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The Coastal Passage

The voice of the Boating Community!

30th Edition
April - May 2008

Vanuatu!

13 things I wish I'd known..

*Cape Fear
Can't wait to return!*

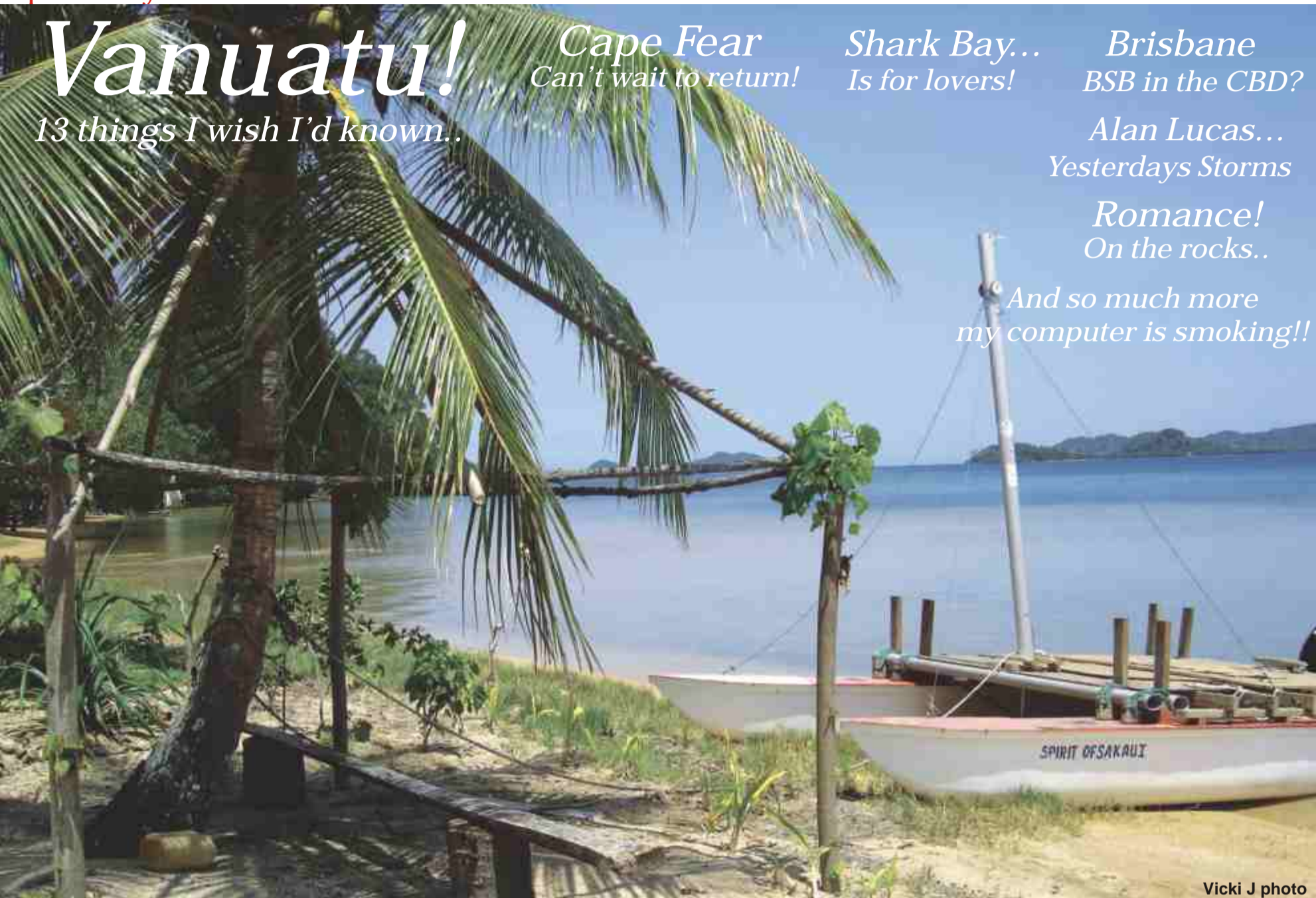
*Shark Bay...
Is for lovers!*

*Brisbane
BSB in the CBD?*

*Alan Lucas...
Yesterdays Storms*

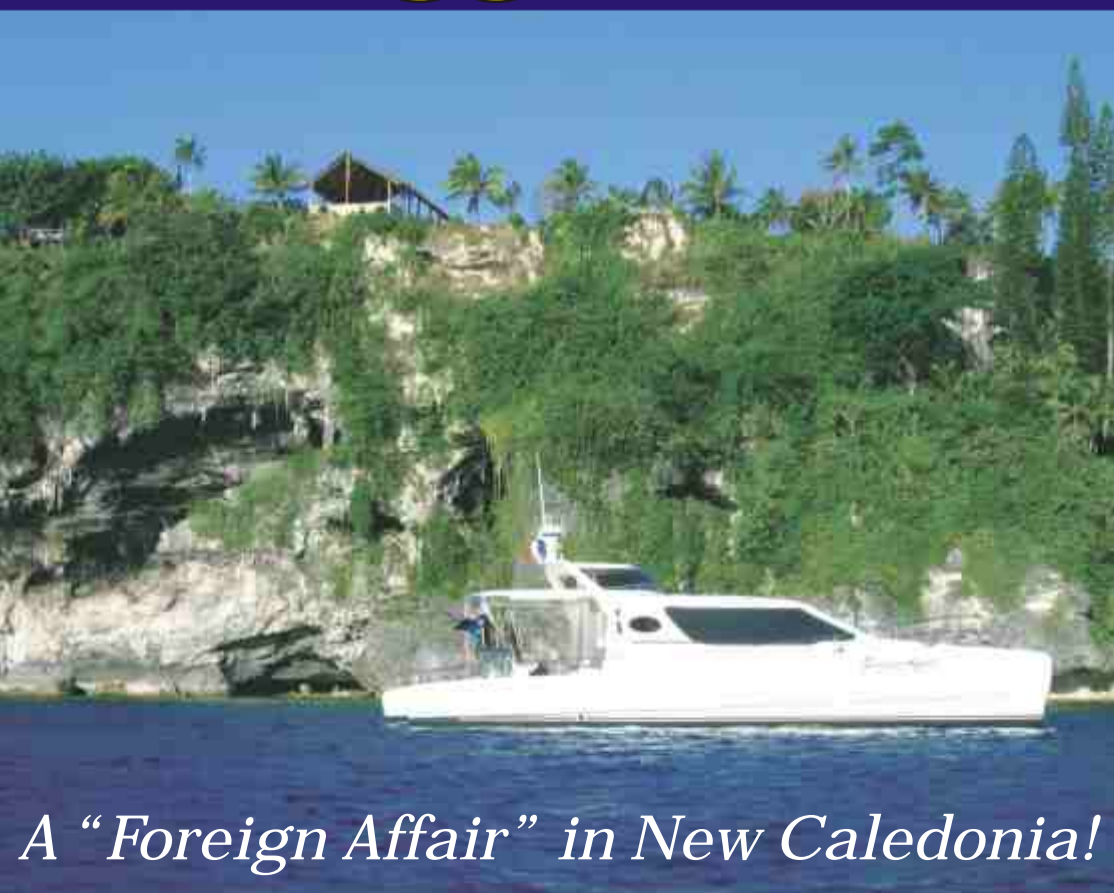
*Romance!
On the rocks..*

*And so much more
my computer is smoking!!*



Vicki J photo

The Biggest TCP Ever!! Again...



"Beel" Brosnan photo



Photo above; Hard charging *Rum Raider* skipper, Vicki Applegate gave photographer Bob Fenney an eye full as she screamed into the finish at Airlie. Fast cat flying a hull.. Gotta love it! Thanks Bob!



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

www.thecoastalpassage.com

Reflections by Alan Lucas

Yesterday's Storms

If you sail long enough, there will be a personal storm or two of memorable proportions in your life, and the Queensland coast is a great place to find them. The following looks at just a few.

Late in the afternoon of the 16th of December 1977, pedestrians were blown off their feet, holes were punched in brick walls and at least 127 houses lost their roofs. Add to this dozens of shop windows blown in, 20,000 homes blacked out, cars with massive hail damage and my three masts losing most of their shroud steps, and you have the picture of a Brisbane storm that lasted just half an hour.

Summer storms around Moreton Bay and Brisbane are legend, but this was a dandy for its sudden, short-lived ferocity. Worse, it caught us off guard because my family and I were in a Botanical Garden's pile-berth at the time and couldn't see it coming until its low, bilious green cloud towered over Town Reach. Being stern-up to it, I feverishly ran as many lines as possible to my windward pile, hoping it would not snap like a twig. Our vessel of the time was *Alegrias*, a three-masted ferro-cement schooner we had recently built near Hervey Bay. This was her maiden voyage.

At the height of the storm, the above-noted Jacob's ladder steps blew away (all were 3"x2" Tassie oak slotted onto the shrouds and trapped top and bottom with cable clamps) and numerous items on deck followed their example. But the most extraordinary indicator of the wind's ferocity and of our luck, was how all windward lines snapped except one, which then took so much strain that it jammed between the cleat's base and the laid deck, miraculously not carrying away.

Brisbane Airport recorded that nasty little breeze at 70 knots with probable higher gusts around the city. Had *Alegrias* carried away, nothing could have stopped her fifty tons blowing down on our neighbours, a truth expressed in their anxious glances. As things stood, we all suffered lost items, but no serious damage. Downstream, however, under the Story Bridge, water police rescued five people in a small yacht and three navy landing craft broke free from their moorings at H.M.A.S. *Moreton* at New Farm.

The weather bureau said the storm came from a low pressure area triggered by intense heat and was unusual for the way it passed *through* the city rather than around, as is more common. Nevertheless, I prefer to be anchored in Lower Moreton Bay when summer storms hit to facilitate getting underway, or at least steaming against the wind. It certainly reminded me of the futility of human endeavour in powerful winds, as already discovered in cyclone *Althea* six years earlier.

Althea devastated the Palm Islands, Magnetic Island and Townsville on Christmas Eve, 1971, and has been described in a past issue of TCP. A later cyclone, *Kerry*, was of less intensity and hit the Whitsunday coast early March 1979, going against the grain by moving north along the central Queensland coast. She was described as being the most erratic cyclone in ten years. She clobbered Mackay, unroofing houses, dropping deluge rain and damaging or destroying two motor cruisers (one worth, then, \$750,000) and tossing two cruising yachts (another report reckoned four) onto harbour rocks along with local craft. Remembering that visitor numbers to Mackay in those days could be counted on a thumbless hand, the destruction rate was quite high.

On Hayman Island, 200 guests and staff crowded into the main dining room whilst on Daydream Island guests sought refuge in a cellar and disco. South Molle Island's manager, Bob Templeton, on the other hand, said his guests calmly played Scrabble and cards as the wind howled outside. Brampton Island appears to have suffered most, with five per cent of holiday accommodation destroyed and fifty per cent damaged. The total bill was around \$150,000.

On the mainland, Mackay fared the worst, the city of 35,000 being lashed all day by winds gusting over the ton (another report pegged them at 77 knots). Before striking the Queensland coast *Kerry* had been busy having formed two weeks earlier northeast of the Solomon Islands, killing three and leaving 10,000 people homeless.

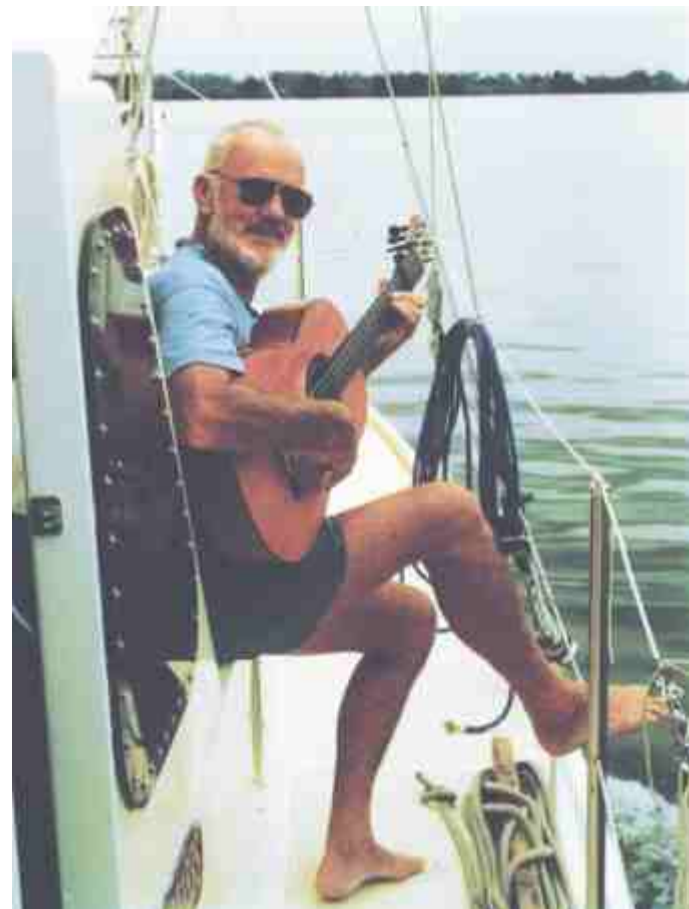
Talking of Hayman Island and cyclonic winds reminds me of a small part I played in the island's evacuation after cyclone *Ada* in January 1970. *Ada* packed a tremendous punch along a narrow path, her central pressure of 962 hPa generating enough strength to pulverise Hayman, South Molle, Daydream and Happy Bay (Long Island). Tragically, 13 lives were lost from vessels sheltering in Nara Inlet.

As skipper of the Townsville Harbour Board's VIP vessel at the time, my crewman Charlie and I spent a night, along with a Hayles ferry, transshipping Hayman evacuees from a ship anchored out near Cape Cleveland into Townsville. Everyone I spoke to that night struggled to come to terms with their experience, partly because they were from the safe south where such things don't happen and partly because words fail everyone after a destructive wind is experienced for the first time.

Another story of *Ada* more of irony than tragedy, involved the yacht *Brilliant*. The year before I had delivered this lovely Taylor-built vessel from Adelaide to Townsville where I refitted her for the owner who then sailed her down to the Whitsunday islands. You can guess the rest: cyclone *Ada* caught *Brilliant* and destroyed her in an inlet on the western shores of Long Island Sound.

On a headstone behind the beach in Bathurst Bay, Cape York Peninsula is a list of nine white men who perished in cyclone *Mahina* on 5 March 1899. Beneath it, almost as an afterthought, it adds: '50 vessels wrecked or foundered and over 300 coloured men drowned'.

This appendage is the real reminder of why *Mahina* stands to this day as a Queensland cyclone benchmark, her lowest central pressure being recorded at 914 hPa. That's 48 hPa deeper than *Ada* and near enough to 100 hPa below the mean. As for the 'coloured men', their names may never have been recorded, but they drowned in such numbers because



their workboats were mostly small, open or partly decked luggers. They didn't stand a chance in extreme winds and a storm-surge variously stated as being between nine and fifteen metres high.

The name *Mahina* is generally ignored in official records in favour of the *Bathurst Bay cyclone*, but either way she may have been the product of two depressions meeting over the area at the same time. So many stories came out of that unbelievable wind that fact and myth meld too easily: but one thing is certain as well as the luggers, two mother ships (*Silvery Wave* and *Sagitta*) were lost with their owners and crews as well as the two keepers of the Channel Rocks lightship. It also appears absolutely true that boat bits were found scattered for miles inland.

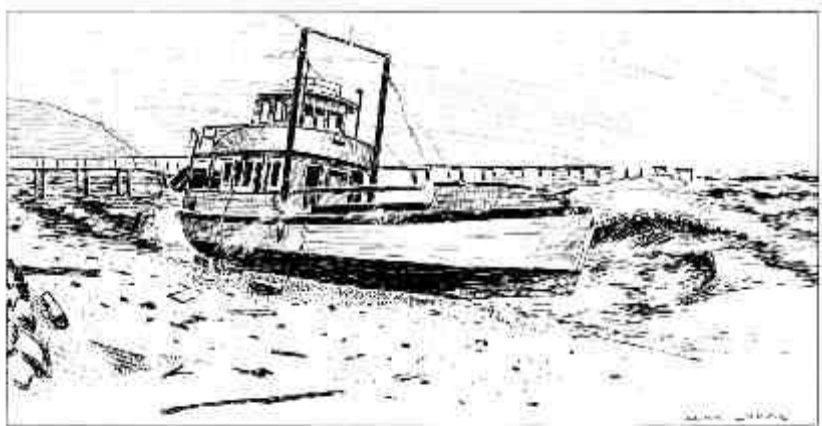
Surviving seriously destructive winds is as much about luck as it is good management and there can be no doubting that one day a major Queensland boating centre will become a victim. With the number of boats around now days, it might even make the losses to *Mahina* acceptably low. We can only hope not.

The monument at Bathurst Bay.. TropicalCat Photo



Bob's Note;

"Losing the Cannon Bay" cyclone Althea. Alan's report of his personal experience with this storm and it's consequences was published in TCP # 11 and has been made a permanent feature on the TCP web site. If the recent Airlie Beach, Whitsunday storm had been the strength of Althea, Larry or the fates forbid, Mahina... the loss of boats and lives would have been beyond comprehension.



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Airlie Beach Chaos



Story & photos by Bob Fenney, SY "Elcho"

The night of February 11 and the morning of the 12th will be fixed in the minds of many a boatie who call Airlie Beach home.

Airlie Beach is gateway to the boating wonderland of The Whitsundays, 74 tropical Islands, world class resorts, fringing the Great Barrier Reef. It is also prone to Cyclones and Monsoons from December to March, and the bay at Airlie Beach is open to the North, the slightest Northerly creates an uncomfortable swell. Thankfully S/E winds prevail for most of the year.

I was sort of enjoying the rock and roll of a not too gentle 20knt northerly while on my Yacht, thinking, this'll be here for a few days, but, hey, I don't need to go ashore for a while, I've got plenty of tucker, beer and smokes. There are a few books I haven't read onboard, plus I need to be in mobile phone range as I had a few business things going on. So I'll just put up with a couple of days of discomfort.

I don't know what made me put the VHF to scan at about 4pm....but I did, although I rarely have done so previously.

"All of our vessels MUST make way to Nara Inlet, you will stay there 'till further notice as a 90 kph storm is heading our way from the North, and due to hit this area in 4-5 hours" demanded a bare boat yacht charter radio operator. There would be no arguments from the tone of his urgent voice. He then contacted each of their boats and repeated his demands. There were no arguments as this was serious stuff! My initial thoughts were "bugger me I'd better get out of here" I then consulted my charts, although I already knew I wouldn't be able to make it to Nara in 5 hours in these conditions when the storm was predicted to hit, plus it'd be dark when I got there...not a good idea when you're single handed. I reckon I then made my best decision in recent times. I contacted Abel Point Marina and asked for a berth. They came back a short time later with a berth allocation and I threw off my swing mooring line, pushed the throttle of "Elcho" my 37'gaff rigged cutter forward, and headed off in a beam sea towards the safe haven of the Marina.

Stuff fell from places I didn't even know I had. Hell, it can't fall any further, bugger it, leave it on the floor! It was a mouth-drying trip, if I'd had a deckie, I'd have demanded a beer, or several.

My short trip was more than worthwhile. Before long, there was one of Abel Point Marina's staff talking my lines. I was safe, "Elcho" was safe.

The airwaves were abuzz with stressed calls for help, and a few Mayday calls. The predicted 90kph wind from the North was due to hit the normally peaceful seaside village around 9pm.

I listened to VHF channel 16 all night, a May Day, several urgent calls for help, reports of boats adrift hitting other boats, A big commercial tourist boat with 37 passengers and crew on the rocks at Hook Island. VMR and the Water Police trying to battle horrendous seas to help sailors, tourists, and anyone else who needed help, The Hayman Island Resort Vessel having to abort its gallant effort to help those 37 shipwrecked souls because of dangerous seas. And in between all this, a father and his daughter on his yacht that'd broken it's mooring, sending out a May Day, as they were sure they were doomed. They'd hit several boats, done untold damage to their

cherished craft, their rudder was damaged, and were fearful of their lives. VMR were unable to help, too many calls, not enough resources.

In the early hours of the morning, a motor with a sort of urgent pitch made itself heard to me through the torrential wind and rain. As you would, I raced out, grabbed lines from the relieved skipper and his daughter and secured the crippled yacht to the safety of a marina berth near mine, as did another bloke in the pouring rain. They were safe, plenty of damage to their yacht, but they were safe. How the Skipper was able to drive the Yacht with the damage to its stern and cockpit was amazing. I guess you do what you have to do to save your children. His adrenalin was boiling over.

Dawn saw a scene of horrific proportions. Yachts on the rocks, on the beaches, in the mangroves, smashing, being pumpled, becoming yachts no more!

People's dreams crushed by the power of the angry seas, putting on a brave face, saying, "it could have been worse" People having lost their homes and all they owned, did so with dignity.

The big charter yacht "Romance" with all those holiday makers onboard, was still on the rocks, but 2 rescue helicopters were winching them off and taking them to the safety of the luxury Resort Hayman Island. They lost their passports, Money, personal effects, backpacks, everything!

Sitting onboard "Elcho" in the comfort and safety of Abel Point Marina writing this piece, the mind wanders, and I can't help thinking "what if"?

It was, I'm told, Australia's worst civilian maritime disaster, around 50 vessels sunk or badly damaged, vessels ranging from luxury charter Catamarans, blue water Yachts, Motor Cruisers, Fishing Charter Boats, to small racing yachts. The storm knew no distinction. Any vessel in its way was fair game for destruction.

The following days told of amazing and sad stories. An 86 year old Man, living on his steel yacht, rode it all the way to the rocks, where she was smashed and sunk. Several blokes from the Whitsunday Sailing Club noticed an old and wrinkly hand reaching out of a hatch trying to get attention. They managed to rescue him, but his main concern was for his pet parrot still onboard, unfortunately it was beyond reach. The following day he was distressed because his eye glasses, hearing aids and false teeth were still on the wrecked Yacht, talk about losing everything? He was not insured!

A family lost their vintage yacht. They were saved by the local Police, it had been their home, they, and their 4 children were taken in by a luxury resort and given shelter, food, and comfort, while the local community rallied to find them clothes, and more permanent accommodation.

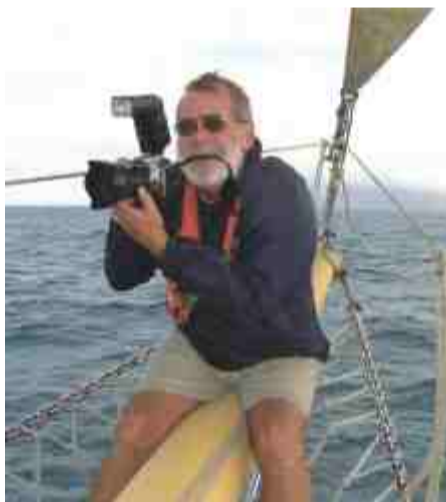
I'm told at least 20 vessels are unaccounted for. The authorities plan to bring in sonar equipment to try and locate them.

The community has done wonders, supporting those in need. There is a massive cleanup and salvage operation underway. I guess it'll take a long time.

It'll be months before the mess is cleared up, perhaps months before all insurance companies settle, and perhaps years before some people feel safe when they hear of a severe wind warning.



Bob "Iron Teeth" Fenney.. (well, that's what we call him when he's holding expensive camera gear on a tall ship bow sprit..) is a professional photojournalist trying hard to be retired. Thanks for the heads up Bob... and sure glad you and Elcho are OK.



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The season of Storms



Airlie Beach, 12th February

Jim Gard photo

Bob Norson
Monday the 11th of February, 2008. Strong northerly winds with heavy rain, ripped through the exposed and crowded anchorage off Airlie Beach and Cannonvale leaving much of the fleet on the bricks and many others damaged by collision with dragging boats. Belated warnings (not a shining moment for BOM) were being made of 40+ knots to come and they did. The same storm broke a bulk coal carrier off it's mooring near Mackay which then slammed into the jetty at Hay Point leaving a reported 30 foot gash in her port side.

The Good. Abel Point Marina in Airlie Beach made berths available to vessels from local moorings at half price until the situation eased. [Good on yer Abel Point!] There have been numerous accounts of townspeople providing accommodation and other assistance to those victimised.

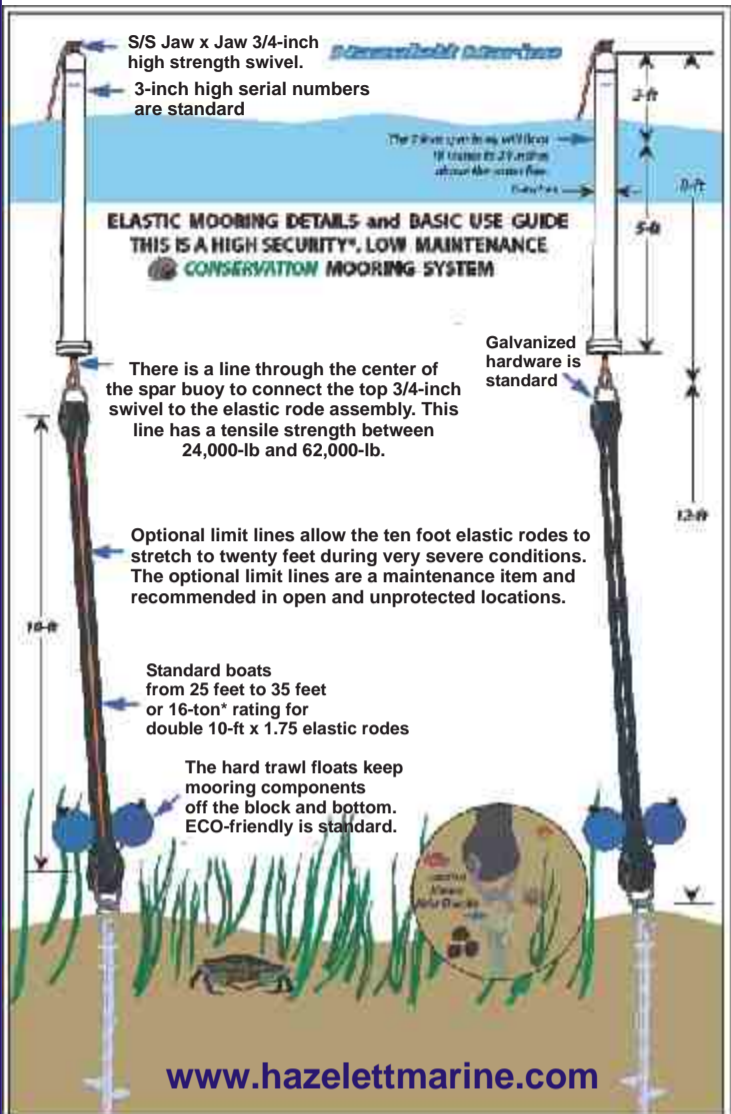
The Bad. There have been reports suggesting that at least one vessel that was dragging tied up to an unoccupied vessel and took them both onto the bricks. In a different case, TCP received a letter from Bourke McCarron of S.Y. 'Amber' that had survived the storm but with damage caused by another large craft that had dragged into them. The large craft was insured but the insurer refused to cover saying, "Our client was not negligent; therefore we deny liability on his behalf." This disappointing response to a claim is quoted in the letter that was received From Amber too late for this edition but which will be posted to the web site "issues" page as well as linked to the Airlie photo gallery. TCP hopes to have a response from the insurer by next edition. Sources said that as of the 14th, local insurers had 35 vessels lost out of 64 total claims for damage. The amount of wrecked and uninsured vessels were not known. MSQ later sent a 6 metre survey vessel equipped with side scan sonar to assess the risk to mariners navigating in the area.

TCP hears that investigators have found some untested, imported chain on some moorings that broke during the storm. TCP has had many claims from locals over the years of unregistered, suspect moorings being placed and rented out in Airlie. Many regard it as "common knowledge" and a cause of overcrowding in the anchorage. One owner of 2 registered moorings in the bay reported however, that one of his also broke and he claims his are serviced every year. He blames a combo of unlimited fetch from the north and shallow waters in the bay that stack up bow killing waves. That is undeniably true. In any case it was a bad night out there. Skippers who have lost uninsured vessels may want to pursue their own investigation if they were on a hired mooring, particularly if it didn't display rego on the buoy.



Bob Fenney photo

How could the damage have been prevented?



"The drawing above shows the basic elastic mooring system. These mooring systems can be installed in maximum high water (MHW) depth of 17 ft and 1:1 scope. Extra line can be rigged into this system for water depths to 30 feet. 1.5:1 scope in water depths 31 feet to 50 feet and tides to 12 feet. Basic installation guidelines are for protected harbors." This American company has these types of moorings for ships as large as 100feet. They also make pennants to use with your normal anchor rode to reduce shock and prevent damage and dragging.

This company has developed products to deal exactly with the kind of conditions that prevailed at Airlie. Mooring installers and chandlers note, this company is looking for an Australian agent!

TCP's thanks to **Jim Gard** of **FUSION CATAMARANS** and **Bob Fenney** for providing a spectacular range of photos. The lot was uploaded to the TCP web site immediately along with a brief report. People all over the world and by the thousands were going to the site to have a look. TCP's report and Jims photos made unauthorised appearances on many other web sites shortly after. Most at least provided a link back to the TCP web site so no hard feelings but one web based news provider did take the time to do the right thing and asked permission and offered proper credit. So TCP's relationship with **www.sail-world.com** is off to a good start.



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"Romance" isn't what it used to be...



Gil Waller photo

One of the casualties of the Whitsunday storm was the charter vessel "Romance" which wound up on the rocks of Hook Island with 32 passengers on board and 5 crew. All were air lifted off the wreck. Controversy surrounds the mishap with accusations reported from some passengers of abandonment by the charterer after the fact. As the passengers were primarily backpackers, most had no place to go after rescue and no personal belongings, passports or funds as most was left in the urgency of rescue. According to news reports from Channel 7 the Whitsunday community rallied round the victims to provide accommodation and other support. The Whitsunday Charter Boat Industry Association, of which the Romance is not a member, had offered them free sailing trips on their boats. CEO of Tourism Whitsundays Peter O'Reilly was quoted as saying, "International backpackers are the vibrant heart of Airlie and we'd like to see this group receive the care and attention we'd want for our own children in similar circumstances."

TCP received a report from vessel *Natsumi* that had weathered the storm nearby. Skipper Gill Waller said, "I have included a shot of the *Romance* on the rocks at Hook Island (above), we went in and swam right around it. Anchor was not down, looks like they had a mooring or tie-up rope on the prop. She seemed a very small boat to be carrying that many (32 reported) overnight passengers. TCP asked; "Prop was fouled with a line on Romance?!?! Any chance from the look of it that it happened post rocks or is it wrapped up pretty good like they motored into it...?" "The prop on Romance was wrapped up tight, heavy rope, one end tied off on a bollard like they'd tried to get it to cut or break, and as I said, their anchor was tight up to the bow as if they'd been on a mooring, but their genoa was half unfurled as if they'd tried to sail out of it maybe." Will a MSQ investigation reveal the facts? They may be interesting if they do.

"Melanie" .. lost forever

From the web site of.. www.lostyacht.org

Sunday's forecast for that night of Monday through to Tuesday was for only 20 to 25 knots of wind, it in fact reached 60 knots in a very short space of time. She had never dragged anchor at any time since we had owned her, until that awful night of 60 knot winds and 4-5 m breaking seas. At the time, I was unfortunately out on a three-day trip with 9 passengers in the Whitsunday islands, on my employers boat. And so, was unable to move *Melanie* into the safety of the marina, which was what I had always intended to do if the forecast became in any way threatening.

My wife, Julie, discovered the terrible destruction on the Tuesday morning. Hoping to find *Melanie* beached or blown into the mangroves, she was in shock after realizing that the fragments and debris she had seen washed up on the shoreline were in fact parts of our boat. (Photo top right) *Melanie* had been professionally built in 1979, by R Brooks of Sydney. She was of ferro cement construction. It is regrettable that ferro cement yachts are virtually impossible to insure comprehensively and so, sadly, *Melanie* only had third party cover. Some people perceive yacht owners to be wealthy, and that boats are a luxury item rather than a commitment. This is of course not always the case. *Melanie* had been our home. *Melanie* represented our total investment of work, time and earnings for four and a half years. Tony and Julie Boss

TCP note; The web site noted above has more information and ways you can help these fellow yachties. This is just one of the uninsured tragedies from the storm.



Melanie found



Melanie before..



Melanie after.. the debris under the steel boat

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

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

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Boat Books
Middle Harbour Yacht Club
Cruising Yacht Club Australia,
Rushcutters Bay
Royal Motor Yacht Club Broken Bay
.... C A N B E R R A (Newport)
Canberra Yacht Club
..... V I C T O R I A
Royal Yacht Club (Williamstown)
Royal Geelong Yacht Club
Sandringham Yacht Club
Royal Brighton Yacht Club
..... S O U T H A U S T R A L I A
(Northhaven)
Cruising Yacht Club of S.A.
Royal S.A. Yacht Squadron
..... W E S T E R N A U S T R A L I A
Boating Hardware-Prosail -
O'Connor (near Fremantle)

MSQ BACKDOWN

WATER COPS WERE WRONG!

In TCP # 29 (last edition) two reports were made to TCP concerning charges that were booked against a visiting foreign vessel and an Australian vessel. In both cases the charges appeared false according to the law. The foreign vessel was charged with a registration related safety equipment violation in Bundaberg and the other was an Australian vessel charged with not having a current EPIRB but the vessel was in "still or partially still waters" where such equipment is not required.

In both cases prior to last edition, skippers were notified by MSQ that their appeal to have the charges cancelled was denied. Within one week of publishing TCP both cases were subject to a stunning reverse. In the case of the foreign vessel, Chris Ennor of SY Magic Carpet, who provided assistance to the skipper reported; Had a call from the Water Police today, saying that they had tracked down the original paperwork and the ticket had previously been cancelled, but even with a big cancelled stamp across it, somehow it had still been processed??

He has contacted Qld Transport whom, he said have agreed to withdraw it. So there you go, eh? I think that we can be pretty sure that there won't be more International visiting boats prosecuted, at least by Hervey Bay Water Police - or if in another area, this is a pretty clear cut precedent.

In the case of SY Delight, Kathy Lovegrove forwarded TCP a letter she received from the Ministers office informing her of their change of position. TCP recently received a letter from another boaty describing a very similar EPIRB charge. See page 9. They also protested the charge and report they were successful.

Have you had a booking that you feel was wrong? The regulations are posted on the TCP web site. See the "issues" page. Notify TCP by letter to publicise the dispute. We will endeavour to leave a clean wake for the next boaty... or potential victim.

Pacific Cruisers, Take Notice!

There is a report on www.noonsite.com of a German cruiser that was en route from The Marshall Islands to Vanuatu that has come to grief on Butaritari, Republic of Kiribati. The yacht Atlantis is charged with failing to gain entry clearance at an official port prior to landing at Butaritari. Apparently the country is taking a hard stance on the issue. The two crew were in prison for nearly a week at the time of report on April 10.

This was reported to noonsite by Bruce Allman of SV Day Star and TCP was alerted by Nancy Zapf of SV Halekai, an SSCA member, who knows the German couple.

Just in! As going to press, Atlantis crew has been released. Investigation revealed legitimate boat in 'distress' condition. The sailors report being apologised to.

Percy Island Law Suit..

TCP has been informed that the long awaited trial for the lawsuit contesting the legal ownership of the lease of Middle Percy Island has occurred and the parties are now waiting for the decision. As soon as the details become available the web site will host the announcement.

Domestic "Bio-fouling" protocol??????????

In issue # 17 TCP warned that the government may attempt to put a quarantine protocol in place for vessels within Australia. Information coming from the DAFF suggests something may be afoot. An inquiry was made by TCP but so far DAFF spokesman Don Cumming has failed to deliver a response to 5 questions in over three weeks. The vague nature of the information available combined with the apparent reticence to respond is causing some concern. Maybe nothing, maybe something. Keep an eye on the web site.

Comment from the editor.....

TCP READERSHIP EXPLODES AGAIN!!

It has been really good to peruse the statistics from the web site and reports from the counters where TCP is available. Print versions remain tight for supply though TCP will print some more this issue for the Sanctuary Cove Boat show. (10,500) The big take up has been through the web. Besides Australia, letters arrive daily from places like Cyprus, Baku, UK, all over the US, Singapore, Phuket, and on and on... and to those TCP readers in the Czech Republic, greetings to you, good to have you aboard! French sailors are showing strong support. And how about TdF! (Tierra del Fuego) See Passage People. There is a universal message in TCP. If you can afford to retain integrity, not 'sell out' and focus on the activities and issues that the boating community really believes in... it all comes together.

But how can you do it without selling out? Answer is.. It isn't easy.. or as profitable!

A culture of entitlement to use editorial for commercial sales or political message permeates Australian media. 'Cash for comment' or 'advertorial', whatever you call it. TCP just received a mail soliciting ads in a boat show guide by offering; "Editorial is available to all advertisers that place a 1/4 page or larger ad." How typical. If that's the kind of crap you want to read, there is always a new one coming your way. It's up to you to be a clever consumer, to recognise the bullshit and dismiss it. **And support TCP advertisers.** They gave up the right to dictate content in exchange for lower ad rates but more important, to direct their ads to a better quality readership. It doesn't hurt to let them know it's appreciated.

TCP's First Government Ad?!?!?

Took me by surprise! Marine Safety Queensland (MSQ) is the first government agency to buy advertising space in TCP. After the criticism they faced from the actions of their officers last edition it was particularly curious. I have chosen to believe that this remarkable event represents a respect for TCP's editorial independence and though the issue that is advertised is one TCP and readers find deep disagreement with, at least they are providing notification of the rule prior to effect rather than the disgusting entrapment committed by Australian Customs. And speaking of that....

Customs loses face... again.

I recently saw a new Customs ad in one of the government friendly press, telling Australian Yachties they must now give 96 hour notice prior to entry... What brass! Prosecute first then advertise later to enhance image..how very Chinese! (government, not the people) Another example? All those emailed notices that are sent to Customs from yachts prior to entry, the ones that Customs reviews "very seriously".. to "protect our borders".. what happens to them? Apparently, most go right to the bin!! From the first coverage of this problem (TCP #23, "Brutal Customs" see report from "Karma winds") and to include two accounts in this edition, ("13 things I wish I knew..." page 15 and in a letter from Paul Lewis on page 9), Customs habitually does not bother to forward the yachts 96 hour notification to the intended port of arrival... making the whole exercise useless. Well done comrades.

The Season of Storms.....

"forecast for ___ until ___: S/SE winds 25 to 33 knots, seas to 3 metres, showers and isolated thunder storms." Well, at least it wasn't very hot this summer but I'm sure I'm not the only one that was bloody tired of the forecast above. Rockhampton flooded early in the season but little damage. Airlie Beach and Magnetic Island copped it hard. The photos on the TCP web site of the Airlie Beach and Horseshoe Bay wreckage went right round the world. Thanks to Jim Gard and Bob Fenney from Airlie and Pete Safe of Maggie and Dave Clifford of Rocky for the pics. Port Phillip Bay and WA got slammed as well. There was just no where that was safe this year.



The Coastal Passage

The voice of boaties everywhere

Bob Norson: Publisher, Editor, journalist, advertising, photographer, computer & marine heads technician, etc., etc...

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LETTERS

Notice to contributors: All contributions that purport facts in a matter of possible contention, should be ready to provide support for their assertions or additional information or the contribution may be refused at the discretion of the editor. Anyone disputing a matter of fact in any part of TCP is **invited** to respond as long as the discussion remains one of fact and the responding writer must also be ready to provide support for their assertions or additional information if requested. It's about a fair go for boaties.

Dear Editor,

You may believe this or not! I am the only Cypriot doctor who visited Rocky to do a locum in one of the local practices five or six years ago. My friend Dr. Russ Sheddlich current C.M.O at the Rockhampton General Hospital brought your periodical/newspaper to my attention. Living on one of the most beautiful Islands in the Mediterranean, we are not strangers to Australians from Queensland and other States, who serve with distinction in UNFICYP keeping the peace, for more than four decades. It takes a long time to resolve disputes in this part of the world!

A sizable Cypriot community lives and prospers in Brisbane, Cairns, Mackay and other parts of Queensland. No doubt there must be some Cypriot compatriots living in Rocky. My most vivid recollection is an all day visit I paid to Yeppoon and the Greater Kepple, from where I brought back some nostalgic photographic material. Many times since returning to Cyprus, I have quoted the example of the Coral Reef Preservation Policy in the local and national press and television, as an example to be looked at, for the protection of our Green Turtle Akamas National Preservation Plan.

I even urged the Cyprus Government to send a delegation to the Reef to see how Australians do the job, marrying as it were, preservation and tourism.

I wish you could send some of that 250mm. of water that fell on Rockhampton, to enrich our dams! This year Cyprus is very dry.

My wife and I wish all the friendly people of Rocky, including my Aboriginal patients good health and happiness and I hope one day to be able to return,

**Dr. Yiannis Taliotis,
Pafos, Cyprus.**

Hi Bob,

After reading Kate Lovegrove's article in TCP #29, and the response from 'Windjammer', I would like to add some comments of my own.

Firstly, in regard to my dear friends Kate and Andrew Lovegrove, who have been sailing a darned long time, have done a great deal of racing, and are NOT LIKELY to be (and I quote from *Windjammer* response) "panicking in the cockpit". Neither Kate nor Andrew are prone to panic in any given situation and I can safely say that they are not the kind of boat owners who arrive at a marina for summer and sit comfortably in the berth for the next six months. They actually SAIL *DeLight* quite a bit, in my experience of them, and tend to spend any time-off from work out sailing. Needless to say, that even in the short length of time (compared to their total length of time as boaties/sailors/racers) that they've owned the Lightwave 38, they have gathered more understanding of her 'ways and peculiarities' than most others would have in triple the number of years. Furthermore, they are known to me as truthful and honest people who are not likely to exaggerate. Therefore, I believe them when they tell me the skipper of *Windjammer* was not on deck at the time of the incident.

Further, if there was any 'panicking' going on in the cockpit, it was likely to be Andrew's two children, who'd come to spend a holiday with their Dad and Step-Mum. I guess any parent would understand how distressing it must have been, in the early hours of the morning, to see Dad disappear overboard while they were being impacted by a much larger vessel. I dare say those two children will remember that day, with horror, for the rest of their lives.

In regard to Ashley Kerr's response, I quote him: "My only concern with this incident was that the skipper did not call on *Delight* as a courtesy the following morning, prior to his departure....". With respect, Mr. Kerr, next time I hope you consider the IMPACT of your words more thoroughly and thoughtfully. I think your "concerns" should have included:

- Andrew's injury and how your skipper should have seen that Andrew had access to immediate first-aid;
- The state of mental health of the two children aboard *Delight*, after witnessing such an incident;
- The state of the damages to *Delight* caused, by your own admission, by your vessel rather than being concerned only with the damages to *Windjammer*;
- The fact that your skipper failed to make an immediate report of the incident;
- The fact that your skipper didn't seem to understand the obligations of his ticket in regard to offering first-aid assistance;
- The fact that he left the site without exchange of information, as is required under law;
- And the fact that your letter, by omitting to state any concern for Andrew, Kate or the children could eventually cost you a lot more money if they were to take your letter into a court of law for a damages claim.

Have you no sympathy, Mr. Kerr, for Andrew's continued pain and suffering, such a long time after this "small incident"? Don't you care about the amount of time he had to take off work as a result of this injury? Don't you care about the emotional state of his two children? And don't you care that their immaculate boat is now less than 'perfect' because of the damages to their bows?

Stating that 'the skipper is currently not employed' by your company leaves us wondering: did you sack him after the incident or did he leave?

**Sincerely,
Gay McDonald SY "Dancing Dolphin"**

Hi Bob,

We were so surprised and delighted to read about our boat "*Catamaran Imagine*", a 40ft Grainger Azure in the last issue of the Coastal Passage.

We bought "*Imagine*" from Brett and Donna in December 2004, over 3 years ago! Does it really take that long for articles to be published in the Coastal Passage???! (TCP note; No.. it takes Brett that long to get the articles to TCP!)

"*Imagine*" is everything Brett and Donna said she was, having taken us to Melbourne from Mackay and back again and as far north as the Low Isles off Port Douglas.

We spent a year in Melbourne packing up our home, doing some minor modifications on *Imagine*, sailing in Western Port Bay and Port Phillip Bay and finally moving aboard, leaving Melbourne in March 2005.

We have been caught in a 40 knot gale, travelled through the washing machine (the paddock) better known as Bass Straight where "*Imagine*" had her nets torn out with the wave action, raced her at Airlie Beach Multihull Regatta, had the reacher tangle hopelessly in 30 knots, participated in the Dent to Dunk Regatta and enjoyed much more over the past 3 years. Of course we could go on but needless to say *Imagine* has lived up to every task we have demanded of her.

We have also spent many, many beautiful sunny days sailing in idyllic conditions with friends and family visiting sensational isolated picture perfect anchorages, shared sundowners with numerous friends from the cruising community, learnt how to fish (still learning) and caught some too, ate oysters of the rocks, snorkelled, collected shells, spotted numerous whales, turtles, dolphins, dugongs, enjoyed the walks in the National Parks and the cappuccino's in port.

I don't think you need to ask if we are we happy with our live aboard lifestyle and our boat "*Catamaran Imagine*". We are currently berthed at Hope Island Resort Marina on the Gold Coast.

This year we hope to participate in the Dent to Dunk regatta again then join a small group

leaving Townsville in August for the Louisiades, following in Brett and Donna's wake although hopefully with better weather conditions.

"Believe me, my young friend, (said the water rat solemnly), There is nothing - Absolutely nothing - half so much worth doing as simply messing about with boats. Simply messing...nothing seems to matter, that's the charm of it. Whether you get away or whether you don't; whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all, you're always busy, and you never do anything in particular..."
-The Wind in the Willows

**Warren and Glenda Stahel,
SY "Imagine"**

Dear Bob,

I am hoping you can help me with some information on life jackets, inflatables and PFD Type 1's. Some time ago I read a report on inflatable lifejackets which stated that in a Fastnet Race some years ago 4 out of 5 inflatable jackets did not inflate.

I thought it may have been in TCP however I have been through them back to issue #14 and can't find mention of it. Do you have information on them?

I know you have to get them checked & certified yearly (more bureaucratic interference & expense to boaties!) but how reliable are they?

Also, do you know of any PFD Type 1 that is cool and suitable to our tropical climate? We have searched what boating stores we have in Mackay (limited to say the least) without success & have ended up with hot, bulky & difficult to store ones, but at least we are legal!

Keep up the good work. It's a great magazine & we thoroughly enjoy it.

**Sincerely,
Jenny Rixon
Sarina, Qld.**

Greetings Jenny,

You have TCP's going back to # 14!? That's always so rewarding to hear.

No, no article was published in TCP however, I did consult with Wok & Woody at Whitsunday Ocean Services about your questions and follows their reply. (Below also)

Personal experience? We were never big users of them. Kept a reasonable sort of Type 1 in panic locker but rare to wear.

FMT (Fishabout Marine Technologies) in Mackay will be able to order what you need and of course, WOS can provide.

**Cheers,
Bob**

Dear Jenny,

Bob from The Coastal Passage has sent me a copy of your letter regarding your enquiry on PFD1 lifejackets. Hope I can shed some light on your queries!

When a PFD1 jacket is tested it is blown up to the manufacturer's psi specs and left on test for a minimum of 3 hours. After testing that the jacket inflates, the operating head is then serviced, gas cylinder weighed and checked and firing head operation checked. If the jacket is fitted with a light and battery (some are some aren't) the battery is checked with a light meter and replaced after 5 years or if the battery has had salt water in contact with it.

RFD pfd 1 lifejackets are a valise type jacket, very slim line, light and comfortable to wear and we sell them for \$110.00 inc gst for the manual type or \$145 for the automatic. Servicing costs per 12 months is

\$26.00 per jacket and additional if things need to be replaced,

If you buy a PFD 1 lifejacket with Australian standards no AS2260, AS1499 and AS1512, it will come with manufacturers warranty. I have had jackets fail to inflate, usually an obscure brand that doesn't meet standards. I have had jackets fail once inflated when the welded seam bursts - again these jackets are not a jacket we are usually familiar with in Australia and usually don't meet the standards. Usually price determines a good jacket and the old motto is the price is too good to be true - it usually is!!! Hope this answers your questions,

**Janelle Eastwood
Whitsunday Ocean services**

Dear Bob,

The letter by Chris Ennor of SC *Magic Carpet* in the Feb. - March issue was absolutely spot on. I for one as a new boat owner and reader of TCP have now started to see the light where the majority of our so-called Law Enforcement Officers are now nothing more than rude uniformed Revenue Raisers or Tax Collectors. The experiences I have had with them in the past are also not pleasing. Even a simple question asked of them brings about their severity.

I used to wonder why the police in this country were hated so much by the majority of the general public unlike the police in England, but after reading this particular article I can't wonder any more. This would probably be the reason why so much crime in this country goes unsolved.

Maybe the government needs to revamp the training methods for these people so that they can actually still retain their human side when putting on their uniforms. They also need to stress that they are Police Officers and leave the revenue raising to the Taxation Dept.

Your publication is without doubt the best I have read with many interesting stories and helpful features. I also commend the Editor for having the guts to allow this article go to print. Most newspapers would have been too gutless to print it. Keep up the great work.

**Yours Faithfully,
John Effer,
MV "Obsession"**

Greetings John

First of all, thanks for your passionate support. TCP does stick its neck out and it's nice to know it's not wasted effort... and risk. Whilst chatting in Maryborough the other day I was told of a conversation with a local police detective who was complaining that because of the voracious enforcement of petty traffic rules by the traffic boys, he met with stiff refusal to cooperate when asking citizens for help with crime solving. It's bad enough that the plods abuse us and even worse that they expect us to like it and respect them in the morning! I notice that the police in England do not carry guns. I wonder why the Australian police figure they need that implied threat of violence to function.

**Cheers,
Bob**

I was wondering if anyone knows what happened to "*Helsa*" - the original flying footpath?

**Thanks
Brian**

Greetings Brian

I couldn't find out either. Lets see if someone out there knows and will write to educate us.

**Cheers
Bob**

more letters...

Dear Bob,

I was pretty dismayed by the stories re. the Australian customs. We have friends in the Australian south we had hoped to visit by our Camper & Nicholsons 58. I can't believe the Australian people will let this situation continue at length. Even if the authorities decide on lax enforcement, the absurd laws would still be on the books. As you point out, most other countries including the US recognize yachts and their aging retiree owners as non-threats who are only too happy to be an extra set of eyes & ears for them.

Mark
Grand Rapids, Michigan USA

Hi there,

As a merchant seafarer and cruising yachtie I have had plenty of opportunities to come into contact with the customs of various countries under various regimes over the last 28 years. I personally have also witnessed the change in the behaviour of customs officers in the last 4 years.

With jackboot Johnny's slavish bum shuffling adherence to the Texass terrorist basher big George and the introduction of the maritime security identification card and the maritime security act which basically says that everyone who wants to enter a waterfront facility or go on board a ship must produce some form of identification or they may be refused entry and the police called to remove them and charges may be laid. This legislation has still to be introduced into the US and all the relevant personnel issued with their cards after they have been vetted by the FBI and CIA et al . Here we were checked by ASIO and the AFP which in my case is another story in itself.

Whilst employed on an Australian registered and manned ship it was interesting to see the approach of customs officers in various ports while discharging crude oil in all states except Northern Territory and Tassie.

The worst and rudest bastards were in Karratha Western Australia and Sydney where they would try and get on board by saying they were customs and didn't have to show mere plebs who they were. Being a bit of a rebel who was without a cause at the time I refused them entry under the MSC guidelines and they went away on the next launch back to Port Botany as we were in the middle on the pipeline. Later on the same night two others appeared and tried the same thing on a younger and less experienced crewmember who let them through and next thing there was a huge hullabuloo as a security breach was recorded against the ship and then at every port the ship went to for the next 6 months we were tested by these slimy turds at all sorts of times of the day or night. After my little run in with the Sydney wankers when it came time for me to go on leave after 4 months on board and after another overseas trip, TP PNG where you load crude oil by pipeline 20 miles offshore with no shore leave or prospects thereof, they gave me a good going through, but stopped short of the rubber glove after much heated protests and cursing.

In Karratha much the same thing happens regularly but as the northwest shelf project is there they show ID when we ask for it after we have called up on our UHF radios which can be heard throughout the port. The behaviour change is nothing short of amazing, 180 degrees in seconds from the "we are coming on board and you can't stop us" to "can you please let the captain know we wish to conduct passport checks and do all the clearances etc".

So maybe the resident lawyer could check this out and see if us yachties can use this legislation to protect us from the jackbooted thugs sent to protect us from ourselves.

Kevin Brady,
SV Just Because

Good morning Bob,

I have read with interest the articles on incorrect issuing of infringement notices by the Queensland water police and the ongoing saga with Australian Customs over the 96 hours notice of arrival at Australian ports of entry, and thought I would add my ten cents worth. First the MIB. In January 2006 my wife and I sailed our 10 metre cat up the coast to Port Douglas from our home port of Yokeys Knob. We have friends in Port Douglas and intended to pay them a visit, buy some provisions then head out to The Low Islets for a week of swimming and lazing about. As the weather was ideal we hugged the coast to Port Douglas had lunch with our friends, completed our shopping and sailed out to The Low Islets, dropping anchor around 1800 hours.

The next afternoon a Customs Ship dropped anchor about 1 nautical mile north east of the Islets, a large RIB inflatable was lowered and it sped into the lagoon. There were 4 other yachts at anchor or moored in the lagoon. The RIB paid a visit to each boat and finally motored up to us. Without a word 2 Queensland water police boarded our vessel and demanded to know how many people were aboard. In the RIB were two Customs Officers and two Royal Australian Naval ratings, all four looking sheepish and embarrassed. I told the Police there were two humans on board and a cat who thinks it's one. My attempt to lighten the situation went down like a lead balloon. The senior policeman, who announced that he was from Airlie Beach and that his colleague was from Brisbane, then asked to see two lifejackets, flares, and a V sheet. These were cursorily inspected, by the senior constable whilst the other officer was having a good look around our boat. Officer number two demanded to know why our registration sticker was out of date. I told him that the new one had simply not arrived in the mail yet. He stated he could issue an infringement for not displaying the correct sticker. By this time my sense of humour had evaporated, and I told him to go ahead and I would see him in court. His colleague thought better of the idea and said "we will let this go".

Senior policeman then asked if we had an EPIRB aboard. I said, "yes we do". "I want to see it" said he. Problem. The battery was out of date by one month. My fault, I had forgotten to have it serviced. It was one of those "I GOT YOU" moments. He just grinned as he wrote the ticket and fended off my pleas for clemency. I then told him that we were in smooth or partially smooth water and were not required to have an EPIRB aboard. He asked where we had come from, and when told Yorkeys Knob said that if that were the case we must have been at least 4 miles off shore. My insistence that we had motored along the shore line to Port Douglas fell on deaf ears. We then had some verbal "argie bargie" along the lines of ---you are just revenue raising, this is not a safety issue, why are you harassing yachties and why aren't you looking for the thieves who stole my outboard from the back of the boat 3 weeks ago and when I reported the theft to the water police all I got was a recorded message that nobody was in the office -- why? Because you are out here harassing people and revenue raising!! You get the drift. All of this to no avail of course but it felt good to verbally retaliate. The two policemen were aggressive, rude and of course quite wrong to issue the ticket. After their departure the crews from the other boats at anchor visited to ask "what did they do you for?" They had booked every boat for some minor infringement and we reckoned they had issued fines for about a thousand dollars in 40 minutes. Upon our return to Yorkeys Knob I took the infringement notice to the water police in Cairns and related the above story. The sergeant at the desk was polite and agreed that the issuing officer was wrong to ask if we had an EPIRB aboard when we were in still or partially still waters. He gave me an address to write to and told me that the fine would be quashed. It was.

Lesson learned? Ensure all your safety gear is as per the requirements, but don't let the authorities intimidate you and DO stick up for your rights.

In October 2007 we sailed to The Louisiade Archipelago. Customs in Cairns were

adamant that we give 96 hours notice of arrival back in Australia. They gave us a booklet with the relevant rule highlighted and said that they were prosecuting anybody who did not comply with the requirement. We have HF radio and a Factor modem on board and are able to send and receive e-mails, so after our 8 weeks in PNG we e-mailed customs of our intention to arrive back in Cairns in around 6 days time. Customs acknowledged our message and asked if there had been any changes to the crew list since departing Australia. There had not, so we were not required to send passport details, names etc to Customs. Upon arrival in Cairns, the Customs officer said, "Lets get the unpleasant business out of the way first". He then handed me an official warning that we had breached the 96 hour advice of arrival rule. I was incredulous and immediately offered to show the officer our email correspondence. He backed down and said that someone "must have stuffed up at the office because I was not informed that you had advised us of your arrival date". He was friendly and polite enough, but offered no apology for their 'mistake'. I asked him how other vessels could comply with the regulations if they don't have HF radio and the means to send an e-mail. His reply was that they could use "someone else's" hf and computer or satellite phone. I asked what if there IS no-one else with this high tech and expensive equipment. His reply was "use a public phone"! In the Louisiades and much of the Pacific there isn't even any electricity, let alone a public phone! The AQIS guy on the other hand was apologetic about the \$60 charge he had to make to inspect the vessel. He came down to the marina the next day to video our bottom, but said we were clean.

I thought you may be interested to hear of another instance of heavy handedness from the Queensland Water police and Customs inability to comply with their own impractical rules pertaining to the 96 hour notice of arrival rule. We live in a big beautiful wonderful country, it's just a pity that we seem to be world leaders in creating silly rules and regulations and in having an inept bureaucracy staffed by power crazy, badly trained people to enforce them.

Cheers
Paul Lewis,
SV Ocelot

Thanks for your letter. We need recognition that these things are going on as many feel they have been dealt with in isolation until they read the accounts of others. Good on you for not caving in to the MIB...every one that goes against them has to be helpful to the next boaty.

On your customs experience.. a 'warning' they were going to give.. good thing you weren't an American boat eh, I have heard from several boats that have reported as required only to find Customs in Canberra couldn't be bothered to forward the notice to the appropriate port. This is a pattern that blows away any pretence of "border protection", bloody rot!

Cheers,
Bob

Bob,

In the event MSQ books someone that is blatantly correct, EG unregistered tender, Rather than complaining to MSQ the yachty might think to acquire the services of the most expensive barrister in Queensland to represent them.

Just make sure they make an order for costs to the court. Then MSQ will have to foot your legal expenses when you win, including mental anguish. We can hit them in the hip pocket. This might be the only way to stop MSQ's abuse of power.

David Andersen,
SV Laoana

Greetings David,
What you say is true but implies a trust of the courts that I don't currently have. "He who goes to law, holds a wolf by the ears" In short, it's a big risk for an individual. In theory you are right!
Cheers,
Bob

Hi Bob,

AT LAST! One of the most hazardous creek entrances (Pancake) will have the entry improved with the establishment of a yellow flashing light to the NW of the sand bank that has, in one year, been the cause of 16 vessels going aground.

Full credit for this action by Queensland Transport must go to the VMR Gladstone for their efforts over a number of years to have this entrance made safer for the boating fraternity. We now hope that common sense will prevail and the temporary flashing yellow will be replaced with a lit green.

Regards,
John Hinton
late- SY Walking tall, now MY Karinya

Hi Bob,

As earlier reported after retiring, we have been spending a bit of time messing about in Moreton Bay. Had to head to Melbourne earlier this month for a wedding. While there, got a phone call from my old employer asking for a bit of help for a few weeks (great to feel wanted). Anyway, a few weeks turned into five and we are getting very keen to get back to our boat and start making a few miles north.

As we get further up the coast, we enter areas that are great spots to visit. A problem we have is that we choose to cruise with our whole family, which includes Pip, our beagle pup. She only knows life aboard and is never any problem. I know a lot of other boaties have dogs aboard as Pip has met many of them, whilst out for a walk.

A lot of the places we wish to visit are of course National Parks or Marine Parks. Our gripe is that Pip is not allowed ashore in these parks. We used to think that we could walk Pip below the high tide mark, but have been recently informed that the exclusion zone extends to the low tide mark in most places.

In a recent run in with a ranger, Pip was ordered off the beach while nearby, a bunch of quad bikes tore the living hell out of the place. The quad bike hire company had a lease to operate from the same mob who employed the ranger. So don't try telling me dogs are banned to protect the environment and leave out the crap about dogs bringing disease too, because if your "four legged friend" is a seeing eye or assist dog, it's ok for them to be on the beach.

If your dog interferes with wildlife etc. then chuck the book at them. But surely if your wooffa is on a leash and well behaved and maybe desexed, they should be allowed to take a stroll on the beach, without posing any threat to these environments.

Now I know there needs to be rules, but are also sure that the total exclusion thing has little to do with the facts regarding the protection of National and Marine parks.

So how do we get things changed? Probably imbloodypossible. Maybe better to just wear dark glasses and carry a white cane, when ashore and if I'm pulled up and asked "Aren't guide dogs usually Labradors?" I suppose I could reply, "Jeez! What the hell have they given me?"

Cheers Bob,
Norm, Dawn and Pip, MY Peggy-Anne

Dear Bob,

Please find enclosed a renewal of my subscription to The Coastal Passage.

The paper is eagerly awaited not only by me, but also the local yachties. Our community is somewhat isolated being on the north shore of Port Stephens and the two copies of your paper sure do the rounds.

Keep up the good work,
Bob Long, North Arm Cove, NSW

Hi,

Just wondering if you could publish that we have started a Owners Group for South Coast 36 Yacht Owners. The idea is to have a web site where owners can learn more about the history, sailing characteristics, repairs, projects etc on these great old Aussie Cruising Yachts. The web address as follows. <http://groups.msn.com/Southcoast36YachtOwners>

Best Regards,
Glenn Love

Letters Continue next page.....

Greetings Bob,

I always find TCP an interesting source of useful and valid information. Pity it wasn't monthly. I read Alan Lucas' article in the 29th edition "Big Boat Bungle". Though all he said is true he misses the main issue affecting yachtsmen with vessels over 15 metres. I refer to the oppressive and draconian legislation under section 67A "Transport Operation (marine pollution) Act 1995".

I received a letter on 11th Nov., 2007 from M.S.A. demanding that I take out Compulsory Insurance on my Yacht "Honeywind" an Adams Aquila 52 for \$250,000 plus a \$10,000,000 legal liability, and I had until 18th May, 2008 to comply or seek Exemption. On request they supplied names of nine Insurance Companies they claimed had liaised with and would insure under MSA conditions.

All but one had no idea what MSA claimed and the one I could talk to Annual premium \$3161.95 plus annual slipping and Auth. Marine survey, \$1,500 + whatever these confused bunglers might dredge up in the interim or near future, to further harass the law abiding boating fraternity.

Of course we can always apply for that "EXEMPTION". Contact www.msq.qld.gov.au and you'll get 3 pages of conditions, which includes threats of enforcement action for contravening s.67A of TOMPA plus threat of removing the ship from the water under S.172AA TOMSA. Of course one of the essentials includes slipping and a marine survey. It all expires after 12 months and you run the whole gobble-de-gook again, and there's no guarantee you'll get exemption. It all rests on the discretion of characters who have no discretion or grey matter most people need to exist. (Apparently not necessary with some people).

I have been passionately part of the sea for over 40 years. My knowledge, skill and commonsense has always been my insurance. These traits apply to all the yachtsmen I have been associated with, so these qualities among seamen are common acquisitions.

We have enjoyed our life aboard our very comfortable home on water moored in Bowen Harbour, fully self-contained with no need of slipping as the vessel is of fer-a-lite, unaffected to any known marine organism. So you see Bob, why this legislation is bad news for us.

I would like to know has any other owners of 15m+ vessel received such a demand. I can find no other yachtsman in this harbour that has been accosted. Am I the only donkey singled out to test the waters of this un-Australian legislation? Since the MSA have finally worked out how to legally swindle me out of half my \$10,000 pension we are forced to sell. What's left of my pension wouldn't keep these Galah's in beer money for more than a few months.

This legislation is cunningly tailored to legally boot you out of your own home whilst at the same time they work through media and TV encouraging the elderly to remain at home as long as possible so as not to overload the rest and retirement home system. Pretty smart eh! Of course if you believe that drongo 'Beattie' we do live in a "Smart State". Only a prawn-brained Politician could cook up a mess like this!

Why must responsible yachtsmen have to indemnify this government against the possibility that *maybe* they *might* sink their vessel or *maybe* they'll spill huge amounts of oil or other noxious substance in Queensland waters.

Why don't they hound the real offenders like that "prawn-brain" Lucas mentioned in the Mary River who almost sunk a trawler, the skipper lucky to escape with his life. They call themselves "Marine Safety"! Why was that hulk allowed to leave the river? And as Lucas pointed out, what have they done about it?

The MSA must have an enormous "Too Hard Basket".

We have barely recovered from the idiotic "POO" legislation where they bull-dosed boat owners with threats of \$175,000 fines (quoted to me) to re-plumb effluent systems in their vessels, electric toilets, macerators, holding tanks, pump-out facilities when they haven't even provided pump-out stations. If these "jokers" are fair-dinkum let them follow one of these wave-piercers out of Port Douglas after disembarking 200-300

Japanese tourists and scoop up a bucket of that "brown stuff". And they have the audacity to spew out propaganda showing a mock-up of a small pleasure craft floating in a toilet bowl in their brochures. This is nothing short of an evil misrepresentation of the facts.

Now they hit us with this iron-handedness made legal. We may be elderly but still active and in good health. We have been forced to sell the vessel because as pensioners, we cannot meet this unfair financial burden imposed on us by this so called MSA.

So after settlement date we are on the street, with not enough for a house or unit. Where can one go today to evade these terrorists posing as government officials?

I wonder how many of my fellow Aussies now understand the real agenda behind the spurious Gun Laws. They have nothing to do with gun related crime, we still have this problem and worse. It was wholly and solely to disarm the populous so they can legislate these oppressive laws without fear of reprisal from normally law abiding citizens, after all who else surrendered their weapons? Now, no weapons, no fear of revolt. That's why home invasions are on the increase; hoodlums have no fear of getting their heads blown off anymore, if they imposed half their unjust immoral and oppressive antics in a South American country there would be a revolution including a few assassinations.

Oh well, cheer up sailor friends, its not all bad news. It wont be long before this government makes Australia a republic dictated over by a "Presidenté" and history attests "They assassinate Presidents".

**Kindest Regards,
Ivan Adams, SY "Honeywind"**

Dear Bob,

Thanks once again for the TCP, my only link to the yachting world I left behind two years ago.

Further to my letter you published (the section "LETTERS" is always of great interest to me). Re Alvin in Port Villa: 1996 is a misprint. I met him in 1966 while I was passenger on the ocean liner "Tahitien" travelling from Marseille to Sydney. His nautical contraption of steel pipes etc. was named "Pipe Dream". Later on, when I was back in Cairns, I read in the Pacific Island Monthly (PIM) magazine that Alvin's "Pipe Dream" was for sale in Port Villa. His pipe dream must have turned into a "pipe nightmare" because as far as I know Jon Frum is still thriving on Tanna to this day.

More to "Tarzan": He was given that name/title by the locals up here because of his lifestyle. But now his appearance has changed somewhat. He is currently known as "The Yowie" around here, the Aussie equivalent to the North American "Sasquatch". Drivers have offered him a lift driven, no doubt, by curiosity at the sight of such a being but he always refuses and keeps trotting along.

On page 11, TCP#29, there is a short article by Don Woodford on PNG's problems with the "rascals". What a pity! That beautiful country has gone to pots. I remember with fondness my years there prior to independence in 1975. During December '69/January 1970, my mate Wally Czygan, the nautical stuntman, and I had a race between the hare (Wally) and me, the turtle (on "Nereus") from Thursday Island to Rabual. He did beat me by two days. Before crossing the Solomon Sea we had a terrific time in the Trobriand Islands, the home of a fascinating race of natives who are never restless and had barely been touched by modern times. We used to sit in Andy Chan's jungle Hotel on Kiriwina Island, sip drinks and concoct new adventures. We were literally living a typical South Sea novelette by Somerset Maugham. Captain Allen Villiers sailed his ship through here before the war. These islands made a lasting impression on him as they did on us. Many years later, while living aboard at Airlie Beach/Shute Harbour, I always enjoyed regaling my fellow yachties of the Whitsunday cockpit circuit with snippets of my cruising years as a modern-day Ulysses.

Oh boy, if I could turn the clock back I'd do it all over again.

**Best Regards,
Axel Hart**

Hi,

I just discovered your publication and would like to say a job well done.

The articles regarding customs abuses reminds me of the overzealous law enforcement we also face here in the US. Here the fear of terrorism has translated into a monumental money grab amongst the agencies that used to do a fine job of protecting the citizens. Now it seems that because they have spent countless billions on high tech monitoring and surveillance equipment they must use it on everyone. My feeling is that if we have come to alter our freedoms in the name of terrorism then the terrorists have won.

That said I like your magazine.

**Dick Kaminski
Salisbury, Massachusetts
USA**

Greetings Dick,

I couldn't agree with you more on the "terrorism" issue. A quote from a famous (and revered journalist in this office) American, Edward R. Murrow. "We can not defend freedom abroad by deserting it at home." He exposed the would be oppressors of his time and they fell. By neglect or intent, Australian mainstream media has allowed the worst in government to prosper. Thanks for letting us know there is intelligent life, "out there".

And thanks for the kind words for TCP mate.

**Cheers,
Bob**

Dear Bob,

My wife and I recently bought a yacht in New Zealand. According to the previous owner, the vessel was built in Mackay, Queensland before being taken to New Zealand in 1995. However all paperwork from Australia has been lost over the years.

Here is the info we have about the vessel, and hopefully it will trigger somebody's memory:

John Pugh Waverider design, 46 feet, all steel, bilge keel, pilothouse ketch, commissioned by Neville Anderson and built in Mackay 1987 by Horst Diegmann. Her name was "Marian". She was then registered in New Zealand in September 1995 by Peter John Wrigley and Lynette Constance Wilson of Hastings as SENERAND with reg no: NZ 251.

We have tried through "Freedom of Information" to gather info about the boat, but so far without success, even though we are able to show Qld Dept of Transport registration labels from 1987 to 1995.

Without a registration number the DoT cannot help us, and without information about her we cannot re-import the yacht without being charged import duty.

If any of TCP's readers have any info about we would be very happy to hear from you

**Regards,
Per & Sue
0429 495 995
elling@imiq.com**

Hello Bob,

Just gone through the latest TCP and I enjoyed it all, good news that there you guys are putting a small dent in the bureaucratic bullsh*t.

I am in Vietnam building interiors for a new 50ft catamaran range with Corsair Marine,



good looking boat and a good crew and I am looking forward to getting my teeth into it. Anyhow I have a funny story for you, might give your readers a giggle.

Abhrollis Islands 1998: Had sailed out to the islands from Geraldton in our 40ft steel yawl Zenith to spend a week or so relaxing and fishing etc. Anyhow we where anchored south of Rat Island and had been there for a few days when we noticed a shift in the weather, looked like a front was coming our way. Just north of us was a coral atoll so we motored inside and anchored in 17M of water. I had had experience with these blows before so new I had to anchor well so after hooking a 45lb plough anchor 20M behind our trusty 60lb plough and throwing all the chain (about 100M) I was convinced the old Zenith was not going anywhere. So as we settled down to sundowners that arvo the wind was well up but we went to bed with confidence that we where ok.

It was interesting that I did say to my wife before we went to bed that I had anchored well into the NW of the Atoll and if the wind came from the south then we might have a problem. Sure enough at some ungodly hour we where awoken to the sounds of steel crunching on something reasonably solid. Now I knew that the old boat would not be damaged as we had struck coral knobs and run aground before and I also knew that all I probably had to do was wind up a bit of chain and we would be off the bricks. Now the kids sailing dinghy was over the top of the old home made manual anchor winch and when I yanked on the staysail halyard that was connected to the dinghy bow to get her off the winch I did not think as you don't at that time of night that the wind was going by at 50knots. Anyhow the dinghy ended up firmly planted against the starboard shrouds and sort of acted like a sail and so pushed the old yacht back a bit more on the chain and she started laying over a bit. Now this did not worry me much although I was concerned at the antics of the wheel as the rudder was being jammed in to the coral. Anyhow do not ask me why but instead of winding the boat forward I went aft with a strong light to look at the pretty coral (maybe I had too many home brews that night). Anyhow then I could hear this screaming noise and it was not the wind, it was my wife. I can still remember her there on the deck of our yacht on that Saturday night with the old vessel listing slightly to starboard screaming at me: **What the f*\$%k are you doing???????** Anyhow I went forward, wound up about 20 metres of chain and went back to bed.

**Cheers,
Gypsie
Aussie Marine,
30 Tuas Basin Link Lita
Ocean building Singapore
www.gypsiemarine.com**

Good Morning,

I am trying to locate a Yacht Builder called Marlin Fibreglass of Gladstone they built a boat called "Liberty" designed by a John Griffen in 1987. To date I have had little luck in finding them and Marlin Marine referred me to you. I would greatly appreciate any help you can give me.

**Kind Regards,
Bert Reeves
Laree@xtra.co.nz**

Customs endangers Aussie Yachties

Dear Bob,

Some time ago we made the cruise from New South Wales to the Northern Territory and were spoken to by customs at least twice while on anchor even before we arrived in Cooktown. We know that our yacht was photographed by now from all sides and that customs had our details all over their computers.

However, it seems maybe not so simple, and either they must think that we are all stupid, or they are totally disorganised in their work and waste an enormous amount of public money with their planes and extremely fast boats. Not only that, their behaviour also now invites piracy and could put our lives in danger in the future. Let me explain.

It is a known fact that if an Indonesian fishing boat is caught in Australian waters the crew is usually sent back to Indonesia, but the boat is then confiscated and burnt. Well, this sounds on the surface a good idea from the powers to be, and may be so. However, it creates a lot a lot of anger out there by those Indonesian fishermen and don't be surprised that if they can take revenge they probably will. Don't forget, Australia (justly or unjustly it makes no difference to them) has destroyed their livelihood. Yes, I wholeheartedly agree that those fishermen, if found illegally in Australian waters must be dealt with, however it must be done wisely and I am not sure that wisdom is the Australian customs strongest point, arrogant however, they seem to be.

So when we sailed further north we were frequently overflown and contacted. They first called out the name of the Yacht and asked to go to a duplex channel. They then requested various bits of info. And off they go.

Well let me say this; even so they use a duplex channel, if I wanted to listen in on the whole conversation I can do so by having two VHF radio's; one with the reverse channels and one normal. And let me tell you that every VHF radio can be reversed. Therefore using a reverse channel it is no protection at all from being sure that no one will listen in on your conversation.

So, when I was wondering about all this and we were sailing into the Gulf of Carpentaria I spotted about 5 miles behind me another customs boat seemingly on its way south while we were going west. And then all of the sudden it came over the VHF radio; "This is Australian customs. Will the yacht sailing at ...degree E and ...degree S identify himself." Well, the point here is that the AUS customs has just announced over the VHF our position while I am requested to hand over the name of our yacht, all this on channel 16.

Yes, we then switch over to one of those duplex channels. There we are asked the port of registration of our yacht, how many people on board, as well as my name, our port departure, and when we left there and our next port of call. Last he asks us if we have seen anything unusual.

Well, I object, because if we think that at sea we can receive those signals with a sensitive receiver over long distances and we are sailing on Australian borderline those signals can easily be received by potential pirates outside Australian waters, and thus may Australian customs with that stupid behaviour by putting our lives in danger because:

Customs announced my position. Customs also requested my last port of call. My next port of call. The time of the contact is known. It's now possible to calculate my position at say midnight. As customs also queried the amount of people on board it confirms yes, we are a soft target. We do not carry any guns. Self defence is no excuse to carry a gun in Australia. My speed is 5 knots. They (the pirates) have twin cat engines 250hp each. Their speed is 15 knots, 6 people on board with machine guns.

Next day we are nowhere to be seen. Neither are the pirates. They are at least 150 miles away by then, well outside Australian waters. It remains to be seen whether customs misses us the next day or not, however it will be far too late for us and we will be in no position to complain.

Well, as far as I know this has not happened yet, however as things stand now its not impossible. Do Australians have to be put in the firing line before the Australian customs wake up?

With this in mind I must say no I do not have any respect for an organization that's so arrogant that it does not care for its own citizens. It seems that the department has no brains at all and that their powers have gone mad. When I read the little booklet they gave out, it orders us to report anything unusual we may see. I have been looking for one vital word in that booklet to see if the department has any idea how to be polite. No, that word cannot be found in that booklet. That's why I conclude the department of customs thinks they can order us as they please. The word I was looking for is simply "PLEASE". It is not there.

The customs must be very stupid if they think that they can order the average Aussie around as they please, and this counts even more so for Aussie yachties. Therefore, if Australian customs wants our help and respect, then customs must get rid of those SS tactics, say please and smile and be very polite, stop contacting every yacht they see as they know who we are already. After all, customs are the servants to the people of Australia and it's duty to guard our safety, but they do not have the right to place our lives in danger for whatever the reason.

Name withheld

Dear Bob,

I once observed a yacht leaving Vancouver Harbour for a cruise down to Mexico. The evening before there was a great farewell party with lots of happy drinks, all the envious ones present, the cruising wife the centre of attention, oh how brave she was daring to sail, with her husband, into the wild blue yonder all the way to Mexico, first stop San Francisco! She was so full of self reliance she had after all sailed with her husband across the Georgia Straights to Vancouver Island 20 miles away and in protected waters. Since she was the better helmsman of the two it was often her job to drive the boat in and out of the berth in the marina, which I must say she did very competently. She was the envy of most ladies around the marina, she oozed confidence, it was the ideal cruising couple.

So here at last it was their day and with great fanfare and waving and whooping from the lady in question, she was on the wheel of course, the yacht powered out of the marina. All bystanders and well wishers and envious ones oo-ing and aa-ing. Here we witnessed this new liberated woman doing it, going out there and challenging the seven seas and all men who sailed upon her. None of us were aware that she hopped off the boat, just around the corner, then into her car and to drive to San Francisco! Her hubby carried on with an all male crew who had climbed on board in secrecy. San Francisco here we come!

I have observed this kind of bravery amongst cruising yachties many times. The ladies, so sure of themselves on shore dominating the scene and constant chit-chatting on the VHF and HF radios with confidence which belies the truth. Very boring to us, real cruising women. And what makes me go with my husband, seemingly oh so brave, but at least going all the way, so far, I have been very happy and also very afraid at times and would not have been there without confidence in him. It is for a lot of men, that peculiar drive some of them possess and it is also, for us, that sure feeling of partnership, otherwise we would not be there for any money.

I think also there are amongst us a few categories, firstly the dominating ones (thank god not too many of them) and then the ones in constant fear of their husbands, it is like wife beating, I guess. Secondly the true lovers of sailing and adventure, again so very few of those. Others of course just happen to love the guy and like to stick with them, it also keeps them out of trouble. And so that is why some of us seem and only seem, to be less nervous and less scared. My husband always says, it is not a woman's environment, but in all truth not a mans either, it is pure peer pressure why men tolerate it, it's like going to war, if it was not the peer pressure they would all stay at home.

Regards,
Pamela Koreman,
SY, Sweet Serrender
76 years old and still THERE !!!
After cruising for roughly 80000 miles

Customs Scuttles

"Ship in Transit"

Once again, Chirs Ennor of *Magic Carpet* comes to aid of a foreign vessel at odds with our officialdom.

Hi Bob,

As we travelled around the world, each country accorded us "Ship in Transit" status which means we did not pay local import duty or taxes on products for the boat that were leaving that country on the boat.

Arnie has a Manta Catamaran from the USA. They are replacing his rudders under warranty - \$0. Just the freight costs. He has been told by Customs in Bundaberg that they want to charge duty on the value of the rudders and GST on the freight.

When questioned about "Ship in Transit" they were told that Australia does not accord that status - the Customs Act declares that all voyages terminate on arrival in Australia therefore they are not a ship in transit. This may be correct but appears preposterous as the vessel must leave the country after 12 months as it is a foreign recreational vessel. Meaning that it has obviously not terminated the voyage in Australia.

Arnie is travelling with his wife and two young children, on JADE. They spent last summer in NZ and Arnie is prepared to write an interesting article (*see below*) on the difference between NZ and Australia on the Governments' attitudes, services and facilities for visiting yachts.

Regards,
Chris

Dear Bob,

Thanks for taking an interest in this case. I have read some of your articles in TCP and appreciate what you are trying to do. We first met Chris & Karyn in the USA, and have travelled many thousands of miles in their company.

There are a number of issues with the way in which foreign yachts, and their crews, are treated in Australia, this issue of duty on spares being just one of them. Let me highlight a few, but precede my comments by noting that we are fans of Australia, and have met nothing but nice people since we arrived in this great country.

First of all, there is the information provided to cruisers about Aus requirements. In all the key transit ports across the Pacific, one can find copies of the New Zealand Customs info pack. We saw them in Panama, Tahiti, Samoa, Tonga and Fiji. Despite Australian requirements being much more stringent, we saw nothing from Aus, and had to do considerable research on the web.

On arrival in Opuia, NZ, the purpose built customs pier is there for a comfortable night if you arrive out of hours, including toilets! The Customs and Quarantine staff are very efficient and careful, but also very fast, and present you with a welcome pack put together in conjunction with the local trade association. It included a few freebies like a nice bag for the wife and plenty of tourist and marine services information. Charges are minimal. Amongst the forms you receive is one that entitles you to GST exemption for anything you buy for the boat, from any supplier. When visiting any store in both Opuia and Whangarei, it was our experience that they all honoured this GST exemption for anything that could be said to be boat-related. This also included GST for workers.

Our original plans saw us arriving in Aus somewhat earlier, and since (uniquely in our experience) Aus visas are required for everybody and are only valid for one year, we only had a few weeks left before they needed to be renewed. We had enquired at the Consulate in our home in Hong Kong whether we should renew before our arrival in Aus, but were told that it was much easier to do whilst here. In practice we had to travel to Brisbane in person, where the renewed visas cost us \$AUS225 per person. It would have been far cheaper to renew overseas. Given that the original visas were not cheap, and we had various other arrival charges to pay, the total cost of coming into Australia was far and away more expensive than any other country we have visited. The 'cost-recovery basis' for the bio-security visit, which was, if I recall, close to \$200, took less than 3 minutes, as we had been careful to dump any and every suspect food item before arrival.

As regards our replacement rudders, they are on the way from the USA, free on warranty, although I am paying the shipping. We have been told that we have to pay GST on both their value AND the shipping costs. We might be exempt from import duty as there is a reciprocal agreement with the USA. It seems absurd to pay GST on items that will leave with the boat in a few months. Every country we have ever been to exempts visiting yachts from any such charges. New Zealand makes the paperwork easy, but everywhere else allows some exemption or re-claim system.

Actually, our worst experience has been with the schooling. We have two young girls, 7 and 8 years old. Whilst in Whangarei, NZ, we placed them in a local school for a term, 2 months. The system there is that it is solely up to the headmaster to decide if he wants overseas children, for up to 1 year maximum, depending on his resources and whether he believes they will be an asset to his school. If he does want them, the school board then decides on a fee. At Opuia school, where they actively advertise at the marina for cruiser kids, they charge \$NZ100 per week per child. At Kokopu school, where ours went, they decided on \$75 per week per child. These fees acknowledge that taking a few overseas kids actually costs the school nothing, as no extra resources are required, and the cultural benefits are enormous, in both directions. My children love NZ and New Zealanders as a result of their experience.

On a rival in Bundaberg, we went to Bundaberg Central State School, where the headmaster was enthusiastic to have our children there. They have had no other foreign children for at least 10 years. The school secretary checked with the Wide Bay education office who said it should be no problem for up to 3 months in accordance with our visitor's visas. So, uniforms were bought and school commenced, with great success. The headmaster, who was also our eldest's teacher, often praised them and their attitude, and the benefit to the school of having them. On the first weekend, a little girl they had befriended had a sleepover on Jade. She had never been on a boat in her life. Then, after 2 1/2 weeks, Education Queensland contacted the school and said that, as foreigners, we had to pay \$AUS250 per week per child. With great regret from us, and the school, we had to withdraw them there and then. Our girls were devastated, as the school had already become the centre of their lives.

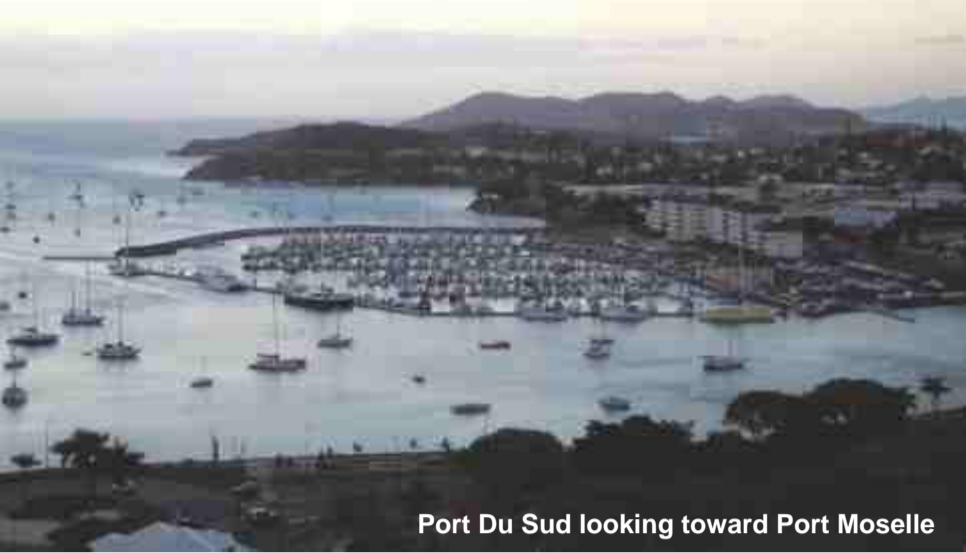
I immediately wrote, by recorded delivery, to the Queensland State Education minister, in the faint hope something could be done. Now, after 2 weeks I have had no reply or acknowledgement.

There is a bit of sunshine in our reports of Bundaberg. The marine workers and services we have used so far have been excellent. Professional, competent and reasonably priced. The same could not be said of our experience with New Zealand workmanship, which was, with a few exceptions, deplorable. Also, the customs staff have been very courteous, so no complaints there. Bundaberg could become Australia's Opuia. It is an ideal arrival port, and the Mid-town Marinas is so convenient, probably the best place we have stayed in three years. However, the attitude of authorities is very unwelcoming.

We feel like we are tolerated as long as we pay extensive fees. Have they any idea how much we cruisers spend? I would guess that, in our case, it would be at least \$AUS25,000, taking everything into account. I hope you can do something to encourage a change of attitude.

Regards,
Arni Highfield,SY "*Jade*"

A "Foreign Affair"... in New Caledonia



Port Du Sud looking toward Port Moselle

Story & photos by Bill Brosnan, MY, *Foreign Affair*

A fair amount has been written in TCP recently about the various types of boating available to cruising types. And surprise, surprise, there are still plenty of folk who are exclusive rather than inclusive in their attitude. i.e. monohull yacht vs multihull yacht vs monohull motor vs multihull motor.

Having sailed both monos and multis (sailboats) for many years, we now cruise in *Foreign Affair*, our Chamberlin designed 47ft motor cat. She's taken us over 20,000 nautical miles in the 4 years since we launched her.

In an attempt to broaden the discussion, here then is a summary of our cruise from Brisbane to New Caledonia in late 2006, with a few general observations thrown in for good measure.

Foreign Affair's off-shore, blue water cruise.

One of our goals with *Foreign Affair* was to cruise offshore "somewhere interesting." Given the boats range of 1500nm plus reserves, "somewhere interesting" included places like Fiji, Vanuatu, Solomon Islands, Lousiades, New Caledonia, and PNG. Various commitments limited our available time to about 3 months. We enjoy things with a French flavour, and we hadn't been there, so New Caledonia got the nod for 2006.

One of the best things about the cruising scene is the way fellow yachties volunteer assistance. Once our plans were known, we had loads of good advice, charts lent, "must sees", "avoid at all costs" etc etc. The passage planner, the cruising guides and advice from a friend who lives in Noumea all said that the best time, weather-wise, was from September to the end of November. This was indeed a nice fit with our available time.

From mid August, we watched the weather patterns closely to find a 3-4 day window for the passage. Australian Bureau of Meteorology, Raymarine, Buoyweather and Saildocs were all used in an attempt to get an overall picture. Motorboats (and wives) prefer slight seas with only gentle zephyrs rippling the surface.

Meanwhile, First Mate Sandy was working on the stores to be carried for the trip. This is a complex task, as quantity, variety, lasting times, freezer and refrigeration capacity, not to mention quarantine regulations all have to be balanced. Quite a task, and wonderfully executed, with one exception. More on that later.

Also meanwhile, a good check of the boat's systems was carried out. There wasn't a great deal to do. *Foreign Affair* had been slipped in May to check the antifoul and to have the props recoated. A full service of the engines, fuel polished, electronics checked and F.A. was ready to go. We bought a new laptop computer as a backup, and a satellite phone as an emergency communications tool. These took a little getting used to. It's probably just attitude, but it does seem that many new devices are not really user friendly. Or maybe just not user friendly to older folk.

This sounds pretty simple and straight-forward. In reality, we'd compile a list, A4 size, 30 odd items, and work through them. At the same time, we'd jot down in a note pad new jobs as soon as they came to mind. And these became the new list. It took a few pages, but in the end we ran out of items, which meant we were surely ready to go. Each time we undertake a major trip, we're surprised by the amount of preparation required. You'd think we'd learn....

Early in September a good weather window appeared, so we notified customs, and having been given our clearance documents at 7.30am on September 5th, we departed Raby Bay at 8.00am. Just in passing, I must say that personally, we've found the Customs people we've dealt with in Brisbane to be both pleasant and helpful, both going out, and re-entering.

Day one (Tuesday) gave us a lovely run to the top of Moreton Island. As we turned towards Noumea, we found a SSE swell running and 20kts SE providing some wind waves. Pretty close to dead abeam, thus not a very pleasant motion. Both of us usually feel a little queasy on the first day at sea, and this was no exception. We deal with it by eating lightly, keeping fluids up, and getting rest.

The forecast indicated that the wind and sea should abate somewhat by evening. Travelling at night is always different for the first little while. We used the Radar each night with a guard zone set as backup. In fact we only saw 3 vessels during the whole trip, and 2 of those were at night. The weather suppression on our Radar is only so-so. Several times the alarm went off and we'd peer into the gloom looking for a light, only to see a shower coinciding with the radar return.

Day two, Wednesday, was better weather-wise. At 1200hrs, we were at 25 34.40S, 157 42.50E, at 3000rpm and making 13kts. Swell 1.5m SSW, Seas 0.7m E. Wind L&V. Easy traveling. In these conditions, we tried to gain a little time and distance just in case. An unplanned bonus with our weather window was the approaching full moon. This made night travel almost romantic as the seas continued to settle. It's hard to get too romantic when one person is always on watch, but....

You'd think by the time you've made 60, a person would have out-grown it. But then, I guess we're just a couple of old romantics. There we were, right in the middle of the Coral Sea, with a virtual glass-out, and, as evening fell, the almost full moon rose in the east. It was huge, with its reflection shimmering across hundreds of miles of ocean. It simply doesn't get much better than this. We bent our passage-making rule, held hands, and drank a toast to the Gods of Cruising.

Day three, Thursday, was similar; low swell and not much wind.

Day four, Friday 8th: From Thursday evening, we were reducing speed to arrive at Passe de Dumbea at no earlier than 8am Friday. Conditions continued to be light and pleasant. Our first sighting of the island was just after dawn when the clouds parted enough to give us a glimpse of the mountains NW of Noumea.

The passage through the pass and into Port Moselle was almost an anti-climax. So much time had been spent studying the detail that the actuality was a non-event. The pass was clearly visible, wide and beacons. We saw the port entrance beacon on radar before we could make it out visually.

A sailor, who'd just brought his Beneteau back to Australia via the downhill run through the Pacific, and I were chatting over a beer about the best places we'd cruised. I nominated the Whitsunday's as one of the frontrunners in the beauty stakes. Geoff agreed but reckoned the downside was that it wasn't "foreign or exotic enough". And it's a pretty valid point. It was reinforced as we motored through Petite Passe and into Port Moselle. There were the buildings, different from Aus. The hum of the language, definitely different from Aus. And the racial mix, Melanesian, Polynesian, Caldoche, French, occasional Anglo, very very different from Aus. That feeling can only be had by going offshore!



Just another deserted isle..



Approaching New Cal, note visible reef in the distance..



From left that's Marianne, Bill, Sandy, Jose and Leonnie. Marianne and Jose built the Schionning Prowler. Imagine and Leonnie and Lyle, who took this pic, are friends of both boats.

NOTES FROM NEW CALEDONIA...

From the pass, an easy 13nm run via Petite Passe (which is the entrance to the main harbour) took us to Port Moselle where we were allocated a berth from which to clear officialdom and allow us foreigners into the country. Total time was 73 hours for the 816nm voyage.

The French have always done things a little differently. Checking in to New Caledonia was a mixture of laid back and heavy bureaucracy. No need to stay on the boat, just wander down to the Marina Office, and fill out lots of forms. When this is done, the office girl tells us that Quarantine will definitely visit us, Immigration probably won't, and Customs will either visit within 2 hours or not at all. So we wandered around the visitors berthing area and waited for whatever visitors we were to be blessed with.

In the end, it was only quarantine who called on us. Sandy had, before we left Australia, contacted the French Embassy in Canberra, to confirm what, and how much was permitted, so we were pretty relaxed about the whole thing.

The demure little quarantine girl (she must have been mid-20s) asked us if we had fresh fruit or vegetables on board: Non, replied Sandy. Any fresh meat? Non, replied Sandy. Any frozen meat? Oui replied Sandy showing the letter from the French Embassy. Imagine our surprise when this person told us that frozen meat was not allowed since "a little while ago". It didn't matter what advice we'd

received, we could not bring frozen meat into New Caledonia. So \$500 worth of carefully packed and labeled meat was dumped into garbage bins and taken away. Sandy was furious for days afterwards. The solution, with 20/20 hindsight, was obvious.....

By midday, with no sign of Customs or Immigration, we checked with the Capitaine du Porte, and were told that our entry permits had arrived, and Customs were not coming, and so "You are free to go, Welcome to New Caledonia".

Foreign Affair and crew spent 3 months cruising New Caledonia, including a visit to the Loyalty Islands and a circumnavigation of the Grande Terre.

So, on reflection, there is not much difference in the preparation and execution of any off-shore voyage. It doesn't matter whether you're going in a stink boat, a rag hanger, multi or mono. The essentials are the same.

There are a few subtle differences however. And that why we don't all have the same type of boat. Some prefer to go slower and quieter, others prefer to get it out of the way.

The serenity of a quiet sail without the constant background noise of Rudolf Diesel is hard to beat. However, as we've aged, the old "is it the destination" argument has crystallized for us. We are now destination people. The voyage is primarily a means of getting to the destination. One of the advantages of a motor catamaran is the ability to cruise at a speed which allows the crew to take advantage of a really good weather window. Benefits being safety and comfort. It must be said though, that for any cat in a short beam sea, comfort is a relative term.

We don't need crew to run the vessel. Sandy and I prefer to do it ourselves. We know the boat, and know the job. On a passage we run a "3 hours on, 3 hours off" regime.

Travelling on a motorcat is somewhat different from conventional yachting. Sometimes it's better, sometimes not. We enjoy our motorcat, but we have also enjoyed a variety of other types of vessel.

It seems to us that the most important thing is not what kind of boat you have, but **are you out there doing it???**



The Schionning Prowler, *Imagine* and *Foreign Affair* sharing an anchorage at Baie de Gadji, Ile of Pines (Dicks?). Though they live in Noumea, Jose and Marianne built the boat in Australia near Bill and Sandy.



Sandy and Bill of *Foreign Affair*... still "out there doing it"!

Shortly after our arrival in New Caledonia, we followed our French friend in his motorcat to that fabled destination, The Isle of Pines, or to use the French name, L'Ile des Pins. Part of the fun of travelling to a foreign country is wrestling with the language and its subtle nuances. Sandy and I reckon we can get by with our rudimentary grasp. So, in preparation for the run to L'Ile des Pins, in the company of two French couples, we asked what we could expect to find at the "Lyle day pin". Three of the four French looked at the floor, while Jose, who knew us pretty well, said: "Beel, yoo ave yoost arsked what yoo will find in 'the isle of dicks'". Ah yes, we love the subtle nuances of language.



A tack worth taking.

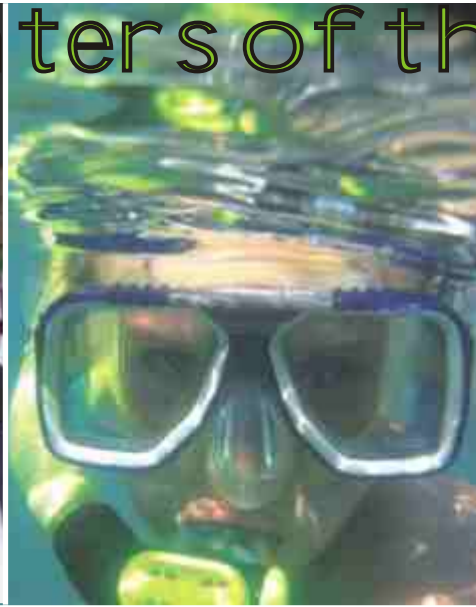
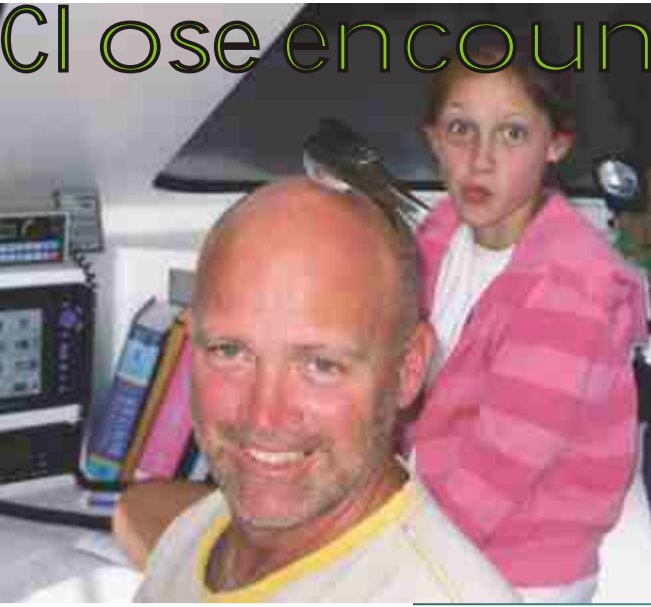
It had been a great day, a steady 15 knots kept the sails full and the Whitsundays beckoned ~ The sun was getting low in the west and we needed provisions, so decided to tack and head into Mackay ~ All reports of the new Mackay Marina Village were nothing but positive ~ We dropped the sails and motored to our mooring, secured the boat, jumped off and headed up to explore ~ What we found was a modern and world class facility in an ideal location ~ It was early evening, the cafes and restaurants were busy and the night was starting to coming alive ~ We had a ball ~ The next day we discovered even more to the Mackay Marina Village and we extended our stay ~ All we needed was on hand to resupply, or if need be, repair, and continue our journey ~ On the return trip we made sure to make Mackay Marina Village a port of call.



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Close encounters of the wild kind



Story & Photos by Kerry Alexander, SY "Aussie Oi"

We are 500 nautical miles from land. We haven't seen another boat for 2 days. We are just about half way between New Zealand and Tonga. This is the first ocean crossing for our children, Molly and Tom. Conditions are good. There is a light breeze of 5 to 10 knots and a gentle ocean swell. Tom is on the computer. Molly is down in the galley. That's when it hits us.....

"Aaaaagh!" yells Molly. "What the hell?" questions Jim. "Shhhh whispers Tom." "Muuuum, quick!" I creep up from down below to find a surprised looking skipper with a bird on his head. The poor thing must have really needed a rest and thought he'd found a good landing pad. Molly cracks up laughing when it changes venue, thinking my mop would make a good nest. Before we know it, another one zooms in and parks itself on the laptop, checking out Tom's work. They seem totally unafraid, so much so, that the kids are able to feed them water from a medicine cup. Then they catch a spider which is gobbled up

in an instant. Our feathered friends stay with us for some time, just hangin' out in the cockpit and the saloon, weary travellers just like us. This is just one small episode, in a life of close encounters.

There have been a few fishy experiences too. We've had smelly ones with wings, leaping out of the sea to join us in the cockpit. We've discovered a whole new world of multicoloured marvels when snorkelling. Then there were the batfish at Lizard Island, which used to gather round the boat, to be hand fed their breakfast. The enormous Maori Wrasse at 'cod hole' with big, beady eyes, that rolled round in their sockets and seemed to follow you everywhere.

Talking of 'big 'uns', it wasn't until we swam with whales in Vavau, that I realized how valuable close encounters can be. Tom is 9. He had been learning about whale migration as part of his distance education schooling, but the grace and beauty of such a magnificent creature swimming beside us, is something that will stay with him forever. Now you don't find a lot of grace and beauty on the X Box do you? Not that we have one, or a T.V. Our poor deprived children have to read,

explore, talk to the people around them and get to know the local creatures. They can easily spend a couple of hours making a new crab habitat for their little pets. We seem to have acquired a lot of those along the way, pet slugs, starfish and flatworms that get examined and then return 'home'. A pet turtle at the Percy Islands which was stranded and exhausted and needed some help to reach the sea. Pet dolphins, which come back to the boat enough times for the kids to identify them and give them names. We watch them dive under the bow and leap out of the water and do back flips. I'm sure Molly and Tom think the whole performance is just for their benefit. They could be right too. You should have heard them when we returned to Australia last month. We had been at sea for 4 and a half days. Just before we saw land, dark patches in the water zoomed towards us from all angles.

"Dolphins, dolphins! Mum, Dad, quick! They've come to welcome us home!"

If there's one thing our children have developed while we've been away, it's an appreciation of, and a respect for their environment. How lucky we are to share it with them.



Kerry Alexander is a teacher, artist, wife and mother. She shared a dream with her husband Jim, to go cruising with their 2 children, Molly and Tom. Jim built their boat, 'Aussie Oi' in the back yard and now the family is enjoying the adventures of which they dreamed.

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Whales In Vavau

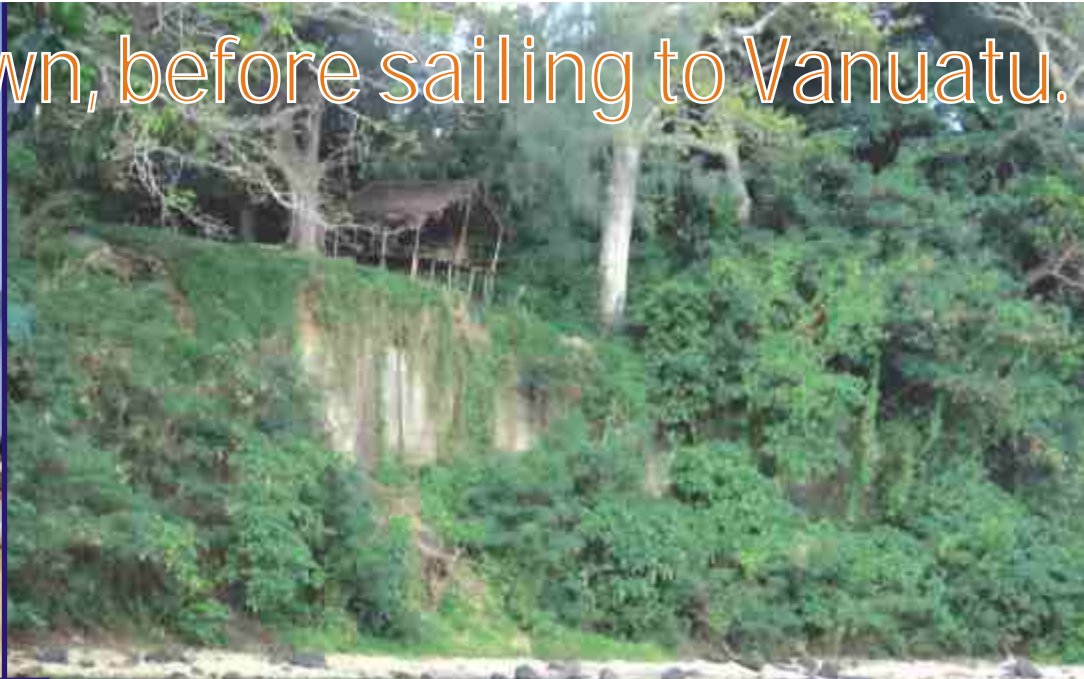
By Tom Alexander, SY Aussie Oi

On Sunday we saw whales it was awesome and then I swam near it in the water it was huge and it was wrinkly it looked very old. It dived underneath us and I saw its whole length it was awesome. The humpback whales migrate from Antarctica to warmer pacific waters every year. Humpbacks can grow up to 18m.



Tom Alexander is an experienced cruiser. He crews for his parents aboard the Schionning Cat Aussie Oi and is a contributor to TCP.

13 Things I wish I'd known, before sailing to Vanuatu.



Port Resolution

"In Havan Harbour a very large military boat approached us and let down an inflatable with 7 p.o.b. in uniform. One on the outboard, one on a camera, another on a radio, the next one to hold onto our boat, one to come on board and the other two as interested bystanders or trainees, I'm not sure which. It was Customs." (TCP note; high powered RIB full of beefy blokes with practised scowls, skin head haircuts and blue jump suits... wonder where they got their training and equipment?)



The resolution string band plays for a full house

Story & photos by Vicki J, SY Shomi

It is always a busy time getting a boat ready for a passage, and so it was for us. *Kuna* was now registered internationally, had new sails, rigging, batteries, gearbox, computer with sea map and GPS interfaced, new dingy and outboard, lines, LED lights throughout, anchor chain regalvanised, stores aboard, slipped and repainted, then at the 11th hour the faithful fridge gave up the ghost. We watched another \$800 fly out the hatch, and groaned.

1st thing I wish we'd known before we began, we could have travelled in Indochina for a year on how much it took us to sail to Vanuatu for 3 months.

Finally though, it was all systems go and we had our passports ready and were clearing customs in Aquarium passage, Brisbane. The light northerlies turned to no wind (wouldn't you know). We had made it through the bar only to bob around. I didn't know it could be so tiring running around setting sails as soon as the slightest breeze began to fan us. 10 minutes later the sails would be flapping uselessly and had to be furled. This set the pattern for the next week. One day we actually went backwards. Meanwhile our new fridge wouldn't work.

Then it began to blow and then some, for 3 days and nights. We approached Tanna Island at the witching hour, with too much sail up, and the bullets coming over the volcano blasted us in the pitch black. Then I heard from the nav station, 'F - k, the GPS says we are on the reef.' This is NOT something I wanted to hear.

2nd thing I wished we'd known. The charts are up to 2 nm out where no ships go. Seems they haven't been updated since Cpt. Cook's era. 'Don't panic' came the shout. 'It shows on the chart there's a navigation light. Follow that.' 'What light?' is what I want to know, and soon. We are by now doing almost 9 knots into the unknown.

3rd thing I wish someone had warned us, there is no power for navigation lights where ships don't go. 'Just keep the land to starboard' comes the voice from below. I can't even see my hand let alone the land. 'I tell you what, YOU keep the land to starboard. I quit this crazy shit.' What is said

next cannot be repeated as I go below and yell out course bearings above the dreadful din of the wind. We dare not alter course to port without a nasty jibe. Finally sanity prevails and the order is given to lower the sails and we floundered about in the howling, starless black. At 5am a boat full of locals guided us in and we paid them with a tank full of fuel. After we found the bank, waited for it to open to change oz dollars to Vatu then found fuel for sale. By then we were stupid from sleep deprivation

4th thing we didn't know is that immigration, customs and quarantine are scattered over the island and the only way to each, is to (sleep) walk. After all this was done we crash and wait an extra day to catch the local markets. After we loaded up with fresh organic produce at ridiculously cheap prices we left for the paradise that is Port Resolution, on the eastern side of Tanna, sailing by sight alone, when the rain squalls allowed. As we approach all we could see are rocks and reef around but not our way in. Eventually the whiteout cleared and we inched our cautious way in with a New Zealand vessel astern, coming from Fiji. The charts and GPS tell us we are anchored inland. Great!

As I rowed ashore to book us into a trip to the resident volcano, Yassah I was serenaded by the local string band. They were jamming in the yacht clubhouse, an open sided affair with a roof and concrete floor, festooned with flags from around the globe. I stayed to enjoy the music and one elderly native with a gappy grin motioned for a dance and that is how I was introduced to island life. What better way? A trip to the renowned beach hut restaurant on White Beach with the best views and native food to be had in Vanuatu, at 7.50 AUD comes a close second. Third is a party, a couple of days later with the very enthusiastic Port Resolution string band, all the couples from the 10 yachts anchored in the Port, 4 backpackers and all the village children to boot.

continued next page>>>>



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13 Things I wish I'd known, before sailing to Vanuatu.



Steffen as "Santa Clause?"

Two couples from USA were taking the trip to the volcano for their second time. I figured it must be good when I saw our means of transport is in the back of a 4WD Ute on hard wooden benches up a very rough road. Little did I realise at the time that this is the ultimate in luxury anywhere outside of Port Villa. We approached what looked like a black Luna landscape. On foot we walked to the unfenced lip of the crater. Through the sulphur haze I spotted what looked like a tiny campfire on the far side. I was expecting a bubbling cauldron of fiery lava. For 15 minutes I wandered about finally expressing my disappointment at such an unimpressive sight.

As if Yassah heard me, there was a deafening roar. Molten rocks the size of Mini Minors erupted into the twilight sky. The volcano began to breath like a giant dragon sending more and more lava heavenward. Our chests and ears compressed with the force of nature. Then one almighty blast sent crimson boulders above our heads. There was a stunned silence from the 20 or so people madly scanning for an escape route with one eye, and keeping the other trained on a monster red hot rock as it hissed its way toward the group, landing on the slope

behind us with a sloshing thud.

5th thing I wished I'd known, a tourist and her guide had died on the same spot as I was standing. The trip should come with a warning that it could be detrimental to ones health.

Many yachts had been waiting more than a week for a break in the strong winds and rain. Finally they consulted the native weatherman who possesses magic rocks. He conjured up the requested 15 knots E-SE and sunshine. We left with the convoy to Eromanga Is., home of the sandalwood trees.

6th thing I'd wished I'd known; rice, flour, powdered milk and sugar, are welcome trade items there. Pity I didn't buy more while in Australia. However solar garden lights are by far the most valuable item on any of the Islands, where kero is a drain on an almost non-existent income. DVDs, CDs, magazines, reading glasses, painkillers, torch batteries, welding equipment, fibreglass and sikaflex for boat repairs as well as know-how were also some of the many items in demand. The biggest treat for adults and children alike is a glass of COLD water. I'd been politely serving hot cups of tea, until one visitor actually asked for

something cold, An apple is highly prized.

Aromanga's tourist sights are rather macabre. First a trip to a cave full of their ancestor's bones through which one must shuffle to enter. Second is Missionaries Rock where they pegged out the hapless missionaries who dared to try to convert them, before eating them. Due to a massive outbreak of mumps two thirds of the island's population died. This may be the reason they are now the most devout Christians in all the islands.

Port Villa, is the expensive playground of the rich white race while the natives live a vastly different lifestyle. Two weeks wages doesn't even buy them one meal in a restaurant. There were not too many happy, smiling native faces in a place that emphasises such disparity. However the markets provide excellent food at native rates. Lobster and crab can be bought and taken back to the boat to be cooked. There is also cooked food at lunchtime, mostly Vanuatu's famous beef served on a bed of rice. 5 AUD serves two, if you can tolerate the flies that want to eat right out of your hand, and off your plate.

continued next page>>>>

News From Bob Oram

LILY

By Bob Oram

In late 07 I sat down and did a bit of analysis on what my boating requirements would be for the next couple of years.

We've still got a 14 yr old at school so the big trip away on the 46' sailing podcat [the hulls are built and sitting in the shed] is still 4/5 yrs off.

I had my 28' tri hull power boat [this is the boat Norson refers to in the Bay to Bay article a couple of issues ago].

While this is a great boat for the Great Sandy Straits I wanted something with a bigger footprint when offshore, and with much longer legs [duration].

While a full size 40' power cat is a nice jigger to have, I simply didn't need the room and didn't have the time nor money to build one.

Now most builders realize that building the hulls is the easy bit, the accommodation is the slow complicated bit.

I already had a comfortable and workable accommodation area in the 28' power boat that with the addition of a small aft cabin, would give 2 private sleeping areas.

So quicker than you could say, "nee how maa" [that's mandarin for 'Giddy, how are you?' Kevvy] out came the saw and off came the hulls and wallah we had the pod for a 12mt power cat.

The 2 new 12mt hulls are about 70% complete [roughly 6 weeks work] and I hope to have them attached to the accommodation pod in another 3 weeks.

I still haven't made up my mind with regard to engines, the options being;

A pair of 25 to 60hp high thrust 4 stroke outboards. They are cheaper to buy and fit and also quicker to fit. They have the ability of being raised up out of the way for real skinny water exploring, [I do a lot of this], top speed would be a bit quicker but the down side is the greater fuel consumption.



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The other option is a pair of diesels from 29 to 45hp.

They are about 40% more expensive to buy and fit and are not as friendly in shallow water. The better fuel economy is offset by the 10 to 20 cent extra cost per litre at the bowser.

Reliability simply isn't an issue.

The new 4 strokes give thousands of hours of reliable service with less service costs than the diesels.

They also have the option of being easily removed for any surgery that may be

required.

Having said all that I still haven't made up my mind.

I think it will be a decision based on personal preferences.

I've decide to release this boat as a standard design as I feel there are other people out there that have much the same requirements, big on water footprint for sea keeping and boatspeed with smaller but comfortable accommodations for ease and economy of construction and operation.

The on water cost for this boat is anywhere from \$70k to \$100k [owner built] which I think is a breath of fresh air considering the costs involved in anything else with this footprint, duration and economy.

Why have I called the design 'LILY'?
 No reason, it's just a nice easy word to say.

Regards,
Bob

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7th thing I should have been able to work out myself, the wind and tides around the islands create movement very similar to that inside a Simpson automatic.

We sat out another big blow for almost a week at Emae Island in Tricky reef. By now the sensation of being watched at all times by curious eyes, began to wear on us. We really learnt to appreciate the solitude of the Great Barrier Reef. What amazed us at Emae are the sacks and sacks of what looked like undersized mud crabs the natives collected along the beach among the trees.

Steffen bought lollies for the children at a tiny store in one of the villages and thereafter had a huge following as word spread that Santa Clause had arrived on the island.

8th thing we didn't know was that most of the reefs around the islands are fished out. We saw no fish of eating size, no shark, ray or even beach de meres.

We stayed so long at Epi Island we became almost fixtures. The winds were ferocious and the rain bucketed down. Yet when we motored across the expanse of water to Laman Island in our trusty Walker Bay, to attend a native wedding to which we had been invited, the day was calm and sunny, even hot. The local weatherman had been consulted with his own magic rocks. The ceremony was Christian (very ho hum) but the reception was pagan and totally fascinating. The hospitality of the population is famous. Over 700 people attended from many of the



Preparing part of the wedding feast

surrounding islands. 7 cows and 3 pigs were slaughtered for the occasion. Sacks of rice along with tons of local fruit and vegetables were provided. The groom was 19 and his bride 18. The well water used was within meters of the pit toilet. We went to the bay to wash our hands. Nevertheless Steffen, along with many natives became very sick within 48 hours of the feast. It was a very scary flu. Normally a person who never gets sick, after 3 days of delirium from a raging temperature, I was very alarmed.

9th thing I wish I'd thought about more seriously is that no doctors are available for emergencies. The antibiotics we brought with us would not have helped with this flu. Thankfully his fever broke but with the captain too ill to go anywhere or do anything but lay about in a stream of sweat, unable to eat and half dead for 10 days I became an honorary family

member of Atis Jack and Helen his wife. Helen is a great cook and as interested in western food as I was in how they prepare their staples. They live in a spot dubbed 'Million dollar view' and Atis not only runs tours of native medicine plants, he also makes the strongest Kava to be had on any of the islands.

10th thing I wish I'd known, Kava causes you to throw up if consumed after a meal. Kava is the primary reason most men sit around during the day seemingly stoned. The women in Vanuatu are to be seen doing a lot of the work. While I had all this time on my hands I was able to talk among some of the women. I mostly wanted to ask about the signs on all of the islands in local language about domestic violence.

continued page 20>>>



The best man and groom wearing some custom..

Bob's note; I asked about the white powder that was thrown over the wedding party. Vicki said that was talc as a replacement for the volcanic ash that was custom from the island of the groom. Also, the different colour gowns were to note the various families.

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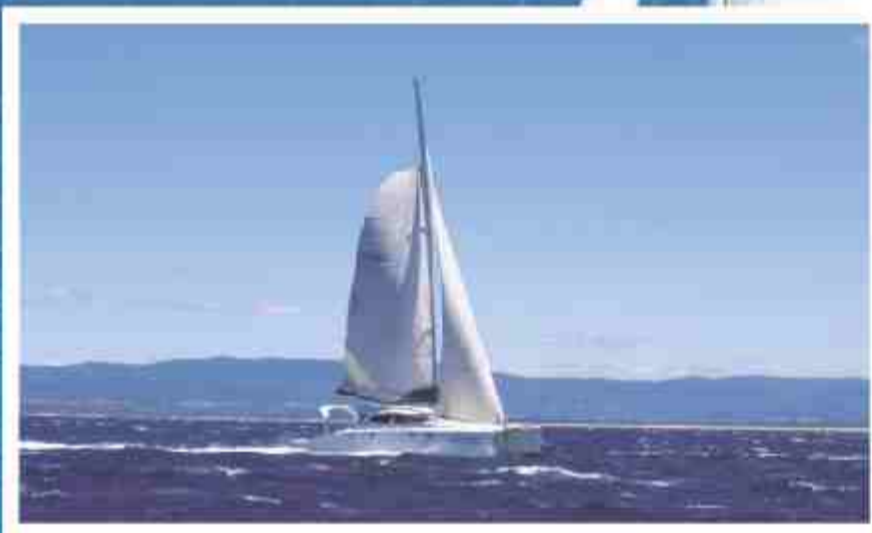
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Who would build a Kit Catamaran?



People like you and me

Pat is a miner working out of Mackay Qld, and he spends his leisure time between fishing and finishing his Fusion called "Nymphette"

Tony and Trish hail from WA, and decided it was time to let the boy do their thing in the West and they would build a boat in the East.

"Razzle Dazzle" is the wonderful creation of Wayne and Robyn Horne, and this vessel is now available for Charter in the Whitsundays

Keith and Lianne finished their Fusion in the Marina in Darwin, where Keith is the Marine Engineer for a Pearling Company

Darren and Jenni decided it was time for a lifestyle change, and built their Fusion 40 in Survey, and is now working from Docklands, Vict.

Bruce owned a smash repair business South of Sydney, when he felt he had had enough and needed to get out on the water.

Leon is a prestige home builder in NSW and felt a Catamaran would serve his family well, especially as they live near beautiful Pittwater

Ian works hard in the mining industry in WA, and launched his Fusion 40 in 2007 then took it on it's maiden voyage to New Zealand

David and Ian decided to build a Fusion, so they could spend time and enjoy the Great Barrier Reef and surrounding Islands out of Cairns

Greg is a seasoned sailor, owning a lovely monohull in the Whitsundays, but decided the Catamaran was much more practical and comfortable.

These are just a few of the owner/builders of Fusion 40, "LaPassion" Kit Catamarans

See You at Sanctuary

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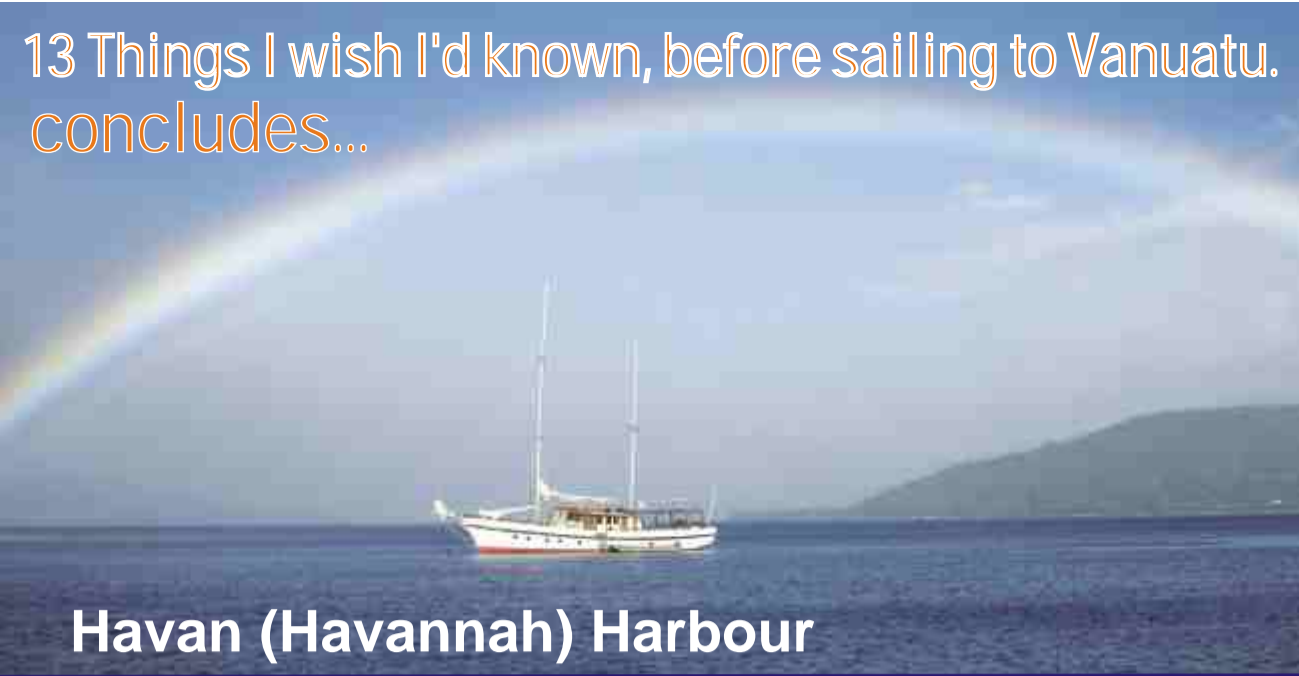
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13 Things I wish I'd known, before sailing to Vanuatu. concludes...



Havan (Havannah) Harbour



Kuna in paradise!

In a meeting of 30 women held by the MARC Team, when asked 'who is beaten by their husband' only one didn't put up her hand. When a girl marries she leaves her own family and village to live with her husbands'. Sexual abuse of minors as well as incest is also rife, I was told. The high school students brew their own alcohol from bananas and go to school under the influence, if they attend at all. This info came from a teacher. It seems social ills dominate even these primitive people.

During this time waiting for the skipper to recover, I was taken to swim with the tame, curious resident dugongs at Laman Is. As I set out to leave, three very big native men were waiting for me so that they could catch a lift to the island. Our 8ft dingy, and 3hp outboard struggled in this rather exposed patch of water. It was a slow, wet ride across and even then the biggest had to stay behind.

By now we were long overdue at Sakau Island where the MARC team were building a Warram cat for the purpose of taking very sick or injured patients to the nearest plane at Port Sandwich or Epi. The weather, which had gone back to screeching winds and torrential rain as the wedding ended, cleared just as Steffen was able to stand again and we got ready to leave. Suddenly all our engine oil scummed the surface of the water around us and the other boats on anchor. We had sprung an engine leak. 11th thing one must take into consideration when travelling to these out of the way places, they are not set up for mechanical repairs. As luck would have it, the local game fisherman, an aussie called Pete has our eternal gratitude for taking an engine part, a high pressure oil line with him to Port Villa, having it repaired and sent on the next plane to Epi.

12th thing, which would have altered our plans for the trip is that with all the bad weather and the hold ups we arrived in Sakau the day after the Warram was

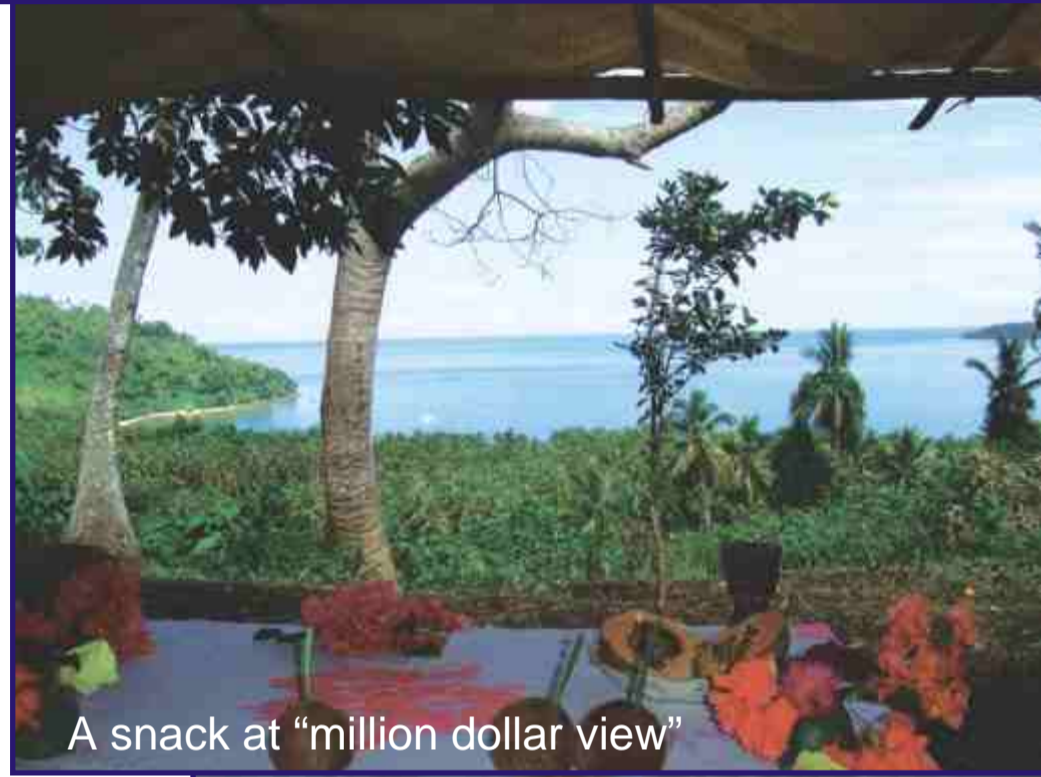
launched. This was a great letdown for us both because the trip was primarily planned to take part in helping the locals. One thing we did know thanks to T.C.P. was to insist on a receipt after emailing Australian Customs from Santos notifying them of our intended arrival date. Thank goodness because the worked up Custom's officials in Gladstone were all set to fine us for non-notification until we produced proof not only of having sent the email but that it had been received. They claimed they received no notice. (See editorial)

Poor rundown Steffen developed Santos belly before we cleared and his weight dropped to an all time low, as did his spirits. This along with the 13th and final thing that clouded a long love affair with building and sailing boats is that the rudder and skeg almost parted company with Kuna on our sail home (swinging onto too many reefs under anchor) and even though the weather was perfect and our dream was to visit the Chesterfield Reefs we dare not untie the securely lashed rudder to navigate the reefs and sadly had to pass them by. That is when he announced he was selling Kuna. As this goes to press the new owners are sailing her (after we performed yet more repairs) to the Solomon Islands to film a documentary.

One endearing memory stays with me from the trip. Around 3 am between the Chesterfields and Australia, on a glorious starry night I was woken to watch the most amazing display as a pod of dolphins raced Kuna creating fireworks of phosphorescence lighting up the ink black water.

The social ills mentioned by Vicki J in this story are well documented. See T C P web site, "destinations" then click on "Vanuatu/Project MARC". This organisation may be winding up it's operation in Vanuatu this year but is leaving a legacy of improved health and social education in it's path. To find out more about this US based organisation see www.project-marc.org/

At right is our author.. doing what a yachty does after a good rain shower... doing laundry in the dinghy.



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Brent Martz will be at The Coastal Passage booth # 293 from noon to 3 PM Saturday, May 24th. Stop in and say G'day!

"Cape Fear" concludes..

After speaking to some guy's on a 55ft Beach de mer [sea slug] diving boat, the decision was the anchor's and rope. After all that was their tactic, and they had survived the cyclone at Innisfail in 300km + and some good ones in Exmouth WA. After we had everything sorted, the boy's on the 55ft sent one of their many 21ft dories over to pick us up for a pre-Cyclone Tusker, and a few rum's as our contribution, and a discussion on tactic's, as well as a heap of film footage and photo's of the cyclone action they had been through. Some of the footage was of a cray boat the same as our's that was getting hit beam on by wind, and got blown over and sunk. As if we weren't freaked out enough. Then we had to hurriedly leave the A/C comfort of their palatial cabin as the wind and rain was on us.

Back at the stinky, un-airconditioned, roll like a pig boat, we waited. Skipper slept, 2 of the crew hid down below up front and slept, one of the crew, "The Murderer" and I sat up on watch and stared at the plotter screen to make sure we did not move. "It's all a matter of common sense", and "It is up to God" was what "The Murderer" kept repeating. The one crew stayed by me with a hand on my arm most of the night, and eventually slept at my feet.

Outside it blew hard and pissed down rain. On the radar, the eerie green glow showed up rain squall after rain squall and the other boat's position's.

Anyway, the Cyclone veered away from us and fizzled out. We probably saw 50 knot's at anchor. A couple of boats ended up on the reef with no loss of life, and we got back to Port Vila OK.

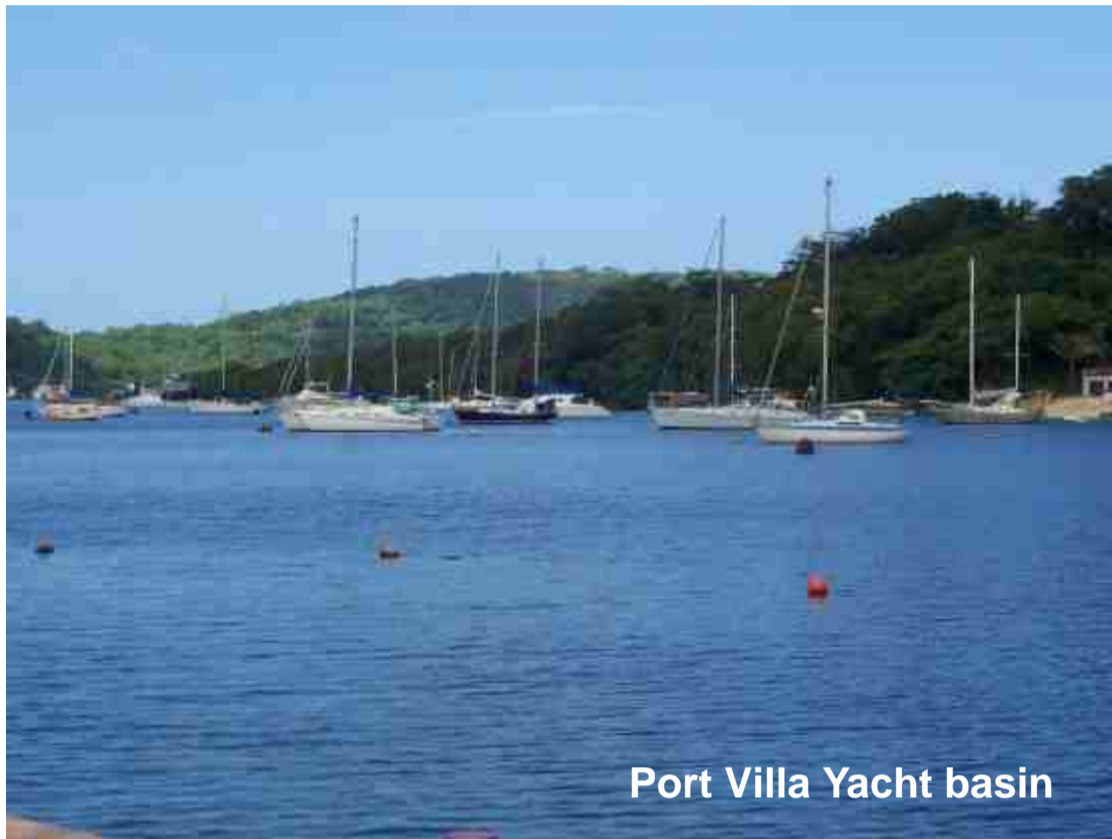
Every time I dozed and snapped awake "The Murderer" was looking at me with a weird grin in the green light..... Think "Cape Fear".

We never got to have a pig, crab's or cray's on my Birthday [Cyclone night] , but we didn't get our throat's slit either. So it's OK. I wiped my prints off the gun and bullet's and gave it back, said goodbye to the boy's. Two of the crew were genuinely sad to see me go and when I get my boat over there they said they want to come and crew for me and partner and show us around, go to their kustom village, catch fish for us, get us cray's and invite us into their way of life. Cool.

Got taken out for dinner the night before I left and tried Flying Fox which was pretty good. Got my partner some Black Pearls from one of the boy's before I left at a way cheap price considering what they were selling for in the shop's, jumped on a plane, and here I am.

Can't wait to return.

Catch up soon for a Four Bell's Rum.



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New From Schionning Marine..

Sea Shanty

by Jeff Schionning

"Sea Shanty", the name conjures up visions of thatch, sand, and crystal clear waters. Simplicity, practicality, and the great outdoors, this is exactly what she's about.

The Sea Shanty is based on the hull form of our very successful 16m Ferry built in Australia and used in Vanuatu to carry passengers around the islands. While she was being built, Lorraine and I spent some time cruising on our Trimaran and we kept coming back to the idea that the Ferry would make the ideal platform for a comfortable world cruising home. Whilst we love life aboard, we also miss our toys and comforts, pets, family and space whilst cruising. We like to keep active and felt that a large seaworthy platform with simple but stylish accommodation and a large outdoor area was very desirable. So the design evolved.

Where the Ferry needed decent displacement to carry 75 passengers the Sea Shanty needs the displacement for home comforts plus fuel and water for extended ocean passages. As a passage maker, speed was moderated to a comfortable mile eating 12 16 knots and a bar crossing sprint of up to 20 knots.

I was fortunate to be invited along on the delivery of the Ferry from Australia to Vanuatu via New Caledonia and experienced the amazing sea keeping ability of the boat, right from very rough conditions on leaving, through moderate to calm conditions on the passage. Top speed on the ferry in 'light' mode was 30 knots. Even at 20 knots cruising speed, she felt so smooth, like a magic carpet simply gliding over the sea as though suspended above the surface. The comfort was deceptive. The actual movement aboard at this speed made simple things like drinking a cup of tea quite challenging. Drop the speed down to 12 14 knots and the illusion turned to real comfort instead of imagined. Other benefits from the reduced cruising speed are reduced windage, motors are smaller and more cost effective, fuel consumption which was already amazing gets even better and of course cruising range increases, all advantages on a passage maker.

The 'Sea Shanty' concept is simply to have a sturdy cruising vehicle that includes everything most "yachts" don't have, she is firstly your home, secondly the workshop and thirdly the back yard. Her construction is rugged but stylish with finishes similar to a working boat outside and a beach cottage inside. Building costs are lower because of this more common sense approach. Usability is far more enjoyable because you don't have to worry about scratching the "Yacht" finish. Costs are further

reduced as she has an open plan layout, much like the beach cottage. Normal household furniture is used for 90% of her fit out.

She's built to go anywhere, rugged and extremely seaworthy. The very high bridge-deck clearance makes sure she slides over everything, yet her shallow draft allows sneaking into shallow lagoons with fully protected props and rudders. Drying out is a breeze, just sit on any beach without concern. The two things 'Raine and I miss most when cruising is the workshop and backyard. Most of us have hobbies and like pottering about in the shed, build something, fix something, but most yachts have a tiny cockpit with a beautiful gloss finish. Sea Shanty has a huge aft deck with a rough non skid surface, move the BBQ and garden furniture to one side and hey, you have a fully covered shed come backyard! Pull out the tools (of course you have heaps of power) and get to work on that new dinghy.

MOTORS & POWER

You are dependent on motors and therefore, diesel consumption is an unavoidable cost. These new efficient cat hulls offer the best possible solution in terms of speed and economy. With two 200hp diesel engines, you will have a cruising range of 3000 miles non stop (plus some reserve) with consumption around 1.5 litres a mile at average cruising speed of around 10 - 12 knots. We will experiment with some new kite concepts which could make ocean passages very economical and perhaps make the 'Sea Shanty' into a perfect motor-sailer.

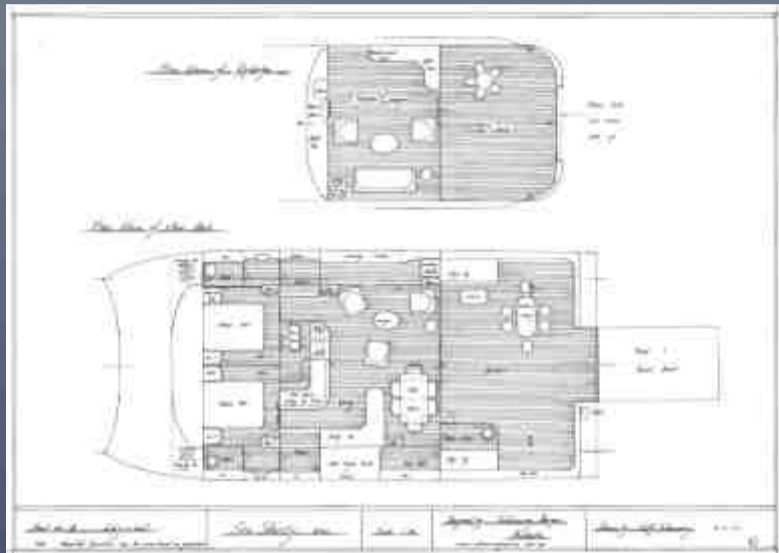
CONSTRUCTION

Efficiency remains an equation of the 'power to weight' ratio, so even in a vessel that seems able to carry a very good payload, the lighter she is built, the better her waterline beam to length ratio and this reduces drag and increases range and payload, all good design features. Because of this, we chose lightweight composite materials for her construction.

Construction plans are available for professional or amateur builders and come with the usual Schionning backup support and supply services where ever you might be in the World

Whether you're looking for a mobile beach cottage to enjoy with your family, or to travel the world in real comfort, the Sea Shanty offers a World of Possibilities.

Contact: Schionning Marine Australia
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DESIGN SPECIFICATIONS:

LOA:	16m
BOA:	7.4m
DRAFT	.775m
AIR DRAFT (W/L to Top)	6.1m
BRIDGE DECK CLEARANCE:	1.1m
MOTORS	2 X 160 260HP
SPEED CRUISE	12 15
SPEED TOP	18 22
HEADROOM	2.05m
FUEL CAPACITY 4 x Tanks	6000L + 1500L res.
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CRUISING RANGE	3000NM +



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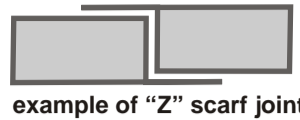


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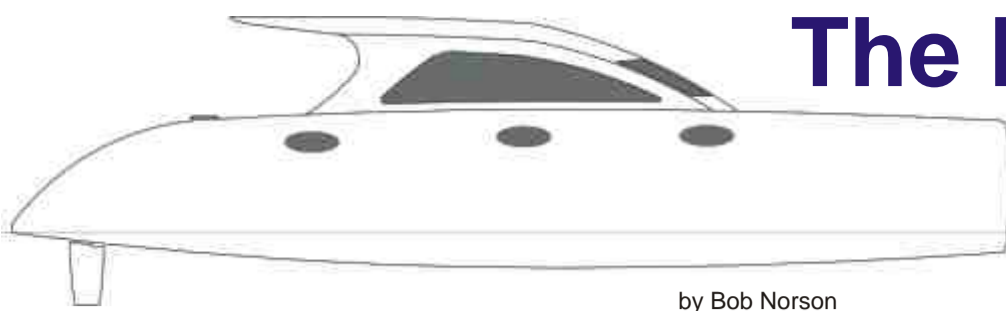
The Future Home of TCP

The building log; part II

TCP aims to be the first national boating publication to build their own boat and publish from the water. Upon completion of this craft the office moves aboard. For the sake of authenticity and the editors sanity....



example of "Z" scarf joint



by Bob Norson

In last edition I described the process of assembling the panels but for the sake of those that missed that and are interested... My cat uses flat panel construction. The panels I'm using so far, are made of end grain balsa with epoxy resin fibre glass both sides. The long side of the panels are glued together with a scarfed edge. That is, the balsa core is cut away for about 10mm leaving one side of the fibre glass outer shell. The next panel is done the same but with the fibre glass on the other side. The two mating surfaces form a "Z" shape when joined. (see illustration above) Epoxy glue is applied to the joint and let set for a few hours or fast set in a heated press. The panels can be pre cut with a CNC router at the factory to the designer specification or they can be hand lofted after large sections are joined. With routed panels, you join in careful order, and the shapes start to reveal themselves. You need only cut away the tabs and full size panels are done. The factory scarfing and routing are expensive and sometimes imperfect services, but if the work was done properly the savings in build time is substantial. The TCP web site has instructions on how to do the scarfs by hand.

And that's as far as we got last edition. This interval I decided the shed wasn't going to be big enough for the job so rather than waste more time working in a closet, I ordered a temporary shelter, a big tent, to assemble the boat in. Also, we had wanted to pour concrete in an area of our property anyway. This 50 sq metres would be adjacent to the assembly area so why not get it done now when it can be useful. This all sounded easy enough for Kay and I to do. However... we had over a month of near continuous rain and high winds, both projects being sensitive to conditions. Very frustrating.

Finally with those tasks out of the way, concrete done and new 14X8 tent in place, work could begin on the sub assemblies.

The plywood forms are set in place and the keel panel is measured in very carefully. The distances between forms and their level is critical. The panels are screwed to the forms temporarily. With the keel, upper and lower bilge panels in place and tortured into shape, their outside edges are held together with tabs and screws or just screws between panels if the angle allows. *Whatever* will hold the panels in alignment whilst they are glued.

Tape and glue doesn't sound very impressive does it!? The "tape" is 750gr tri axial fibre glass and "glue" is the epoxy. The first tape joints are ready to go. The epoxy is measured by weight. I got a digital scale from ALDI's for \$25 that works perfect. The procedure as Bob Oram, the designer recommends is; role out a length of tape and cut to size. Flake the dry tape and set on a clean table. (I used a disposable plastic surface)

Mix up a batch of resin, about 125 grams per metre of the tape. Roll some resin onto the panel surfaces with a cheap 3" paint roller and then go to the table and begin wetting the tape with resin using the paint roller. **All of this process is explained in more detail on the web site.** When done with that step a batch of bogg is mixed up. The 'thickener' added to the resin is about half Q-cell and half Cab-O-Sil. This is filleted into the joint and radiused off with a tool of correct curve. The idea is to prevent a sharp angle that would allow the wetted tape to form an air cavity in the joint. Now bring out the neatly flaked and wetted tape and begin laying it out on the joint. Use your (rubber gloved) hands to gently, but quickly, spread the tape and work out air.

Peel Ply is a fine woven cloth of nylon. It looks more like paper than cloth. You cover the joint with a layer of peel ply (comes on a roll) and use the "consolidating" roller to work the surface to expel air and work the resin into the fibre of the tape. When this is done I like to see the peel ply go transparent over the glued surface, showing no visible lines from the fibres in the tape. The peel ply protects the surface from contamination and brings contaminants to the surface of the peel ply and when stripped off leaves a surface ready to work. Without peel ply the surface should be sanded before another gluing operation can stick to. It also leaves a smoother, more even surface.

I found the process as above a little tight for time. I barely got the tape in before the glue was going off. In other joints I experimented with doing the bogg first and with a different tool. It did give me more time but I think Bob's method is best if you can master it because it eliminates possible hardening into high spots that could make air traps requiring sanding for the tape. When I put the bogg on first I liked to let it go until it just got a little stiff but not hard. Firm enough I didn't accidentally push it out of place but still malleable enough to go smooth under hand working in the tape.

Now I've got this big bloody hull in my shed! The actual time invested in taping the hull together (as far as shown) was 5 days. Gluing the panels together 4 days. With some confidence gained it will go faster. Next step is bulkheads and bow, then drag the thing into the tent and flip it over to tape the reverse side and join the bridge deck floor.

I've got no more infrastructure development to interfere and I am keen. I can really see this go quickly... can't wait to get stuck into it!

The web site has the complete log.
www.thecoastalpassage.com and click on "BareBones"



Cutting out sections from the length of glued panels



Setting up the forms with the keel panel in place



Laying in the first tape



Rolling over the peel ply until it goes clear



Big bloody hull!



rolling tape.. notice the metal tabs I've used for aligning and stabilising the joint



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TCP gets cooking...and surviving

There is no denying that enjoying food and keeping preparations simple is an important part of boating lifestyle. TCP readers have shared many cooking and cruising ideas and it's time to share them. We look forward to more ideas on these endless subjects. What's yours?

Hi Bob,

We noticed that you've introduced a cooking section, and thought that we could contribute.

Charlie & I own an RL 24' trailer yacht which we sail on weekends, and each year we cruise for 2 - 3 weeks. Being a small boat with limited storage, considering that we don't fish, like our food as fresh as possible, and like to spend as much of our holiday time cruising; we try to manage without having to restock for the duration.

As a result, over the years we have learned, found, experimented & implemented ways to make our water, food, fuel, battery power and gas last the distance (plus a few more days supply).

For our food, as well as fresh supplies, we dehydrate fruit, vegetables and herbs, grow sprouts and sometimes make yogurt.

We preserve cheese, butter & meat (unrefrigerated), take some cured foods (refrigerated), and every few days we make chapattis (flat Indian bread, which we use like lavash rolls).

We thought we'd share the chapatti recipe. It's one we adopted from Charmaine Solomon's 'The Complete Asian Cook Book'.

Chapattis

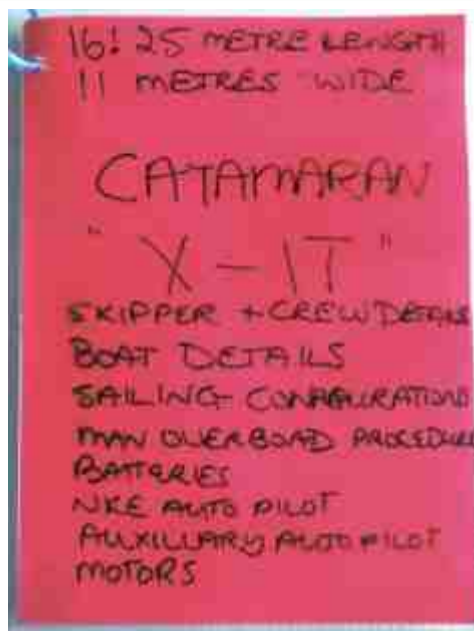
3 cups Rotti or Atta flour (available at most Indian food shops - or if you can't get it, wholemeal flour is ok too)
1 - 1 1/2 tsp. salt
1 tbs. oil
1 cup lukewarm water

Mix the flour with the salt, rub in oil, add water & mix to firm dough (at least 10 min. of kneading), form into a ball & leave covered for at least 1 hour. Shape small balls into golf ball size (makes 18 - 22), roll on lightly floured board into thin flat circles using a rolling pin or bottle. Cook in dry, hot pan, turning over once at first sign of colour change. Use a spatula to press chapatti down, this will allow it to swell and become more airy.

Some helpful tips:

1. We leave the ball of dough in a sealed container. That prevents the dough from drying out while we let it rest. (On a hot day we also cover the sealed bowl with a towel or blanket).
2. We make cooking a 2 person operation (takes 30 - 40 min. max. and prevents dough from over drying) one makes the balls, and rolls them into flat circles, the other cooks the chapattis on the hot skillet.
3. When a Chapatti is cooked, put onto one end of a clean tea towel, and quickly cover with the other end. For the next one, open towel, stack on top of previous chapatti, cover quickly and so on until they are all done.
4. Turn the parcel over, leave to cool for about 10 min., store (still wrapped in tea towel) in a resealable plastic bag. This keeps the Chapattis fresh & soft for 3 - 4 days, or until you finish them. Store in a cool place.
5. Enjoy with your favourite fillings.

Cheers,
Ada & Charlie
T.S Geronimo R.L 24
Boreen Point QLD



THE BOAT SURVIVAL BOOK

By Wanda Hitch, SY X-IT

Whilst preparing for our proposed trip to New Caledonia, I decided to write all our boat details in a small book for use in emergency situations. I chose a small photo album (\$2.50 at a camera shop) because the pages could stay dry. It contains all information needed for someone else to drive or sail the boat if the skipper was out of action.

SUBJECTS COVERED ARE:

- 1.) The names, date of birth, passport numbers, next of kin, phone numbers & addresses of all onboard.
- 2.) Details of intended passage.

- 3.) Boat registration numbers, & detailed boat description (for intended use on radio)
- 4.) RADIOS: How to use VHF & HF; emergency channels; mayday & other protocol for radios.
- 5.) MOTORS: How to start & use; fuel to use & where to find it.
- 6.) FIRES: Location of fire extinguishers & fire blanket.
- 7.) POWER: Where main power switches are located & how to turn off gas switches & batteries. List of appliances run by each battery
- 8.) FIRST AID KITS: Location, contents, etc...
- 9.) ANCHORING: How to use anchor winch and how to anchor.
- 10.) Sail configurations.
- 11.) Man overboard drill.
- 12.) AUTO PILOTS, GPS, CHART PLOTTER, RADAR: How to use basics & where to find manuals.
- 13.) SURVIVAL: Grab Bag location, use of flares, (how many barley sugars to eat a day, etc...)

I'm sure there is more info to add. Don't forget to put this in a prominent place so rescue or crew members can easily find it. I have it hanging over the chart table near the radio.

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The Yellow Engine



By Peter Utber, SY, "Leah"

Wispy clouds hung high in an impossibly blue sky. Poetry rested on my mind as 'Leah' purred along singing her engine song. Ahhh! Back in Shark Bay again, one hundred miles of protected waterway on the Western Australian coast, a waterway which offered all the delights that a cruising yachting could ever hope for. Clean water, good anchorages, crayfish, baldchin gopro, a cute little town called Denham, and the amazing dolphins of Monkey Mia that rub up against you in welcome.

How happy I was to be back on board again. There is no better place in the world for the wandering sailor who only knows one home. The brasswork on the wheel hub sparkled, the paintwork fresh from a slipping, and the newly installed frig. working perfectly. What did it matter that the wind had decided to stay in bed for the day? I had only recently returned from a delivery job that required of me to sail a ketch from Lemon Tree Passage in Port Stephens NSW, to Carnarvon Western Australia, via Darwin. The south east trades had blown strongly the whole way and I was more than happy to enjoy some calm waters for a change.

Whilst delivery trips are traditionally lowly paid occupations if one bothers to work out the hourly rate, this particular voyage which took around eight weeks set new standards. The rich owners paid me nothing at all, which made it easy to work out the hourly rate but left me in that very common predicament in which the cruising yachting often finds himself; flat broke.

The high sand dunes stood out clearly on Dirk Hartogs island a good distance away over the starboard bow, as the Cape Peron Peninsular drew closer almost dead ahead. We were heading for Broadhurst Bight and hoped to snag a mackerel on the lure before dropping anchor for the night. That would leave about twenty miles for the run tomorrow to Monkey Mia, which is a very civilized distance to undertake when one is in no particular hurry.

My crew was a lovely lady I had met at the yacht club during my enforced stop in Carnarvon. She was a good sailor and we had got along rather well during my stay there whilst I addressed the cash flow predicament.

Ready work had been easily found in this remote town. I helped a member of the yacht club member modify his Shockwave catamaran by installing a solid bridge deck and full saloon cabin between the hulls, then picked up other work around the place. Carnarvon folk are very friendly, and have a wonderful yacht club. These days they even have a marina that they dug themselves! One of the members kindly made his yacht jinker available to me so I hauled 'Leah' and gave her a spit and polish. I painted out the engine room and the engine and she looked smart indeed with teak decks scrubbed and jarrah appointments oiled.

Another job that I ticked off the list was the design and fitting of a eutectic plate refrigeration system into the icebox. My knowledge of refrigeration systems could quite easily be written on the back of a postage stamp, so had opted for ice or nothing at all when I had first set off cruising. All the books that I had devoured on the subject written by mentors such as Eric Hiscock and Larry and Lyn Pardey told of the simplicity of preserving foodstuffs, and the substitution of room temperature table wine for that great Australian icon; an icy cold beer. Thus I had blundered around the West Australian coastline for a couple of years, half stung, vaselining my eggs, living on pumpkin and cabbage, and throwing away crayfish and other delicacies that I was too scared to eat because of the risk of food poisoning. It all came to a head in Geraldton when I heard of the availability of chipped ice in large bags for a reasonable price from the Geraldton fishermen's co-op. Off I happily peddled on Rusty, my long suffering pushbike, my heart singing for there is nothing that a cruising sailor understands more than a bargain. And it was a bargain, a great big bag of ice for two dollars. I heaved it over Rusty's handlebars and wobbled down the hill towards the yacht basin. All was going well until I reached the bend at the bottom of the hill. A corner of the bag became entangled in the front wheel, jammed in the forks and stopped it dead. I did a perfect keystone cops somersault, landed on the bitumen hard, then slid along on my backside in a shower of snow. I lay there for a moment, stunned, under the close scrutiny of two little girls in school uniforms standing on the footpath. One of them giggled. Then, to really cap things off, a car came whizzing around the corner and nearly killed me. It was a near thing, missing me by inches; and as I limped back to the yacht basin carrying a buckled Rusty I resolved to explore the mysteries of refrigeration before I became an alcoholic, died of food poisoning or turned into a road statistic.

So all was good on the fine ship 'Leah'; cold beer, a pretty girl and a clean hull. The water was so clear we could see the seagrass gently waving back and forth on the ocean floor, fifty feet below us. Then, unbelievably, great clouds of bright yellow smoke gushed out of the engine exhaust outlet which is mounted amidships on the starboard side. I blinked, then dived for the throttle lever. Thick, heavy and banana yellow, the smoke drifted around us as we slowly came to a halt. I shut the engine down and raised the hatch. What on earth would cause the engine to blow yellow smoke was beyond me. My crew and I looked at each other as the smoke dissipated and a total quiet invaded us. I raised the engine hatch with a sinking feeling in my stomach. Boats are like that, just when you think everything is going alright, it goes all wrong.

Everything looked normal in the engine room, however. The Yanmar deisel gleamed with its new coat of Caterpillar yellow paint reflecting off the white bulkhead

walls. I dipped the oil, it was normal, I checked all the belts, everything was normal. Rattled, I started the motor again which fired up straight away without any sign of smoke, yellow or otherwise. There being no more tests I could think of doing, we resumed our trip.

We had a great voyage around Shark Bay over the next two weeks, swimming with the dolphins, catching crayfish and eating oysters. The engine ran faultlessly, but I remained puzzled. I could think of no good reason why on earth a thirty horsepower, three cylinder, raw water cooled diesel engine would suddenly belch out bright yellow smoke for about thirty seconds. When we visited Denham I rang Sier and Johnson the Yanmar agents in Perth who had supplied the engine, but they had never heard of this phenomenon ever happening before. I wasn't happy and wracked my brains, harking back to the modifications I had carried out in the engine room. Sure I had installed a belt driven compressor for the refrigeration system, but could not for the life of me see why this would make the engine spew out yellow smoke. The one glaring fact that did stand out was that I had pulled the engine out of the boat and did a very thorough job of painting it bright yellow with approved Caterpillar engine enamel. The colour selection was deliberate on my behalf; oil leaks are easy to spot should they occur. It seemed too much of a coincidence that the smoke that blew out of the exhaust was exactly the same colour as the new engine paint. Perhaps some had entered the inlet manifold when it was sprayed, though firstly I had stuffed plenty of rag in the manifold to prevent this, and secondly why did it wait ten or more hours of engine running before it happened. Weird indeed!

We sailed on, circumnavigating Shark Bay and ending our cruise back in friendly Carnarvon.

We had had a grand time of it, but the familiar itch to carry on and find other unexplored anchorages around Australia was strongly upon me and I began restocking my little ship with food. My crewmate, who had plied me with beautiful meals and companionship during our Shark Bay excursion wanted to come as well. I thought about it. I knew she was a good sailor, and didn't get sick or frightened, but she would be giving up a career job, a unit full of her own lovely furniture, a car and all her friends. Still, had not I done the same thing myself when the urge to become the master of my own destiny had given me the courage to throw off the shackles of conformity.

So away we sailed to be come time millionaires, and easily fell into the sailors lifestyle of work, cruise, work, cruise, rich, poor, rich, poor, that the cruising yachting knows so well. I fell in love with my crew and came to realize that she was not my first mate, but my best mate. Di and I were married on a remote beach eight years later surrounded by our extended family of cruising sailors. Guitars played long into the night under a starlit sky, my mentor the Southern Cross danced with the Pointers, and the bonfire threw long shadows at one and all.

So what about the yellow smoke, you may ask? Well, back in Carnarvon as we were stocking 'Leah', Di discovered that the fire extinguisher in the aft cabin under the steps had fallen off its bracket and discharged. The fumes had moved through the bilge and been sucked into the engine. The chemical result of combustion was a bright yellow smoke!!!

Yep, that's boats!

*If but that I with an artist's eye,
could draw a steady line,
I would make a sketch of a little ketch,
her sails all standing fine.*

*With artistic flair I would daub with care,
and paint the living sea,
and place upon its living back,
my little ketch and me.*

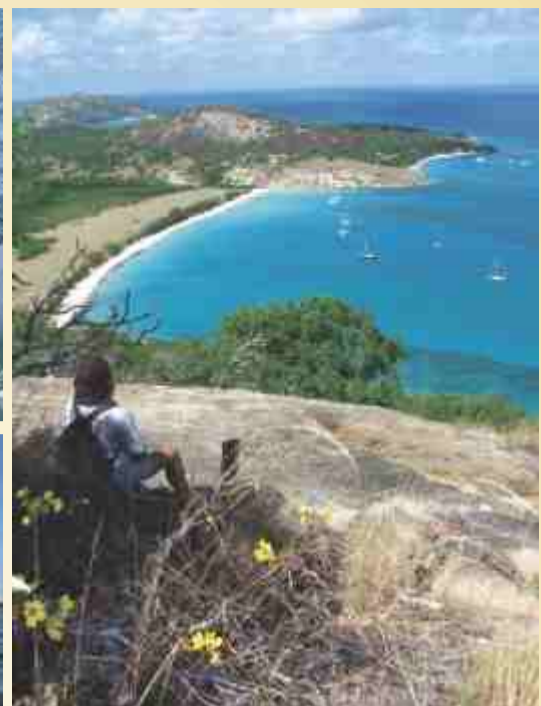
*With my artists quill I would draw until,
my canvas told a tale,
of a wind filled sky and a seabirds cry,
and a lifetime under sail.*

*My canvas done would be proudly hung,
for all the world to see,
so they may know the reason why,
a sailors life for me.*



Peter & Di

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Come see us at the Sanctuary Cove Boat show, May 22 to 25, booth #293

Readers! Please stop by and say G'day. It's great to meet the people that keep this zoo going and how about a pic for the paper! We'll have some back issues of The Coastal Passage and to those that mention this ad.....
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Boaties out there helping those in need... One Candle Schoolhouse

Is there Life After Cruising?

By Diane Pool, SY "Pilar"
One Candle Schoolhouse

For the past seven years we've been so anchored in this one spot, still living aboard with no plans otherwise, but so deeply involved in the school that most people assume our cruising life is over. I suppose we're in denial, but we still consider ourselves Cruisers, rather than the "Liveaboards" someone suggested. Thinking hard about what makes the difference, I believe that living a life afloat is more than the 'Been There/Done That' mentality of sailors who rapidly roam the globe, ticking off miles and islands like numbers in a Bingo game. The delights of new islands, deserted anchorages, glorious sunsets, etc, etc, are truly wonderful, but one doesn't have to have a boat to find those things.

Life aboard a boat demands personal involvement in the process, and to the degree which a person is committed, there is also a direct ratio of satisfaction. 'Involvement' is the key phrase. One friend who'd built a boat, gone cruising, got bored/sold the boat and then started building another boat explained, "I think if we'd just had a project--like finding the tallest tree on every island!--we wouldn't have sold our boat." Because I have seen the personal satisfaction other cruisers have gotten through their commitments as Guest Teachers, Donors or Scholarship Sponsors, I've come to realize it's a fundamental need to feel connected to something creative, and when connected (however briefly) to humanity--rather than just as an observer, a tourist--the satisfaction is doubly deep.

Cruising is full of Hellos and Goodbyes, but making time to lend a hand in the communities we encounter enriches everybody. Living one's life aboard a boat engenders a holistic outlook in those who choose it, whether on the move or at anchor. I see Alan and Patricia doing this and want to give them tribute for the many commitments and contributions they've made in their life, for others.

We first met the Lucas', in Maryborough, in 1997. We were grinding gel coat on our boat, *Pilar*, when Alan and Patricia began building *Soleares*. I snapped the shot of Patricia as she finished laying up the first layers of fibreglass, and she took one of me after a session with the disc grinder, wearing what she called my "bunny suit". I think we shared almost a year together, in Barry White's old Walker shed, and as anyone who has met Alan and Patricia knows, there was a lot of good coffee and great conversations right alongside the long hours of serious boat work.



One Candle Schoolhouse

Is a school in the Philippines began by Diane and Bill Pool. To explain, here is a quote from Diane:

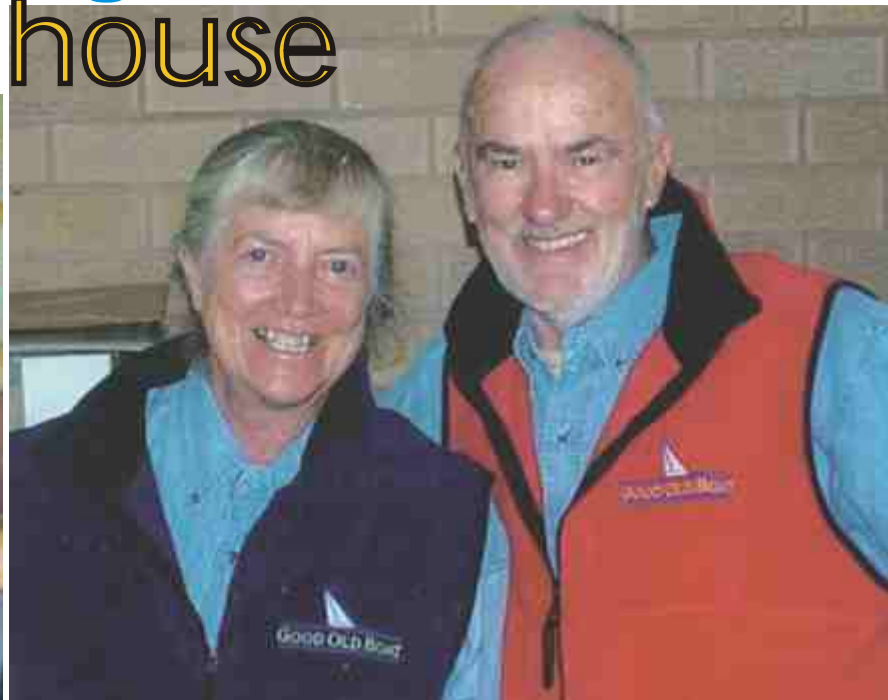
It was the year 2000 when we set our anchor in the Philippine Islands, in Port Bonbonon, Negros Oriental, and casually began what would later become One Candle Schoolhouse. Our first few months of Saturday School began in the small guest house we'd rented from NeArNe Restaurant and Boat Works. It was to have been a space for us to continue boat projects; quickly became a classroom, filled with posters, coloured pencils, games and books--all sent to us by Patricia and Alan.

For more than five years now, Patricia has not only been faithfully gathering and donating gifts to the Students of One Candle Schoolhouse, she's become a goodwill Ambassador spontaneously telling friends and strangers about the children, touching the hearts of new friends for our school.

Awed by Patricia's unwavering commitment, I asked her in one of our exchanges of old-fashioned letters if she could explain to me why she has continued to remain so generously involved. She replied:

"Why?"

...Maybe, deep down, I see what you are achieving with your kids, involving yourself so completely, as something I would love to do.



Giving is joy, especially giving to those who are so grateful for anything.

I remember, years ago, I asked you if soft toys would be useful and you said that they don't need toys, they have their baby brothers and sisters!

That really struck a chord. We are such a materialistic society; the simple pleasures are disappearing.

You ask, "What do you get back?" My pleasure is in thinking and choosing what they (and you) would like or need. That is all the inspiration I require; their pleasure.

We all need to be needed so when you say I am a part of the school, I glow.

I find sending to you and yours an outlet for creativity. I certainly just love thinking of you all and wondering what would be suitable.

I usually get the box for you months before I send it. I see things and say, "Diane's kids might like that!" and into the box it goes! When I 'hit the button' on something just right, it is a tremendous pleasure. Like the recorder, especially as they were useful for the hearing impaired children an extra bonus for me!

I can see how your school has progressed as the years go by, the way they have expanded as their knowledge and understanding of what they can actually achieve, their capabilities, has been enriched.

I love being part of the school (as you say) and when Leonila emailed for Australian dance info, I was so thrilled! That makes me even more a part of the school.

Patricia Lucas

"...A part of the school," indeed. One Candle Schoolhouse has been so blessed with loyal supporters that it has become more of an extended family than a charity...and "the warm glow spreads!"

**Thank you again and always, Patricia and Alan!
Diane & Bill**

A letter from Diane:

Bob,

The photo is of one of my Filipino students. She is holding a painting she did as a "Thank You" to Patricia and Alan, for the support they have given to our small school for more

than five years. The painting was done from a photograph Patricia sent to me.

Involved in the publishing business as you are, I've no doubt you are aware of how often people believe that all writers must be making LOTS of money when they hear the figures that a few novelists make. Knowing the amount of work that Alan and Patricia do to keep their books up to date, their generosity to us has meant all that much more. I thought others would find it meaningful too.

Diane.

Bill & Diane Pool
www.1candleschoolhouse.blogspot.com
P.O. Box 150
Dumaguete 6200
Negros Oriental, Philippines

"It's better to light one candle than to sit and curse the darkness."



Diane Pool in her bunny suit

Giving and helping is what yachties do. As this is such an important part of the community TCP has provided this space for recognition of those that lead in this regard and to provide information for those that are looking for a worthy project.

More groups with a vision

Are you looking for a cause that you can contribute to this cruising season?

Check the TCP website for organizations that need your help.

www.thecoastalpassage.com

Knitting for World Vision

By Wanda Hitch, SY "X-IT"

Tired of sitting around the boat with little to do and lots of enthusiasm for something that will be fulfilling? Then put down the Sodokus, Crosswords, & Scrabble and start knitting for third world countries. I have been knitting and making quilts for World Vision for two years and find it makes me feel a little less guilty for having such a wonderful lifestyle. It is a nice thing that we can give something to others and utilise our time to help kids around the world by making clothes and blankets.

Guardian Pharmacies run the appeal each year from June 1 to the end of August. All you have to do is knit, crochet, sew or quilt a garment, shawl or blanket and either post it to or drop it by your nearest Guardian Pharmacy.

Ring 1 300 888 666 for your nearest store. For other information you can call Guardian Pharmacies on: (07) 3212 1837 and ask for the knitting dept.

The website is:

www.guardianpharmacies.com.au/new_angel.cfm where you can download patterns to knit. Alternately, you can get patterns from any Guardian Pharmacy. This year's appeal is going to Mongolia. Garments from birth to age 10 are needed. Also toys like teddy bears, etc... A garment for an older child gets passed down to others.

Missed this year? Start Knitting for next year!



Wanda

Townsville Port Hinchinbrook Easter Series



Townsville to Port Hinchinbrook Blue Water Classic

For Forty years the Townsville Cruising Yacht Club has a proud tradition of hosting the annual Easter Offshore Bluewater Classic. Previously known as the Townsville to Dunk Island Race a major sponsorship deal 5 years ago with Port Hinchinbrook Marina now sees the event run a 98.8 nautical mile course from Townsville to Port Hinchinbrook.

In conjunction with the offshore race a second course is run from Dungeness up the picturesque Hinchinbrook Channel to also finish at Port Hinchinbrook

Starting 1200 Easter Friday the event saw a colorful start with all yachts hoisting spinnakers for a downwind drag race in the light to moderate winds. New boat "Feral" made an early break leading the fleet past Bay Rock. Feral battled with past line honors winner Zoe as the lead swapped on the upwind leg to Albino Rock, located on the eastern side of Palm Island. Back in the fleet the smaller yachts fought their own battle for the revered handicap trophy.

As night fell the yachts hoisted spinnakers again. The fickle winds proved to separate the men from the boys as those who chanced their hand at bigger sails managed to extend a healthy lead. Unfortunately for Phil McGuire's boat, *Kachina*, a lapse in concentration saw them forced to retire after wrapping the spinnaker around the forestay.

After almost 100 nautical miles of racing the line honors winner was decided in the last few miles as *Zoe* managed to snatch back the lead just short of the finish line in drifting conditions.

Teddy Bears Picnic capped a faultless race with a handicap win followed by *Come by Chance* in 2nd and *The Major* 3rd.

The Dungeness to Port Hinchinbrook race was won by *Warrigul* followed by *Supermac* and *Librian*.

Port to port Resort Race

The weather was perfect for this event of two races. First leg was to the Hinchinbrook Island resort, a break for lunch at the resort and a return leg to Port Hinchinbrook.

The morning started with 10 to 15 knot breezes with typical channel gusts making for attentive helmsmanship. *Warrigul* ran away from the fleet with a tight finish between *Two Shea*, *Mystique* and *Akarana*.

The resort lunch was incredible as to many thoughts of abandoning the race home.

A late start caught a few competitors off guard, *The Major* took the early lead until overtaken by *Mystique*. A great spinnaker run by *Akarana* gave them the speed to run down *The Major* and take the inside line to power past *Mystique*. Size does matter and one mile out from the finish the 44ft *Mystique* got the edge on 36ft *Akarana* to cross the line first. *Akarana* second and a late run had *Warrigul* placed third.

You Aren't going to Believe This!!!

An exciting new service to be provided to the Queensland coast cruising fraternity by Shadow Boats Australia.

Shadow boats Australia own a 35m charter vessel here in Queensland the MV Tateyama Maru. MSQ Registration # 24670QC Currently registered for 10 passengers plus 4 crew

The ship is fitted out to provide extra, accommodation, fuel, oil, stores, fresh water, hot showers, washing facilities, ice, some toys, mechanical and electrical repairs, organized diner parties, communications, office supplies, ship and/or boating supplies. We can also fill your dive bottles.

The ship is owned by Patrick and Josephine von Stieglitz with plenty of real time sea time around the world. Patrick is originally from Tassy while Josephine hails from SA.

To test the water so to speak we are asking for comments, your knowledge, idea's constructive criticism about this service.

Our very first comment coming from Bob the builder was "Holy Shit" followed by a fantastic idea followed by a TCP salute for guts.

Well, we have owned our toy ship for three and a half years completely restored it and I might suggest now it should be a TCP salute for desperate.

However I sense a need for something like this and we are willing to give it a go. We have fuel oil stores onboard and we are on the slip at the end of April and then on our way north.

We are seeking crew to help us provide this service especially engineering and electronic skills and service's

and companies who would be willing to provide us with back up.

This winter is a suck it and see it operation to make new friends, assess the situation and the needs of the boating community.

So please give us a go, let us have your comments spread the word and contact us at shadowboats@bigpond.com Or phone 0410 674446. We live aboard 24/7

MV "Tateyama"



TCP is willing to help this couple "give it a go"! The MV Tateyama of Shadow Boats Australia will be an agent for The Coastal Passage. Pick up your copies there. We urge cruisers to give the services they provide a try and just introduce yourselves and have a look.

Attention Spray Owners!



Spray owners and others interested in the 'Spray' design are gathering at the Moreton Bay Boat Club, Scarborough, Queensland over the June long weekend (7,8,9 June 2008) for the A.G.M. of the Slocum Spray Society of Australia and of course the colourful and spectacular annual regatta.

For those interested in the Spray, there is an opportunity to talk with the skippers and to view these grand ladies of the sea on the Saturday 7 June 2008. There is an opportunity on the following day (Sunday 8 June) to see the Sprays in action and possibly become a part of a crew as they vie for line honours or just to complete the course- depending on the mood.

Spray owners and other interested persons wishing to join in the Spray weekend are invited to contact the Society's Secretary, Barry Moore, on (07) 3880 0444 or 0407 130862 for further details. www.slocumspraysociety.asn.au

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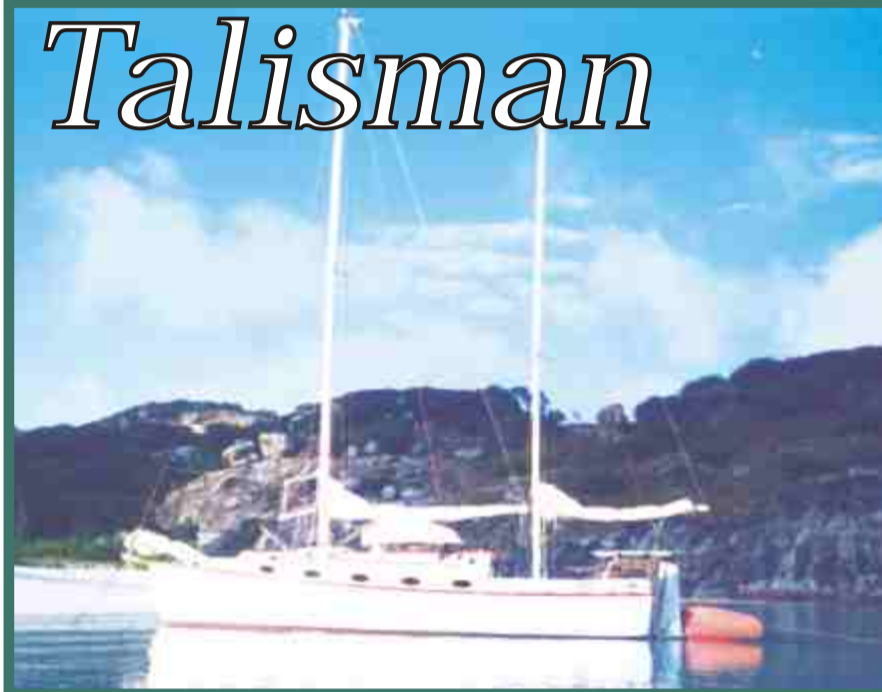
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\$595,000

Irwin 54 GRP Sloop
 King owners cabin with ensuite, Queen forward with ensuite, King single to stbd, huge saloon with bar, huge galley with full size fridge and freezer, washer, dryer, watermaker, icemaker, garbage compactor, aircond throughout. LCD TV, PS2,dvd, Sony sound. Yanmar turbo diesel, Kohler gen, radar, Icom SSB, 2xVHF, autohelm autopilot and guages, 12v,110v,240v.
 10 seat walk through cockpit, furling main, jib and Genoa, all lines to power winches in cockpit.
 To be sold complete down to coffeemaker.
 Ph owner: (07) 4055 6736 Mob: 0406 526 007

Talisman



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For more information about Norwalk Islands Sharpies see www.nisboats.com



For Sale:

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Martz Cruising yachts would like to offer their demonstrator yacht at a price not to be repeated.

This MCY46 is less than 2 years old and has only been used for demonstration sails.

This boat is offered for sale in as new condition, with too many inclusions to list here.

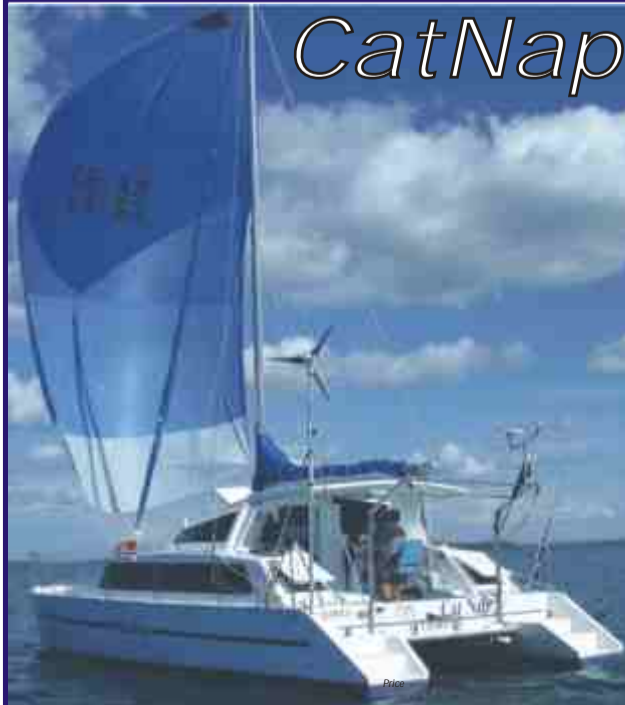
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CatNap



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12v including twin system house batteries 2x6v 200 amp deep cycle per side charged from motors, solar panels and wind generator; VHF radio; Navman Sounder (new November 2006); Garmin GPS & Log; Air Marine (New 2007); Autohelm auto Pilot; 500w Inverter; radio & two speakers, CD, DVD, TV.

1xQueen; 1xDouble- 3 burner stove; 80L Trail Blazer Fridge/Freezer; sink with pressure cold fresh water and pressure salt water.

Also includes Zodiac with 4hp Yamaha and oars.

Price Reduced to \$129,000

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(07) 5446 6059

Also see TCP website for more details.

Drifter II



\$39,900 neg.

34ft Chesapeake Bay Cutter, Robert Tucker Skipjack Design
 Dynel over plywood, built 1987, full keel, shallow draft (4ft), beam 9ft, large cockpit with 2 long bench lockers (6ft) and cushions, spray hood, compass; windvane (tiller mounted) and 12V electrical autopilot with spares; plough anchor with 300ft of 8mm chain, manual anchor winch with spares. Suit of sails, 8ft Walker Bay dinghy with 2 HP Mercury outboard.

Below deck: full headroom throughout; well ventilated; plenty of daylight. Galley with Metho stove and refrigerator. Water capacity: 300 litres. Sleeps 4: the large V-berth easily converts into 2 bunks (and vice versa), 2 settee berths in saloon. Enclosed shower and chemical toilet.

Engine: 25HP Volvo MD2B with Dynastart and hand start; spare reconditioned engine and gear-box; Fuel capacity 180 litres. Solar panel, 240V sine-wave inverter (650W/3000W surge) for power tools or refrigerator. Echo sounder, VHF radio, Furuno GPS, Radio-CD player-cassette.

Exceptional offshore sea boat, great for cruising or live-aboard, easy to maintain.

Australia and Queensland Registrations, moored Airlie Beach.

Contact Max by phone: (07) 4946 4407 or e-mail: ironworksw@aapt.net.au

Urgent sale: Price: \$39,900.00 neg.



Ensign Ship Brokers launches new office at the Gladstone Port Marina

Steve Hinton has been appointed Manager of the Central Queensland operations for Ensign Ship Brokers. Ensign Ship Brokers offer an innovative and professional package of brokerage services for sellers and buyers of yachts, motor cruisers, sports cruisers, trawlers and houseboats.

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Steve Hinton
Manager

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1992 Spray Sloop 46'
This cutter rigged sloop is a very comfortable ocean going cruiser. Well known design. Covered steering position. Plenty of storage space, water & fuel capacity, extensive sail inventory. Powered by economical Ford 72 HP diesel, Yamaha 1 Kva Genset. \$195,000



1983 Lex Nichol Trimaran
This fast Trimaran is of foam sandwich/fibreglass construction. It is a very compact well laid out vessel with quality electronics, watermaker & extensive sail wardrobe. The entire boat is in excellent condition and has Australian Registration. Nanni 21 HP Diesel 100 hours. \$132,000



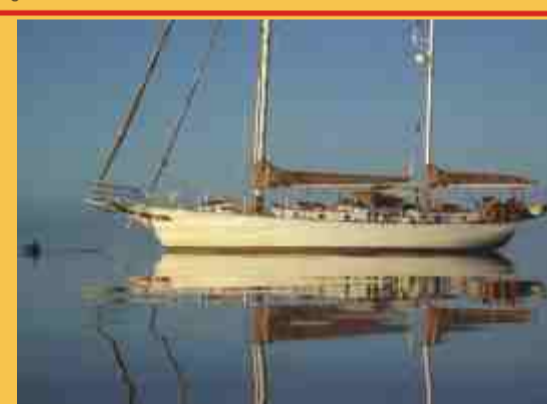
1983 Boro Steel Ketch
Ideal live-aboard, coastal or blue water cruiser. She is a 2 cabin layout, with 6 berths. Starboard galley, large water & fuel capacity. New upholstery, boom & mizzen tents. Economical Yanmar 50 HP diesel engine. \$84,500



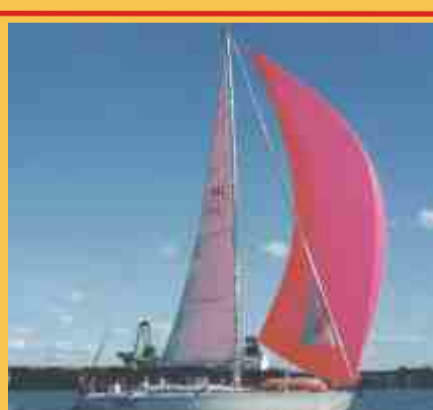
1980 Lancer Motor Yacht
Represents a perfect live-a-board. Full head room and accommodation for 4 in 2 double cabins. Spacious galley & saloon. Extensive and safety gear. Perkins 120 HP diesel and Northern Lights 3.6 kva Genset. Big price reduction to \$170,000.



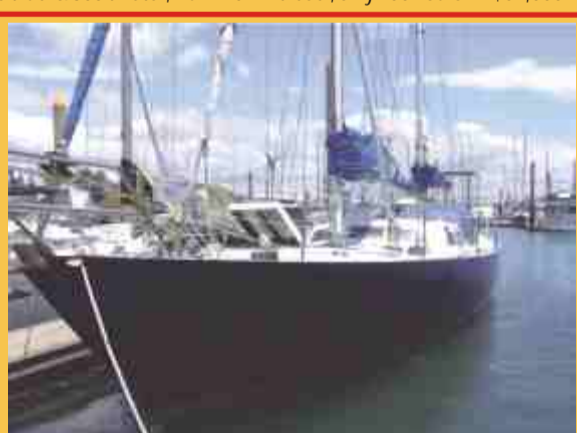
1982 Mottle Sloop 33'
Popular and sort after proven bay or coastal cruiser. Aft cabin with double and forward V berth, well laid out galley & saloon. Extensive electronics, 100lt fuel & 300lt water, Bukh 20 HP diesel, only 100 hours. \$67,000



1999 John Alden Steel Ketch 50'
This steel centreboard cutter ketch has been handcrafted to the highest standards with full headroom throughout, spacious cabins & huge storage. Set up for shorthanded cruising Ready to sail away today. Detroit 135hp diesel. \$350,000



1987 Beneteau First 435
This very well maintained Beneteau is in Qld Survey 2E and 2C. 3 cabin layout - all double cabins each with en suites. Fast and comfortable cruiser. Extensive inventory of electronics, near new sail wardrobe. Perkins 55 hp diesel. \$185,000+gst



1980 Adams Ketch 48
Comfortable live-aboard or coastal cruiser. Centre cockpit with accommodation for 7, double berth plus single in aft cabin, v-berth forward, large saloon & galley. Perkins 80hp diesel. \$139,000



1980 Ferro Cutter Sloop 45'
Owners lived aboard for many years. Extensive coastal & blue water cruising. Flush decks provides spacious interior, 8 berths in master, guest cabins & saloon. Large water & fuel capacity, new rigging, plenty of refrigeration & storage. Sails in good order. Bukh 20 hp diesel. \$60,000

Gotta Luv ya Brisbane!

Story & Photos by Norm Walker,
MY Peggy-Anne



On the piles at Botanical Gardens



The jetty at Sherwood Forest



EBSB!



Norm and Dawn hard a t work relaxing.. they don't get paid enough for this torture....

We'd been tarting around the Moreton Bay area for the last month or so. Catching up with visiting rellies and waiting for Christmas to come and go. We're not doing the family thing this year.

Checked out most of the well known spots and some of the more obscure ones, from Bribie to the Gold Coast. There is definitely some great calm water cruising in this area. That is until the weekend arrives. This is when the "big stink boats" come out to play.

They have to be over 70 feet L.O.A., are covered by very well dressed nautical types, sipping Champagne or Crown Lager, and can only travel at 30 knots .

When you're cruising, it's sometimes difficult to know what day it is, but anywhere on The Broadwater you know when it's Friday arvo. Starts around lunch time. Sure the week has been very quiet and relaxing, we've been ashore for many long walks and explorations, Tippler's resort and Jum Pin Pin, just to mention a couple. Beaut sandy beaches, the odd boatie to chat to. Bloody great!!!!

On Friday though, forget the dinghy, it's time to break out the boogie board. There's no point taking the duck ashore anyway it would be swamped in the first onslaught of five to six foot waves breaking on the normally placid beach. These big stink boats (BSB's) (Think I've come up with another "tag" Bob) certainly do cut a hole in the water. Imagine the "motion lotion" it must take to push your boats arse that far underwater that it leaves a wave closely resembling a tsunami behind.

I guess we're all a bit fortunate that these BSB's only seem to operate in an area between Southport and Tipplers Resort. Business commitments and the cost of fuel, keep em close to home it seems, although on the odd occasion I have noticed them further north. They were known to drop in for fuel, in a marina I was residing in. Used to take the yachties a day to untangle their rigging when they had left.

Anyhow we checked out the calendar and opted to depart before one Friday arvo. We had some business to attend to in Brisbane, needed to pick up the mail and were meeting more rellies visiting from up north. The Brisbane River is a very interesting passage with plenty of sights. The river has very good navigation marks and leads, is wide and carries plenty of water in most parts.

As you pass the Port of Brisbane, keep an eye out for EBSB's (extra big stink boats). Give these guys a wide berth, they don't look very manoeuvrable. Past the refineries, grab a few pickies as you pass under the Gateway Bridge. If you're on a "BSB" Riverside is probably the best option for a stopover. We decided that most of the berths were way too wide for us.

There's a good anchorage around the moorings off Breaky Creek and a short dinghy or ferry ride makes it a great spot for reprovisioning. From here it becomes a bit busier, with ferries and charter boats working around the Brisbane CBD. Don't forget the ferries have right of way and have to sometimes cut straight across the river to pick up passengers. The "City Cats" display a flashing all round yellow light and go quick. It interested me that these vessels travelled as fast as the "BSB's" we encountered on The Broadwater, but leave bugger all wake..... Bet they're a bit cheaper to run as well.

We opted to moor on the piles at The Botanic Gardens in Town Reach, which puts you right in the middle of the CBD and meant only short walks to where we had to visit. The cost is \$50 per week, toilet/shower facilities and laundry available. It would probably pay to make advance enquires as most of the piles were taken on our visit. If the piles have a rope between them it means that they are already occupied. Anchoring off, is an option. There is also a pontoon for dinghy parking in this location.

The gardens were great for exploring and walking the dog also for helping to remind me of what lawn looks like and how hard it is to bloody look after. We met the rellies, collected our mail and completed our business and then decided we would explore a bit further up stream. This should not be attempted by "EBSB's" or even "fart catchers" with big sticks. There are quite a few bridges to negotiate, not to mention the power lines.

Brisbane Reach, Milton Reach, Toowong Reach, St.Lucia Reach, Six Mile Rocks, Indooroopilly and Chelmer Reach all slipped under the keel (well they would have if we had one).

Can't believe how many pontoons are behind huge houses, with no boats attached.

We were looking for somewhere to drop the pick for the night and saw a lady standing on a quite large and new looking pontoon. We pulled over to enquire if it was for public use and were pleasantly surprised to find that anyone could tie to it. The pontoon is located adjacent to the Sherwood Forrest (arboretum), which is another great parkland area. Not sure if Robin Hood is still around, but has barbies, toilets, drinking water, kids playground and more lawn..... Put it down under top spots. The folks around here are friendly as hell and everyone stops for a chat and to say hello, a bit different from the CBD where everyone seems in too much of a hurry to say goodbye.

We stayed for two nights and then decided to push further up.

Another couple of hours of very pleasant tidal assisted motoring saw us anchored a couple of cables north of the Moggill ferry, where we spent a quiet afternoon and night.

The river here was a bit dirty, lots of debris and very murky water. There had been a lot of rain a week before our trip, which probably accounted for this. We explored a little further in our dinghy, nearly up to Ipswich and along the Bremner River before heading back towards Moreton Bay.

All in all we voted it as being a great way of spending a couple of weeks. So if you're not vertically challenged and are looking for something a bit different, give it a crack.....

Gotta luv ya Brisbane!

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"Antares Royale"



Barbara and Ulrich (Uli pronounced Oolie to his mates), have sailed their 45' Dufour all the way from Florida, USA and are currently in Cairns. They are originally from Switzerland and have owned 'Antares Royale' for 12 years. Their next stop is South Africa via Darwin; not bad for a retired printer.

Passage People

Thanks to Wendy and Eddy of "Absolutely" and all the others who came to rescue Passage People! I put a request for help for this on the web page and I couldn't be happier with the result! So lets keep it up! You all keep sending the pics and story and TCP will find pages. Be sure to include boat name, crew names and a little bit about what you been doin. Cheers to Passage People!!

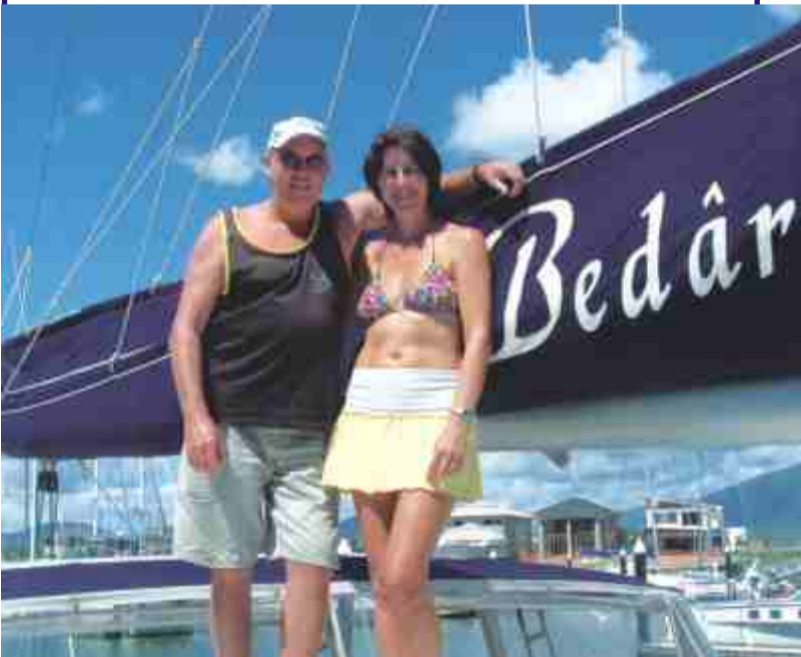


www.thecoastalpassage.com



Rob (left) came up to have a look at the bare bones project and whilst here volunteered to help get the cover over the new tent that will be the assembly shelter. So at 0630 he showed up with his mate Chris but no go, the hoped for lull in the wind didn't happen that day. But thanks for turning up!

John & Susie, along with adopted in Dampier moggie Indi, bought *Bedar* in Fremantle WA about 3 years ago. A 43' Prout catamaran, she is a bit different to the monos Susie used to race up & down the Swan River in Perth. They have sailed her around the top and are currently in Bluewater marina, Cairns. *Bedar* is heading for the Whitsundays and as Johnno is always quick off the mark with a beer, drop in for a sundowner if you spot them.



Mike Waller sent TCP an email from work.. oil rig off the west coast of Africa. Sounds like an interesting place; "When in Transit from the Rig to the Airport, we keep a watchful eye for the Bogart's of this world, when frequenting the likes of The Hotel de France and places such ,..... where "life is cheap and the whisky is even cheaper". However, in our quest for the TRUTH we have so far failed to locate , neither "Sam" nor "The African Queen", although there are many questionable alternatives."

Making cruising bickies to go back and start all over again. The boat seems ready. She is a 10 metre Lidgard 1/2 ton alloy boat with quite a history. Starting in NZ and then taking up residence in Rabaul until the troubles with a volcano and stuff. Now an Aussie.



In Memory of Dana Freeman, a sailor

by Bob Norson

Dana Freeman was born to a family of the sea. He was named after Richard Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast". When young his love for fast motorbikes saw him compete in speedway in Europe but a hard pile up in Perth ended the career. The Jawa is still immaculate, under the cover in the shed.

Dana and partner Gail, spent a few years on the southern end of the gold coast, hanging around a bunch of sailors that included some that would later be recognised as founders of the multihull revolution in Australia.

He participated in races like the Brisbane Gladstone, sometimes as skipper of the Crowther Shockwave *Skua*. As Adrian Rogers was building his fantastic 60 foot cat "Shotover" Dana began a modified version of Tony Grainger's 075 in Adrian's yard on the Tweed, but this one was a little longer, a little more beam and a little more stick, called it a "special 8". The boat was sailed north to Mackay. He and Gail raced that fast trimaran for several years around the Whitsunday's including a Hamo. A unique team at the time and intensely competitive.

He and Gail moved a house from Mackay up to the village of Finch Hatton where they restored the Queenslander. When their daughter, Linnea was born the racing tri went on the hard. After that Dana would crew on occasion, including on *WhiteBird*. My knowledge of rigging, trimming and the ways of the tides in the Whits increased as a result. It was Dana's coaching that gave me the confidence to finally correct a raft of problems with *WhiteBirds* rig. Boat talk could go on for hours and I relished it. The insights gleaned from these sessions graced many a page in TCP.

Dana would find his way to the Mackay Marina if there was an interesting boat to have a look at. When the Dick Newick 52' Tri "Traveler" had to have her rig stood at Mackay Marina, Dana was there.. of course.

Dana was a family man, animal lover, fine craftsman, boat builder and sailor, and friend.

Dana Freeman, 20th May 1948-10th April 2008. Heart failure.



Upper right; Gail, Linnea and Dana. At right; The green tri screaming through the Whits at Hamo 90. Above; Dana (green towel on shoulder) over-seeing the rig on *Traveler*.



Send us your pics!!

Passage People

www.thecoastalpassage.com



"Natsumi"



Sheryl (back to camera) and Gil Waller (at the tiller) have a great boat and sail her!! See below for a sample. Crew above is Elizibeth (blonde hair) and Penny (red suit) and Reece. Harry was taking the pic. They all were on board during the Whitsunday storm. This photo taken at Cid Harbour. Photo at left from Tonga.

"Natsumi was built by a professional boat builder for himself and his wife in Port Lincoln and launched in 1985, the name is Japanese and means 'endless summer' or beautiful summer'. We bought her in 1995 in Cairns and sailed her down to the Whitsundays before taking her back to Fremantle. We have done a few Darwin trips, including a number of times in Shark Bay, Monte Bellos and the Kimberleys, a Freo Lombok race, one to Geraldton and a Sydney Hobart in '04 which we won by default when all the other cruisers pulled out. We last left Freo in '02 with the Variety Splash to Darwin and decided not to hurry back, so with gaps of a few months here and there have gone on to Cairns, Louisiades, Mackay, Tonga, Fiji, Vanuatu and New Caledonia, before the Sydney Hobart and on to South Australia for a year or so before reversing course back up towards Queensland where we are now, on route to Townsville from Bowen with a 25k SE up our backside - glad we're not going the other way."



"Westerly Serenade"

Stevo & Frank The Aussies?



Conrad cracking a coldie!

Frank Holden sails in the one of the wildest places on earth. Frank says:

"Escudo', Breakfast of Champions.... Conrad = Canadian = Crazy.... he is a birdman who works in far northern British Columbia for the guvment counting birds... has spent two seasons in Antarctica counting penguins... came with me for a holiday.... brought his skis.... and got to use them. Big piccy... Stevo is Australian second time in the south... and me. Seno Pia, South coast Tierra del Fuego late last winter.. Sept."

Frank, you call the Canadian crazy? You're the one with your yacht parked next to a glacier! Seriously, thanks for the very interesting pics! Now where are my UGG's??

The Flying Dutchman



I'm Back!

I was just stopping by to ask about the boat next door.... and first thing I knew I was aboard with a beer in my hand.... 'this is OK'. Turns out that Bob (at left in group pic and right) had just bought the boat. He said he lived in Thailand and had a bar there but came off badly in a financial separation and came back to OZ with the shirt on the back. So, it's more than just a boat. Thanks for the welcome aboard. I had a great time! Above from left: Bob the new skipper, Elizabeth, Judy, Jude, Rog, Tim and Damian...I think!

"Aspro II"

Don has been slowly sailing around Australia since the sixties. Starting with the little "Cimba" then "Nomad" and now "Aspro II". Stopping here and there to work for a while and maybe join the local sailing club. There are sure stories to tell but this little space won't do it. Don started in WA but must be a citizen of the sea by now. A sailor and his small boat.



"Perseverance"



"Camper & Nicholson's 58 ketch. What you see is "initial euphoria". Extensive re-fit required on a hurricane damaged and neglected boat. Our names are Lynn and Mark Hoenke of Grand Rapids Michigan. The trucker blew 15 tires moving this thing from Ft Lauderdale Florida." For those that don't know US geography, that's about the equivalent of trucking a boat from Melbourne to Darwin. They have a big job ahead but a very worthy one. Mark says they would like to sail to Australia when done but hope we fix customs by then. Thanks for the pics guys!