. They just slip over the gear shaft.



CLEANING

Take the gears and bearings and place them in the container. Cover the parts with mineral spirits and soak.

After soaking, take the small brush and work the old grease off the part. Don't forget to clean the gear ring on the inside of the drum.

Now that you've removed the grease and grime, rinse the parts in hot water to remove the mineral spirits. If the spirits are left on, it breaks down the grease.

RE-ASSEMBLY

As you put the gears back into place, take a close look at how the pawls are working. If they don't open and close smoothly, then the drum could spin backwards. If there's **any question** that the pawls are not working properly, it is much easier to replace them and the little springs.

It is very important *NOT* to grease the pawls because grease causes them to stick. And if they stick, the gears won't engage. To lubricate your pawls, use any light oil that might be on hand; something like a 3 & 1 oil.

The final step is to place all the winch parts back into the base where they belong. If you do end up with extra parts, you'll have to go back through each part and play detective until its home is discovered. Also, it's not a bad idea to periodically give the shaft and gears a spin to make sure you are on the right path. Remember, in most cases winches are used in pairs. Clean one winch at a time. If you become confused as to where a part goes, you can look at its mate for the answer.

FINAL TOUCHES

Once you are certain the winch is reassembled correctly, lightly brush on some clean winch grease. Some owners think that because they won't get around to servicing their winches for a long time, the smart strategy is to pack them with so much grease they will last for years.

This is a bad idea and only makes a big mess down the road. Now that the gears and bearings are all in place with new grease, all that needs to be done is to remount the drum.

Harken note: The example used is an Italian made Harken winch would be consistent up to 2009. Newer Harken winches and winches from other manufacturers may need slightly different techniques but the general advice contained is applicable to most winches.





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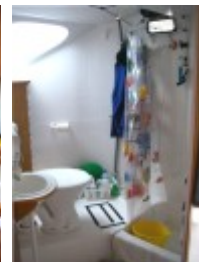


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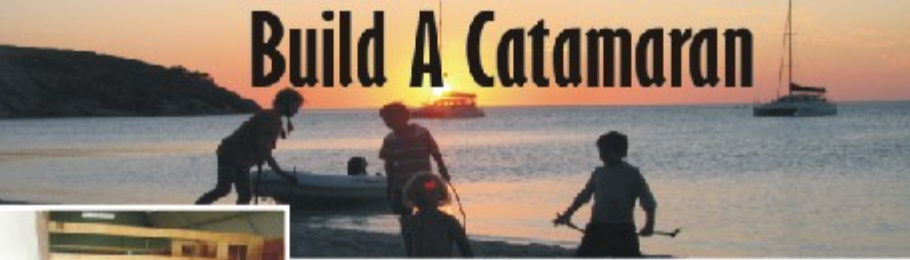


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