



The Coastal Passage

www.thecoastalpassage.com

48th Edition
May - June 2011

The Voice of the Boating Community

FREE!

Special Edition



Trailer Sailing in the Kimberley or...

Jo Barnett photo



Spice Islands
cruising

Robyn Dix photo

...or our neighbours, the Louisiades - LET'S GO!



Chris Dicker photo

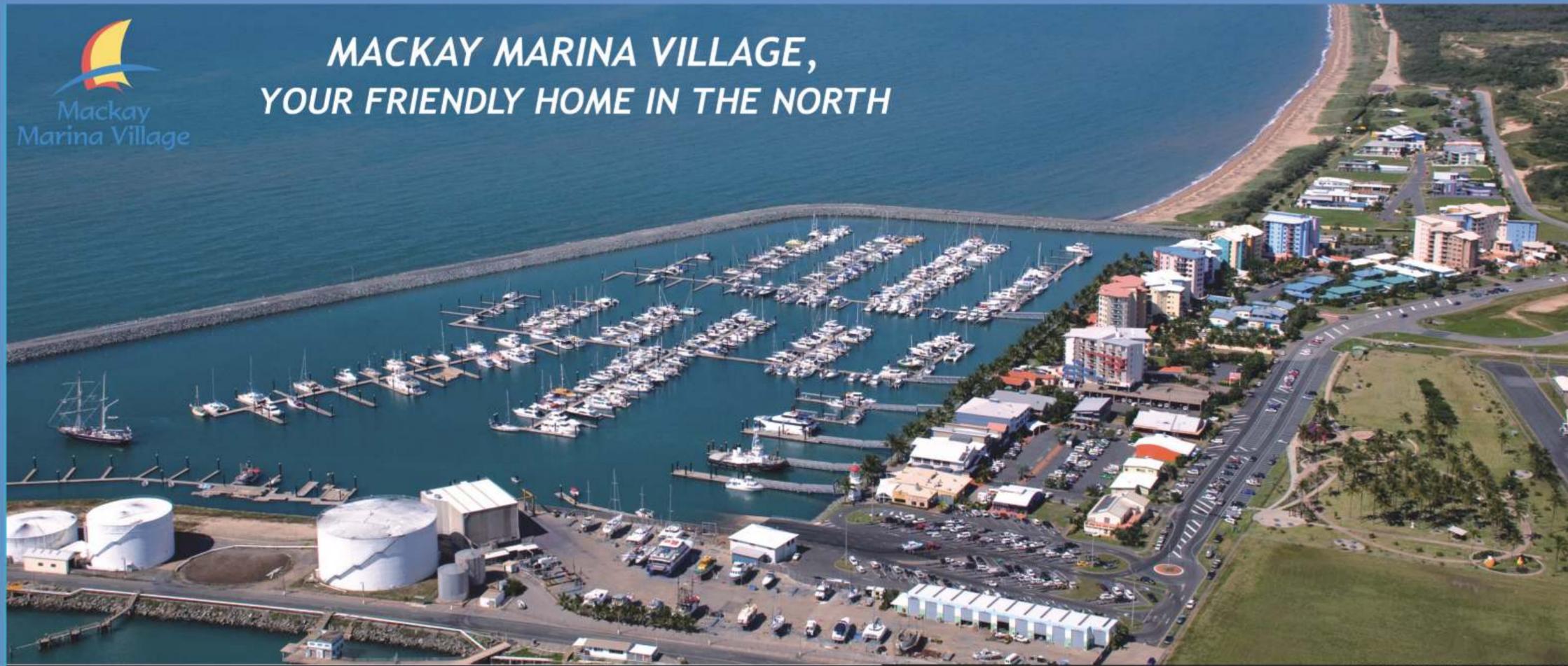
Boating Business Blues...on the rocks or just hung up?



Andrew Crawford photo



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			0-45FT	46FT - 65FT	66FT +
LIFT OUT & RETURN	2 slings	Per Foot	\$8.00	\$10.50	\$12.00
4 SLING LIFT		Per Foot	\$9.50	\$10.50	\$12.00
SURVEY / INSPECTION LIFT		Per Foot	\$7.50	\$8.50	\$10.00
TRANSPORT LIFT		Per Foot	\$7.50	\$7.50	\$8.00
IN YARD LIFT		Per Foot	\$5.00	\$5.50	\$6.00
WATERBLAST CLEAN		\$65 Per Hour			
WATERBLAST DIRTY		\$120 Per Hour - this includes clean up fee)			
HARDSTAND RATES					
MONO & MULTI					
HARDSTAND RATES		Per Foot/Day	\$2.10		
SHED HIRE MONO & MULTI					
PAINT SHED		Per Day	\$250*	\$300*	\$350*
MAINTENANCE SHED		Per Day	\$250*	\$300*	\$350*
SANDBLASTING BAY		Per Foot/Day	\$4.00*	\$4.00*	\$4.00*

* Outgoings are electricity, water and compressors

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LABOUR	Per Hour		\$60.00
CLEAN UP FEE	Per Hour		\$80.00
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- Vessels are lifted & stored at owners risk

- All prices include GST
- Prices are subject to change without notice
- SORRY NO AMEX OR DINERS CARDS ACCEPTED

MACKAY MARINA PTY LTD PRICELIST

BERTH SIZE (UP TO)	TYPE	DAILY	4 WEEKS	13 WEEKS	26 WEEKS
10m/32.8ft	MONO	\$37.00	\$814.00	\$2,361.00	\$4,132.00
10m/32.8ft	MULTI	\$46.00	\$1,012.00	\$2,935.00	\$5,137.00
11m/36ft	MONO	\$42.00	\$924.00	\$2,680.00	\$4,690.00
11m/36ft	MULTI	\$47.00	\$1,034.00	\$2,999.00	\$5,249.00
12m/39.4ft	MONO	\$43.00	\$946.00	\$2,744.00	\$4,802.00
12m/39.4ft	MULTI	\$54.00	\$1,188.00	\$3,446.00	\$6,031.00
13m/42.6ft	MULTI	\$56.00	\$1,232.00	\$3,573.00	\$6,253.00
13.5m/44.3ft	MONO	\$47.00	\$1,034.00	\$2,999.00	\$5,249.00
13.5m/44.3ft	MULTI	\$59.00	\$1,298.00	\$3,765.00	\$6,589.00
14.5m/47.5ft	MULTI	\$62.00	\$1,364.00	\$3,956.00	\$6,923.00
15m/49.2ft	MONO	\$49.00	\$1,078.00	\$3,127.00	\$5,473.00
15m/49.2ft	MULTI	\$65.00	\$1,430.00	\$4,147.00	\$7,258.00
16m/52.5ft	MONO	\$65.00	\$1,430.00	\$4,147.00	\$7,258.00
16m/52.5ft	MULTI	\$86.00	\$1,892.00	\$5,487.00	\$9,603.00
17m/55.8ft	MONO	\$72.00	\$1,584.00	\$4,594.00	\$8,040.00
17m/55.8ft	MULTI	\$90.00	\$1,980.00	\$5,742.00	\$10,049.00
17.5m/57.4ft	MULTI	\$92.00	\$2,024.00	\$5,870.00	\$10,273.00
18m/59.1ft	MONO	\$74.00	\$1,628.00	\$4,722.00	\$8,264.00
20m/65.6ft	MONO	\$86.00	\$1,892.00	\$5,487.00	\$9,603.00
21m/68.9ft	MONO	\$91.00	\$2,002.00	\$5,806.00	\$10,161.00
22m/72.2ft	MONO	\$99.00	\$2,178.00	\$6,317.00	\$11,055.00
22m/72.2ft	MULTI	\$129.00	\$2,838.00	\$8,231.00	\$14,405.00
23m/75.4ft	MONO	\$104.00	\$2,288.00	\$6,636.00	\$11,613.00
24m/78.7ft	MONO	\$125.00	\$2,750.00	\$7,975.00	\$13,957.00
25m/81.9ft	MONO	\$130.00	\$2,860.00	\$8,294.00	\$14,515.00
25m/81.9ft	MULTI	\$168.00	\$3,696.00	\$10,719.00	\$18,759.00
26m/85.3ft	MONO	\$136.00	\$2,992.00	\$8,677.00	\$15,185.00
27m/88.5ft	MONO	\$140.00	\$3,080.00	\$8,932.00	\$15,631.00
28m/91.8ft	MONO	\$146.00	\$3,212.00	\$9,315.00	\$16,302.00
29m/95.1ft	MONO	\$149.00	\$3,278.00	\$9,507.00	\$16,638.00
30m/98.4ft	MONO	\$158.00	\$3,476.00	\$10,081.00	\$17,642.00
31m/101.7ft	MONO	\$162.00	\$3,564.00	\$10,336.00	\$18,088.00
32m/105ft	MONO	\$166.00	\$3,652.00	\$10,591.00	\$18,535.00
33m/108.3ft	MONO	\$173.00	\$3,806.00	\$11,038.00	\$19,317.00
34m/108.3ft	MONO	\$177.00	\$3,894.00	\$11,293.00	\$19,763.00
35m/114.7ft	MONO	\$183.00	\$4,026.00	\$11,676.00	\$20,433.00

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Reflections

By Alan Lucas, SY Soleares

INSURANCE

It's pleasing to note how human nobility bubbles to the surface after a major catastrophe, perfect strangers queuing up to aid the stricken. Sadly, however, post-catastrophe, some victims find nobility seriously absent in their insurance companies, discovering for the first time what the small print really means.

A close relative, whose house went under in the Brisbane flood of last January, was naturally distressed, inconvenienced and upset by events, but he felt confident that he was covered for floods. On lodging a claim he was told that his policy does not include rising rivers, only back-flooding through drains. Remembering that drains are nearly always the first infrastructure to flood when a river rises, after which they back-flood into streets and houses, it can be seen that his insurance company uses the slimmest of definitions to avoid honouring a contract.

Over my decades of cruising, I have heard far too many similarly irrational insurance denials in the boating industry. An example was when a friend's yacht lost power at a critical moment while entering a coral lagoon and fetched up on the reef. He was a retired ship-owner with an impeccable life-long record with his insurer, yet the company refused to settle his claim on the basis that, quote, "The vessel remains in good condition and is not a write-off". The fact that she could not be dragged off the reef without being destroyed was conveniently ignored. The matter went to court but, regrettably, my friend died of cancer during his long, protracted battle with the insurer.

Early last February, cyclone Yasi destroyed Port Hinchinbrook Marina and almost every boat therein despite the marina being just a half-hour away from some of the best cyclone boltholes on the Australian coast. Why so few bothered to move their vessels to safety we may never know, but I bet it had something to do with the confidence of being insured.

This is mere passing comment to introduce a worrying potential inequity:

that of the growing demand by marine services up and down the coast that customers must be comprehensively insured before being accepted into a marina or any maintenance yard. It seems that none of us have thought of questioning this imposition by asking the simple question: 'What was wrong with the old system where (presumably) we were included in the server's insurance?' Or, if marinas must pursue this trend, what is wrong with the Darwin system of a few years back where uninsured boats were charged a couple of dollars extra per day to be brought under the marina's own insurance umbrella for the duration of their stay?

Had there been uninsured cruising sailors in Hinchinbrook with Yasi on the warpath, they would have taken off like startled gazelles, snugging their ships into mangrove creeks before the cyclone hit then remaining aboard until all danger had passed. Insured owners don't all feel this sense of urgency, which is one of the reasons I have never been tempted to insure. Apart from its cost and potential for being denied when needed, I don't like its mentally debilitating temptations.

Regardless of whether insurance company behaviour is fair or foul, psychologically the very act of being insured can be the root-cause of an accident. On countless occasions I have witnessed the sloppiest of responses to threatening weather. A classic example is when a number of boats are sheltering from a cyclone in a mangrove creek. Insured vessels are often left to their own devices, their owners scampering home whilst uninsured owners man their vessels throughout the ordeal, more often than not being obliged to care for poorly moored insured boats as well as their own. This scenario happened to me recently.

Anchored in a flooded river, I watched a fully insured yacht carry her mooring away and take another vessel with her, damaging both. The offending boat's owner had earlier chosen not to man her during the flood despite warnings by others to stay aboard or, at the very least, to lay out more mooring line



before going home. He ignored all suggestions and when his mooring carried away, as predicted, us stay-puts had to chase her downriver in our dinghies, anchor her, then battle our way back to our own boats against a current that almost defeated our little outboards. This was a classic case of uninsured owners saving an insurance company a total-loss payout for a customer who couldn't give a damn.

Which raises the question of eligibility. It would seem that people new to boating enjoy exactly the same insurance premiums as those with years of accumulated sailing-savvy. These newcomers are often the ones who tie their boats up with bits of frayed rope and go home confident that they needn't learn anything more about boat care because they are insured. Also, most companies want a full survey before taking your money and this can be a pointless, expensive exercise if the surveyor fails in his duty of care. Only recently I saw a boat surveyed by a so-called 'professional' who failed to find a number of broken stringers and huge areas of soft bog falling off the hull. That boat got insurance despite a lamentably poor 'survey'.

Perhaps the greatest worry in this age of obligatory insurance is the fact that some policies become null and void if an owner fails to tend his or her vessel during threatening weather. But how does this seamanlike obligation jell with those port officials who order everyone off marina-berthed vessels when a cyclone reaches a certain category? Insured customers may find themselves between a rock and a hard place. If they abandon their vessels and go ashore as ordered, they cannot fulfil their insurance policy's obligation of care: if they remain with their vessel, they are breaking the law. So, does the relevant

port authority compensate for loss and damage? If not, where's the value in obligatory insurance?

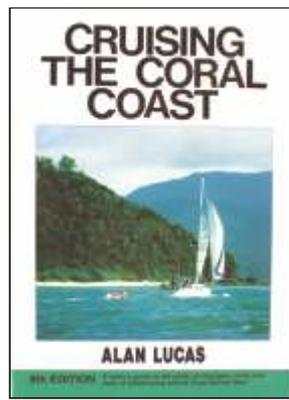
Typical of an era run by ambulance-chasing lawyers, obligatory insurance is more about fending off litigation than protecting customers and now it may introduce the above-noted layer of dispute between insurance companies and port authorities. Under the circumstances, it pays to check your small print very thoroughly. Are you really insured if you abandon your boat under strict, unbending orders from a port authority? Indeed, is your policy invalidated when you sail north of the 26th parallel? Don't forget, once you're in the so-called 'cyclone belt' your policy may become null and void unless the company is notified and a premium is paid before arrival.

In my book, *Cruising the Coral Coast*, I warn that entire marinas can be wiped out by a cyclone. And now it's happened. I'm not gloating because I know marinas are ideal places to park a boat when shore-based obligations cannot be avoided and it is not always possible to return in time to defend her against an extreme event.

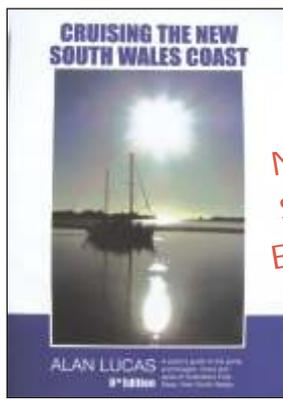
But there is yet another worrying aspect: this being the trend towards marina condominiums. These invariably fill with a majority of wealthy landlubbers who want water views, preferably without any boating infrastructure to outrage their visual senses. A very strong rumour suggests that so powerful is their lobby over sailors' rights that some marinas may actually reduce the height of piles because, according to condo owners, 'they look ugly'.

It sure makes you wonder whether marinas are designed for landlubbers or sailors and, if the former, do insurance companies and port authorities take this into consideration?

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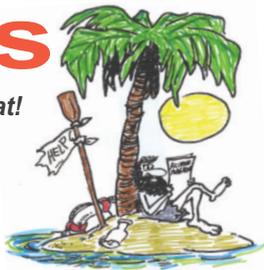
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Contributors

What's your story? We'll do it on any boat!



Susan Bett, MY Scallywag
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 Sue Woods, Solita

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

Where can I get copies of The Coastal Passage???

New distribution places in red

-NEW ZEALAND.....
- *NORTH ISLAND
 Whangarei Marina
 Ponsonby Cruising Club
-NORTHERN TERRITORY.....
- *D A R W I N
 Dinah Beach Yacht Club
 BIAS
 Darwin Sailing Club
- *G O V E
 Yacht Club
- QUEENSLAND.....
- *PORT DOUGLAS
 Half Moon Bay Chandlery
 Port Douglas Yacht Club
 Port Douglas Combined Club
- *YORKEYS KNOB
 Yorkeys Knob Boating Club
- *C A I R N S
 Blue Water Marina
 Cairns Yacht Club
 Cairns Marlin Marina Office
 Cairns Cruising Yacht Squadron
 The Coffee Bean Estate
- *MOURILYAN HARBOUR
 Coast Guard Innisfail
- *CARDWELL
 Hinchinbrook Marina
- *TOWNSVILLE
 The Navigation Centre
 Motor Boat & Yacht club
 Breakwater Marina office
 Breakwater Chandlery Café
 BIAS Boating Warehouse
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 North Qld. Cruising Yacht Club
 Harbour Office
 Summergarden Cinema (Q.B.)
- *AIRLIE BEACH and surrounds
 Whitsunday Sailing Club
 Abel Point Marina Office
 Whitsunday Ocean Services
 Marlin Marine
 Shute Harbour Chanlery. & Slipway
 Quadrant Marine
 Edges Boatyard
- *SEAFORTH
 Seaforth Boating Club
- *M A C K A Y
 Mackay Marina
 Mackay's Boat Yard
- *PERCY ISLAND
 A frame
- *ROSSLYN BAY
 Capricornia Cruising Yacht Club
 Keppel Bay Marina
- *ROCKHAMPTON
 Fitzroy Motor Boat Club
- *GLADSTONE
 Gladstone Marina Office
 Gladstone Yacht Club
- *BUSTARD HEADS
 The Lighthouse
- *BUNDABERG
 Midtown Marina
- *BURRUM HEADS
 Burrum Traders
- *HERVEY BAY
 Great Sandy Straits Marina Office
 Fishermans Wharf Marina
 The Boat Club Marina
- *MARYBOROUGH
 Boaties Warehouse
 Mary River Marine Supplies
- *TIN CAN BAY
 Tin Can Bay Yacht Club
 Tin Can Bay Marina
- *NOOSA
 Noosa Yacht & Rowing Club
- *MOOLOOLABA
 Kawana Waters Marina
 Mooloolaba Marina Office
 Mooloolaba Yacht Club
 Whitworth's (Minyama)
 Lawries Boat Services
- *REDCLIFFE PENINSULA
 Moreton Bay Marine Supplies
- *S C A R B O R O U G H
 Scarborough Marina
 Moreton Bay Boat Club
- *NEWPORT
 Australiawide Brokerage
- *SANDGATE
 Queensland Cruising Yacht Club
- *BRISBANE
 Boat Cfraft Pacific (loganholme)
 Australian Boating Supplies
 Whitworths (Woolloongabba)
 Whitworths (Breakfast Creek)
- *M A N L Y
 Moreton Bay Trailer Boat Club
 Marina & Yacht Club
 East Coast Marina
 Royal QLD Yacht Squadron
 Wynnum Manly YC, Marina Office
 Muir Marine
- *R A B Y B A Y
 Raby Bay Marina
- *C O O M E R A / HOPE ISLAND
 Australian Boating Supplies
 Gold Coast Marine Centre
 Marina Foods and Takeaway
 Hopelands Resort Marina
- *SOUTHPORT
 Southport Y. Club, Marina Office
 Whitworth's (Warehouse Rd.)
- NEW SOUTH WALES.....
- *Y A M B A
 Yamba Marina
- *COFFS HARBOUR
 Coffs Harbour Marina
 Harbourside Chandlery
- *PORT MACQUARIE
 Port Macquarie Marina
- *PORT STEPHENS
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- *NEWCASTLE
 Newcastle Cruising Yacht Club
- *CENTRAL COAST
 Gosford Sailing Club
- *S Y D N E Y & SURROUNDS
 Cruising Yacht Club Australia,
 Rushcutters Bay
 The Maritime Model Museum
 Boat Books
 Middle Harbour Yacht Club
 Royal Motor Yacht Club Broken Bay
 Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club
-CANBERRA.....
 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
 Royal Melbourne Yacht Squadron
 Hastings Yacht Club
-SOUTH AUSTRALIA.....
 Port Adelaide Sailing Club
 Cruising Yacht Club of S.A.
 Royal S.A. Yacht Squadron
-WESTERN AUSTRALIA.....
 Boating Hardware-Prosail -
 O'Connor (near Fremantle)
-TASMANIA.....
 Oyster Cove Marina (Hobart)

Rick & Alex Low Island's Caretakers display The Coastal Passage



Low Isles Caretaker Rick Kilpatrick has made a special brochure holder in the boat shed so yachties can help themselves to the latest issues of The Coastal Passage. It's just a few metres off the beach first on your right, along the Heritage Trail.

Low Isles is a popular anchorage, about 8 nm offshore Port Douglas. The lagoon has 3 blue public moorings and good protection from the predominant south easterlies.

The island has been manned for about 120 years - first by the lighthouse keepers and their families. Then, in 1993 the Lighthouse was changed to solar power and automated. The local community was anxious about the future of the island, if it was unmanned. So, the Low Isles Preservation Society (LIPS) was formed and they were instrumental in lobbying to secure funding to pay for a full time Ranger on the island.

The Ranger/Caretaker does the weather observations for the BoM, maintains the 8 buildings on the island (with the help of the LIPS volunteers), looks after the research station and scientists, and assists the tour operators to look after the reef. Its always touch and go whether the funding will continue; and, at the moment, we try to run the island on a shoe string so that we can keep it protected.

The island is definitely a shared space - between the tour operators (about 100 visitors a day on average) the prawn trawlers, the local boaties, the cruising yachties, LIPS volunteers, and of course the birds!

All the groups work in well together. For example, the island is used by the tour boats from 10:30 am - 2:30 pm. Then the boaties come and enjoy the peace and quiet until sunset. The locals often come early in the morning and it isn't uncommon to see a champagne breakfast spread out under one of the coconut frond shelters at 7 am on a calm Saturday morning!

In spite of the lagoon being well used, the coral is still in good condition - with about 70% soft coral, 30% hard coral and a good diversity of fish. It is generally the last crocodile free swim for those heading up north.

It is also fun and entertaining to stroll around the island and watch the lemon sharks languidly schooling up the bait fish- until BANG!- a small (or not so small) feeding frenzy erupts.

As for the bird life - Rick has identified 32 species on the island so far. Low Isles are known for the 4 nesting osprey (1 pair on the lighthouse) and the 35,000 odd Torres Strait Pigeons that breed on Woody Island between September and March each year.

One of the several scientists who come regularly to work from the Research Station is doing a study on the pigeons. Volunteers have also been doing monthly pigeon counts, since time immemorial. If you happen to be around and want to assist with a count - let Rick know - another pair of eyes is always appreciated. Woody Island is closed to visitation during the breeding season.

Low Isles is a green zone, subject to all the normal rules. There are a few extras as well - being a Commonwealth Island - no pets, commercial visitation strictly limited to those with permits, and no one except the Caretakers allowed on the island after sunset.

Rick's particular bugbear - speeding in the lagoon. Low Isles is lucky enough to be home to a large green turtle population. Studies have shown that if you go faster than 4 knots the turtles have little chance of escaping a boat strike - so please stay well below the speed limit of 6 knots! For medical emergencies, the island is equipped with a Royal Flying Doctors Kit.

So, if you're passing by on your way up from Cairns, please stop by and say hi to Rick and Alex, pick up your latest copy of TCP, join us for sundowners, come and check out the little home made museum, and enjoy Low Isles! We have Boaties Packs which we give out that have zoning info, tide charts, and general info re the reef, that are available to any one who wants one.

For those who haven't been to Port Douglas before, here's a bit of info: The inlet has recently been dredged, so yachts should be able to enter in most tides. It is a good place to provision - Coles and the local chandler Shipshape are both within close walking distance of the public jetty (which has a tap for fresh water). There are wonderful markets where you can buy local produce on Sunday mornings. Berths are available at the Meridien Marina (4099 5775) or Closehaven Marina near the yacht club (0429056379). Cruising yachts can anchor within the Inlet. There are 2 fuel depots - at the Marina, and Morano's (past the yacht club), and a slipway right on the waterfront.

Alex Mateer,
 Low Isles Caretaker



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Kay Norson: senior volunteer, apprentice sander, level 2 speller & expert postie
 Bob Norson: sometime publisher, editor, journalist, advertising, photographer, computer & marine heads technician, boat builder, etc., etc..

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This Issue, Last Issue, and whatever comes to mind...

Welcome to the Special Web Edition

Yes.. there really is a printed TCP!

Most readers of the "paper" have never seen a sical paper edition. Electronic readership is about 8 1 compared to print lately. That being the case, we be looking at how we can make the paper easier for web based readers. You may see that the print is smaller on these pages then for a magazine format. That is because the paper is printed on a tabloid size format. In other words out print pages are twice the size of a typical magazine. So if you try to print off a page it may look miniaturised. Do you care? Is there a way we can improve the experience for you? We are willing to work harder to reproduce this electronic edition if we understand it's important to you so please let us know with your feedback. email is;

mail@thecoastalpassage.com

Also, see the article in this edition about how the paper comes about if you are curious.

MBTBC Shouts Cruisers! No really.. See their ad in this edition. Stop in for a month, week or overnight and the marina will shout your tab at the club and it is a beaut! If you are going to stop in the Brisbane or Moreton Bay area you might as well get your night on the pub looked after.

Last Edition; First of all I have to mention circulation. In spite of the some of the most dramatic news in years for distraction, the electronic version of TCP 47 approached ten times our print distribution. A funny little note from TCP # 17 editorial;

"The new TCP WEB SITE!! Off and running! I couldn't be more pleased at the response so far. Judging by our statistics, approximately 410 full copies of TCP 15 and 16 have been downloaded. That is a spectacular result considering it was only announced last issue. Many stay in Australia but the USA is taking a bunch of them."

We were so proud of that! Current download rate for all editions on the website average about 1800 per day.

And what about that cover photo! Ashley Cooper of Bundaberg nailed one of the most dramatic shots published of the Queensland disasters.



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to
will
you



And speaking of Bundy floods. It brought out the best and the beast in people. The canned responses that yachties got from MSQ after reporting "marine incidences" as required by law were despicable. Any argument that MSQ is a proponent for boating "safety", as is their middle name, has been put to rest. We are still receiving accounts of bravery and self sacrifice about yachties that rescued mates or the boats of strangers but the kick in the gut that MSQ delivered to the fleet was unbelievable. Then combine that with reports a wealthy fisherman with a big house on the river gathered his mates to cheer loudly whenever a yacht went under in front of them to the display of disgusting behaviour. But wait, there is more, how about the downstream marina that raised it rates for boats that sought shelter during the floods there. I can't help but remember the rough weather in Mackay a few years ago, when the marina opened up new berths for free to sheltering yachts. If I heard wrong, the invitation is open to Bundy Port to deny this. I hope I heard wrong....

Gary Briggs was spot on! Last issue TCP published a statement by Dalby resident Gary Briggs concerning the ineptitude and arrogance of the authorities that locals had to put up with on top of their other woes. The current independent enquiry into these floods is finding a lot of problems and Gary's version of events is vindicated. Also, not that we were surprised at all, the management of Wivenhoe dam has come under much suspicion for it's actions in having the dam so full prior to the flood. Dam management claimed ignorance of long term weather predictions that we were up to date on. It isn't over yet but we will be very interested in seeing what the commission will do with the testimony and evidence it has gathered. There are two very important points that I think most residents of Queensland don't realise. One, the "flood control dams" were turned over to a corporation. That corporation is in the business to make money, not protect property. Water behind the dam is their inventory. If the dam had been used in accordance with it's original tax payer funded intention, they would have reduced their profits by putting a priority on flood control. Two, that \$9,000,000,000 water grid that tax payers paid for, to connect all the reservoirs was sold to voters as a water security measure for the southeast of the state is rubbish from what we have been able to work out. We have research documents from as far back as 2002 that state the coal mining business was out of supplies of water for any future growth then. Now, how much do you think coal production has increased since 2002 and where have they got the water? The same report states an average fresh water use of about 200 litres per ton of coal produced. THINK ABOUT IT, WHICH WAY DOES THE WATER FLOW IN THAT PIPE!

A Cruise Ship article?? In TCP?! I know, I know. That's what I thought till I read it. When Vicki J get wound up she is just fantastic. I hope you like as much as I did. Give it a chance.

The Sanctuary Cove Boat show. Nervous anticipation is the mood we sense. My feeling is it will chug along with pretty ordinary performance but I wouldn't bet a penny on any alternative. It could be a turn around or a shocker. By the time a lot of you read this we'll know. The only guarantee is the Gold Coast papers will be claiming a record breaking success, no matter what. I think there are some boat building operations that are betting the house on this show because they don't have anything to loose. They either get a hand full of orders now or they are toast. We hope they make it.



Abel Point Marina... Back to the Future?

Dear TCP,

I thought you might be interested to hear about our experience with Tropical Cyclone Ului earlier this year.

On our return from a 5 month tour of Papua New Guinea, we cleared Customs in Townsville in October 2009. We decided to spend the summer in and around The Whitsunday's waiting for the cyclone season to end before heading around to Darwin then The Kimberlies. As Cyclone Ului was looming down on us we had to decide if we were to head to Bowen or Able Point Marina for a secure mooring. I rang the marina at Able Point on the Wednesday morning before TC Ului was supposed to reach the mainland. I was told that until they had my insurance documents in their hands they would not even make a booking for us.

I did explain our documents were on the boat and I could bring them straight up to the office. No, they have to be here before the booking can be made. A phone call to our insurance supplier on the Gold Coast, and the document was faxed to the marina. I then called back to confirm the paperwork had arrived and make a booking; "Yes, all's good. You have a booking, we'll allocate a berth on arrival."

Great, an hour later I answered a call from the marina stating we couldn't book for 4 days, because there was a cyclone warning, we had to pay for 1 week. O.K. [Eds note; The writer indicated that she thought this was very wrong] We arrived in the marina at 3pm and 15mins later the phone rang with a girl from the office demanding we come immediately to the office to pay our bill. We hadn't even secured the boat yet!

Two other cruising boats we know had the same treatment from the office staff, no booking without insurance documents in their hands; and come and pay for a week within minutes of arrival.

One boat we know had to pay an early entry fee of \$80.00. The berth was empty upon their arrival. They were 2 hours early and the fee was the equivalent to a whole day.

We were evacuated at 5pm on Saturday afternoon, and with the intensity of the storm were pleased to leave the boat. All was well with the boat on our return post cyclone. A minimal amount of paint damage, nothing else.

Sunday, as you would expect, was a day of stunned and amazed emotions. We had a look around, as did most other folk, and were impressed with the lack of major damage to the buildings. Of course there was some but not a lot. Considering the damage sustained by the trees, fences, sheds and the boats left on moorings, the town of Airlie Beach did well.

On Monday things were starting to get back to normal in a sort of fashion; we had no power, as was to be expected, but suddenly our water was disconnected with no notice.

When I asked the office staff what happened to the water and when it would be back on I was told; "The council cut it off because of the cyclone. The header dam was empty and the pumps were pumping air." O.K. when will it be turned back on? "I don't know, maybe next week."

My next question was is gas available and can I get some now? "Yes, just bring your bottle up." When I arrived with 2 gas bottles to be filled, the same girl told me the gas wasn't working, because of the cyclone!!!

One of the maintenance crew was standing in the office, shook his head, picked up my bottle, took it to the gas pump and filled it! The office staff member didn't bat an eyelid!

That afternoon, chatting to a different maintenance staff member, I mentioned the water. He told me he had cut the water off, only at the end of the jetty, because the last finger was damaged. We could access water 2 taps up. We had water all the time.

I have to wonder why the office staff wasn't trained to say "I don't know, I will try to find out for you." Not a big ask. She really didn't have to make things up just for my sake.

When I went to the office to hand in our key and get our \$50.00 refund however, she actually gave the money to me, with a smile! One wonders where that came from.

I know the marina at Able Point does not have a very good name with cruising yachties, but to charge early fees, not make bookings until the insurance papers are in hand, demand payment before you even have time to tie your boat safely, exacerbate the situation. The maintenance crew were helpful and friendly, very unlike the office staff.

Some boats these days have email capabilities, and when in internet range can email documents. That is of course if they know in advance to get electronic copies of the relevant paperwork. In the future we will try to have our documents electronically stored.

I was disappointed in the treatment by the marina office staff; especially when the rest of the Airlie Beach and local surrounds worked so well with the cyclone and then the aftermath of what was to unfold. We left the marina with the feeling that we would not be returning in the future.

We are now under way to Darwin, looking forward to The Kimberlies.

**Wendy Shields,
SY Outsider**

TCP response; TCP also had problems with the individual at the counter that Wendy mentions above. We were in Airlie Beach post Ului and found we had been given a boatload of incorrect information by this person regarding the distribution of the paper at the office. We enquire by phone during the printing cycle and were told the papers were going well but that wasn't true. Instead of the papers being displayed as normal, they were left in a back room and not displayed at all. During our visit there, packages of past editions were found piled in the office that had never been displayed.

The reason this letter was delayed this long was we were trying to work with marina management to achieve some resolution to these issues on behalf of the fleet and to restore distribution of the paper. This letter was forwarded to the manager who promised to contact the vessel Outsider to resolve it all but Wendy reports no contact was ever made. We tried.

It is interesting... the former staff at this marina was infamous for rudeness though TCP was well regarded and distribution was successful there. The staff were referred to as The Witches of Eastwick or just The witches. Newer management had stated they wanted to change that culture and changed staff but as far as we know, the relentless dissemler is still there.. but that fixed smile is a change! Aint progress grand...

More letters in following pages



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.

Jambalaya, an Adams 35



Hello Bob and Kay,

I couldn't help but notice that Joe Adams has been busy designing more cruising boats.

In August 1987, I bought the plans for a steel multi-chine Adams 35 directly from Joe when he lived at Port Macquarie. I used to call in and phone him from time to time for more information and chats etc as the boat's construction progressed. As I was the only woman ever to build one of his boats, he made me promise to keep in touch to let him know how it all turned out. Then time passed and he sold his 15m at Coffs and went off to his island.

Well it all turned out fabulously, and that's *Jambalaya* in the photos. I'm hoping you can contact Joe and forward these photos to him. Please let him know that it only took 19 years, and that although I constructed the hull, rudder etc, installed engine and prop shaft, I then met my husband, Barry Kean, who fitted out the interior, and faired the hull and painted her, so I can't claim the full credit.

**Thanking you for a great magazine,
Val Hodgson, SY Jambalaya**

Hi Val, Your email & photos have been forwarded to Joe. We are sure he will be happy for your success!

Cheers, Kay & Bob



Photos: Jambalaya on her maiden voyage, Ballina, 2009 and on the slip almost ready...

Cyclone holes, statistics and floods

Dear Coastal Passage,

My name is Tracey. Ken and I live with our family aboard our 45ft Yacht called *Magic*. We have been onboard this boat for the past eleven years, with our older children moving out and younger ones being born. We have sailed as far as Japan but spend a lot of time on a small island called Kapingamaringi, just north of the Equator in the Federated States of Micronesia. We spend a lot of time in Cairns as our older children live ashore and work here.

We have been up the creek for two previous cyclones, "Steve" and "Larry". Steve was a non event and though Larry devastated Innisfail, Cairns got off lightly.

So, on Tuesday, February 1st this year, we, along with the whole floating flotilla of Cairns, made our way up into the maze of mangroves behind Cairns. "Yasi" was coming and everyone knew the routine of heading up into the mangroves.

There is a cyclone plan for Cairns Harbour issued by the Cairns Port Authority, so creeks are designated for different areas for boats. Most people have their spots and you have a bow anchor, stern anchor and lines going every which way across the creeks. New boaties are shown the ropes and away it goes.

Everything was going fine this time until Wednesday morning. Everyone woke up and the new facts about Yasi were revealed; "**now a category 5 and a storm surge**". It was the unknown that was freaking out many people, so many families who would have normally stayed on their boats left, and found shelter in Cairns.

Those of us who stayed made even greater preparations, trying to take into consideration the storm surge, being able to let out ropes if necessary! Life jackets out and ready and so on...We didn't know what to expect, but still felt we had done as much as we could and the mangroves are extremely safe.

As it turned out, there was very little wind for us Cairns boaties. It would be so wonderful if any readers who have experienced such things, could write in and let us know what it was like in a storm surge in a "Cat 5" cyclone.

When you see photos of Port Hinchinbrook, we can all see what can happen if you leave a boat in a marina, no matter how "cyclone proof" it is, but we want to hear about the boats that went up the mangroves and survived.

In front of me is an article (*see comment below*) about Bob Leyden who was presumed "missing" after Yasi had passed because no one could make contact with him. He was last seen on Tuesday, moving his boat up into the mangroves. He turned up on Friday, sailing into Port Hinchinbrook. Now here is someone who experienced his Cat 5 cyclone and storm surge and lives to tell the tale. Apparently he was shaken (who wouldn't be), but fine.

It is incredibly safe up the mangroves, but no one knows what to expect from a cyclone like Yasi and the full brunt of the storm surge. So, if anybody could fill us in, it would be most beneficial to us all.

Tracey, SY Magic

Hi Tracy,

As Norm Walker mentioned in his article in the last TCP (pg 14) I have also spoken to skippers who had their boats at Port Hinchinbrook and opted to moor in the mangroves while Yasi blew the place to pieces. They returned the next day to clean off a few mangrove leaves, their vessels being unscathed."

Whilst the chance of losing a boat in the mangroves in a cat 5 can't be denied the odds are considerably improved over any marina. We are not familiar with any boat lost there from Yasi. TCP would invite a personal account. The news article you refer to was also mentioned by Norm and myself in comments on the same page. We knew from the first "missing" report where he was and why.

Cheers, Bob

Re your article, "What should have been learnt from Larry" (TCP #47, pg 13),

I think someone should look up the statistics before comparing the two cyclones. I also spent time sheltering

in the mangroves during Larry and didn't even have to roll up my cleats, but after looking at what Yasi had in store for the area, there was no way I was going to risk my wife's life, nor my own, up some creek alone. As I said look up the statistics, two totally different systems.

**Regards,
A.J.**

Dear AJ,

The storms were statistically identical. Both cat 5 cyclones. Further, at the time evacuation into the mangroves was safe, the path of Yasi nor Larry was an absolute. The author of the excellent article you refer to stated at the end, "We were close enough to the centre of cyclone Larry for it to be exciting without being significantly scary. I have no desire to be any closer to a Category 5 Cyclone." And who would? Also, if you didn't wish to risk your wife's life or your own, leave the boat in the mangroves and find a nice "safe" house to hide in.



And one more item: I was in Innisfail in the first lot of traffic allowed through the still flooded road to deliver relief supplies. In spite of the direct hit that Innisfail took, I found the boats that were able to hide in the mangroves (above) were secure when boats in the more exposed town reach didn't all survive. It's your boat, do what you like. I will be in the mangroves.

**Cheers,
Bob**

Dear Editor,

North Queensland Ports Corporation plans to add up to three additional coal port terminals to Hay Point and Dudgeon Point which are 12km upwind from Mackay. This expansion and the proposed Multi Cargo facility offshore at Abbot Point north of Bowen would accommodate the proposed massive 60 million tonnes a year Adani Carmichael coal mine 50 km long next to Carmichael Creek in the Galilee Basin west of the Bowen Basin.

Most coal mines in Queensland are three to five million tonnes a year. These projects will mean a significant loss of biodiversity for central Queensland that should shock Queenslanders and Australians.

Important habitat for endangered species such as the black-throated finch is proposed on the mine site with 22,000 ha of native remnant vegetation to be cleared for mining. **Large floods will wash heavy metals and other pollutants downstream into the Burdekin River dam waters which provide water for Townsville during drought.** The proposed rail line to Abbot Point will mean that another mega rail line in addition to the Hancock line will cross the nationally listed wetlands at Abbot Point. The draft environmental management plan for these wetlands has no funding source to implement the report's recommendations.

Mackay residents should also be very concerned about health impacts. Coal dust hazardous pollutant loads would blow constantly southeast from the proposed mega coal ports complex, which would be the largest in the world.

**Maria Macdonald
Residents Action Association Inc., Bowen**

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More letters...

Careening news?

Hello there,

We have an 11 metre Simpson Elite sailing cat and have been trying to find out laws that govern if and where we can careen. So far I have phoned the EPA in Brisbane and never received a reply. I then E-Mailed them and was asked where I wanted to careen so my query could be directed to the correct department. I replied giving them several sites up the coast but never received a reply.

The questions I asked included:

1. Can I go on a beach to clean barnacles and weed off the hull and props if I catch everything on a tarp and put it in a rubbish bin?
2. Can I scrape the same by diving on the boat whilst afloat?
3. Can I go on a beach to do repairs to the hulls or props etc?
4. If not where can I find the legislation that prohibits it?

Can you help?

Mal

Greetings Mal,

Oh! You want intelligent answers to simple questions???

My assessment is... Though I haven't seen the specific legislation, we are told that careening to clean a hull anywhere on the Australian coast is illegal. This was done under a Commonwealth program via an "intergovernmental agreement".

TCP attacked this protocol and challenged their contrived research back in TCP # 17. Here is a link to that old article.

<http://thecoastalpassage.com/biofoul.html>

The bio-fouling protocol has been a big dud. In spite of massive efforts to put substance to their conjecture they haven't been able to come up with anything worth bragging about and there has been a winding down of enforcement... but not officially, and the fees remain.

To see how dumb it all is.. have a look at the image below which is a google search on the relevant subject..

and then just for fun click on the link below that is meant to be the source of information for recreational boat owners...



http://www.marinepests.gov.au/_data/assets/pdf_file/0009/1109592/Bio_fouling_guidelines_rec.pdf

Promise.. it'll be a hoot! This is the result I got;



I sent an email to the site to ask why they had this document password protected and I got a denial that it was. However I checked again just before printing and as of may 8th, still is. I don't think this is anything other than a web production stuff up but in all the time it has been there, I must be the only one who was curious enough to enquire!

We have been told that careening a boat for any purpose is illegal however, we are confident that making repairs is a safety issue and commonwealth law not only allows a skipper to take necessary steps to insure safety of the vessel, the law requires it so supersedes other law in that regard.

Your inquirers are so reasonable you have twisted have twisted them into knots. On the one hand no one can reasonably object to your plan, but on the other no one wants to say you can, so you are ignored.. My bet is that will continue.

If you like we can put your letter on the table for possible publication to see if we can gather up some more info.

So please readers... send us your experiences, rumours heard, anything really to see if we can see what the bad guys are doing about this.

Cheers,
Bob

NO ANCHORING AT GREAT KEPPEL ISLAND?



Photo: Putney Beach, site of proposed marina development. A beautiful southerly anchorage for shallow draughted vessels. Photo taken on April 23, 2011 by Joanne Reichelt

In a recent article published on the 4th April 2011 in 'The Morning Bulletin', Anthony Aiossa, Development Manager for Sydney based developer Tower Holdings made the following comment regarding their "Revitalisation Plan" for Great Keppel Island about the marina they wish to build on Putney Beach and if it does not gain approval:

'There will be no safe marine facility or floating jetty to Fisherman's Beach. So the boats will continue to anchor uncontrolled around the island, they will continue to discharge sewage into Keppel Bay'.

ALL boat owners of the Capricorn Coast should see this comment as something to be very concerned about. If anchoring was restricted in this area to feather one developer's pocket, what will happen to **ALL** boat owners rights to go to sea and anchor safely as they see fit? Great Keppel Island rightly has several no anchoring areas where fringing reefs occur and several green zones that do not allow fishing and several other activities. These areas are extremely important for the fragile marine life that inhabits this area. A greedy, Sydney based developer trying to force boats into his expensive marina; however, has no right to restrict free anchoring around Great Keppel Island. They **do not** own the waterways in this area. If legislation was passed to allow any type of restriction made by a developer, imagine how the boating fraternity would be affected. What would become of the marine industry which relies heavily on the many people throughout Australia who own boats of all sizes? How would the charter boat industry continue to operate in an already restricted, high maintenance industry?

All large vessels are required to have holding tanks installed on their boats or a special type of toilet, and sewage discharge must occur in marinas with pump out facilities or certain approved areas.

I urge anyone in the Capricorn region who is a boat owner to take this matter up with the local Member for Keppel:

PaulHoolihan@Keppel@parliament.qld.gov.au

and cc our state Minister for Transport: transport@ministerial.qld.gov.au and Premier Anna Bligh thepremier@premiers.qld.gov.au to make sure that nothing like this can occur.

The Greens Rep. for the Capricorn region is Paul Bambrick,

Email: capricornia@qld.greens.org.au

Rod Surveson
SV Zulu

FLOOD FLOTSAM

There have been some really bizarre things happening around the place on the water scene here in Central Queensland, of late. I know a lot of foreign matter has been swept down from inland so perhaps a few misfits have been swept down with it all. It began for us in Ross Creek

First incident was the back hatch lock and fitting on *Alisa B* had been smashed, the fuel tank stolen, along with anchor and chain.

The next incident was in the Fitzroy River where we witnessed some strays trying to steal a dingy in broad daylight with the owner 100 meters away out of sight walking her dogs. Other yachties intervened but bolt cutters were used the next visit while she was working as a R.N. on night duty only to come home to no dingy. Beth has since spent a lot on new tinny and outboard as well as in disablers.

After that we arrived to Ross Creek with all the gear we must now load and unload to take a trip, to find the key didn't fit the lock. The lock had been changed. A phone call and we found out Angela, the co-owner had not changed the lock. Inside the marine radio and inflatable were missing.

Next came after the Rocky floods, *Shomi* firmly on a mooring with a giant tree branch and limb forming a wishbone firmly gripping the bow of *Shomi*. A neighbour from a houseboat whom I have yet to meet tried to remove it and in the process sank his tinny. Weeks later the tinny was discovered near the mouth of the river.

January 2011 Cyclone Yasi was on its way and the ABC radio announced Yasi was expected to cross north of Gladstone. I was off and running. A property with partly open shed, and two boats to prepare and secure I had my work cut out for me. Steffen helped after work with removing sails and awnings on *Shomi*. Later that night trudging up the mountain (I don't own a 4+4), after dark I was literally shaking with fatigue and a feeling of futility, thinking we will be two boats short if Yasi comes our way and in fear of our lives in the rainforest with flying tree branches and a hardware store, stored in the shed erupting into the sky and becoming life threatening UFOs..

The next two incidents were even stranger. On *Alisa B*, the hatch with the broken fitting was screwed shut when we came to put the new fuel tank in place. There was a bronze throated lizard over a meter long inside the boat with no entry points open to the mangroves.

Meanwhile in the Fitzroy someone boarded *Shomi* undid the shackle to steal the new float Dave had fitted. Another boat dweller up river woke to hear *Shomi* bumping past in the dead of night. Thanks for anchoring her up guys.

Since the night in spring 2010 when I rowed home to where *Shomi* was kept on a mooring and she wasn't there (Dave had been working on the mooring and moved *Shomi* toward the other end of the town reach and simply forgot to ring me), I have come in twice since to find *Shomi* somewhere other than where I expected her to be. You'd think I'd become immune but it still gives me a sinking feeling when I have to look for her.

Anyway, as I was saying before I became sidetracked, whatever came down with the flood waters was something slimy and repulsive. Since then 3 boats at the Marina in Rosslyn Bay have been set alight between rounds of the nightwatchman.

Vicki J., SV's *SHOMI* and *ALISA B*

The Right to Free Anchorage

Dear TCP,

I read with considerable concern the letter by Jill Knight, S.V Cooee, regarding her treatment by Harbour Control officers in Mooloolaba. The Regulations governing anchorage in the Mooloolah River are subject to the Transport Infrastructure (TI) (Sunshine Coast Waterways) Management Plan of 2000, itself a Regulation of the Transport Infrastructure Act of 1994. Now Section 277 (1) of the 1994 Act, I think, makes it pretty clear that that Port Authorities are subject to the Transport Operations (Marine Safety Act) 1994:

1) The powers of a port authority under this chapter, including powers conferred by a regulation, must be exercised subject to the powers of

- (a) the general manager under part 14A of the Marine Safety Act; or
(b) a harbour master under the Marine Safety Act (MSA) about marine safety and navigation.

Without going into the details of the M.S.A. legislation (which puts a priority on 'efficiency' rather than 'safety') it would seem that where a person has a legitimate right to claim a discretionary approval in the interests of safety (Section 10 of the T.I. Regulations gives examples under which a vessel may be lived aboard including adverse weather or urgent repairs for a period not exceeding ten days) then a reasonable discretion should be exercised in favour of that person.

In short, if a person of Jill Knight's enormous experience and knowledge of the sea, of her vessel and above all, of her own health was forced to take a course of action by following an order that put her at risk, I would think that the Minister responsible should be made aware of the cavalier interpretation of the law by her officers.

Editors note: Jill may not have informed the officer of her reasons for being reticent about leaving port at the time though she reports she did make that clear later when she requested the charges be withdrawn. Significantly, she was not successful in her request. It seems fair to assume that if that information wasn't seriously regarded then it wouldn't have been earlier either.

I understand the reasoning but do not necessarily agree with the issue facing Mooloolaba and other coastal townships. There is a reasonable limit that people - who through choice or circumstance cannot or do not wish to use a marina facility - can be accommodated by **the right to free anchorage**. (editors emphasis) I have no time or patience for those whose dwellings have despoiled the foreshores of once-lovely areas with their grotesque mac-mansions in having the effrontery to complain about a beautiful yacht, such as Cooee being anchored nearby to their repugnant residences.

Perhaps a solution lies in what NSW and other more boating friendly states (and Queensland must be the most boating hostile place I have experienced) have put in place. Public moorings, with an enforced time limit, applied with discretion by the appropriate authority. Moorings would permit a greater number of vessels to be accommodated, thereby allowing businesses to benefit from more customers, would protect the sea-bed from damage caused by anchoring, and would allow a time-limit to be exercised.

Chris Ayres, SV Lady Lonsdale

TCP comment:

The slippery slope, the boiled frog syndrome, whatever you want to call it. A precedent that on the surface seems reasonable at a glance opens doors to a Pandora's box of capricious bureaucracy. In the case of Mooloolaba it appears to be a case of home owners and developers wanting to take possession of property beyond what they bought and paid for.

When we lived on the Gold Coast we saw this on the beaches. Land owners would seize additional land by merely taking possession, planting, landscaping and finally even fencing. The council would threaten, the local paper would 'report' and then it would go away leaving us to wonder how or how much it took to accomplish that.

TCP takes the position that any limit to free anchoring other than interference with another craft or a reasonable channel is the theft of rights from boat owners.

And don't let them tell you, you are polluting the waters. This is a common ploy. The last time this was used in Queensland, a study of the waters by the Manly Basin determined that there was significant pollution alright, from the land owners in the form

of herbicides. After reading the stories in the last couple of TCP publications, I just had to put my story in. Nine years ago I purchased my first liveaboard vessel, a 45 foot house boat called *The Life Of Riley* from the Gold Coast. I found a captain to help me sail it up the coast to our living spot in Hervey Bay. All was going pretty well until we had to go into Mooloolaba because of forecast bad weather.

Because we were a "houseboat", the only marina with a berth available limited us to 2 days! After stocking up the water and galley and fuel over those days, we left, but because of the weather we still could not leave Mooloolaba so I went up to the mooring area and dropped anchor. The next day the Hitler Boys turned up and told me I had to move. When I asked why I was told that I was in the harbour and not in the river and there was an invisible line from the nearby creek across to the canal, and that was where the difference was. I moved and then two days later they came back and said I had to move off board and find a unit or something to stay in because I could not live aboard in Mooloolaba. I refused because there was no accommodation available at that time of year (Christmas Holidays) and I had a perfectly good home there to live in.

I had noticed a small blue water cruiser was moored near the MacKenzie jetty so I went up in my dinghy and asked him if he was having any trouble with the local authorities. He said that he had to come into the harbour because of a damaged shaft and could not get it fixed until the 6th of January when the business re-opened. He said that they had harassed him to the point of breaking until he saw them coming again and him and his wife put their life jackets on, grabbed the epirb and stood on the front deck and when they (authorities) asked him what he was doing, he said, "if they said one more time that he had to move to leave he was going to set the epirb off, jump in and get some real authorities there who knew the rules of the sea and would not send a disabled vessel out into bad weather. They (authorities) said no more and had not come back to annoy him. I then upped anchor and dropped it next to his boat and was left alone then.

The upshot of it all was that I eventually ended up having to have my boat lifted out and trucked to Tin Can Bay because the weather was not letting up. So the Hitler syndrome has been going on for a lot of years, and there are some very snotty canal home owners who do not like the fact that we can live there for nothing. I say stuff them, they have the choice to do what we do, they just don't have the balls to do it. I have been living on a boat for nine years now and the one we have now is a home cruiser that we have recently taken up north and back. It is a very comfortable cruising home and we are proud of her.

Another problem is a lot of boaties seem to think there is a big difference between vessels, or sail is better than power, or houseboats are in some way lower than other vessels. We all live on our boats for our reasons, so why can't we just be friends on the water? We will start to be like Mooloolaba canal home owners if we can't get on.

Bob & Keri Burnett,

of herbicides.

The other contrived justification is offensive and illegal activity on boats, thus punishing the fleet as a class to 'protect' the landowners. The same laws must apply to all. I get pretty tired of seeing ugly, underdressed people hanging out their laundry in their backyards facing MY water? Throw the bums out!

All these ploys attempt to put the skipper on the back foot. It's up to the skipper to provide legal evidence of a reason to stay put or provide proof of non-pollution or this or that... presumed guilt. If a tragedy occurs as a result the official will have the claim that the skipper didn't make a sufficient defence to his order to go.

A free mooring field with a time limit that doesn't preclude anchoring elsewhere would be a good idea but no anchoring limit can be fair to all boats all the time. The very concept is wrong and the justifications usually dishonest.

The losers are the local marine businesses as boats are frightened away by the dread of confrontation and the majority of home owners that enjoy the presence of the boats in the harbour. The winners are the minority of mean spirited, selfish and greedy. Why does government panderto them????

The silent defenders

A couple of years ago, several people I know, on different boats, were anchored in peaceful Refuge Bay, off Nara Inlet, in the Whitsunday's. As you do, while waiting for their anchors to settle, they looked around at the other vessels in the area, and noticed an MSQ vessel there, not far from them. It was a twin hulled boat of substantial size, with an inflatable on the aft deck area.

That night, an horrific storm ripped through the Nara anchorage causing dozens of chartered yachts to drag anchor (remember, most of the hirers of these yachts, are inexperienced). The airways were alive with very scared people seeking urgent help, as their yachts dragged toward the rocky shore.

I am informed that as soon as a "mayday" was heard, the deck and cabin lights of the MSQ vessel were turned off. The crew did not launch their inflatable and offer assistance, they did not haul in their anchor and take the MSQ vessel the short distance needed to help those in need. They stayed on their boat with their lights off.

The rescue and re-anchoring of those charter boats in trouble, was left to cruising and live-aboard Yachties who happened to be in Nara Inlet, and Refuge Bay.

Before first light next morning, it was noted that the MSQ vessel had left the area.

Another storm, another incident! While on *Elcho*, moored at Airlie, a 50 knot blow with torrential rain hit. I noticed a recently renovated H28 had broken it's mooring and was bouncing off yachts in the area, slowly heading toward rocks. It was hard to see in the blinding rain, but the H28 was surely doomed unless help was forthcoming. The wind and rain was too strong for me to be able to do anything in my small inflatable, so I radioed a mate, who Phoned the Water Police, MSQ, and VMR. None of whom appeared. Some time later, two men appeared through the blinding rain in a 16 foot tinny with a 30hp motor, and managed, with great difficulty, to secure the H28 to another mooring, therefore saving the vessel, and more damage to vessels in the bay.

Another incident.... While enjoying a quiet beer on the veranda of the Whitsunday Sailing Club, I heard one of the Committee receive a phone call from the Water Police. There was a Yacht adrift about 1km offshore, "could the club launch a boat and take it in tow back to Airlie?" A few of the Members did launch a club rescue vessel, and eventually did tow the Yacht back to Airlie and secure it, using the Club's valuable fuel and resources. Isn't that just the type of job the Police and MSQ are paid to do?

Perhaps I'm wrong, perhaps these "services" have very specific charters and job descriptions that prevent them from giving assistance where lives, and /or property are at risk. If that IS the case, perhaps they should be made to justify their massive budgets...Just what are their responsibilities?

Bob Fenney,
SV *Elcho*

Hi Bob, "their responsibilities"? Possible answer: Ka-ching! Corporate logic; never do anything that has liability risk and doesn't produce revenue. And would they know how to assist? Thanks for sharing your experiences. We all need to speak up about these things.

Cheers,
The other Bob

See page 13 and the web edition for more great letters



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More Letters

Great Barrier Reef Marina Park(GBRMPA) can't have it both ways



photos by the Community Marine Survey group

There are a number of countries worldwide that have coral reefs - and most of the reefs are copping a hiding from over-exploitation in the form of over-development, overfishing, coral collecting, shell collecting, fishing with explosives etc.

The Philippines is a good example. Thousands of miles of coral reefs have been decimated by overfishing and bad fishing practices, such as explosive or chemical fishing. You may well ask, "Why don't they have a law that bans such practices?" And you would be surprised to learn that they have stricter laws than Australia does to protect their reefs - but that if the authorities do not have the respect and compliance of the communities who live along the reefs and use the reef, and if the local communities have no sense of "ownership and guardianship of their reefs" then any number of stricter and stricter laws will be useless.

That is why, in Australia, The GBRMPA has set up a number of Local Marine Advisory Committee's, (LMAC's) that meet to liaise with the authorities and give feed back - and basically keep try to keep the community on board with GBRMPA. All up and down the Great Barrier Reef, GBRMPA has tried to set up community monitoring groups to monitor and document any coral bleaching, and to alert GBRMPA to any threats to the health of the GBR. They actively encourage non-GBRMPA civilians to take protective ownership of the reefs and to do this unpaid, voluntary work.

Then a large developer, with lots of money and political connections comes to an island in the GBRMPA, and proposes a huge marina development. Local community groups are justifiably concerned that the consultants whom the developer have paid to do Environment Impact Surveys to expedite the approval process, might just miss out on some important marine life in their surveying process, bearing in mind that they have limited time and money to do their surveys.

So local groups who have taken GBRMPA's policy of "ownership and protection" to heart decide to do some "Community Marine Surveys" of their own - and advertise in the local papers for anyone who wishes to come along and walk along the beach and rocks where the marina is proposed and just photograph any marine life that they see. They are not removing the marine life, or damaging or destroying it in any way - just

documenting it with photographs.

Now anyone would imagine that Australians have a right to do this pretty harmless activity, but you would be wrong. According to GBRMPA officials, this is illegal, and constitutes "Doing research", which is illegal without a permit.

One has to wonder since when it became legal for communities to own and protect the reef when it comes to monitoring for bleaching, but illegal to upset a developer when it comes to walking on a beach photographing the exposed coral, shells, sea stars etc.?

Looking at shells - picking them up, photographing and replacing them is illegal without a permit!!

(undertaking visual surveys and/or picking up and replacing marine life which constitutes a "take" -

From a recent email to a community group that did a photographic survey from GBRMPA:

If the community group do undertaken any collection/monitoring it may be considered a research project if it falls within the definition below. If it does you will need to apply for a research permit. It is very important to ensure we maintain consistency here with what can be done as of right and not as of right (i.e. with permission) under the Zoning Plan. A research project is defined as: a diligent and systematic inquiry or investigation into a subject, in order to discover facts or principles, that has its own objectives, sampling design and outcomes. Please be aware that undertaking visual surveys and/or picking up and replacing marine life (which constitutes 'take'), if it is done in a manner that constitutes a research project, will require a permission. If you are unsure whether or not what you are doing constitutes a research project, I recommend you call the research assessor.

GBRMPA - you can't have it both ways - and your behaviour in questioning any Australian's right to take nothing but photographs on a public beach in the GBRMP is a recipe for alienating the very local communities that you want to keep onboard.

On behalf of the Byfield contingent of the community group (mostly yachties who lead a double life as tree huggers),

Vicki J. SV's SHOMI and ALISA B

Navigation Charts and this Century

Undoubtedly, we are all better off with modern GPS units. However, it seems that the situation is in need of some rationalisation as it has become a moving feast often requiring sailors to update regularly. So here are my thoughts.

If you have a laptop, an \$80 (or less) gps mouse (eg a BU 353), a download of the freely available OPEN CPN (navigation program) and a version of the infamous CM93 electronic chart files, you can use this as the basis of your navigation system. (OPEN CPN is designed by yachties for yachties). Many people use commercial (?) software items such as MaxSea, etc.)

The reality is that many cruising folk do precisely this.

No one claims that this system is foolproof and most gps/software suppliers make disclaimers, advising users to not rely solely on their product. We should all have backup or alternative systems and should know all the rules of safe navigation and responsible behaviour. The oft quoted limitation is with the accuracy/detail of the CM93 chart files.

So what am I leading to? Well, I believe that, eventually, not only the navigation programs will be free (eg OPEN CPN), but the electronic charts will also be free and they will be of the "absolute best" quality; and continuously updated. Sounds too good to be true? Read on.

The charts will include all the very best detail for local regions, including tidal and all other "active" data. I believe (hope?) that these chart files will be managed by some sensible authority (UN?) or maybe a conglomerate of private companies. Google? They have done it with Google Earth and this seems much simpler although downloading would obviously be different (how do you think Google make a dollar out of Google Earth? Advertising!).

How would this present to the mariner? Suppose you were approaching say Townsville. The electronic chart data, including all navigation alterations would be current and accurate as updated by the local responsible authorities who submit their updates to the chart suppliers. The chart would be used in the same way as current electronic charts showing waypoints, vessel track, proximity alarms, tide tables etc. Also, however, on the chart there would be all the other data that the local authorities may wish that you be made aware of. Fishing zones, preferred anchorages in different seasons, requirements from Customs and Immigration, any local rules, the dreaded MSQ requirements etc.

But, more importantly, these local charts would, at a certain scale level, show a pull down menu with all the other possible information. Probably as a directory. Commercial information such as:-

chandlers, lift out facilities, providores, fuel suppliers, car rentals, paint suppliers, clubs, basic street directory, marina facilities, brokers, forwarding agents, fabricators, sail lofts, local market places, museums, libraries, places and events of interest, pubs, bordellos and where to pick up "The Coastal Passage" etc., could all be within this directory. This data is built into the electronic chart and does not require internet access or radio to view.

How would the free charts be financed? I think the answer lies in what we currently see on the internet. Advertising. The electronic chart cost is covered by the businesses that provide goods/services to the marine industry through the advertisements on the charts in the local pull down menu directory. Local authorities could also be responsible for funding the placing of information they wish to get across.

The placing within the local charts and cost of these "adverts" would be determined by the chart management authorities. This directory would probably be mainly text based to minimize memory requirements, but the directory would be scanned by visitors seeking information, thus flashy image based advertising may not be important.

One big advantage for local businesses would be that the advertisements would be directed at the actual potential customers. Surely this is more efficient than broad based advertisements that appear as "one offs" in newspapers or magazines.

The amount of data for the entire world may be enormous (if the extra data is included), but currently, you can purchase 2 TB external stores for under \$150 (less than a back up hand held gps) and this cost is expected to decrease. Also we are still experiencing a phenomenal growth in the base memory of the average laptop. If you spend all your time in one locality, you may wish to select from the free download chart files a range of charts for that limited area to reduce memory requirements.

With free navigation programs and the superb gps mouse units, we are more than half way there. It seems that if international, national and local authorities really do believe that safety and chart data are important; they will be keen to see that the best local information is readily available on the free chart platform.

The ultimate responsibility of the chart supplier is that they ensure that the charts are absolutely up to date for all areas, not just those that are the source of advertising revenue. Is this a win-win situation?

I would be interested in the views of any individual or organisation on this matter.

Bill Shorter, Yacht, Myambla



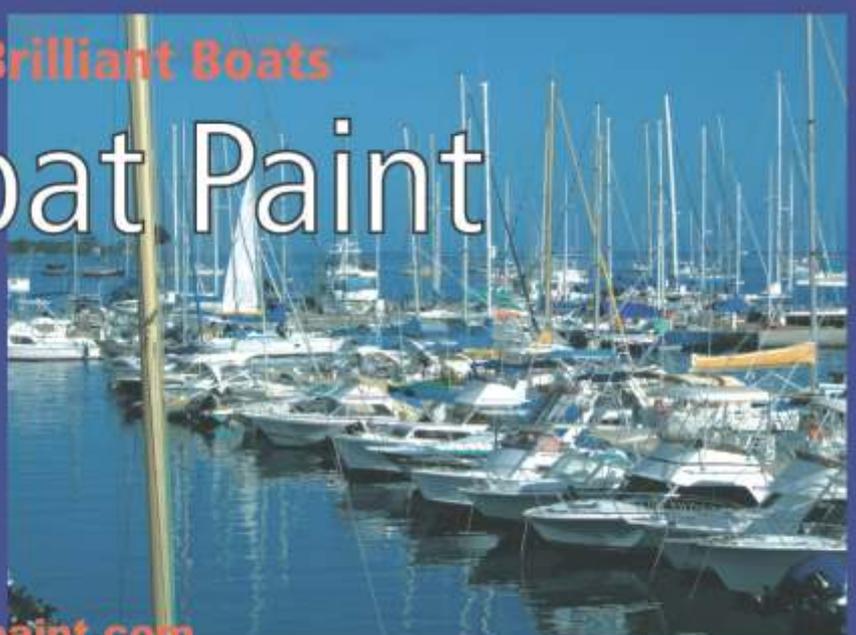
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SPY IN THE SKY WITH A BOX BROWNIE

By Keith Owen, SV *Speranza*

I need to start by explaining the title of this story, particularly for the more youthful of TCP readers.

A Box Brownie is a camera which was manufactured in millions by Kodak between 1900 and 1967. It was fundamental in design, put in a roll of film, look through the eyepiece and push the button. Take the film to the photo shop and print the pictures from negatives. Primitive and simple in comparison to today's digital equipment.

And Spy in the Sky? Well they are those magnificent Customs men in their flying machines called Coastwatch.

Now some yachties get quite irritated when they are buzzed by Coastwatch aircraft and called up on the radio. They believe such activity to be a gross invasion of privacy. Frankly, it doesn't worry me. I always respond and give details of *Speranza*, where we've been and where we are going.

But, I am absolutely incensed at the cost to us, the taxpayers of this country. Each overflight must cost tens of thousands of dollars. And for what purpose? Why target Australian yachts cruising within sight of the coastline? Border protection? Even my 4 year old grandson knows that Australia's border is not 1/2 a mile off Low Isles! Why doesn't Coastwatch concentrate their efforts patrolling the gaps in the Barrier Reef where overseas vessels enter Australia?

And, if their targets are really foreign craft, I have yet to hear one overseas boat respond to Coastwatch. It would be a good question for a Senate Estimates hearing to find out the percentage of overflown foreign craft vis a vis Australian boats and the resultant cost per foreign craft. I bet the dollar figure would be staggering.

I read in a newspaper an advertisement for pilots for the contractor who supplies the planes for Coastwatch. The ad extolled the excitement of being able to fly at mast top level. But why should my taxes be used to allow some top gun to get his rocks off by buzzing *Speranza*?

If all this huge expense is in the name of national security, do TCP readers really feel safer in bed knowing that *Speranza* spent the night anchored in Little Pioneer Bay? It really is a costly nonsense. The money would be better spent on the Queensland floods.

Anyway, we were sailing beautifully off Hinchinbrook Island one day when the plane with the red tail contacted us. We responded to their call, gave our details and wished them a good day in the office. Coastwatch then contacted my mate Brett on *Swanning Around*. He answered with his details and went on to ask that, as it was a beautiful day, could he get a copy of the photograph that had been taken of his boat. Coastwatch advised him to contact Customs who would help him get a copy. This was a tacit admission that a photograph did indeed exist.

Well, I thought, I wouldn't mind getting a shot of *Speranza* sailing along. Why not? So while I was in Canberra, I contacted Customs and they advised me to put in a request under Freedom of Information (FOI).

I assumed that all Customs had to do was punch the name *Speranza* into their sophisticated computer system and lo and behold there would be all the photos taken of us over the years. Hit "Print" and all the images would be downloaded. Too easy. So we asked for photos taken between 2003 and 2009 from Bundaberg to Lizard Island. I thought these parameters would limit the scope of the FOI application. Quite a simple request really.

Wrong! Customs came back to say that they estimated

that it would take them 300 hours costing a staggering \$4,500 to conduct the search. To put that into context, 300 hours represents 2 months officer time yes, 2 full months. Extraordinary stuff. Imagine if Julia Gillard asked in March for some information about *Speranza*, Customs would say "we'll get back to you in May". I think not.

Customs admitted the charges were "quite high" (astronomical would have been a better description). Quote "numerous electronic data bases that require manual searching, coupled with the need to manually look at photographic negatives". See, they do use Box Brownies! Extraordinary stuff.

If it is so bloody difficult to extract the material, why do they bother to collect it in the first place?

So, I went back to Customs and suggested their estimated cost and times were over the top. I proffered the view that the dollar figure was designed to dissuade me from proceeding further. But, no, they stuck to their numbers. They did however invite me to narrow the scope of the FOI request and they would see what they could do.

Now, I knew that we had been overflown on 11 August because that is my daughter's birthday. I knew we were off Hinchinbrook Island near Cape Sandwich. And I knew there was a photograph taken because what they had told my mate Brett on *Swanning Around*.

Well, I was elated to be told that after 3 hours searching at a cost of \$45 there was a possibility of releasing 2 photographs. You beauty! So I sent the money off and nearly went out and bought the picture frames, so confident was I.

But, wait for it. An email was received saying, yes *Speranza* had been contacted in the location I had provided but no photographs had been taken on that occasion. Would I like to withdraw my request? Hell no!

I told Customs that frankly I didn't believe them. Why Brett and not me? I also made the point that it made no sense to have a radio interrogation if it was not backed up by a photo. Otherwise *Speranza* could be any old fishing trawler, a fly-bridge, a catamaran, any type of boat big or small. How could you otherwise identify the overflown craft?

I got pretty short shrift. These were sensitive operational matters which could not be discussed. But to their credit, they did provide me with some sort of log sheet which recorded the date, time and position of contact. It noted our hull was white and we were doing 6 knots on a course of 333 degrees. (How did they know that?) There was no mention of the details we had provided over the radio about our homeport, where we had been and where we were going. I thought that strange.

All this coincided with an announcement that the Government had set up an Information Commissioner. The idea was to open up Government Departments through "a culture of proactive release of information". Sensational. I wrote off and asked whether the Commissioner could act as a 3rd umpire and assure me that Customs wasn't having a lend of me.

Unfortunately, my request was premature as the good old Commissioner wasn't up and running yet. But as the Commissioner is also the Ombudsman, it was suggested I could make a complaint via that route. This I did. I claimed I had been deliberately misled by Customs and I didn't believe what I had been told.

Well the Ombudsman wasn't impressed and said he would not investigate my claim. He thought it was essentially up to Customs to handle the FOI matter as they wanted to. I was left with the impression that the Ombudsman was quite sanguine about the possibility of



Box Brownie photo courtesy of Wikipedia, taken by Håkan Svensson, 8 of June, 2005

Customs telling porkies. A rather different approach to the penalties we would face if we were to mislead Customs! As an advocate on behalf of the public, the Ombudsman is a bit of a waste of space in my view.

So I let the matter rest. That is until we were overflown while on passage between St Bees and Middle Percy Island. We, as usual, responded to the Coastwatch radio call. I noted our position and time in *Speranza's* logbook.

But this time was different. On this occasion we were called specifically by name. "*Speranza* this is Customs Coastwatch aircraft". Usually we are buzzed and the radio says "vessel just overflown by Coastwatch aircraft". Now the reason for this is quite simple. The only place on the yacht to display the name *Speranza* is on the transom. And this is obscured from the air by our rubber duckie which lives on davits extending about 1-1/2 meters out from the stern. It is just not possible for an aircraft flying at 50 meters and going at 100 kts to see the name using the naked eye. So why *Speranza* this time? Did they take a photo and check? I thought so.

With great confidence, I put in another FOI request. And guess what? Yes knew we were overflown but, sorry, no pictures were taken! Yes, just like last time.

So, I asked for a review of situation. I enclosed pictures of *Speranza* which clearly showed the way that the dinghy obscured the name on the transom. Customs came back and said "just because an overflight occurs doesn't mean that a photograph is taken." (I reiterate that an overflight without a photo is pointless.) They dismissed my contention that the name could not have been seen without recourse to a photograph. They said "the identification of the vessel could have been made by other means". What other means I would like to know.

So I am going to let this latest occasion go through to the keeper. Until next time when I will ask for "photographic images and images obtained by other means".

If other TCP readers wish to try their luck, they might note the time, date, lat and long of the Coastwatch overflight in the log book. The address to approach is

FOI Co-ordinator
Level 8 Customs House
Australian Customs and Border Control
5 Constitution Ave
Canberra ACT
2601

There is no set form and an FOI application is free.

It would be interesting to hear through TCP how others get on.

Lastly-

Who is the Federal Minister who is responsible for FOI? Brendan O'Connor that's who. Yes, the same Brendan O'Connor who is also the Customs Minister. What a hoot!

TCP Note: As it happens The Sydney Morning Herald newspaper had a recent disagreement with the government over costs of FOI. A brief summary of their claim is next page.

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The Law Suit against VMR (volunteer Marine rescue) The facts, The Legal principles, What it could mean to you

This article originally appeared in the TCP #47 electronic edition but as the information has importance to the community, it is published again here to insure broadest coverage.

Mr. Bill Goodhue of Napier New Zealand is suing Gold Coast VMR for negligence after his ketch *Warlock* filled with water after it was allegedly moved from its mooring by the VMR in November 2003. He claims damages of about \$90,000 from the inundation.

As far as reports state that TCP has researched, that fact is not disputed by VMR, rather their defence is being built around legislation (The civil liabilities act) from the Beattie government that they say exempts them from any liability. M.r Goodhue argues civil liability laws that protect volunteers from legal action do not extend to the organisations they belong to.

The VMR's legal team requested the court to impose a \$45,000 bond on Mr. Goodhue to cover legal costs if he should loose the case. They called him a "pecunious" (wealthy) New Zealander with no formal ties to Australia and should front the money. Bill Goodhue, who defended himself in court said "New Zealand's not China, it's just down the road".

The judge agreed according to the Courier Mail report, "He said there were "about a million" New Zealanders who probably saw themselves as de facto Australians because they spent so much time here. "I know a lot of New Zealanders and they would describe themselves as residents of both countries," he said. "(They) come and go on a regular basis."

Judge Wall ruled that to impose a costs order on Mr. Goodhue would be "oppressive" and could stifle his legal action.

Comments: Very interesting.

If the argument of "intent" succeeds, could the cruising community employ that as defense against the actions of Customs? The issues of conflict, such as the "96 hour rule" and the domestic surveillance controversy are reliant on legislation that appears to be directed to commercial shipping and criminal activities on the high seas. In fact TCP has found through Parliamentary records that legislators had no intention of applying a power to board domestic vessels in domestic waters to seize records that Customs has claimed they have in a technical sense.

If the argument of reckless disregard were to fail, then that could allow a VMR volunteer of unknown seamanship, to interfere with a yacht without accountability at all. Leaving a boat, un-maned, could

Outside court, Mr. Goodhue said the VMR had hired high-priced lawyers to try to defeat him but he was determined to fight on.

VMR barrister Susan McNeil argued that civil liability laws in other states specifically protected community organisations from lawsuits, but not in Queensland. However, it was "clearly the intention of the legislation to ensure that the immunity that applies to volunteers also extends to community organisations".

Bill Goodhue, countered that community groups were not immune from being sued if they had been negligent or shown "reckless disregard".

So.. the case may distill to this, Bill Goodhue believes he can show a preponderance of evidence to indicate "reckless disregard" on the actions of the VMR individuals that moved his boat and that the organisation is liable for that even though the individuals are not.

The VMR argument seems to be centred on the supposed "intent" of the legislation regardless of the letter of the law.

At a recent hearing Bill scored a major win when Judge Newton dismissed an application by the VMR for the case to be thrown out.

The judge said it was uncertain whether the Civil Liability Act protected the VMR, and ruled the case should go to trial unless it could be resolved through mediation.

be delivering the vessel into their hands without recourse. VMR has many dedicated and extremely over-qualified staff but there will be some less seaworthy.

And the decision by VMR hierarchy to ignore the plight of the un-maned vessels in the recent floods in Bundaberg as a response to the lawsuit even before the case is heard seems to be an over reaction at this stage.

Was this a ploy to arouse sympathy for VMR and create ill will towards the plaintiff? If so it appears to have largely backfired.

TCP has spoken to a state MP that has an interest in obtaining an insurance policy for VMR to cover this kind of situation. TCP applauds this idea and hope it comes to fruition.

More on "Freedom of Information"

A recent news report (April 17) from the Sydney Morning Herald concerning FOI corroborates Keith Owen's reported experience on the page at left.

To confirm reports from relatives of inmates that a cattle prod device had been used against them at Villawood detention centre the paper made a request for a 70 minute piece of security film.

The Immigration department agreed to the release of the film after editing at a cost to the paper of \$53,093.

The paper claimed a Sydney based film production company quoted \$7,500 for the same work as described by Immigration. The paper has appealed the charge.

From TCP # 39...

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

By Bob Norson

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

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

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

Immediately after the raid, Magarry took sick leave from the police. According to a Courier Mail report, he was suspended from the police 2 months later for refusing an interview with the police *Ethical Standards Command*, a police agency with the stated: "goal of the Command is to ensure that the community has confidence in and respect for the Service." Magarry was a member of that command before his position of Water Police State Coordinator.

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



And the Verdict is-

At trial last year Magarry pleaded guilty to three charges of importing prohibited machine gun parts. Each charge carried a maximum penalty of \$275,000 or ten years jail. His sentence? A two year good behaviour bond of \$4000, no conviction recorded.

The Commonwealth Director of Public Prosecutions labelled the sentence as "manifestly inadequate" and lodged an appeal. The appeal was heard last March and according to an AAP report issued the 14th, the second magistrate denied the Commonwealth their appeal upon the same grounds, that Magarry was suffering from "post traumatic stress".

TCP would ask that if this persons judgement was so impaired as to forgive the serious charges involved, what considerations may be due to citizens affected by his activities in the various high level posts he had attained?

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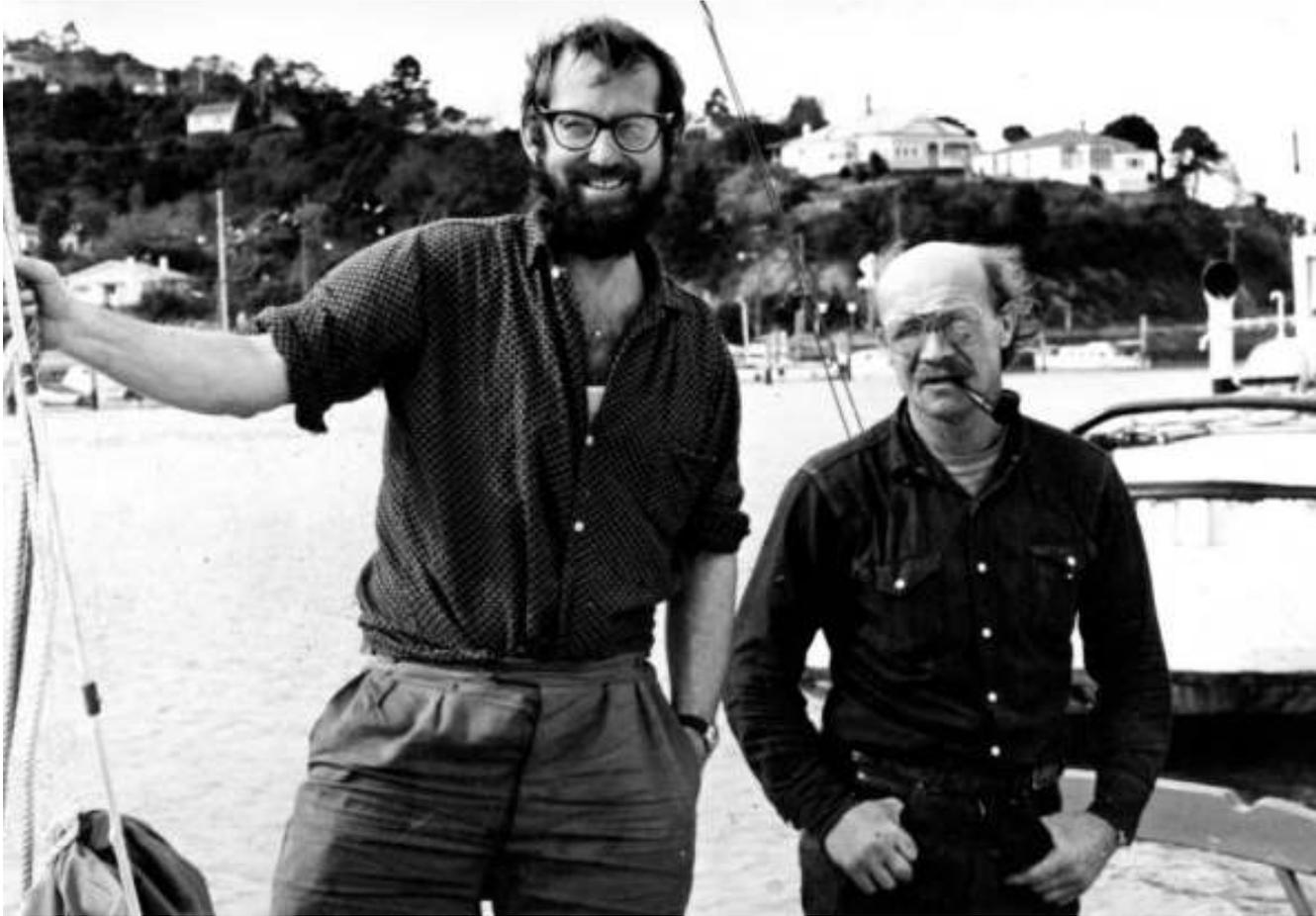
SY Vaquero and The Sailing Cowboy revisited

This story begins with an article in TCP #39 by Alan Lucas, "The Sailing Cowboy" (see below).

Next was a letter & photo of *Vaquero* from Bruce Pease in TCP #40 (see next page).

After that letter, we received a letter with more photos, including the photo of Chuck & Peter from Bruce's ex wife, Libby (see next page)

Alan Lucas gave us an address for Joe Adams and we got in touch to work out more of the detail.



The Sailing Cowboy, by Alan Lucas

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

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

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

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

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

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

On another occasion, as he rowed past me in uncharacteristic haste, I called out 'Where are you off to Chuck?' to which he responded, 'I'm taking my tea towel

back to the manufacturer I've only had it two years and it broke!'

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

From Sydney we all went our different ways, *Hoana* around the world, myself to Papua New Guinea in urgent search of employment while *Vaquero* disappeared for a while until sighted anchored nearby in Port Moresby. Delighted to see her all-blue profile again I rowed over to be greeted by a voice from below decks saying, 'Come aboard Alan, I'm looking for a rag to clean up this dam mess. There's two of the suckers somewhere, one's a greasy yella thing, the other's just plain greasy'.

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

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

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

engaged-signals until hitting the jackpot. I warned her it was a chance in a million and almost certainly against the rules.

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

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

At the end of our overlap-period, my new job involved normal office hours, effectively denying the socialising Chuck and I had so enjoyed. It came as a shock, therefore, when I later saw him drunkenly diving for a bottle of scotch lost out of his dinghy. I rowed over, found the bottle, tipped its contents out then rowed him back to *Vaquero*. He was in tears over his downfall, ashamed that he had reverted. For months I watched helplessly as he sank deeper and deeper into alcoholism until, quite suddenly, he went cold turkey and spent six weeks feverishly preparing his ship for sea.

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

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

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



Boats and people as rich in character as *Vaquero* the boat and *Cowboy* the man endure in memory. After Alan's article appeared over a year ago in TCP we received two letters. Bruce and Libby Pease separated their marriage but not there past as they both responded to the article and provided photos. Because no one was sure of some of the details we spent months tracking down Joe Adams to his new home in the Phillipines to varify who was who in the photos! So here is the whole and updated story. An illustration of how boats can become a part of lives that don't go away.

A letter in TCP #40

Dear Kay,

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

Alan describes his first meeting with Chuck as he returned from New Zealand at the same time as Joe Adams. He didn't mention that Chuck and Joe had a gentleman's bet on which boat would arrive first in New Zealand and Chuck had won the bet, despite the fact that he was single handing while Joe had a crew.

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

After buying *Vaquero*, we did some work on her then sailed to the USA via New Guinea, the Solomons, Micronesia, Guam and Japan. In the US, we put her in a barn and gave her a complete rebuild, before sailing her back to Australia via the South Pacific milk run in the late 1980's. During our travels, she handled all conditions with speed, grace and style. On our return to Australia we sold her to a fellow who lived in Cronulla. A year or two later I received a phone call from a lady who was seeking information about *Vaquero* for her boyfriend who had recently purchased *Vaquero* with plans to sail to England. I have not seen or heard anything of *Vaquero* since then. I sincerely hope that she is still sailing around out there and not rotting away on a mooring.

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

Cheers,
Bruce Pease, SY Hina

Hello there,

I was really excited about Alan Lucas's article about Chuck & *Vaquero*. My ex husband and I bought *Vaquero* in 1980 and had her for 11 years. We sailed her to the US via Japan and then in 1987 we set sail back to Australia. I have photos of Chuck and *Vaquero* in New Zealand when Chuck had her. We knew about Chuck's story and I often felt he got us out of sticky situations. I don't know where *Vaquero* is now but she served us very well and a wonderful sailing boat. Could you please pass this along to Alan Lucas for me.

Libby Pease

Hello Bob,

Please see attached. If my memory serves me well I got the photos from Joe Adams years ago, who was also a good friend of Chuck's. I don't know the fellow in the photo with Chuck (the short guy), Alan Lucas may know. It was also interesting when I looked at the photos on the computer to notice that there is an US flag flying on *Vaquero*. The other photos are *Vaquero* in New Zealand in 1964. She was built in WA of Jarrah in the 1950's. I don't know the exact year. From the research I did when we had *Vaquero*, I believe she is a John Alden, Malabar Junior design. I have included one of us in Fiji in 1990 on our way back from the US. *Vaquero* spent 5 years in a barn in the State of Washington while my ex husband did a major refit.

Enjoy,
Libby

Reply from Joe Adam

What a wonderful surprise to get your "Coastal Passage".

The picture is of Chuck. He is the shorter of the two. An absolutely spendid man. Great to know and be with. The personality of a lion. There is hardly a day that I don't think of him. The big guy on Chucks right is Peter from Denmark; another man amoung men. Peter should still be kicking. What adventures those two men had!



Does anyone out there know more about this boat? Perhaps some of you readers from the UK may recognise her and helps fill in some blanks.

This is why we sail



An excerpt from the blog/log of Karen and Jerry, editors/owners of the Magazine, *Good Old Boat*, of their 3 month cruise around Lake Superior, North America last summer on SY Mystic

By Karen Larson, SY Mystic

Sometimes a camera simply can't capture a scene. The late morning sun has cast a river of diamonds between our boat and the shore. The shore is a series of long stretches of wooded hillsides backed by what we call "mountains" here in the Midwest. These increasing elevations blend from deep forest green in front to a hazy pale blue at the most distant level. This colour morph phenomenon is a common scene but one I love dearly.

There is a row of low clouds over the mountaintops. This last layer of white looks like one last level of colour in the panorama before us. But these clouds and any others in the sky pose no threat. There is nothing at all on the water from the shore to the far horizon. We have seen only one fishing boat and one sailboat all day.

We're flying our new spinnaker in very light air as we head 30-some miles northwest toward the next port on the northern coast of Michigan's Upper Peninsula. I figure that, with our lovely spinnaker, we must surely

look like the most beautiful girl at the dance. But there's no one here to appreciate our colourful sail. Like the up-sun photo of the hillside, a photo of our spinnaker is another photo that I can't capture, since I'm aboard the boat. Some photos must be stored in one's memory bank instead.

The forests shelter a few cabins along the shoreline, but if anyone's home it's unlikely that they have run to the window to look out in awe upon our lovely sailing vision a mile or so offshore. Instead, I wax rhapsodic over the view of the shoreline and on the feeling of complete contentment that prevails aboard.

We have everything we need here on our cruising island. We are well fed, well rested, and absolutely comfortable in every way. We haven't followed the news in more than a week. There's just enough breeze to keep us from being fried out here on this downwind sail. And for once on Lake Superior, we're not freezing.

We are completely at peace, absolutely content, and totally relaxed. This is why we sail.



Photos: SY Mystic with SY Catamount behind, taken by Jennifer Bagley, anchored at Pilot Harbour in Ontario and Karen, somewhere sailing, taken by Jerry.

For more great stories and pictures of "Karen & Jerry's Great Grand Adventure" see: www.goodoldboat.com/blogs/gob_blog.php

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Trailer Sailing in the Kimberley



Trailer Sailors Flo and Eric on Erflo II share some tips and pictures



The remains of the famous BBQ shelter of Crocodile Creek. The shelter was originally erected by workers from Kulin / Crocodile Islands. It was washed downstream during the heavy May 2010 rains. Many floats, carved wood, etc. kept it floating.

Erflo II, a Court 750 (partly hidden), Emlyn, a 33' Monocat, Skylark, a RL 28, Jacana, a Nolex 25 and Charlotte, a Sharpie 28, anchored in a basin of Crocodile Creek below BBQ area. Note: the tide line is 10-11 metres.

In June 2010, five trailer sailers from Cockburn Power Boat Assoc. (10 k's south of Fremantle), after driving to Derby, sailed as far north as Augustus Island Kuri Bay in the Kimberley.

We sailed for twelve weeks, covering some 1,200 nautical miles of rivers, bays and islands in perfect sailing weather (flat seas, 8-15knot winds).

We saw all of the usual delights of waterfalls, rainforest pockets, thermal pools, aboriginal rock art, meeting traditional owners, close encounters with whales and of course great fishing and huge oysters.

Very few cruising yachts were encountered on

this trip, but more and more "tour boats" each year. I guess seeing it all from the comfort of an air conditioned luxury boat appeals to many.

For us, no itinerary, no timetable (other than moving with the tide) in our own Erflo is the only way to go

The only problem we have is that our waterline gets mighty high when launching. Will we float at the boat ramp is a constant worry. Three months of food, drink, and fuel crammed into a 25 footer is a real juggling act!

We will be off up north again this winter to Sharks Bay in April/May with four or five other trailer sailers, then just ourselves up to the Kimberley again to avoid the Perth winter.



Eric at Crocodile Creek BBQ shelter (approx winter 2008)



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17m mono 55ft	\$51	\$287.00	\$1095.00	\$2803.00
10m multi 33ft	\$39	\$210.00	\$ 800.00	\$2200.00
12m multi 40ft	\$48	\$260.00	\$ 990.00	\$2500.00
14m multi 47ft	\$56	\$302.00	\$1045.00	\$2850.00
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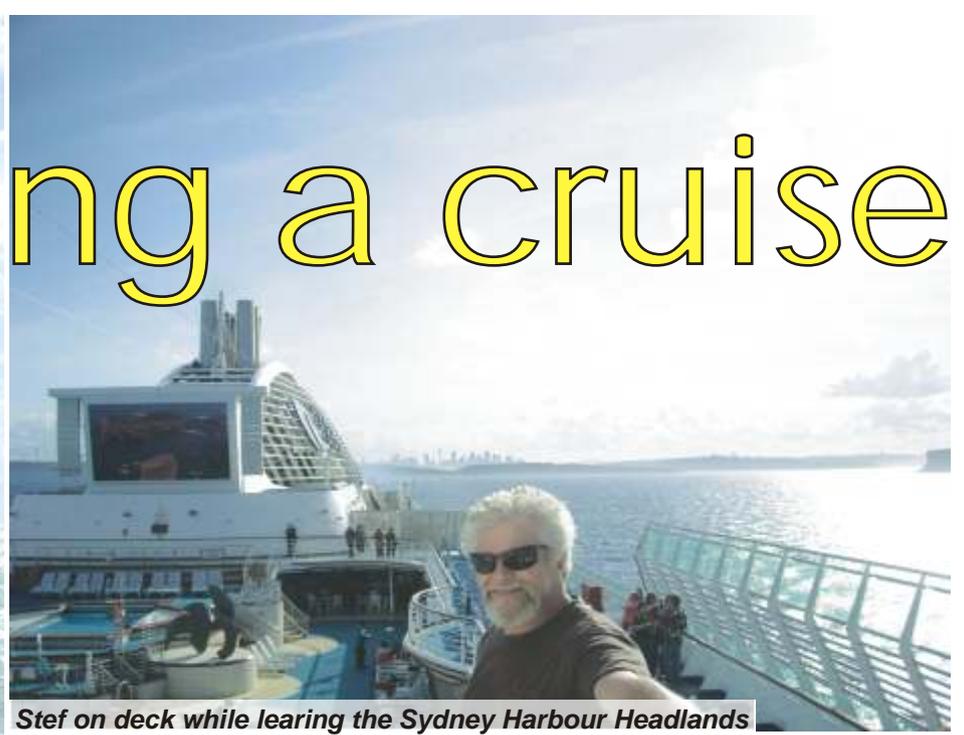
TO MORETON BAY



Taking a cruise



The Dawn Princess, a city apartment block on water



Stef on deck while leaving the Sydney Harbour Headlands



A small part of the galley

Photos & story by Vicki J SY's Shomi & Alisa B

It wasn't my idea. Stef's mate Bob (the builder) a true blue Aussie Bloke said we simply HAD to do it. Neither of us thought it was our scene but with rave reviews from many people we laid the money down. 'At least we'll get to hang out with Bobby' was the thought on both our minds. That was enough incentive. At 80 he is as sharp as a tack, with a wicked sense of the ridiculous, had a new lady love, 73 who conveniently lived next door and played 10 rounds of golf before breakfast. More importantly, Bob had spent time on his own motor launch cruising around, so the advice was not from some city slicking, theatre going gastronomist. More a pie eating beer-swilling fella.

Alas, our time spent with Bob and Shirley was not meant to be. He called 6 weeks before departure date to touch base with us and see if we had paid for

our booking. As usual his inquiries about his health were met with a hale and hearty. 'Fit as a bloody Mallee Bull, mate.' Shirley went to visit him the next morning to find him peacefully asleep. Forever.

Our cruise, sadly lacking in our own bring aboard entertainment, was a memorial to him. Turning into the street near the Darling Harbour docks alongside which the Dawn Princess was tied, halted me in my tracks. The ship is the size of two city blocks, 14 stories high. I felt particularly daunted because I had made a promise to myself that in order to combat the opulence I would walk past the lifts to the stairs. For the first week I was constantly lost and had barely any energy for the gym workout I also promised to do.

What one must not leave home without when embarking upon a cruise ship this size, is patience. Waiting in queues is the order of the day when there are

1200+ people waiting to be attended to. A little taken aback I noticed the average age of the passengers boarding was around 70, many in wheelchairs, walkers or using a walking stick. Mmmm. This is going to be interesting, I thought. Not having had any experience on ships my mind immediately conjured images of out of control glamorously attired dowagers and grey haired gents mowing us down as the boat lurched from one wave to the next. After several hours wait we were onboard with our clothes unpacked and ready to relax, as we'd been told by cruising enthusiast was all there was to do. Not so quick. Alarm bells rang all over the ship and once again we waited to do our mandatory bail ship drill. Then off to a launch party as the ship left the dock under its own steam just squeezing under the Harbour Bridge.

Fine dining is guaranteed they tell you in the blurb. What they don't tell you is you must arrive dressed to the nines, at 5.45 pm sharp or if you draw the long straw, 7.45pm. You sit where you are directed. The people across the table are to be your dining companions for the duration. As I watched the swell outside the large porthole, my immediate reaction was to clutch the glassware and silver to stop it from causing havoc, much to the astonished amusement of the elderly couple across the table whose cruising history began a decade ago.

Pheasant, escargot, lobster, fat juicy sea scallops, king prawns and smoked duck, rich deserts and fresh fruit and veggies, were the order of the day, with a 4 course meal that had our clothing groaning ominously at it's end. Of course to make sure you don't starve between meals (or you simply want to emerge from the hot tub and stay in your swimmers, to eat whenever and whatever you like), there is a massive smorgasbord on the 14th level at the bow open 24 hours a day. A pizzeria and steakhouse are additional. A team of bakers work around the clock to produce

the most exquisite rolls known this side of Denmark and a team of chefs produce dishes from every country in the world. There you load up your plate and plopp down at a table with strangers and before long you are deep in conversation. Meanwhile, your room is being cleaned for you, twice a day.

Floor shows, cinema and comedy acts were different each day. Comedy came in unexpected ways as well, as the jugglers and dancers performed in 40 knots, and the ship lurched and juddered. Watching movies around the pool on the top deck under the stars in these conditions almost had us blown away. Certainly the sound was.

By evening of the second day I was teetering around on unfamiliar dress-up shoes in a ship off the mid NSW coastline in a forty knots NE feeling as if I was floating above the floor for 2 or 3 seconds and then spearing the spongy carpet with my heels, before rising weightlessly again to stagger like I had consumed many instead of my budgeted one, delicious, decadent, deadly cocktails. We watched a champagne waterfall, no less. My mind flashed to doing this in your average yacht in these conditions and I had to refrain from throwing myself behind the first shelter I could spot.

Our ports of call were to be Airlie, Townsville, Yorkies Knob, Port Douglas and Cooktown, which we had seen many times, except for Cooktown. Many of the elderly were shocked to wake on our first shore-visit to see placid water all around the ship and Townsville far off in the distance. The life rafts were being lowered to take them ashore. Nothing in the information guide mentioned the fact they couldn't just walk off the ship, or more importantly be wheeled down a ramp as they had been accustomed to doing in other destinations.

continued next page...

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on a cruise ship

We're on the wrong boat

Neither did it mention the queues would be up to 2 hours long in some of these ports where land-based tourist cats were not plentiful. First you queued for a ticket then continually listened to the ships public address system until your number was called, or in some instances you had to wait in the cabaret room minus the music where you were not to leave until your number was up. After queuing in the endless bowels of the ship then snaking your way down narrow steep stairs, just the thing for the elderly and disabled, sniffer-dogs checked your bags upon departure from the ship and bags scanned when reentering. Many were seasick from the ride in the lifeboats.

Of course cruise ships are not a new idea and have been in existence for almost 2,000 years with the Chinese leading the way. According to Wikipedia encyclopedia: *The enormous dimensions of the Chinese ships of the Medieval period are described in Chinese sources, and are confirmed by Western travellers to the East, such as Marco Polo, Ibn Battuta and Niccolò da Conti.*

According to Ibn Battuta, who visited China in 1347: We stopped in the port of

Calicut, in which there were at the time thirteen Chinese vessels, and disembarked. On the China Sea travelling is done in Chinese ships only, so we shall describe their arrangements. The large ships have anything from twelve down to three sails, which are made of bamboo rods plaited into mats. They are never lowered, but turned according to the direction of the wind; at anchor they are left floating in the wind.

The first reference to junks occurred in 220 BC-200AD. A 260 AD book by Kang Tai also described ships with 7 masts travelling as far as Syria.

The modern day Dawn Princess was built in Italy with a passenger capacity of **1,950**, gross tonnage **77,000**, length **856'**, beam **83'**, draft **26'**, cruising speed **21 knots**, and crew of **900**. It is fitted with the most extraordinary marble and timber in every imaginable hue and every mod con one could ever need. Furnished with incredibly supple leather and handsome wool carpets and upholstery, it is a constant study of discovery.

It was a good thing because a lot of our time was spent checking these out as we watched Cooktown to our port and no

way of getting ashore because it was too rough for the life rafts to navigate alongside the ship. Our mate waiting ashore with a car for the day was left high and dry.

What is similar to the Chinese tradition of passenger liners we were told is the pay rate of most of the 900 staff onboard. The Asian, Indian, Ukrainian and Filipino men and women earn \$50 for a 70 hour week. There is potential for extra in the catering and room service, however many workers do not see the light of day, but work in vast kitchens and laundries or engine rooms out of sight. They are tipped by a 10% additional fee added to your onboard bill.

What really brought home our longing to be aboard our own yacht is when we steamed toward Willis Island outside of Australian waters, where a weather station is manned (and womanded) by 4 people. Too rough to anchor near, as planned we watched this glorious island and reef disappear over the horizon as the ship's speed resumed 20 knots. Every fibre of our being ached to

anchor in the lee of this amazing atoll on our own yacht and walk on its beach and dive the reef.

By morning we were in Brisbane where we were jumping ship, letting everyone else continue on to Sydney.

So what was our summery of the trip? We plan to go again. When we turn 80 or become disabled, whichever comes first.



Vicki J., Under The Hanger; aka Sydney Harbour Bridge

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Banda Islands fantastic Coral Reefs



Anchored at the base of Gunung Api

**Story by Sue Woods, Solita,
Photos by Robyn Dix**

The Banda islands are a collective group of 6 small islands in the middle of the Banda Sea, Indonesia.

They make a wonderful stop-over on the way home from Ambon. The 3 main islands form a naturally enclosed safe harbour that can accommodate a large number of boats. Most people anchor in front of the main town, Bandaneira, opposite the volcano Gunung Api, but there are also excellent anchorage options off Lonthor Island. Prime anchorage can be found right in front of the Maulana and Laguna Hotels, by dropping your anchor in 30 metres and tying a stern rope to the shore.

The history of these Spice Islands is well documented they have had a long, convoluted and bloody past that is well worth reading about.

The atmosphere of these islands is quite unique a visit to the town of Bandaneira, with its old Dutch and Portuguese forts, perkeniers' houses, nutmeg and clove trees, old bronze canons lying in the streets and tropical gardens evokes a strong sense of its past. The museum is a treasure trove of artefacts from the spice trading days.

There is much to do here. On top of all this history, the diving and snorkelling are great. Any of the local guides will take you to nearby but impressive snorkelling sites, or excellent dive sites a little further away from town. A climb to the top of the volcano is a "must", though it is best done in the early morning to avoid the heat of the day. A walk through the town will take you along winding paths and gravel roads to the forts, fields of taro and cassava, local schools and shops, old nutmeg groves, markets and fantastic water views.

Sitting in the shady garden of the Maulana Hotel sipping a cold Bintang while watching the harbour traffic is not too hard to take, and excellent meals are available in many of the town's restaurants. The Muteira Guesthouse provides an excellent buffet dinner at a very reasonable cost most nights, and the Delfica also offers great food in their garden café.

The locals are very friendly and welcoming, and keen to meet you. They will offer you information and help when required. Many have had long acquaintances with Darwin yachties passing through, and value these relationships. The Bandaneira market is also a great place to replenish your fresh stores and top up the beer stocks. A visit to the Banda Islands on your way home will be well worth it!



TCP Note: The Dinah Beach Yacht Club in Darwin has scheduled their Darwin Ambon Yacht Race and Rally to begin July 23. See TCP's online edition and home page for more pictures and info on the rally.

www.thecoastalpassage.com



photos: new homestay on Pisang Island, drying nutmeg & cloves, Dutch plantation Settlement - Ai Island, entering Banda Islands

It's the Cruising / Rally / Racing Season! here are a few...

DARWIN AMBON YACHT RACE / RALLY

The Dinah Beach Yacht Club in Darwin has scheduled their Race and Rally to begin July 23. Monohull and Multihull racing divisions are complemented by the hugely popular Cruising Division. Many cruisers use the event as an opportunity to process their travel documents to journey onwards through Indonesia.

www.darwinambonrace.com.au

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www.louisiadesrally.com.au

DARWIN - DILI RALLY 2011

Dili in Timor Leste leaving Darwin in early July 2011. This event is being auspiced by the Government of Timor Leste and supported by the NT Government.

www.sailtimorleste.org



More photos of the Banda Islands

Photos: Banda Islands - Ai Island Beaches, Banda School Kids, Banda Islands - Sunrise



Photos: Remnants of Fort Nassau, Gunung Api at Sunset, Pisang Island beach, Bandanaira, Banda Islands - Longboat

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Coconuts, crocodiles and ulcers



Chris Dicker of SY Westwind crewing on SC Mojo, on his first trip to the Louisiades, shares his experiences.

Story & photos by
Chris Dicker, SY Westwind

Our hearts were heavy. It was the last anchorage before our departure from the Louisiades. A sailau ghosting home from the gardens at Pana Wina disappeared into the gloaming, reappearing an hour later under the faint glow of the new moon low in the western sky, sailing passed us along a silken pathway, home. A lone male singer sang an unaccompanied lament like a piper and our sophisticated 'white man' talk of shops and shares and financial security fell silent.

We had left our old timber yacht *Westwind* in Cairns to crew on the very fast catamaran *Mojo* from Townsville across to the Louisiades. It was our first big trip on a multihull and we fairly skipped over the ocean like a flat stone, sailing the 600 miles in 4 days neat. Our landfall was near the Duchateau Islands and we could just make them out in the early morning haze as we crossed the reef and made our way to Panasia Island where we anchored.

There was Captain Kel, the mate Helga and crew, Gilli and myself, sitting on a rosewood log on a small beach wondering where all the people were. Soon enough a small sailau appeared well down wind of us but made short work of the beat. These people live and breathe the sea; their vessels are an

extension of themselves. We four new chums sat on the log wondering what to expect. Had we trespassed? The sailau landed and the woman and children were left to make all fast while John, the headman, approached us quietly along the beach. His hand extended in friendship and we stood up as one to be welcomed by our first Papua New Guinean native. The whole family joined us soon after, and in hindsight that small group personified the pioneering spirit and the oneness these people have with the land and the sea.

We spent a few days at Panasia, during which time we were invited for a typical islander meal of yams, cooked bananas, taro and sweet potato all cooked in coconut juice. With this meal we were also very honoured to have fish. Kel and Helga generously supplied the fish from *Mojo's* freezer. When we left there the family waved us out of sight, even flashing a mirror for a lark.

The islands in that great lagoon are such that you can sail from one to the other by sight avoiding coral reefs and coral heads of course, also by sight. We made our way to Motorina Island, a large island as it had at least two sides, a hill, a magistrate and Moses the councillor. Moses was a humorous, educated and erudite chap who showered us with generous hospitality. He mentioned a soccer match (they are mad on soccer!) that was to be held the next day, Saturday. If no one

else, I was very keen to see it. "About 9 o'clock," he said ... when pressed!

At 8.00 we were escorted over the hill on a narrow track through the jungle by some enthusiastic youths. On reaching the other side we found that there was no real hurry as there were players coming from all over. This gave us time to have a good look around at the school, the village well, a boat building project and even to have a meal with Moses and his warm and wonderful family. There are no tables or chairs. You eat on a mat on the floor of the house, guests eat first then the men, children next and finally the women. By half past two we wondered if the match would still be on as it was not only late but also pouring with rain. I am sorry to

say that we gave up in the end and our faithful guides escorted us back over the very wet and slippery hill. We met several strapping fellows with soccer boots around their necks still on their way to the field. It was all we could do to stay upright on that track, but we met a chap and his wife at a particularly slippery incline. He was loaded with all manner of produce and she had a babe in arms and a basket of eatables on her head. They walk and move and live so gracefully in the land and sea that has adopted them we must have appeared very clumsy. The match did take place at 3.30 and someone won. There would have been a feast and a lot of laughter at our expense. They are more than welcome.

continued next page...



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A limestone sea cave on Sabra Island

Two days later we discovered the cave was the lair of a crocodile



Doctor Roper's no nonsense approach

Young Ruben, a footloose youth, asked us if we were going to Misima, one of the more populated islands which also has a town and a harbour and, if we were, could we take him along. Yes, we were, but we would not be returning. "That's ok," he said, "I am going there forever." He came on board right on time the next morning with a very small bag and two husked drinking coconuts. He was good company and knew the waters like the back of his hand. He also landed a good sized bonito on one of *Mojo's* trolling lines which would have made a good offering to the people he was to stay with...forever!

By this time everyone on board was on antibiotics and applying a host of creams and powders to combat the voracious savagery of tropical ulcers except for yours truly, who, by dint of luck, escaped the malady. Gilli had a particularly nasty one half way up her shin that really laid her low. Nothing seemed to stem the onslaught of this flesh eating parasite until we had the fortune to meet Doctor Lee Roper off the yacht *Affinity*. Such was his expertise that a mere glance at the affliction brought forth an instant

prognosis and he advised immediate amputation. Luckily there were severe cases to be attended on *Affinity* and Gilli made a remarkable recovery!

In the crown that is the Calvados chain of islands Sabra Island must be one of the most impressive jewels. Such is the diversity of the Lousiades that a limestone island can crop out between other islands that are devoid of limestone. Sabra is not large but there are remarkable caves complete with ancient stalactites and mites poking its coast and interior. *Mojo* spent a very pleasant week there and 'got amongst the natives'. For the first time in our whole sojourn we were also joined by other visiting yachts and all of us had an evening ashore with the locals.

Their culture is vastly different to our own but some of their needs are obvious at a glance. No-one should be denied plenty of clean drinking water or a basic education. I am full of admiration for those that go to these remote places and for little reward help to ease those needs.

Model racing beats sitting in front of the TV all day



For the last time and all too soon *Mojo's* anchor chain trundled over the gipsy, and those dark people on the shore waved their big open wave, and my heart turned jelly as we headed across the lagoon to the pass that would take us to the open sea. But I knew, I knew, we would return.

TCP Note: Chris has announced that if all goes as planned, he will be sailing his yacht, *Westwind* to the Lousiades around August this year. Happy sailing Chris and crew!



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It's all a bit of a Gamble

the norm was treated with derision by parents, acquaintances and workmates. I sometimes felt that some of these people didn't want us to break away, they wanted us entrapped like them in the never-ending cycle of mortgages, bills, nine-to-five boredom and the acquiring of material 'things' that we could all do very well without. And there was another band of people who appeared completely happy with their humdrum lives. And thank goodness for that; because they were the people who kept the country running.

During those five years I read as many books as I could find, written by people who had broken away from normality to follow their dreams. My peers weren't talking my language, but some of these authors were. Henry David Thoreau was one of them. His philosophy regarding life is as relevant today as it was in 1845. Who *hasn't* heard his quotation "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears." or "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation" or "Our life is frittered away by detail. . . . Simplify, simplify"? He doesn't mention women too much, but that's the way things were in those days. I would have written to Thoreau, thanking him for sharing his outlook on life with me and showing that Shirley and I weren't the only people in the world who thought that way; but I doubt if he would have replied, because he died in 1862.

One author who did reply to me was Alan Lucas. In the late 1960s I bought a copy of *Cruising The Coral Coast* for \$1.25 and was enthralled by its contents. Here was a person who had chucked normality and taken off on a lifetime of adventure. If he could do it, so could Shirley and I. Filled with enthusiasm, we finished our five year working stint, loaded up the Land Rover and caravan and took off. Forty years and a myriad of experiences later, we haven't regretted one minute of it. Before we took off on that journey I wrote to "Mr Lucas" thanking him for giving us the inspiration to follow our dreams. His modest, typed reply is still in my possession. Thanks Alan. In *TCP#38*, Petrea Heathwood wrote an article about people whose writings have inspired us. Alan Lucas was one of them. Petrea wrote "how much poorer the world would have been had Alan knuckled down to the demands of conformity, put his money into a mortgage instead of a yacht, and stayed at his desk instead of sailing away to adventure. . . ."

In that same article, Petrea wrote about the consequences of sometimes leaving those dreams too late. She referred to some people she knew who had worked long and hard to obtain or build and fit out a yacht with all the gizmos only to discover that health problems had ended their dream. Petrea's advice was

to keep it small and simple and go early. It's good advice. But there are a couple of problems. How simple do you keep it and how early do you go? I suppose that all depends on the individual.

When I was looking to buy a yacht in the early 1990s, I was at the Mooloolaba Marina with a broker. The yacht I had just inspected wasn't the one for me, but as we walked back along the pontoon I spotted a vessel that looked familiar. It was a yawl, about six metres long.

"That looks like John Guzzwell's *Trekka*", I said to the broker.

Trekka, designed by Laurent Giles was built by John who, in 1955, embarked on a successful four year single-handed circumnavigation of the world.

"That's *Trekka 11*" the broker said. "She's the spitting image of *Trekka*. She was built by John's son, who was sailing her around the world. He sailed her over from New Zealand, but Customs has impounded her and she's going to be auctioned off topay import duty."

"How much do you think she'll go for?" "Oh, about \$6,000," the broker replied.

I was immediately interested. Here was a proven seaworthy vessel that fitted Thoreau's simplistic principles perfectly. It had a couple of drawbacks the cockpit was the size of a matchbox and any cooking was done kneeling. There was no smelly motor to worry about, just a pair of oars about 4 metres long.

Although Shirley felt the same way about life as I did, she did not share my enthusiasm for yachts; but we had reached a compromise, I would sail single-handed and she would join me for a week or two every now and then. I looked over at Shirley.

"Are you seriously thinking about buying this?" she asked incredulously.

"Well, it's a simple, seaworthy yacht." "Can you really imagine yourself cooking on your knees for months and rowing into marinas on that thing? Well, I won't be joining you."

Female logic prevailed and I bought a slightly bigger yacht.

During our life we have been extremely fortunate to avoid war, natural disaster and ill health. I remember saying at the age of thirty that if we lived until fifty without any health problems we'd be doing alright. Well, we're in our late sixties now and have fulfilled most of our dreams, so we've nothing to complain about. I had a brush with death last year and spent three months in hospital. Dying is not too bad; I was oblivious to the world for six weeks and didn't feel a thing. It's surviving that can be devastating. Never before, until my time in a neurosurgical ward, was I aware

that there were so many people, young and old, with terrible and permanent afflictions. How many dreams are shattered because of ill health?

While my yacht *Pluto* was moored in Hamilton Island Marina one year, I was returning from dinner at Spinnaker's Restaurant, when I was invited on board a luxury cruiser for a few drinks. A noisy party was underway. The bloke who appeared to be in charge was in his early twenties.

"Is this your boat?" I asked.

"No, it's Dad's. He's in Melbourne at the moment. He leaves it here and flies up every now and then for a week or two. I've just come up for a week with two mates. We don't do much cruising in her. We mostly just stay here and pull in the chicks."

Later in the evening I spoke to one of the 'chicks'; she was in her early twenties and from England. She told me she was on a working holiday and was presently working at the fish and chip shop on Hamilton Island. I remarked how things had changed since I was her age; at twenty-two I was almost destitute with little chance of following any dream.

"To you," I asked, "what is the meaning to life?"

It didn't take her long to reply:

"To follow your dreams and be happy."

It's a pretty simple philosophy, but I can't think of a better one. I don't advocate that being happy means we should all walk around with a permanent grin on our faces; on the road to our dreams there are often many hurdles to cross and dark times to endure but that's all part of the game.

If we're going to follow our dreams, it's best not to leave it too late. It's all a bit of a gamble I suppose, because we don't know that expiry date. One acquaintance of mine said:

"Live every day as though it is your last."

What a load of codswallop. If we did that, we wouldn't pay our bills, antifoul the yacht or change the oil in the motor. The world would be in more chaos than it is now.

But, as a Scottish proverb says: Enjoy yourself while you're living, because you're a long time dead.

By Stuart Buchanan, SY *Pluto*

It would make life so much simpler if we all knew our expiry date; we could plan our lives and dreams accordingly.

When I was in my early twenties and sitting bored witless at my drawing board in an architects' office, I often dreamt of a more adventurous way of life - travelling around Australia by four-wheel drive, sailing along Queensland's beautiful barrier reef coast or visiting some of the world's wild and rugged places. However, being financially impaired, I could see little hope of such a lifestyle ever eventuating.

One bloke of my age, Vic, who had just completed his third year in architecture, told me he was giving architecture away to join the army and train as a helicopter pilot. A year later I received a phone call from Vic, inviting me and a few others to join him at the pub for a drink. I couldn't believe the change in him; he was almost bursting out of his skin with an exuberance for life that was overwhelming. Whatever it was I did with my life, I wanted to be as enthusiastic about it as Vic. An office job in architecture wasn't the answer.

I decided I *had* to make some money; not a huge amount, but enough to buy a Land Rover, a small caravan and have some money in the kitty to enable my girlfriend Shirley, now my wife, and me to take off on a working holiday around Australia. Fortunately, Shirley felt the same way about life as I did. For five years without a break we each worked at two jobs to finance our dreams. I often thought how ironic it would be if, at the end of those five years, we were run over by a bus.

In those days it was hard for people who felt like square pegs in round holes; any suggestion of a lifestyle away from

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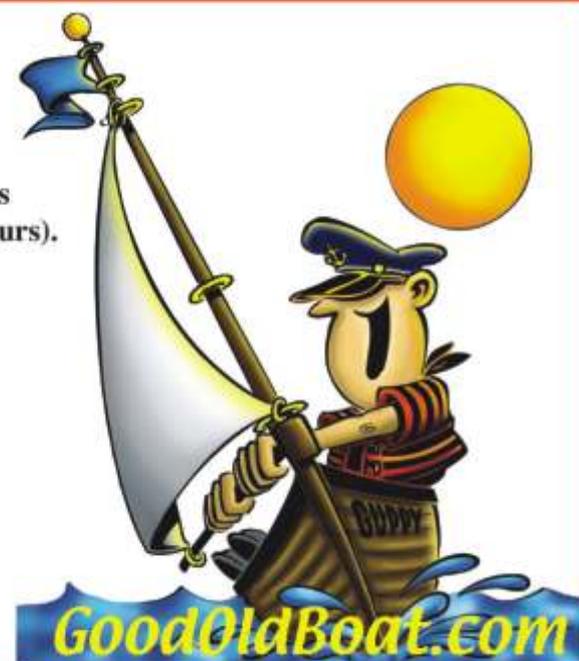
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What a Blast!

By Norm Walker, MSY Peggy-Anne

I've been threatening to do it for the last year or two.

When the hulls for *Peggy-Anne* were being moulded a *tie layer* of vinyl ester resin was used between the gel coat and subsequent layups of polyester. The theory being that the molecular structure of vinyl ester resin is tighter and more waterproof than polyester. As an extra precaution, her bottom was painted with two coats of epoxy before she was anti-fouled and launched, epoxy providing the best water barrier, but also being the most expensive. This of course is an effort to stop the dreaded boat pox (technical name *Osmosis rootusboatus*) the death of all fibreglass boat owners.

Some so called expert opinion is that the epoxy barrier is only good for ten years. I am not convinced of this and believe that a properly applied epoxy barrier coat should last indefinitely. I also believe that nobody enjoys the work associated with anti-fouling and bottom cleaning and if you want a good job it is better to muck in and do it yourself.

The original barrier coat was sprayed on by a contractor and I noticed a couple of years ago while antifouling, that a large patch had become detached. So this year it was time to bite the bullet and replace the barrier coat.

Once we had the boat on the hard our first job was to acid wash above the water line to remove water stains in the gel coat (**Pic1&2**). All the fresh water we've been floating in lately certainly leaves a stain.

The next thing to deal with is the layers of anti-foul paint that has built up over the last 10 years, this of course needs to be removed before any epoxy can be applied. We explored the many avenues of removal namely sanding, scraping or using a paint stripper.

I balked at the idea of sanding and scraping but thought that a stripper would be good value!!!!!!

After lots of research and soul searching, we came to the conclusion that we needed to employ the services of a soda blaster.

Soda blasting is virtually the same as sand blasting, but uses baking soda as the grit which is a lot less aggressive than sand or garnet. This gives the operator a lot more control and takes off the softer layers of anti-foul without damaging the gel coat (**Pic3&4**). The process is both noisy and dusty and it would pay to check with the hard stand whether they allow it. We were hauled out at Horizon Shores and they had a preferred contractor who tented the boat and extracted all the dust (**Pic5&6**).

The process took two full days including set up and clean up and we were extremely happy with the result. Most of the old epoxy barrier coat was removed as well. We were also pleased that the blasting had uncovered no osmosis but had revealed an area under the stern of the port hull, that had been repaired. It must have been carried out by the boat builder, probably due to mould pre-release and was well disguised as it had never been noticed through the anti-foul (**Pic7**).

Although the soda blasting saved a load of work, a day was spent sanding back the remnants of the original barrier coat with palm sanders (**Pic8**). This prepared an excellent substrate for the application of the epoxy. We decide on using Jotan products for the job and found the staff at Jotan in Brisbane to be very friendly and helpful. The material data sheets they supplied were easy to understand and to follow. The products were very user friendly and could be applied without using spray equipment.

The water line was masked up and the epoxy rolled on (**Pic9**). The paint system comprised of: **2 coats Jotacoat 605 epox, 1 coat Safeguard ES epoxy tie coat, 2 coats Sea Guardian Anti-foul paint (Pic10)**.

continued next page...



1



2



3



4



5



6



7

Repair revealed after soda blasting



8



9



10



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Once we had applied the two coats of epoxy and the tie coat, we then used a hydraulic jack to slightly raise each hull and the trestle stands were moved and the areas under them painted

As with any paint job the applying of the paint is a lot easier than the preparation. The data sheets called for a day between coats and as a coat could be applied in a little over two hours, we found we had a fair bit of waiting time on our hands.

The Oregon handrail on *Peggy-Anne* is the only bit of bright-work on the boat and looks great when just varnished, the only problem being the Queensland climate which is pretty harsh on varnished finishes, meaning the handrail needs a lot of attention. With all this spare time on hand, we decided to unmount the stainless grab rails and remove all the old varnish (more bloody sanding). Instead of revarnishing we opted to treat the rail using "Deks Olja" a two part penetrating oil gloss finish. It involves applying a penetrating oil, wet on wet which soaks deep into the timber, this is followed with five coats of another oil which brings up a great gloss.

The hand rail job kept us busy while the bottom paint was drying. We also used "PropSpeed" on the screws (**Pic11&12**).

Once the hand rail had been completed and the epoxy barrier coat and tie coat applied, the hull was polished from the water line to the gunwales. (Best done before anti fouling to stop white smudges on boot top).

Once again we masked the waterline in preparation for the messy job of applying the anti-foul. We had been saving up some old clothes for this job, and find that it is easier to dispose of clothes and rollers etc. rather than trying to clean them (**Pic 13**). By starting early we could get on two coats of anti foul and allow the required drying time between coats. Like most anti foul paints, "Sea Guardian" seems to dry nearly off the brush/roller, but 7 hrs @25° was the spec.

By now *Peggy-Anne* was looking pretty dammed good. The last job, remove the masking tape (**Pic14**) and sit back enjoy a rum and admire a job well done (**Pic15**). When the boat was lifted to head back to the water, we got a bit of time to paint where she sat on the trestles.

Costs:
2 Weeks Hardstand Fees, Lift In-Out, Pressure wash: \$1200.00
Soda Blasting: \$2500.00
Epoxy and Anti foul paint: \$950.00
The help we got from our mates Bruce and Kay: PRICELESS



11



12



13



Peggy-Anne with her "new beaut" bottom!



14



15



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Bare Bones Update

The Science of Sanding....

By Bob Norson

The more you know about abrasives used in so called "sandpaper" the less work you're going to do to get a better result. The stuff you find at the local hardware store is usually adequate for sanding wood but if you are working on harder material it will be a frustrating job.

The answers are easy but that didn't keep me from actually listening to the deadheads at the hardware stores and even abrasive specialists, when they would make their expert recommendations. And I should have known better. I HAD the information and failed to apply it right away. I was a gem cutter and gemologist, trades that live and breathe hardness and polishing issues.

It's about hardness! When I say hardness in this context, it means "scratch-ability and usually applied to minerals. There is a popular scale for placing substances in order of hardness and that is the Mohs scale. At the top of the scale is diamond, it is number 10. At the bottom of the scale is talc, it is number 1. If you have a hard substance to sand you want to use a 'grit' that is up there on the scale.

The scale isn't linear. Corundum (ruby, sapphire, aluminium oxide) is a 9 on the scale but diamond, a ten, is roughly four times harder but there is more to that, I'll get to it later.

So you want a hard substance that is reliably fixed to a paper or fabric backing and you want it easily available and affordable. Let's face it, in a perfect world we would all use diamond for everything.

Grit/size matters too... You've seen the numbers but do you know what they mean? 180 grit... 60 grit... means if you have a screen one inch square with 60 holes in the "mesh" for that square inch, 60 grit would be the largest size that would fall through it. So, the larger the number, the smaller the grit. For a one inch screen to be divided into 1000 little individual squares, it would take a fine substance to go through it but in the gem business I worked with 15,000 grit often. The process of polishing is nothing more than proceeding to a fineness of grit that leaves a scratch too fine to see. And in the gem business, we want it to be too fine to see under a microscope!

Don't skip steps! So you need to knock off some rough bits. You get out the rough and nasty 40 grit and go at it. Then you give it a go with 120 grit and think you have it done

until you look close and see all those trenches left from the 40 grit... You've knocked off the mountain tops with the 120 but the valleys persist. Go back and do 60 grit, then 80.... then your 120.

Or use a really good quality, (read hard abrasive), of more modest grit, say 60 or 80, so you don't have as many steps to go through.

And the mention I made about diamond hardness above? Well, if it takes a harder substance to scratch a softer one, how do you cut and polish a diamond that is at the top of the scale? The answer is because most minerals have a crystal structure and a "grain". Just like fine timber, diamonds are easier to cut in one direction than another. With diamond it is about 150 times harder in the wrong direction. With diamond powder from previous operations sorted into "grit", a polisher has to orient the stone in the correct direction facing a wheel loaded with diamond grit and then diamond will cut and polish diamond.

Speed, temperature and crystal shapes can all have an affect on a substance's abrasive quality but if you know hardness alone you are ahead of the game. Ask the dealer what the grit is composed of on a particular item they have or specify the type of grit you want. If they don't know or worse, they respond to the question by asking, "what cha goin to use it for?", which means they haven't got a clue but will tell you whatever they have the most of is perfect for the job... assume it is rubbish. I've learned the hard way what the appropriate response is to the sales monkey. Either turn around and just walk out or say, "I'm going to use it for the purpose to which I intend, now do you know what it is or not?"

Sanding is too hard. Find an abrasive specialist. Get the good stuff and work less.

Hardness 10= diamond

Hardness 9-9.5= silicone carbide, corundum (or aluminum oxide or alumina), tungsten carbide.

Hardness 8= zirconia, topaz

Hardness 7= quartz, garnet

Hardness 6-7= glass, iron pyrite, silicon.. basically.. sand.

1. The Rupes brand orbital sander mounted with a good quality pad of Alumina (9 hardness) is fast and smooth. 2. This machine is cheap stuff that won't last much longer but the devise mounted on it has been wonderful. It is one foot in diameter and allows you to see the surface as you work it. If properly constructed and used, a great tool. Instructions on how to make your own are on the www.buildacat.com website. 3. If you have to cut through layers of cured epoxy (hope you never have to), this is the tool. A ZEC wheel, Silicon Carbide, 24 grit will rip through concrete or your hand instantly. 4. PFERD brand made in Germany. High quality gear. Great for first go over rough bog, long lasting and fast. Alumina and Zirconia grit. 5. Cheap angle grinders aren't worth it. This little Bosch is rugged, quiet (relatively) and doesn't direct the dust right into your eyes. I threw away a working one because of that. 6. Don't waste money on cheap sanders. We tried the little \$25 or \$50 things and they are a waste of time. The one shown is brilliant. 7. Have been using paper on a roll so it fits various machines or torture boards. This is Indasa brand made in Portugal, aluminum oxide. I like it. 8. I still use my modified air powered inline sander but it does take a big compressor to run.

All the yellow coloured paper shown is mere paint shop stuff. The last bit I got I rang a supplier I had used for a while and they said they had what I asked for (alumina). After a one hour drive to get there they handed me the yellow stuff and assured me it was "just as good"... GGGGRRRRR. I needed the grit so they got me but the Hervey Bay guys lost a good customer.

The good news this cycle is that our boards are done except for fairing but the raw shape and finish is good enough I am not expecting that to be a big job. My goal was to keep them light enough that I could manhandle them around the boat without help and that has been achieved. The bad news is that the whole starboard hull has had to be stripped down to the panels due to faulty materials that we thought we had conquered but didn't. Very pissed off about that. See next pages for more on the boards and the misery of bad quality materials...




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Bare Bones

The Nightmare continues....

BY Bob Norson

Have you ever had that chill of realisation run down your back and right to the pit of your stomach? "Like a kick in the gut" is the phrase.

When I was cutting away the section of transom for the kick-up rudder cassettes the edge of the paint system by the cut didn't look healthy. I could see an edge to some of it. That is, it wasn't a continuous mass but appeared to have a visible break in the layers.

Readers who have been following this saga for the duration may remember a struggle that started with the coating of the first hull. The problem started with a pervasive pitting in the fairing bog that I wasn't able to cover or cure. Never having been told otherwise, I assumed the bloody expensive, epoxy laminated, balsa core panels were sealed and waterproof....

Outgassing is the term that describes what happens when a porous substance is increasing in temperature causing gasses within the material to expand and exit through the surface. What makes balsa light is that it is mostly air. If it is in a panel that isn't sealed and a builder tries to apply a coating when the panel is rising in temperature, the expanding gasses will force their way up through the coating and leave a hole in their paths. That hole will then be a direct route to the core for water. Balsa exposed to water over time turns into something like black spot, not a pretty sight.

From TCP # 33 "So back to the instruction booklet that came from ATL with the panels. I could find no mention of outgassing at all and no reference to them (duflex panels) being waterproof. The closest relevant information I could find was from page 2; "The panels are designed to provide a fair surface on the hull exterior, and while the builder may choose to add laminate for aesthetic or other reasons, it's not required structurally."

I shot off an email (to ATL); "are the glass fibre and epoxy skins on either side of Duflex panels waterproof?" My question must have got lost, no response."

Perhaps "other reasons" is meant to be waterproofing? I would have thought being waterproof was a structural requirement for a "hull exterior".

So I had a hull with thousands of little holes boring directly into the core. Any imperfect attempt to seal from the outside of the fairing bog or even slight damage to the paint system in the bilges after launch could open up one, or several of those. The only prudent thing to do was to grind off the bog below the waterline or any particularly porous areas, right back to the panel skin, then wait for a falling thermometer when the cycle is reversed and the contracting gasses actually help force the resin into the pores. Because of the lag between ambient and panel temperature this doesn't occur until very late in the day or early evening to be safe. So that is what I did, the whole hull with three separate batches of resin, and additionally re-applying the bog over the resin that night where it had been ground off to get the best adhesion.

I was concerned the next morning when the resin was still jelly-ish. By that afternoon I was feeling that "kick in the gut" feeling mentioned above. After doing test batches to confirm... yup, bad hardener.

It was just firm enough to be monstrous to remove. So after trying every other trick I could think of....heat guns, acetone, gas and electric heaters running day and night, dynamite.. well, not really but I did consider it; weeks of exposure to sunlight was what it took to finally get the resin hard. Then



On the left are the cut outs from my pad eye installation. The bad hull is the one on the right where the paint system breaks away easily. A quick grind with high quality abrasive and a pocket knife did the damage at right.



First I attacked with the brutal silicone carbide wheel and just as I'm touching bog I change to a finer abrasive to keep from going through the softer parts and to improve control. Eventually it comes down to a palm sander and Kay pitched in there while I did the major destruction. This was a very exacting job and in spite of care, a few repairs to fibreglass had to be made



Now ready to apply fibreglass to the chine surfaces not covered by tape and other spots deemed at risk.



Bare Bones

The Nightmare continues....

I was thinking about all this as I laid on my back under the jacked up boat

with an air chisel peeling back the coatings, then a silicone carbide wheel on my 9" angle grinder tearing away all that work and material about 5 inches from my face. I was thinking what I would say if someone showed up at my door with a truck load of duflex panels and Kinetex resin as a gift. The short version is, I wouldn't have it.

When I put in the pad eyes for my prodder, the piece of skin I cut away to rebate the section was the final straw. (see photos on previous page) I noticed that on the starboard hull, the surface paint fell away with a slight bend whilst the paint system on the port hull didn't fail under any torture. I ground off a few test spots and found many where I could get my knife under an edge and peel the paint back in sheets. The sanding to 'key in' the surface after hardening was successful. The failure was *under* the bad resin. So.. it all had to come off, including the bog I had put on with the bad resin, right back to the panel skins. I used a different resin for the bog mix but the bad resin was under it.

When first realised I was going to have to grind the stuff off, I was hoping the resin under the bog would have gone off because of the good stuff over it but once I could see the edge of that work it didn't look good.

After the hell of grinding it all off, I decided to laminate the areas in the bilges that were duflex skin. Areas covered in tape already I left. After glassing all that, I used phenolic microballons as a filler as they are more water resistant than the Q-cells I received with the panels. All done at night of course.

I wished I had done the other hull the same way, knowing what I know now, but I'm not going to. That hull never had the porosity problems in the fairing bog to begin with as it was faired at the right temperature and it has several coatings of good resin over the lot before painting but still, I will buy a moisture tester to keep an eye on it over the years.

Since I published this information a couple years ago, a few know-it-all types, (every boat yard has at least one) have claimed they knew about duflex outassing all along.... Course they left no verifiable record of such wisdom and IF they did know.... How come they worked on other peoples boats and didn't apply such wisdom?? But sometimes it is funny when I recognise the quotes they use, because they are mine!



This all had to be done in three stages because of the limits of conditions. I couldn't start early or I would face the threat of outgassing and I couldn't work too late because the humidity would climb as it cooled. Quite a balancing act with the weather we have been having. Which was OK anyway because I didn't want the bog to go too hard before I could sand it all. The next day the stuff works easy but it's not good to apply anymore of an evening then you can sand the next day. It gets hard as rock after three days. I did the keel panel first. Very tricky working upside down but it went OK. Then one side and the other.. I had everything ready, glass cut, benches prepped, and then watched conditions. I wetted the glass beside the work on plastic covered planks and lifted into place and stuck it on and worked it. Two full lengths and one part length each side plus a few patches here and there. After getting the glass up and working it well, I would go in the house, have a beer and then come back out to bog on the glass that was the first applied. Just firm enough to take it.

The keel panel didn't need glassing as it had extra layers on it already plus a layer of plywood from original assembly.

Where the hulls are supported will have to wait till I have the final paint system on the rest, then I will move the supports and do the whole process over again on those areas. Glad they are smaller.





Bare Bones

by Bob Norson

It's not all doom and gloom... here is one of the projects that is going ahead OK.. so far...

But in spite of the dispiriting problems on the previous pages there has been some progress, something beside taking two steps back for very one forward!
Our boards are part of this and part of that and a fair bit of invention,, sure hope it works kind of stuff.

The spine is made of hoop pine sourced from Boat Craft Pacific except for the leading edge which is leftover from my rudders. Very dense, very strong and impervious to dampness in case we use the boards for curb feelers too often.

The skins are 10mm (3/8th inch) dense foam with a 450 gram uni laminate inside running north and south. After the panels were laminated inside they were mounted outside, done all in one shot. I glued the panel to the spine and fastened it to the foam back from the trailing edge. Then wetted a heavy piece of tape and tucked it under the spine as you see in the photos. Then carefully folded the other panels over without disturbing the tape. I left a fair wad of glue on the inside of the tape to help that out.

Then pulled out every clamp we had. The leading edge was difficult to keep pushed right into shape. I also had bits of light ply and screwed through that over the lgs of the spine to keep the panel tight against the glued surface and to keep the bows on the panels to a minimum.

After both boards were done that far the fairing began. I really wanted to get as much done of that as I could before I went further. Foam is tricky to work as it can grab your abrasive but it is easier than bog! Also, a little low spot in a surface to be faired is not big deal but one high spot can force you to work the whole panel to correct and then do the same on the other side as the profiles have to match. If the board isn't symmetrical, you develop a foil that wants to create lift. In other words, the board would become a rudder stuck on a turn instead of slicing through the water.

After doing the preliminary fairing, I applied a rolled up piece of uni to the trailing edge to keep it stiff and bogged over that. The idea is to provide a surface for the outside laminate to adhere to that you can grind off the edge and you have a tough waterproof surface. After smoothing all that I put on the outside laminate, 600 grm DB. All the glass I used was on the heavy side.

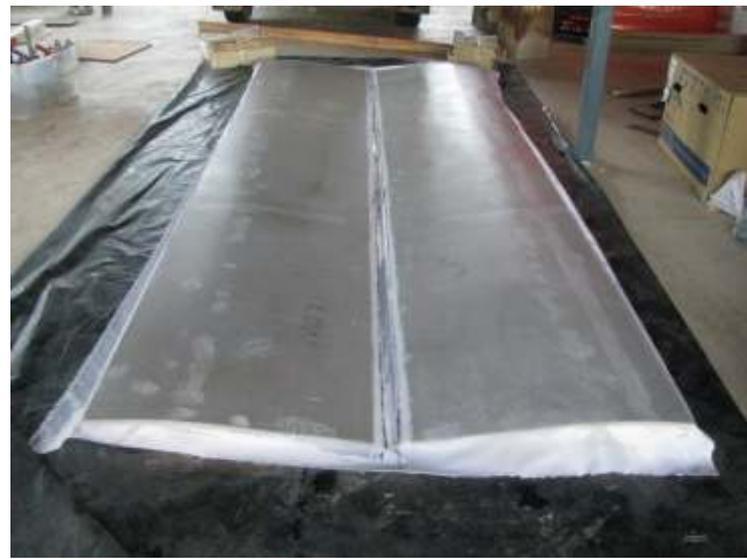
After that had set hard on as true a surface as I could manage for several days, (resin doesn't set permanent for days depending on temperature, so a panel that is laminated straight can go wrong if stored on a wobbly surface to soon) then I applied two 850 gram tapes of uni folded over each side of the centre to stiffen the unit. I left the centre free of it to allow a place for the lifting rope.

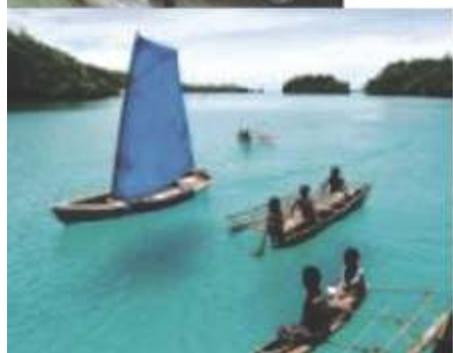
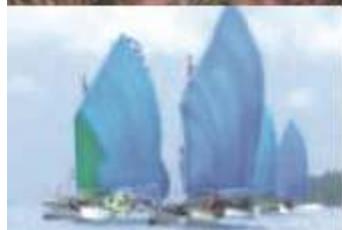
I still have the ends to glass (easy)and final fairing to do (not so easy) and I think I will get some 70mm wide strips of carbon fibre to lay next to the glass uni. before I fair. Just to make sure.....

I really think I could build a small boat for the trouble and expense of boards and cases though. Hope the performance is worth it.

and then the cases.. but I have a plan..

Also did some modification to the cockpit. I had a clever idea before that doesn't seem as clever lately... goes like that sometimes...





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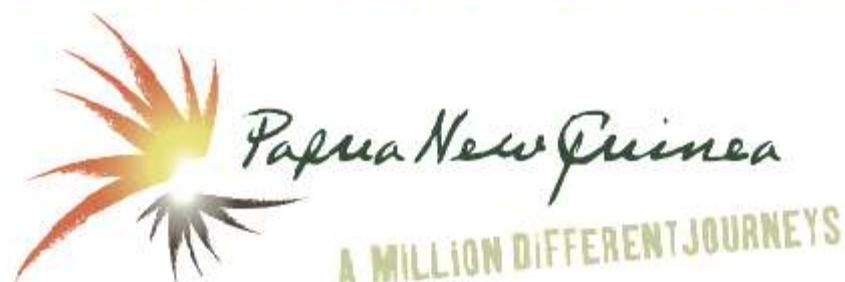
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Good tips from a TCP advertiser

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

Mike Lee is the technical expert at Harken's Newport Rhode Island office.

He works closely with naval architects, boat designers, and boat captains, specing custom winch and hardware packages, and figuring out the best deck layouts for the projects.

A Milwaukee, Wisconsin native, Mike has been in the marine industry for over 17 years and at Harken for eight. For many years he sailed big boats in the Milwaukee area, but admits he's addicted to speed. "I sailed a Hobie 16 for a long time until one day a sailboard shot past me. I also satisfy my need for speed by sailing iceboats."

GREASY AND MESSY

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

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

ABSTRACT PUZZLE

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

www.harken.com/winches/winch.php

GETTING READY

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

The paper towels let you keep the mess under control. Pour the mineral spirits into the coffee can and use to clean parts with the small paintbrush (after cleaning, rinse all the parts in hot water). The cold beer... well hopefully you know what to do with that. Beer can also induce a friend to help you clean a winch or two.

DISASSEMBLY

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

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

Now you can remove all the gears and bearings for cleaning. Even though the winch only goes

back together one way, it won't hurt to take a good look at everything. Most importantly, remember where the washers and other little items go. It's hard to figure out their location. Don't waste time worrying about the larger gears and drive shaft. It's easy to find their homes. Pulling the gears and bearings out is actually quite simple and doesn't require any tools or skill. They just slip over the gear shaft.

CLEANING

Take the gears and bearings and place them in a coffee can. Cover the parts with mineral spirits and soak.

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

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

REASSEMBLY

As you put the gears back into place, take a close look at how the pawls are working. If they don't open and close smoothly, then the drum could spin backwards. If there's **any question** that the pawls are not working properly, it is much easier to replace them and the little springs. It is very important NOT to grease the pawls because grease causes them to stick. And if they stick, the gears won't engage. To lubricate your pawls, use any light oil that might be on hand; something like a 3 & 1 oil.

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

FINAL TOUCHES

Once you are certain the winch is reassembled correctly, lightly brush on some clean winch grease. Some owners think that because they won't get around to servicing their winches for a long time, the smart strategy is to pack them with so much grease they will last for years. **This is a bad idea** and only makes a big mess down the road. Now that the gears and bearings are all in place with new grease, all that needs to be done is to remount the drum.

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

See Harken at the Sanctuary Cove and Sydney Boat shows!



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Dili, the Jewel of the Timor Sea

Words & photos by Carole & Keith Hall, SY Chantilly

We spent 3 weeks at our first arrival in Dili, East Timor.
We attended the Dilli to Darwin Rally, 2010.
This was the first rally held in 34 years.

It seems to take us about 2 weeks in any new place to find out where every thing is and sort out what we need to stock up on etc.

Of course this place was of added interest after the trouble with their vote of independence from Indonesia In 1977. Lots of the buildings in the city had been destroyed and also a lot of the outer villages. There was the slaughter of 200,000 people of their 750,000 population. We found signs in buildings asking people to not support Bali, as that is the military base from where the generals ordered the East Timorese to be eliminated for not voting to stay with Indonesia. There is still minor "scuffles" out on the borders. Of course let us not forget that in the nineties 35,000 students and young people died on the outskirts of Dili. They say the bodies were never found! It is sad to say and I have to believe that other islands have had similar experiences with one island losing its entire population of 2000 people. Also of the "disappeared". These stories and others were told to us by locals on the Islands of Rote, Seba and Saumba; all in great detail and to us very distressing. These people cannot understand why someone in the world would not come to their aid. Of we had to say no-one knew about it. Of course we know what happened to our journalists.

Our family and others said, "It is not safe to go there." On our arrival the UN presence was everywhere, UN vehicles were every 2nd vehicle on the road; that brings money to the country as do the Australian soldiers or other peace keepers. We never felt in any danger even at night when returning from a restaurant. Taxis are US\$2 to just about anywhere. US\$ are their currency. Seems that is so because after the Indonesians destroyed whatever they could, the Americans gave them US dollars to give to the people in place of their own. You cannot get Indonesian \$ anywhere in East Timor (possibly on the black market)

The good news is that East Timor is progressing well. Australians give millions in foreign aid and we never know where it goes. We know that in PNG it goes into government pockets, has for years; and their people tell

us they know about it (we were there last year). Our Government now has enough knowledge that it does not give so much cash but has projects there like roads and if you go you can see the signs up: "An Australian Government Project"

Unlike Indonesia there was no corruption in East Timor. Clearly everything was above board and no-one asked or hinted that we should give extra. The first person to come on our boat in Indonesia immediately asked if we had whisky and produced a bottle for us to give him some in! This did not phase us as we expected it from our visit to Bali a few years ago.....nothings changed.

Dili has repaired all the government buildings in the city; if not complete then close. Watching our TV it seemed every night the President or Prime Minister was in the streets with the people, talking with them and pointing at things (I could not understand all of it). Now the streets are well on the way with no big holes in them and tree planting is on the way. Parks and gardens are mowed and replanted. It is a very pleasant city to visit.

We sailed off to Indonesia after 3 weeks in Dili and then returned 2 months later. They had a new program on with lots of men in dark blue overalls with white writing on the back "Dili Sanitation". They swept all the streets clean, picked up or fixed anything that needed it. All the big drains leading out to the sea had grates on them and this also stopped the odd cans and bottles from going into the ocean. They were being collected for the bins that are now along the streets. Children were collecting plastic drinking water bottles into bags so looked like another project was underway. Skip bins were every where around the city as well as smaller bins.

The people are so happy and friendly. One in particular was a water policeman who had gone to Canberra for training so could speak very good English. He wanted his children to learn English so I was able to give him some children's books for his 2 boys and one daughter. He was thrilled. He told me he thought it crazy that a lot of their population spoke Portuguese (who are a small country that does not help) as well as Tetum (their language). He felt they should speak English as Australia is our next door neighbour and does so much to support us. I told him that they should speak Tetum and English, not to drop their own language!



Traditionsl dress of Timor Leste



The port building...customs, immigration , harbour master.



The main shore front street of Dili, very clean and tidy

Continued next page

Jewel of the Timor Sea concludes

Just about every tree in Dili has a rooster tied to it on a bit of string. I thought they were fighting roosters, but gambling is illegal in East Timor. I would often pass a fellow with his rooster lying along his arm as he carries it along the street. If you stop to admire it they are just so proud of their rooster and would like you to stroke it. The roosters seem to like it! They said they like to take their rooster for a walk so he can see things. So it seems to me as we take our dogs for a walk, they cannot afford to feed a dog, so the rooster is the same. (then I am sure somewhere in Australia there is illegal dog fighting)

I met a fellow in his front yard with two very lovely cats. He told me he loved his cats and he had 9 of them. "I spend all my spare time fishing to feed the family and the cats....would you like one to take home for your pet?" I had to tell him that our country would not like me to do that! There is no vet in East Timor.

For those that would like to go there ...just turn up! They cannot afford Embassies all over the world so you can sail or fly in and get your visa on arrival. Clearing in and out is easy, very little paperwork. They have been trained by Australian Customs, Immigration and quarantine, so you will not see any evidence of corruption at all. The Harbour Master is Alberto, the friendliest and most welcoming man you will ever meet.

On our last visit to the Port they had a security "paddle" to wave over us. Very pleased with themselves until I showed them they should have run it over my hand bag too.....they took it well and all laughed and had a joke about it.

The currency is US\$ and will change AU\$ at the banks. There are 4 "Western" supermarkets. Restaurants serving food from every country (no doubt UN inspired). The hotels all serve Aussie food as well, and it is cheap!

Like most cities on the outskirts there are the poor. I never saw a hungry child and all seemed to go to school... wearing immaculate uniforms! I never saw a starving dog! To my delight there was a monkey who lived in the main street in the trees.....the fattest monkey ever seen - like a little fat furry grey pig!

Timorese still need donations of anything useful. Everything we took was appreciated. Giving money is not necessary or asked for. There is a large orphanage. They are happy you are there and if you buy something it all helps the community.

When all the trees planted in the streets are grown, this city will be the jewel in the Timor sea...if it is not already. Surely the bravest people in the world.

We will return in the not so distant future just to see more progress, and there will be progress.

Notes on the Darwin Dili Rally:

As this was the first year for a new government, they only wanted 5 yachts to enter. They took 8 in the end. This year, set to leave Darwin early July, they will take 16-20.

For information www.sailtimorleste.org. The entry fee of \$250 is fully refundable. However on arrival they take out your visa fees and you get the balance. Good Idea as the organisation knows that all the yachting visa fees are paid. If you want to continue on to Indonesia Anne Kemp will organise your CAIT (Cruising permit) for you, \$120, and the Visas you can get from the Indonesian Embassy in Darwin \$68.

General Information -

Entry to the port of Dili. Approaching from the east, there is an enormous statue of Jesus on the headland before the harbour. Do not go into the bay at the nearest end. There are two of the biggest beacons I have ever seen to take you through the reef. Ships wait outside as well near the entry so you cannot miss it. The charts seem to show that you can enter from either side but there is a lot of wreckage in the water.

Security - the UN is still there 2500 of them. Leave your dinghy at the maritime police station on the waterfront. They are great - friendly, happy guys. We felt no danger or threats at all around the town or in the country. Everyone has a big smile for you. No touts, but some kids try to sell you phone cards, or caps. Just say "No" its no problem. Taxis are everywhere \$2 to anywhere but make sure before you enter the taxi!

Food - is very cheap. Good markets, vegetable and fish.

Money - is US dollars.



The "Palace" - Parliamentary offices rebuilt and high concrete walls taken down to low walls leaving the nice gate entrances.



On the outskirts of Dili



The ferry donated by Germany to Timor Leste after the vote for independence.

The Jesus statue, that overlooks the Dili Harbour..



Portugese Navy called in for a visit



fat monkey in Dili

“Hit and motor away” in Thailand. Wendy, of SC Absolutely Knot explains...



At last we were on our way home; back to our boat 'Absolutely' after a twelve month absence. We'd left her on the hard at Rebak Marina, Langkawi, Malaysia for three months which had stretched out to twelve for one reason or another, but mainly financial of course. Now, sort of cashed up, (and as most yachties know, cashed up means having some money when before you had none), we were planning on a six week stay in Thailand to have much needed davits fitted along with a new dinghy. Ah, the thought of a simple wind-up, wind-down dinghy/outboard arrangement gave me shivers of delight. Much better than balancing precariously on the duck board clutching the admittedly small outboard ready to hand it down to Eddie, balancing precariously on his knees in the soft bottomed tender. Yep, we were definitely calm weather shore-goers but not for much longer.

A checkover, a restock (did I turn the fridges on?) and a wonderful shakedown sail across to Telaga Harbour for fuel and checkout and we were good to go. Next stop Thailand.

The next morning we set off at first light; it felt so good to untie those ropes and stow those fenders. With a following wind of about 15 knots we decided to head for Koh Lipi, one in a group of islands about 30nm from Rebak Island. On the way we dodged nets and large Thai fishing boats, some working together, dragging their nets between boats as well as small canoes and the odd cargo ship. All in all it was a lovely day's sailing with both of us very pleased to be back on the water. On arrival we found the bay was busy; lots of tourist ferries, longtails and small fishing boats coming and going, along with a few yachts.

The skipper picked a spot in slightly deeper water than he was entirely comfortable with, but to go closer in would have put us in the thick of the traffic. We dropped the pick, laid out all the chain (thank goodness as you will see later in the story) then went for a swim under the boat. After a shower, tea and a movie it was definitely time to hit the sack but....we hadn't counted on the many nightclubs and karaoke bars along the beach front. Even anchored out as we were, the wind carried the doof-doof beat and that particular cadence of voice that drunken people seem to sing in, right to our boat, through our hatches and into our bedroom. We looked at each other, shrugged and proceeded to toss and turn for most of the night. I do remember waking at around 3am and noticing the absence of noise, the

cessation of which probably woke me in the first place.

At 5.35am Malaysian time (we hadn't wound the clock back to Thai time) we were jolted out of a deep sleep by a tremendous crash from the back of the boat. Eddie was out of bed and in the cockpit, torch in hand before he'd even woken up, me close behind. First thought was we'd dragged anchor and were on the reef. A frantic look around to check bearings no, we were in roughly the same place so what the hell just happened? Seconds later Eddie realized; we'd been rammed by a very large Thai fishing boat going about 8 knots. After shouting to me that we'd been hit, he bolted back down to check for water coming in. In the meantime I was fairly indignant at not only being rammed, but also by the fact the Thai boat had blithely continued on it's way, so I ran up on deck and let them (and the entire bay) know in no uncertain terms what I thought of them. As I was informing them of what I thought their mothers had done to beget them, I saw the top half of one of our rudders floating in the water, complete with stainless fittings. The sight of this stirred me to greater effort and louder volume but the Thai vessel paid no heed and eventually disappeared into the darkness. The skipper reappeared and blushing shut me up then by the light of our dolphin torches we looked at the damage.

continued next page.....



"Hit and motor away" in Thailand. Wendy, of SC Absolutely continues...

The entire top half of our port rudder was gone, the steering arm splintered and just hanging on. All the stainless railing along the transom was bent and twisted, the GPS plug shattered and a small hole had been punched through the hull, thankfully above the water line. One of the back stays had snapped and was coiled up against the boom, frayed ends caught in the lazy jacks. The cable steering pulleys had been ripped out of the transom. "Ok, we can deal with this as we aren't sinking or drifting, we aren't hurt and there's no water coming in. Wait for daylight to have a proper look".

After those words of wisdom from my skipper, I did the only thing there was to do and made coffee. I'd just set it down in the cockpit when I suddenly felt faint and nauseous. I shook uncontrollably and may have cried; I don't remember but talk about a delayed reaction....anyway, after a few minutes I was ok and of course the coffee helped. Once it started to get light enough to see we discovered broken lenses all over the front deck the mast had whipped badly enough to shatter the light fittings on top. Inside lockers had sprung open, things were piled up on one side of tables and benches or fallen off completely. The impact had been huge and the skipper worked out we had been pushed forward about 15 metres. It wasn't until we pulled the anchor up that we saw why we hadn't drifted; the anchor had caught on a large piece of dead coral, the weight of which was enough to stop us.

With no steering or nav, we decided to go back to Rebak. Eddie jury rigged the emergency tiller to the main sail traveller, lashed the broken rudder as best he could and off we went. Of course the wind was blowing at 15-20 knots and was right on the nose with corresponding seas so it was a long, tiring journey back. Navigating the channel into Rebak was interesting as it has a few twists and turns but thanks to the skill and competence of my skipper we made it safely using just the engines for steering. I'd informed the marina to expect us and that we had no steering so they sent some crew down to catch our ropes. Both of us were very pleased to be safe and sound.

The decision was made to haul the boat and begin repairs. To get to the travel lift ropes were swum out to us so we could be pulled around off the jetty into the lift area. I must say here just how wonderful the Rebak haul out boys were; they were so careful and utterly professional in the way they handled 'Absolutely'. At the time of writing we are still on the hard, the rudder and steering arm have been rebuilt, the transom is half way repaired and will be extended out to give us a bigger cockpit and all the port fittings have been removed in preparation to painting the decks and wheelhouse. New hatches have been ordered and we're planning an internal refit for later (much later) in the year. The skipper and I are flying back to Australia shortly to go back to work to pay for this (and all donations will be gratefully accepted).



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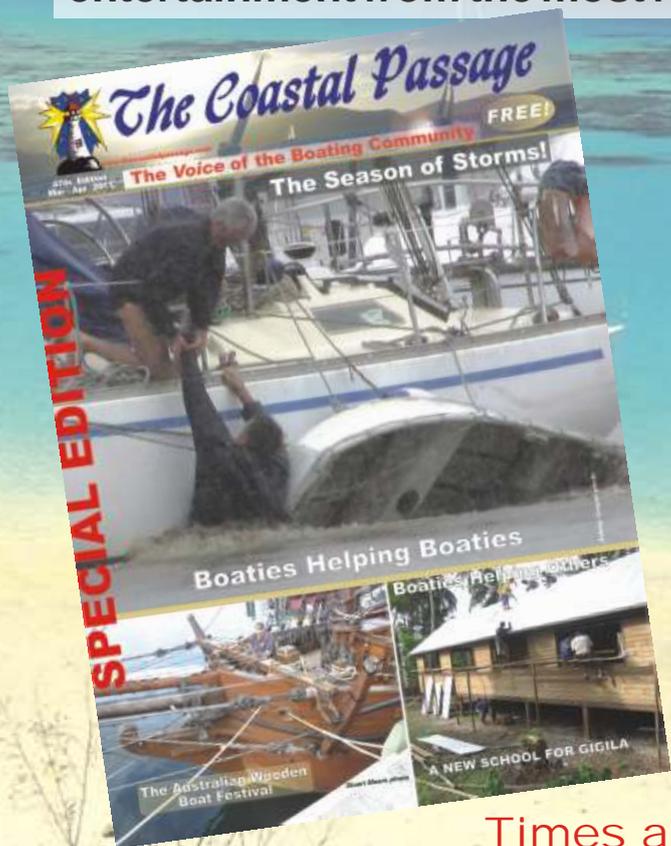
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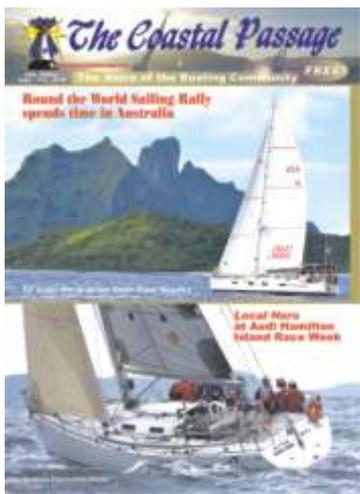
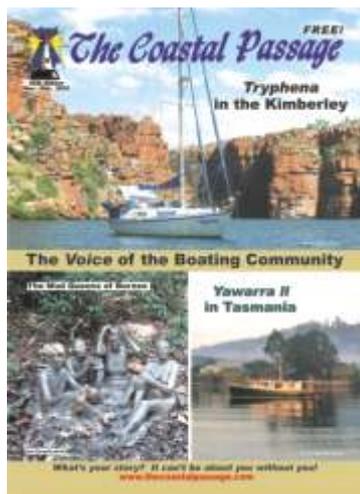
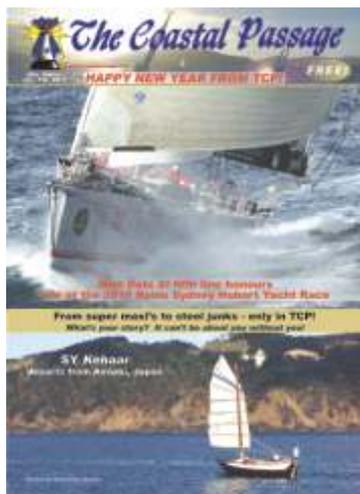
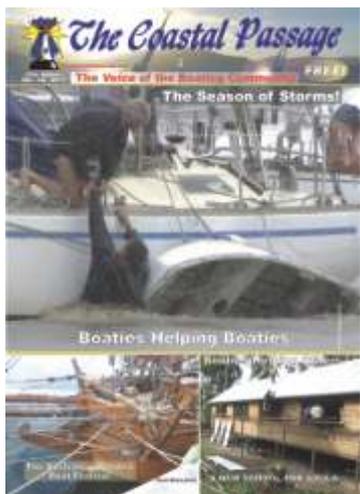
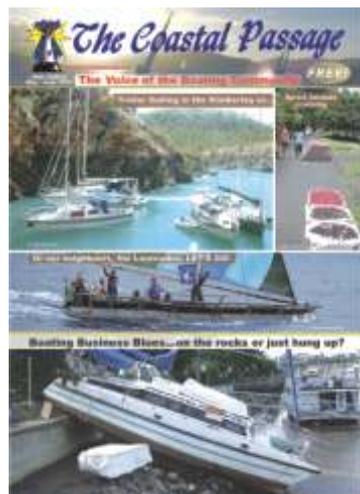
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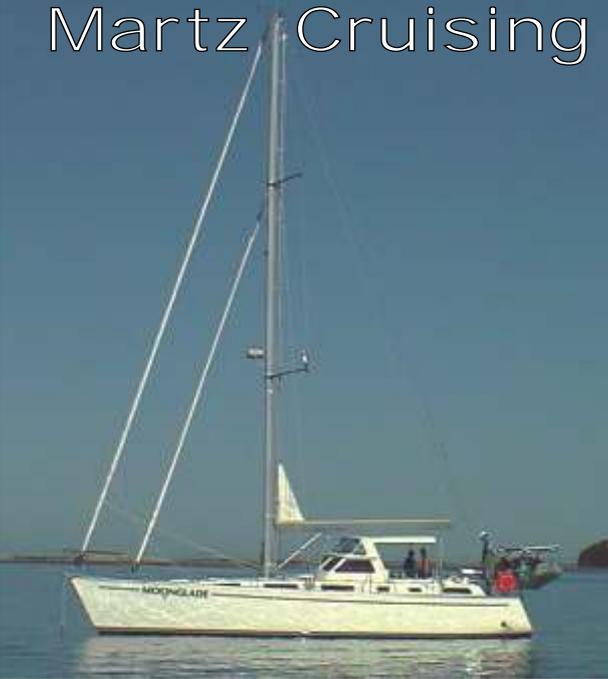
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GARLIC! The good and the bad of this bulb

Glorious Garlic



By Susan Bett, MY Scallywag and author of Great Ideas Galley Guide

Its hard to imagine how dull and boring our meals must have been without it.

Ancient civilizations were way ahead of us in their appreciation of it's many properties and it has long been vital to the cuisine of continental Europe, especially Italy and Greece. It can be lightly cooked to dominate deliciously or as an ingredient in slow-cooked meals where it subtly increases the depth of flavour of the dish without being obtrusive. I pop a couple of cloves in with my roast vegies, or if the roast is a leg of lamb, into the raw meat next to the bone, before roasting.

As well as being good for our taste buds, the health benefits of garlic - this natural herbal "wonder drug" are numerous.

Daily doses of garlic can prevent colds and flu, can treat acne when used raw on skin and can apparently lower cholesterol, thus helping to prevent heart disease.

There is evidence that it can be effective against some cancers and it also aids in the absorption of some vitamins.

Our systems do not appear to build up resistance against this "natural antibiotic" so it's positive health benefits continue over time. And believe it or not, the more aged the garlic is, the more beneficial antioxidant effect it has.

Garlic supplements are available at health shops and are a good idea to avoid garlic breath, as is pickled garlic which can usually be found in deli's and can be munched raw. Chewing on raw parsley helps to disguise garlic breath.

I have a friend who mixes it with baby oil and uses it as a mozzie repellent, she must love the smell even if the mozzies don't!

Try to buy Australian garlic - the flavour is stronger than the imported variety. Boaties should try to store their garlic in a cool dry place because if the air is damp, the bulbs will start to sprout.

Below are a couple of simple but yummy recipes for garlic lovers to try:

Both recipes serve 4 people

Fire in the Belly

By Stuart Buchanan, SY Pluto

Ffrrrrrrrrrrrrpp! Oh, pardon me, but I just can't help it. I was caught out again last night, and today I'm suffering the all too familiar effects. So I'll say it again: a curse on chefs who lace their meals with garlic. And nowadays that just about includes all chefs.



While sailing single-handed up the coast each winter with only an icebox in my ketch *Pluto* and living on pretty Spartan fare, it was always a pleasure to arrive at a marina where I could visit a restaurant and indulge in a cold beer and good food. And then, slowly but surely, like some insidious plague, garlic began creeping in to all things edible.

You see, if I even get the slightest taste of garlic, within minutes my stomach feels as if someone's lit a furnace in it. I quickly become withdrawn, knowing that for at least 24 hours I'll suffer chronic flatulence and have a breath like a sewer. The more garlic I ingest, the more intense the effects.

I first tasted the rotten stuff about 30 years ago while sailing down to Sydney on a yacht. We were crossing Moreton Bay when one of the crew served a cold chicken salad for lunch.

"What's that strange taste in the chook?" I asked.

"What strange taste?" the bloke replied. "Do you mean the garlic?"

"Garlic?" I queried. "Never heard of it."

"Everyone uses garlic in their cooking these days," the rest of the crew assured me.

Perhaps everyone did use it, but my wife Shirley and I didn't. I must admit, we had spent the past eight years or so living in very remote parts of Australia where culinary standards weren't particularly high. If you had said the words *haute cuisine* to the local yokels, they would have thought you were some foreigner trying to tell them about your hot cousin.

Nevertheless, as we made our way across Moreton Bay, I suspected that my stomach and garlic weren't going to be compatible. I was right. For the next couple of days I lived at the rear of the cockpit, thinking how fortunate it was for the rest of the crew that we were heading upwind.

A few months later, Shirley and I were at a dinner party. In high spirits I sat down to a delightful-looking entrée of avocado halves filled with prawns. To my horror, the first mouthful showed that the prawns were floating in a sea of garlic dressing. As the other guests oohed and aahed while shovelling down the fare, I slowly stabbed each prawn with my fork and let it hang, trying to drain every bit of dressing from it before reluctantly popping it into my mouth. But it was no good. The furnace was lit, the pressure was building up, and I spent the rest of the night hardly daring to breathe.

From then on, whenever I visited a restaurant, I went to great lengths enquiring whether there was any garlic in the food. The waiter would usually look down his nose at me, giving the distinct impression that I was lowering the tone of the establishment by even being there.

No matter what I ordered, there always seemed to be garlic in it the salad would taste of garlic, and so would the vegetables. The steak would taste of garlic, even though the waiter assured me it would be cooked separately. The cooking utensils must have been impregnated with the stuff. A simple thing like a piece of fish would be ruined by a sea of garlic sauce.

"What sort of bread would you like, sir garlic or herb?" the waiter would ask.

"Just some bread bread," I'd reply. "You know, the plain boring old bread that's been around for the last few thousand years."

"I'm sorry sir. We only have garlic or herb."

continued next page...

PASTA WITH ROASTED GARLIC

Ingredients
 1 whole garlic bulb
 400g Spaghetti or Fettucine
 120ml (1/2 cup) extra virgin olive oil
 Salt and freshly ground black pepper
 Parmesan cheese

Method
 Pre-heat oven to moderate or Gas 4. Place whole garlic bulb in a well-oiled baking tin and roast for 30 minutes. Leave to cool. Cook pasta until *al dente*. Drain and return to clean pot. Slice off the top of the garlic bulb, hold over a bowl and dig out the flesh from each clove with a sharp pointed knife. Pour the olive oil over the garlic flesh and add some salt and lots of black pepper. Toss the garlic mixture and the pasta together with energy over medium heat until thoroughly coated. Serve immediately with shavings of Parmesan.(optional) For a hot finish, sprinkle some dried chilli flakes over the pasta when tossing it with the oil and garlic.

CHICKEN WITH 40 CLOVES GARLIC

Ingredients
 2kg chicken
 1/2 lemon
 fresh rosemary sprigs (if possible)
 4 or 5 garlic bulbs
 60ml olive oil
 Salt and black pepper

Method
 Preheat oven to moderate or Gas 5. Place the lemon and rosemary inside the chicken cavity. Separate 3 or 4 garlic cloves from the bulbs and remove husks. Slice the top off the remaining garlic bulbs. Heat oil in a large flameproof casserole dish and add the chicken, turning it to coat the skin completely. Add salt and pepper and all the garlic to the dish. Cover with a sheet of foil, then the lid. Cook in the oven for 1 and 1/2 hours or until cooked through. Serve with the roasted garlic and veges of your choice.

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While *Pluto* was moored at the Gladstone Marina one year, I joined a group of yachties for dinner at a restaurant. I could tell the place was all class because the menu was stuck to the window by four Band-Aids. Nevertheless, my yachtie friends had assured me the food was good.

"I'll have the scallop mornay," I said enthusiastically to the waitress when she asked for my order. Then, as an afterthought, I asked:

"There's no garlic in it, is there?"

"There's garlic in the mornay sauce," she replied.

"Can't I have some sauce made without garlic?" I pleaded.

"The sauces are already made up, sir."

"Struth," I said, "even I could knock up a roux sauce in five minutes."

My pleading fell on deaf ears. I resorted to a piece of insipid looking fish and a salad that must have also been 'made up' because sure enough, the old furnace began to heat up again.

Even traditional roasts are spiked with garlic these days. One recipe I saw recommended roasting a chicken with 44 cloves of garlic. Hell! If I had known about that 40 years ago, I could have beaten the Yanks to the moon.

Simple things like water crackers are laced with garlic. I unknowingly took a bite of one at a party. Ugh! While looking around for some place to get rid of it, the host's cattle dog snapped it deftly out of my hand and wolfed it down. I gave him another and another, and he did the same. I'm glad Blue wasn't sleeping at the foot of my bed that night.

In Half Moon Bay Marina north of Cairns, a yachting couple invited me on board for dinner. Not only was the meal laced with garlic but was spicy too. I

slowly and reluctantly swallowed two small mouthfuls. My stomach immediately revolted. I excused myself and just managed to return to *Pluto* before erupting like Mount Vesuvius. I collapsed onto my bunk and remained comatose for 24 hours before crawling up to the yacht club for a cold fizzy drink.



One of the gastronomic delights of sailing up the Queensland coast was to anchor in Pancake Creek, catch a few mud crabs, boil them on the beach in a rusty old drum filled with sea water and devour them while they were still warm. Mmmm heaven to the taste-buds.

Try ordering mud crab in a restaurant these days. It will be pan-fried in garlic and chilli to the extent that you can't even taste the crab. What sacrilege.

What happened to the good old meals that granny used to make? They were simple, wholesome, tasty and free from garlic. I remember reading somewhere that garlic was first used in cooking by peasants to cover the taste of poor quality food that was well past its use-by date. Considering that the cream of Australian produced meat and fish is sent overseas for other people to enjoy, while we're left with the rubbish, I can understand the desire to add something to the stuff other than garlic.

So come on chefs, get your thinking caps on. There must be other people in the world who don't like garlic. What a business opportunity. To establish a chain of "Garlic-less Gourmet" restaurants no garlic guaranteed. I'd be there every night.

In the meantime, frrrrrrrrrrrrpp! And good day to you.

3 EASY RECIPES

PJ of SC Cheetah's TAMALE PIE

¾ c polenta (cornmeal)
2 c. Water
1 ½ t. Salt
500 g. Lean ground beef
¼ c. Chopped onion
2 T. Chopped black olives

1 can whole kernel corn (or as much as you want), undrained
2 T. Chipotle chilli or any
1/2 c. Tomato sauce
1 c. Shredded cheddar cheese
Chopped cilantro / coriander to your taste
Jalapeno slices (to your taste)

In frying pan, cook the ground beef, breaking into crumbs as it cooks. Add onion, olives, jalapenos & cook 5 mins longer. Add corn with its liquid, chilli, cilantro, 1 t. Salt & tomato sauce. Heat until very hot & pour mixture into casserole dish.

In saucepan, bring water to boil & ½ t. Salt. Slowly add the cornmeal & cook over low heat for about 5 mins. Stirring until thin enough to spread but certainly not watery. Spread over top of mince. Top with grated cheese

Cook 175 C. In 2 quart casserole dish for 35-40 minutes or until cheese is melted & browned.

SUN TEA

Sun
Your favourite tea
Clear glass jar (plastic ok if that's all you have)
sugar or honey to your taste

Fill jar with best filtered water (room temperature) you can find. Place tea bags (amount of bags depends on size of jar and how strong you like your tea) in jar with string & label hanging from top of jar. This is where you can add sugar if you like. Place lid on. Place in sunny spot for most of the day or two.

Remove bags, cool if desired.

NO BAKE CHOCOLATE BISCUITS/COOKIES

2 cup brown sugar
4 Tbl cocoa
½ cup butter
½ cup Milk
3 cup quick cooking oatmeal
½ cup peanut butter

Boil together sugar, cocoa, butter and milk for 2 minutes. Add peanut butter and oatmeal. Mix well. Drop by spoonfuls onto foil.

** This is the basic recipe - you can vary the recipe to your taste. For example, granola or other cereals can be used instead of oatmeal, Nutella instead of peanut butter...*

MORE ON OIL OF CLOVE:

TCP readers want to know: "How much water to a few drops of oil of clove?" **Answer:** Depends on what you are doing with it. How is that for vague? Below is a link to a web site that sells it and also gives more info. They are more expert than I, but one thing is for sure, it works! **Kay**

http://oilofcloves.com.au/?gclid=ClvZh_QoKgCFQT1bwodexoqHA

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Passage Poetry

Boat Critters

There's a skink in my galley
There's only one I think
I've seen it skurrying once or twice
On the shelf behind the sink

There's a skink in my galley
Must have boarded in the flood you see
When our boat swept down the river
And ended up a tree

There's a skink in my galley
I really want it gone
It doesn't seem to eat much
But the galley's built for one

So can anybody help me
Are there any ideas out there
Of how to evict the critter
With the minimum of scare.

Carolyn Royal
SV Phencara II
©2011

THE PLACE OF PAINTED PICKS

Sure its nice to lay alongside
warp's made to fingers cleat
power cord runs down below
milk crate as step is neat.

And slowly as you settle in
then caught up in that rush
to listen where another's been
the laces all sound plush.

Those masts that stand so thick
a Gull can't fly between
with sails a nesting place
to swallows of that scene.

Deep in your heart you know
as you've heard it all before
that you're within a shallow place
an emotional lee shore.

So you set to work
and make her smart
one day, you don't know which
you'll slip those lines
to make that start
and break that shore-side hitch.

That day is now, the wind calls soft
as upon that course you fix
all hoisted sail to aloft
from the place of painted picks.

Lance T
©March 2011

A Sailors Wife

My nails have gone all tacky
I have lines upon my face
I wonder where my black hair went
It has left without a trace

The veins have crept onto my legs
The blue lines creepy crawly
Nestled between the cellulite flab
Of this I'm only dawning

My youthful looks no more I see
A weathered face stares back at me
My teeth they are no longer mine
And glasses show the test of time

Though my eyes are still bright forever seeking
The light of ships on night water blinking
Yet during the course of my late night ponderings
I sit and wonder of my life and meaning

The skippers says three up three down
Cook meals in a galley, not my kitchen in town
Pull that sheet, tie that rope batten all hatches now
Plot the course and turn the motor to idle down

I'm not whinging or complaining of my life upon the sea
A life of new horizons forever beacons me
I admit that my back it sometimes aches
and my eyes are red from water
I am missing the hugs of my two darling daughters
But I truly believe that my life is such a treasure
Impossible to count, unable to measure

So in summery I would have to say
That I would not change my life even for a day
My husband is a sailor and he loves his life at sea
So it's a sailors wife I will remain, a sailing life for me.

Anne Wilson,
SC Hybreasail
©2009

TO "THAT" SIGN

What's happened to the Barby's
The sailors land delight
With chilly bags and eskies
As from dinghy's they alight
With "jandal" on the left foot
And "thong" upon the right
They broke the back of stories
With sundowners into night

The crews unwound all twittering
The skippers talked all tight
Of things abaft or for'ard of
And one day get it right

So who's singed the beards off sailors?
Or flogged those crews to death?
To stop us meeting on a beach
And speak of freedoms wealth?

Look closely written on that sign
And learn to mark it well
With all the rules upon its face
BY ORDER! It will tell

Lance T
©August 2010

I AM LISTING A LARGE AMOUNT OF MARINE PARTS, HATCHES, DECK GEAR FROM A BANKRUPT BOAT BUILDER.
Auctions ends December 15, 10:11 am
A sign of the times?
Well that's how we got our hatches cheap.

"In Five Years Australia Will Cease to Have Boat Production."

This is an updated and revised version of an article that appeared in the last electronic edition of TCP. Because some of the information is fresh it is included in this Special edition as well.

By Bob Norson

"We will be nothing but a repair and service port."

Those were shocking words to hear from an industry professional but if Queensland's recent history means anything, he could *potentially* be right. "I can name 27 boat production companies that have gone under since 07 Bob." And that number is due to increase and some readers may be surprised at the names.

This industry manager saw the writing on the wall earlier than most and his company survives because it was savagely downsized before it was too late. Accrued debt will continue to knock off some companies that otherwise may be getting enough recent orders to carry on. And speaking of debt, there is some pain being felt in the supply side wondering how some companies were able to acquire the volume of debt they did before going down, taking some suppliers with them.

This is not to say all of them went down ingloriously. There were responsible operators that did the sums, paid their bills and wrapped it up.

"There will always be guys like you Bob, building a boat out in the cane fields but the best days are behind us." Ah, thanks...?

Does TCP agree with the above assessment? We think it doesn't have to be that bad but it could be even worse. Now that we've cleared that up....

What are the problems in the Market?

1. The high Aussie \$\$ has punched a big hole in export sales but the foreign (especially US) markets internal troubles would have wiped that anyway. It's the domestic market that really concerns us.

2. High quality second hand craft from the US market have inundated the world market and that has affected domestic boat sales. For those brave enough to challenge the processes, there are reports of boats being landed in Australia from distressed sales in the US at far below local market. On a dealer level our inside contact reported that a Queensland business was offered 100 cheap second hand craft a month from the US but could only move 3 a month. Even bargains are snubbed.

3. Ownership expenses such as, but not limited to; annual maintenance, marina fees, registration, insurance. These are mostly government generated

increases as environmental regulations raise maintenance costs dramatically, seabed lease costs are passed on to marina fees and registration fees have tripled recently for many vessels. State mandates for recovery and liability insurance for 15 metre craft add one more burden.

4. Reduction of services. Public access to dinghy landings, public wharves and even water have all been reduced.

5. Over-regulation, abusive enforcement and invasive surveillance. Cruising is supposed to be fun, not a confrontational gauntlet.

The affects of the problems:

1. People are abandoning the lifestyle. Aging sailors are moving on a little quicker than they might have otherwise and fewer young people taking it up. Insurance coverage of recent natural disasters has actually been a blessing for some and those boats are not going to be replaced with the settlements which would otherwise create a small boom in production. An industry supplier interviewed recently expressed dismay that out of all the damaged boats in the recent floods and cyclones his company didn't receive one order for replacement gear in spite of numerous insurance pay outs. This wasn't a complaint about next months bottom line as much as a comment on the long term future of the industry in Queensland. Insurance rates are bound to be going up.

I spoke to an angry skipper a few months ago. He and his partner sailed a boat they bought in New Zealand to cruise into their retirement, arriving home to the warm greeting of Australian Customs in Brisbane. Because they gave only 75 hours notice instead of 96 they were charged and convicted with a criminal offence. They sold the boat immediately and bought a pair of motorbikes. The skipper reported that conviction was his first ever brush with the law, never even having had a speeding ticket in his life. Which brings us to:

2. Alternative activities. The industry pro I quoted from top of page, mentioned a dealer in caravans he knew. According to his mate, caravan and motorhome sales at his business were *up 47% last year*. He pointed out that a retired couple buying a motor home come out way ahead in spite of fuel costs. There are numerous free locations to park and the caravan parks are about half the cost of an equivalent marina berth. Then when they go home for the season, they simply park the motor home in the drive way at no expense.

3. Some yachts are abandoning Australia for Asian waters. We know boats that have been designed and constructed for living aboard in Asia.



Some brands still have their web sites up but no one is answering the phone...

continued next page...

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Punishing fees, impossible regulations (see the new quarantine rules for timber boats!) and possibility of conviction for a trivial offence (many boats report relaxed and reasonable customs experiences and others don't, coin flip enforcement) cause many boats to stay abroad longer or permanently, flying home on occasion as flight costs may be cheaper than clearance and storage of the boat is cheaper in Malaysia.

The Solutions?

It sounds dreadful! Are there solutions?? Yes, but they won't come free. If industry whimps, arse kissing publishers and apathetic sailors sit on bums and wait for some one else to fix it, we're all screwed.

The industry may no longer be able to afford those that will protect the sacred cows and influential powers.

TCP in editorial and through contributors have warned this would happen for years. As predicted, foreign boats avoid Australia and coastal cruisers are becoming an endangered species.

Politicians, Bureaucrats, Publishers, Proponents (so-called) and Industry all need a sincere kick up the back side

TCP got wind of a state organised meeting for industry professionals in Hervey Bay. An official from MSQ took the floor and began with a ridiculous statement concerning boaties that was derogatory and the room sat there and took it until TCP took on the speaker. The deer in the headlights response was indicative of someone who wasn't used to being challenged no matter what nonsense he uttered. There was a rush for the podium to short circuit the attempt to debate the issue. The industry professionals all sat there like sheep going to slaughter. A fitting metaphor. But to be fair, there are those in industry that are vulnerable to retribution in case they do raise their voice.

Publishing

Of the marine publishing operations in Queensland that aren't outright state owned-which also begs the question, what is the state doing in the publishing business?- only *Go Boating* has shown any interest in taking on the issues that affect the industry.

It's hard to find a marine organisation in Queensland that isn't funded by state government with predictable results.

Not that others states don't have their problems but Queensland's marine industry woes indicate where the problems are greatest.

Politicians

The minister for Fisheries and Marine infrastructure is Craig Wallace, member for Thuringowa, Townsville area. According to his bio, "*Minister Wallace is passionate about rural and regional Queensland, and has a strong desire to see rural and regional areas continue to advance and prosper.*"

TCP is not certain that will comfort the sailors around Townsville that are about to loose their storm shelter of the Ross River to a low bridge to enhance the profitability of the coal loading port that will "*see rural and regional areas continue to advance and prosper*". His phone number is 07 3896 3691 and his email is: mainroads@ministerial.qld.gov.au

The General Manager of Marine Queensland is Don Jones. His qualifications for the job according to an MSQ publication; "*I had no maritime industry experience, and no personal boating experience. I came across to Marine Queensland to assist them in developing their relationships*



That is Paul of APS at the control panel with a large piece of aluminium on the table ready to cut. The cutting head mounted with the appropriate cutting bit is located at the red circle.. when the machine is engaged the bit is lowered to the table and it's carrier can be directed by the program side to side whilst the frame it is mounted to can be directed forward all along the length of the table. Thus this machine can work in two dimensions with great accuracy. The smaller tables, 1200X2400, have been seen for as low as \$9800 new on Ebay but they do not come close to this machines capability. Hiring the service makes sense.

with the maritime industry." And when asked about the 'Industry's Health Post GFC', his response was; *Unfortunately there were around 120 marine businesses which were forced to close throughout Queensland. However, these businesses have restructured and re-examined the way in which they operate, resulting in a much stronger and healthier industry. The public didn't abandon boating during the GFC, in fact whilst they cut back on activities such as dining out and going to the movies, going boating was seen as an 'escape' from the GFC, which I think shows how important the positive Queensland lifestyle benefits are.*

TCP would like to point out to the GM that a closed business is not restructured or re-examined or it wouldn't be closed. They seem to be mutually exclusive states. And we wonder what insight lead to the assertion that cinemas and restaurant's losses were boating's gains? And if boating gained, why the 120 business closures?

Also worth noting is that Australia did not really suffer from the malaise of other countries. There has been no housing crash, cars still sell, unemployment is low but the marine industry, especially in Queensland is in freefall.

The Bureaucrats

We don't know who has replaced the Water Police State Coordinator that recently pleaded guilty to importing illegal machine guns parts. See page 9.

MSQ (Marine Safety Queensland) has persisted in providing incorrect information to the public via it's publications. It's agents have a reputation of bullying, misapplying the law and creating unnecessary hurdles to operators and builders of survey vessels. The controversy concerning the unfriendly actions of fisheries agents in Mooloolaba described in previous editions of TCP are disconcertingly common. Charges of a quota system to raise revenues persist. In some areas, regular contact can be expected with various officers boarding and according to reports to TCP, sometimes even searching boats without cause or permission. **These actions have dampened the enjoyment of being on the water for enough people to have a had profound affect on the industry.**

The Queensland boating community was hopeful that the retirement of John Watkinson would see an improvement in the management of MSQ but so far the results have been disappointing. Patrick J Quirk, the new general manager, can be contacted at email patrick.j.quirk@msq.qld.gov.au

Many consider MSQ the single greatest impediment to the survival of the boating industry in Queensland, followed closely by Customs.

Australian Custom's enforcement is regionally controlled and Queensland has the worst record by far.

continued next page...



The crew at Bay City Fibreglass with the new table

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Mal, Bay City Fibreglass

The surveillance issue for example. Whilst customs admits it has no right to interrogate domestic yachts in Australian waters, it attempts to use a clause in legislation that Hansard records indicate was intended for use against high seas people smugglers to coerce the information from yachts anyway. See TCP # 46. As a practical matter the use of resource for this kind of intervention is just plain stupid. In a cost V benefit analysis it would fall off the chart and the bad-will created with much of the cruising community insures it is a backward step. See page 8. A reputable civil rights lawyer has condemned the practise as outside the law.

Boats full of illegal immigrants can seem to appear out of nowhere but every yacht in Queensland is accounted for daily... Even in China people may now move freely about the country without being interrogated by police along the way, asking who they are, where they are going and where they have been. Australian cruisers are not afforded the same freedom unless they stand and refuse, placing themselves in stressful, if righteous situations. See TCP # 45.

If the domestic and international cruising fleets are whittled down to only those that have had positive experiences with customs and don't mind the daily interrogations in northern waters, the industry will have taken another substantial hit. Actually this has already occurred and word has spread around the globe. Foreign tourism income from circumnavigating yachts is near nil.

The federal minister for customs is Brendon O'Connor and his email address according to his website, is brendan.o'connor.mp@aph.gov.au and his office phone number is 03 8361 6588, fax 03 8361 6577.

What are the solutions in Production?

The means of rebuilding the industry may already be in place and developing. Flexibility may be the small mammalian survivor to the age of dinosaurs. Brent Martz is one example in that his boats can be bought at various states of finish. Buy the hull and deck or just order it done or somewhere in between. Brent is pretty self sufficient and would be able to adapt to conditions quickly. Brent's boats are truly world class for thoughtful design and quality construction. Compare to names like Amel but

priced more like the French charter specials, even with our high \$\$ www.martzcruising.talkspot.com

Peter Kerr of Lizard Yachts in Tin Can Bay is another high quality contract builder- designer that has the flexibility to weather the storm with potential to expand in a better climate. His specialty is (but not limited to) aluminium construction with a range of sailing and motor vessel designs available with pre-cut sections to help home builders get going quicker and can even train in welding technique. Or Peter can deliver a finished vessel to survey. www.lizardyachts.com.au

Schionning Designs are legend and have reputable contract builders for their boats and plans for amateur builders as well. Another one stop shop for sail or power. www.schionningmarine.com.au In a sign of the times we note that Schionning Marine is now also designing caravans and a new monohull trailer sailer.

Flat panel options may have the most future in multihull construction and may serve a great variety of sizes and designs. Not to say that flat panel construction is a new idea but there has been a lack of variety, competition and in some cases quality that have limited the market. If buying a kit from a designer or goods for your own project insist on quality materials. Laminated panels that aren't *guaranteed in writing* to be waterproof do not fit into that category, in my humble opinion. You can make a silk purse from a sows ear but it's a lot more work.

The CNC router!

The Coastal Passage took much of the mystery out of that machine a couple years ago and a reprint of the article is a popular feature on our new website: www.buildacat.com This is the machine that has been incorrectly called a "laser cutter" by some (especially those wishing to mystify and enhance their product) but is essentially a spinning cutting tool (router) running on a table from an AutoCAD file. Programs that can produce these files can be had for \$30 anymore and the better programs are within reach of home builders with good computer skills. Design information is becoming common enough on the web that many people are taking the punt.

The routers have gotten cheaper and bigger! One of the better around available for the professional or amateur

boat builder is in Hervey Bay at Advantage Profiling Services. Paul Hance's Machine hires out at \$180 per hour and can cut a whopping 1800 by 6000mm panel. We have been informed of others as well, check your local area. Older machines were limited in table size to 1200 X 2400 or 4 X 8 foot. Thus the smaller panels needed a lot of work in scarfing and joining panels to form whole sections. With Paul's big one a scarfed joint or just butt joined means one spot in the length of a 40 foot or 12 metre boat needs to be faired. See www.apsprofiling.com.au

But, where do you get the panels? Glad you asked! As our boat building project is coming about, laminating full length panels has been one of the learning experiences. I have been very pleased with the quality of my own lamination and feel that in spite of the "upfront" time in getting them, the quality difference over the manufactured ones we got makes the process a winner. But even better would have been to have 6 metre panels with *my choice of composite* delivered router cut and ready to assemble.

Bay City Fibreglass in Hervey Bay has built a lamination table to suit Paul's router! I talked to Malcolm about his new table and he is keen to get more projects going. He prefers laminating in Vinylester at the moment but when asked if a client was interested in a complete kit done in epoxy he said he would be interested. They can laminate balsa or PVC foam and possibly other materials. Ring Mal at 07 4125 1510

Another way to get full length panels is to order Polycore direct from the Australian distributor. www.polycore.com.au Their polypropylene honeycomb panels are made in China and can be ordered with full lamination in epoxy to a length of 11.9 metres. The first boat in Australia, made entirely of this composite was covered in TCP and the build is featured on the www.buildacat.com site. The craft has since been sailed to the Louisiades and back and has performed well. I talked briefly with Polycore and they should be able to assist in directing to CNC routers to loft their panels.

So for home builders, design houses selling kits for delivery and independent contract builders, the flat panel options can allow smaller operations a wide range of design with good variety in materials with a price structure that may meet the market.

Full Kit Boats

Only one that we know of that qualifies is Fusion. Fully finished sections delivered in shipping containers anywhere in the world, ready for assembly. Jim Gard has guided the company through tricky times and has made the right move by setting up construction in Thailand. The price of the kit has just been adjusted to Australian dollars and is less than it was 7 years ago and includes parts that were once options like the targa bar. Finally a benefit to the towering Aussie dollar!

The very sexy Fusion will continue where a raft of Queensland Cat builders have and will continue to fail. Fusion's business model is more flexible. You can order a kit direct or have a local contractor assemble yours for you. www.fusioncats.com

We see cottage industry being in place when the domestic market improves to add to the other options, all ready to expand into the slots formerly occupied by a different model. It took the mob in Brisbane and Canberra a decade to do this much damage, we hope it doesn't take that long to repair it.

Now if we can assure prospects that it will be as much fun as they hoped or remembered and the lifestyle compares favourably \$\$ with other competing pastimes, cruising our coast will continue to be a part of the great Australian experience.



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