

# SMALL YACHT CRUISING CLUB PITTWATER INC



## M A I N S H E E T

Vol No 18 Issue No 1  
Month September 2007

Call Sign – SIGH SEE  
Call Channel 16 – Chat Channels 17 and 77

<b>COMMODORE:</b>	<b>John Cronly</b>	<b>SOCIAL SECRETARY:</b>	<b>John Thomson</b>
<b>VICE COMMODORE:</b>	<b>Phil Best</b>	<b>NEW MEMBER SECRETARY:</b>	<b>Derek Howie</b>
<b>REAR COMMODORE:</b>	<b>Paul Hrones</b>	<b>EDITORS:</b>	<b>Ken &amp; Sue Johnston</b>
<b>SECRETARY:</b>	<b>Stephen Stubbs</b>	<b>WEBMASTER:</b>	<b>Sandie Tolliday</b>
<b>TREASURER:</b>	<b>Neil Steinhardt</b>	<b>COMMITTEE MEMBER:</b>	<b>Grahame Simpson</b>
<b>CRUISE CAPTAIN:</b>	<b>Keith Brown</b>		



*Ken and Sue's replacement for Passing Cloud! Well in truth, it's called Thalassa, based in Santorini and an exact replica of a Brigantine from the 18<sup>th</sup> century. Sailing into the sunset over the Caldera was a truly memorable experience.*

### IN THIS ISSUE:

<i>Page</i>	<i>Article</i>	<i>Page</i>	<i>Article</i>
2	Editors' Letter, Anniversary Weekend	7	Vale Gus McMichael
3	Commodore's Corner	10	Handy Hints
4	Minutes	12	Trip Reports
6	Christmas Party	19	Humour

## Letter from the Editors

Thanks to Ian and Val for their contribution to the Mainsheet over the last two years. We would like to start our publishing reign on a happier note, yet unfortunately the past few months have delivered some bad news for members of the Club. Namely John van den Bosch being taken ill while on their long awaited holiday – we hope to see John and Zdenka home soon. Then we had the very sad news of the passing of Gus McMichael and Clyde Johnson. Together with all other club members, we would like to convey our condolences to their respective families.

Winter has been a relatively quiet time for the Club, particularly on the water, with many people seeking warmth elsewhere, and the weather not always being conducive to boating. As the weather is now starting to warm up, we hope to see more boats on the water and encourage spontaneous social activities, either on or off the water.

In our short time in the Club, we've noticed that some wonderful friendships have been formed, and are apparent in the vales to Gus in this Mainsheet, and the concern expressed for John van den Bosch by many people. It's comforting to know that in this fast paced world, there is a strong sense of camaraderie within the Club's members.

Finally, we welcome any suggestions for new sections in the Mainsheet which would be of interest to members.

Ken and Sue

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### **STOP PRESS! Events Calendar Update**

Anniversary Weekend, September 29, 30, Oct 1

*Friday night/Saturday morning:* Meet at Towlers

*Saturday:* Transfer from Towlers to Clareville Beach in time for 12.30 Sausage Sizzle & Bubbly

Return to Towlers mooring approx 3.30pm for reversing exercise

Followed by early evening sail to Refuge Bay for a Trivial Pursuit night on Casablanca with Fran

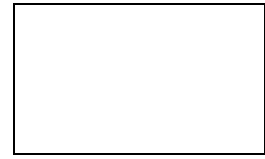
*Sunday:* Breakfast at Cottage Point

*Monday:* Maintenance

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## Did you know?

The name Australia comes from the Latin *Terra Australis Incognita* which means the *Unknown Southern Land*.



## Commodore's Corner

Some weeks ago we lost our very good friend and long standing member Gus McMichael. We had a large SYCC turnout at the funeral service at the PAC which was perfectly located to say goodbye to our sailing friend who now sails in calm waters. Our best wishes go to Fran as she adjusts to life without her Skipper and best mate.

As we go to press we say goodbye to another SYCC stalwart, Clyde Johnson. Clyde was a very early member of the SYCC and helped build our club into a thriving and contented group of sailors. He pulled his sails down about ten years ago choosing to explore the Australian wilderness with his 4WD. Our sympathies go out to Angie his wife who was very strong in the social side of the SYCC.

At our last meeting we had a very small turnout of only six members, a record low in my twenty year memory of the SYCC. I know this does not reflect a lack of interest but it does demonstrate that as a club we have to adjust to the fact that our members these days face a lot more competing interests than we did before.

Our challenge is for us ALL to find ways to make our great club a more important part of our sailing life.

I shall be overseas for the next two weeks, I hope the weather improves!!!

Cheers

John

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## Treasurer's Report

The Treasurer is away enjoying a break in Africa. See report within the Minutes.

**Small Yacht Cruising Club of Pittwater Inc.**

A copy of the Balance Sheet, P&L & Bills will be emailed/mailed to members.

## **Minutes**

### **SYCC General Meeting**

Date: 6<sup>th</sup> September 2007  
Held at: 5 Finchley Place, Turramurra

Attendance: John Cronly, David Henderson, Derek Howie, Ken Johnston,  
Fran McMichael & Stephen Stubbs

Apologies: Cathy & Phil Best, Anne & John Gilligan, Glennis & Ken Gladman,  
Judy Henderson, Cathy Howie, Judy & Paul Hrones, Sue Johnston,  
Valerie Wilson, Ian Lavis, Avril & Mike Pollard, Jenny & Basil Riegels,  
Carolyn & Grahame Simpson, Karen & Neil Steinhardt, Lynne Stubbs  
and Sandie & Norm Tolliday

The Commodore opened the meeting at 8:25 pm.

### **Previous Minutes.**

As published in the last Mainsheet.

### **Matters Arising:**

None

Accepted: Derek Howie                      Seconded: Fran McMichael                      Carried

### **Correspondence.**

None

### **Treasurer's Report.**

There was \$989 in the Commonwealth cheque account and \$13,069 in the ING account.

The full balance sheet will be emailed to members.

Accepted: Stephen Stubbs                      Seconded: Ken Johnston                      Carried

### **Cruise Report.**

See below Minutes

### **Social Secretary's Report.**

No report

## Editor's Report

No report

## Web Master's Report

We haven't experienced any problems with the web since my last report.

Routine uploads since my last report include:

- 30 Jul        Add email from Denka van den Bosch to Member's News Page  
Remove link to R & D Dawson's bog as discussed at previous General Meeting
- 2 August     Add news re the Murphy's new acquisition to Member's News page  
Add email from Denka van den Bosch to Member's News Page
- 7 August     Add email from Denka van den Bosch to Member's News page
- 11 August    Upload Events Calendar
- 12 August    Amend Contact Us page to reflect composition of incoming Committee
- 13 August    Upload Mainsheet  
Add General Meeting date and venue to Events Calendar
- 15 August    Add tentative Welcome Home event for John van den Bosch to website.
- 22 August    Add funeral details for the Late Gus McMichael to Vale page
- 22 August    Add email from Denka van de Bosch to Members' News page
- 26 August    Add contribution for the Late Gus McMichael from Derek Howie to Vale page

As we only had one event for Associate members listed on the Events Calendar (i.e. the SYCC Christmas Party) I asked John Cronly to liaise with John Thomson re scheduling additional events for Associate members. It would be appreciated if these could be coordinated so that they are submitted with the Events Calendar if at all possible.

We will be overseas until 20 October and will be unable to make any amendments to the website until our return.

Accepted: Ken Johnston

Seconded: Fran McMichael

Carried

## **New Member Secretary.**

Interest only seems to be coming from non-boat owners wanting a sail

Discussion on the Advertisement in the Float.. Derek to rewrite.

Accepted: David Henderson      Seconded: Fran McMichael      Carried

## **General Business.**

Christmas Party – Saturday Spit Roast Lunch 1pm on 24<sup>th</sup> November at Turramurra

Further discussion proposing changes to one meeting Towlers and one trip per month .It was suggested the meeting at Towlers could be alternated between Towlers, Refuge then The Basin. Review of arrangements to be discussed next meeting as previously agreed.

**The next meeting will be held at                    to be advised by email      on      ??th  
November    at 8 p.m..**

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## **SYCC Christmas Party Spit Roast**

Turramurra Country Club

5 Finchley Place

Turramurra

Saturday 24th November from Mid Day

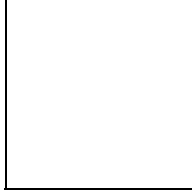
Cost TBA

Rather than have industrial salads and desserts those coming will be asked to bring a food contribution such as nibbles, salad or dessert

RSVP Basil/Jenny Riegels Tel 9974 5158

**Mark the date in your diary NOW**

**VALE  
In Memory of  
the Late Gus McMichael  
9 January 1934 - 20 August 2007**



**Vale to a great mate Gus  
contributed by Derek Howie**

***His spirit is on a journey to the Misty Isles and a place where the heather is in bloom.***

At 5.30pm on Monday 20<sup>th</sup> August Gus, our dearest friend, and best mate to many in the Small Yacht Cruising Club, passed away peacefully at home in the arms of Fran. He was surrounded by his loving family.

We are extremely lucky to have had a person like Gus in our company all these years, a total of 25 years as a member of the SYCC. In that time he has touched many of us and has made a deep impact on the way we go about our lives. There will be a deep void in our lives and it will be a long time before we get over not having him in our presence on future cruises.

Cathy and I have had the best 25 years of friendship with Gus and we class him as family. To me he was like the big brother I never had. My times with Gus have been the most rewarding times for my family and myself. He was a person who had a zest for living and a special way of making everyone he knew through the club feel that they were special people to him and he went out of his way to be a real friend.

Gus was someone who put his all into the club by always being there on cruises and serving on many positions within the club, including Commodore. He also arranged a lot of great functions such as the Scottish nights, the soup nights and progressive dinners, and loved to break out into song and have everyone join in.

I was lucky to have him come on my trip to the Whitsunday's in 1999. The cruise was spread out over four months and we visited places like the Percy Isles which made us feel like Robinson Crusoe and we had the best time there, visiting the tree house and the homestead to swap items for the local Percy honey and we also stopped at other islands along the track.

To prepare for the trip Gus suggested that we learn how to cook and we enrolled in a course called "Survival in the Kitchen" and that was a laugh a minute. On one of the nights we had to cook lamb chops and the 15 students including us brought along a pack of chops totaling about 90 chops in all. When we placed the chops under the grill everyone turned the heat up to full and after about 20 minutes the room was full of smoke and due to a cold night we had kept the windows shut. With the build up of smoke the silent fire alarm went off. Not knowing this we carried on and all of a sudden a fireman wearing a yellow fire hat came bursting into the building with his little axe and said there is a fire in the school. He then realised it was our class and asked what was

going on and Gus said we were cooking lamb chops and would he like some for dinner as we seem to have too many at present.

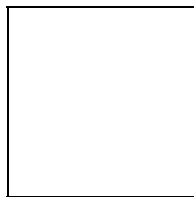
One of the most recent things that we were able to do was to accompany both Fran and Gus on a four-week caravanning trip to visit far north Queensland and meet up with Fran's family in Townsville. Although Gus was not very well he still wanted to go and Fran supported his wish by driving to Townsville and back. Although Fran had never towed a caravan before, she didn't let that stand in her way. That is what I call a true commitment to the one that you love. We were also lucky to be in Fran and Gus's company for their 26<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary which they celebrated on the trip. Gus said he was the luckiest man around to have Fran as his wife and a wonderful family and I think that included all his friends in SYCC as well.

And I say now Gus, may your sails always be full and drawing and may the seas be slight and may the rewards be there at your destination for you deserve them.

Fare thee well my mate Gus.

Derek & Cathy and family

Masquerade



**VALE**  
**in memory of**  
**The Late Gus McMichael**

**contributed by Braham Lieberman**

*Life is a journey through many terrain  
From gardens of pleasure to deserts of pain  
From an ocean of love to a jungle of hate  
From mountains of glory to canyons of fate  
There's a highway for joy and a highway for sorrow  
A road for today and a road for tomorrow  
So choose your path wisely and walk with care  
If you follow your heart, you'll find your way there.*

Gus Mc Michael, to sum him up, was a real fair dinkum good bloke.

Many of us got to know Gus and Fran through their participation in the Small Yacht Cruising Club....a band of people interested in cruising in sailing vessels in company...and this concept laid the foundation to many real and deep friendships which have endured over many, many years and without doubt long into the future.

One must ask: What is the secret of the unique success of the SYCC? The answer is simple....it is not the Club, it is the PEOPLE!

Gus exemplified that commitment to building valued and real friendships through participation in the activities of the Club.

Gus and his beloved Fran are people of the Club, un-complex, good, honest human beings.... and I challenge any one to argue, never spoke malice of any one.

Gus has left the moorings for the last time, he has embarked on the greatest journey of all....it has been written that death is a journey....we trust that on that journey, he enjoys fair sailing.

Gus was a very handy person to have around, there was not much that he could not turn his hand to, which is strange really because he was orientated towards engineering pursuits and we all know that it is rare for an engineer to be able to complete much in the way of practicalities.

He was a draftsman, a fitter and turner, and he surprised me one day when he announced that he was going to pull the diesel engine out of "HILO" and carry out a major recondition....and he did!

That engine went back into the vessel; and never missed a beat over many years of usage.

A quiet, well mannered, unassuming person was Gus...I never heard him swear or bad

mouth anyone...he was always first in to offer assistance when and where it was needed.

He cared much for his friends, always of good cheer, quietly going about the business of being a good club person.

He put much of himself into the community in which he lived, pursuing a life long affection for the younger persons through his Scouting activities and through his support of the SES.

I've known Gus for a long, long time, you know what? I have never seen him unsmiling!

Who will ever forget that infectious smile and the twinkle in his eyes when he extended his hand and said..."great to see you again...everything O.K. with you?"

Yes, Gus is a strong unique person...exactly what his Celtic name depicts..."unique strength".

Gus, you will be missed mate, may you go to your place in peace.

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## **Trip Report**

### **Great Barrier Reef part 3**

Sacre Bleu, as the journos' say, would have picked her skirts up and flown, if only the 10 knot SE wind had stayed longer than about an hour. In 4 hours we managed to get through Gloucester Passage the second time, and pick the Eco Resort mooring. Going ashore, we paid our \$ 20 fee and looked for Julie who tried to help us on our previous visit. The bounce and the roll of the NE wind was tolerable, or were we getting used to these conditions?

We had to motor sail for 6 hours with no wind to Cape Upstart. At least it was warm. To break the monotony, we saw on the horizon, what turned out to be "Four Star", a Young 43, a 20 year old New Zealand yacht in excellent condition. Having spoken to the owners in Airlie, while they were also being given the Airlie delays treatment, we were curious about how they got on, and asked them over for a cuppa. They were a New Zealand dairy farming couple, who had gearbox trouble, and waited at the marina for a solution, which in the end they solved themselves. They were on their way to Thailand and had to meet some friends in Cairns. By the delay in Airlie, they missed going to all the islands and were not happy.

During the night the wind died and we were very comfortable. Our intention was to go to Cape Bowling Green, which as the name suggests is as flat as a bowling green, for miles. We had hoped for some shelter from the Southerlies, but the wind was quite strong inside the Cape. By executive order, we decided to go the extra distance to Cape Cleveland, just near Townsville. The 10 to 12 knot wind was not going to get us there in the 3 hours or so of daylight, so the motor revs went up and we again motor sailed, but this time at near to 8 knots. Safely anchored, quite a distance from shore, we spent a peaceful night, inside the Cape.

Just as well we were so close to the ever popular Breakwater Marina, as after our booking, there were no more berths available, and we had to stay in a 14 meter berth. As we tied up at the fuel wharf, to check in, we had some help from Lesley, whose husband Bob was in the marina office. Bob and Lesley had just picked their new purchase, from Port Hinchinbrook, a 43 ft Jeaneau deck saloon, built 1998, in very good condition.

The weather was turning both colder, and drizzly, so we asked the office, whether we could stay up to a week, which carries a much lower charge. What a world of difference, how nice, cooperative and helpful they were, in contrast to our Airlie stays. 25 knot winds were forecast, but we felt only the tiniest breezes in our berth. We met John, who was rebuilding his 40 ft charter "Benny" and Malcolm from Brisbane, who was heard on the radio, at some distance behind us. He had a Tayana, and had been a regular visitor to this part of the coast.

Here we had to stay put, due to the daily strong wind warning. So we walked all over the Strand again. On Wednesday 13 June we ate at the local Indian restaurant, but no Indians in sight. The place was owned and operated by an Iranian school teacher and his wife, who escaped after the Shah's downfall. They lived for a few years in India, before coming to Australia. So we tried some ancient Persian dishes, and they were delicious. We then had a great long discussion about their Baha'i faith. A most fascinating evening.

Although the thermometer indicated 23 to 24 degrees, it was overcast, and the wind warning was still current on Thursday. On Friday evening, we held an ex officio meeting of the SYCC. Because it was raining, we were picked up at the marina and met up with the caravanning Derek and Cathy Howie with Gus and Fran McMichael. Phil and Cathy Thomas had just flown in. So there were 4 yachts represented that evening, at the dinner table.

Although the weather cleared up a bit on Saturday, the strong wind warning was still current for the waters we were going to sail, so we took the ferry to Magnetic Island, hired an overpriced Mini Moke and toured. At the Northern End of Magnetic Island is Horseshoe Bay, which is the preferred sheltering yacht anchorage, in the prevailing Southerlies. On Sunday the inescapable markets justified themselves, in providing some fresh vegetables, but it was cold. It is excellent exercise, walking some 3 km, with maybe 5 or 6 kg in your backpack.

On Monday morning we went to the Castletown Shopping Centre, as it was again raining. How desperate can we get for something to do? That evening we met Phil and Cathy, for a meal, and again enjoyed their good company. On Tuesday a week was up

and the weather had not relented. In fact, as we left the Breakwater Marina, we used the shipping leads for part of the trip, as the mist hid our destination, Magnetic Island. At least no more strong wind warnings, just wet and cold.

When we were safely anchored in Horseshoe Bay and the rain stopped long enough for us to go ashore, no sooner had we landed, than the rains came again. As we sought shelter in the Mexican Restaurant – Noodles, we were glad that we had been on the Island a few days earlier. We both wondered what is all the fuss and excitement, and how do they justify the high real estate prices on this island? Maybe we are getting too spoilt, with unusual sights. At least Noodles' coffee was exceptional.

There is a myth perpetuated by Queensland Tourism, that the weather is always sunny and beautiful in Queensland. By now we were thinking we should sue them for misrepresentation. Wednesday's forecast was promising 10 to 15 rising later to 20 knots SW. Perfect for our run to Orpheus Island. Starting with both sails up, about 2 hours out a strong wind warning comes over the radio. By then we were flying at 10 knots, and could have told them about the strong winds, with the occasional side deck wash in 30 knots. Not exactly what we intended. Furling the headsail reduced our occasional heel, and we settled to a fast crossing.

We eventually eased ourselves onto the Marine Park mooring at Orpheus Island, but drizzle made any wish to go ashore unattractive. When at last it stopped long enough, we went to the small beach and had to carefully weave our way through the coral. As it was so cold, and overcast, it was not at all inviting to don the wetsuit and go snorkelling. As we were getting ready to leave, the next day, there was a female voice calling outside. The Queensland Boating and Fisheries inspectors wanted to know, whether we were fishing and knew the rules about the Reef's protected waters. While they did not wish to come aboard, they inspected the liferaft, the flares, the EPIRB, two lifejackets, asked about my boating license, but did not ask to see it. This interlude gave us more time, and the heavy rain eased to drizzle. From time to time, the mainland became obscured, and the 10 knot breeze, from the SE, did little to clear the clouds. It was just as well that we had plotted an exact course, as the buoy, around which Alan Lucas says one should go, was hardly visible, both because of size and weather.

Lucinda and its 3 miles long sugar wharf, with the landmark molasses sheds, made for an interesting entry into the Hinchinbrook Channel. Had it been sunny, it would most certainly have been spectacular scenery in the Channel. It was still very beautiful, unspoilt vegetation, in its pristine condition. About half way up the channel, between Lucinda and Port Hinchinbrook is Haycock Island, which lies in the lee of a few hills, and offers good shelter, from the South. Anchoring in relatively shallow water ( 4 meters at low tide ), we let out a lot of chain, to ensure any tidal flow had the catenary to hold. Ah for the solitude, and a good book.

In the late afternoon, we were joined by a catamaran, which anchored a short distance away. We felt like objecting to their intrusion on our little piece of personal privacy. Rain ceased, and as we boarded the dinghy to go exploring, the owner of the cat came over to invite us for nibbles, on board their yacht "Sundance III" at 1700. Unexpected by either of us, we had met at Laguna Quays, at the barbeque, 8 weeks earlier. They had enjoyed the Dent to Dunk Rally, slipped their boat at Port Hinchinbrook for a clean bottom certificate, for their visit to The Louisiades. Now they were on their way to

Townsville to clear customs, before 4 days and nights of continuous sailing. They had sold up all their land based properties, stored some treasures, and made this very well set up 45ft cat, their home for the next foreseeable period.

During the afternoon Henry had set some crab traps, and the next morning as they motored past advised, that he had caught two. Weighing anchor the next morning, we felt that it was the coldest day of our trip so far. The drizzle continued and periodically increased to heavy rain. Eventually we arrived at Cardwell about 1 mile north of Port Hinchinbrook, and any visit to Cardwell from the yacht, constituted a dinghy motoring of about a mile, each way in the rain. Much as we wanted to go exploring around Hinchinbrook Island, with this weather, the decision to go into the marina was easy to make. Obviously it is one of the newer marinas on the coast. The marina manager came to guide us in and caught our lines.

At the other end of our marina arm were Bob and Lesley, who had given up their attempt to go South, against the winds. Their yacht was going to stay in a private owners berth until September, when the North winds make their regular appearance. The bar at the marina has a daily Happy Hour, between 5 and 6, so we joined this group. One of the residents was celebrating her birthday the next day at lunch, and the Admiral was invited to the lunch party. What a great way to get settled in, and meet all the locals.

An opportunity to get a lift into Cardwell on the resort bus, not officially available, made a bit of difference to our Saturday morning shopping excursion. While not over abundant with shops, there is one butcher, one baker, one greengrocer, one hardware, one newsagent and one taxi. The supermarket is at the other end of town requiring transport, or a very long walk. On the other side of the railway line, which runs almost parallel to the highway, is the focal point of town – the Country Club.

The previous evening, after Happy Hour, six of the group decided to call for the club bus, and we ate a very well prepared barramundi dinner. The café in the middle of town does the usual selection of meals, like all day breakfast, burgers, steaks and the inevitable fish and chips. Near the supermarket is a good coffee and cake place, where also the birthday party took place, with BYO drinks. On Tuesday evening we were invited with the rest of the select resident and marina group for a free cruise on the large cruise catamaran, so that we would make up the numbers, for the TV filming for Channel 7 Queensland Weekender, promoting Port Hinchinbrook and the Keith Williams newly purchased Eco Resort on the island. It was quite cold and overcast, with only occasional bits of blue skies. Wednesday 27 June was spent preparing for the hand over, and cleaning up so that hopefully, the next time we got on board, our example was followed. For the first time, in ages, some sun was trying to break out of the clouds – just our luck, but good for the kids. Having booked their accommodation in an apartment overlooking the marina, we watched TV there, until they arrived quite late. Thursday was spent talking, refueling, and for us, saying our farewells to our new found friends. The car hired by our son in law took us, on Friday, before lunch to Townsville Airport

Sacre Bleu is at this time on her way South through the Whitsunday's, and most probable marina for the extended wait for the right wind, still remains Laguna Quays. The trip will continue in about one month's time – mid to late August, winds permitting.

After our 9 week sojourn, we are by no means experts, however, we have some observations, which if they help only one person then it will have been worth writing.

Whatever vessel is chosen it must be sturdy, well built, easy to sail and comfortable. Without exception, we found that most of the long term cruisers had chosen theirs, for these characteristics, because with all caution and heeding of forecasts, you will get caught in conditions, that demand everything of you and your craft. Have everything renewed or completely serviced or refurbished, and carry spares. Once away from the big smoke of Sydney, the costs become exorbitant, in relation to Sydney pricing, and in most cases, spares have to be sourced from Sydney or Melbourne.

Our Australian made windlass, new 3 years ago, needed new bearings. This was the exception. The local bearing supplier had them in stock. The Young 43 owner was waiting for spares for weeks, marina berthing costs were \$1500, as the faulty part sent by courier to Sydney, was lost in transit. Our three stage charger was invaluable in the marinas, as we not only had the 240 volt shore power, but all 12 volt items were used with impunity. The charger kept the batteries fully charged.

Weather forecasting in North Queensland is no more accurate than anywhere else. The areas covered by the forecasts are too large, and since they use the disclaimer "...may be 40 % stronger..." any definition of predictions is best carried out personally. So many times the winds were forecast to be 15 to 20 knots and we were struggling to get to 10 knots, or we were sailing in a strong wind situation of 25 to 30+ knots, when no warning was broadcast. Several times we heard the fishermen talk on the VHF radio, of the conditions at our proposed destination and obviously their advices were more reliable. A study of the isobars, meant that invariably the high pressure in the Bight, represented strong winds around the Reef areas. This held a great deal more accuracy, than the Bowen to St Lawrence Weather Bureau forecasts.

Before setting out on a trip of this nature, get on a health and fitness kick regime. Have all the medical tests and carry reserve supplies of drugs that you are taking. The Admiral, hurt her back, requiring some physiotherapy. In Airlie we had the \$ 60 rental car, an old Ford Falcon, and a physio was relatively accessible in Cannonvale. In Port Hinchinbrook, the nearest and only physio is some 42 km away, and booked out for days ahead. So Cardwells only rental car was an ancient Toyota Corolla at \$ 81 per day, take it or leave it.

We heard some stories of other medical misadventures. Like one of the marina dwellers going into hospital with a minor complaint and eventually returning with a permanent problem, contracted through neglect and incompetence, during the regional hospital stay. That does not account for the immense costs involved, in ambulance services, and then residence near the hospital or commuting for the healthy partner and a mounting bill for marina charges. The disruption to their travel plans becomes another consideration.

Have your banking access to funds resolved. EFTPOS at most supermarkets provided sufficient cash, for our short term needs. Our banking with the St George Bank, was possible by phone, but the Commonwealth Bank insisted, that a particular transaction required us to go to a branch. Of course not all places have more than one or maybe two banks, and they can be Bank of Queensland and one of the other majors.

Queensland was hopeless for St George and the personal visit to CBA took place in Tully.

To us the most important issues of day to day cruising became, weather, fuel and water, provisioning and victualling. All was catered for at the marina stops.

The question of navigation and DVD entertainment was solved by the laptop. We carried two GPS's. There are some very expensive solutions, such as chart plotters, with repeater stations. That would become more important, when journeying over long ocean voyages. The hard copies of charts were the best answer for us and "100 Magic Miles" and Alan Lucas' "Cruising the Coral Coast" became indispensable guides as to where to anchor, and what to avoid etc.

What will be unforgettable for the rest of our lives? The coral at Border Island, the isolated anchorages, some magic sailing, and the friendliness of the locals, which infected the tourists, as well as the other yachties. The sense of community in some of the marinas was palpable.

We can safely say that with careful selection, we ate both on board and ashore extremely well. Regional Australia has matured its palate, and both the locals as well as the travellers, demand and get good quality food. One of our best meals was at a French degustation restaurant at Cannonvale called Alain's.

As with all holidays, the sun becomes so important. We managed to read several books and for the first time the Weekend Australian was read cover to cover over several days, when the rains and strong winds set in.

I can honestly say that it requires a degree of tolerance, and friendship, with a lot of give and take, to live continuously, in such confined space. We certainly had a good relationship before, which is now stronger and even better, for the trip. Unless the partners undertaking the long trip are prepared to work at their relationship, understand each other, forgive and forget, put up with "the smelly socks" or other irritations, don't even contemplate taking it on, as you will become enemies. This apparently was the cause of the sale in Townsville of the Tayana, which was very well equipped with 3 or 4 spares of everything, but the owners could not get home, to separate soon enough. Malcolm had picked up a bargain, a variation on this story was heard several times.

In the beginning, the clothes we wore were a pair of shorts for on board, and a pair of shorts for going out. Later, as the colder weather came, the slacks and jeans became a necessity. The fleecy track suits kept us warm, but when under way the wet weather gear was a godsend. Otherwise, it was surprising how little clothes one needs. The Admiral was able to mix and match, so that she always looked as if she had a new and different outfit. We washed underwear as we went, and saved the rest for the marina washing machines and dryers at \$ 3 a load.

One last bit of gratuitous advice. If it is your dream to do the Reef, then do it today, because there will always be some reason, to wait until - what? When you are too old or too unhealthy or have some other impediment? We met many people, who had become time rich, but appeared not to be wealthy. They had formed some of the best friendships of their lives, were happy, relaxed and generally enjoying their lives as never before – their words, not mine. The real sea changers, combine the life of sailing up North during winter, and return to their Southern homes in summer. Some remain

on their vessel and go South in summer, to a suitable friendly and acceptably priced marina.

A couple of purely Queensland paradoxes:

Diesel fuel sold to the yachting populace is subject to an additional little tax, but only if the vessel is not Queensland registered. At the bowser in a petrol station, no such tax is levied on interstate visitor's fuel.

Anyone over the age of 18 can pay the money for a charter boat, and is let loose on the rest of us, no licence necessary.

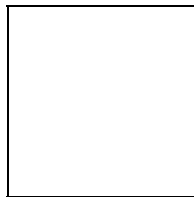
Having sailed your vessel through 100's of miles, taking it into Queensland waters, if it has a motor in excess of 6 HP, you are required to have a licence.

I am glad that I have achieved my dream. Now I can look forward to the return trip.

Was the trip a success? You bet it was, we are still talking, but I have water in my ears, so I don't hear too well. Is that what is called selective deafness? Seriously though, I am very lucky, my Admiral is forgiving of my transgressions of shouting at her. I don't recommend raising either voice, at any time.

Sacre Bleu

Paul and Judy



## **Trip Report by David Henderson**

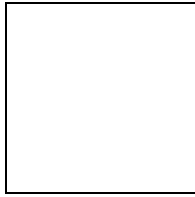
### **Hardy's Bay alternative trip report**

Judy and I had commitments on the Sunday morning of the weekend planned for Hardy's Bay, so unfortunately Hardy's Bay was not possible for us. I decided to go for a local sail and do an early morning scamper back home on the Sunday morning. The weather on Saturday morning was not the most encouraging that I have seen, however, if I did not like the weather I only had to blink and the weather would change. All four seasons in one day, at about 11 o'clock I made a 'Sigh See' call and Ian from Dunno answered and said he was at the Basin.

After a lively sail up and down Pittwater I headed for the Basin where after settling down I joined Ian for a couple of ales whilst he recounted his Bass Straight adventures. That evening Dunno headed for the Palm Beach RSL while I settled down for an early morning rise to do my land lubber thing.

Sunday morning revealed a beautiful coloured sky, which made waking up early worth while. The trip was certainly enjoyable even with the weather, and thanks for your hospitality Ian.

Boats in attendance Dunno and Sally



### **Jameson's to the rescue**

The 98-year-old Mother Superior from Ireland was dying. The nuns gathered around her bed trying to make her last journey comfortable.

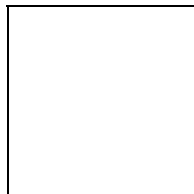
They tried to give her some warm milk, but she refused. Then one of the nuns took the glass back to the kitchen. Remembering a bottle of Irish whiskey received as a gift the previous Christmas, she opened and poured a generous amount into the warm milk.

Back at Mother Superior's bed she held the glass to her lips. Mother drank a little, then a little more, and before they knew it, she had drunk the whole glass down to the last drop.

"Mother," the nuns asked with earnest, "please give us some wisdom before you go to the Lord."

She raised herself in bed and with a pious look on her face said,

"Don't sell that cow."



### **In the briny**

A lady on an ocean going cruise liner, took a dive into the ship's swimming pool and immediately climbed out again, a look of absolute disgust on her face. She then made a beeline for one of the ship's stewards to issue a complaint.

"That swimming pool is full of salt water!" "That's right ma'am", he replied. "We fill it from the sea".

The woman rolled her eyes and then turned to her husband, "Well, that explains why it's always so rough".

