



20th EDITION
2006

The Paper that can't be bought! **FREE!** *The Coastal Passage*

Always do right, this will gratify some and astonish the rest! (Mark Twain)

INSIDE

Keith's Got a pretty bottom?!

Catherine's Got the black mast death!

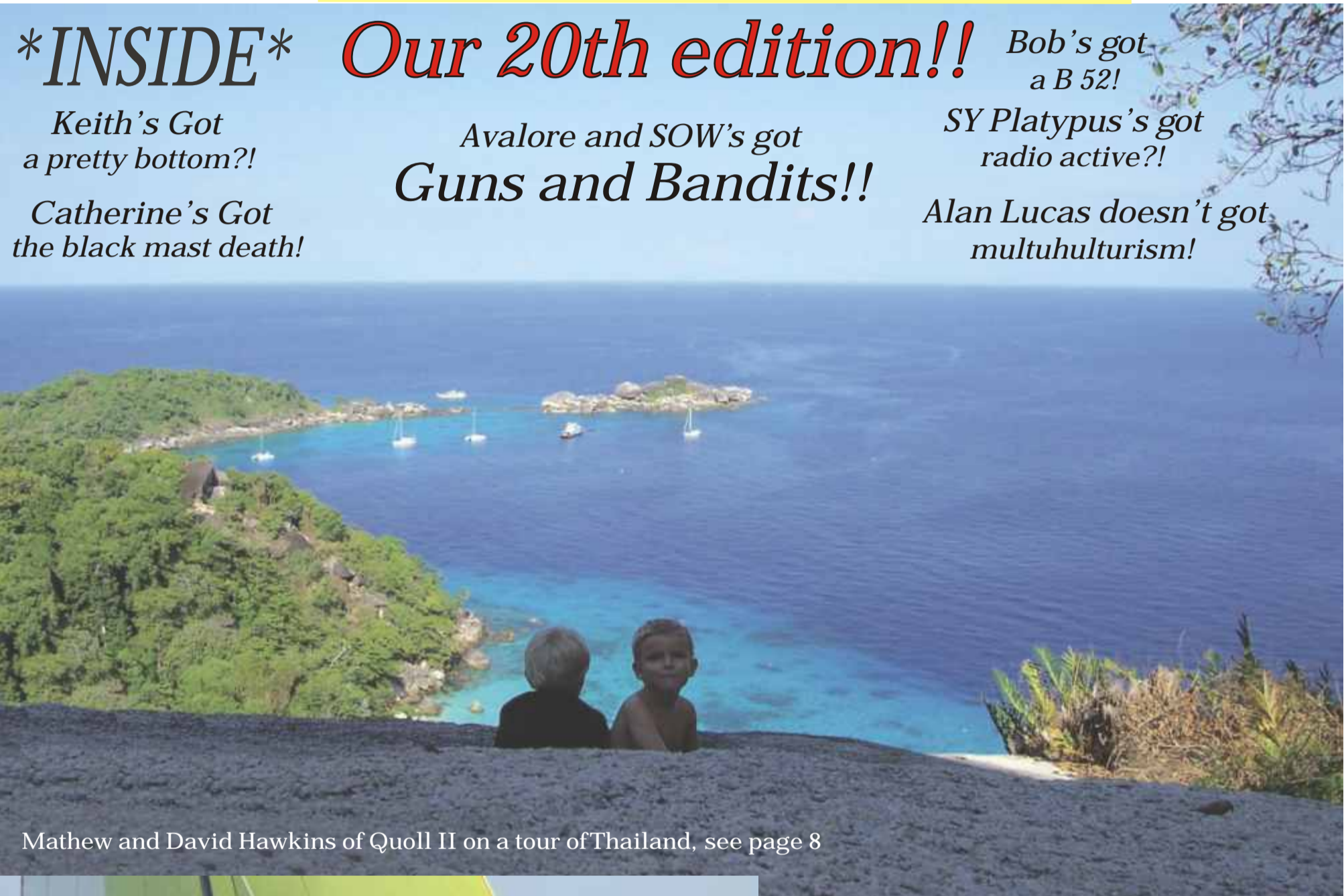
Our 20th edition!!

Avalore and SOW's got Guns and Bandits!!

Bob's got a B 52!

SY Platypus's got radio active?!

Alan Lucas doesn't got multuhulturism!



Mathew and David Hawkins of Quoll II on a tour of Thailand, see page 8



John Brown III has a wet but happy snap

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

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Townsville sailing action

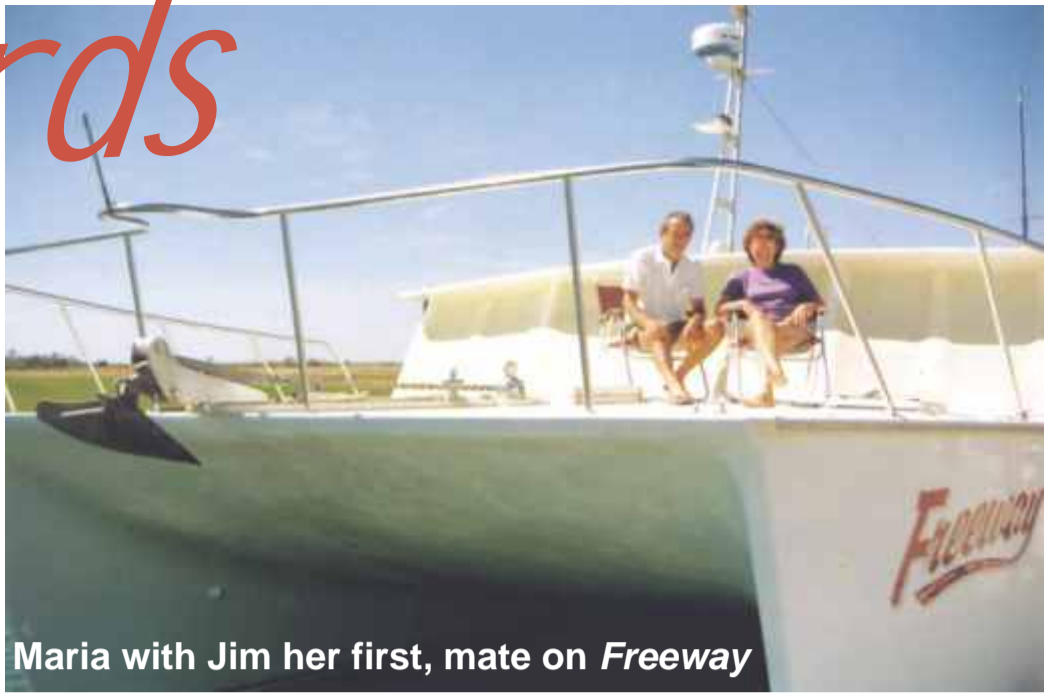
Boat Words

Maria explains the differences...

Dear Bob,

Hope you like my submission as it's taken 5 years to get the courage to write my story. Congratulations on the great work you do with your newspaper; we keep all our back issues even though they have been read cover to cover and they are a great highlight of our cruising life.

Regards, Maria McManus, MY "Freeway"



Maria with Jim her first, mate on Freeway

Greetings Maria,

First off, I prefer the word 'contribution' rather than 'submission' and thanks for giving me credit for the work I do but it is what YOU are doing that makes this paper what it is. YOUR newspaper Maria! Thanks for sharing your genuine feelings and experiences. It's a great read!

Cheers, Bob

By Maria McManus, MY "Freeway"

"Let's buy a boat", said Jim the seaman who had spent 40 years on the sea on one boat or another. "O.K.", said I the landlubber who had spent the same years working on shore, homemaking and raising children. Retirement was here and Jims promise to himself of finally owning his own boat was about to become a reality.

With eyes wide shut I dived into the project with great optimism, excitement, and eagerness. What an adventure this was going to be, no more boring job, housework, lawn mowing suburban sameness or supermarkets. I was headed for the great ocean, for a life of balmy days, star filled nights, sipping a glass of wine and congratulating myself for taking this great leap, our sea change. We bought MY Freeway in Darwin; a beautiful 12m catamaran, a sparkling 4 years young, roomy and comfortable, packed up the house and moved on board.

Imagination is a wonderful thing (think electricity, moon shots, the wine casks). It can also cause you to overlook the skill it will take to turn your dream into reality. Jim had the skill and I thought how difficult can cruising up and down the coast (which was our original plan) be? There will always be somewhere to shop for food, etc. along the way and Jim was going to do all the driving.

Oh Yeah!?!?
For a start our "gentle cruise along the coast"

turned unto a full on expedition including Darwin to Southport, back to Darwin via the bottom of the Gulf to the Kimberley and back again.

So my lessons had to start immediately. Now my I.Q. isn't in the top range, but I wasn't prepared for the difference between land and sea living. Our boat is our home but there is no comparison between running

Many a party saw too many TINNIES drunk, now see some sunk...

a home and handling a boat. The lessons were on-going with a lot of patience from Jim, and diminishing patience from me, as I tried to get my HEAD (which is now the toilet) around BOAT WORDS.

To start with, back in land STORES were shops and PORT was for sipping after dinner; a KNOT tied your shoes on and WINDLASS probably meant clothes wouldn't dry (sorry about that one).

COURSES were taken at school and WIND or lack of NAVIGATING was easy, get in your car and find the newest shopping centre. Many a party saw too many TINNIES drunk, now see some sunk. A PUNT was a bet on the horses and I played BRIDGE with a DECK of cards-get the picture? I was completely lost with BULKHEAD, DAVIT, GUNNEL, SPONSONS and CLEATS. I won't DRAG this out much longer but you get my DRIFT!

Jim has aged somewhat, gone a bit greyer and my I.Q. hasn't improved, but the lessons were learnt, sometimes the hard way and experience has taken off some of the rough edges. I can now plot a course, supply stores, stow anything, help with oil changes, antifouling, drive the boat, etc. Plus, make the second best loaf of bread on the coast; the best is made by two cruising friends Ellen and Vic, who also taught me to fish, crab, and so much more.

Freeway is still our home after 5 years and I'm definitely one of the crew; no longer a wine sipping dreamer or as green as the grass I used to mow. Still cruising and still loving it all right, I still whine and look for balmy days and star filled nights (and they are very frequent), along with howling winds and rough seas, but they are the real essence of the life we have chosen, and yes, there will always be housework.

Ad space

MV "Burigan" goes home



"Burigan" meets "Borru"



Photos & Story by Bob Fenney, SY "Elcho"

My Mission, should I choose to accept it, is to crew on the former Pilot boat, "Burigan". I'm to join Skipper, Geoff Craig and his trusty sidekick, Gary Iseppi.

The "Burigan" was recently put up for tender after years of faithful service as a Pilot Vessel plying her trade out of Mackay until she was seconded for duties as a training boat for the Cooloola Sunshine Institute of TAFE, where hundreds of students intent of learning a trade as Coxswain or Master, trod her decks under the guidance of their instructors.

My mate Geoff, a lover of Yachts, sailing, and all things to do with un-powered boats (although, I should mention he used to drive big power boats for a living), heard about the upcoming tender and submitted an offer... Behold, he is now the proud owner of the good ship "Burigan" which was tied up at Mooloolaba. A car was hired, bags with clothes, tools, camera's etc stuffed into the rather small car, and we were off, off to bring "Burigan" home, home to Mackay

Geoff's Mother, Del, deciding to spend some quality time with her Son was to join us for the trip from Mooloolaba to her hometown of Bundaberg, so at 2am joined us at Bundy in the already overloaded hire car.

We arrived at the Mooloolaba Yacht Club Marina in the early hours of the morning. We found "Burigan" and the quest began to get her ready for the trip. For a boat that had hardly been used for the past 4 years, she was in remarkably good condition, and apart from a bit of cleaning, a couple of minor electrical repairs, she was made ready, stores were purchased and we steamed out of Mooloolaba mid morning of 30th April.

First stop, Inskip Point, Ah, the old "Buragin" went like a dream, it was as if she knew she was heading home. The Rolls Royce 126klw motor let out a blokey growl and chewed up the miles with ease.

The main depth sounder decided it didn't want to play, which was not the best news to hear as the Sandy Straights were ahead of us, but an old *Elco's* sounder, which must have been around when Noah was a boy, and a watchful crew made light work of the "Straights"

The trip so far had been pleasant and uneventful, would it continue that way? We steamed out of the Straights and headed for "Bundy" at an average speed of 9.3 knots, using 12.5 lt per hour. The Autopilot gave up the ghost so we named it "Gary" 'cause we reckoned he didn't work either! Still, steering her wasn't a chore, and we could pick up a new relay in Bundy.

We made Bundy just after dark on April 1, and Geoff brought her alongside a public jetty to pick up Dell's Husband Peter, they would stay onboard overnight and we would refuel, buy a few supplies and head off in the morning. A pleasant night was had with Peter playing his harmonica, me on the spoons, and the rest of the crew joining in an old-fashioned singsong, perhaps encouraged by Peter's home made Rum and several beers.

We said farewell to Dell and Peter the next morning, fuelled up, and steamed north toward Great Keppel Island.. The auto pilot worked a treat for several hours before going on strike again. Garry took the helm. The seas were moderate and the old "Burigan" attacked the sea miles with ease. Night came, and the seas and wind increased. It's strange how the sea seems rougher at night, the roll of the boat is exaggerated ten fold, or so it seems!

Sitting in the wheelhouse in the dark, with only the dim lights of the radar and plotter, punching through seemingly monstrous waves and the occasional crashing noise from the galley as something found a new resting place, the age old question found it's way into my mind, " sail or power... Which is best"?

Rocking and rolling, grabbing a hand hold when moving from my seat, deciding to

make coffee and a snack later...maybe tomorrow, I would have given anything for a steadying sail. Ah the lovely motion of a sail boat! Sail definitely! But, hold on, if I were on a yacht, I wouldn't be sailing the course "Burigan" was on, I couldn't, too close to the wind. If I were on a yacht, I'd probably be at anchor in Pancake Creek waiting for the wind to change, and if I were out in these conditions not sailing, under motor, I sure as heck wouldn't be doing 8.5 knots; I'd be lucky to be pulling 4.5 knots. And things would still be falling out in the galley and other places. I'd not be in the relative comfort of a large wheelhouse, I'd be in the cockpit getting wet and cold. So, the answer to that old age question? I'm buggered if I know, I guess that's why it's an age-old question!

But I digress, the rolling continued until we nosed our way into a safe anchorage at Great Keppell Island around 2am, set the anchor, and slept like babies, even with Gary's chainsaw snoring.

The next day saw us resting, reading, and later a visit to the Wreck Bar for some social intercourse and a beer or seven. While browsing through a 1984 edition of "Cruising the Coral Coast" by Alan Lucas, on page 70 I came across a photo of "Burigan" along side at Mackay, history's about to repeat itself! We left Keppell the next morning and steamed over to Rosilyn Bay to fuel up and buy another relay for the autopilot, then north again.

Boy, this is the sort of trip one could write pages on. But those who've done it know how beautiful the scenery is along the way. And those who haven't done it, should. We fished The Pinnacles without success, trawled for mackerel with success, spent a comfortable night in Port Clinton, visited magnificent Pearl Bay and I wondered why I hadn't been there before. I marvelled at Island Head Creek, was in awe with the serenity of the Duke Islands and was tempted to check my dwindling bank account to see if I could afford to buy a

house there, but didn't because I already knew the answer, and wondered if the missed call on my mobile might have been the Lotto People telling me I'd won, it wasn't. And, finally the Percy Islands. I'd been there years ago in a mate's yacht. I reckon it's still as nice as it was. We anchored in White's Bay, fantastic. We visited the A frame and I was disappointed I couldn't find the nameplate of my mate's yacht.

We'd discovered the timber dinghy on board weighed a ton because of waterlogged flotation, and even with the Derek was too hard to manoeuvre after doing it with great difficulty at Keppel, so Geoff nosed "Burigan" almost on top of secret bommy number one, and we fished there for an hour. A fine feed was caught for dinner and breakfast, which complimented the expansive menu from which we'd dined.

I'm now determined to visit these places in my own Yacht "Elcho", to get out of the marina more often, to spend quality time in these natural wonders, to contemplate my navel as the sun goes down while laying on deserted beaches. All the things I promised myself I'd do when I bought "Elcho" 18 months ago.

The final leg to Mackay was uneventful, a rain front threatened to overtake us, but "Buragin" was the boss and called the tune. We arrived off Mackay around 3.30pm April 6, in dull, grey, overcast conditions, but I believe the old Pilot Boat looked whiter and brighter than ever, her Rolls Royce Motor seemed to have an even sweeter growl. It was like she was glad to be home. It was as if she knew she was amongst her own kind, as we were met by "Borru" her sister ship owned by Bob Evetts, who escorted us into the Harbour.

Those who saw the spectacle of the two B Class Pilot Boats steaming side by side through the Harbour entrance reckon it's a sight they'd love to see again, and again. I reckon there's a fair chance of that.

For the technically minded, The "Burigan" was built in 1964 by Norman Wright and Sons. The Rolls Royce Motor is rated at 126.76 KW. She is 16.89 metres, beam 4.62 metres, Draught 2.29 metres and her Gross Tonnage is 45.41 and she's bloody beautiful.



Bob Fenney, photo journalist, writer, master brewer, and skipper of the lovely gaff rig cutter "Elcho." Making good on the pledge he made, he is now way north somewhere.



NEW LOCATIONS!!!

see below for more new locations marked in **RED**



Southport QLD! Whitworths!

I was pleased to find a keen following at the famous chandlery. Whitworths is clever enough to have real boaties working there like Jock & John above, Thanks guys!

Townsville QLD!

Breakwater Chandlery1

The new management has turned the place up-side down and for the better! Have a great meal and a drink and your TCP overlooking the marina... How goods that! Thanks Charmaine!

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

-THURSDAY ISLAND.....
Water Sports Club & Australian Reef Pilots office
-NORTHERN TERRITORY.....
- * D A R W I N
Dinah Beach Yacht Club
Darwin Sailing Club
- * G O V E
Yacht Club
- QUEENSLAND.....
- * P O R T D O U G L A S
Port Douglas Yacht Club
- * Y O R K E Y S K N O B
Yorkeys Knob Boating Club
- * C A I R N S
Cairns Yacht Club, Wharf St
Cairns Marlin Marina office
Cairns Cruising Yacht Squadron & Taylor Marine, (Port Smith)
- * M A G N E T I C I S L A N D
Iga, Horseshoe Bay Supermarket, RSL & Maroon'd
- * T O W N S V I L L E
Townsville Motor Boat & Yacht Club
Breakwater Marina
Breakwater Marina Cafe
BIAS Boating Warehouse
- * B O W E N
North Qld. Cruising Yacht Club
Harbour Office
Summergarden Cinema (Q.B.)
Seaside Superette (Q.B.)
- * P R O S E R P I N E
Proserpine Bait & Tackle
- * C A N N O N V A L E
E Multihulls Brokerage
- * S H I N G L E Y B E A C H
Abel Pt. Yacht Club, at:
The Anchorage Restaurant & Bar
- * A I R L I E B E A C H
Marlin Marine
Whitsunday Sailing Club
Abel Point Marina office
Airlie Beach Newsagency
- * S E A F O R T H
Seaforth Boating Club
- * M A C K A Y
Mackay Marina
Mackay Yacht Club
Mackay's Boat Yard
Reef Marine
The Lighthouse Restaurant
- * R O C K H A M P T O N
Fitzroy Motor Boat Club
- * G L A D S T O N E
Gladstone Marina (office)
- * B U N D A B E R G
Midtown Marina
Bundaberg Port Marina Office & Baltimore Restaurant (at Port Marina)
- * H E R V E Y B A Y / U R A N G A N
Hervey Bay Boat Club
Great Sandy Straits Marina Office
Fishermans Wharf Marina
- * M A R Y B O R O U G H
Boaties Warehouse
- * T I N C A N B A Y
Tin Can Bay Yacht Club
- * M O O L O O L A B A
Yacht Club Marina office
The Wharf Marina
Kawana Waters Marina
Whitworth's (Minyama)
- * N O O S A
Noosa Yacht & Rowing Club
- * S C A R B O R O U G H
Scarborough Marina
Boat Harbour Marine
Moreton Bay Boat Club
Sub 40 Café at Newport Marina
- * S A N D G A T E
Queensland Cruising Yacht Squadron
- * M A N L Y
Moreton Bay Trailer Boat Club Marina
Spinnakers Café/East Coast Marina
Royal Queensland Yacht Squadron
Seaway Marine
Wynnum Manly Yacht Club
- * B R I S B A N E
Boat Books
Glascraft (Fortitude Valley)
Toombul Music (Toombul)
- * R A B Y B A Y
Raby Bay Marina
- * C O O M E R A
Outback Marine
Gold Coast City Marina office
McIntyre Marine
- * S O U T H P O R T
Southport Yacht Club, Marina Office
Whitworth's (Warehouse Rd.)
- NEW SOUTH WALES.....
- * Y A M B A
Yamba Marina
- * C O F F S H A R B O U R
Coffs Harbour Marina
Harbourside Chandlery
- * C E N T R A L C O A S T
Gosford Sailing Club
BIAS Boating Warehouse, Gosford
- * N E W C A S T L E
Newcastle Cruising Yacht Club
Rock Salt Cafe
- * S Y D N E Y & S U R R O U N D S
Boat Books
Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club
Middle Harbour Yacht Club
Cruising Yacht Club Australia,
Rushcutters Bay
- C A N B E R R A.....
Canberra Yacht Club
- V I C T O R I A.....
Royal Yacht Club (Williamstown)
Royal Geelong Yacht Club
Sandringham Yacht club
- S O U T H A U S T R A L I A.....
(Northhaven)
Cruising Yacht Club of S.A.
Royal S.A. Yacht Squadron
- W E S T E R N A U S T R A L I A.....
Boating Hardware-Prosail - O'Connor (near Fremantle)

CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE:

- John Brown III, SY "Stella Maris"
- Shirley Burrow, SY "Gecko"
- Catherine Connolly, SY "Madrona"
- Bas Dolkens, SY "Spirit of Wychwood"
(at the time, now land bound)
- Bob Fenney, SY "Elcho"
- Trish Hawkins, SY "Quoll II"
- Maxine Holman, SY "Platypus"
- Alan Lucas, SY "Soleres"
- Maria McManus, MY "Freeway"
- Keith Owen, SY "Speranza"
- Allen Southwood, MY "Solaray"
- Lindsay Walkley, SY "Avalore"



REMEMBER.. SUPPORT THE ADVERTISERS THAT SUPPORT YOUR PAPER!
Don't miss a chance to tell them you saw their ad in TCP!!!

This issue, Last issue and everwhat 20 issues!!! Who would have thunk it!

When it was first thought of I didn't give it more than 5 or 6! I guess it proves that I had the right idea because you all have been very tolerant whilst I have learned how to do this... such as I have. If the best measure of success for a publication like this is that of participation, then we are the champions. **This issue is chockers!** It took a shoe horn and a crow bar to get it all shoved in here this time. The volume and quality of contributions continues to stagger me. When the rest of the marine industry works out what you already know, we should come to some kind of balance as far as space available (from ad revenue) and contributions. In the meantime my writing along with everyone else's, waits on the table for pages to budget. It takes time, TCP is still a baby in terms of the publishing game but we are making progress.

More Colour!!

Four More Pages of Colour! Do to an increase in colour ads I had to add more colour pages because I over-booked! I'm definitely not complaining though. It's good to show growth when a lot of business's are starting to cry poverty.

Alan Lucas is Back! Alan decided to slum around with us to take the opportunity to blast those horrible multihullers that are polluting the sea ways with their fast boats that take all the best anchorages. Good on Him I say! he he heh...

Boat Words is a beaut! Maria's story on page 2 is very touching. We continue to get great stories from people that have never written to a mag before and that pleases me no end. It means we are connecting. It is your rag so it's OK. Be free and say what you like. And because they live aboard a Stinky it's all the better. In fact we should call this the **Stink Boat Special!** The Southwoods of **MY Solaray** kindly deliver the answer to a question that has been debated in the Whitsunday's for about 30 years. Read their account of the very **First Fun Race** to find out cause I'm not going to tell you here! And while we are talking stink... Bob Fenney's story about the delivery voyage of **MV Burigan** is really good! Now Bob has been a pro photographer for many years and his skill in that regard is well known but I think he is just as good a writer. See if you agree!

Guns and Bandits! This is a story of a story wrapped in another story and is it all good! I always believed the original story was true and now no one can doubt. What a beautiful example of the great characters that are this boating community. Hey Lindsay! How bout getting in touch where ever you are.

The Percy Island story... So who saw the TV show and/or the newspaper article about the Percy drama? On Saturday, June 4 the courier Mail did a rather bland but fair report on the story. You just can't do much in a half page. Channel 7 on the other hand, did real damage in only 10 minutes! Sensational is the term. "\$60 million Island bought for \$10!" There may be some basis for the claim but the 60 million is a stretch. The \$10 dollars is fact as reported by TCP long ago. The part of the report that I found unimpressive was the focus on the individual caretakers and hangers on. Using hidden cameras and such, they recorded people partaking of pot and bragging about their status as dole bludgers. That's not news, I've known about that for years and gave it a miss. I would suggest though, that inhabitants realise that though most cruisers are an exceptionally tolerant lot, there may be people like retired cops and others that are not impressed with the bongos laying around the homestead for example. But that is on a personal level and I have tried very hard to avoid that territory in my reporting. I believe that the serious facts of the matter present an interesting and valid legal argument that should not be debased by a personal attack on either side of the issue. The dole is a civil matter between the island boys and the gov. The pot is a minor criminal matter between the boys and the police and TCP is definitely not a volunteer cop (you may have noticed). Whatever you think of the pot and dole issues, it is irrelevant to the ownership. The Hickling's small part in the TV show was the balanced bit. The saving grace. Due to the renewed interest in the story I have assembled most all the stories TCP has published about Middle Percy Island and posted it on the web site. I had no idea how large a collection it was till I did the work. WOW! see www.thecoastalpassage.com/thepercystory.html

If you haven't seen the web site for a while, you won't recognise it! I promise! It's bigger, better and funner! see www.thecoastalpassage.com
Cheers, Bob



The Coastal Passage

The Voice of the Great Barrier Reef

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LETTERS

Notice to contributors: All contributions that purport facts in a matter of possible contention, should be ready to provide support for their assertions or the submission 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, not personality. It's about a fair go.

Cockroaches!

Hi Bob,
On Page 8 of TCP # 19, there is an article by Lily and Stewart, describing their cockroach problem. We had similar experiences in the Caribbean and Pacific, up and down the Queensland Coast, around the Coral Sea circuit and across the Indian Ocean to the Med. Some years ago, until we discovered little packets of poison bait for "La Cucuracha" in Larnaca, Cyprus. They worked like magic, but we could not find them after finally returning to Australia.

The listed ingredients are simply Boracic (Boric) Acid and Glycerine. Both can easily be bought from a chemist - a life-time supply for about \$5. You mix a small quantity (less than a teaspoon of Boracic Acid is plenty) to a stiff paste with a few drops of glycerine. Little bits are then worked into niches and corners where the little beasties lurk (they don't eat much). They like the sweetness of glycerine, but the Boracic Acid is not at all good for their health, although it's a good, but old-fashioned antiseptic for humans. The cockies seem to take some home for the kids, too, because one dose keeps us free of the critters for many months. When the plague returns (via eggs from the supermarket, bottle-shop etc.), you simply mix a little more and spend 2-3 minutes reapplying it. Voila! Cheap and effective!

**Cheers,
Bob Buick,
"Bonaventure", Southport.**

Greetings (another) Bob,

Isn't that the way..... a 100 megaton nuclear device couldn't do it but mum's home remedy will kick their rotten little arses...! I'll definitely pass on your recipe or should it be regarded as a trade secret or... should we bottle it and disguise the ingredients by calling it something more complex and make a fortune! AAAHHHH, the possibilities!!

**Cheers
Bob**

Hi Bob,

Thanks for your response. Yes, we've had no more than an occasional cockie for almost 10 years now - despite being careless with egg-infested beer cartons etc. Obviously, they don't push it in the supermarkets, as a life-time supply for a few

bucks wouldn't make a lot of profit! It just works and people should know. By the way, little corner deposits in the shelves and lockers around the galley haven't killed any of our human family yet.

I like what you're doing and you deserve any help we can give.

**Cheers,
Bob Buick**

Dear TCP,

Being a devoted multi-huller, imagine my delight when I saw your spectacular cover to edition 17. Imagine my further delight when I read the pictures were taken by my '80s workmate in the chandlery industry here in WA, **Steve Watson!** Copies of TCP were kindly given to me by **Tim & Trish Hawkins ('Quoll')**, who have recently cruised to Malaysia from WA via Queensland. My wife Sue and I recently held a party at home for some 20 multi-hullers because three couples, **Tim & Trish Hawkins (Quoll) and Jock & Ruth Main (Backchat) both currently cruising SE Asia, and Paul & Barbara Jahnz (Quemarla)**, currently laying up in Tunisia, were all back in WA. I currently own and run a chandlery here in WA and own a daggy old stink-boat, but my heart is still cruising. Please advise me how I can regularly get copies of TCP for my shop counter, I am happy to pay the postage or make a donation.

**Cheers,
Chris Gaudet
(Boating Hardware- Pro sail)**

Greetings Chris,
And...just so you know... The edition you saw is # 17 and current edition is # 19 (now 20). Since 17 the web site has been improved. Six complete editions are available for free download from the web site as PDF files. I prefer the paper editions myself but the "E" version is better than nothin. See www.thecoastalpassage.com I have tacked a lot of stuff on the site since I learned how last month... crude but fun I think. Daggy old stinkers are quite well thought of here. As well as multi-mono hullers, tinny's, hobie cats and trawlers. etc etc.... TCP's are on the way!

**Cheers,
Bob,**

Hi Bob,

I'd like to share something I learned yesterday and t I'd like to make it as widely known as possible.

OK, it's not just yachties that get ripped off, everyone with a mobile phone on a monthly plan is getting the same treatment. My mobile phone died after being dropped once too often. I was in Atherton, a reasonable sized town, so I tried to find out who could repair my phone. The consensus (among mobile phone sellers) was that it's not worth getting a quote to fix a mobile if it's over two years old. (\$75 just for a quote, a rip-off in itself). So what does a new one cost? A mobile suitable to connect to a monthly plan was \$400 or so, from three different retailers including a Telstra shop. I checked Telstra's website and prices range from \$469 to \$619. Well, I was thinking I might pursue the repair option some more. Then I asked at Leading Edge, (a computer and electronics chain) and the bloke insisted on telling me the price of pre-paid mobiles. I explained that I was using a plan and he said so what, doesn't matter, you can buy a pre-paid for \$100 and have your old phone number and plan transferred to it. I was pretty sceptical as all other retailers (then and last time I bought a mobile) had said you must select from the range of "plan" phones.

This guy then told me he didn't have any prepaid mobiles in stock, but if I bought one somewhere else and brought it to him, he would have it connected up for me. He even suggested I should go across to the new

Big W for the best price. I was amazed, but thought there must be a catch, like prepaid mobiles are somehow inferior. Anyway I had nothing to lose except \$300, because if the Leading Edge guy was wrong I could return the pre-paid phone unused and get my money back. Big W had no stock, but I found a nice little Samsung pre-paid at an electrical store, \$99. The chap at Leading Edge had gone, and the staff busy, but they happily gave me the Telstra number to ring to have the new phone connected. I did, it took five minutes and I was set!

I still cannot believe this bullshit about "plan" phones. Surely the staff at Telstra, if not the other retailers, know about this. The Telstra website makes a clear distinction between pre-paid mobiles and "outright purchase/plan" phones. When looking at prices you have to select one or the other (their pre-paids range from \$69 to \$179). The bastards are ripping us off for hundreds of dollars. My new phone is a smart little number, not at all the bulky out-dated thing I thought I'd have to settle for. All the same

features as the \$400 ones.

At \$99 I would not even consider having my old, corroded and dog chewed mobile repaired, so here I am with a smart new phone, on my usual cheap plan, and \$300 in my pocket. Might get a carton of Bundy & Cola to celebrate. And give half of it to that honest guy at Leading Edge.

Thanks for reading this far, Bob. I hope you can help by making this rip-off known to a few more people.

**Regards,
Petrea Heathwood, SY "Tailsman"**

Greetings,
I am certain it is not illegal for the various phone companies to try to sell you the more expensive product. In my opinion though, it is bad business tactic in the long run as it appears to be, well, sneaky. I know about the "prepaid" phone thing too. An independent dealer filled me in a couple years ago but as you have noted, probably most people don't know that yet. It does make it appear that the "plan" phones are burdened by excessive profit or the scheme is used to induce a new customer into believing they are getting a "bargain" by having the phone discounted if they sign onto the plan. In business and all things everyone has a choice of the high road or the low road, pity the low road is always the easy way.

**Cheers
Bob**

Hello, Bob!

Is it possible to submit a brief request to The Coastal Passage's "Letters"? Fascinated & curious about the birds & sea shells seen whilst cruising, I was wondering whether any of your readers could recommend "guide" books which they've found to be particularly good? I'm hopeful of finding a bird book dedicated to the birds of the vast ocean as well as those which frequent our shores. And the other on SEA SHELLS. I'd very much appreciate recommendations from your readers.

Thank you!
Email: cliveros@qldnet.com.au

**Thank you for the opportunity to reach your readers!
Cheers,
Ros Oellermann.**

letters continued next page.....

Ad space



LETTERS

continued.....

Hi Bob,

A lot has been said about the demise of radio and rightly so. Its almost a thing of the past as tax payer sponsored services are withdrawn. Most recently being the old Telstra weather services.

I have done a quick check to see what if anything is left and where an offshore vessel fits in. On the East coast the VMR's are providing a service for the inshore boating fraternity using VHF with repeater support. I understand this is being extended in the Mackay area. Away from the East Coast the service ranges from good to non-existent. As a volunteer organization they do a first class job but I am told that they have no intentions of establishing a longer range service on HF. So, what then is available for the offshore vessel and those not on the East coast?

GMDSS equipped HF radio will allow you to call the major coast stations VMC and VMW. Check that equipment has been approved for Australian use. Position reports are only possible for the smaller vessel if the voyage is greater than 200miles or longer than 24hrs. The service is aimed at commercial shipping with us as an afterthought. Weather forecasts from these stations is under review and could cease if its found there is insufficient demand. (make your feelings felt and let them know what you require).

To replace the Telstra HF Coast Stations the states have established stations strategically located around the coast. These stations are for emergency use only. I am told by Maritime Sea safety Queensland these stations will not undertake any general traffic including that of reporting the imminent arrival of a vessel from overseas to Customs (a legal requirement for the boatie) Day to day safety is not their concern.

A read through the Radio License Conditions (Maritime Ship License) Determination 2002. (that's the current version) reveals that little is available for the non commercial boatie, 109 frequencies exist between 500kHz. and 26Mhz. available for Maritime use. Of these only 7

could be said as being available for boat to boat communications. (I am only counting telephony channels) All of the 7 channels are reserved for safety type exchange only. Channels are kept aside for Morse code. TOR (telex over radio) NBDP (narrow band direct printing) DSC (digital select calling) and public correspondence. Most of the channels are directed to Major and Limited Coast stations. (If VMR are not using HF I am not sure if we have any other limited coast stations), Channels specific to non commercial activities are limited to a vessel speaking to another station within that same organization. i.e. clubs etc.

As is apparent not much is available for voice transmission. Airmail and its commercial counterpart Seemail are alternatives. They both can supply weather and keyboard communication. Position reporting is not possible either in voice or keyboard to an Australian authority except as previously mentioned. YOTREPS is available for the email services enabling a relative to monitor your safety. Self help organizations such as Shelia Net are trying best they can to look after each other and should be highly commended. They are probably not aware that their activities are illegal in Australia. 8161 is not a recognized frequency within Australia's jurisdiction. 8161 is an ITU allocated frequency not locally recognized. 8291 would be more appropriate as the activity is concerned with safety. For myself I will go with the flow and continue using 8161 if that is the feeling of the participants. If voice is a thing of the past then INMARSAT M starts to look more attractive. The keyboard only version may be affordable in time. Amateur radio is an option. Radtel is a private HF phone connection enabling fairly economic phone calls to be made. As a last resort carrier pigeon could make a comeback.

Barry Lee
SY "White Horse"



Photos & story by
Trish Hawkins, SY "Quoll II"

The good ship Quoll has left Qld waters and busy exploring their new playground in the waters of Langkawi and Phuket, Malaysia /Thailand. There is great diving and snorkelling to be had, but for something completely different we took the more enclosed waters of Phang Nga Bay and its vast topography.

Thailand's greatest tourist attraction lived up to its reputation and provided us with weeks of exploring. The scenery in Phang Nga Bay is spectacular and provides the perfect backdrop for the sailing regattas which are held there in December/January each year. We left the King's Cup to the heavies, opting for the more relaxed, Phang Nga Bay Regatta. Wining and dining at a different resort each night after a hard day's sailing, sounded like fun, and it was.

Located between the island of Phuket and the mainland, the Bay, measuring approx 100 x 100 nautical miles, is dotted with islands. Some are mere dots on the chart, others are more substantial. Each of them, large or small, rises tall and grand out of the bay. Their sheer sides harbour secret caves, honges and overhangs. Stalagmites reach up to the stalactites.

The occasional drip alerts you that this is a live one. Don't touch it kids, fingerprints stunt their growth!

The cruising guide to Thailand doesn't itemize the honges in a separate blurb. If you want to go on a serious 'hong hunt' you need to obtain a photocopy. Anyone who knows someone who has BTDI will have a copy. The quality of the print may be a joke. It was typed in 1993 and it's been photocopied a few times since. After making a few notes and jotted down the Lat & Long, cross referencing with the cruising guide (it was past photocopying), we set off. Along the way we acquired a 'fresh' copy. Some efficient person had typed them up on the Word Processor. It had only been photocopied several times, so was still very readable.

So what is a hong? A hollowed out hill accessed from the sea by a tunnel, large or small, is one description. Hong is the Thai word for room. On the other side of the tunnel you are inside the hill, a room without a roof.

continued next page.....

SYDNEY AND SEASICKNESS

Shirley Burrow, SY "Gecko"

Hi, My name is Shirley & I'm living on a 28ft Roberts Sloop with my partner Tim & chihuahua Charlie. My story is unlike any other I have heard from other boaties & I'm still totally amazed 18 months later to find myself living on a boat of any sort! If you had of told me 2 years ago that I would live on a boat (& love every minute of it (almost)) I would have told you you were crazy.

It all started with us (not Charlie) going on holiday from Sydney in October 2004. We were doing our annual pilgrimage to Airlie Beach & stopped at Tannum Sands caravan park (as usual). While we were there, we saw some ads for Lady Musgrave Island & decided rather than go all the way to Airlie we might go camping at Lady Musgrave instead, as we had not been there before. We spent 8 glorious days camping & had a ball watching turtles, fish & a multitude of other sea life. So back to Sydney we went. We had taken a bit of video footage while we were away & sat down to see how it had all turned out (at this stage we had just bought a 134cm tv). While watching our holiday, we both looked at each other & said "I don't want to be here any more, lets go." Two weeks later we were packed & ready to go on a camping adventure of a lifetime. We knew we wanted to go back to Lady Musgrave, but without our own boat it would be expensive to do.

We left Sydney on 22 Nov 2004 & arrived at Benaraby on 25 Nov. We had been there 3 days when Tim said "let's go down to the marina at Gladstone." I said "fine, but we are not buying a boat." (I get sea sick standing on the pontoon, sometimes even in the bath!!). All the way up I had said no boat!!! So down we went to Gladstone marina to "look at boats" After looking at 4 boats the last one really made an impact. I still can't believe the words coming out of my mouth "o.k. if we are going to buy a boat, I think this is the one." Tim ran straight up to the brokers office, leaving me behind in his dust, before I had the chance to change my mind. We paid the deposit & arranged for the boat to be slipped & surveyed & if all went well were to pay outstanding on completion of this. The next day "Gecko" was taken over to the slipway & all was well.

So began my boating life. We moved into "Gecko" on the Friday, and I spent the next 6 days on seasick pills in the marina!!!! Neither of us had done much of any sailing prior to this & we knew we had a lot to learn (which for me was hampered every time we moved by seasickness). We sailed around Gladstone & the outer Islands for about 6 months when "Airlie Beach Fever" hit & we decided it was time to move further. So after our many sailing adventures around Gladstone (which are other stories in themselves) off we sailed. I finally got over the seasickness at some stage during this trip (thank God).

We took 76 days cruising from Gladstone to Airlie & enjoyed every minute of it. Our first stop was Yellow Patch where we stayed for about ten days & it was beautiful. We met lots of other people who were also sailing north & kept catching up with them all the way. We stopped at many places on the way up (as you can tell by the length of time it took us) and were thrilled to be invited to dinner on Marble Island by the caretakers Pete & Steph (we had stopped at Thirsty Sound - Stanage for restock & picked up mail to deliver to them). The weather at this time was quite rough & I was really feeling the effects. I was still wondering how on earth I came to be living on a boat. Well we finally made it to Airlie, after a great holiday & we are both working again now saving for the next trip. Every day I still wake up & think I am in a dream, I can't believe I'm living on a boat & have no immediate plans to go back to land (if ever). We would like something a little bigger but are happy to wait until our house in Sydney is sold & we find the right vessel. My poor sister thinks I'm stark raving mad, as she works on the *Lady Wakehurst* (party ferry) and had been inviting me out for trips for 3 years, I kept saying no I get too seasick. I think next time I'm in Sydney I better go out with her or I'll never be forgiven!

Fabulous Phang Nga Bay



Hong hunting!

The bigger more accessible hong are popular and overrun with tourists. However, this isn't as bad as it seems. They are in and out in a jiffy and they're useful for showing the way. Even heroes like us can be a little nervous going into a dark cave under a hundred foot high hill.

Koh Muk is a favourite of ours. We spent a few days there, entering the hong at different stages of the tide. The entrance cave is spectacular with its stalactites and stalagmites and the afternoon sun providing extra illumination. It's only a 5 minute swim in complete darkness but its amazing how long a minute can be when in unfamiliar territory. Matthew, our big brave 6 yr old, led the way with Tim keeping an arms distance behind ready to rescue if trouble struck. David was following happily behind until he collided with the cave wall. Ouch! A few tears, a cuddle and I led him around the bend into the light, it only took a second but not a ray was visible from David's collision point. At high tide one has to submerge to exit the tunnel. This time at mid tide we didn't even have to duck. A beautiful blue lagoon, enclosed by the most magnificent cliffs was ours to play in.

Our peace was short lived. A chanting forewarned us of tourists. A snake of fluorescent life jacketed people holding on to a rope appeared out of the tunnel. Quite an amusing site. They were given 10 mins to play and enjoy the scenery before moving on, leaving the Quolls to bask in the grandeur for a while longer.

Another favourite hong, this one on land, is at Krabi on the mainland coast. An energetic climb up the cliff face is followed by an equally energetic climb down the other side. Lowering myself down a rope, while clawing the cliff to get a hand hold, was a new experience for me. The boys and Tim waited patiently and guided me down, crevice by crevice. What an accomplishment! Inside the adults sat on a rock while the children discovered the delights of red muddy clay. Their blonde hair was suitably enhanced by the addition of some red highlights. After climbing back up and over the hong walls we walked back through the resorts to the dinghy. The boys were given some pretty queer looks from the neatly dressed resort guests as they modelled the latest in fashion hairstyles and body painting.

Sailing down the Krabi coast it is worth



Quoll II at anchor while boys play in Telaga Harbour

spending some time anchored off the Sheraton. Every afternoon they walk the elephants down to the water and allow the guests to get up close or even climb aboard. If the elephant is in the right mood he'll playfully toss you off his back. A pleasant way to spend an afternoon.

By now your one month visa is due to expire, time to clear out and head back down to Langkawi. There are delights to be had here and this has become home base for us. The anchorage outside Telaga Harbour Marina is superb in all weather conditions and you have use of the marina facilities if you wish.



The Quoll II crew, Tim, Trish and Matthew and David

The veggie man comes once a week with an ever expanding range of fresh produce. The Indian Restaurant is the local haunt for yachties yes, quality and price attract us low income earners, roadside stalls and a few small restaurants at the corner of the bay also help the yachtie budget for eating out. For a more upmarket budget, other restaurants line the harbour and 1km shady walk will take you to the Oriental Village for another range of eateries.

The Langkawi/Phuket circuit is a great yachties playground with a bout 100 islands to visit. A lack of wind is the only complaint. If you've BTDT the Whits and Lizard, and feel like venturing offshore, you'll enjoy what the area has to offer on land and sea.

Who's got a pretty bottom then?

By Keith Owen, SY, "Speranza"

The problem when sailing out on the Reef is that the water is so clear, you can see every individual barnacle on the hull. We therefore knew beforehand that when we hauled out at Bundy Port Marina at the end of 2005, *Speranza* would have a very scruffy bottom and would need a significant makeover to restore her to her former beauty.

All the above was confirmed when the travel lift cleared the water. "Not a good look" pronounced Tony the Yard Boss. To our eyes, that was an understatement. So we decided to knock as much of the old loose antifouling with the water blaster. Barnacles and blue paint went everywhere. Big patches of hull were exposed.

Speranza was then popped into a cradle and we headed south by car to be with the family for Christmas. Pictures of the battered hull were taken with us. "Tut, tut" was the universal response. So we planned to strip the whole hull back to the gel coat and start again. "Huge job" according to Jan and Arnold of *Helmsman* fame. "She'll be right" we confidently predicted, "we'll just take our time".

On return to Bundy in March, we were ready to go. Tony the aforementioned yard boss was doing the rounds. "I hate Mondays," he told us. "Bloody yachties have all weekend to think up new things to be done." Well, we had taken a whole 3 months to think up our carefully developed battle plan. We outlined our detailed strategy to Tony. His response? "Well I wouldn't do it quite like that. Why don't you....."

First up was to remove the remaining antifouling that had not been knocked off by the water blaster. The residual was in two forms thick flaky bits that had built up over the 23 years of *Speranza's* existence. Then there were patches of newer material that had been added in more recent times. I invested in a scraper and Tony gave me the biggest and heaviest sander ever constructed to attack the hull. So armed with these implements, dressed in a fetching white plastic boiler suit where the internal temperature was 50 sauna like degrees and adorned with a spaceman like facemask, I was into it. At the end of day one, I had not made much of an impression on the hull but had succeeded in covering myself in blue crap.



From this to this in one HARD lesson



Pattie referred to me as her " little blue smurf"

Part way through this performance, Bob from The Coastal Passage happened by. He observed the carnage with a "Jesus you're mad" reaction and to avoid being handed a scraper, scuttled away to deliver more newspapers elsewhere. Can't blame him really. (eds note: thank you!)

After 2 ½ days I surrendered, thoroughly and comprehensively stuffed! I had done about 60% of the hull, had skinned knuckles with arms so sore it was an effort to raise a beer glass (but I managed). I returned the wretched sander to Tony and called in the Yardies to finish the job. It was the best decision I ever made. It took the Yardies another 2 days to bring *Speranza* to a stage where the primer could be applied. They did a fantastic job and produced a finish that I could never have achieved.

I had the weekend to do the topsides with Polyglow (a terrific product which is easy to apply and brings up a stunning finish). I had a bit of time over and asked Michael the painter if there were any little jobs I could undertake to prepare the way for his activities next week. "Well, some dickhead has put a bit of bog over the antifouling. You could take that off." (Don't respond Keith, just nod!)

So in the end; Sandy did the prop with Propspeed. They rolled on two coats of Jotamastic 87 as a primer. Mike sprayed 18 liters of Ameron ABC 3. I paid (happily and thankfully). *Speranza* now looks fantastic again and ready for sailing season 2006.

Thanks Tony and the lads. Bundy Port Marina is a great yard with a great team. But the moral of the story is "If you are going to have a full frontal lobotomy, don't tell the brain surgeon where to cut! Leave it to the experts."



The "little blue smurf" and Patti

SUN DOWNERS

here's my story, mate...



Sailing lessons on the Corpus Christi Bay or... What those black spots on the mast really mean!

Though Aaron is the professional arborist, I was the one put in charge of the wooden spars. Those wooden skills of his are one of the reasons I agreed to buy a 75 year old wooden boat with him, that and the whole 'being in love with each other' thing solidified the whole deal. Varnishing the spars was a truly joyful project that I got to do all by myself, which was fair because not once did I have to sand toxic red paint off of the hull.

Madrona is launched and it is time for my sailing lesson. I'm excited because I am finally learning how to sail my own boat. Or any boat, for that matter. When we lived on Orcas Island, which is where we bought the boat, I never wanted to sail. I was depressed on Orcas, the sun was never shining, it was cold all the time and I am a 'warm climate' person. Anything below 22 degrees and I want a jumper. My memory of our lives there makes me cringe. The 2nd reef point (sail area speaking) is that when we arrived in Texas, I had sailed *Madrona* only 6 or 7 times.

We ready things on the boat and motor out of our berth in a nice south-easterly 12 knots and sail about three miles out into the Bay. We're on a port tack and decide it is time to head back to the

Marina while there is still daylight. "How do I turn the boat around?" This was a sailing lesson, after all. Aaron tells me I can tack or I can gybe. I decide to tack (having never gybed before) and Aaron talks me through it. I push the helm over, Aaron runs the sheets and suddenly "POP!!!!!"

We both stood up, looked up and I remember Aaron's hand closing next to mine on the tiller. "What was that?" "I think it was the gaff." replied Aaron in a puzzled voice. We had just shaped and epoxied new oak jaws onto the gaff so maybe those had let go. We're still looking up with what I am sure are really stupid looks on our faces. Nope, not the gaff because our mainsail is still up though the peak of the gaff has dropped and the main is luffing on the cabin top. So it is not the gaff which went with that sickening "POP!!!!!"

"Where the hell's our jib?" Aaron is completely baffled at this point. I look to the starboard beam, Aaron follows my gaze. "There's our jib" and instantly spot the top six feet of our newly varnished mast in the water alongside our sail. "Oh f**k. That was our mast." Immediately I go forward and start hauling everything: jib, forestay, inner forestay, jib sheets, some real nice prawns (caught in the jib) out of the Bay and onto the foredeck.

Then I return to the cockpit, sit down next to Aaron and put my hand on the tiller. We didn't say anything for a few minutes.

"What's next?", I whisper, after all, I was the student here. "Two things. One is to stay here and keep those waves on our stern quarter. The other is to go up there and stow everything to make sure we have it all on board so nothing can get caught in our propeller." "Oh," I say. "I've been up there. That's a f**king disaster up there. You go." And I slap his hand off the tiller. Aaron coils, flakes and stows everything. We start our engine, lower the main and head back to find the mast, which we circle a few times, practising our 'mast overboard' drill. Once we retrieve the mast, we find the 1/2 inch section of rot that caused it to break. Luckily we didn't lose the whole mast and what did fall fell clear of ourselves and our boat.

I spent the next week tapping every inch of that boat looking for rot but never heard any dull thuds, except when I knocked on Aaron's head. I also spent some time wishing we had paid a bit more attention to those black areas while I was varnishing the mast. Of course it would have helped to know that those black areas meant rot.

By Catherine Connolly,
SY "*Madrona*"

We had just moved to Corpus Christi, Texas from Orcas Island in Washington State. Aaron picked Corpus because of its warm climate and we wanted to cruise Mexico, Cuba and the East Coast of the United States.

After spending a fortune on trucking the boat some 2000 miles, consuming lots of time, work and bottom paint readying *Madrona*, our 75 year old wooden Seabird Gaffer, we were ready to sail. This work included stripping our 30 foot solid spruce mast and ever-so-carefully applying 10 coats of varnish to it as well as re-varnishing the gaff and 14 foot boom.

Ad space

In search of a cruising adventure...



We moved on to another lagoon. Covering the lovely snorkelling ground at Brooke Island and drinking Champagne in Champagne Bay. (As you would!) We loved the Monties so much that after sailing on to Hampton Harbour, (Dampier) we decided we hadn't had enough and backtracked for a revisit, spending nearly two weeks in this wonderful location.

Back home in Albany I spoke to friend Alf Thompson who was doing National Service aboard HMAS Fremantle in 1956 at the time of the nuclear testing in the Montebello Islands. There were 8 naval ships in the area. Among them were HMAS Junee, Fremantle and Gungadin, (so named because it was the water carrier.) HMS Alert, Cossack and HMS LST Narvik. Alf describes "The Bomb" as being about the size of an average room. A bit like a computer. It was mounted atop a 50ft. Tower and remembers several triggering devices being tested before one was installed.

Fuel used on the islands was transported from Onslow on board HMAS Fremantle. The young cadets had to ferry it aboard in 4 gallon tins with wire handles and stack them below deck. Then on arrival back at the islands it was ferried ashore by the same long tedious method. Whaleboats were used to ferry the officers between ships and ashore. Because of the strong tides in the area the whalers had an additional outboard motor to boost the power of the inboard engines.

All communications between ships was either by morse code or semaphore. Alf was appointed "Assistant to the Signaller" because of his skill in this area. He had learned it as a lad in Sea Scouts. Alf remembers that they were flat-out most of the time interpreting and sending signals however there was still time for plenty of chacking and enjoyed his time as a "Nasho" in the Monties.

part 3: The Montebello Islands... so good we went twice!

Story & photos by:
Maxine Holman, SY "Platypus"

Departing Exmouth with fresh supplies we passed by the Murion Islands, stopped briefly at Round Island then sought overnight shelter at Surrurier, arriving just in time to go ashore and stretch our legs. We saw where turtles had been laying in the dunes. The squawking gulls overhead made us aware of their nests too, so well camouflaged that without their agitation we would never have noticed them!

The weather was delivering steady 20 knot breezes in exactly the direction we wished to travel so just after midnight, under full sail, we headed direct to the Monties. What a ride! At times recording 14 knots we soon ate away the 86 miles and anchored in Wild Wave Lagoon late morning.

Someone must have had a grand time surveying the area. The bays are named Chianti, Burgandy, Chartreuse, Champagne, Drambuie, Whiskey etc. etc. then alongside Rum Cove is Hungover Head! The names of the lagoons are a bit daunting too. Who in their right mind would choose to stay in Wild Wave or Willy Nilly Lagoons or tackle Flying Foam Passage? We discovered they are named after ships not a description of the area..

This was our first visit to the region. The Montebello's encompass an area of about 60 square miles, a filigree of lacy, rocky edged islands. Our first impressions were how green everything was. (Month of May.) Nearly 50 years ago it was the testing ground for a nuclear bomb. The site of the explosion is clearly

identified. The strange thing is the total lack of animals. We found big ant hills without Echidna and rocky caves without Wallabies. There is however a rich abundance of marine life. Crayfish? As many as you can eat! At low tide they crawl about in water so shallow that their feelers are exposed above the sea surface. There were turtles, stingrays, shovel nose sharks, pincushion starfish, big orange hermit crabs and plenty of fish.

Brian would have loved to have found the missing treasure from the wrecked *Trial* but instead had to be satisfied with the discovery on one island with the remnants of a WW2 radar station. The jetty remains, batteries, an authentic WW2 dunny and two cylinder, opposed, Cub mark 111 diesel generators. (eds note: the "*Trial*" was the first European ship wreck on Australia. An excellent account is written in the book "*Shipwrecks*" by Evan McHugh)

It's a bird lovers paradise. We spent three days fishing and swimming in a lagoon behind Primrose Island. On the island were thousands of nesting Roseate Terns and resting Noddies. The stench of guano thick in the air, their incessant calling goes all day and all night. At dusk the sky is black with all the parent birds returning to roost. Just when they appear to have settled an Osprey mischievously circles overhead and sends them into a real frenzy. We found ourselves rescuing the young fledglings along a nearby shoreline next morning and putting them back on their birth island. Sailing past one headland we noted that Caspian Terns were hatching young on the ground at the foot of an

active Osprey nest. It's hard to imagine them being exactly "friendly" neighbours!

We hopped between the bays and lagoons avoiding the extensive pearl leases and coming to terms with the tides. Being from down south tide changes were a new experience for us. On one trip ashore we walked up to a C.A.L.M. shack used for camps monitoring the rehabilitation of the area. I thought there were no animals on the island. Evidently there had been. On a tombstone was the epitaph. It read...

"R.I.P. *Felis Catus* 30.7.99. *She was smart, She was quick, but we caught up with Ginger Mick!*" Araldited to the headstone was the skull of a pussy cat!

At the shack was a large rainwater tank and being a little short of fresh water we took the opportunity to fill two small containers with drinking water. Next morning I waited in bed in anticipation as Brian brewed our early morning cup of tea using the freshly acquired rain water. I could hardly wait for that first longing sip. UGH! It was awful! It was salt water! After rinsing everything out and starting again a dreadful realisation struck me... The previous afternoon I had made coffee for four visitors from another catamaran. Our cups had been filled before they came on board so I only filled theirs using the salt water. The worst part, thinking back, was they drank it!...or...did they? I thought I would probably never know as I doubted that they would ever visit again. Brian did go and apologise to them. They said it was the worst coffee they ever had!



The Bomb Site The plaque reads: "Warning. Radiation hazard. Radiation levels for a few hundred metres around this point may be above those considered safe for permanent occupation."



Brian & Maxine



It's a sunny Weekend so what do you do?? Go to your Local Sailing club!



By John Brown III, SY "Stella Maris"
I received a frantic phone call on a late Friday night from the Manly 16' Skiff Sailing Club, in need of a sports photographer to shoot sailing photos on Saturday. Eh? Me?? Shoot sailing photos???!!??? Due to bad weather the past few weekends, the Manly 16' Skiff sailors were forced to postpone their races. Now, with the forecast being 28 degrees, sunny and 15 knots of breeze, a tri-fecta regatta had to be raced: 1) The Danka Championship Regatta, 2) The Universal Aesthetics Trophy, and 3) Typhoon Fabrics Trophy.

The stakes were high (three trophies!), the competition was fierce (top five boats within two minutes of each other), and the weather... well, 15 knots of wind provided a perfect sailing breeze, but the sailors were a little frustrated because the boats "weren't on the edge" often enough, and only a handful of boats capsized. According to several crew interviewed on-shore after the regatta, it is not a fun day unless at least half the boats go over. Yup... sailing skiffs is a very wet sport!

I was escorted around for the day in one of the crash boats. And, silly me, I though the crash boats were supposed to render assistance to capsized skiffs. Nope, the crash boats' main duty was to get the photographers close to the crash sites. I was asked to come back another time when the wind was gusting gale for some better shots.

Out of a fleet totaling 34 16'skiffs, a five skiffs crashed-n-burned, heading back to shore with their spinnaker between their legs. Overall final standings for the three trophies awarded on this Saturday, February 11th were: 1st Place: Fluid, 2nd Place: Savage Bee, 3rd Place: Fire Stopping. Attached are some photos
Hope you enjoy!
John

Eds note: John is semi retired from 12 years as a Reuters photographer and now free lancing between bouts of sailing.
He can be reached at:
0434273 1030 or email to:
jb@sunyacht.com



To participate or to watch, the local sailing clubs are often an under-rated source of good fun and company. **Townsville** has a particularly active club with a brilliant venue for family sailing and a rich history. I stumbled into the midst of it a while ago and found it good enough to interest me in covering more sailing action. So... if you are racing 505's or 125's or 29ers or Nacras or Hobies... TCP would be keen to hear from you.
Cheers,
Bob



Ad space

Another Aussie Original

Bob Burgess and his "B52"



hidden away on a hillside under a big roof with various moulds and containers near by, standing by and ready to launch. It seems the truck operator had fallen out of a tree and broke a rib or three, thus the delay...

"B 52" is 52 foot (well duh!) of foam sandwich cat. This boat is a little smaller than "AMA TWO's" 60 foot and has entry to the hulls via the bridge deck, (unlike "Ama Two")

but only just. More like popping down a laundry chute than descending a stairway! The bridge deck has head room... but only if you are vertically challenged. Bob likes to have visibility over the bridge deck from the cockpit. The fitout is Spartan but very tidy in finish and completely absent of any optional extra. Bob is shamelessly proud of every bargain he could find in the way of fridge or stove but everything you need to navigate, cook a meal, sit down with a nice wine and have a sleep is there but bugga all else. The boat is a sailer with no apologies for her intent. Creature comforts are as required and no more but what the hell, you are gonna be there soon. This is a boat for the "lets have tea in New Cal tomorrow" crowd.

At 5 tons (Bob's credible estimate) and the water line length it will be quick in spite of what Bob calls a rather conservative rig. And oh, what an interesting rig! Seems Bob called up to get a quote on the alloy extrusion and said stuff that! He had made a beam mould that had about the right size and shape section so he built a mast out of 3 sections from the mould spliced together. It is made of polyester resin and conventional fibre glass! 19 metres all up. To finish the inside to the high standard I saw, Bob used a robotic device that wetted and smoothed the resin as it was pulled through.

continued next page.....>

Story & Photos By Bob Norson

"Take the road from Kingscliff to Pottsville and take the right from so and so road and go .7 kilometre until you see a gate on the right. It has a sign that says 'WARNING KEEP OUT , trespassers will be shot and survivors will be prosecuted!' Or something like that but you get the idea. I contacted Bob Burgess whilst down the coast to cover the boat show. We hadn't seen him and Annie for awhile and wondered what he may be up to. I didn't think he would be standing idle and I was correct.

When Kay and I were in the midst of a big refit of "WhiteBird" at the trawler wharves on the Tweed (98) we were approached by a soft spoken fellow that asked if he could come along side to get his boat close enough to the shore to have his rig mounted with a crane. Sure, no worries, but geez, I was surprised at the boat. Bob and crew motored over in a 60 foot pod cat of exceptional finish. It was a work of art in plastic right out of Star Wars and what a juxtaposition along side our old steel cruiser! "AMA TWO" was rigged with gear I didn't know anything about it was so exotic to a dumb novice like me. That's how we met Bob Burgess.

"AMA TWO" had sold to a buyer in New Caledonia a while back so something new was due. As a matter of fact the new boat was



more of.. Aussie Original

Yeah, right...conservative in length but a little remarkable in materials! The boom and single diamond are conventional alloy. He reckons he saved a few kilos and a ton of cash. I don't know of another rig like this but it is an idea that seems very worth while in concept.

The over all finish of the boat is excellent as is the norm for Bob. He made beautifully finished hull moulds that split vertically and I hear the moulds may get passed around a couple mates in the years to come.

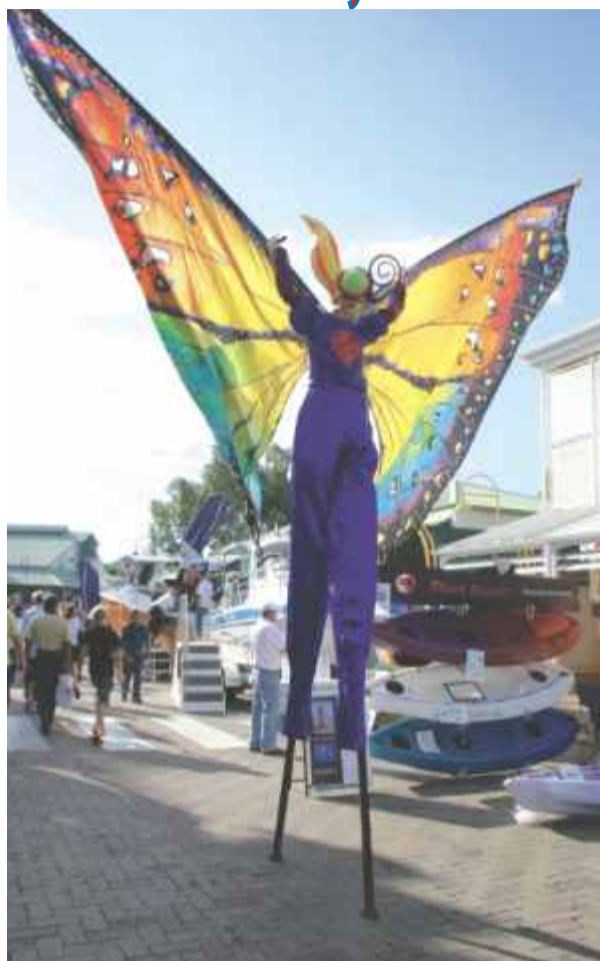
Of the moulds laying around the yard are those of a Tri that Bob built years ago. "Adios" is still out there and charging hard with a good position in the last Brisbane Gladstone race. Seems the moulds have been around and come back to Bob after many years and another boat (or two) may be built from them.

French is spoken fluently around the Burgess household and it shows in many things but the influence in catamaran design is what's important here. Bob has combined and given new perspective, creating an Australian original. This is what has always kept Australia in a leadership position in multihull design. Can't wait to see "B52" out there but do to a multitude of delays she is still dry as of today. If you are around Chinderah on the Tweed the 17th July you might see a special boat get wet.

But I do have a bitch about the name! One of these days all the Bob's are going to have to draw straws or guns!



2006 Sanctuary Cove Boat Show: fast boats, finishes and fruitcakes...



Shades of "Priscilla" the fruitcakes were loose at the boatshow! And what a delight that this colourful creature was there to liven up the action!

Story & Photos by Bob Norson

It's Sunday morning in a unit overlooking the Broadwater and I've just finished my first cup of coffee. I thought I might take some time to try to make some sense of this boat show with one more look in after this caffeine contemplation.

The quantity of input is overwhelming. Ask people who "do the shows" and they'll tell you the main thing they learn about them is that they are exhausting. How so you ask? You just stand around and talk to people, how can that be that tough! I know that computer work can be tiring. When producing a paper I find there is just so much you can do before weariness takes enough toll you become useless and should stop before you do damage. The show is like that except if you are an exhibitor you are there for the duration. The amount of input can be staggering!

The Boats.....

It's about boats right!? In the end yes, that's what it is so the questions are which I think is best and because this is TCP, which I think is worst! The "best" is a subjective but the worst in this case was without equal!

OK... best, most of the boats there I would have if they were given to me and some I would really love to have. As far as sailing craft, the selection was fewer compared to the power boats. The imported production boats don't impress me that much. They are in the 'if they were given to me' category and I didn't see anything new or exciting. After sailing in the charter territory of the Whitsunday's for a while they all start to look the same. A sort of blandness or predictability. Perfectly good boats I am sure but...

continued next page.....>

Ad space

more of...2006 Sanctuary Cove Boat Show



The Vision Motor Yacht...WOW!



At left and above: I gave up waiting for a break in the crowd to get a clear photo of the Schionning boats!

continued from page 15

The big Cats that Jeff and Lorraine Schionning were showing off, on the other hand, were closer to what I would choose for myself. I like the clean, uncluttered simplicity with the heavy emphasis on function and speed. Because they are often owner built for personal use rather than meant to appeal to a broader market or charter companys, the Schionning's were more to my taste. The production cats (and mono's for that matter) seemed chockers with gadgets and accessories and I really don't need 3 heads and 4 showers or whatever. Modern materials lend themselves to performance but if you load the things up with a million bucks worth of accessories, performance will suffer and they cost too much for a poor publisher. This is my opinion of course and I'm certain the production companies have a valid market, their very existence is proof of it, it just isn't me. If a production firm did produce my ideal I bet it would sell though. My ideal boat would be a 38 foot or more, cat of good design and materials with reasonable finish and absolutely bare

bones fit-out and accessory package. A tidy fit-out but very Spartan. According to my investigation it's the accessories that make the difference between maybe being able to afford it or not. Even on a conservative project the materials to build the shell may be only 25% of the cost of all materials for the finished boat. In short I think tomorrow's best market is in the economy package sector. Not every potential buyer has a bundle of real estate cash burning a hole in their pocket. I think this is evidenced by today's second hand market. Cats in the \$600K or + region are slower to move even with an accessory package that warrants the price but as soon as you get below \$400K the boats sell better. Where the production crowd have an advantage though is the easy credit. It's not another \$200 or \$300K, it's just another few dollars a week. Sign right here!

In motor boats the selection was brilliant.

The Vision Yachts recent launching is impressive and huge! Over 60 feet. I wasn't tacky enough to ask but if money were no object this would be OK! Besides being

fabulous in every way (finish, speed, comfort, style, relative fuel economy etc) I personally liked the builders and yes, that makes a difference to me. On a craft of that magnitude you will want to know the builders are the right sort to help you with those little things that will occur.

As you come down in size the Schionnings appear again. The VT 1000 Prowler looks very good and I am not the only one who thought so. The Palm Beach 'picnic' boats were also hot. I saw Julian Way (current boat 52' Chincogan cat "Cat'chus") lurking around both of them and I don't blame him. Kay and I saw an ad for one of the Palm Beach boats a couple years ago and we both were taken with the style and there are a couple of Prowlers in Mackay marina that I have taken more than a glance at. That's a strange reaction though. Those two boats could hardly be more opposite. One looks like something that was lifted off an old Hollywood movie set (remember

"Key Largo?") and the other looks like it just landed from another galaxy! Both are hot looking but if performance per fuel was a factor I'm sure the Prowler would be miles ahead and that must be more of a factor now in the days of \$1:60 per litre diesel. The American builders were there in strength. From large luxury cruisers to serious fly bridge Marlin boats to high end run-abouts to pontoon party boats. Larson looked good. That's a name I know from growing up in Minnesota in the 50's. And speaking of the old days... My first job as boat yard kid was working on beautiful old Chris Craft 'speed boats' and they were there with boats that still hinted at that old classy style.

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Ad space

The show...



There was a boat on display that couldn't be distinguished at a glance from those memories of mine. Stem to stern wood under an inch of varnish. I remember the elegance of those beauties planing over mirror like lakes, cutting through the channels of wild rice and water lilies.... Ah the memories... and that is, after all, what they are selling. Or, is it all new again but still valid?

In any case, because of new trade agreements the yanks were there in a big way. Which brings up a point. A brother-in-law that was skipping a Marlin boat in Mexico and Central America a couple years ago, told me how the Australian boats were doing well on the west coast, particularly the Riviera's, but Black Watch were also showing up. The Riviera's because they were cheap (as weird as that sounds) and the Black Watch because they were "right". It seems to me the best money goes to the transport company's for shuffling the whole deck around the globe but the net effect for Australian and U.S. boat buyers is a very vibrant selection. All it takes is cash!

The worst boat I have ever seen!!!!

And this is hard to write. I am laughing so hard I can hardly type! In past the principals in this enterprise had contacted me on several occasions in hopes that I would feature or promote their catamaran and dinghy. The statements and claims didn't add up but to make sure I went to Cardwell, where they were located to have a look myself and I was NOT impressed thus declined involvement. So my expectations for the Chinese made version of the Multihaven cat that was to be at the show were very low, but not low enough!! It was so ugly in appearance and so hideous in finish it's a wonder anyone had the guts to show it. I've never seen anything like it at a show! (and hope I don't again!) So what made it so bad you ask? Where do I start... OK, how about the finish. It looked like the resins weren't applied as much as thrown onto the thing. To correct surface irregularities in boats the tool you use is a length of something semi-flexible with a sheet of sandpaper glued to it and referred to as the 'torture board'. I think on this boat they only used the "somewhat annoying board" when they should have used the "agonising death board." Flat paint can hide a multitude of sins and the paint on this boat looked like cheap ceiling paint but still couldn't hide the mess. And Design??? Oh yeah, lets talk about design! How about knocking off a set of 30 year old Prout hulls (or something similar) and piling on way more accommodation than the buoyancy of the hulls were meant for. I saw the thing sink into the water 100mm past the antifoul with just a few people on board and the boat still didn't have a rig! The bridge deck design looked like the job was given Salvador Dali. It looked like a Putt Putt course! In short, how ugly was it? Answer? (insert drum roll here) It was so ugly it had to sneak up on the water. (Boom bada boom) The boat was so ugly, the tide wouldn't bring it in. It was so ugly, when it was beached on the sand a cat tried to bury it! (my favourite!)

OK,OK... Seriously, or as close to it as I can, I rang Bob Oram to tell him about the thing but though he hadn't been to the show the word had spread far and wide. He commented; "I have had full reports from people that went to the show, telling me about the

Multihaven monster. My feeling is that the multi community has become reasonably sophisticated and will see that boat for what it is. With the developing sophistication of the multihull buyer/sailor new builders/suppliers will need to be wary of sinking vast energy and money into 'production' boats that don't have credible design or build history. One would assume all prospective buyers of multihulls do all their homework."

As this goes to press the finger pointing and blame games have begun in earnest. The parties in press and industry that are involved in this should all be taking a hard look at themselves instead of picking scapegoats and taking pot shots at the messengers. If I wanted to be really cruel, I would reprint some of the flattering quotes that appeared in press *before* the show. There are no innocent parties and tis a poor skipper that blames his crew. I saw this coming a mile away and I don't walk on water so...? I may have more to say on this later. Check the web site ... www.thecoastalpassage.com and click on "issues"

And what of Perry Catamarans??? Full page ad in the directory but.... Sadly not to be seen. No one I know in the business wants to see them go. Hopefully they can regroup and carry on. The market they have carved out is valid. The Perry's have all the performance you can get out of the style of boat and still have the luxury accommodation many insist on. A great addition to the charter fleet and a potential export that everyone would benefit from. I wish them well.

Off the wharfs and inside the tents...

The weather wasn't too bad if not perfect so the crowds were decent every day. Most merchants I talked to said the first day was the best day of the show with Friday being good as well. Sunday is known as a family day, lots of prams but not much action. Overall it was a good show. Very often you don't expect to come away from the show with profit in hand but contacts for later business. This year most were doing good on direct sales so here's hoping the subsequent business is the bonus this time.

There were a lot of Marinas with booths this year with the notable exception of **Mackay Marina/Port Binnli**. Must have been too busy collecting awards to be bothered but I expect to see them there next year. An interesting one was an operation from Bowen claiming to have a development under way in the 'duck pond.' I asked if the approvals had all been gained and was told that they were nearly there... hmmm. I don't know anything about the group but the history of development in Bowen is ... well... we'll see. I won't be buying off the plan yet.

Graham of **Sani-loo** never had a rest. His sewerage

treatment gadget is the best in the world as far as I can tell and cheap and compact for a bonus. So.. no surprise he was in demand.

Outback Marine were there again and very impressive with reps from two US brand watermakers to answer questions. Gary and Heather also had displayed engine panels and other components they do that finish off a boat so well. Look at some of the best boats coming from the Gold Coast city Marina and there will be OutBack stuff on them. Top Gear. Gary had lashed together a special fridge project for the show that was the ultimate boat fridge. I'll cover that in another section but it was quite a deal.

Boat books was always crowded, I didn't ask but I know they did well.

Mobilert was there sharing a booth but the big deal was the official product launch at the jetty on Saturday night and the introduction of a new downsized model ideal for the cruising couple. There was free Champagne and beer as well! And Crownies no less! A quality operation. There was much cheering as the crash test dummy (no, I didn't have that much to drink!) was tossed into the drink to demonstrate how the gadget works. Seriously, I think this is one of the most notable innovations to hit the business for some time. The thought of Kay or I going over the side on a night sail is one that has crossed my mind and sends chills up my backside now as I write this. It's a fear I think you *should* have. Even with Mobilert it's not something you would do for fun but at least you would have something you could do. \$895 is cheap buying for the comfort it can give.

I could burn up another few pages but I think that's enough except to answer the question, Why wasn't TCP in a booth. Answer... because I stuffed up! I intended to but didn't sign up in time. More and more demand and a limit on space. For this show it's lose if you snooze. Queensland is ready for another big show (up north hopefully) with room to expand but until then...



Ad space

The first fun race

*The truth, the whole truth...
at last!!*

From the scrap book of MV "Solaray"

By Allen Southwood, MY "Solaray"

It all started when Bob Porter bought and restored the gaff ketch "Dahlia" in 1976 and used it as a tool to promote his accommodation resorts at Airlie Beach, one of which is now Magnums.

Barbara and I with my brother Dale and his wife Lyn had restored the "Torres Herald 2" about 18 months previously and were doing sailing trips daily from Shute Harbour to Hook and Whitsunday Island.

In those days the Airlie Beach Hotel was the only watering hole for yachties, fishermen and tourists, so it was quite raucous at times. On one of those occasions Bob's crew decided to tell us how fast "Dahlia" could sail so we of course said, "bullshit, ya couldn't blow wind up our stern!" So it was decided on a grudge race with a suitable trophy for the winner of a bottle of BUNDY RUM, but it may as well have been pure gold.

The first race was from South Molle Island to Airlie Beach in front of the pub on Saturday afternoon with the course of your choice.

"Dahlia's" crew elected to sail north around North Molle Island in about 15knot S.E. breeze with a falling tide, I decided to cut through "unsafe passage" then directly to Pioneer Rocks, a good reach with the tide. At Almorea Point we were miles in front and could just see "Dahlia" out of North Molle and losing ground in the tide. We could taste the rum. Then disaster struck. We sailed into the lee behind the headland opposite Pioneer Rocks and got into a series of "irons" and jibes for about half an hour.

Then we finally got going again and sailed into Airlie, anchored up, and were downing a few "coldies" when "Dahlia" arrived at sundown. We were then accused of running the engine to have gone so fast. We of course rejected this most strongly, but after 30 years this is the only time I will admit I did start the engine just long enough to turn the old girl about when we were stalled behind

the headland. Even so it would not have changed the outcome, and in the next 6 or so races they could not out sail us. Never the less it was a great time and enjoyed for many years. Bob was a great promoter and the race received much publicity on T.V. and press, in fact I think we may have promoted ourselves out of business as a result "Just for Fun".

THE FUN RACE FIGURE HEAD

When the "Fun Race" started in Airlie Beach in 1976 the next race was much more organised by Bob Porter and the Whitsunday Sailing Club. The figurehead competition became part of it with many prizes presented at Bob's Whitsunday Village Resort.

We on the "Torres Herald 2" had our original figurehead, which was carved out of a solid piece of wood by a very clever French girl from a visiting yacht at Shute Harbour. It represents a head & shoulders of a Herald Angel blowing a small trumpet.

As the "Torres Herald" was built in Brisbane by Norman Wright for the Church of England mission in the Torres Straits, of course I used to dress as a clergyman for the start of the race, as there was a prize for the best dressed crew. Because Bob had no figurehead he decided to second his office girl and sat her astride the bowsprit of "Dahlia". From then on every yacht and there were many, sported topless girl's on the bow's.

As I write this "Torres Herald" is leaving Bowen Harbour for Sydney with her current owner where she is to be sold. It is a sad day to see her sliding effortlessly out of sight and possibly lost to the Whitsunday's forever.



NAUGHTICAL FROLICS
Girls go topless and everyone goes crazy in the funniest boat race of the year

IT WAS CHESTS out and anchors away for the start of this year's Whitsunday Village Fun Race. The boat race claims to have more entrants than the Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race and North Queenslanders say it accounts for more booze than Darwin's Beer Can Regatta. And this year was no exception. There was only one major difference — at the end of the day, one of the lovely ladies who participated in the traditional figurehead competition just wouldn't play the good sport. For four years the race has been held on the Queensland's 100-mile, topless, adorned the bowsprit of the boat and then sent the title of Miss Figurehead to the woman who unclothed her upper event was spectacular. Predictably, engagement in the craziest boat race



No matter how small the craft, each still carried a figurehead.



Penhouse Pet of the Month, Linda Ferguson (above right) and Miss Figurehead for 1980, Judy Campbell, made a pretty race.

(right) strip for the evening of Miss Figurehead 1980.

kind of water-going craft is accepted as an emblematic look place on dry land. Hundreds of celebrating yachtsmen, however, for Linda's sake, in something just what the boating people were celebrating was a little hard to work out. It might have been that in four hours of nautical mayhem, about a thousand yachtsmen on 170 boats managed to sail in dozens of directions at once, scorching any chance of ever deciphering who was leading, who was sailing and sometimes who was even there. In fact, the Fun Race isn't a race at all because nobody can remember who are the winners. It might have been that on this date day of the year they were able to get rid of the post-up emissions of 12 months sailing. They did it by getting each other with tomatoes, eggs and sacks of pebbles, biting that, real decks swap like the Battle of Trafalgar. They did it in lightning

competitor and that led to a race for Airlie. No-one can quite remember who won that day — nor who Fun Race was won. But the winners shared a bottle of rum, and that's what they do when the race ends. They a bottle or two of that. That's what they were sharing.

the time when lovely Linda Ferguson decided to take her T-shirt off. Linda, along with dozens of other inevitables had sailed across as figureheads for the yachts. That's the part of the race everyone remembers. But back at the Village for the

Miss Figurehead judging confronted by hundreds of celebrating yachtsmen, Linda decided that business was just no much. The judges finally crowned Judy Campbell from Cairns as Miss Figurehead 1980. And she comes from 'The Love Boat'.

MULTIHULTURISM

By Alan Lucas, SY "Soleres"

Unless your head has been buried in the bilge these past couple of decades, you cannot help but have noticed the disturbing shift in the sailor's psyche away from healthy xenophobia about almost everything to an acceptance of other influences and cultures. Nowhere is this more evident than in his or her irrational acceptance of multi-hulls.

Don't believe me? Look out your porthole, there's a plague out there.

Being an honest-to-goodness, fair dinkum tar-and-canvas Ocker, I reject this merciless invasion of all that is right and decent in Australian boating and make no apology for railing against the erosion of our true maritime values. Multiculturalism is one thing, but *multihulturism* is quite another.

As a dedicated monohulturist, bitter and twisted about not being able to afford a vessel that holds its value and goes twice as fast, I maintain that multihulturism is divisive and discriminatory and should be stamped out. Catamarans, especially, are everywhere, clogging up our waterways and popping out from behind headlands and islands to frighten the life out of decent, traditional sailors who they zoom past with haughty indifference to claim the best position at the next anchorage: and it's not as if they need to be first because their shallow draft gives them the best anchorage anyway!

And once at anchor, some multihulturist are so indifferent to their more sensitive, traditional cousins that they make no attempt to counsel them with refreshments in their obscenely oversized, undercover cockpits. They just leave us sitting miserably in our open cockpits rolling our gunwales under and glowering at them as we curse a trend that is destroying our cherished values.

Having always owned boats that are slower than my willingness to accept change, I have seen more than my fair share of transoms disappearing over the horizon ahead, but in those days there was just one transom per boat, now I am obliged to watch helplessly as two and even three transoms per boat disappear at a much faster rate. This is serious in-your-face stuff that would never have been tolerated with the old One-Hull Australia Policy of my boyhood. In those days multi-hull designers mysteriously disappeared, almost certainly as a result of covert operations run by responsible single-minded and single-hulled maritime authorities.

Sadly, despite our government's earlier and entirely admirable attempt to discourage this un-Australian trend, radical, free-thinking designers prevailed and eventually won the hearts of a spiritually impoverished, but cashed up segment of society, presumably because of the superior speed of their creations and their customers' love of going somewhere quickly for no apparent reason. Why? Isn't cruising all about getting there, not being there? What's so wrong with plodding along at five knots, revelling in those sickening death rolls as every watery hill and valley is explored along the way? We experience nature at her best from which cascading lockers, gear failure and technicolour yawns cannot detract.

When the always-rushing multihulturist reaches anchorage, he or she completely fails to understand the purity of spirit that is the reward of real achievement. While monohulturists put in quality time searching for lost objects in the bilge, wiping food off the deck-head and praying that they got the tide heights right before anchoring, multihulturists relax in a state of luxury, insulated from reality aboard a stable platform that can take the bottom at low tide where it doesn't even have the decency to lie down to an impossible angle and deny food, drink, and sleep to its crew for up to a fortnight.

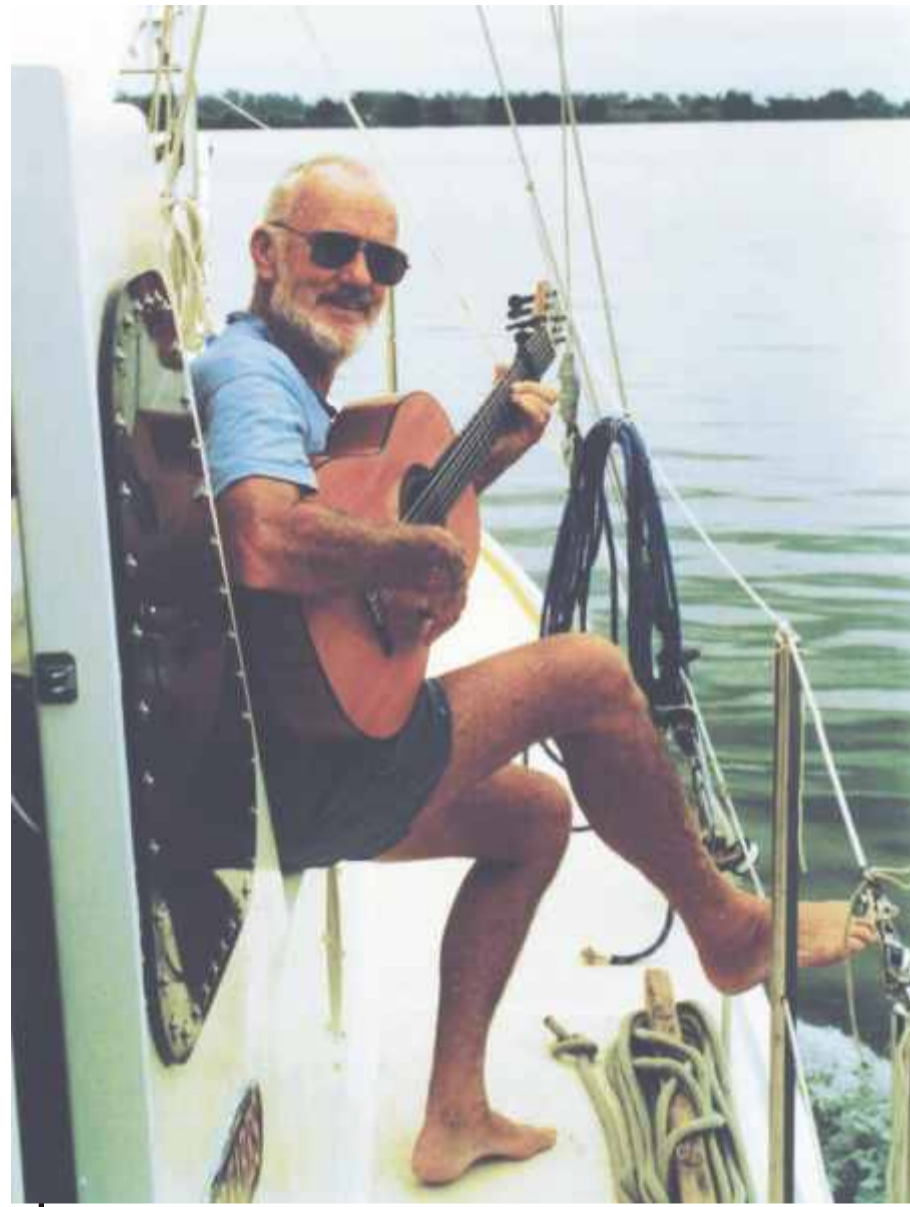
So insensitive are some multihulturists (on those rare occasions when they invite us true believers aboard), they make a point of confronting us with the fact that nothing falls over at sea and they have never heard of gimballed stoves or fiddled shelves. Worse, they actually enjoy watching us squirm with their stories of total stability in the worst of weather when nothing catastrophic whatsoever happens!

If that's not intolerable confrontation, then I don't know what is.

Multihulturists not only have faster, more stable and spacious craft with which to outrage our sensibilities, they also have an aircraft carrier-sized deck to romp on and enough space on the cabin top to power a small city with solar panels. How can these blatant excesses leave such people with any sense of true-blue Australian values when the reality is they are aliens on alien craft, unable to face the real world? They are a lost race pathetically hammering at the door of common sense and decency, unable to understand how they lost their mono-way in the first place.

The frightening growth of multihulturism seems unstoppable, but there is a glimmer of hope on the horizon for us true believers. Signs of erosion are becoming evident enough to raise the spirits of those for a little malicious pleasure. Look at an example or two:

For starters, Australian marinas are upping their rates for excessively beamy



The author: sailor, musician, writer and strict... nay, *devout monohulturist*

boats, which, with a little luck, may eventually reach the double and sometimes triple rates of overseas countries.

And then there is the fear of being damaged. Remember, lightweight craft are built of lightweight materials and this fact has many multihulturists paranoid about collision with our old fashioned, built-like-a-brick dunny, monos. This, if nothing else, allows us to muscle in at crowded anchorages and enjoy a little serious intimidation towards those expensive behemoths of the multi-hull variety.

And if you want a real buzz, a deliciously unbeatable form of one-upmanship, mention how naturally cool your monohull is in the hottest weather thanks to her natural flow of air from stem to stern. Multihulturists hate this one because their vessels are so hard to ventilate properly that on hot days they will actually accept invitations aboard monohulls! Indeed, some become so fascinated by the notion of being on a boat that is not like a Turkish bath they commonly outstay their welcome to the extent of actually expecting a second cup of coffee!

Finally, there is the Achilles Heel of all multihulturists: this is their fear of turning upside-down. This is a card that can be played to enormous advantage as long as you control the conversation. Steer it away from irritatingly petty observations like, "Well, at least multi-hulls stay afloat whilst monohulls plummet to the bottom."

Whatever is done to prevent multihulturism splitting our society in "haves" and "wish we haves", it should be diligently pursued to prevent further erosion of a once happy and exclusive monohulturist society. **For goodness sake, some boat builders have even started making a good living, something that never happened in the good old days, and if we're not very careful multi-hulls may even become growth assets. This lamentable turn of events could go on to destroy boating's proudest tradition: that of guaranteed financial ruin. Furthermore, it could destroy the most outstanding character trait of all traditional sailors, which is a rich and boundless optimism underscored by a sense of utter futility.**



At left; the wild life of Helen Island. Above: the wild life of "Avalore" celebrating crossing the equator. At right: "Avalore" at rest in the yacht club basin, Madang.

Guns and Bandits

Avalore & Spirit Of Wychwood share an adventure..

By Lindsay Walkley, SY "Avalore"
Photos: Cay Hickson

"Avalore" was launched in August 1999 and departed from Darwin on the first leg of a circumnavigation just over a year later. After a heavy grounding on a reef near the Thailand/Malaysia border, I realized that neither the boat nor I were quite ready for this trip. A leisurely cruise back to Australia to repair the damaged hull and attend to a myriad of other little things was in order. A quick about turn saw *Avalore* heading down the Malacca Straits to Singapore, east to Borneo, then, because it seemed like a good idea at the time, north into the Philippines. By the time I was ready to leave the Philippines I'd been away for two years and had worked out that single-handed cruising was not for me.

It was time to find a crew. "Must be easy going and adventurous" the (Internet) advert read. "A little crazy and masochistic" I should have added.

Now anyone who has looked at the Pilot Charts for the Western Pacific might conclude that it would be easier to sail right around the world than to sail from Cebu in the Philippines to Cairns, Australia. Light head winds and contrary currents were to be expected for most of the 3,500 miles, and these conditions do not suit *Avalore's* modest sail plan and 14 tons displacement. Being a little naïve, I thought I would give it a try, and Cay, my new found first mate, having cut her (sailing) teeth on the South African coast, just wanted to go anywhere the water was warm.

After a week wandering the back streets and markets of Cebu, it was obvious that Cay could cope with a little filth and poverty, and would therefore be right at home sailing on *Avalore* for a few months. The next big test came when we sailed into the Hinatuan Passage and saw the GPS top out at 11.8 knots with the engine idling, but out of gear. Going mostly sideways through what appeared to be boiling water, I was busy steering and hanging on. Cay on the other hand had her camera out and was getting a few happy snaps. It seemed that she had the nerves to cope with those 'out of control' moments that I often experience while sailing *Avalore*.

With knowledge of recent pirate attacks off the Mindanao coast, it's not surprising that Cay 'lost it' one afternoon when she saw three fishing boats approaching us at high speed, each from a different direction. In the dead calm conditions there was no possibility of outrunning these boats, which are only a canoe fitted with bamboo outriggers and a motor. With my handgun securely locked in the ship's safe, and the key hidden somewhere in the aft cabin, I realized that we would have little chance of successfully defending ourselves if they were intent on boarding us. Cay was hiding below while I spent twenty minutes in idle chitchat with these 'pirates' before they lost interest in us and raced off towards the coast at twenty knots. Who knows, perhaps they really were fishermen.

After a week lazing on Helen Island, a tiny remote and uninhabited jewel surrounded by a large coral reef full of fish and turtles, and covered with thousands of nesting terns, we found we were running short of fresh food. It was time to move on. With a strong contrary current, no wind, and Papua New Guinea's closest port (Vanimo) still seven hundred miles away, we made for Irian Jaya. Unfortunately, through lack of foresight on my part, we didn't have the necessary Indonesian visas or cruising permit, but after three hours of interrogation by the Chief of Police in Manokwari, he was satisfied that we were just stupid sailors blown off course, and no threat to regional security. We explained that all we needed was fresh food and a few days rest, and he very

generously gave us a letter permitting an unspecified passage along the Irian Jaya coast, with stops for food and fuel as required.

Manokwari, Biak and Jayapura are all very colourful and have multiple layers of history, but our real interest in this area was the spectacular bird life. Yopi, who had acted as our interpreter during the interviews with the Chief of Police, had befriended us and was very knowledgeable about the local Flora and Fauna. He suggested a small detour to the island of Miosnum as offering the best chance of seeing Bird of Paradise in the wild, with an alternative location on Yapen, where the local people had encouraged wild Bird of Paradise to come down to a jungle clearing by putting out food. A short overnight sail and we found ourselves in an anchorage with verdant jungle running straight into the sea, but after a few days of scrambling around in the jungle we had to admit that we really needed a guide. We could hear birds calling from all around us, but the jungle canopy is so thick that all we saw were occasional flashes of colour high in the trees. All was not lost as we still had Yapen Island to try, and a visit to this clearing early in the morning or late in the afternoon was guaranteed to get results. We arrived late one afternoon at Pom (World port index 52960), a tiny notch on the north coast of Yapen Island surrounded by a stilt village built over the mud flats, and having a rickety 'jetty' about ten meters long. We were immediately surrounded by thirty (I counted) canoes with three or four people in each. Unfortunately for Cay, who by this time was suffering severe nicotine deficiency, no one spoke a word of English, and her tyrannical skipper was not sufficiently interested in her plight to permit a trip ashore until after the level of interest in us had died down. It was well after nightfall before the last of the canoes departed and I started to relax a little, but that didn't help Cay get any cigarettes, so I was not her favorite person at that time.

After a week wandering the back streets and markets of Cebu, it was obvious that Cay could cope with a little filth and poverty, and would therefore be right at home sailing on "Avalore" for a few months.

We later learnt that the locals were familiar with motorized trading vessels, but the overwhelming interest in *Avalore* was because no one in this village had ever seen a boat with 'this big thing (mast) sticking up'. The next day, with the aide of the only person in the village that could speak a little English, we were able to obtain some fags for Cay, and organize a guide to take us into the jungle to see the Bird of Paradise. Though we tried hard to clarify with our interpreter every aspect of what we thought was to be a three or four-mile walk along the beach, followed by a short hike into the jungle, things started to go terribly astray. Our guide arrived at the appointed time. Accompanied by his father and a few others, it now seemed that we were all going on an overnight sailing trip up the coast to some place where there was no anchorage. There was much disappointment on both sides when we were eventually able to explain that it is just not possible to park *Avalore* on the beach, as they can with a canoe.

On to Biak, where we were finally able to see many of the 38

Bob's Note:

The cover photo of TCP 19 was lifted from an old file by Cay Hickson who accompanied Lindsay Walkley of "Avalore" on a barely believable adventure originally published in TCP # 3. The couple that had owned the Aussie vessel in the shot, the "Spirit of Wychwood" saw it and got in touch with yours truly and also sent along a story of their adventure. As soon as I read it I recognised the overlapping details from Lindsay's account. I then sent Lindsay's story to them, Roz and Bas Dolkens filled in more of the details, substantiating even more of the story. How could I resist?! So here is the whole story, one of TCP's best and now better.

This is really, really good!!

endemic Birds of Paradise, and numerous other equally spectacular birds, albeit housed in large aviaries. We wandered around the war memorials, scrambled through large caverns where hundreds of Japanese soldiers made a last stand during W.W.II, and generally acted like tourists for a few days before moving on to the Padidjo Islands and then Jayapura, a bustling little city near the border with PNG.

While Jayapura may have its attractions I was unable to find them. After a few days we were eager to move on, hopefully to catch up with friends in another yacht that were making the same trip, but were a month or so in front of us.

Now perhaps I should explain that following a couple of years cruising in South East Asia I had become a little tired of dealing with the language difficulties, the filth and disorder in many of the cities and the almost total lack of privacy. Neither of us could get used to people looking in through the portholes at any hour of the day or night, nor the annoying tendency of some people to climb aboard *Avalore* uninvited. However, not once in my travels up to this point had I felt any threat of violence, or been the victim of any theft or dishonesty other than a few minor attempts by officials to (unsuccessfully) obtain a little graft. Little did we know that things were about to dramatically change, and not for the better. We were both looking forward to a leisurely few months cruising among the beautiful islands of New Guinea and the Solomons, prior to heading for Australia before the start of the cyclone season. With the 'difficulties' of South East Asia behind us, and only the pristine Islands and smiling faces of Melanesia in front of us, we drank a toast to the Sea Gods as we sailed over Longitude 141 degrees East into PNG.

continued next page...

The tin shacks, out rigger canoes and satellite dishes of Mankwari



“Avalore” continues..

As soon as we crossed from Irian Jaya into Papua New Guinea the language difficulties disappeared, the overcrowding and pollution problems were dramatically reduced, and our privacy was restored. On the other hand, crime and violence problems appeared to be everywhere, to the extent that it is now difficult for me to use the words 'leisurely cruise' and 'Papua New Guinea' in the same sentence. After five weeks in northern PNG coastal waters we had survived numerous threatening situations, and were more than a little jumpy. By the time we had been in Madang a while, our perception of the crime and violence situation got far worse. Unfortunately we were stuck there until Cay's Australian Visa came through. Our own recent experiences, and the numerous accounts of assaults on other cruisers in the area finally led me to conclude that my firearm would be more useful if it was not locked away in the ship's safe.

Now it is not my intention here to get into the perennial argument about firearms on board cruising yachts, nor the difficulties involved should you declare a firearm to Customs in a foreign country. Suffice to say that I had a firearm, and I did not declare it on arrival in PNG. This in hindsight may have been a mistake, and turned what was to be a leisurely cruise into dash to the (relative) safety of Australian shores.

My perceptions of the social problems in PNG may not be accurate and I fully accept that I created some of my own problems by breaking the law, but never in more than twenty years as a Police Officer, have I experienced such a level of crime and violence. That may be a little harsh on the vast majority of PNG's gentle and honest people, and perhaps I have completely misunderstood the prevailing social standards. If that is so, then perhaps I should make my apologies, or offer thanks, to the following people encountered on the PNG leg of *Avalore's* cruise:

To the man who swam out to our boat in Vanimo (our port of entry into PNG) at 2am and against my warnings tried to climb board, I sincerely hope that your injuries have healed well. (This initiated unplanned departure No. 1).

To the young man on Kairiru Island who attempted to rob us of a watch and clothing, I hope you have recovered. You should be able to find your machete 100 meters off the beach, directly out from the hot water spring on the beach. (This initiated unplanned departure No. 2).

To the man in Wewak that one night paddled his canoe out to our friends yacht and attempted to cut their dinghy from the davits, it is sincerely hoped that you made it safely to shore, and regrettable that your canoe was reduced to match wood.

To the five Police officers armed with automatic rifles that boarded us in Bogia Harbour, we thank you for your honesty, courtesy and sound advice. (This initiated unplanned departure No. 3).

To the unknown person near Jais Arben resort that stole one of our dinghy oars, if you need another one I have a spare that I no longer need.

To the woman fishing from a canoe in Sek Harbour, I hope you find a good use for the items you stole from our dinghy, however it is generally not acceptable behavior to threaten



people with a machete if they approach you to recover their possessions. (This initiated unplanned departure No. 4).

To the crazy Expat Irishman in Madang, thanks for your guidance and protection during the volatile situation that followed the murder in the street, and further thanks for those Borrowers sausages. They were delicious.

To those numerous drug dealers of Madang, I stand by my advice that the back yard of the Customs office is not an appropriate place to conduct business, and confirm that not every yachtsman is interested in purchasing your goods.

To the customs officers in Madang, I fully admit my guilt in not declaring the possession of a firearm, and was happy to be dealt with according to law. I sincerely hope that you were not trying use the threat of an inordinately long delay in bringing this matter before the courts to extort money from me, and I further hope that you had no trouble in accounting for my firearm in the subsequent investigation into your actions. (This initiated unplanned departure No. 5).

To Peter from Rabaul, who gave us the benefit of his experience, and advised us to move *Avalore* away from Ratung village to a place of (relative) safety, we thank you for your good advice, friendship and hospitality. (This initiated unplanned departure No. 6).

To the Customs Officer in Rabaul who used lies and deceit to get hold of my passport and then issued a receipt for it AND my Yacht. You should know that seizing a person's passport and his yacht might not always be effective in preventing the departure of that person and his yacht from your custody. (This initiated unplanned departure No. 7).

To the Police officer, also in Rabaul, that went out of his way to keep me informed of developments (or lack thereof) throughout this unfortunate incident. I regret that I was unable to say my good-byes but I can advise you that we made it safely to Australia without further incident.

To the five armed men that boarded our friends yacht and terrorized them in the Buka Passage one night, stealing everything that was not bolted down, and some things that were. Your actions, along with the numerous media reports of criminal and other social problems in the region, have finally convinced me that Papua New Guinea (and perhaps the Solomon Islands, though we were by then not game to continue on that far), are best seen looking astern. (This initiated unplanned departure No. 8).

To the very professional Customs, Immigration and Quarantine officers in Cairns, I thank you for your understanding and assistance upon our arrival in Australia.

And finally, to the staff of the Australian High Commission in Port Moresby, I thank you for recovering and returning my passport so promptly.

The people of Budi Budi were friendly and good sailors



“Spirit Of Wychwood” meets the Bougainville Bandits

By Bas Dolkens, SY, “*Spirit of Wychwood*” (at the time, now land bound)

Well, if the Australian supplier had not decided to use that Unbelievably Procrastinating Service to deliver our new oil coolers to Wewak in Papua New Guinea, we probably would never had a visit from the Bougainville Bandits. As it was it took the transport company more than a month to deliver so we left Wewak after the South East Trade winds were well and truly established. What was planned to be a somewhat boring but smooth passage along the PNG North Coast in the transition period turned into a battle against adverse currents and winds on the nose.

So it was that we found ourselves on Saturday, 24 August 2002 aboard our 45-foot ketch, *Spirit of Wychwood*, battling a 50 knot plus Southerly on our way South from Rabaul to Budi Budi. After three days and two sleepless nights, whilst the mountains of Bougainville beckoned us on the horizon and still no sign of a favourable wind shift, we radioed some yachties with many years experience in PNG and discussed whether it was safe to go there. After some assurances that the rebel situation was now under control and that Dive boats had resumed operations on Bougainville, we turned East and a few hours later anchored in the lee of a sandy cay near Buka.

Instant heaven! Despite the wind, still blowing 35 knots, the water was smooth and warm, clear as crystal and we were soon refreshed and sound asleep. The next day we were visited by some expats, an Australian working with an Australian charitable organization and his wife and children, a German establishing a copra buying business and an Englishman also in business. They also assured us that we were safe as houses anchored where we were and we would have no problems waiting for the winds to subside. Whilst there was considerable passing traffic from fishermen and others going to and fro about their normal business, unusually we had no other visitors apart from four young men in a “banana boat” asking for petrol. Having explained to them that our boat used diesel, they left.

It was Wednesday night at about 9 pm that Roz woke me to say that she could hear a boat coming our way. Then there was a thump as it pulled alongside and I went on deck to say hello to our late night visitors. I

was not in the least bit concerned as it is not unusual for fishermen to call past after having caught some crayfish to trade for cigarettes, sugar or whatever else they might need. However, these were the same young men who had previously asked for petrol plus another, older, person. When I again explained that we had no petrol one of the young men shouted “We don't want your f*****g petrol, we're going to rob you, burn your boat and kill you, we hate whites, especially you Australians and f*****g Americans, now get into this boat!” Then, instead of smiling faces I was looking into the muzzles of four machine guns. Well, they looked like machine guns to me but I don't watch Rambo movies. Roz says they were semi-automatics and the pirates later proudly boasted that they had taken them from PNG Defence Force soldiers and that the weapons were from Australia. At that time I thought, “that's nice, our government buys weapons with our Medicare funds and sends them here so we can get robbed”.

The idea of getting into the banana boat and leaving Roz did not exactly appeal to me and I said to the loudmouthed lout, “No way mate, this is not just my boat, it is my house, it's all I have and I am not leaving.” He again shouted at me to get in his boat and I suggested that maybe we could help him some other way but I was not leaving my boat. He then had some discussion with the older man and announced that I could stay but he was coming on board. I didn't feel that I could argue with that and he, two of his mates and the older man boarded whilst one stayed on the banana boat. Roz, who came on deck armed with a winch handle, quickly dropped it when confronted by four semi-automatic weapons, and we were again yelled at to get into the banana boat and I again said, “No way, we're staying!” They then shouted at us to tell them where the guns were and refused to believe us when we told them we had no guns. “Yes”, shouted the loudmouthed one, “you have guns, we know you have many guns, where are they?” At this point the older man took over whilst one of the young men stayed on deck waving his gun at us and pretending to shoot us and imaginary enemies passing by, whilst shouting, ranting and raving incoherently about white bastards and redskins. The older man, who by now we thought to be either a customs official or a policeman, searched the *Spirit of Wychwood* from stem to stern looking for the guns.

continued next page...

“Bandits” continues.....

The loudmouthed one came on deck and proceeded to lecture us on the evils perpetrated by white men against “His People” and claimed to be descended from Bougainville Royalty. He called himself Prince Something or other but refused to clarify his name when we questioned him further. We then tried to convince him that we would take a message for him to the Australian Government and Roz went down below to get pen and paper to record the details.

The loudmouthed prince soon became a puffed up prince but the process failed when he refused to identify himself. You couldn't be anonymous and famous at the same time could you? He resorted to raving and ranting, claimed he was going to rule not just Bougainville but the whole world, he was a good friend of Osama Bin Laden and hated President Bush and the Queen would bow before him. He went on and on until he went down below to do his bit of plundering.

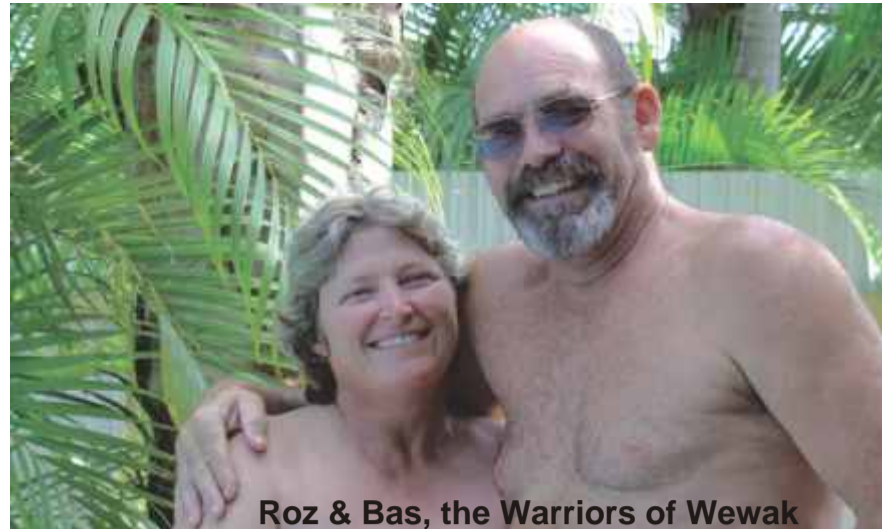
Having established that there were no guns, the “Official” took over the role of guarding us whilst the lads spent the next four hours pulling the inside of the boat apart looking for things to steal. The official also told us not to worry about our safety, “Just go along with the boys when they talk” he said, “you'll be alright.” We spent the next three and a half hours talking about everything from family, to politics, religion and cruising. It also became obvious that he had received information that we were carrying a shipment of guns and he was disappointed to find that he had been miss-informed. We had previously been anchored alongside an Australian yacht [Editors note; that would be our boy Lindsay] that had been in trouble in Madang for having a pistol aboard. When

a thorough search of that vessel near Rabaul failed to find more guns, it was decided that these must have been transferred to the Spirit of Wychwood. When we were spotted near Buka Passage officials had to make a choice; an official search would see the weapons confiscated and the profits would go to Port Moresby, but if they staged a pirate attack the proceeds would stay at home.

It may have gone on longer but then the Prince asked Roz to help him find the mobile phone. It was no longer in its charging bracket and when Roz said one of the boys must already have it, he suggested that it could be in the bedroom. At this point Roz immediately tweaked to the direction this was taking and rushed up the companionway ladder gagging loudly and complaining that she was going to vomit. The noise Roz was making was turning all five of our very black visitors a distinct shade of green. Then Roz, who had winked at me as she came up the stairs, announced that she “had soiled” herself. “What”, said the official, “what does that mean?” “That means that she has shat in her pants” I explained.

That was enough for them and they left soon after.

As they left they threatened to come back and kill us if we hadn't gone by 7 o'clock. Roz told them we couldn't leave until 10 o'clock because we could not see our way out of the reefs before then. “Alright” said the Prince, “If you're not out of here by 10 O'clock we come back and shoot you!” When they departed I noticed a large plastic container with boxes of breakfast cereal in their boat. “Hey,” I said, “we have a long way to go to Australia and we have no money, give me back my Weetbix.” And they did



Roz & Bas, the Warriors of Wewak

G'Day again Bob,

Thanks for that story from Lindsay. As you have no doubt gathered by now, it was Avolare that was the suspected "Gun Runner" after Lindsay was found to be in possession of a peashooter. The story about the unfortunate fellow that raised the wrath of Roz when he tried to steal our inflatable in Wewak was another of those episodes that, whilst it wasn't really funny at the time, has brought many a giggle since. If the man survived his backward summersault off his canoe, he has no doubt departed Wewak never to be seen again. After all, how do you tell your mates that a naked white woman hit you with a dolphin torch, stole your machete and then threw you off her boat when you were only trying to borrow her dinghy? For weeks after, Roz was the toast of Wewak. We have thrown away the machete, it turned to a lump of rust, but we still have his paddle. His canoe was converted to matchwood whilst I was inviting him to come back so that I could feed him to the sharks. He declined the invitation.

Over all, we had a lot less trouble than Lindsay and Cay on Avolare.

below; The “Spirit of Wychwood” is the ketch in the background of last editions cover shot and at left is a note from Bas & Roz confirming my assumptions.



Ad space

Passage People



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MV "Solaray"



SY "Areo"



Jeff and Lorraine Schionning

have to have one of the most recognised names in the boating community. Their philosophy of sailing and boat construction is now imprinted on Australia and drifting world-wide as the saying goes. Originally from South Africa they migrated to OZ in the mid eighties and have been wandering about the place since. They are keen motorcyclists! Starting out as a boat yard business they took their passion to design and now I thought you might be interested in knowing what they look like because after all is said and done... they are just another couple of sailors!



You can't talk about the recent history of the Whitsundays without talking about **Allen & Barbara**

Southwood. Just the fact they were one of the two boats that created the fun race is enough to qualify for importance but there is much more than that. You could fill a stadium with people who had their first reef experiences aboard their vessels. It wasn't just a business but a passion as well. They now live aboard their great vessel **Solaray** (so named because of the huge array of solar panels she carries) and as I write this they are steaming far north in the company of "Freeway" & "Lauriana" and more. If you see the fleet out there, give a hoi!



SD "Teena"

I happened upon the weekend races at the Townsville Sailing Club and was impressed with the number of people they had rigging up for a blast around the bay. A great family club with a very long and glorious history and situated right next to the marina. I stopped to find out who these people are. **Peter Cook**, above in the tattered old PFD, came out from England about 20 years ago. He sailed to the Carribean in a 25' folkboat, then switched to a 30' Muir which he sailed here via Panama. Suffering a bout of responsibility, he now gets his sailing fix in small quick doses. Just as I was getting all that, **Karen Carcary** showed up with her tidy Pfd and harness, said, "Come on, lets go sailing! Photo? US? The Coastal Passage? SURE!" Not 5 minutes later I took the photo at right, Peter and Karen having a ball, sailing smartly out on the bay in their 125! (12'5")

Bob Burgess was one of a group of people sailing and learning to build boats around the Gold Coast and northern NSW in a time of extraordinary experimentation and progress in multihull design. Some of those went on to become well known and others just went about what they do for enjoyment and are known to "insiders" or old mates. Bob builds boats, sails them for a while then sells them and builds another. "**Ama Two**" "**Adios**" & "**Pronto**" to name a few. Bob's impact on the genre is likely to be important if low key... There is a french influence on Bob's boats but Annie's lovely continental accent is probably only a coincidence. I hope I get invited for a sail on B52 when she finally gets launched. Sipping wine at 20 knots would be fun... and bloody different!



see the complete passage people archive
www.thecoastalpassage.com/passagepeople.html

In memory of Dick Van Duyn of SY "Johanna"

By Sam Chambers, MY "Priority 1"

Dick Diederik Adrianus Van Duyn- to give him his full title was born in Holland in 1931 and migrated to New Zealand in 1952 with Johanna whom he first met when they were 16 years old. Here they married 8 weeks after landing. Dick set to work as a carpenter and Johanna as a dental nurse. At the same time he renewed his love affair with the water which had begun in Holland, when at age 12 his mother gave him a Canadian style canoe which was quickly converted to sail.

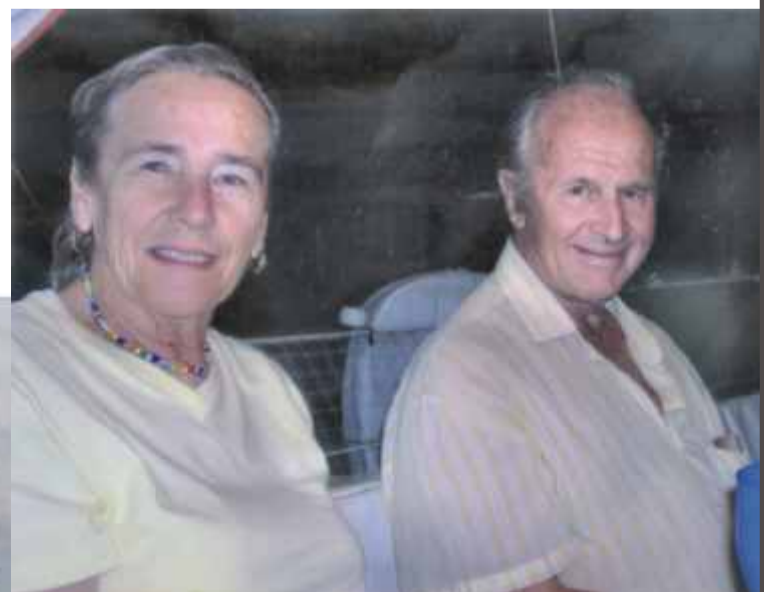
For the next 20 years they sailed New Zealand and Pacific waters before settling in Australia. They built their much loved home in Brisbane in 1983-85. The 42' Van De Stadt "**Johanna**" was launched on the 14 of June 1985. On the 14th of June 2006, Dick suffered a massive heart attack and died whilst raising the mainsail at 'River End' on the Mary River in the Great Sandy Straits. 21 years to the day from the launch of his beloved "**Johanna**".

After 54 years on the water the sailing community has lost one of its stalwarts. He will be remembered for his generosity to all who looked to him for advice

and guidance; for his willingness to help, giving freely of his time and expertise as a sailor, shipwright, carpenter and builder. We will remember him for all the happy hours we spent together and for the joy he found in the life we lead.

Farwell Dick. Fair winds, calm seas and a star to guide you home. For that was all you needed when you started out.

Bundaberg has been their home port for many years. Johanna Van Duyn has suffered from Alzheimer's Disease for some years and is currently in care in Maryborough. A small gathering, a wake if you like, will be held at Midtown Marina on the 26th of July 2006. This would have been Dick's 75th birthday. Additional information can be obtained by phoning (07) 4157 1020



at left: **Johanna** the home
 above: **Johanna** the lady and **Dick**

