



The Coastal Passage

68th Edition
Sept. - Oct. 2014



E-TCP #68

Photo by Andrea Francolini

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The cover photo:

Andrea Francolini captures in photo the fleet from The 2014 Audi Hamilton Island Race week charging past Dent Island in the Whitsundays.

The "Issues" Issue

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

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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.

Thank you to all the TCP sponsors and contributors!

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The Coastal Passage

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Reflections

By Alan Lucas, SY Soleares

Gold Coast Mystery

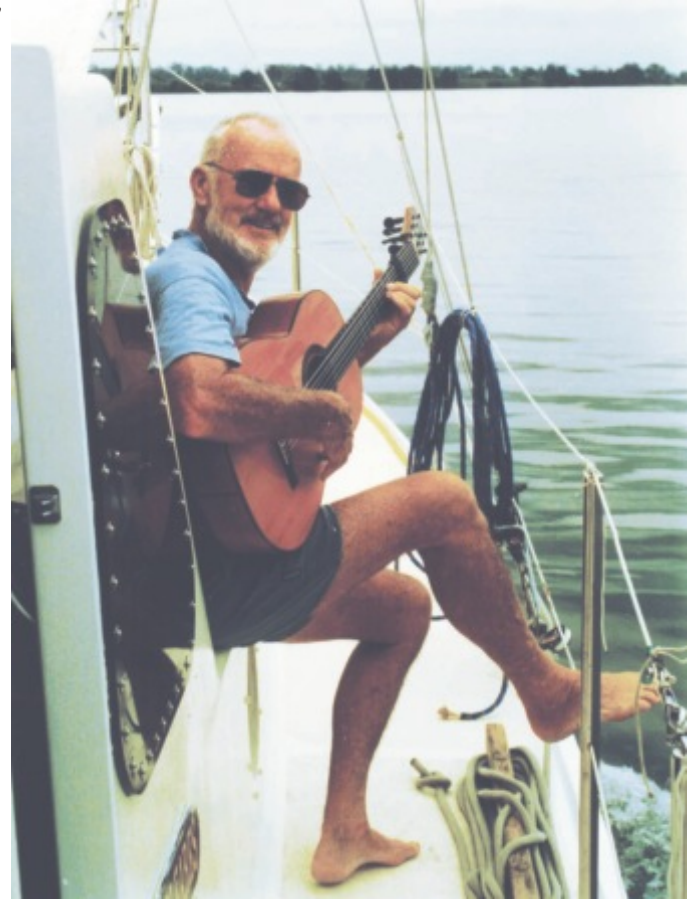
The case of the disappearing galleon

Forgotten by most modern Gold Coasters is the once persistent rumour of a Spanish galleon lying at their doorstep. It was reputed to be in the North Stradbroke swamp, not far from Jumpin Pin Bar. The subject grabbed my attention in 1965 whilst employed to leak-proof an old launch at Southport. Her elderly owner had spent his entire life in the area, sailing a variety of boats around the Broadwater and Moreton Bay, farming and bushwalking the islands and gathering historical oddities along the way. His oddest story told of an ancient 'Spanish' galleon in the swamp at the southern end of North Stradbroke Island.

Years ago, he said, walking along the edge of the swamp between the island's coastal dunes and its high country, he sighted a mast stump and ornate taffrail standing proud from the reeds, just beyond the dry land. He knew of a large schooner that had been lost 60 years earlier, but correctly reasoned that it couldn't possibly have gravitated so far inland. It *had* to be a vessel driven ashore centuries ago when the island's coastline was a mile further west (this is fair logic considering that the ruins of Rome's ancient port city of Ostia now lie two miles inland).

So intrigued was he that in the late 1930s he organised an expedition to attempt a partial salvage: Unhappily, World War Two intervened and decimated the group, but he returned alone in 1946 and found no sign of the wreck despite other persons claiming to have sighted the taffrail around the same period.

continued next page...



With my yacht anchored stern up to a lovely protected beach (long since replaced with a concrete wall) in the Southport Yacht Basin I spent a few months odd jobbing in the area, one of which was the delivery of a 60-foot ketch from Gladstone to the Gold Coast where my employment continued as her temporary caretaker along with the owner's other boat, a diesel-powered Bar Tender. He insisted that I use the latter whenever I felt like it a welcome gesture to a person developing mild galleon fever.

A friend and I steamed the Bar Tender north into Swan Bay (the southern end of the swamp and long since a closed fish habitat) where hopes were soon crushed - at first by mangroves then a swamp too shallow for navigation at high tide and too soft for walking at low tide. We considered entering Canaipa Passage then walking across the island via its many sand mining roads, but recognised the futility of such an attempt without proper equipment and supplies. We shelved our galleon ambitions and gave up.

In my ship's library was a 1907 book by Portuguese linguist George Collingridge claiming that Australia's east coast had been partially charted two and a half centuries before James Cook's visit. He suggested that in 1521 Portuguese navigator Cristovao de Mendonca, with a fleet of three caravels, was ordered to head east from Portugal's Spice Islands to defend her monopoly against possible Spanish attack spearheaded by Ferdinand Magellan, then thought to be in the Pacific after rounding Cape Horn.

Considering Portugal's pre-eminent position as a seafaring nation in those days, it is reasonable to presume that probes from their enclave in Timor would have been commonplace. Almost certainly, they sailed south to the Kimberly coast where two cannons were placed in the ground as

possible survey marks. These were discovered in 1916 when HMAS *Encounter* entered Napier Broome Bay on a routine World War One patrol. Commander C.W.Stevens and Surgeon-Lieutenant W. Roberts landed on (now) Carronade Island where they found two bronze cannons projecting vertically from the island's summit six feet apart. Immediate excavation of the area added only a portion of a brass-bound chest, but the engravings on the cannons were indisputable, one showing the Portuguese Crown and Rose and both indicating that they had been forged in Seville, Spain, where many European nations sourced their artillery pieces in those days.

A 1970s book, *The Secret Discovery of Australia* by Kenneth Gordon McIntyre, fine-tuned Collingridge's theories and linked the disappearance of the expedition to a number of other mysteries, including the Geelong Keys and the Mahogany Ship.

The case of the Geelong Keys revolves around the 1847 discovery of a set of European keys in a lime pit at Limeburners Point, Corio Bay, Victoria. Their discovery was witnessed by no lesser person than Charles Joseph La Trobe, Superintendent of the Port Phillip District and soon to be Governor of Victoria after Separation from New South Wales. The depth at which the keys were found geologically suggested that they must have been lost long before the British discovered Corio Bay in 1802.

It is vaguely possible, I suppose, that the keys were lost by a Dutch sailor who had somehow walked across the Nullarbor Plains after being shipwrecked on the west coast during the 17th century, but the theory of it being dropped by a Portuguese officer of Mendonca's flotilla is more probable.

continued next page...

The relics of a stone building in isolated Bittangabee Creek, south coast New South Wales, has encouraged speculation that the Portuguese spent some time there, perhaps careening their ships, but the same argument is used by Gavin Menzies as proof of Chinese visitation in his highly contentious book *1421*. Having run my untrained eyes over these ruins, I suspect writers who cling to such theories are clutching at straws, but the amazing mystery of the Mahogany Ship takes a lot of explaining.

The Mahogany Ship ranks as one of Australia's greatest unsolved mysteries, involving, as it does, a well-documented wreck on a Victorian beach between Warrnambool and Port Fairy. A scene painted by teacher Thomas Clark, circa 1860, features ship's timbers projecting from the dunes that were claimed to be of European mahogany, a fact that diminished later claims that it might have been an American whaler.

The wreck was first discovered in 1836 by shipwrecked sealers Gibbs and Wilson while walking along the beach to Port Fairy. Their discovery set off speculation that rages to this day about it being a pre-colonial Portuguese ship, possibly one of

Mendonca's flotilla that unwittingly discovered Australia's east and south coasts while searching for Magellan.

The Mahogany Ship has inspired archaeological digs right up to modern times, but it seems to have disappeared forever. However, rumours of 'Spanish galleon' wrecks along the Queensland coast abounded until recent times, most such rumours remaining speculative with no supportive evidence. But if the conviction of that elderly fellow back in 1965 means anything, then his 'Spanish' galleon may well have been Portuguese; perhaps one of Mendonca's ships that crashed onto a North Stradbroke beach from which extrication proved impossible.

We've got a site to sea!

Take an online tour of *Good Old Boat* magazine. We're the U.S. sailing magazine for real folks with real boats: affordable boats, experienced boats . . . quite frankly, boats like yours (and ours). Our magazine's about fixing them up, making modifications, upgrading equipment, and (as often as we can anyway) going sailing.

Online sailing resources and info:

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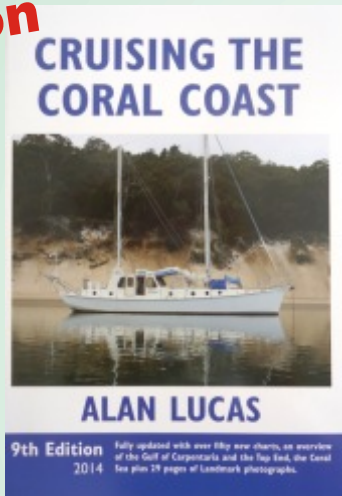
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Notice to contributors: All contributions that purport facts in a matter of possible contention, should be ready to provide support for their assertions or the contribution may be refused at the discretion of the editor. Anyone disputing a matter of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

Dear TCP,

A couple of days ago I attempted to purchase three (3) books from your 'book store'. However, my order was not accepted because I did not have a phone. This is a very silly attitude to have but it is not the first time I have encountered this silliness.

I often engage trades via email and for the life of me I cannot understand why advertisements invite you to contact via email and then stupidly make a phone number field mandatory. Well, not unsurprisingly these trades people don't get the business, because I don't have a phone.

As an aside, I can walk into any business and enquire as to their services or ask for a catalogue without obligation. Doing the same online however, elicits some manic desire by the vendor to demand all manner of information which in many cases is irrelevant to the transaction, and then compounds the silliness by making these fields mandatory.

I'm somewhat miffed that my email address, as a contact, is not acceptable to you but I guess you are entitled to run your business as you see fit. I do on occasion download TCP magazine and find it quite informative and interesting. I thought I would throw some business your way as compensation for providing the magazine, as I do not subscribe.

For some time now I have considered getting back into yachting after some decades but I must say I am a little weary of committing myself in the present political climate, which will become more restrictive over time. I have read some of the legislation and find it horrendously difficult to determine the intent other than come to the conclusion that boating in Queensland (as in other states) is a revenue raising enterprise based upon confusing the punters and extracting as much money as possible with outrageous fees.

Anyway, back to my gripe. The thing is, I have never thought of myself as being 'the odd one out', so I can only assume other potential customers have walked away equally disappointed and dissatisfied.

**Kind regards,
Alan, No phone**

Greetings Alan,

You are absolutely right to be miffed and for more reasons than you realise. I ask visitors to my home/boat to leave their phone elsewhere or remove the batteries from them.

TCP does not ask for your phone number, PAY PAL does and it is bullshit, but TCP has no choice. When you see that web page that requests your details it is not TCP web site you are looking at, you are looking at PAY PAL's site. TCP has no control over the content of the page and recovers no information gathered from it. When I see a page requiring info other than necessary for the transaction I tend to be distracted into making mistakes... these things happen.

TCP uses PAY PAL because the others we have looked at are just as bad about collecting information or worse. What PAY PAL has going for it is, it is the big dog; deep pockets to run a staff looking after security and enough to lose to provide incentive to do so.

Good for you for forgoing the use of a phone (see inside for a comment on "Smart Phones"). What was once a very good thing has been soiled by our government and other criminals to the point that having one is unwise or in the case of an outspoken dissenter, dangerous. The tone of your letter suggests you have potential for the latter. Good for you.

continued next page...

Regarding your hesitancy about "getting back into yachting". Very understandable, but the fleet could sure use you. Between a couple of years of devastating storms and more years of ignorant, self important thugs and techno-snots with low rent degrees and a chip on their shoulders, turned loose by the scum of the bureaucrat industry to "regulate" us dummies, the fleet "aint what it used to be". (Not that I have strong feelings on the matter!) That may be the "intent" you considered.

Years ago I wrote that it seemed like government was uncomfortable with yachts freely wandering the coast, observing and reporting the goings on. I do not retract the speculation but TCP articles on the law have curbed the worst abuse of it, and with what we see coming it may still be better "out there" than living in the hive unless you can be happy as a drone.

To your final point. Again, it is PAY PAL, not TCP. TCP would never, ever intrude on privacy and yes, probably you are not alone in giving us a miss because of the data grab, but PAY PAL wont care, they just lose a couple dollars in commission, they have made a business decision. Apparently the data has more commercial value than some missed commissions. Alan, We are happy to know you enjoy "The Paper". Your thoughtful letter has raised good points.

PS: We would like to sell you the books You can send a cheque (PO Box 10, Beachmere, QLD. 4510, or we can send you a statement to deposit your payment to TCP account, OR we can deliver if you are near us.

**All the best,
Bob**

Hi Bob,

I hope this finds you well.

I last contacted you regarding the stick on windows which are still stuck on. Thank you.

This time I am searching for the cheapest slipping/hardstand between Cairns and Brisbane. Perhaps you have knowledge of this. *Billabong* is a rather aged, 42 years old, Solaris 42 Catamaran with a stretched waterline.

She is now 47 x 19 x 4. At 11 tonnes she is no lightweight. She is built like the proverbial. Lloyds 100A1 England.

I need to attend to some osmosis and then epoxy coat so require time to thoroughly dry out.

Your assistance would be appreciated.

**Kind regards,
Alan J. Crabtree,
SC Billabong**



SC, Billabong

Greetings Alan,

Maybe Shaun Arber's place at Tingalpa Creek is the place for you. I visited last year and checked it out. There is a low bridge coming in so the rig would have to come down and ask Shaun about navigating the creek but the yard is great and a good community of like minded folk. Not a place for a bottom job but if you are going to be a while it's the inside scoop.

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**Cheers,
Bob**

A Very Tiny Canal to Bourtange

Jan Wooller shares canal cruising in the Netherlands on MY Kuah

Hi all,

A Dutch couple on a canal boat who we met recently told us about a tiny canal that leads to a gorgeous fortified village just one kilometre from the German border. Bourtange was built in the mid 1500s and is surrounded by a series of hexagonally shaped canals. They told us that this trip was a "Must Do", so what are a couple of Aussies to do? Go there of course!

Naturally there was a catch. To reach Bourtange involves a 6 hour transit each way of a small, very shallow (most only 1.2 metre deep with the last couple of kilometres only 1.0 metres deep (*Kuah* draws 1.0 metres!) canal in which the 10 lifting bridges and 5 locks all had to be operated by us! Previously all the bridges and locks we had transited were operated by bridge keepers and the 2 self service locks we had gone through were new, modern fully automatic ones that just needed us to push a panel with a hand painted on it.

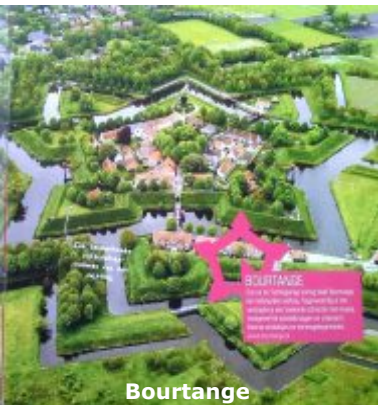


Jan, The Bridge and Lock Queen

A large brass and very important looking key was obtained from the Harbourmaster in Ter Apel for a 25 euro deposit, the money to be returned when we handed it back in. I of course worried that I would drop it in the canal and we would be stuck half way. "Don't worry", our friend had told us, "Each bridge and lock has a sign with instructions." All very well if you can read Dutch!

It proved to be an adventure as every bloody bridge operation was slightly different. Always first put the key in the control panel, turn it, wait and wait until the lids encasing the boom and gates automatically unlocked allowing us to lower/close them. Then perhaps it was a fully manual swing bridge (which I had to push around), or a lifting bridge to wind up. Once Nick motored *Kuah* through, I swung closed/wound down the bridge, opened gates, lowered the boom and remembered to retrieve the key.

Continued next page...



Bourtange

A couple were semi automatic requiring only boom and gate operation and the pressing of appropriate buttons (remember the instructions and button labels are in Dutch!). A couple were fully automatic - just the key and correct buttons in the correct sequence! Most parts of the operation had lengthy time lags between turning the key and the boom and gate lid locks releasing, or the bridge starting to move just long enough so that we would start to worry that it wasn't going to work.....Aaaagh!

One bridge had guys painting the bridge and gates. They got me to hold it part way up and then hold up the boom gate so they could slap some paint on difficult to reach parts as they didn't have a key.

the lock control box to start the operation and then once tied up in the lock, press a green button for the filling/emptying of the lock, and the gates closing/opening Sequence to start.

Just to add interest, 4 of the 5 locks were in combination with lifting bridges, so I had to make sure the lock was filled and the gate open *before* starting the very slow bridge opening sequence, otherwise I would have a queue of very frustrated motorists kept waiting. On *Kuah* I am now officially the Bridge and Lock Queen!

You will all be pleased to know that not only did we make it to Bourtange with only a brief touch of the bottom just once, but it was worth it! What an incredible place, not only aesthetically very pleasing but apparently it fulfilled its purpose - holding at bay the Spanish in an 80 year long war. Most Sunday's "enthusiastic's" dress up and re enact the war using the traditional muskets etc. Put it on your list if you are ever in the Netherlands.



Jan and Nick (above pic) have cruised more than 15,000 miles aboard their converted trawler *Yawarra II* and will continue to explore SE Asia. They also will spend part of each year in the European canals on board their Dutch canal boat, *Kuah* (below pic).



Kuah

“Smart Phone”?

Comment by Bob Norson

An old friend of mine used to say, “you have to be smarter than your tools”. Truer words never said.

How many of you readers suspect your smart phone is a little smarter than you? If so that makes you less dumb. How many of you figure you have your smart phone under control and know it inside out? If so the chances are your phone is smarter than you.

Modern mobile phones are misnamed. They are a mobile computer that can be used as a phone, always on and always connected.

A few years ago the GBRMPA floated the idea of requiring cruising boats to carry a locator whilst in the marine park. Needless to say the idea didn't go very far. Perhaps because it didn't need to. Mobile phone technology and government's extravagance with spying and sharing the info around various government agencies means that a council dog catcher can locate you any time they want and your personal conversation can be monitored as well but maybe the dog catcher won't be privy to that... we hope. Do not believe government saying they only collect “meta data” from phones of emails by the way, that's bullshit. A half truth our government (both parties) are very fond of. The USA collects that and turns it over to our government.

Any time there is a battery in your phone it can be used to locate you, listen to you and even photo or video you without you knowing. Turning it off is no protection.

Have you wondered why you are required to identify yourself to acquire a sim card in Australia? Few countries require that and the list of ones that do is a rogues gallery of police states.

And that is just the governments. Your private information, conversation etc is also big business. As revealed in the 21 July issue of Time magazine the industry of discovering and exploiting program bugs that allow hacking is huge and growing and governments are prime consumers.

In conclusion Time reports: “We've been so successful in building a connected paradise where information flows freely and so eager to move our lives into it that we've gotten ahead of our ability to keep information from flowing where we don't want it to. The result is a new kind of war — yet another one, in a millennium that seems to specialise in them. It's unobtrusive but constant and pervasive. It makes little distinction between military and civilian, private and public, politics and business. It's victims bleed personal data and intellectual property, and by the time they figure out they've been hit, it's already too late.”

Perhaps it's time to keep that phone in a dark place, unused and unloved except for emergency use. Then maybe sometime when we've built up the strength to break the addiction, we can muster the courage to finally give it the flick and frustrate the felons that use it against us.

Remember when we used to communicate in person or by mail - the real kind?



Click on the logo above to go to www.gnupg.org and download your free copy of Gpg4win. No gimmicks, no giving up your privacy to use.

The FREE GnuPG program is an updated offshoot of the PGP encryption system invented over 20 years ago and is still the best game in town. Good enough that there isn't enough computer power in all the government agencies in the world to crack it. It is bullet proof as long as your computer is secure enough that the encryption keys aren't stolen out of it.

This is not the encryption system that has recently made news April 2014 as being hacked.

Gnupg is interoperable with the other PGP programs that you have to pay for. It is strongly suggested to avoid any security program sourced from the US, UK or Australia

Be smart with email security -
set up **FREE ENCRYPTION** now in
15 minutes with a step by step pictorial guide.

<http://thecoastalpassage.com/encrypt060614.pdf>

Another free public service from The Coastal Passage

where government may require the distributors to allow them in through a back door.

GnuPG is open source and developed in Germany, home of some of the best privacy laws in the world.

The problem with encryption programs was the belief that only a geek knew how to use them. The Gpg4win system (also versions for Apple and Linux) incorporates features that eliminate the 'command line' structure that makes the non Geek community run for cover.

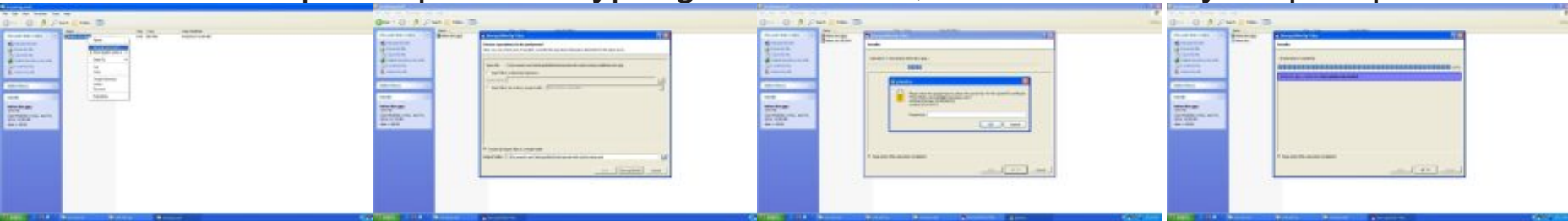
There is an instruction manual that downloads with the program but it makes a common mistake that makes it

about as useful as those old instruction books that accompanied the VCR you bought back in 85. It expects you to read and retain every detail of it's operation at once!

The TCP tutorial doesn't attempt to teach you every detail of the program in one huge gulp but rather to do a basic operation that is fully functional and useful. Then you have enough understanding to delve into the other stuff at leisure. Or maybe not, because just being able to communicate across the web with known correspondents or guard documents stored on your computer is enough. This one lesson may do it for you.

Below are some of the graphics used in the tutorial.

The four simple steps to decrypting a document, four clicks and your passphrase





Lawrie's Boat Services, located in the heart of the Sunshine Coast on the beautiful Mooloolaba Harbour. Mooloolaba, one hours drive north of Brisbane, is a thriving beach front resort widely frequented by both local and cruising yachts and power boat enthusiasts.

Established in 1982, Lawrie's Boat Services boasts clean, modern and spacious facilities conveniently located near shopping centres, banks, post offices, hotels, marinas, restaurants, coffee shops, surf clubs, and all types of accommodation choices. Many amenities are just a short stroll away whilst others are accessed by a reliable public transportation network.

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Ahoy Canary Islands

By Jan Forsyth, *U beaut crew*

It seems like last week that I was fortunate to discover those enigmatic Islands called "Canary", so far in distance and history from our antipodean world. My great expectations were that we would be greeted by myriads of canaries; gloriously swooping above luscious landscapes and nesting in exotic bowers. But this vision (and serves me right for lack of research) was shattered as we rounded the headland of Lanzarote the first island we came to in the group.

Under this misguided impression I gazed up at the desolate landscape looming over our anchorage and shuddered. The volcanic island, stark and hostile was dominated by a mountain of amber that alarmed and thrilled at the same time, this was certainly no place for canaries.

History indicates that when the Romans arrived they encountered not only fierce natives, but also their dogs which freely roamed in great size and number. The Latin word for dog is "canis" and they actually named one of the Islands "Canaria" because of these dogs. Later the Island group became known as 'The Islands of Dogs' and later still 'The Canary Islands'.

I discovered the Canaries (the Islands that is) have a colourful and violent history and although initial settlement was unclear what is known is that after the Romans, the Islands were a stop off for Spanish Galleons and traders which bought great wealth and attracted pirates. The Dutch, Turks and British all fought and invaded over time and it was interesting to note that it was here where Lord Nelson lost his right arm in battle.

continued next page...



Jan, exploring Morocco before the cruise to The Canaries

If there was any violence today, it would be from a disgruntled tourist and that is extremely rare. Europeans in their millions flock to the islands each year for sun and sea and an all year round perfect climate.

I had joined friends Jean and Allan Ward on their New Zealand yacht *Tuatara* in Gibraltar and sailed with them to Morocco, where we were held captive for nearly a month by rugby and bad weather. Allan, a typical 'Kiwi' is a wild rugby devotee, insisting their world navigation come to a halt until some equally wild rugby had been accounted for.

After the football it took several weeks of patience, waiting for the great Atlantic swells that surge into the river at Rabat the capital of Morocco to abate and allow passage out into the mighty sea.

Rabat's sprawling Kasbah's and inner city development, misty with spray from the vast ocean has the King's Marina and our home for this time. The marina sits snug at the neck of the river, modern and clean where ocean going yachts rest before the gruelling passage to the Americas or a lesser passage to the Canaries as was our plan.

Come the day we were able to untie *Tuatara* and head out we found we were one of twenty-five other yachts all waiting patiently for the tide and



Kings Marina, Rabat

the authorities. As anticipated there was a frustrating delay until the gang of four inspectors were well and ready. We all waited, with resolved patience and when the contingent finally arrived at our finger where about ten boats were waiting inspection, I was surprised to see, in this seemingly patriarchal country, a no-nonsense woman in charge.

A surly young man in suit and tie carried out the immigration process and a policeman inspected all he could with good nature and respect. Until that is, I took his picture and was severely reprimanded. An ancient sniffer dog called *Bruno* and his handler completed the group. Earlier I had watched in

horror as poor *Bruno* fell off one boat into the water; it was difficult enough for *people* to climb on board some boats, never mind a dog. However by the time the group reached us they had commandeered a wooden pallet to ease the plight of the dog. We were to find out that the animal was there to check for stowaways and not drugs as we first thought.

continued next page...

The formalities over, we headed out down river, happy to find very little swell washing over the bar at the mouth, it was with light hearts the sails were set and we were off out into the Atlantic.

But the exuberance was fleeting and as night fell, we fell foul to the nets and traps of the local fishermen. With frantic concern for their livelihood their boats roared up to us bellowing and indicating with swinging lanterns to follow their small boats through gaps in their nets. One such gap was only a boats width; terrifying manoeuvres in the dark night. A French catamaran actually got caught but we selfishly didn't hang around to see the result and it was never seen again. This to-ing and fro-ing went on for most of the evening, keeping us alert and terrified, eyes red and puffed through strain and lack of sleep, which none of us had that first night.

It was clear we couldn't maintain the planned course and Jean plotted another that took us about thirty nautical miles off the coast. This track put us well away from any fishing, but what she didn't recon for was the shipping lanes. In the cold light of morning it was clear we were right in the middle of the shipping channels. Great tankers, both north and south bound, ploughed on with little regard for a tiny yacht and I doubted if we were even noticed.

During daylight changing course was a simple exercise, but come nightfall became a harrowing experience. Any light appearing on the horizon had us tense and alert. As it drew nearer, I could see decks ablaze and I knew our lights would have little if any visual impact. I blessed the AIS glowing in

Allan & Jan enter Rabat



the dim lighting below indicating the tankers and their tracks.

But sailing conditions were excellent, wind behind and just enough to set us a good pace without the motor. A roster of two hours on and four hours off worked well, although Allan was constantly woken when things on deck got too hairy for us gals.

And so the days and nights passed without too much difficulty as they do when the mind and body become use to the conditions. Downwind sailing the massive Atlantic swells were taken in our stride, even enjoyable and on the last two nights we watched with ease as the shipping and fishing areas were left behind.

The last night during my watch I had to wake the skipper early as lights appeared that I couldn't understand. What mode of marine transport had lights so far apart? It must be *Titanic*! But it was not anything made of illuminated steel - we had found land! To my intense frustration we couldn't approach in the dark which meant hours of aimless motoring until first light in order to see our way through the reefs and islets.

Sunrise revealed Lanzarote, where 300 volcanos call home, most though are thankfully asleep, the last eruption being in 1824, but those on other islands are active and carefully monitored. That day all was at peace, no shuddering or wave action as we dropped anchor in a bay dominated by a mountain of yellow.

TCP NOTE:

See the following pages for reviews of Jan's book *Afloat and Adrift*.



Afloat and Adrift

A Story About Letting Go

JAN FORSYTH



Afloat and Adrift begins on the West Coast of Australia when a discontented career woman begins to question what life should really be about, she makes a courageous change that sets her adrift from financial and personal security.

Moving to the east coast of Australia, and then on to New Zealand, she searches for answers.

But it is in the South Pacific, when she becomes part of the world of oceangoing yachts and the people who have made the sea their home that she finally finds what she is looking for.

In this adventurous but somewhat dangerous world, maintaining her place sets new challenges, and she almost loses everything she has gained.

Afloat and Adrift is a journey of inner resolution, life contemplation and interpersonal discovery peppered with conflict and romance.

Afloat and Adrift is now available from Amazon or on demand from the larger book retailers. Mention the title, author and the ISBN number 978-1-921 883483. Or buy direct from the author.
Email: janforsyth@yahoo.com.au

Reviews - Afloat and Adrift

It is a pleasure and an honour to do a review of Jan's book **Afloat and Adrift**

In 2003 I was appointed to head up an education programme in Fiji and who should suddenly blow into Fiji but Jan. She stayed with my wife and I on several occasions in that country during her years of being afloat and adrift.

The book provides a lovely balance between purposeful behaviour and serendipity, the art of finding or chancing upon the unexpected. It is significant that the book is published by MBS (Mind Body and Spirit) Publishing Group.

Jan's belief in this important synergy has been evident in the years I have known her. Under the light conversational patter there is substance and self-discovery, risk taking, exploration of relationships and a love of life and people.

For the literary I suggest this has touches of *The Forsythe Saga*, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, C.S. Forrester's *Hornblower*, Ken Kerouac's *On the Road*, without the drugs and Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* on a broader canvas than the Mississippi.

This is not a discrete 'road journey' because the trip continues. I know many people who have written long (and sometimes very boring) academic tomes. However Jan is the first friend or loved one known to me to write a novel. I am not surprised it was Jan who was the first among my circle to do this. Forget the euphemisms - it took guts to let go and probably even more to write about it and also to continue letting go.

I commend *Afloat and Adrift* and congratulate Jan on her contribution and achievement.

Peter Short

Great reading, an inspiring story of a woman who made a dream come true and is honest about the ups and downs of the new life she had chosen. Inspiring from the first to the last page. A must read for all who dream to change their life into a new direction with the adventure of letting go. Still sitting on the fence? Perhaps some people take the plunge into the uncharted waters of life after reading this book.

Claudia Lutrop, Diversion Travel, Cairns.

Could not put the book down. Wonderful read from start to finish. Waiting for next instalment.

Greg Williams

continued next page...



Jan, happily crewing somewhere...

more reviews - *Afloat and Adrift*

What a great adventure this author took me on; fast paced, concise, and full of what I might call energy for the want of a better description. Although that worn out cliché 'A real page turner' bugs me, it does definitely apply to this story. Usually read for about thirty minutes at bedtime, but this one deprived me of much sleep. I hope Jan continues her adventures and writes in the same vein as this was.

Bruce Campbell, Mandurah WA

Many cruising women will relate to this entertaining adventure. Especially for those who may be setting foot on a cruising yacht for the first time. A encounter with a *Minke* whale had Jan yearning for a more meaningful life on the water and some months later she finds herself on a cruising yacht heading for Fiji. Jan's adventures that follow are, to say the least, challenging. ***Afloat and Adrift*** is a good read.

Susan Bett, Great Ideas Galley Guide

The first thing everyone I've talked to who has read the book ***Afloat and Adrift*** says is, "Is this her real story?", because it is written that way. Is it? Come on Jan... Fess up! Whatever - it is a very believable account of a woman reaching a crossroads and taking a hard left turn toward adventure versus security - career - traffic jams - schedules and the lot.

Jan has a talent for writing of events that sailors experience all the time but in such a rich narrative that the events are fresh and real in the telling and we get to enjoy it again with her. Sitting by that fire on a beach only cruisers can get to listening to the sea stories from the group and there is one person that really gets you, one who's story you will remember.

I liked the book. I've liked everything Jan has ever written. Her contributions to TCP have always been high points to any edition she is in.

When is the next book coming? You can't leave us hanging Jan! We know that A&A was just the beginning.

Bob Norson, The Coastal Passage

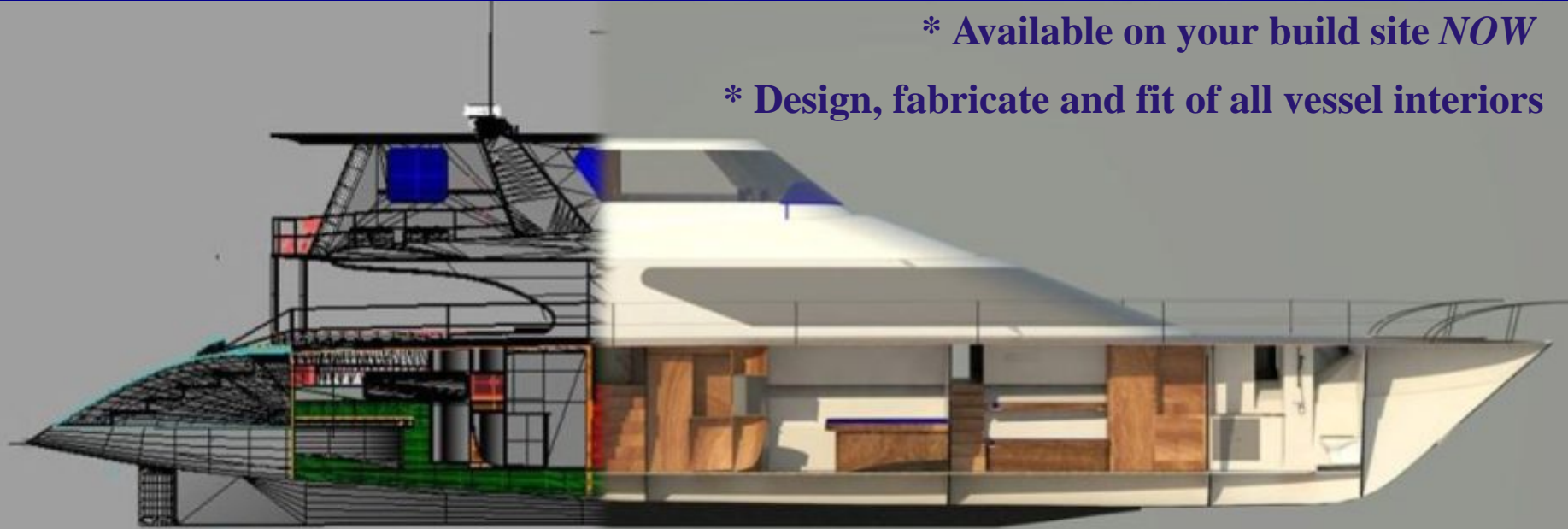
While reading ***Afloat and Adrift*** I began thinking about who would play the characters in the movie *Afloat and Adrift*. Jan's creative descriptions of the colourful characters she meets on her journey would give a screenwriter an easy job!

Kay Norson, The Coastal Passage

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AUDI HAMILTON ISLAND RACE WEEK 2014

Highlights

All photos by **Andrea Francolini**
(unless otherwise credited)



Whale breaching near Salacia



Bob Oatley at the helm of the Ac45



Race start

High speed and high tech sailing at Hamilton Island Race Week



One of the world's fastest sailboats for its size and type was scorching across the waters off Hamilton Island during next week's Audi Hamilton Island Race Week.

The AC45 class catamaran is one of the most technologically advanced sailboats of modern times and probably the fastest sailboat ever to be on the waters of the Whitsundays. It is capable of sailing at more than 35 knots (65 kilometres per hour).

The great news for some of the crew from the 181 yachts entered for Audi Hamilton Island Race Week is that they got the chance to be aboard the catamaran on a demonstration run, and experience high speed sailing like never before.

The AC45 class was designed to provide elite level sailors a smooth transition to the incredibly fast, America's Cup hydrofoil catamarans. The secret to the AC45's exceptional speed (for its size) is primarily due to the efficiency of its rig: the mast and mainsail form a single unit - an aerofoil-shaped, low drag, rotating wing. It has flaps on the trailing edge like an aircraft wing. The hulls and much of the rig are built from ultra-lightweight carbon fibre. This means that while the hulls are 13.5 metres in length, the entire boat weighs only 1300 kilograms

By Rob Mundle

Flying high: This exceptionally fast AC45 catamaran was a star attraction at Hamilton Island Race Week

A classic 90-year-old to make her debut

Along with the Grand Prix racing yachts and glamour cruising boats, there will be an element of 90-year-old international yachting history taking centre stage at next month's Audi Hamilton Island Race Week.

It will come in the form of the classic 23-metre long schooner, *Condesa del Mar*, owned by Australian couple Mark and Jenny Gaskell.

Condesa del Mar isn't 90 years old, but her design is... and it comes from the drawing board of the famous American yacht designer, L. Francis Herreshoff. This particular yacht was professionally built from ferro-cement by Wilmington Shipyard, in Delaware, USA, and launched in 1990. She was described at the time as being "fair, fast and responsive".

The Gaskell's tried to buy her when she was first offered for sale about six years ago, but, much to their disappointment, they missed out. However, as luck would have it, she came onto the market again two years ago, and this time their purchase effort was successful.

The yacht was in Cabo St. Lucas, Mexico, when they stepped aboard as the new owners, and since then they have enjoyed a leisurely 7000 nautical mile cruise, island-hopping across the Pacific before reaching



Photo courtesy of Mark & Jenny Gaskell

their home port of Brisbane.

Now the Gaskell's are preparing for a new challenge: they want to try racing their yacht, and they have decided her debut will be at Audi Hamilton Island Race Week 2014.

"We are really looking forward to being at Race Week," Mark said. "Condesa del Mar competed in some of the classic schooner events on San Francisco Bay before we bought her, and she certainly impressed everyone. We hope she will do the same at Hamilton Island next month."

She carries a total of 3650 square feet of sail when everything is set. The good news for us is that her rig is nowhere near as complicated as it was when she was designed in 1924. She was set-up for short-handed cruising when she was launched, so that has made our life onboard much easier."

The Gaskell's are not certain where they will head after Audi Hamilton Island Race Week, but it is highly probable they will continue sailing around the world until they complete a circumnavigation.

By Rob Mundle

TCP Note: See further in this edition to read about a Clipper Ship from a very popular journalist...

Thrill and spill metre set to rise

The tradewinds were steadily building at Audi Hamilton Island Race Week towards the business end of the six day regatta, and with up to 25 knots due on Saturday the thrill and spill metre is on the rise.

Owner of the South Australian multihull *Carbon Credit*, Peter Hawker, had to swerve to avoid a whale calf that jumped out of the water 20 feet from the boat when they were powering downwind doing 15 knots in 12kts of S-SE breeze. The trimaran gybed away a second time to create some extra space, "We gybed away twice, we were worried that the mother or calf might breach again under or on top of the boat," said Hawker. Photographer Andrea Francolini was in a helicopter and captured the moment.

Not long after the close encounter with the spirited junior, Hawker radioed the race committee to advise they were retiring after noticing a crack in the main beam between the two hulls. The boat's regatta is over however the crew returned to the island for the closing parties, to pick up rides on other boats.

In IRC division 1 results three wins on the trot has Karl Kwok's TP52 *Team Beau Geste* helmed by Will Tiller leading Phil Turner's Hobart based *Alive* by the smallest of margins one point. Heading off from the Dent Passage start Turner's 66-footer, the former *Black Jack*, was kicking up a decent bow wave in 12-14kts of building pressure.

Hamilton Island CEO Glenn Bourke was at the helm of Bob Oatley's supermaxi *Wild Oats XI* today, the four-time Laser world champion in the groove for the final third of the 23 nautical mile race around North Molle, Daydream, South Molle and Henning islands to the finish back in Dent Passage. Another line honours win belonged to Oatley who was aboard sitting comfortably in his specially designed chair on a track that can be moved up and down to suit the heel of the boat. The 86 year-old was at the helm of the lightweight AC45 *Wild Oats* yesterday.



The Russell McCart skippered VO60 *Spirit of Mateship*, carrying a part-crew of soldiers from the Queensland RSL's Mates4Mates program, is one point ahead of Bruce Absolon's *Spirit of the Maid*, today's race winner and a Hamilton Island entry. Walter Lewin's Farr 400 Vento is third on the pointscore.

The cruising divisions make up the bulk of the 182-boat fleet at Race Week. Cruising division 2 winner today was Phil Jobe's *Kite Runner*, a six-year-old Hanse 430e with eight crew on board. So far they are running in the top two thirds of the results table. "I've always dreamed about winning a division," said Jobe. "We've been working hard; we've got decent sails and a good crew. I can't believe it... I had a board meeting today and I wasn't on the boat for the win."

Stand-in skipper John Bower said, "The conditions were ideal and suited the boat. We had excellent planning and team work. We had one altercation and had to do a 720 degree penalty turn at Daydream Island, but we overcame it and won!"

By Lisa Ratcliff

Saving the best 'til last

By Lisa Ratcliff

The best of winter sailing in the Whitsundays capped off racing at Audi Hamilton Island Race Week. Bucket loads of sunshine and puffy 18-20 knots of SSE tradewinds farewelled the fleet from Dent Passage for the final time this series.

Keeping it fresh, the race committee offered crews a navigator's choice for the deciding race. At Sidney Island off Lindeman Island, IRC divisions 1 and 2 opted to head for home either via Dent or Hamilton Island. The remaining divisions made the same choice at Isolated Rock.

A full spectrum of conditions over six days created opportunities to climb, and slip down the pecking order. Gear and crew were challenged in various wind ranges 7-10kts and shortened courses on day one last Sunday to double that today, Saturday August 23, 2014.

IRC

Karl Kwok's all-conquering TP52 *Team Beau Geste* has cleaned up another major Australian regatta and title. The TP52 has been campaigned on the Australian East Coast for the past two years and raked in the spoils the TP52 Southern Cross Cup and Audi IRC Australian Championship the biggies. "We had persistent winds this week, no matter how strong or weak there were no car parks," said Kwok. "The first day we ran aground due to a miscalculation. After that we got better each day, we rounded off all our rough edges." *Beau Geste* is heading back to Hong Kong for the South East Asian circuit.

Phil Turner's RP66 *Alive* from the Derwent Sailing Squadron finished second by four points among the big boat division.



In IRC division 2 Stephen Barlow's Farr 40 called *Forty* had enough credits to stay on dry land while the rest of the division fought for the minor placing's in today's 22nm race island course. A lucky break for Barlow and his Sydney based crew as they came ashore yesterday afternoon with 100 buckets of water slopping around in the bilge, a result of rudder bearing damage. *Forty* is now up on the hardstand

at Hamilton Island for repairs.

"We were going to race today, luckily we didn't need to as we were half sinking when we came ashore," said Barlow. "It's been a great regatta. We are surprised how we finished given the quality of the IRC competition at Audi Hamilton Island Race Week."

Post-race the co-owner of *Forty*, Sam Hill, organised for a couple of bottles of the island's finest to be sent to the winning crew. Hill was back in Sydney and had calculated *Forty* couldn't be beaten well before the news hit the crew dealing with the palaver.

Team Beau Geste



Ross Wilson's Race Week regular *Eagle Rock*, a Beneteau First 47.7, took out second and Geoff Boettcher's *Secret Mens Business* third.

IRC division 3 three, victor *Local Hero* from Canberra Yacht Club led the pointscore from the outset. Four wins from six races for the almost two-decade old boat is even more impressive given Race Week is the one time a year the ACT crew jump aboard the 36-footer that is Airliie Beach based.

"Yesterday was the best, a cracker breeze to claim the series; luckily we did," said skipper Matt Owen.

"None of us sail on this boat regularly, just one regatta a year. We saw almost 20 knots of wind yesterday, which was a little bit scary for us with big waves and whales about. We've had a reasonable record at Race Week; in 2010 we won our division and walked away with an Audi as well. "I've done 11 or 12 consecutive Race Weeks," said the multiple Elliott 7 and Flying 15 national champion. "We've got our Flying 15 world champs in France next year so sadly we won't be at Hamilton Island. It's really cool that I get to sail at Race Week with all of my mates. We don't need an excuse to get out of Canberra in August, it's five degrees at the moment... a bit chilly willy today."



Matt Owen's Local Hero



Stephen Barlow's Farr 40 called *Forty*

Newcastle based Beneteau 40.7 *Schouten Passage* campaigned by the Howard family finished up second on the points table and Andy Kearnan's Summit 35 *L'Altra Donna* third in the six race series.

Mc38s

The crew on Leslie Green's MC38 *Ginger* celebrated winning the class' Australian championship once results were posted yesterday afternoon.

continued next page...



Vino

John Bacon's *Dark Star* from the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club finished with a bullet in today's passage race and held off class newcomer, Marcus Blackmore and *Hooligan*, to come in next best behind *Ginger* by six points after 12 races.

Variable SSE winds 9-15 knots had the one-design fleet taking plenty of water over the decks, Chris Hancock's *Vino* topping 14kts of boat speed on the kite run.



Wild Oats XI

CEO's take

Hamilton Island CEO Glenn Bourke oversaw the smooth running of the 31st edition of one of Australia's premier yachting regattas, commented for Audi's guests and raced part of the week aboard Bob Oatley's supermaxi *Wild Oats XI* in IRC division 1.

"We had a great diversity in conditions from the beginning to the end of the week there was something for everyone," said Bourke. "The best breeze in years mixed with the entertainment on offer and the opportunity to catch up with old sailing friends really made the week. Our aim is to always do it bigger and better next year."



Dark Star

More photos from Audi Hamilton Island Race Week



For final race results, stories and even more photos see:
www.hamiltonislandraceweek.com.au

A perfect sailing day for close of regatta

For those sailors who saw the forecast and the rain, and decided to stay tucked up onshore, they missed out on a perfect final racing day for the **Vision Surveys 25th Airlie Beach Race Week**.

There were several moments during the Pioneer Bay course when the rain squalls whited-out the fleet and the 25 knot gusts caught some trimmers unaware, but they only served to keep the pressure on the competitors and racing exciting.

As the race progressed the wind eased and so did the swell, but not before local boats maxi-yacht *Condor* split their yellow spinnaker and *Tulip* had a 'Priscilla of the Bay' moment as their white kite floated unglamorously off their stern and close to the rigging on the passing yacht *Ocean Affinity* as the crew frantically tried to haul the massive sail back on board.

In the IRC Division, Tony Kirby's *Patrice*, with six straight wins under his belt, kept his team on shore today. Matt Allen's *Ichi Ban* went out to defend his second place and the two Cookson 50s made the race last count in their one-one-one battle for regatta supremacy.

There was little separating *Patrice* and *Victoire* as they fought for Race 2 dominance.



photo by Shirley Wodson

The battle handicap winner for today was Colin Woods's *Pretty Fly III* as she led Darryl Hodgkinson's *Victoire* around the course. "We pretty much match-raced each other around the course in the last few races. *Victoire* are a little faster than us uphill and we are a little faster downhill. In the race the other day out to Dent Island, we were in front by a fair way, but we broached when a big gust hit us and that closed the gap and then *Victoire* got us uphill on the run to the line. That was a bit frustrating. The boats are very close and it's good to race against them.

"It was nice to get on top of them today. They did seem to have an issue somewhere in the race, some gear problems, but we were in front of them by then and I doubt they would have caught us. The crew worked well and the boat went like clock-work today. Everything worked well and the boat just felt great," Woods said.

The *Pretty Fly III* will now turn their focus to preparing for the 70th Sydney Hobart Race. "We might regatta race them again next year," Woods added.

The IRC Division overall results were first to *Patrice*, second to *Ichi Ban* and third to *Victoire*.

continued next page...

Performance Racing Division 1's race was won today by New Zealand entry, Janine Robinson's *Bullrush*. In second on handicap was Pierre Gal's and Doug Gayford's *Dolce*. In third place, and after a dramatic day yesterday when, with the help of the *Ichi Ban* team, the boat had to be rescued after it broke its mooring and headed off on its own for a while, was Walter Lewin's *Vento*. "We are pretty happy how we sailed this week, apart from a navigational error in Race 1 when we had to retire," a relieved Lewin said.

The line honours victory and overall honours remained with Stewart Lewis's *Ocean Affinity* just one point ahead of John Leman's *Bobby's Girl*. In third and after a count-back, *Dolce* took the honours while Trevor Bailey's *Carbon Credit* slipped back to fourth overall.

Performance Racing Division 2 was won today by the Townsville team on Mike Steel's *Boadicca*. The team struggled to handle the strong conditions of earlier in the week having only sailed the new boat in very light conditions. But by today they had found their pace and delivered their second and consecutive first place. In second place was Roger Jepson's little blue boat, *Where's Wal ?*

The Division 2 results overall went to Jeff Rice's *Rogue* with Gary McCarthy's *Brilliant Pearl* finding their form again today with a fourth to secure his third consecutive regatta second place. Maybe next year he will finally achieve a first place overall. In third place and after a count-back was the young Drummoyne Sailing Club team on Sandor Tornai's fast 30 footer, *Skeeter*. In

**Performance Division 2
pointscore leader *Brilliant Pearl*.**



photo by Shirley Wodson

Cruising Division 3's race today was won by Peter McKenzie's *Le Rossignol* with Bob Beale's *Kameruka* coming in second. These results cemented *Kameruka* into first place overall and moved *Le Rossignol* up one place ahead of John Fowell's *Ells Bells* to take out second overall.

fourth place was Bill Laing's *Dusty Muzzle*.

In Cruising Division 1 John and Kim Clinton's *Holy Cow!* finished as they started, with another first. In second today was Tony Horkings's *Led-Way* which was a good enough result to propel them to the division's first place overall. The remaining overall places were split by just one point between them with Rob Marshall's *Femme Fatale* finishing in second, Paul Lindemann's *Biddy Hu II* third and Ian Griffith's *Witchy Woman* in fourth.

In Division 2, Col Thomas and Nic Cox's *Ella* won today's race across the line and on handicap by two seconds, but it wasn't enough to return them to the top of the podium. Tich Timmermans's *Against the Wind* took out the division's overall honours ahead of *Ella* and Keith McGuire's *Fargo*.



photo by Shirley Wodson

Santor Tornai's Drummoyne Sailing Club team on *Skeeter* had a terrific day racing on Day 4.

In Non Spinnaker, John Galloway's *QLD Marine Services* took out today's race, but it was Belinda Cooper and her team on *La Quilter* who slipped into first place overall after struggling with the wind as it eased during the late morning and into the afternoon.

"I was quite glad I was on this boat in this weather, but we needed more wind. We go our best in 20 plus where most people go better in under 20 knots. When we race in the 15s we got today we go backwards. It's a big boat weighing 14 tons where some of our opposition weigh to maybe three tons. "We saw around 17 to 20 knots, just a bit short for what we really wanted. We knew we were going to have a fight today. We knew we just had to sail the course because we had done so well in the rest of the week. Luckily for us there wasn't a huge fleet and some of the boats that were there at the beginning of the week, weren't there today," Cooper said.

In second place overall in the division came Simon Dunlop's *Namadgi* and in third, on count-back, *QLD Marine Services*.

Multihull Racing fleet was led by APC *Mad Max* from the start line to the finish on Day 3.



photos by Shirley Wodson

The Multihull Racing Division 1 numbers were down today with only four boats competing and two of them retiring mid-race. In first place today was Ben Kelly's *Turning Point* and in second place, Robert Remilton's *Wilparina II*. The top two overall results remained the same from yesterday with Andrew Stransky's *Fantasia* in first, Wayne Bloomer's *Chillpill* in second and *Turning Point* in third.

Division 2 had just two starters today; first placegetter Peter Millar's *Quick Skips* and mid-race retiree, Danny McMillan's *Purple Haze*. The overall division results went to Drew Carruther's *Rushour* with *Quick Skips* in second on a count-back to Bob Critchley's *Cool Change* in third.

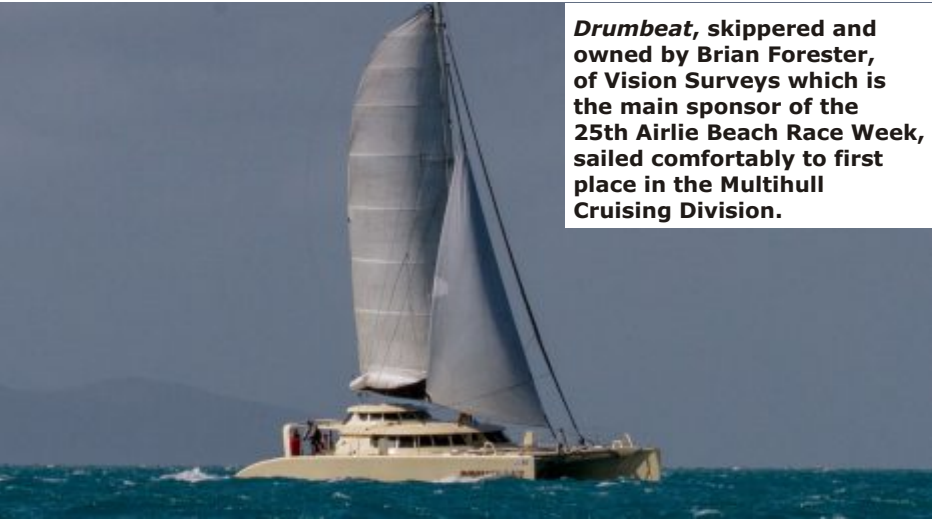
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Andrew Stransky's *Fantasia* leads Multihull Racing Division 1 after five races.



Multihull Racing Division 2 leader *Rushour* enjoying another strong breeze day.



Drumbeat, skippered and owned by Brian Forester, of Vision Surveys which is the main sponsor of the 25th Airlie Beach Race Week, sailed comfortably to first place in the Multihull Cruising Division.

Multihull Cruising was another fleet where more than half of them didn't make it out on the course today. In the final race for the division, event sponsor, Brian Forrester and his ORAM 62 *Drumbeat* won handicap honours ahead of Ken Gibson's *Resolute II* and Norm Fraser's *Wet Bar*. The final overall results went to John Williams's *Tyee III* with *Resolute II* in second and Fiona Kermeen's *Mon Amie* in third.

The Sports Boats were back out on the course today after choosing not to race in yesterday's strong wind and tide passage race. Norman Ryde's *Conquistador* won the race ahead of John Rae's *Vivace* and Ray and Jill Carless's *Junior*. The overall results for this division were *Vivace* in first place, *Conquistador* with their repaired mast in second and Jason Ruckert's *Mister Magoo* in third.

By Tracey Johnstone

For more information on the race and next years event see: www.abrw.com.au



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The Brisbane to Keppel Race 2014

The Healer last to first in.

Mark Hipgrave's Beneteau First 36s7 called *The Healer* finished the Club Marine Brisbane to Keppel Tropical Yacht Race last month, last in the fleet. On handicap it's a very different story, the small Royal Queensland Yacht Squadron crew outclassing the entire PHS fleet.

"Last year we finished last in the fleet and on handicap, said Hipgrave. "Although we received a terrific welcome the presentation was over by a day and everyone had gone home. We wanted to come back and have another go."

The Healer scored the best of the weather when southerly winds whipped up to 30 knots at the top of Fraser Island, pushing the 18 year-old Beneteau down waves at an impressive 11 knots.

"It was a Goldilocks race for us; not too strong, not too light...conditions just right for this boat," said the PHS overall winning skipper. He made special mention of the interstate owners who competed in the Keppel Race on their way north to Airlie Beach and Hamilton Island. *"It's great for the Brissy boats to have the opportunity to race against some of the best Sydney boats; they add zest to the event."*

The average age of *The Healer's* three Brisbane and one Melbourne based crew is 61. Victor Kibby and Hipgrave's friendship spans four decades, starting off with a Hobart race in the early 1970s.



The crew of *The Healer*

photo by Lisa Ratcliff

John Whittington, a seven-year crewmember, was the Providore for the 348 nautical mile race from Moreton Bay to Keppel Bay.

The menu was extensive; chick pea and pumpkin yellow Thai curry, Peking braised lamb and aromatic Singapore chicken curry with egg and bacon pies in between meals. *"This boat is powered by food,"* pronounced the other John on the boat, John Fyfe. *"The other good thing about this crew is that everyone has their coffee the same way, black and no sugar,"* Kibby chimed in.

continued next page...



The Healer

"An 18 year-old boat took out the PHS top prize and a 20 year-old J boat won on IRC, said Principal Race Officer Denis Thompson. "The smaller boats enjoyed the best of the breeze and were able to make up the handicap deficit on the big boats. It's great the older boats are competitive against the latest and greatest."

Michael Pritchard's three-year old Hobart based Beneteau First 45 called *Audere* is the exception to the veterans' reign. *Audere* is his first boat and winning ORCi overall and finishing runner-up to Chris Morgan's *Ragtime* on the IRC overall ladder by 10 minutes over a 64 hour race was a surprise, he admitted this morning.

A loose rudder bearing during their first night at sea cost *Audere's* crew half an hour in precious race time to fix. The Beneteau from the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania was also carrying a stack of extra kilos from a BBQ and rigid inflatable dinghy to kids' iPads and clothes. After contesting Audi Hamilton Island Race Week this month Pritchard is taking his family cruising and a lot of the gear came up on the boat. "We might have won IRC with a bit of weight out..." the skipper speculated.

It's been an eventful first year of ownership for the orthopaedic surgeon. In the Launceston to Hobart race last December Pritchard broke his arm during a

Keppel Bay Marina



steering cable failure off Tasman Island. "A couple of the crew straightened my arm out and got plaster on it. Being a surgeon I knew what needed to happen." That stomach-churning moment preceded five months off work and an unwelcome break from sailing. "It's nice to get back on the horse," Pritchard said today.

Results shuffled slightly following a protest by the race committee against Steven Proud's *Swish* for sailing an incorrect course. After finishing Proud realised they had missed a mark and notified the race committee. "We actually disadvantaged ourselves by sailing an extra three quarters of a mile but didn't feel comfortable that we hadn't complied with the sailing instructions so we

submitted a declaration." The protest committee gave *Swish* a one place penalty, a decision Proud was satisfied with.

The year was Royal Queensland Yacht Squadron's eighth successful Club Marine Brisbane to Keppel Tropical Yacht Race that drew a quality record-equalling fleet of 35.

For race results and information on next years event see:
www.brisbanetokeppel.com

The Burma Visa Run



Off to Burma passing a longtail

Story & photos by Sandy Wise, SY, *Southern Wing*

When *Southern Wing* ventured to Thailand we went to Penang in Malaysia and obtained a two month visa, rather than the one month tourist visa that you get on arrival. The most popular place to clear into Thailand for yachty's seemed to be Ao Chalong at the southern end of Phuket Island. It's not a bad base to begin ones tour of the islands of Phang Nga Bay and the Similan and Surin islands on the Western coast. Once your two month visa is up you can then go to Phuket Town and renew it for one more month at a cost of 1900 baht (approx A\$65.00), which is what Phil did. However, I went home to Brisbane for 3 weeks soon after arriving in Thailand and not knowing much about visas did not know I had to renew it before coming back into Thailand;

thinking that the visa was valid for two months regardless. When I came back into the country I had no visa and was given one month upon entry. So now Phil and my visa's were out of kilter. What to do?

My Options

- (a) Get a two week extension by doing a visa run to Burma.
- (b) Get a two month visa by doing a visa run to Penang.
- (c) Get a two month visa by sailing back down to Penang.

Burma was a one day trip for 1500 baht (approx A\$50 - all inclusive) while Penang was a two day mini bus run for 5 to 6 thousand baht (approx A\$150- A\$200 all inclusive) and sailing would take 7 to 10 days there and back plus A\$50 each for the visa. We did not consider sailing to be a good option and were happy enough to stay for only 2 more weeks so I decided to do the Burma run.

Wonderfully, there are travel companies over here that organise the whole visa run for you. It is big business and hundreds of people a day are doing it.

continued next page...



First step into Burma



Ranong Dock

The Procedure

I was picked up in the dark from the end of the pier by an air conditioned mini bus at 6.00 am and along with 10 other people of different nationalities, we headed off on what was to the driver, just another visa run. We drove to a place on the main land called Ranong arriving at 11.00 am after having a 15 minute toilet stop at around 9.00 am.

At Ranong in a haze of complete confusion and a croud of people I stumbled into the departure line. When I arrived at the window I was greeted by what felt like, a peering camera eye to be identified and cleared out of Thailand. Then clambering across colourful longtails four deep I struggled into our narrow but long boat with my bung knees and was ferried across the waterway to Burma (now called Myanmar) about 15 minutes

away. Longtails are boats with propellers on the end of a shaft about 3 metres long that can be lifted in and out of the water.

At Myanmar, I scrambled up onto another dock and was directed straight to the immigration office where I was asked to sit while our guide organised checking everyone in and out at the same time. I had a five minute walk down the street and was ushered quickly back to our boat and heading to Thailand all within about 20 minutes from the time we arrived.

Half way across we docked at an island for two minutes (didn't get off) where everyone was required to hold up their passports and show the authorities. I presume to check that no illegal's were entering.

continued next page...



Kawthaung Town, Burma



Ranong Dock

Then we continued back to the 4 deep longtail jetty where our driver nosed into a minuscule gap and hit the throttle to make his own space amongst the other boats, not getting much closer mind you! We clambered across boats again to get to the dock and line up in the arrival line to come back into Thailand at about 1.00pm.

After standing in front of the peering eye I was cleared back in. We were driven to a restaurant and had about 20 minutes to eat our lunch and file back into the minibus to go back to Phuket. Another toilet stop at 4.00 pm and due back at Ao Chalong pier at 6.00 pm. All done very efficiently with no wasted time.

However...

About an hour before we were due to arrive back at Ao Chalong our driver had increased his speed to the point that, I must admit, my heart was racing a little and I wondered if I was going to get back at all. In hindsight I realised why.

At 5.00 pm we hit a traffic jam which lasted seven and a half hours. There was a gathering of about a 1000 people from the local town who had blockaded the highway. The news said 10,000 people were held up and many people missed their planes. I remember the driver speaking on the phone and realized his increase in speed was to try and beat the blockade. It was big news over here being the biggest traffic jam ever in Phuket.

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Local Fishermen's Houses

All of the people in my bus were under 30 and had been complaining off and on over the first few hours. They commented on the fact that I was taking it quite calmly. All I can say is that after nearly 12 months now in Asia you learn to have patience ("The Thai Way") and maybe also my age! I also agreed with the issue for the blockade, so just sat it out. The issue was about getting justice for a local girl who had been attacked and raped by two young youths.

The Finale

All was not over. I finally arrived back at the pier at 2.00 am and had a 5 minute wait for Phil to pick me up but my day did not end there. Having had no dinner I decided to buy satay chicken from a street vendor on the corner.

At the vendors was a six foot plus, fifty-odd years, Australian male buying his own satay. He asked me where I was from with a mouth full of profanities, which doesn't bother me as I grew up with 5 brothers. When I told him I was from Brisbane his profanities became a little more directed at my place of birth and my gender which bristled my hackles a little. I cannot repeat the words he said as they were the worst of the English language swear words.

I usually just ignore people like this but well... there must have been some effect of the seven and a half hour wait on my patience because the first thought that came to my mind was: "I don't have to put up with this" and the next thing that came out of my mouth was: "If you are going to continue using words like that then don't bother speaking to me". With that a new lot of profanities were forthcoming and I told him again I was not going to talk to him and I didn't. I did not feel threatened by him, however the thought did strike me that I was a lone woman standing on a street corner at 2.00 am in the morning and was starting to hope Phil would appear soon.

The vendor spoke little English but got the gist of what was going on and after the guy left excused his behaviour by stating "he drunk", but I felt bad that it was an Australian that behaved that way. What a day it was. Got to bed at 3.00 am and then was up at 6.00 am to go to the local markets with my Thai friend On.

Just another adventure and I am sure there will be more.



Sandy (above) is continuing her adventure in Asia on *Southern Wing* with her best mate Phil and second best mate Sahsa, their dog.

Archie Bunkers Place

Story & photos by Bob Norson

I walked to the corner to get a bottle of beer.

A rough tin roof over the front of the building, kinda like a veranda, a newish Honda parked to the left in front of a wall. To the right of that an open large room that is the business. I think the wall in front of the car is the home. A rough table and benches in front.

Immediately inside the room on the left is a big glass doored fridge with everything they stocked that was cold. Lining the dirt coloured walls and in the centre of the rough timber floor with loose planks were boxes piled up and some opened to 'display' goods I didn't recognise. I saw the brand of beer I liked and as I opened the fridge to grab one the old boy came toward me. Wearing a traditional wrap around short cloth, no shirt, sandals, reading glasses worn low on the nose and a look of disapproval. Round pot belly prominent as the attitude. I brought my beer toward, 'the counter' at the back of the room. The edge of a plank not yet covered in boxes.

The woman, I assume his wife, looks at me with concern but not hostile. Farang (foreigner) do not come here and she expects difficulty perhaps. I mumble, as I do when I know I can't speak the language and they probably won't speak mine. Gesture and two words are my weapons of defence, 'pay' and 'baht', pointing at the beer. She says the price and I don't have a clue what she said or meant. She is frustrated. He is open in his criticism. If Archie



Archie and the scene

Bunker* has a Thai counter part, I have met him. I still don't understand a word but the tone is clear. Imagined; "Looky hear buddy boy, you aren't in Kansas anymore, you don't own this country and if you want to get along you better learn to speak our language". etc....

Finally she grabs a pen to write the figure down but the pen fails; more frustration. Grabs another and it has to be primed with a scribble and finally I see the number 45 and understand the hand signals the old boy was throwing at me earlier - four fingers, five fingers - moron!! "45 baht!", I exclaim. Relief on her part, he shaking his head. "Finally"! I pay and go.

***Further notes on "Archie" and "Edith":**

For those under 60 the names refer to a ground breaking American TV show, All in the Family circa 1971. Archie Bunker was a grouchy but lovable bigot and Edith his long suffering wife. Their daughter and her long haired liberal husband lived with them and the generation conflict was basis for the comedy.

continued next page...



Thai transportation - there is always room for one more.



Hang on tight!



Always a spare hand for a phone, the boy can help steer.

Today I studied. When I am 100 years old unless the chemicals do my brain in, I will remember that 45 in Thai is 'see sip naa'. So tonight I walked up to the fridge and grabbed my bottle of Chang. The couple was occupied with a customer at the plank when I walked up and I waited - a glance of apprehension from "Edith", pure scorn from Archie.

The customer cleared off and I pointed to the bottle and said, "see sip naa baht". Big beaming smile from Edith and Archie definitely approved and got himself wound up into a lecture on language I assume, not that I had a clue but I did the universal thing people do when faced with total ignorance...I nodded...

I'm certain I didn't fool him but I think he just wanted to spew the thoughts and he was satisfied that I made the effort to learn some Thai - that was clear. They will be my learning instrument as long as I can stay nearby. Their approval means more to me than any other encouragement I could get. It's the hard cases won over that are the prize.

We became friends and part of my routine. Late afternoon would see me taking the long walk from where I was staying in a native village to "Archie's and Edith's Place" for a couple of long bottles of Chang beer. Sometimes I would eat next door.

continued next page...



My favourite taxi - 110 screaming CC's don't know how they do it. Equipped with stereo, video player etc.

Watch out for the night life

Adjoining the Bunkers was a *real* Thai restaurant. Their building was bamboo framed with probably salvaged tin for a roof. The roof was of a pattern suggesting many modifications along the way as the construction and tin itself was arranged in chaos. There were three walls of woven matt and inside a counter area set up with shutters hanging from the ceiling so that when the business was closed the shutters would drop and seal off that area.

About ten small tables were neatly arranged in two rows and one big table up front - the family section. Toward the road and opposite of Archie's, was a fantastic and chaotic BBQ with a chimney made of more salvaged tin. The fuel is charcoaled timber.

The main meal was "chop pork". Cheap cuts of pork were cut thin and

heavily seasoned for BBQ. You pick the one you want and the missus or daughter would put it on a block and go at it with a cleaver leaving it in bite size strips suitable for chop sticks. It is then transferred to a plate with the sticky rice and a small bowl of chopped chilli in a sauce of vinegar, oil and sugar and other stuff - I have no idea.

Always the centre of attention is me, the Farang. I had an audience at first. The pork is half fat but partly rendered in the BBQ - crisp and spicy - yum! I like spice and used it. I know how to use chop sticks or can eat with my hand as the Muslims do, using the sticky rice to make a neat portion. But mostly it is the chilli I use that impresses. After the first visit or two, I am accepted.

continued next page...

Another day...

I was walking back from Archie (Bunker's) place after a session of drinking beer and watching the afternoon "drive time" which occurs about 1900. When I first started sucking down the second tall bottle of Chang the traffic was thinner and slower but as time passed, it became quicker and thicker, the opposite of US or Australian. While it was slower I noticed that I was noticed. Under the canopy of the store front I erroneously figured I had some kind of anonymity, not so. A Farang out of place. No hostility, but curiosity. A woman in particular, she looked and I looked back and smiled. A harmless smile, no lascivious intent in it and perhaps she saw that and returned a lovely, friendly smile passed between strangers who will never see each other again. All this in a couple seconds as she zipped by on her scooter.

I left and on the walk back to my room on the side road I approached a restaurant. The place was a rough pour of concrete for the "kitchen" area and dirt floor for the rest. The roof was a patchwork of tin and tarps supported by a framework of limbs from the nearby rubber tree plantation.

In the kitchen there were three counters arranged in a horse shoe with two tables in the extensions, behind and to the left looking from the road. Mum was cooking something up amid the storm of flies trying to pinch a freebie. She looked up puzzled and I tried to ask "what's for dinner" to a blank look. This was going to be well beyond my ten words of Thai so it was time for a game of charades.



While she is cooking I have a look around. The woman has a bad limp. She is slender and muscular. Hollywood stars pay trainers to buff them out like surviving in Thailand will do. To the side and behind is the house. One of the older and rarer timber homes of an era gone by. Clap board sides, steep roof and shuttered windows. the doors and windows like a barn would have in America. Some of the clap boards are termite eaten, others not. Forest timber is scarce now and Thai's have embraced concrete. Traditional timber in Thailand is not painted and does not go light grey like timbers in other places but goes a dark, almost black colour. Sombre.

I pointed at what she was cooking and she responded by opening a huge cooker of rice? What does she mean? "Kaow" she says... I nod, "OK". She finishes the batch she is doing and a young guy pulls up on his motorbike. She spoons the mix into a clear plastic bag, ties the top securely, takes payment and he roars off. Now she spoons a batch of rice into a bowl and starts displaying vegetables to me. Do I want carrot? Nod yes. Onion? Yes. A green leafy thing? No idea.... yes. She chops and mixes and the wok comes out and the gas burner lit again. Into the mix are a witches brew of sauces from coloured bottles. I recognise soy sauce but the rest.. no idea.. yes.. She stirs, mixes, chops and the cloud of flies intensifies. More protein. Now the solids, sugar I think, some chilli, the rest? No idea... but yes, yes..

continued next page...

Across the road two men are working wire in a probably vain attempt to keep their cattle off the road and out of the restaurant. They are big, gentle beasts and they will rest where they like. Often in the shade of a tree on the road, stay alert driving. But not far away is the big road - carnage and hamburger.

Behind me the flock of chooks is edging in upon my notice. Brightly coloured ancestors of all the chickens in the world I've read. If I am looking at them I might feed them. The main rooster leads the hesitant advance. They are nearly at my feet when I notice a younger, or at least smaller rooster has mounted a hen at the rear of the flock. Main rooster notices soon after me and all hell breaks loose.

A steaming plate is put in front of me on the oil cloth covered wobbly table. I scoot back my thin plastic chair to get the right angle of attack. I am grateful she pulls out a little box with forks and spoons. Good, not Muslim. I can eat rice dishes with my right hand if I need to but I prefer the Asian way of spoon in right hand and fork in left.

I was trying to communicate "drink" while she was busy but it turned out she was busy with "drink". A plastic cup is pulled off a rack next to my table in front of a tub of sudsy water. It goes into a big cooler/esky of ice and comes out full, then a pour of water and not complete without the straw, one of the bendy kind. But she interprets my request for "drink" as some lime to squirt over the "kaow". Glad I asked! There is a covered tray on the table with 6 different spice options. My favourite is thin sliced chillies in an oil. Three small spoons of that and a dab of dry ground red chilli. Mum's eyebrows rise.

They go where they like; you wait -"The Thai Way."



A couple words I don't understand.

It's good. I discover some bits of pork and a few small prawns. Just enough to flavour. A minute later a bowl of soup! Unexpected. The broth is heavy in black pepper with pork bones for flavour and some of the unknown green stuff floating about... excellent!

I leave only the clean bones. Cost? 40BHT. about AUD \$ 1.20. That brings my total for 1.32 litres of good Chang beer and dinner to 130BHT, less than AUD \$5.

On one of several subsequent visits I hung around the wok to get the recipe, nothing rocket science, this is peasant food. Cheap, tasty, easy. I think it would be good boat food.

She had a big rice cooker with a supply of rice ready. Use any kind of meat handy, squid, prawn, beef, chicken, pork, mix of several, whatever. About a palm full. Throw into the wok that has a table spoon full of oil in it to start. Wok's don't work unless very hot, cook fast, keep everything moving. Long handled stirrer, back and forth an around. When the meat just starts to show brown on the edges, one egg thrown in, back and forth an around. Big heaping cooking spoon of the rice. Now shred in some carrot, some chop onion, some green stuff. Don't know what the stuff was but Bock Choy or anything like that should work. Back, forth an around and let sit a minute or less.

I walk back to my room, stomach full and I got a smile from a stranger.

One of the greatest shipwreck survival stories of all time written from first hand accounts by Mark Twain

THE BURNING OF THE CLIPPER SHIP HORNET AT SEA

From *The Sacramento Daily Union*, July 19, 1866
Honolulu, June 25, 1866.

In the postscript to a letter which I wrote two or three days ago, and sent by the ship Live Yankee, I gave you the substance of a letter received here from Hilo by Walker, Allen & Co. informing them that a boat containing fifteen men, in a helpless and starving condition, had drifted ashore at Laupahoehoe, Island of Hawaii, and that they had belonged to the clipper ship Hornet, Mitchell master, and had been afloat on the ocean since the burning of that vessel, about one hundred miles north of the equator, on the 3d of May - forty-three days.

The third mate and ten of the seamen have arrived here and are now in the hospital. Captain Mitchell, one seaman named Antonio Passene, and two passengers (Samuel and Henry Ferguson, of New York city, young gentlemen, aged respectively 18 and 28) are still at Hilo, but are expected here within the week. In the Captain's modest epitome of this terrible romance, which you have probably published, you detect the fine old hero through it. It reads like Grant.

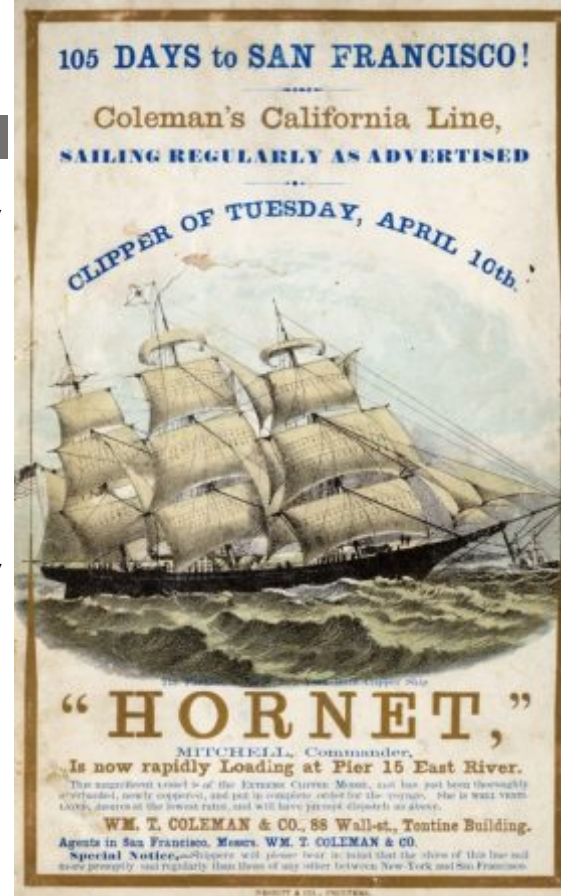
TCP Note: Twain refers to the autobiography of American civil war general U.S. Grant.

THE THIRD MATE

I have talked with the seamen and with John S. Thomas, third mate, but their accounts are so nearly alike in all substantial points, that I will merely give the officer's statement and weave into it such matters as the men mentioned in the way of incidents, experiences, emotions, etc. Thomas is very intelligent and a very cool and self possessed young man, and seems to have kept a pretty accurate log of his remarkable voyage in his head.

He told his story, of three hours length, in a plain, straightforward way, and with no attempt at display and no straining after effect. Wherever any incident may be noted in this paper where any individual has betrayed any emotion, or enthusiasm, or has departed from strict, stoical self-possession, or had a solitary thought that was not an utterly un-poetical and essentially practical one, remember that Thomas, the third mate, was not that person.

He has been eleven days on shore, and already looks sufficiently sound and healthy to pass almost anywhere without being taken for an invalid. He has the marks of a hard experience about him though, when one looks closely. He is very much sunburned and weatherbeaten, and looks thirty-two years old. He is only twenty-four, however, and has been a sailor fifteen years. He was born in Richmond, Maine, and still considers that place his home.



Poster courtesy of Wikipedia

SAILING OF THE "HORNET" - PACIFIC RAILROAD IRON

The following is the substance of what Thomas said: The Hornet left New York on the 15th of January last, unusually well manned, fitted and provisioned - as fast and as handsome a clipper ship as ever sailed out of that port. She had a general cargo - a little of everything; a large quantity of kerosene oil in barrels; several hundred cases of candles- also four hundred tons Pacific Railroad iron and three engines.

The third mate thinks they were dock engines, and one of the seamen thought they were locomotives. Had no gales and no bad weather- nothing but fine sailing weather and she went along steadily and well - fast, very fast, in fact. Had uncommonly good weather off Cape Horn; he had been around that Cape seven times - each way - and had never seen such fine weather there before. On the 12th of April, in latitude, say, 35 south and longitude 95 west, signalled a Prussian bark - she set Prussian ensign, and the Hornet responded with her name, expressed by means of Merritt's system of signals. She was sailing west - probably bound for Australia. This was the last vessel ever seen by the Hornet's people until they floated ashore at Hawaii in the long boat - a space of sixty-four days.

THE SHIP ON FIRE

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 3d of May, the chief mate and two men starred down into the hold to draw some "bright varnish" from a cask. The captain told him to bring the cask on deck - that it was dangerous to have it where it was, in the hold. The mate, instead of obeying the order, proceeded to draw a can full of the varnish first. He had an "open light" in his hand, and the liquid took fire; the can was dropped, the officer in his consternation neglected to close the bung, and in a few seconds the fiery torrent had run in every direction, under bales of rope, cases of candles, barrels of kerosene, and all sorts of freight, and tongues of flame were shooting upward through every aperture and crevice toward the deck.

The ship was moving along under easy sail, the watch on duty were idling here and there in such shade as they could find, and the listlessness and repose of morning in the tropics was upon the vessel and her belongings. But

as six bells chimed, the cry of "Fire!" rang through the ship, and woke every man to life and action. And following the fearful warning, and almost as fleetly, came the fire itself. It sprang through hatchways, seized upon chairs, table, cordage, anything, everything - and almost before the bewildered men could realize what the trouble was and what was to be done the cabin was a hell of angry flames. The mainmast was on fire - its rigging was burnt asunder! One man said all this had happened within eighteen or twenty minutes after the first alarm - two others say in ten minutes. All say that one hour after the alarm, the main and mizzenmasts were burned in two and fell overboard.

Captain Mitchell ordered the three boats to be launched instantly, which was done - and so hurriedly that the longboat (the one he left the vessel in himself) had a hole as large as a man's head stove in her bottom. A blanket was stuffed into the opening and fastened to its place. Not a single thing was saved, except such food and other articles as lay about the cabin and could be quickly seized and thrown on deck. Thomas was sent into the longboat to receive its proportion of these things, and, being barefooted at the time, and bareheaded, and having no clothing on save an undershirt and pantaloons, of course he never got a chance afterward to add to his dress. He lost everything he had, including his log-book, which he had faithfully kept from the first. Forty minutes after the fire alarm the provisions and passengers were on board the three boats, and they rowed away from the ship - and to some distance, too, for the heat was very great. Twenty minutes afterward the two masts I have mentioned, with their rigging and their broad sheets of canvas wreathed in flames, crashed into the sea.

All night long the thirty-one unfortunates sat in their frail boats and watched the gallant ship burn; and felt as men feel when they see a tried friend perishing and are powerless to help him. The sea was illuminated for miles around, and the clouds above were tinged with a ruddy hue; the faces of the men glowed in the strong light as they shaded their eyes with their hands and peered out anxiously upon the wild picture, and the gun wales of the boats and the idle oars shone like polished gold.

continued next page...

At five o'clock on the morning after the disaster, in latitude 2 degrees 20' north, longitude 112 degrees 8' west, the ship went down, and the crew of the Hornet were alone on the great deep, or, as one of the seamen expressed it, "We felt as if somebody or something had gone away - as if we hadn't any home any more."

Captain Mitchell divided his boat's crew into two watches and gave the third mate charge of one and took the other himself. He had saved a studding sail from the ship, and out of this the men fashioned a rude sail with their knives; they hoisted it, and taking the first and second mates' boats in tow, they bore away upon the ship's course (northwest) and kept in the track of vessels bound to or from San Francisco, in the hope of being picked up.

THEIR WATER, PROVISIONS, ETC.

I have said that in the few minutes time allowed him, Captain Mitchell was only able to seize upon the few articles of food and other necessaries that happened to lie about the cabin. Here is the list: Four hams, seven pieces of salt pork, (each piece weighed about four pounds), one box of raisins, 100 pounds of bread (about one barrel), twelve two-pound cans of oysters, clams and assorted meats; six buckets of raw potatoes (which rotted so fast they got but little benefit from them), a keg with four pounds of butter in it, twelve gallons of water in a forty-gallon tierce or "scuttle-butt," four one-gallon demijohns full of water, three bottles of brandy, the property of passengers; some pipes, matches and a hundred pounds of tobacco; had no medicines. That was all these poor fellows had to live on for forty-three days - the whole thirty one of them!

Each boat had a compass, a quadrant, a copy of Bowditch's Navigator and a nautical almanac, and the captain's and chief mate's boat had chronometers.

RATIONS

Of course, all hands were put on short allowance at once. The day they set sail from the ship each man was allowed a small morsel of salt pork - or a little piece of potato, if he preferred it - and half a sea biscuit three times a day. To

understand how very light this ration of bread was, it is only necessary to know that it takes seven of these sea biscuits to weigh a pound. The first two days they only allowed one gill of water a day to each man; but for nearly a fortnight after that the weather was lowering and stormy, and frequent rain squalls occurred. The rain was caught in canvas, and whenever there was a shower the forty-gallon cask and every other vessel that would hold water was filled - even all the boots that were water tight were pressed into this service, except such as the matches and tobacco were deposited in to keep dry. So for fourteen days. There were luxurious occasions when there was plenty of water to drink. But after that how they suffered the agonies of thirst for four long weeks!

HOPING AGAINST HOPE

For seven days the boats sailed on, and the starving men eat their fragment of biscuit and their morsel of raw pork in the morning, and hungrily counted the tedious hours until noon and night should bring their repetitions of it. And in the long intervals they looked mutely into each other's faces, or turned their wistful eyes across the wild sea in search of the succoring sail that was never to come.

"Didn't you talk?" I asked one of the men.

"No; we were too down-hearted - that is, the first week or more. We didn't talk - we only looked at each other and over the ocean."

And thought, I suppose. Thought of home - of shelter from storms - of food and drink, and rest.

The hope of being picked up hung to them constantly - was ever present to them, and in their thoughts, like hunger. And in the Captain's mind was the hope of making the Clarion Islands, and he clung to it many a day. The nights were very dark. They had no lantern and could not see the compass, and there were no stars to steer by. Thomas said, of the boat "She handled easy, and we steered by the feel of the wind in our faces and the heave of the sea." Dark, and dismal, and lonesome work was that!

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Sometimes they got a fleeting glimpse of the sailor's friend, the north star, and then they lighted a match and hastened anxiously to see if their compass was faithful to them - for it had to be placed close to an iron ring-bolt in the stern, and they were afraid, during those first nights, that this might cause it to vary. It proved true to them, however.

SUMPTUOUS FARE

On the fifth day a notable incident occurred. They caught a dolphin! and while their enthusiasm was still at its highest over this stroke of good fortune, they captured another. They made a trifling fire in a tin plate and warmed the prizes - to cook them was not possible - and divided them equitably among all hands and eat them.

On the sixth day two more dolphins were caught. Two more were caught on the seventh day, and also a small bonita, and they began to believe they were always going to live in this extravagant way, but it was not to be - these were their last dolphins, and they never could get another bonita, though they saw them and longed for them often afterward.

RATIONS REDUCED

On the eighth day the rations were reduced about one-half. Thus - breakfast, one-fourth of a biscuit, an ounce of ham and a gill of water to each man; dinner, same quantity of bread and water, and four oysters or clams; supper, water and bread the same, and twelve large raisins or fourteen small ones, to a man. Also, during the first twelve or fifteen days, each man had one spoonful of brandy a day, then it gave out.

This day, as one of the men was gazing across the dull waste of waters as usual, he saw a small, dark object rising and falling upon the waves. He called attention to it, and in a moment every eye was bent upon it in intensest interest. When the boat had approached a little nearer, it was discovered that it was a small green turtle, fast asleep. Every noise was hushed as they crept upon the unconscious slumberer. Directions were given and hopes and fears expressed in guarded whispers. At the fateful moment - a moment of tremendous consequence to these famishing men - the expert selected for the

high and responsible office stretched forth his hand, while his excited comrades bated their breath and trembled for the success of the enterprise, and seized the turtle by the hind leg and handed him aboard! His delicate flesh was carefully divided among the party and eagerly devoured - after being "warmed" like the dolphins which went before him.

THE BOATS SEPARATE

After the eighth day I have ten days unaccounted for - no notes of them save that the men say they had their two or three ounces of food and their gill of water three times a day - and then the same weary watching for a saving sail by day and by night, and the same sad "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," was their monotonous experience. They talked more, however, and the Captain labored without ceasing to keep them cheerful. [They have always a word of praise for the "old man"]

The eighteenth day was a memorable one to the wanderers on the lonely sea. On that day the boats parted company. The Captain said that separate from each other there were three chances for the saving of some of the party where there could be but one chance if they kept together.

The magnanimity and utter unselfishness of Captain Mitchell (and through his example, the same conduct in his men) throughout this distressing voyage, are among its most amazing features. No disposition was ever shown by the strong to impose upon the weak, and no greediness, no desire on the part of any to get more than his just share of food, was ever evinced. On the contrary, they were thoughtful of each other and always ready to care for and assist each other to the utmost of their ability.

When the time came to part company, Captain Mitchell and his crew, although theirs was much the more numerous party (fifteen men to nine and seven respectively in the other boats), took only one-third of the meager amount of provisions still left, and passed over the other two-thirds to be divided up between the other crews these men could starve, if need be but they seem not to have known how to be mean.

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After the division the Captain had left for his boat's share two-thirds of the ham, one-fourth of a box of raisins, half a bucket of biscuit crumbs, fourteen gallons of water, three cans of "soup-and-bully." [That last expression of the third mate's occurred frequently during his narrative, and bothered me so painfully with its mysterious incomprehensibility, that at length I begged him to explain to me what this dark and dreadful "soup and-bully" might be.

With the Consul's assistance he finally made me understand the French dish known as "soup bouillon" is put up in cans like preserved meats, and the American sailor is under the impression that its name is a sort of general tide which describes any description of edible whatever which is hermetically sealed in a tin vessel, and with that high contempt for trifling conventionalities which distinguishes his class, he has seen fit to modify the pronunciation into soup-and-bully. - MARK.]

The Captain told the mates he was still going to try to make the Clarion Isles, and that they could imitate his example if they thought best, but he wished them to freely follow the dictates of their own judgment in the matter. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the boats were all cast loose from each other, and then, as friends part from friends whom they expect to meet no more in life, all hands hailed with a fervent "God bless you, boys; Good-bye!" and the two cherished sails drifted away and disappeared from the longing gaze that followed them so sorrowfully.

ANOTHER CAPTURE

On the afternoon of this eventful eighteenth day two "boobies" were caught - a bird about as large as a duck, but all bone and feathers - not as much meat as there is on a pigeon - not nearly so much, the men say. They eat them raw - bones, entrails and everything - no single morsel was wasted; they were carefully apportioned among the fifteen men. No fire could be built for cooking purposes - the wind was so strong and the sea ran so high that it was all a man could do to light his pipe.

A GOOD FRIEND GONE

At even tide the wanderers missed a cheerful spirit - a plucky, strong-hearted fellow, who never drooped his head or lost his grip - a staunch and true good friend, who was always at his post in storm or calm, in rain or shine - who scorned to say die, and yet was never afraid to die - a little trim and taut old rooster, he was, who starved with the rest, but came on watch in the stern-sheets promptly every day at four in the morning and six in the evening for eighteen days and crowed like a maniac! Right well they named him Richard of the Lion Heart! One of the men said with honest feeling: "As true as I'm a man, Mr. Mark Twain, if that rooster was here to-day and any man dared to abuse the bird I'd break his neck!" Richard was esteemed by all and by all his rights were respected. He received his little ration of bread crumbs every time the men were fed, and, like them, he bore up bravely and never grumbled and never gave way to despair. As long as he was strong enough he stood in the stern-sheets or mounted the gunwale as regularly as his watch came round, and crowed his two-hour talk, and when at last he grew feeble in the legs and had to stay below, his heart was still stout and he slapped about in the water on the bottom of the boat and crowed as bravely as ever! He felt that under circumstances like these America expects every rooster to do his duty, and he did it. But is it not to the high honor of that boat's crew of starving men, that, tortured day and night by the pangs of hunger as they were, they refused to appease them with the blood of their humble comrade? Richard was transferred to the chief mate's boat and sailed away on the eighteenth day.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

The third mate does not remember distinctly, but thinks morning and evening prayers were begun on the nineteenth day. They were conducted by one of the young Fergusons, because the Captain could not read the prayer book without his spectacles, and they had been burned with the ship. And ever after this date, at the rising and the setting of the sun, the storm tossed mariners reverently bowed their heads while prayers went up for "they that are helpless and far at sea."

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AN INCIDENT

On the morning of the twenty-first day, while some of the crew were dozing on the thwarts and others were buried in reflection, one of the men suddenly sprang to his feet and cried, "A sail! a sail!" Of course, sluggish blood bounded then and eager eyes were turned to seek the welcome vision. But disappointment was their portion, as usual. It was only the chief mate's boat drifting across their path after three days' absence. In a short time the two parties were abreast each other and in hailing distance. They talked twenty minutes; the mate reported "all well" and then sailed away, and they never saw him afterward.

FURTHER REDUCTION OF RATIONS

On the twenty-fourth day Captain Mitchell took an observation and found that he was in latitude 16 degrees north and longitude 117 degrees west - about 1,000 miles from where his vessel was burned. The hope he had cherished so long that he would be able to make the Clarion Isles deserted him at last he could only go before the wind, and he was now obliged to attempt the best thing the southeast trades could do for him - blow him to the "American group" or to the Sandwich Is lands - and therefore he reluctantly and with many misgivings turned his prow towards those distant archipelagoes. Not many mouthfuls of food were left, and these must be economized. The third mate said that under this new programme of proceedings "we could see that we were living too high; we had got to let up on them raisins, or the soup-and-bullies, one, because it stood to reason that we warn't going to make land soon, and so they wouldn't last." It was a matter which had few humorous features about it to them, and yet a smile is almost pardonable at this idea, so gravely expressed, of "living high" on fourteen raisins at a meal. The rations remained the same as fixed on the eighth day, except that only two meals a day were allowed, and occasionally the raisins and oysters were left out.

What these men suffered during the next three weeks no mortal man may hope to describe. Their stomachs and intestines felt to the grasp like a couple

of small tough balls, and the gnawing hunger pains and the dreadful thirst that was consuming them in those burning latitudes became almost insupportable. And yet, as the men say, the Captain said funny things and talked cheerful talk until he got them to conversing freely, and then they used to spend hours together describing delicious dinners they had eaten at home, and earnestly planning in terminable and preposterous bills of fare for dinners they were going to eat on shore, if they ever lived through their troubles to do it, poor fellows. The Captain said plain bread and butter would be good enough for him all the days of his life, if he could only get it.

But the saddest things were the dreams they had. An unusually intelligent young sailor named Cox said: "In those long days and nights we dreamed all the time - not that we ever slept. I don't mean - no, we only sort of dozed - three-fourths of the faculties awake and the other fourth benumbed into the counterfeit of a slumber; oh, no - some of us never slept for twenty-three days, and no man ever saw the Captain asleep for upward of thirty. But we barely dozed that way and dreamed - and always of such feasts! bread, and fowls, and meat - everything a man could think of, piled upon long tables, and smoking hot! And we sat down and seized upon the first dish in our reach, like ravenous wolves, and carried it to our lips, and - and then we woke up and found the same starving comrades about us, and the vacant sky and the desolate sea!

These things are terrible even to think of.

RATIONS STILL FURTHER REDUCED

It even startles me to come across that significant heading so often in my note-book, notwithstanding I have grown so familiar with its sound by talking so much with these unfortunate men.

On the twenty-eighth day the rations were: One teaspoonful of bread crumbs and about an ounce of ham for the morning meal; a spoonful of bread crumbs alone for the evening meal, and one gill of water three times a day! A kitten would perish eventually under such sustenance.

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At this point the third mate's mind reverted painfully to an incident of the early stages of their sufferings. He said there were two between decks, on board the Hornet, who had been lying there sick and helpless for he didn't know how long; but when the ship took fire they turned out as lively as any one under the spur of the excitement. One was a "Portyghee," he said, and always of a hungry disposition - when all the provisions that could be got had been brought aft and deposited near the wheel to be lowered into the boats, "that sick Portyghee watched his chance, and when nobody was looking he harnessed the provisions and eat up nearly a quarter of a bar'l of bread before the old man caught him, and he had more than two notions to put his lights out." The third mate dwelt up on this circumstance as upon a wrong he could not fully forgive, and intimated that the Portyghee stole bread enough, if economised in twenty eighth-day rations, to have run the long-boat party three months.

THEY CAPTURE A PRIZE

Four little flying fish, the size of the sardines of these latter days, flew into the boat on the night of the twenty eighth day. They were divided among all hands and devoured raw. On the twenty-ninth day they caught another, and divided it into fifteen pieces, less than a teaspoonful apiece.

On the thirtieth day they caught a third flying fish and gave it to the revered old Captain - a fish of the same poor little proportions as the others - four inches long - a present a king might be proud of under such circumstances - a present whose value, in the eyes of the men who offered it, was not to be found in the Bank of England - yea, whose vaults were notable to contain it! The old Captain refused to take it; the men insisted; the Captain said no - he would take his fifteenth - they must take the remainder. They said in substance, though not in words, that they would see him in Jericho first! So the Captain had to eat the fish.

I believe I have done the third mate some little wrong in the beginning of this letter. I have said he was as self possessed as a statue that he never betrayed emotion or enthusiasm. He never did except when he spoke of "the old man." It always thawed through his ice then. The men were the same way; the

Captain is their hero - their true and faithful friend, whom they delight to honor. I said to one of these infatuated skeletons, "But you wouldn't go quite so far as to die for him?" A snap of the finger - "As quick as that! - I wouldn't be alive now if it hadn't been for him." We pursued the subject no further.

RATIONS STILL FURTHER REDUCED

I still claim the public's indulgence and belief. At least Thomas and his men do through me. About the thirty second day the bread gave entirely out. There was nothing left, now, but mere odds and ends of their stock of provisions. Five days afterward, on the thirty-seventh day - latitude 16 degrees 30' north, and longitude 170 degrees west - kept off for the "American group" - "which don't exist and never will, I suppose," said the third mate. Ran directly over the ground said to be occupied by these islands - that is between latitude 16 degrees and 17 degrees north and longitude 133 degrees to 136 degrees west. Ran over the imaginary islands and got into 136 degrees west, and then the Captain made a dash for Hawaii, resolving that he would go till he fetched land, or at any rate as long as he and his men survived.

THE LAST RATION!

On Monday, the thirty-eighth day after the disaster, "we had nothing left," said the third mate, "but a pound and a half of ham - the bone was a good deal the heaviest part of it - and one soup-and-bully tin." These things were divided among the fifteen men, and they ate it all - two ounces of food to each man. I do not count the ham bone, as that was saved for the next day. For some time, now, the poor wretches had been cutting their old boots into small pieces and eating them. They would also pound wet rags to a sort of pulp and eat them.

STARVATION FARE

On the thirty-ninth day the ham bone was divided up into rations, and scraped with knives and eaten. I said: "You say the two sick men remained sick all through, and after awhile two or three had to be relieved from standing watch; how did you get along without medicines!"

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The reply was: "Oh, we couldn't have kept them if we'd had them, if we'd had boxes of pills, or anything like that, we'd have eaten them. It was just as well - we couldn't have kept them, and we couldn't have given them to the sick men alone - we'd have shared them around all alike, I guess." It was said rather in jest, but it was a pretty true jest, no doubt.

After apportioning the ham bone, the Captain cut the canvas cover that had been around the ham into fifteen equal pieces, and each man took his portion. This was the last division of food that the Captain made. The men broke up the small oaken butter tub and divided the staves among them selves, and gnawed them up. The shell of the little green turtle, heretofore mentioned, was scraped with knives and eaten to the last shaving. The third mate chewed pieces of boots and spit them out, but eat nothing except the soft straps of two pairs of boots - eat three on the thirty-ninth day and saved one for the fortieth.

THE AWFUL ALTERNATIVE

The men seem to have thought in their own minds of the shipwrecked mariner's last dreadful resort - cannibalism; but they do not appear to have conversed about it. They only thought of the casting lots and killing one of their number as a possibility; but even when they were eating rags, and bone, and boots, and shell, and hard oak wood, they seem to have still had a notion that it was remote. They felt that some one of the company must die soon - which one they well knew; and during the last three or four days of their terrible voyage they were patiently but hungrily waiting for him. I wonder if the subject of these anticipations knew what they were thinking of? He must have known it - he must have felt it. They had even calculated how long he would last; they said to themselves, but not to each other, I think they said, "He will die Saturday - and then!"

There was one exception to the spirit of delicacy I have mentioned - a Frenchman, who kept an eye of strong personal interest upon the sinking man and noted his failing strength with untiring care and some degree of cheerfulness. He frequently said to Thomas: "I think he will go off pretty soon, now, sir. And then we'll eat him!" This is very sad.

Thomas and also several of the men state that the sick "Portyghee," during the five days that they were entirely out of provisions, actually eat two silk handkerchiefs and a couple of cotton shirts, besides his share of the boots, and bones, and lumber.

THE CAPTAIN'S BIRTHDAY

Captain Mitchell was fifty-six years old on the 12th of June - the fortieth day after the burning of the ship and the third day before the boat's crew reached land. He said it looked some what as if it might be the last one he was going to enjoy. He had no birth day feast except some bits of ham canvas - no luxury but this, and no substantials save the leather and oaken bucket staves. Speaking of the leather diet, one of the men told me he was obliged to eat a pair of boots which were so old and rotten that they were full of holes; and then he smiled gently and said he didn't know, though, but what the holes tasted about as good as the balance of the boot. This man was still very feeble, and after saying this he went to bed.

LAND HO!

At eleven o'clock on the 15th of June, after suffering all that men may suffer and live for forty-three days, in an open boat, on a scorching tropical sea, one of the men feebly shouted the glad tidings, "Land ho!" The "watch below" were lying in the bottom of the boat. What do you suppose they did? They said they had been cruelly disappointed over and over again, and they dreaded to risk another experience of the kind - they could not bear it - they lay still where they were. They said they would not trust to an appearance that might not be land after all. They would wait.

Shortly it was proven beyond question that they were almost to land. Then there was joy in the party. One man is said to have swooned away. Another said the sight of the green hills was better to him than a day's rations, a strange figure for a man to use who had been fasting for forty days and forty nights.

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The land was the island of Hawaii, and they were off and could see nothing in the shore but breakers. I was there a week or two ago and it is a very dangerous place. When they got pretty close to shore they saw cabins, but no human beings. They thought they would lower the sail and try to work in with the oars. They cut the ropes and the sail came down, and then they found they were not strong enough to ship the oars. They drifted helplessly toward the breakers, but looked listlessly on and cared not a straw for the violent death which seemed about to overtake them after all their manful struggles, their privations and their terrible sufferings. They said "it was good to see the green fields again. "It was all they cared for. The "green fields" were a haven of rest for the weary wayfarers it was sufficient; they were satisfied; it was nothing to them that death stood in their pathway; they had long been familiar to him; he had no terrors for them.

Two of Captain Spencer's natives saw the boat, knew by the appearance of things that it was in trouble, and dashed through the surf and swam out to it. When they climbed aboard there were only five yards of space between the poor sufferers and a sudden and violent death. Fifteen minutes afterward the boat was beached upon the shore and a crowd of natives (who are the very incarnation of generosity, unselfishness and hospitality) were around the strangers dumping bananas, melons, taro, poi - anything and everything they could scrape together that could be eaten - on the ground by the cart-load; and if Mr. Jones, of the station, had not hurried down with his steward, they would soon have killed the starving men with kindness.

As it was, the sick "Portyghee" really eat six bananas before Jones could get hold of him and stop him. This is a fact. And so are the stories of his previous exploits. Jones and the Kanaka girls and men took the mariners in their arms like so many children and carried them up to the house, where they received kind and judicious attention until Sunday evening, when two whaleboats came from Hilo, Jones furnished a third, and they were taken in these to the town just named, arriving there at two o'clock Monday morning.

REMARKS

Each of the young Fergusons kept a journal from the day the ship sailed from New York until they got on land once more at Hawaii. The Captain also kept a log every day he was adrift. These logs, by the Captain's direction, were to be kept up faithfully as long as any of the crew were alive, and the last survivor was to put them in a bottle, when he succumbed, and lash the bottle to the inside of the boat. The Captain gave a bottle to each officer of the other boats, with orders to follow his example. The old gentleman was always thoughtful. The hardest berth in that boat, I think, must have been that of provision-keeper. This office was performed by the Captain and the third mate; of course they were always hungry. They always had access to the food, and yet must not gratify their craving appetites.

The young Fergusons are very highly spoken of by all the boat's crew, as patient, enduring, manly and kind hearted gentlemen. The Captain gave them a watch to themselves - it was the duty of each to bail the water out of the boat three hours a day. Their home is in Stamford, Connecticut, but their father's place of business is New York.

In the chief mate's boat was a passenger - a gentlemanly young fellow of twenty years, named William Lang, son of a stockbroker in New York. The chief mate, Samuel Hardy, lived at Chatham, Massachusetts; second mate belonged in Shields, England; the cook, George Washington (negro), was in the chief mate's boat, and also the steward (negro); the carpenter was in the second mate's boat.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL

To this man's good sense, cool judgment, perfect discipline, close attention to the smallest particulars which could conduce to the welfare of his crew or render their ultimate rescue more probable, that boat's crew owe their lives. He has shown brain and ability that make him worthy to command the finest frigate in the United States, and a genuine unassuming heroism that [should] entitle him to a Congressional medal.

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I suppose some of the citizens of San Francisco who know how to appreciate this kind of a man will not let him go on hungry forever after he gets there. In the above remarks I am only echoing the expressed opinions of numbers of persons here who have never seen Captain Mitchell, but who judge him by his works - among others Hon. Anson Burlingame and our Minister to Japan, both of whom have called at the hospital several times and held long conversations with the men. Burlingame speaks in terms of the most unqualified praise of Captain Mitchell's high and distinguished abilities as evinced at every point throughout his wonderful voyage.

THE SICK

Captain Mitchell, one sailor, and the two Fergusons are still at Hilo. The two first mentioned are pretty feeble, from what I can learn. The Captain's sense of responsibility kept him strong and awake all through the voyage; but as soon as he landed, and that fearful strain upon his faculties was removed, he was prostrated - became the feeblest of the boat's company.

The seamen here are doing remarkably well, considering all things. They already walk about the hospital a little - and very stiff-legged, because of the long inaction their muscles have experienced.

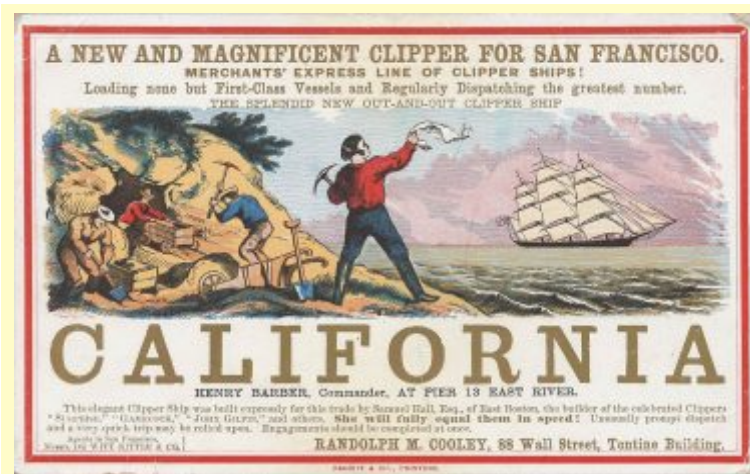
When they came ashore at Hawaii no man in the party had had any movement of his bowels for eighteen days, several not for twenty-five or thirty, one not for thirty-seven, and one not for forty-four days. As soon as any of the men can travel they will be sent to San Francisco.

I have written this lengthy letter in a great hurry in order to get it off by the bark Milton Badger, if the thing be possible, and I may have made a good many mistakes, but I hardly think so. All the statistical information in it comes from Thomas, and he may have made mistakes, because he tells his story entirely from memory, and although he has naturally a most excellent one, it might well be pardoned for inaccuracies concerning events which transpired during a series of weeks that never saw his mind strongly fixed upon any thought save the weary longing for food and water. But the log-books of the Captain and the two passengers will tell the terrible romance from the first day to the last in faithful detail, and these I shall forward by the next mail if I am permitted to copy them.



Mark Twain

*Photo courtesy of Wikipedia
by Matthew Brady*



TCP notes on Clipper Ships

Poster courtesy of Wikipedia

This old poster illustrates perfectly what the Clipper ship trade was all about; getting would-be gold miners and general cargo to San Francisco and the Mother Load in the Sierra Nevada's as quickly as possible.

Passage from American east coast cities like New York became great races between the fast ships as the winner's owners prospered though the pride of the skipper and crew may have been more important to them.

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The *Hornet* was narrowly bested by the *Flying Cloud* which set the world's sailing record for the fastest passage between New York and San Francisco, 89 days 8 hours. She held this record for over 100 years, from 1854-1989. The *Flying Cloud* was consistently fast, setting a record her first voyage just six weeks from launch. Her remarkable voyages could not have been accomplished without very skilled navigation which made the ship all the more interesting as the navigator was the captain's wife. Josiah and Eleanor Creesy.

Flying Cloud was eventually sold to the Black Ball line in Liverpool and then began sailing between Britain and Australia and New Zealand.

More on THAT Record

During *Flying Cloud's* maiden voyage she ran the following nautical mileage, 284, 374 and 334 for 992 nautical miles total over the three consecutive days. No doubt about it, she was a fast ship. In 1853 she beat her own record by 13 hours, a record that stood until 1989 when the breakthrough-designed sailboat *Thursdays Child* completed the



Illustration courtesy of Wikipedia

Flying Cloud

passage in 80 days, 20 hours. The record was slaughtered in 2008 by the French racing yacht *Gitana 13* with a time of 43 days and 38 minutes.

There was some dispute about the record as another American clipper may have been the faster but was frustrated by a slow attending pilot to enter San Francisco harbour. The races, er voyages were timed anchor to anchor.

On 19 June 1874 the *Flying Cloud* went ashore on the Beacon Island bar, Saint John, New

Brunswick, and was condemned and sold. The following June she was burned for the scrap metal value of her copper and iron fastenings.

There was never before and will never be again, a period when such resource was lavished upon great sailing ships as a matter of commerce and pride. A truly unique period in sailing history.

By Bob Norson

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Dear TCP Fans,

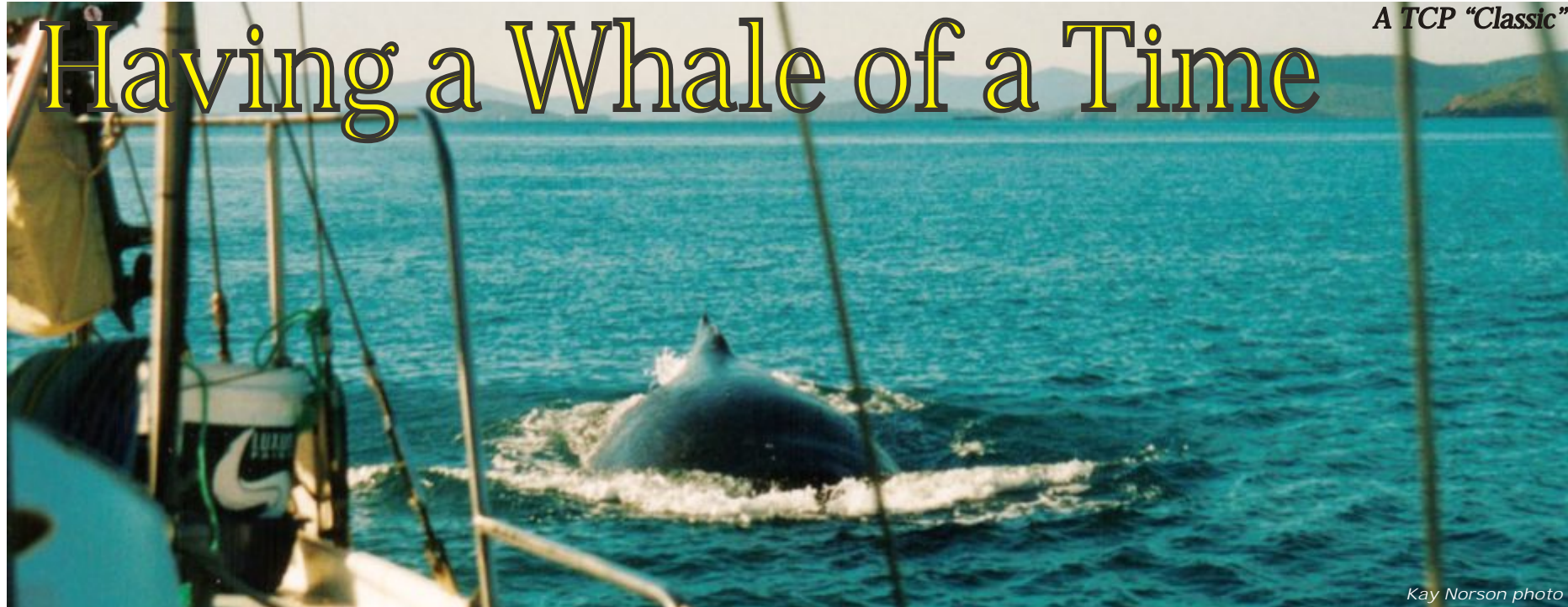
Now in its 11th year *The Coastal Passage* has been successful because of its focus on telling the real stories about real people on real boats and issues real boaters find interesting and important. From what we hear and from what our web statistics program tells us, there must be many of you that get a lot out of the paper too. If you are one of those, how about contributing a little support for *your* paper.

Cheers and happy boating!
Kay and Bob Norson

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Having a Whale of a Time



Kay Norson photo

By Stuart Bucanhan, SY *Pluto*

Well, it's that time of the year again when the humpback whales are making their annual pilgrimage along the Queensland coast. According to the experts, the humpbacks are breeding like rabbits, with their population doubling every seven years.

That's good news for the whale watching boat operators and for the thousands of tourists swept along in the current fad of ooh-ing and aah-ing at these giants of the deep. But it's not particularly good news for the thousands of people like me who enjoy going down to the seas in small boats.

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You see, over the past few years while I've been making *my* annual pilgrimage along the Queensland coast in my ketch *Pluto*, I've seen humpback whale numbers increase to the extent that I consider they are becoming a real threat to small craft safety.

Pluto weighs 5 tonnes, a mature humpback comes in at about 48 tonnes. It doesn't need Einstein to calculate that should those two objects collide, *Pluto* and I would come off second best. I'd hardly have time to grab a lifejacket and a bottle of rum before my trusty old boat sank beneath me.

I was fascinated the first time I saw a female humpback and her calf frolicking only 50 metres away from the yacht. Great stuff. But each year more and more whales started popping up around me, to the extent that I'd alter course rather than risk the chance of a collision by going anywhere near them.

One year when I was 30 miles off the central Queensland coast, sailing in a blustery 25 to 30 knot south-westerly from the Percy Islands to Digby Island, something towards the horizon caught my eye. It was a whale, leaping clear of the water about a mile away on my starboard side. Until then I had never seen a whale breach, and even from that distance it was an awesome sight. With more than a passing interest I tried to keep the monster in sight. A few minutes later I saw a blow; the whale was closer than before, but well behind me. I relaxed somewhat, assuming it was travelling in the opposite direction.

Digby Island lay 9 miles ahead. Even with a tiny headsail and two reefs in the main, *Pluto* plunged along at 8 knots on a port reach, the starboard gunwale constantly submerged. While anticipating the comfort of soon

being anchored behind the island, I got the shock of my life when a whale suddenly surfaced about 20 metres away to starboard, barrelling along on a 90° collision course with the yacht. I instinctively pushed the tiller over, turning the vessel straight into the wind. The headsail backed, the yacht stopped dead in its track as large waves pounded the deck. I hadn't felt a collision, and the whale had disappeared, but I was extremely shaken by such a close encounter. Being single-handed, it took about ten minutes of hard wrestling with flogging sails to get back on course.

I had no idea if it was the same whale I had seen breach earlier, but the vision of its shiny, black body erupting from the boiling ocean was etched into my memory forever. I began thinking of books I had read about boats that had been damaged and sunk by whales.

Twenty minutes later, I almost levitated out of the cockpit when a whale surfaced and lunged so close to the yacht that I didn't even have time to turn the tiller. The giant disappeared somewhere beneath the centre of the boat. Again I didn't know whether or not it was the same whale, but this time it had been close enough for me to see scars and barnacles on its body.

I was at my wits' end. What was this bloody thing trying to do? I hadn't a clue. But if it wasn't for the 30 knot wind, I'm sure my hair would have been standing on end. I stood in the cockpit, hanging onto the rigging with one hand and holding the tiller in a vice-like grip with the other, my heart pounding, poised for another confrontation with Moby Dick. I was as taut as a coiled spring. If someone had said boo to me I would have jumped out of my skin. Thankfully I reached Digby Island without further incident.

continued next page...

Safely at anchor, and after a few quick rums to settle my jangled nerves, I shakily opened a book about whales that I had put aside to read at a later date. It stated that during the mating period male humpbacks show aggression towards each other by lunging, fluke slapping and breaching. Other reasons for breaching were thought to be the whale ridding itself of whale lice or (believe it or not) "inspecting the environment".

That got me thinking. Had Moby Dick lunged at *Pluto* thinking my little yacht was a competing male, or was he just preparing himself for a good look around? In the noisy, rough conditions such as we had been in, do whales have the intelligence to know what's happening on top of the water some distance away? If whales are so smart, why do they beach themselves or become entangled in shark nets?

Which got me thinking further. There are bright people and dumb people, right? You know, the dumb people are the ones who drive out of side streets onto main roads without looking. So there's every chance there are bright whales and dumb whales too. So imagine this dumb whale is swimming along and decides to have a look around, and at the same time get rid of some whale lice that have been irritating him for a while. Out comes Moby, and there, dead ahead and below him is my little yacht. Surprise! Surprise! Well, that's about it, isn't it? A quick burial at sea and Bob's your Aunt.

As whale numbers increase, will they become as much of a pest as salt-water crocodiles are in the north? I mean, anyone who goes for a swim in a coastal creek north of Gladstone is one sandwich short of a picnic. It's all very well to protect crocodiles, but how many attacks at popular tourist resorts would it take before the public demand that decision be reversed? It was recently reported that some crocodiles in Torres Strait were lining up at the Thursday Island State School for their little lunch. How many more fatal

attacks by dingoes on Fraser Island will it take before Roger the ranger permanently relocates them to the big kennel in the sky? It took only one fatal shark attack in Western Australia to start a hunt in an attempt to shoot a protected white pointer.

Will whale watching develop into an adventure sport? Will it become too dangerous to go down to the seas in small boats? But suggest the idea of bringing back whaling and there's every chance you'll be condemned by a public who have been brainwashed into believing that whales are sacrosanct. Sure, whale calves are beautiful mammals; so are poddy-calves, lambs and joey kangaroos, but most of us can hardly wait for *them* to grow up so they can be donged on the head and chucked onto a barbecue.

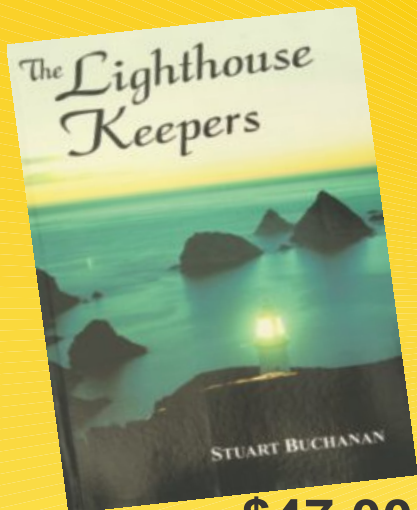
Unlike the Japanese, who don't seem to mind the odd whaleburger or two, I'm not advocating the return of whaling; after all it's me who's trespassing on their territory. I'm just saying that as more and more of us go down to the seas in small boats and fewer and fewer of us return, our loved ones might demand something be done.

In the meantime it looks as though we boaties will just have to take our chances and keep the lifejackets and rum bottles handy to the tiller.

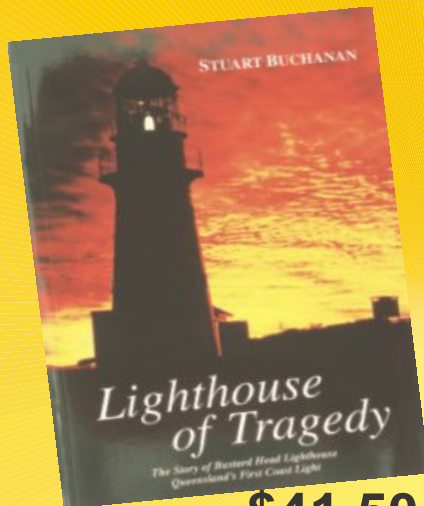


Stuart

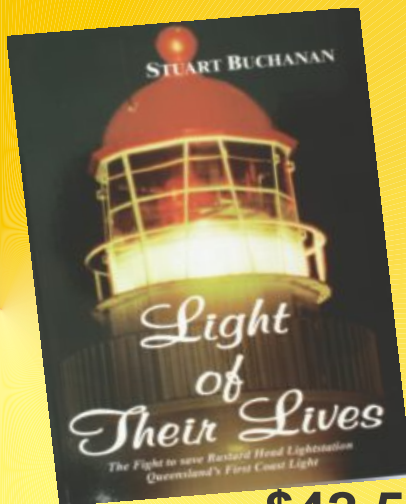
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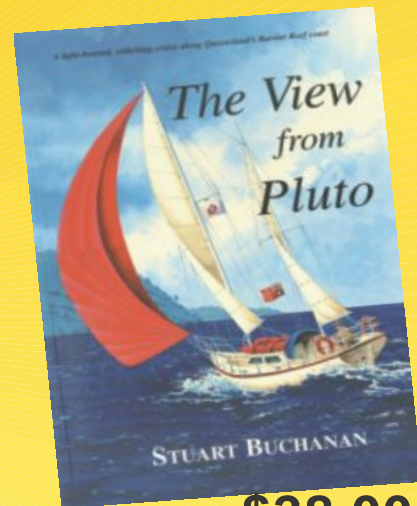
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Smoking on boats

By Kay Norson, SC Scrappy

Smoking anything on boats is messy, so don't do this on your boat unless you have a place that can be abused - go to the beach with your equipment and a batch of "stuff to smoke". It is well worth the effort.

Someone once gave us a smoker and I stashed it away for another time when I had time. Then someone gave us a big bag of fresh flathead - filleted as well. I reckoned this is a good time to get that smoker out. I had used an electric smoker once so had the basic skills, so why not give it a go. After figuring out the best temperatures to have the metho (alcohol) lamp adjusted to get the best of the smoke effect, it worked great!

The brine method I used was water, salt, white vinegar, brown sugar, pepper and a bay leaf. The mixture should be salty, but not over salty. Add any other ingredients of your choice to taste. Maybe there is a proper recipe out there, but I don't have one right now.

Slide fish in so they are covered, then leave apx. ½ hour or when fish looks a bit "cooked".

Smoking is not something you can leave to cook on its own. You need to watch it. The flame may need adjusting, the fish turned and shifted around in the smoker to allow consistent cooking and you may need to add more smoke chips. For the batch I smoked, it took about 1 hour. This will vary depending on what kind of smoker device you have and your fish, meat or cheese or...

For prawns (shrimp) I used a different method. I used a marinade with lemon juice to begin the cooking process. I placed them on skewers and was surprised that they didn't fall off (I believe it is because of the use of the oil). They were quite tasty.

There are lots of other ways to smoke food. I have heard you can use a steamer basket to smoke.

What's your smoking story? We would love to receive any smoking recipes or tips.

Send to mail@thecoastalpassage.com



The finished flathead and the prawns ready to smoke. The flathead is cooked but not dry. The prawns as well.

The container with the prawns show the marinades. One with lemon juice, olive oil, salt and pepper, the other with lemon juice, soy sauce and peanut oil.





**The brine marinade.
Make sure the fish is
covered with the brine.**



**I used some smoker pellets
and a bit of hardwood
sawdust to get smoker going.**



**I also well oiled the grill to
keep the fish from sticking.**



**This picture shows fish
about half way through.**



**This picture shows the
finished flathead.**



The prawns beginning and finished.

Recipes using smoked fish from *Great Ideas Galley Guide* by Susan Bett

SEAFARERS SALMON PIE

250g can Salmon, drained
(or smoked salmon or other smoked fish)
4tbsp butter
4tbsp plain flour
2 cups milk
Juice from 1 lemon
3 eggs, hard boiled and peeled
Large pinch cayenne pepper
2 tbsp cheddar cheese, grated
Dried breadcrumbs

Melt butter in a saucepan and stir in the flour. Cook over low heat for 1 minute while adding the milk gradually, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Cut the eggs into quarters and mix them with the salmon, lemon juice, cayenne pepper and cheese. Spoon milk/flour mixture and salmon /cheese mixture into a greased oven dish and sprinkle with the breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes or until browned.

TUNA AND CASHEW PILAFF

425g Tuna, drained
(or smoked fish)
1 medium onion, chopped
3tbsp butter
½ cups rice
½ cup sultanas
1 cup cooked peas
½ cup unsalted cashew nuts
1 bay leaf
2 chicken stock cubes,
dissolved in 560ml water

Melt butter in a saucepan (with a lid). Add onion and saute for 2 minutes. Stir in rice, stock, bay leaf and sultanas and bring to the boil. Reduce heat to very low, cover tightly and cook for 20 minutes or until liquid is absorbed and rice is tender. Add peas, cashews and tuna (smoked fish), stirring gently. Remove bay leaf and serve.

LAYERED FISH CASSEROLE

4 fillets any firm white fish
(or smoked fish)
2 potatoes, sliced thin
1 onion, finely chopped
1 can condensed Cream of Celery,
Asparagus or Mushroom Soup
1/4 cup milk
½ cup cheddar cheese, grated
Large pinch paprika

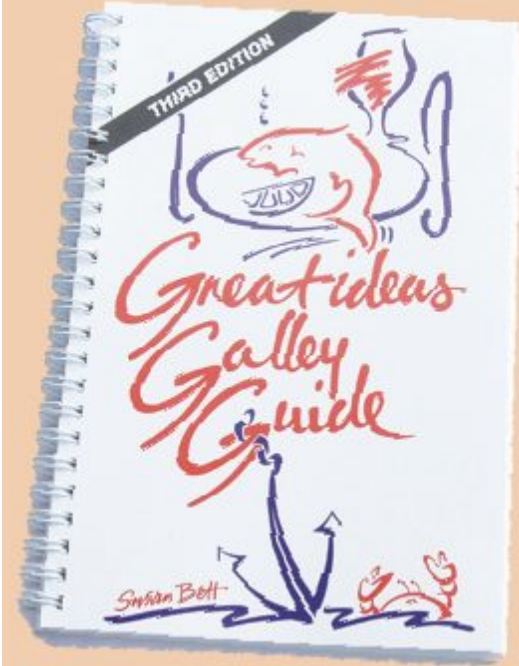
Place fish in a greased casserole dish and cover with alternating layers of onion, canned soup, milk and potatoes. Finish with topping of cheese and a sprinkling of paprika and bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes or until cheese is melted and mixture is bubbling.

*What's your
smoked food recipe?*

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Great ideas Galley Guide

by Susan Bett



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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.

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Chris's Kindly Comments

Check Your Cocks Chaps!

Now THAT will bring back Biggles to some of you!

By Chris Ayres, SY Lady Lonsdale

I was reading a horror story in an old Yachting Monthly magazine (as you do when recovering from my second dose of open heart surgery so believe me at the moment I have a personal affinity with valves) about seacocks.

I was aware, as most of you probably are that back in 1998 the EU passed a Directive for Recreational Small Craft (RCD) applying to seacocks (ISO9093-1) which ruled that the service life for seacocks need not exceed 5 years. FIVE YEARS??? The Brits understandably were ropeable and fought the legislation but it was still law in the EU.

What it simply means is high school chemistry to most of us. Remember making a battery by adding a copper rod and zinc rod to a jar of acetic acid (vinegar) and watching the needle on the old AVO metre (I date myself again) flick as a current was produced? Put a current back from say a battery, and bubbles of hydrogen come off the one (don't ask me which one - my memory's flat out trying to remember where I left my glasses - at least the mobile will ring - pity I can't remember the number. But I digress). You catch the hydrogen in a small plastic bag and then quietly pass it over teacher's Bunsen burner (look it up!) and it goes bang and you get sent to the headmaster's office again.



Blake Bronze Seacock - good for another 30 years which is more than I am.



The latest model Blake seacock installed on LL. More to come!?

Now see, zinc and copper as an alloy make brass. Well, salt water does the same trick, as in chemistry class, this time dissolving the zinc in the seacock leaving a pitted copper where once you had a skin-fitting. Then the copper crumbles and you sink, see? Simple. But the lawyers in Europe are even simpler.

Apparently some EU and American yacht builders think this a good idea so they can save money since brass is a fraction of the price of bronze (coming to bronze wait there) and they still comply with the law even when the boat sinks 5 years and a day later. Brass also goes by the name of Tonval.

continued next page...

Now *Lady Lonsdale* has 13 seacocks and yes it is an unlucky number. I have often wondered why *Moody Halberdiers* have 13 seacocks. Does it have something to do with the Last Supper? Or is it some humorous attempt by designer Alan Hill to tempt fate?

Lady Lonsdale was built I think when child labour was expendable. You will have heard about the skeletons (their pathetic bones picked bare by the savage jaws of the bilge monster) found in the bilges of the SS *Great Eastern*? Nice little compensation claim simmering away there I think. But kind reader, forgive me, driven my legal venality, I digress. If there were remains of long dead workers on *LL* then the bilge monster has done a good job and cleaned up of all forensic evidence.

To install a seacock on *LL*, an orphan apprentice was inserted though the engine hatch, over the batteries, and forced up to the hull, spanner, seacock and nut in his tiny frozen little fingers told to place seacock over wooden backing plate (held by aforementioned apprentice in his chattering tiny teeth), lined up with bolts pushed through the hull from the outside by his lash-wielding Master, and nuts tightened just so. Having completed this exercise he proceeded to insert the remaining 12 cocks similarly. If he survived and was withdrawn alive from the bilges before either welfare officers or the bilge monster intervened. He then graduated as deputy assistant boat builder (Seacocks).

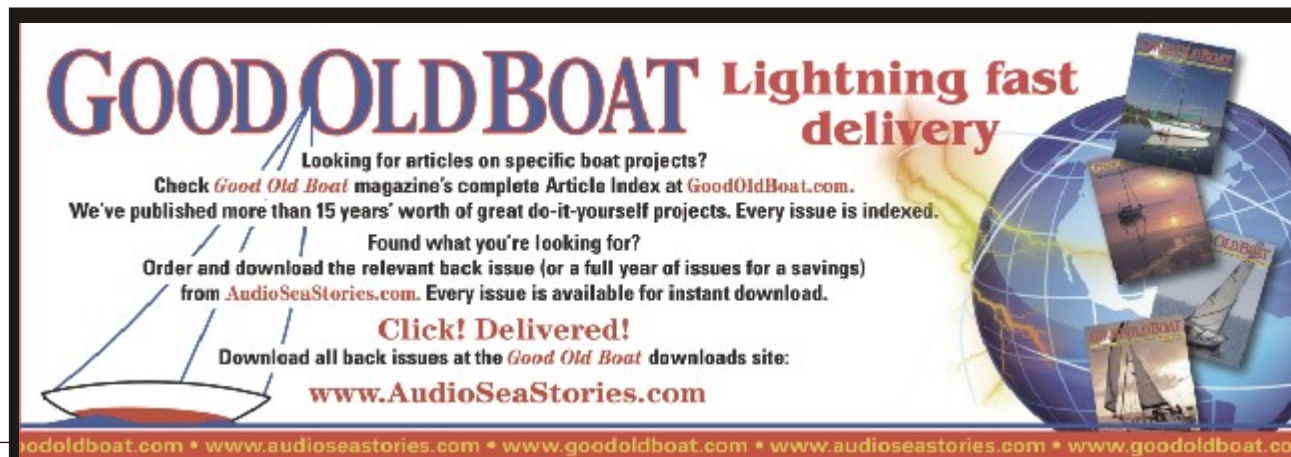
However, cruel this might seem dear reader; remember the fate of the apprentice engine fitter in the mini-minor BMC factory. Few of them ever lived to double figures.

The sad news is that 6 of these beastly little seacocks are located at impossible to get at places. In absence of long-departed child apprentices, the owner must now enter the engine room.

Place rubber mat on gearbox. Twist body, lie flat across battery box (port is worse than starboard) Ensure headlamp is still attached to head, squeeze between battery box deck head above, exhaust pipe, fuel tank to right and bulhead to left and insert the patent **Chris Ayres Blake Seacock Adjustment Tool** and turn the bleadin' handle back and forth.

Congratulations! You remembered all the processes, didn't drop any tools, torches or things for the Bilge Monster and you did the job! Now try and get back out!

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Tool: Blake seacocks for the turning of. Feet by author.

Every month I check and turn each one and examine the jubilee clips etc. Sounds easy. But pity the original installer. So being the inventive Welsh genius I am I invented a tool whereby I could turn the handle of the seacocks and manage to (mostly) escape from the engine room. Note that the tool pictured is large enough to give the Blige Monster pause for thought.

I intend replacing the ones in impossible to get at places because: The pound is down so what once cost \$450 now costs \$200,

The Tool Blake Seacocks for the turning of may one day not turn and, one day I may not come back out from the engine room. *Lady L* is on the end of the last row so by the time I smell...

But enough of maudlin things. Once a month I perform this amazing ritual amongst others and log each item in the maintenance log. I am a mite aspergers see?

What to buy are bronze seacocks should yours ever need replacing. Either Blakes or an American firm Spartan. If you prefer you can use plastic Marelon which is a glass re-enforced composite. Bronze, which my Welsh ancestors discovered many years ago shivering around the barbecue - comes from an alloy of copper, tin and these days manganese and sometimes other minerals. Go to any good museum and see what a lovely job my ancestors bronze swords did to Roman heads. Also note how well the swords have lasted. Ready for another Roman invasion any day!

continued next page...



Now these are the hard to get ones. There are blood stains on hull. Left is the deck head. Right (lying prone over engine on top of battery box) is the fuel tank. Here, you can see your goal, but can you reach it? Time seems to pass in a blur. Visions of long-dead apprentices come to mind. If you start to see twelve apostles entering scream for help.

If still not convinced about the value of bronze look what our Celtic cousin's the Scots carronades (Carron armaments works, see) did to the French. Perhaps that is why the RCD specifies a life of five years?

Ball valves are a particular danger because they are invariably a mix of up to three different and therefore electrolytically incompatible metals. Stainless steel might be a better option but remember it turns brittle in salt water. If I had ball valves, I would replace best quality ball valves every few years with best quality ball valves.

Finally that lovely contrivance, the Gate Valve. We all know never to use a Gate Valve they open the floodgates to marine hell. If you see one on your boat remove it ASAP and throw accurately at your local member of parliament. It will find a use that way.

Now, when it comes to replacing your Blakes seacocks, you will find again the bloody French due to metrication, the holes of the old cocks don't quite line up with the new. Also, unless you have one extraordinarily long arm to reach from the bilge to the outside hull, you will need a friend.

Don't know about you, but I find I have fewer and fewer each year I slip. Alternatively give up yachting and take up hang gliding!

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How to do professional looking deck grip

By Bob Norson, SC Scrapy

There are a lot of ways to go about deck grip but for appearance, comfort and utility the following method suits my taste best.

On our previous boat I used a method described by Dave Tanner back when he was running the chandlery at Southport Yacht Club Marina. That was to use fine powdery looking silica beads mixed into polyurethane paint (Wattyl Poly U 400) that had been dulled by the addition of a flattening agent.

Everything was by eye as my instruction was limited to what you have just read but it came out OK. I used a brush to apply and used the brush stroke lines to set a pattern. When I was painting it I was worried it was futile effort as the grit was so fine I thought it wouldn't be, well... grippy enough. Lesson learnt. It looked OK in context (old renovated steel ketch) and the grit worked surprisingly well.

I was going to do the same thing on *Scrapy* (use what you know), but couldn't find the flattening agent I had used and the ones available did not impress. I mentioned this to Bob Burgess of the Cat *B52* and he trashed the plan altogether, as he often does, which is why I mention stuff to him! His method turned out to be very good in use and certainly more professional in appearance. I'm sure he

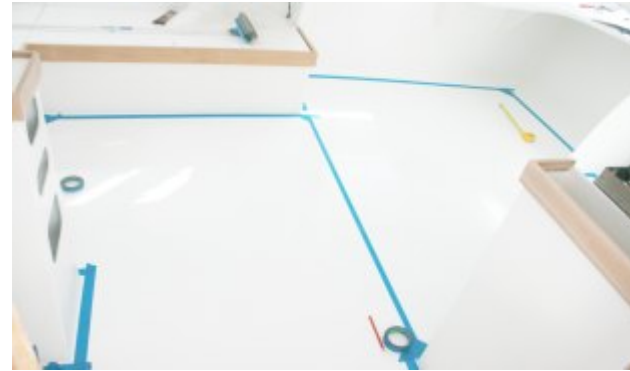
didn't invent the method in general but he had some good tips on procedure and loaned me his super duper grit shaker.

This article is written well after the decks have been done but I decided to do the cabin floor as well seeing as the deck job looks so good. We are putting in carpets but not full coverage. There will be painted surface showing and for that day when someone is hurrying across the cabin with wet feet Also it will keep the carpets where we put them.

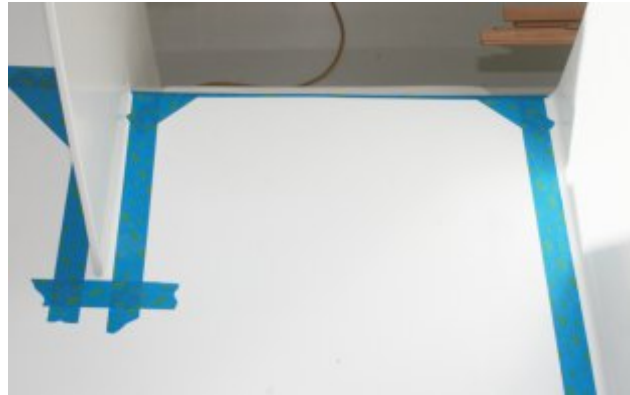
So... You have a good topcoat in place and cleaned of oils and dirt, right?

Everything is being done the same as the decks including the first step; masking. I use 3M blue tape. Expensive but worth it. There's probably nothing that differentiates more between a pro job and clumsy amateur job than masking so take that little extra time to do it right.

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Preparation is always the key



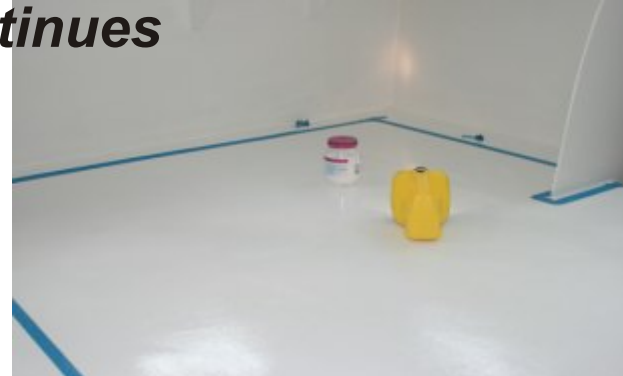
How to do professional looking deck grip *continues*

I broke up the deck into two sections with masking. The centerline was repeating what was used in the cockpit that I liked and it helps keep the 'wet edge' problem in check. I chose to keep the grip about 60 mm away from furniture because I like that look. On the inside corners I laid an extra bit of tape across the corner diagonally. To mark a sweet corner use whatever is handy that has a radius that looks good to you to trace a line around the corner. (See photos next page) The outside corners may not have enough room behind them to allow an object to trace around in which case just carefully free-hand the job.

I use a box knife blade to trim the tape. I grasp between thumb and forefinger and use some pressure but drag the blade rather than use the point

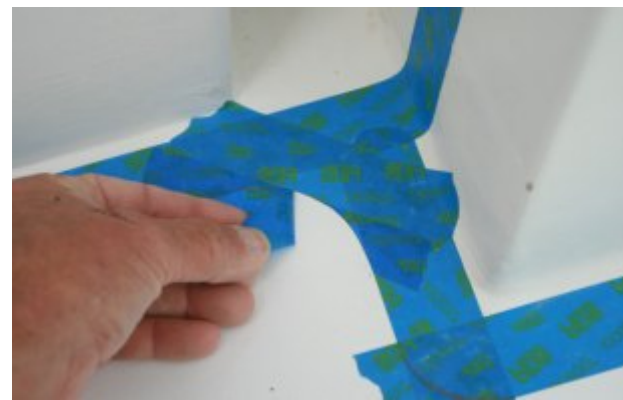
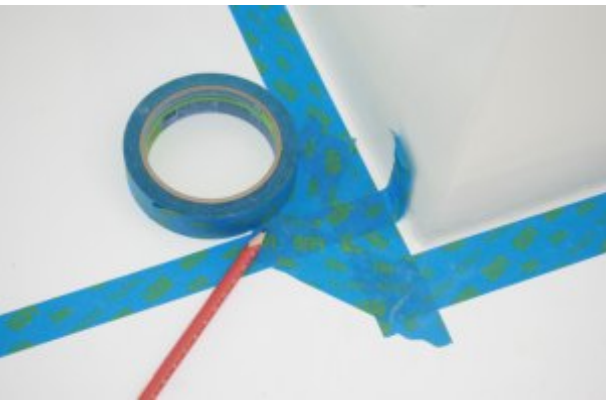
and a lot of downward pressure. Try not to cut into the paint but if you do in a minor way, the paint will fill it later. See photos below.

With masking done, next step is sanding. I used 120 grit on a sanding block. You can get right at the edge of the tape without grinding it off if you are sensible about it. The goal is to just give a quick rough to the surface and to attack any little imperfection that may have been on the current paint. Then sweep up the dust and wipe the whole thing down with a damp towel being careful not to leave any lint laying around. Next step is to give a quick wipe with a wad of paper towels and acetone. A few minutes that insures good adhesion.



Masking done and ready to paint. The torch is for watching the grip as it is applied and to see where you have painted. The plastic jar is the shaker. Instruction on how to make it is on following pages.

continued next page...



How to do professional looking deck grip *continues*



Mix up your paint following instructions from the technical data sheet. I'm using Poly U 400. I prefer a light grey or off-white colour for the grip and I describe what I use and how to do it later in this article.

Go to a far corner and start rolling on. To help keep track of where I have painted against a background that is hard to see, I try to work in tidy patches. I also have a torch handy to check if in doubt. Paint quickly and don't be mean with the paint. Don't glob it on either. Don't let more than a square metre go by or an area further than you can reach before you sprinkle on your deck grip. Keep it away from your wet edge as you don't want the excess to get in your paint roller. Then roll on your next section and sprinkle the grip over the previous wet edge and near to the new one.

How do I make a sprinkler? Use any sizable plastic container with a flat lid. Mine was a bout 90mm across and I drilled 25 holes using a 1/16th inch drill bit, taking care to clean off the burred edges of the holes.



Testing, and it is OK

continued next page...



Final prep - wiping down with acetone



First section

How to do professional looking deck grip *continues*



Above uses a torch to highlight the grit. This is about the right density for my taste. Below is what I used.



How much do I sprinkle on? You don't pile this stuff on generally, though I guess you can in a high wear area if you like. It is far more effective than you guess even in sparse applications. To quantify it, draw a square inch on a piece of paper. Now jab your biro at the square 20 times spread around. That amount will give good result and look great. Now jab another 30 dots in the square to make 50 and you are still OK. Pick the pattern you like best and try to control the sprinkle to that. The point is when you look close you should see a speck of grit and then some paint all around it before the next bit, not a pile.

It is very difficult to see what you are sprinkling on and that is why I keep the torch handy. Complicating that, the grit doesn't show very well until it starts to 'soak up' the paint around it which can take a minute. You really have to pay attention but you can't dwell on it, keep moving. The tendency is to use too much grit rather than too little. If you are concerned, have a play before hand with the sprinkler on a dark surface or even use some paint and do a test spot on a disposable surface to get the hang of it.

When the paint is hard enough (usually next day) to gently walk on (bare feet or spotless clean soft souled shoes) put on the next coat. **Do not sweep off loose grit between coats.** This time be just a little mean with the paint. You want just enough to provide coverage which will also further fasten the grit.

When the paint is firm, strip off the tape and be gentle for a few days. If you spot a small mistake later, it's easy to do a spot repair.

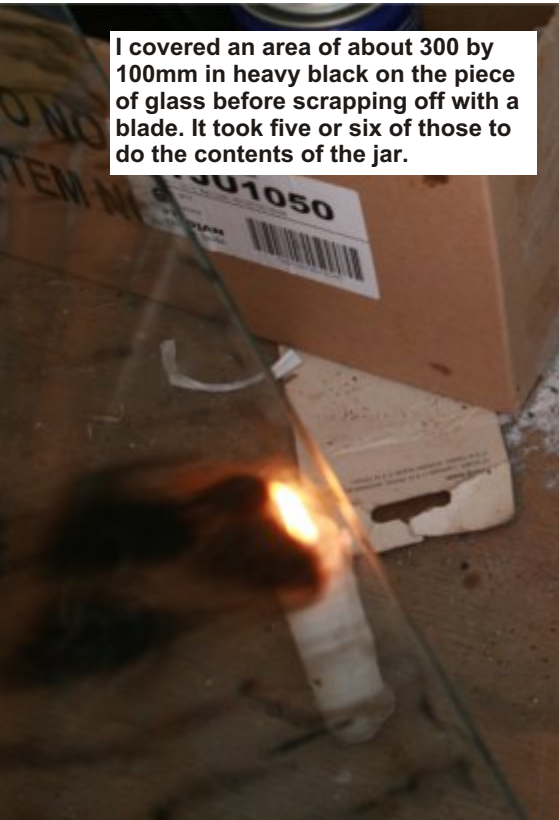
Tinting the paint. If you like the idea of the light tint and you have a paint place handy with someone you can trust to do a tint with paint you bought from them, you might wish to have them do it. I am using a part of a can that was bought from a dealer far away and I don't trust the mob you are most likely to find going to just any place. Most don't know, don't care. So I do my own.

So here is how you do it. Lamp Black. Old Opal cutters trick for making doublets. The cutter will mix lamp black into the glue used to affix the top layer of opal to the base material. The now black glue will enhance the opal.

continued next page ...

How to do professional looking deck grip *continues*

I covered an area of about 300 by 100mm in heavy black on the piece of glass before scrapping off with a blade. It took five or six of those to do the contents of the jar.



Use a candle, piece of glass and a box knife blade. With the candle burning bright, hold the glass over the flame, almost smothering it. The smoke will leave a black smudge on the glass. That is the stuff you want. Keep going until you have covered a substantial area of the glass. To clean the lamp black off, first make sure there is no wind, then place some paper down and lay the edge of the glass on the paper. Scrape the black off with the blade. Remove the glass and bend up the paper and pour the lamp black into the container you will use for the paint. You may have to do that several times depending on the quantity of paint you are tinting.

When you put the paint in and stir it up it may not seem like it has changed but dip something into the original paint and compare with something dipped into the tinted paint and compare side by side. Also, the paint will darken a little when dried.

Anyway, keep putting in black until you get what you want and stir very well. If the black doesn't get stirred in completely you may have some smudges of black when you roll it. No worries, just roll it a few times or drag the roller sideways across the smudge and it will mix in and disappear.

Even with the time you take for this, it will probably take you less time to do it yourself and you will get the tint you want.

continued next page ...



Above shows the jar I was going to use for the deck paint. The lamp black at the almost enough. I did one more burn before satisfied.

Below shows the tint difference when set side by side.



How to do professional looking deck grip *concludes*



This is exactly as I did the decks.

I got the colour I wanted, I'm happy with the contour/masking. I'm happy with feel under bare foot. I tested the grip and it is very good and mostly I'm happy with the look. It still has shine!

This would do for us as is and any carpet or rug is there to accent colour or provide fuzzy comfort for a foot in a particular place. The good part is the ease of cleaning. The floor can easily be swept and the rugs can be removed for shaking out over the side.



"It works on my boat!"

By Norm Walker, MSC, Peggy-Anne

Before we started cruising, I had cleaned and modified our water tanks, fitting them with Perspex inspection ports.

This may have been a mistake as ignorance is sometimes bliss. What I, or in particular Dawn noticed was that the tanks seemed to get a little more brown sediment on the bottom of them every time we took on water. I don't believe that it was a health issue, but I was pestered to try and find a remedy.

The easiest fix was to install an in line filter to the hose that was used to take the water from the tap to the tank. I was thinking about some type of carbon doover. A trip to Bunnings enlightened me that this type of filter was indeed available although quite expensive.

What to do?????

Don't you love Bunnings, could browse the shelves endlessly. After a bit of exploration in the garden section, I came across a small in line filter assembly designed for sprinkler systems. It cost only \$5 or so. All plastic, so no corrosion. Only down side was that the filter was more like a sieve, the element being quite large.

What to do?????

From Bunnings, it was to IGA, where a pack of 80 "Round Make-up Pads" were purchased for \$2.50. I had some spare hose on board, as well as

clamps and refined the unit with a snap fitting for attaching to the hose.



How to use it:

- * Unscrew the inlet side of the filter.
- * Remove the filter
- * Place a pad centrally over the end of the filter body and then push the filter into it (It will be firm).
- * Take another pad and insert it in the inside of the filter.
- * Screw the end of the filter back on.
- * Attach to hose and start filling.

How easy is that? We are quite amazed at how much yuk this system filters out during our filling process and it is definitely keeping the bottom of the tanks a lot cleaner.



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