



# *Albatross*

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Windrush speeds up the Channel

*Newsletter of the  
Cruising Yacht Club of Tasmania*





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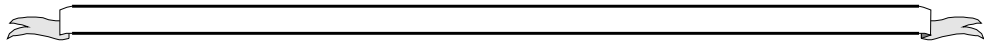
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## Editorial

### Dave Davey

Happy New Year! It is a bit frightening that welcoming in 2004 seems like about a week ago, and worrying about the Y2K bugs not much longer. For Annick and I that probably relates to our move to Tassie in 2000. "Time passes quickly when you are having fun" definitely applies.

2005 has not brought much input for the *Albatross*. As will be evident from the introduction to a cruising article in this issue, I have had to resort to arm twisting. So sharpen your pencils!.

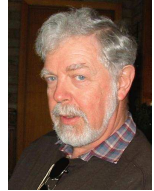
Tsunamis have been brought to everyone's attention in recent days, with some extraordinary video records of the giant waves crashing ashore. My own mental image of large versions of normal beach breakers in which a swimmer might survive has been shattered by viewing the lethal torrents laden with cars, trees and massive fragments of buildings. The question of what happens at sea appears to have been answered to some degree by many reports from cruising yachts that were largely unaffected if they were at anchor a reasonable distance from the shore. Those in marinas, or close inshore did not fare so well.

There are some remarkable photos available on the web, notably at <http://www.yachtaragorn.com/Thailand.htm> with some time sequence pictures.

Proving again that Tasmania is a wonderful place to live....

Dave

### Windclimber



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## Commodore's Comments

**Helen Stewart**

*Meridian*

Happy New Year! I hope your Christmas was happy and you managed to get a bit of sailing, relaxing and generally enjoying yourselves before life returned to normal and you had to go back to work. (That's my salute to the unretired among us.)

This year is shaping up to be another action packed one with the continuation of our education theme this summer. I found the flares night in December to be extremely useful, as did many others – men and women alike took the opportunity to gain a valuable understanding of the different types, their applications and most importantly, their use. We appreciate the time Colin and Peter from MAST gave to the evening. We appreciate the time all our speakers give to members; the sailing fraternity is rich in good will and good people. We are fortunate.

The Christmas dinner was a fabulous night and people were well entertained – many dancing the night away. Thanks to Cheryl Price and Wendy Lees who organised the night for us.

Your committee has been planning and working hard – Vice Commodore Rosemary has programmed a man overboard exercise for late February and Rear Commodore Wendy has scheduled for the March general meeting to again assemble at Cambridge for the Tasmania Fire Service demonstration. Keith Wells has moved mountains at the Regatta Pavilion – mountains of stuff that had been stored in the back room there. He said he found a banner that he thinks was last used when the Queen came to Tasmania in the 1950s! Editor Dave has taken on the Albatross and is filling it with interesting and entertaining articles. It's pleasing to read stories from some of our newer members – sharing experiences is a great way to contribute to the *Club*, so don't be shy – you can do it too. Thank you to all the committee members, your input and energy is productive and well-valued.

We have a range of cruises planned; including trips for those who can get away at this time of year for the long weekends. A longer-range cruise is planned by Andrew Boon, who is heading to Deal Island in March. He welcomes any other boats who would care to join him, so if you want to make plans, please give him a ring. The committee is always pleased to see members, old and new, at the activities on and off the water.

The February barbecue held at the Mariners Cottage is great way for new members to meet the *Club* and familiarise themselves with the way we socialise, so please, pack up your chairs, sausages and a bit of what you fancy to drink and come along to meet the rest of the *Club*.

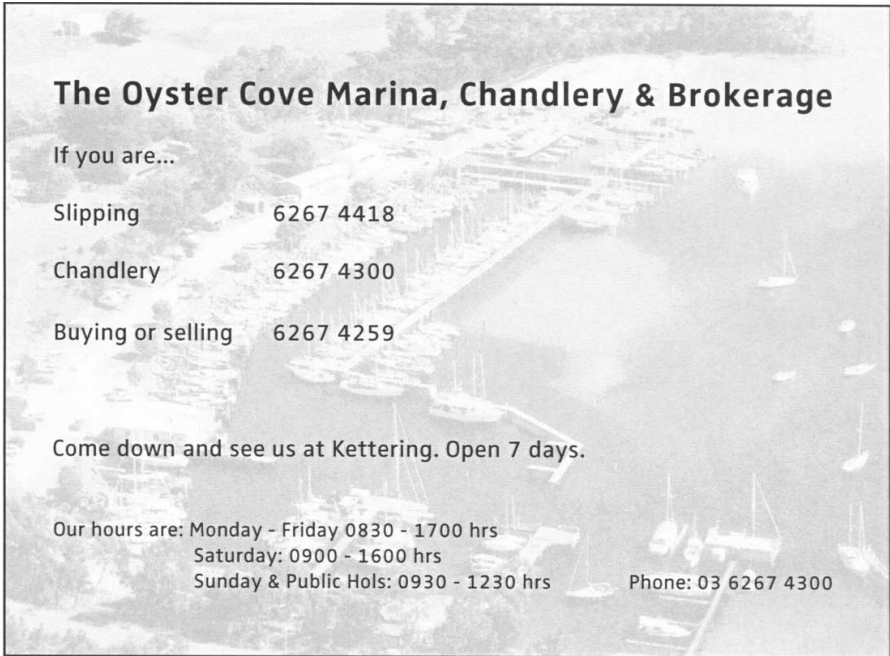
Phil and I didn't manage to get down the Channel during the Christmas break. *Meridian* is now at the Deepwater Marina at New Town and so for a quick Saturday



night getaway we've been heading out to Shag Bay, which is just across the river. Being on a marina has solved that bird problem we were having – fortunately they haven't followed us to town and the solar panels are finally getting a chance to do what they were designed for.

With all that is planned, the *CYCT's* year will be "business as usual", with the added opportunity to celebrate the *Club's* 30<sup>th</sup> year – more about that later.

*Good cruising, Helen*



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### Vice Commodore's Report

Rosemary Kerrison

*Obsession*

Happy New Year!

New Year's Eve was enjoyably held in Quarantine Bay with 11 boats namely *Awittaka, Reflections, Andromeda, Amnesia, Foxy Lady, Willyama, Windrush, Boots n All, Bird of Dawning, Sudden Impulse* and *Obsession* taking part in the festivities bringing in 2005. Such a balmy night saw some not leave the shore until well after midnight.



Quarantine also proved to be the best spot for New Year's Day barbecue. Saturday 14<sup>th</sup> January saw *Reflections, Saluka* (formerly *Pneumatic*), *Boots n All, Hellebore, Oriole* and *Obsession* at Partridge Island enjoying a beautiful sunny day, and concluded on Sunday with a great sail back up the channel.

Members, the wooden Boat festival is to be held 12<sup>th</sup>, 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> February. It is proposed leaving moorings 10am on Saturday to go to The Spit or Richardsons Bay for the night then travelling to the city on Sunday morning and mooring at a destination dependent on winds, possibly at the Botanical Gardens and walking in to the Wooden Boat Festival for the day. In the evening a barbecue will be held at a place to be decided that day. On Monday some may wish to return to The Wooden Boat festival or the Regatta others may like to make their way back to the channel area or moorings.

A man overboard day has been organised for Saturday 26th February at Missionary Bay commencing at 11am with demonstrations. This is your opportunity to see problems that may occur as a result of falling overboard and to offer suggestions/questions to improve your understanding. A picnic will follow proceedings.



### New Members

Welcome to:

Wendy & Bill FitzGerald

*Grace*

Sailmaster 30'



## Rear Commodore's Report

Wendy Lees

Kiap

A big thank you to Cheryl Price and committee members for standing in for me and organising such a great Christmas function. The feedback is that all concerned enjoyed the food and Aldo Fabian's music was much appreciated.



### February Meeting

This meeting is February 1st 2005. In lieu of a general meeting it will be a barbecue at 6 pm at the Mariners Cottage, Battery Point. Please bring your meat, food, drinks and utensils and if possible a chair. The committee will provide Tea, coffee and cake for dessert.

### March Meeting

To be held at the Training Depot of the Tasmanian Fire Service at Cambridge, Tuesday 1st March at 7.30 PM. As you know this meeting was cancelled in November due to bad weather. Come and join us for a marine fire safety night, demonstrations and hands on with fire extinguishers. Please wear warm clothing.

Wendy



<i>Club Calendar</i>	
February - Tuesday 1 <sup>st</sup> - Saturday 12 <sup>th</sup> - Saturday 13 <sup>th</sup> - Monday 14 <sup>th</sup> - Saturday 26 <sup>th</sup>	BBQ at Mariner's Cottage Sail to Wooden Boat Festival Evening BBQ Festival continues Man overboard exercise; picnic follows
March - Tuesday 1 <sup>st</sup> - Sunday 6 <sup>th</sup>	General Meeting to be held at the Tasmania Fire Service Training Depot - Cambridge Clean Up Australia Day

# Christmas Party Photo Album









## Unreliable Memories

**Annick Anselin**

*Windclimber*

At the end of a particularly nice lunch of eggs Benedict (cooked by the Editor), accompanied by a delectable Chenin Blanc, followed with in-season cherries, a slip request was slipped in from the Editor, for an article on the trip around the Tasman Peninsula taken a year ago. This was followed by the rather quiet comment... by the end of today...

How unfair can it get? Not only are my defences down, but I do not have the log at home, it **was** a year ago, and as for the timeline.... Besides, the Editor is in the study right next door to mine and he cooked lunch! Geeeee.

I shall do my best to remember a trip planned quite a long time ago, and true to cruising conditions, altered dramatically in the first couple of days as a result of Tasmanian weather, gear hiccups, and more Tasmanian weather.

We have been planning (dreaming?) of going to Port Davey for quite a while since moving to Kettering at the end of 2000. Last February (2004) was to be the time to do it.

*Winclimber* was feeling frisky after a newly painted hull and a clean smooth bottom. Since it was to be on the hard for 2 weeks, we decided to take the antifouling off back to the gel coat, i.e. 15 years worth of antifouling, and start again. We thoroughly needed a holiday after that job.

We got the boat ready as usual, stocked up and headed South down the Channel. We got down as far as Mickey's on day 1, on a nice easy sail. Had a quiet night there (or was it two?). We then headed down to Recherche Bay. Our previous experience of going to Recherche Bay had taught us to be on the look out for floating banks of kelp, which just wait to wrap themselves around the prop shaft. We were able to miss most (if not all) of those, and did not foul our prop. I did my best Valkyrie impersonation at the bow with the boat hook. We have had an intimate relationship with that sort of incident, as it sent us to St Helens' with a cooked cutlass bearing when we sailed to Tasmania back in 2000, but that's another story.

The Pigsties didn't look suitable for the conditions. Dave reminded me that the forecast was for a strong SW change, so Coalbins Bay seemed like the right place to be. We did have a look at the Cockle Creek end of Rocky Bay, but the strong NW wind preceeding the change was roaring through the valley right down the end, giving the large catamaran anchored there a hard time. We settled in Coalbins, feeling pleased with ourselves after a pleasant day's sail. The catamaran called us on VHF asking about the conditions where we were, and subsequently joined us.

The change arrived at dusk, and we watched the clouds zipping across the anchorage, thinking we had found a well sheltered spot. As darkness fell, we decided to stop sky-gazing and have a cup of coffee. We were barely sitting down enjoying a

hot brew, when *Windclimber* was hit by a strong bullet that heeled us enough to force a quick rescue of scurrying mugs. So much for the good shelter. The wind roared through the night, with bullets powering through causing the boat to slew around, but we were well anchored and the snub did its job.

But... at the time, *Busy Girl* was in Pig Sties, and spent a sleepless night on anchor watch. We heard them on the radio next morning.

As the long range weather forecast was poor for the following days, we opted for going back into the channel to wait. We had not been into Port Esperance before, so we explored that area, finally anchoring on the West side of Rabbit Island. We found a lovely spot. Well sheltered, good anchoring and beautiful surroundings. Ahh! the joys of cruising. Grrrr for the gremlins in electronics. The solenoid (waterproof sealed unit, off course) controlling the valve on our gas bottle chose that moment to fail, for the second time. It had failed before when sailing in North Qld back in 2000 and had been replaced by the NZ manufacturer with a new "improved" model. Note, we have since found the model has been discontinued (surprise, surprise) and now have model #3. We'll see...

After a couple of days of sandwiches and cold drinks, in challenging weather (how else do you describe gales, rain, cold, etc.), we got very tired of cold meals. Yes we could BBQ, since we have a marine kettle which uses coals, but it is not so easy to heat soup, water and toast bread etc. on short notice. We have a standard regulator and hose as a back up, but we never found it, and believe me, we looked everywhere several times, and then again. We are both stymied! It has disappeared into thin air. I am sure it will pop up, one of these years, meanwhile we have another back-up on board. Anyway, we headed back to Kettering, on a cold, damp, grey day, passing *Safari* on its way South. *Safari* did get to Port Davey! Back in Kettering, we came home and press-ganged the regulator & hose from the land-based BBQ, into service and headed out again. Quite by chance, we met up with sailing friends from Sydney, fellow *Coastal Cruising Club* members Jeff and May Owler, visiting Tasmania in their yacht *Wavesweeper*. We spent the night rafted up to the fuel wharf in Oyster Cove marina, our berth being temporarily occupied. We hadn't seen Jeff & May since meeting up with them in North Queensland some 4 years ago, and we spent a great night catching up on news.

The next day we went to trusty Barnes Bay, to try and decide what to do. The long range forecast was not favourable for another try for Port Davey for quite a while (which proved to be spot on). We had missed the window (all of one day), and commitments in March would not allow us to wait indefinitely for a better time. We decided to go around the Tasman Peninsula instead. New ground for us in any case. When we sailed down to Tasmania back in Dec 2000, we were dodging (real) storm fronts, and went through the Denison Canal to shorten the trip. That was the second infamous Sydney-Hobart race, with Nicorette reporting 80+ knots entering Storm Bay

around 2.00am, with us sheltering in Monk Bay. Yes we were awake, and listening to the radio! What else do you do when the rigging is shrieking and you wonder what you will be able to do if the anchor drags? (it didn't thank goodness).

However, I digress. Back in the Duck Pond, a family of swans appear - should we rename it Swan Pond? I bet they were visiting from Oyster Cove marina, maybe on a health kick, after the rich food in the marina where they are in constant attendance. In spite of being the month of stable **summer** weather (ha!), we had to put the heater on that night. We headed early next day for Nubeena, having sailed there in 2003 in company with Kate & David Mills and *Sudden Impulse*. It seemed a good place to start our voyaging from. If I remember correctly, it was a slow but easy sail. I could be wrong, it was over 12 months ago, and the easy bits tend to blur. We stayed a couple of days anchored in Parsons Bay, going ashore for supplies. It is an easy walking distance to the general store, but our backpacks were very handy for carrying heavy bottles of milk back to the boat. It is far enough to put a real strain on hands and shoulders if toting shopping bags. One evening, we had a take-away fish and chips which was quite good. They were easy to carry back.

We then headed for Port Arthur, new sailing ground for us and *Windclimber*. The wind was light and all over the place, with a fairly lumpy sea. We were glad to get into Port Arthur. We went into Carnavon Bay, but since we draw 2m, we could not get in close enough for good shelter from the wind. It looked exposed and uncomfortable and the forecast was poor. We decided to look further in. We discovered a small, secluded and sheltered bay, called Ladies Bay, on the SE side of Stewarts Bay. There is room there for 3-4 boats, and we could tuck well in behind a short reef which stopped the reflected swell from the Eastern cliffs. Boats in Stewarts Bay, just round the corner, were rolling around very uncomfortably from the reflected swell.



We had the place to ourselves. A small beach provided easy landing for the rubber ducky, and it was a reasonable walking distance to the Historic site in one direction, or the small general store in the opposite direction (via Stewarts beach). Dave wrote an article on this anchorage last year, so I won't expand on it. We spent two days there, exploring the area while sitting out the bad weather. With a change in the conditions, the swell started coming into the bay, so we moved to Carnavon Bay. We had a quiet night, but with another SW front predicted (and it came right on time too), it would be too exposed, and we headed back to Ladies' Bay.



*Front crossing Port Arthur*

When conditions improved it was time to go North, heading for Fortescue Bay. We sailed around Safety Cove at the historic site before leaving, and saw *Saffron* moored there. Its new owner was sailing it north to Sydney.

The stiff wind made for easy sailing, but the sea was still very lumpy. We decided to go between Tasman Island and the Peninsula. We had been told the wind often funnels through there at some strength, but it was blowing in the right direction. As we neared Tasman Island, the waves started to build up, but the wind dropped away.

In the fairly light wind, we were wallowing around. Didn't make getting lunch together, and eating it, easy. The washing up had to wait - staying below was just a tad challenging to the vestibular apparatus, and I developed a little "stomach awareness", as Dave delicately describes it. We ended up having to motor through, enticed by the flat water on the other side.



The cliffs are just so spectacular. A geologist's (and photographer's) dream. The steep waves were also majestic! It certainly made taking photographs a challenge. I kept



reminding Dave that if he looked like falling overboard, could he please throw the brand new digital camera to me. I could come and pick him up afterwards. My camera is a diving camera, much more sensible! The waves were being squeezed between the two land masses, and we were spat out the other side. Even though the wind was fairly light, we had a wonderful sail from there to Fortescue Bay in flat water. Much appreciated, after several hours of bouncing around.

Fortescue Bay is a magic place. We had only been there once before, by land, and had walked around to Canoe Bay. It looked like the place to anchor, especially if you could get behind the wreck. Unfortunately, the anchorage was busy, with 3-4 boats already there, so we couldn't get behind the wreck. Still the conditions were very good, and no swell was getting in. We were also very lucky that the boat in the spot we wanted, left the next day, so we moved to the favoured spot. What bliss!



We had several days there, enjoying the surroundings, exploring all around, and meeting the two remaining converted fishing boats, *Rubicon Star* from Port Sorrell, and *Busy Girl* from Victoria. While tramping through the bush, Dave managed to find a spot where he could get a mobile phone signal, and it even had a convenient place to put the laptop on! I left him to it and continued further along the track to do a watercolour of a bush being strangled by a native creeper (in a creative way I must say), I had spotted the day before. There is a photo of Dave crouching over the laptop surrounded by bush (I wonder if he'll put that in?) [Yes. I want your next article! -ed.]



While in Canoe Bay, we were visited by porpoises once, and by the Water Police another time. We happened to be on *Rubicon Star* at the time. Our Kettering neighbour, Brian (Bull) Malone, knows the boat and its owners well, having helped them sail to Hobart a few months previously. Brian had mentioned we might meet them, so we went to say hello. While enjoying a quiet happy hour, a large Police inflatable with several officers on board suddenly came alongside. The Police came on board, checking licenses, catches and cray pots. They took one look at us and at *Windclimber* and easily believed we were not the fishing type. They inspected *Rubicon Star* carefully, including the freezer. *Busy Girl's* skipper, had a rather hostile reaction to the

Police presence, which surprised us. The Policemen were well mannered, pleasant and easy to talk to. Mind you, that didn't stop them releasing one of the slightly under-sized crayfish in *Rubicon's* well. It wasn't as if the other skipper had anything to hide - he had all the correct licenses and his wife was most cooperative. For some reason, he felt very threatened. He did say he had previously been examined by the Police around St. Helen's, and thought that he should not have to be inspected again.

The "mother" Police boat *Freycinet* stayed overnight, leaving early the next morning after checking out more pots and a commercial fishing boat anchored NE of Canoe Bay. The two cruisers also left, leaving Canoe Bay to us. Dave has a great photo of Keith, on *Rubicon Star*, trying to free his anchor from an impressive forest of weed. We knew what was in store for us, when we eventually lifted anchor.



On leaving Fortescue Bay, our initial destination was Lagoon Bay. The wind started NE, but soon became more Easterly, and we had a good sail north, passing Pirates Bay on the way. It was fascinating looking at Eaglehawk neck from the ocean side. Approaching Lagoon Bay though, we were put off by the huge bank of kelp right across the entrance and going as far as the eye could see. As I said before, we have a healthy respect for floating masses of kelp! It was also very exposed to the Easterly wind and looked uninviting. We continued on past Cape Frederick Hendrick into North Bay. On paper, we should have been able to find a good spot close to the SE shore, with south winds predicted overnight, it was the place of choice. In practice, we were unable to anchor. Not for want of trying. We kept dragging. There was a lot of kelp, and the bottom felt rocky. We do not have a fisherman's anchor, only a plough, and we just could not dig it in. I could feel the anchor skipping over stones. We ended up anchoring near the beach, trying to get into the corner for some shelter from the wind and short sharp wind waves, but it was too shallow for us. The wind turned NE again, but died down at sundown. The chop eased somewhat. Unfortunately the wind picked up again in the early hours, and the nasty chop continued. We rocked and rolled all night. It brought memories of an equally unpleasant anchorage we had experienced, Cape Bowling Green (the name says it all), south of Townsville. A large shallow bay surrounded by low lying grassy shore, where short sharp waves made for an uncomfortable night. However, still a valuable experience. Next time, we know to plan for an alternative anchorage.

The next morning, we made for Marion Bay, aiming to cross the bar on a rising tide.



The conditions were good for getting across the bar and we got in easily. Dave had downloaded the latest copy of the channel from MAST, so we followed their instructions into the channel and promptly came aground. There was no relationship between reality and MAST's chart for the first few markers. Goodness knows how/when the information was obtained. Being a rising tide, the current was strong and we had a tense moment or two getting ourselves off, leaving some of *Windclimber's* brand new antifouling back on that sand. After getting *Windclimber* back into deeper water, we found our own way around the first few tricky channel markers. Polaroid sunglasses are so useful in such circumstances! We made our way through Denison Canal into Norfolk Bay. Even though we came through at the top of the tide, we only had centimetres (at best) under the keel on the Norfolk Bay side of the canal. Actually, I think we may have shaved some more of the keel's antifoul between the second and third set of piles. I know the depth sounder was having a fit, as it does when the bottom gets too close for comfort (and no, it wasn't me having a fit, it was the electronic device....)

We stayed in Monk Bay overnight. We hadn't spent any time there since December 2000. The conditions were much improved! This time it was warm, comfortable and relaxing. From Monk Bay we made for home in one go, after seeing a part of Tasmania we had not visited by sea before. Port Davey is still on the agenda!

Annick



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## ***Charon's trip from Sydney to Kettering***

**Hans van Tuil**

***Alida***

A lazy Sunday morning gives me an opportunity to get the brain to work to produce my first ever item for Albert Ross.

Re-reading the log book helps jolt the mind back to July 27 and to the second longest trip by sea I've ever made, the longest being a voyage from Holland to Australia when I was two years old, which gives rise to the interesting question of childhood experience affecting adult behaviour. Could those days of gentle rolling, mother's milk and infant adulation by passengers and crew have set me up years later for membership of CYCT? Maybe I should just address the current subject!

The crew met together two evenings with the owners, David & Joy Bryan, who had recently returned from inspecting the boat in Sydney and were negotiating its purchase. All aspects of the trip were discussed at these meetings.

The heroes of this story are as follows:

Skipper Fred - qualified charter boat operator, brother of author, aged 44. Third trip Sydney to Hobart.

Peter - diesel mechanic, aged 28, little sailing experience but lots of common sense and son of David and Joy.

Hilbrand - electrical engineer, aged 49, experienced harbour racer and keen to try this new experience.

Hans (myself) - aged 46, with many miles under the keel but little offshore experience and looking forward to this trip.

The saga begins at Hobart Airport on Tuesday, 27 July at a very early hour. So early in fact, that after all the talk of the dangers of missing your flight we had been warned of, we actually arrived before the airport staff!!

We hoped the voyage back to Hobart would be as well executed as the flight to Sydney, but not as stressful as the taxi trip from the airport to Rushcutters Bay.

Rushcutters Bay is an impressive place, rows and rows of expensive yachts including all the top names amongst modern racers, some of which frequent Hobart very shortly after Boxing Day each year. Imagine our disappointment when two short marina light posts which hardly extend to the height of the neighbours lower spreaders, materialised into the ketch rig of our ship *Charon*. Nevertheless, she did look rather more the battleship amongst the others and exuded a sense of safety although she definitely was not a race winner.

*Charon* is a van de Stadt 37' ketch, centre cockpit, aft cabin. She weighs 15 tons, powered by Ford 80hp diesel. Very comfortable inside, all the equipment one would expect on a sea-going vessel – shower, hot water, fridge, freezer, oven, microwave,

VHF, HF, generator, radar, furler, etc. etc. Sadly much of this equipment had been neglected and was either in poor condition or not going at all when the David was negotiating to purchase the boat. Some knowledge of the boat was obtainable locally as *Charon* had been owned locally before being sold to its owner in Sydney 2 years ago.

The brokerage had undertaken to supervise a host of repairs before the boat left Sydney but had left most of this until the last couple of days and when we arrived the boat was crawling with tradesmen. Most of our gear had to sit on the pier all day as the boat was not fit to board and everywhere was "in the way" of some work in progress. This put a lot of pressure on Fred and Peter, especially Fred who was responsible to ensure that the boat was capable of a safe passage to Hobart.

Hilbrand and I spent all day purchasing all kinds of equipment from buckets to fuses while Peter and Fred checked the systems aboard. By 1500 hours we had the boat to ourselves and settled aboard. The last two tasks were to motor over to the fuel wharf and refuel and fill the water tanks. Filling the water tanks was a relatively simple exercise but the fuel tanks proved a challenge. *Charon's* tanks hold around 1000 litres of diesel fuel and Peter's swipe card only allowed a \$20.00 purchase limit on the self serve pump at one time. This was very frustrating as it was getting late and fuel was \$1.40/litre.

Finally at 1630 we cast off and motored out into Sydney harbour. *Charon's* lack of maintenance was obvious almost immediately as Hilbrand and I couldn't fully raise the mainsail. The final 200mm was impossible even with 2 men on the winch. It was later discovered that all the masthead sheaves needed replacement. The furling headsail was also reluctant to unroll itself and also needed major work. The Mizzen set very nicely. The brokerage had undertaken to have these items put right but it was not done.

We motored out through the heads just on dusk and changed to a southerly course. The wind was 10-15kts SW which made for good sailing. *Charon*, having a full length cruising keel didn't point well, but with her powerful engine we managed to keep the sails drawing to steady the boat, while maintaining 7kts in approximately the right direction under auto pilot.

Sea sickness was instant and chronic, with 2 crew members hanging over the side at any given time the third ready to go as soon as space was available! *Charon's* centre cockpit and solid dodger sadly lacked space for visiting the rail at one time!

The diesel engine proved most reliable and ran until we arrived in Kettering, stopping only for a daily oil check and no oil was ever required in 90 hours of motoring. The engine proved less reliable the following weekend in the channel as overheating problems spoiled its impeccable record.

David and Joy had thoughtfully ordered \$400 worth of groceries to be delivered to us

at the Marina the afternoon we left, most of which is still aboard. With 3 crew remaining seasick until the end of the second day, food was not a thought high in the minds of the sufferers and with a body or two asleep on the galley, the one remaining couldn't work up an appetite, so survived on snacks and fruit until about day 3 when the general health of the crew had improved to such an extent that the suggestion of food no longer meant an instant sprint to the leeward rail. We had with us delicious pre-cooked frozen meals which we could microwave and eat on deck, eliminating the need for someone to cook below. Frankly, with the state of the sea, the state of the boat and nobody having a clue in which locker one might find which food, it was all too difficult.

Due to *Charon's* design and the wind direction we were sailing a course east of south. Maintaining this course, although more comfortable, put us a lot further out to sea than we would have liked and this course remained unchecked until we were 70-80 miles offshore. It was then discovered that the HF radio didn't work. The VHF was, of course, well out of range and no mobile phone coverage was available. It was decided to take the ship over and put in a long board back toward Montagu Island and then resume our original heading. This we did but still couldn't communicate our position. By daybreak on Thursday we were 75nm east of Gabo Island and were able to alter course slightly to close land again.

It was interesting that our watch system, 4 hours on 4 hours off was not working very well. We found that it was OK at night but during the day we were all up and napped periodically. I suppose that the voyage just wasn't long enough to develop the new sleeping routine.

Friday had us well south as an excellent night's sailing was had. By 1000 hours we were 33nm east of Cape Barren Island. It was a lovely day and we had a good westerly of 15-20kts. *Charon* charged along at 8-10kts under reefed main and headsail and still under auto pilot. Seasickness was long forgotten and crew was eating well. We also were able to enjoy a warm shower, generally tidy the ship and also do a little maintenance aboard. Winds ease overnight and also headed us. We were now motor sailing on the rhumb line. Contact was made with Tamar Radio who kindly forwarded us a current forecast and phoned home to let our families know of our well being.

Friday night was another calm night. Still roly but lighter winds as we made Maria Island. It was decided to enter Mercury Passage and transit Denison Canal rather than to punch down to Tasman Island, as by now the weather was overcast and quite cold. The winds had also veered to the SW which was no use to us. The transit went very well and we exited the canal at 1145h. From there on we busied ourselves tidying the ship and preparing to resume our land lives. When off Slopens Island winds again turned to the SE and we were able to slip across the Derwent at a great rate under full sail to impress our families, some of whom had gathered to watch us

from Piersons Point.

Little Oyster Cove opened up to us and we tied up at 1430 hours on Saturday.

Looking back, we had a wonderful trip. No breakages, no damage or injury and a celebratory dinner/debriefing was enjoyed at the owner's residence soon after. (No doubt leftovers supplied by Woolworths Sydney!!)

Naturally, after a voyage of this nature it is good to look back and consider how we fared and what we could have done better. For the most part we were satisfied with our effort as a crew and how we operated the vessel and worked together. The main area of concern was the boat. Had we known the extent of the maintenance required we would have spent longer in Sydney instead of racing to take advantage of a good weather window. If we had to do the trip again, we decided that two crew would fly up a couple of days earlier to familiarise themselves with the boat and sort out all those problems we encountered during the trip. It was debatable whether some of *Charon's* systems, especially the halyards and furler would have stood up to heavy weather sailing. Also communication, especially the HF Radio which was supposed to have been repaired in Sydney, was a weak point. Neither should we have sailed so far offshore where nobody would search for us should we have become overdue.

Still we learn as we go along. It was a wonderful experience as many of you who have made the trip will agree. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. I especially enjoyed the night watches under a full moon watching the swells pass, a great time to contemplate in a busy life where we seldom are afforded such opportunities. Hopefully more opportunities to do similar trips will come our way and we will again experience sailing offshore.

*P.S.* As a form of punishment, the author, some weeks after this voyage was struck down by labyrinthitis, a condition my doctor described as seasickness on land!! Having never experienced any seasickness at all I now have a greater appreciation of the suffering that went on around me.



## Prospective Members

An application for membership has been received from:

Bernie White

*Solemer*

53' Roberts centre cockpit ketch



**Minutes of the General Meeting of the Cruising Yacht Club of Tasmania held at the Royal Hobart Regatta Association Pavilion at 8.00pm on Tuesday 7 December 2004**  
**APOLOGIES**

Brian and Rosalie Kirby, Dennis and Wendy Lees, Kay Jacobs and Sue Brabzon.

**WELCOME**

Commodore Helen Stewart opened the meeting and welcomed 47 members and guests to the meeting.

**GUESTS**

Guests introduced included Helve and Neville Cann (introduced by Ian Madden), Brendan Boon (introduced by Andrew Boon), Fionna Bourne and Alasdair Wells (introduced by Kieth Wells), Colin Finch and Peter Hopkins of MAST (to provide advice and supervise club members in the use of emergency flares).

**MINUTES**

Minutes of the Previous Meeting Minutes of the November 2004 CYCT meeting were published in the December 2004 edition of The Albatross. It was moved that the minutes were a true and accurate record of the November 2004 meeting.

Moved, Paul Kerrison.                      Seconded, Barry Jones.                      Carried

**COMMODORE'S REPORT**

The Commodore thanked Rosemary Kerrison for running the meeting at the last minute due to her absence. Incredible Hulls (one of the 10 Days on the Island events) is calling for participation from boat owners. Its a potentially fascinating event to be held in Hobart during April 2005. The intention is to create an orchestra of boat sounds. Anybody interested can contact Peter Tanfield, the coordinator. The event will be promoted through the *Club*.

Mike Harris had forwarded an email of thanks for publishing details of his cruising seminar held in October. He was pleased with the attendance. The commodore said that she hoped any of our member's who attended, found the seminar useful.

**VICE COMMODORE'S REPORT**

Rosemary Kerrison said that although there was no formal cruise organised over the Christmas and New Year period it was her intention to call club boats on New Years Eve to enable those members afloat in the upper channel to join together for the New Year celebrations. Rosemary said the cruise calendar was published in The Albatross and wished everyone a Merry Christmas

**REAR COMMODORE'S REPORT**

As Rear Commodore Wendy Lees was interstate for the meeting and would be away at the time of Christmas Dinner; Cheryl Price gave details for the event to be held at the Derwent Sailing Squadron, Marieville Esplanade, Sandy Bay on 11 December 2004. The cost is \$35 per head and a bottle of red and white wine would be on each table. The musician would be in attendance until 11:30 pm. The February meeting was a BYO BBQ at the Mariners' Cottage. The *Club* will provide cutlery, crockery, tea, coffee and cake. „HU "NEW MEMBERS" The Commodore welcomed new Members Peter and Janet Hill who sail Oriole, a 37 foot, Cuthbertson constructed huon pine vessel.

**GENERAL BUSINESS**

Andrew Boon said that he is planning to take Reflections to Deal Island in the New Year and is interested in discussing with any club members who would consider accompanying him either by cruising in company or as crew.

**NEXT MEETING**

The next meeting will be held at the Mariners' Cottage, Battery Point on the first Tuesday of February 2005 for the customary barbecue.

**GUEST SPEAKER**

The Commodore introduced Colin Finch and Peter Hopkins of MAST to enable them to give an update of what MAST was doing prior to supervising the flare demonstration.

Colin advised that MAST:

- has introduced logbooks as a requirement for future boat licences,
- published a South East Tasmania and Tamar Boating Guides,
- is organising dredging at the Denison Canal and St Helens. It would not occur until early 2005, tenders were called two weeks ago, it was hoped that the movement of water would keep it clear for another 18 years (period since last dredged). Details of Marion Narrows were given on the MAST website,
- has had new VHF repeater had been installed on Three Hummock Island,
- has increased the power for the transmitters at Bruny Island and provided better communications from operators houses of the Tasmanian Marine and Small Radio Group

Peter provided information prior to the flare demonstration that related to:

- the specifications of emergency flares,
- the safety requirements that detail the number and types of flares to be carried on board vessels and
- the correct method for the safe operation of emergency flares.

Despite the cold windy conditions, club members availed themselves of the opportunity to gain experience in the safe operation of emergency flares. It was noted during the flare demonstration that some older flares failed to operate or in some cases operated only with assistance by more experienced operators. Some of the parachute flares failed to deploy the parachute properly, resulting in the flare burning underwater soon after the launch.

**CLOSE**

The meeting closed at 2120. Members and guests enjoyed supper together after the close of the meeting.