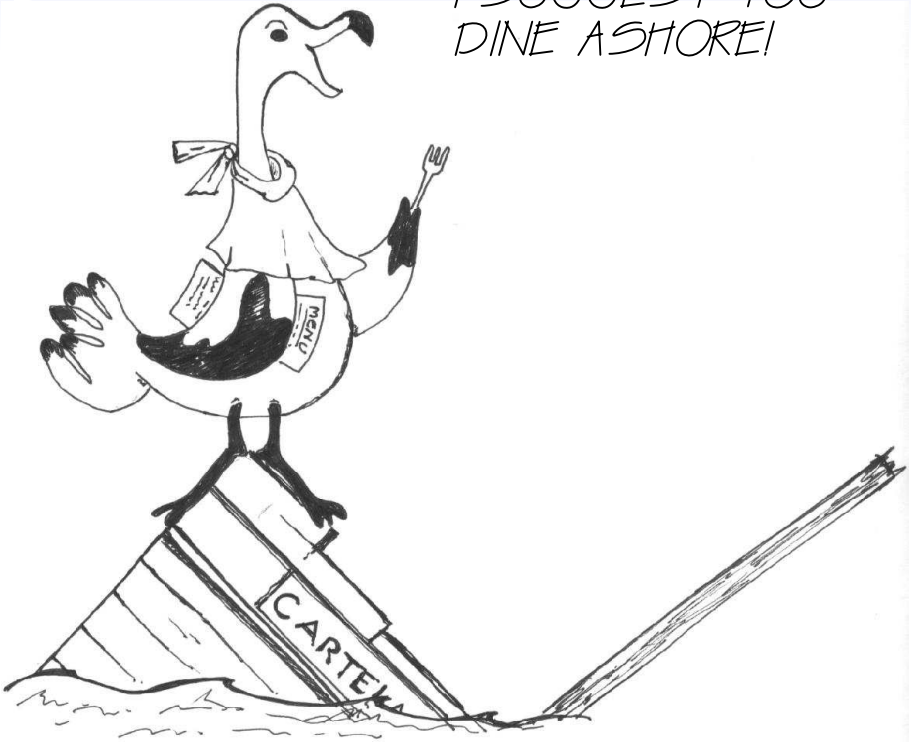




# Albatross

Volume 31      No 7      August 2005

*I SUGGEST YOU  
DINE ASHORE!*



Anniversary dinner now planned at Rockerfellers

**Newsletter of the  
Cruising Yacht Club of Tasmania**





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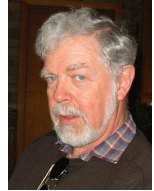


## Editorial

**Dave Davey**

*Windclimber*

Many thanks to Paul Kerrison for assembling the July issue of the *Albatross*. Annick and I had an enjoyable exploration of parts of northern NSW that we had not visited before, at least not by land. We did explore some of the coast, and with time to properly investigate, we climbed to many coastal viewpoints. It was fun to see the coast laid out before us, rather than seeing it from sea level and on the chart. Our "land yacht" performed well: no need for anchor watches, goes well to windward, but lacks a head.



As mentioned in the Warden's notes on additions to the *Club* library, and in the Minutes, we were given several copies of a Tasmanian Boating Weather CDrom by last month's speaker Mal Riley. I have one of these and can make a copy for anyone who missed out at the meeting. It is an excellent series of lessons in PowerPoint format. If you do not own a copy of PowerPoint, don't despair - see the footnote to the library additions.

The *Club* has registered the internet domain [cyc.t.org.au](http://cyc.t.org.au) and I have agreed to act as *Club* "webmaster" and get a web site up and running. So far we have only implemented some generic email addresses, so you can now submit articles to [editor@cyc.t.org.au](mailto:editor@cyc.t.org.au) which is easy to remember and need not change with a change in editor. The web site will take a while to establish, especially as I have to learn about the idiosyncracies of the web host we have chosen. One aim is to use the web site as a preliminary publishing medium for the *Club's* Australia on the Map project. I look forward to your contributions.

I have not put as much effort into the Cruising Guide as I would have liked, and in order to rectify that, and concentrate on the web site, I will not stand for re-election as editor when my current term ends at the AGM. If you would like to take over the position, please get in touch with one of the Committee members, and/or use the nomination form in this issue. If you would like to discuss the task, get in touch with me.

This is a bumper issue with plenty of cruising stories. Keep them coming!

Dave

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## Commodore's Comments

Helen Stewart

*Meridian*

### Dinner

Albert Ross is right – we are now holding the *Club's* 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Dinner at Rockerfellers in Morrison Street. The *Cartela* booking for the Anniversary Dinner did not attract a lot of interest and, because we want to have a great party with as many people as possible, we decided a change of venue was in order. Same date: Saturday 6 August, same time: 7.00p.m. The menu is decidedly good with choice of 3 mains and 2 desserts and the price is a reasonable \$33.00 plus drinks. If you'd like to book for the dinner please phone Wendy on 6229 7603. We'll have *hors d'oeuvres* in the Dock on the raft-up. If you are passing by on your way to another engagement, do call in and join us for some gluwain, nibbles and good company. We look forward to seeing you there and to seeing as many boats as possible coming in.



### Committee

All the positions on the committee become vacant at the AGM and we are looking for members. The Committee brings you a range of guest speakers, land-based social events, cruises, picnics and barbecues, does a bit of lobbying and representation and continues the *Club's* 30 years of tradition, while all the time working to keep *Club* activities interesting, entertaining and fun. Think about where you can help

An overview of the positions is as follows:

- **General Committee members:** of which there are two, provide support and contribute their knowledge and expertise on many subjects.
- **Warden:** sets up ready for meetings and functions (with assistance!). Manages the library, photo albums and inventory. Maintains trophies and honour boards. Represents committee on infrastructure issues to Hobart City Council and MAST.
- **Membership officer:** maintains the membership list and mailing list (in conjunction with the treasurer), contacts potential members and introduces new members at meetings.
- **Editor:** produces 11 Albatrosses a year electronically. Has a central role in liaising with other committee members to gather and report information and *Club* news for publication.
- **Secretary:** maintains *Club's* annual programme, and acts as the *Club's* public officer. Takes minutes at meetings, sends and receives *Club* correspondence and meets regulatory requirements (with the Treasurer's assistance).
- **Treasurer:** keeps the books, pays the bills and keeps track of memberships complying with regulatory requirements.

- **Rear Commodore:** arranges social functions and guest speakers for meetings and sometimes venues for special presentations.
- **Vice Commodore:** arranges and co-ordinates general cruises and annual events such as the clean-up day and the Donald Sutherland memorial navigation cruise (in conjunction with those tasked with setting the cruise).
- **Commodore:** represents the *Club*, leads the committee and chairs meetings, liaises with others in the broader sailing community such as MAST and other clubs, hosts functions and works with the committee as part of the team meeting the *Club's* business and strategic objectives.

### Kettering public jetty

The committee recently wrote to MAST about access to the public jetty at Kettering, pointing out that some vessels make access difficult (and appear to contravene the MAST by-law pertaining to the use of the jetty) by protruding into the navigation channel when tied up on the ends of the jetty. We have included MAST's response, through Trevor Faust, Manager Marine Assets, on page 8 of this edition. Stephen Newham commented at the last general meeting that this *Club* was not the only one to receive this response from MAST.

I followed up Trevor's letter with a phone call to invite him to speak at the general meeting in September and he is happy to do that. We had an interesting discussion on the jetty access issue. I preface this by saying if you don't ask, you don't find out. Some people may be well informed of the history of public jetty usage in Tasmania, particularly in Kettering, and be familiar with the changing use of this jetty in particular. However, for some of us, taking the sign "public jetty" at face value, as well as the *Marine and Safety (Jetties) By-Laws 1997, Part 2 General 4 & 5*, ([www.mast.tas.gov.au](http://www.mast.tas.gov.au) 14/07/2005) seems reasonable, and one could well be puzzled by the apparent disregard of these by-laws.

Trevor said that fishing boats in the past had almost sole use of the jetty and owners have recently made concessions to other users. He said by and large they are abiding by the rules and it can be argued that relinquishing jetty space and time to other users of the state-owned facility represents a significant change in culture and this change is to be supported, not pushed further by moving the goalposts. There is a policy that users don't pay rent for public facilities and free berthing is provided for all boats on the jetty. FYI the old ferry terminal is leased by a private owner.

Given the lack of public mooring facilities in what is arguably the gateway to the Channel cruising grounds, access to the jetty or some type of mooring for visiting boats is highly desirable. It means that people can make use of facilities provided and, importantly for the town, spend money. The dinghy landing stage does make it easier for people to get ashore (see letter) however you've got to have somewhere to leave your boat. Trevor said it is reasonable for a vessel to be left unattended on the front face of the jetty for 30 minutes and that the public is at liberty to advise

authorities if there are boats breaching the by-laws. He agreed that the bay is full and there is not much at all that can be done for visiting yachts.

So do take this opportunity to meet Trevor Faust at the September meeting after the AGM.

### **Beanies and honour boards**

The Quartermaster has a good range of stocks available including beanies, so if your ears are feeling chilly on some of these brisk winter mornings, what better than a CYCT beanie to keep them warm.

We are continuing the follow up on the replacement of the *Club's* honour boards. Warden Keith has sourced materials and lettering and they will be in their rightful place soon.

*Good cruising, Helen*

P.S. We heard Pat Price on the Tas Coast sched the other night. They are in Fiji, having a wonderful time!



## **Vice Commodore's Report**

### **Rosemary Kerrison**

### ***Obsession***

Members and friends who are attending the *Club's* 30th Anniversary Dinner on Saturday August 6<sup>th</sup> are welcome to join the flotilla of *Club* boats that will be in Constitution Dock for pre dinner Gluewein and nibbles from 4.30pm, before moving on to Rockerfellers for dinner. A reminder that boats moving into the dock will need to assemble at 2.45 pm in the vicinity of the entrance to Constitution Dock so that we can move through promptly when the bridge is raised.



On Sunday 7<sup>th</sup> August a barbecue is to be arranged at Pear Tree for those who would like to stop off on their way back to the channel and berths.

Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> August there will be a day trip to Snug Beach (weather permitting). Note that the date has been changed from 20<sup>th</sup> August, as I will be in Melbourne.

Next year's calendar for cruises is in the pipeline and if any member would like to see the *Club* go to their special venue I would be pleased to hear from you so that it can be put in the appropriate weekend.

Happy sailing

Rosemary

## Rear Commodore's Report

Wendy Lees

*Kiap*

### General Meeting 2<sup>nd</sup> August

Bob and Penny Tyslon and Andrew Boon will give a presentation about their trip to Deal Island. This should be a very interesting night.

### Anniversary Dinner - Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> August

I hope by now you have made your bookings for this "Magic" night. It will start with mulled wine and savouries on *Club* boats in Constitution Dock, before moving to Rockerfellers at 7pm. See you there!

### September 6<sup>th</sup> is the AGM

The General Meeting will follow and will include a discussion with Trevor Faust. We will have supper after the AGM and General Meeting. Please bring a plate of food to share.

Wendy



---

## NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

of the

### *Cruising Yacht Club of Tasmania Inc.*

to be held on Tuesday 6 September 2005  
at the Regatta Pavilion, Queens Domain, Hobart at 8pm.

### Agenda

1. Opening / call for apologies
2. Minutes from the AGM held on 7 September 2004, published in the Albatross Volume 30 No. 9, October 2004 and ratified at the General Meeting on 5 October 2004.
3. Cruising Plaques.
4. Presentation of the Flag Officers' Reports.
5. Election of office bearers for 2005-2006.
6. Election of Honorary Auditor.
7. Close.

<i>Club Calendar</i>	
August - Tuesday 2 <sup>nd</sup> - Saturday 6 <sup>th</sup> - Sunday 7 <sup>th</sup> - Sunday 28 <sup>th</sup> September - Tuesday 6 <sup>th</sup>	General Meeting Anniversary Dinner BBQ at Pear Tree Day sail to Snug Beach Annual General Meeting, General Meeting

**CYCT Library****Recent Additions**

August 2005

**BOOKS - donated by Hans v. Tuil**

## Bluewater Australians

by Peter Fry - 1987

The Australian experience in ocean sailing, based largely on the ABC Radio Series *Blue Water* broadcast in 1986. Particularly tells of early circumnavigation of the world by Australian yachtsmen and women.

## Practical Sailing

by Wendy Fitzpatrick - 1979

Tells a lot of *what*, *why* and *how* of sailing. Types of boats (including 'dinghies with lids'), weather, rules of the road, racing details and stories.

## There was a Ship

by Patsy Adam-Smith - 1967

The first woman to be granted signed articles in Australian waters. As Radio Officer she shared the hard life of a small ship's crew, particularly around Tasmania in some of the most hazardous waters in the world. *Shearwater* and *Naracoopa* were the two particular small ships she sailed in.

## The Yachtsman's Navigation Manual

by Jeff TOghill - 1975

Everything from Dead Reckoning to Celestial Navigation. Coastal and ocean navigation. Simple and sophisticated equipment. Safety, distress and emergency. All get covered.

## The World of Yachting 1978-80

*Editions de Messine*, Paris

Photos and stories of major events and races throughout the year around the world.

**BOOKS - Donated by Ken Newham, who is moving to Smithton in a few months' time.**

## American Practical Navigator

by Bowditch - 1962

## Primer of Navigation

by George W. Mixer

## Ocean Yacht Navigator

by Kenneth Wilkes.

## Exercises for the Ocean Yacht Navigator



- by Kenneth Wilkes  
Astro-Navigation by Calculator  
by Henry Levison  
Norie's Nautical Tables with explanations of their use  
Edited by Captain F.N. Hopkins.  
The Mariner's Handbook  
Royal Navy - 1973  
Tables of Computed Altitude and Azimuth vol. II  
for Latitudes 15° - 29° North and South.  
Stars of the Southern Hemisphere  
a Rigby Book  
Circumnavigating Australia's Coastline  
by Jeff Toghil  
Sailing Directions – Victoria including Bass Strait  
1970  
New Zealand Pilot  
1971  
Australia Pilot Vol. II  
1969  
Australia Pilot Vol. III  
1973  
The Port of Hobart – Maritime Australia  
by David Hammond  
A pictorial insight into Hobart's waterfront history.
- CD's
- Tasmanian Boating Weather (2 copies)  
by Aust. Govt. Bureau of Meteorology - Nov 2004  
(Needs a 'PowerPoint' reader)<sup>1</sup>  
American Practical Navigator (2 copies)  
by Bowditch - 1995  
38 Chapters scanned to disc. (needs Acrobat Reader)  
an Epitome of Navigation.

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1. Microsoft PowerPoint is a part of MS Office, which is a moderately expensive product. OpenOffice is an open source project which provides a word processor (that can read/write MS Word files), spreadsheet program (that can read/write MS Excel files), a drawing program, a database program, and a presentation program that can read/write PowerPoint files. OpenOffice can be downloaded from [www.openoffice.org](http://www.openoffice.org) for a variety of operating systems including Windows, Linux and Macintosh. The editor can provide OpenOffice for Windows or Linux on CD if you wish to avoid the 80+ MByte download.



Tasmania

9 June 2005

Ms Helen Stewart  
Commodore  
Cruising Yacht Club of Tasmania  
PO Box 605  
SANDY BAY TAS 7006

Dear Helen,

**RE: KETTERING PUBLIC JETTY**

Thank you for your letter of 7 June 2005 regarding the public jetty at Kettering.

Public jetties have been traditionally provided by the Government for commercial vessels, initially as part of the transport infrastructure for river trading vessels and also for commercial fishing vessels.

As times have changed and river vessels are not a viable transport mode, the use of public jetties has also altered. The original jetties for commercial trading vessels (eg: Opossum Bay) are reaching the end of their service life and new structures will be built that better service the current users.

Little Oyster Cove is a case in point where usage patterns have changed. Commercial fishing vessels have operated from the Kettering public jetty since its inception, however the port now also supports a large number of permanent and visiting pleasure craft.

MAST has recognised the use of the public jetty at Kettering by recreational craft and has made it a multi-use facility. To this end, MAST has:

- a. Provided a dinghy landing stage on the inside of the jetty.
- b. Made the front face of the jetty for loading and unloading purposes only.
- c. Has recently improved the fendering on the front face of the jetty so it is better for recreational vessels. I understand that this was initiated by your club through the recreational boating fund. This improved fendering allows vessels to use mooring lines to spring on / off the jetty which is more convenient with overhanging fishing vessels than it was previously.

MAST would look at developing a larger facility at Kettering to cater for the demand however as you would be aware, there is simply no room for expansion.

MAST recognises that the current arrangements do not entirely satisfy commercial fishing vessel owners or recreational vessel owners, however it is a reasonable compromise.

Therefore, whilst MAST recognises your concerns about overhanging berthed vessels impacting on the front face of the jetty, we also recognise that the jetty has always provided berthing for commercial fishing vessels.

On this basis, MAST will retain the current operating arrangements for the jetty.

Yours sincerely

Trevor Faust  
**MANAGER - MARINE ASSETS**

MARINE and SAFETY  
TASMANIA

Enquiries : Trevor Faust  
Phone: (03) 6233 5659/4019  
Email: [trevor.faust@mast.tas.gov.au](mailto:trevor.faust@mast.tas.gov.au)

## New member details . . .

### **Roger & Anne Nichols**

### ***Caliban***

It started at the end of last summer when we were invited on a friends new 52' cruising yacht for a late afternoon sail from Kettering to Bruny Island. I never realised how relaxing and peaceful it could possibly be. Roger on the other hand had wanted a boat for many years but until that moment in time I had chosen selective deafness regarding anything that floated unless it was a rubber ducky in my bath.

Roger in his distant past was in the Royal Navy, and although air crew, still had to become proficient in handling various size craft, and later in Perth used to enjoy himself on a Farr 40, whereas I myself have kept a respectful distance from anything to do with boats.

So began the search - information gathering, internet browsing and the visits to the mainland to look at prospective yachts and to see exactly what they were like in the flesh and what our needs and wants were.

Amazingly the 3<sup>rd</sup> yacht we saw we fell in love with but as we were told it could take up to 2 years to purchase we thought this was probably a bit long. So we looked further afield, but it only confirmed that we were well and truly hooked on our first choice, so in went the offer which finally was accepted by a reluctant seller who loved his yacht nearly above all else.

Last Monday *Caliban* a Beneteau First 375 was surveyed and came up trumps, which was the first hurdle passed in the process of owning a yacht, or so we believe. So once all the required documents, insurance etc. are completed, the next is getting *Caliban* delivered from Sydney to Cygnet, and then the challenge of a new life at sea but hopefully not "all at sea". I think "sea change" is really relevant here.

We were given the *Albatross* from a friendly yachting couple berthed in Hobart for the weekend and over a cup of tea and conversation made contact with the *Cruising Yacht Club* via Helen and made extremely welcome. Although to date we have only been able to make one visit, we felt welcome and look forward to a long and exciting involvement,

I know that Roger and I have a lot to learn but life is a challenge and we both embrace it with all that we have. Who knows by the time we retire, and hopefully by then much more experienced, we may do as others are want to do. Seven years, seven oceans. The world is our oyster.

### **Gerry & Tineke Scott**

### ***Osprey***

Only sailed in other people's boats on various occasions. Not "experienced". However willing to learn and enjoy. Aim is to use boat as frequently as possible sailing/motoring.

*Osprey* was built in 1976 on the Tamar by a recognised boat-builder whose name escapes me.



### Book Reviews by Barry Hine

Some years ago Erica Johnson exhorted us to read a book by Marsden Horden called *Mariners Are Warned*. Being an avid reader of anything nautical I did so. I got it out of the Hobart Lending library several times and eventually bought my own copy as I read it at least once a year.

Horden is a great writer. I can't think of any author who is more meticulous and energetic in searching out all the relative information. An example of this is his request to Alistons, the owners of Three Hummock Island (on which Erica and Alan are currently managing the resort), to sound the water between Mermaid Rock and the island to verify that the Mermaid could have actually passed through the gap and how much water the ship would have had under its keel. That was when he was writing his other great book on coastal survey *King of the Australian Coast*, another great read.

He makes the characters so real that you feel that you know them. There is a bloke called Helpman in John Lort Stokes crew that is a perfect twit, whose carelessness and self interest causes them all sorts of trouble, even to the extent of accidentally shooting one of the crew. I got to totally dislike the silly bugger and was constantly worried as to what he would do next.

Horden's experience in navigation makes real the dangers and excitement of surveying our coastline by what we would regard as boys in their early twenties that Lord Beaufort sent out to map the unknown world.

If you want a really good read and at the same time soak up a bit of our history I can recommend these two books. *Mariners are Warned* is in the lending library but for some obscure reason *King of the Australian Coast* is in the reference library. Anyhow both are published by Melbourne University Press and are available in paperback.

A book which I also recommend is titled *The French Reconnaissance: Baudin in Australia 1801-1803*, edited by F.B. Horner (Melbourne University Press, 1987). It gives the best description of the French in the exploration of the Tasmanian coast. The fuss about the logging of the area around Recherche Bay is really brought into focus reading this book. As opposed to the Brits (who sent out boys with the lofty ranks of lieutenant) the French sent out the cream of their intellectual and social society of whom only one leader returned to France alive. The book is available at the Hobart Lending Library.

You can guess where most of the questions for the navigation cruise came from.

## New Zealand and north

Beth & Kevin Hansen

*Red*

Here I sit on a grey day at anchor in Vava'u, Tonga. It's been beautiful for the most part, so I'm not complaining, but thought it would be a good time to send some news to our friends in the wintry south.

*Red* spent the last year and a half in New Zealand. Kevin and I were back in the States from February 2004 to late June 2004 caring for my dying dad and then helping my mom try to adjust to the loss and new circumstances.

The end of June felt a little late to us to try to head to the tropics, so we spent our time exploring Marlborough Sounds and Nelson Bay. Winter is a marvelous time to cruise here for solitary types like us. We had most anchorages to ourselves, enjoying very mild winter weather.

We started out with a blissful month in Greville Harbour on the west side of d'Urville Island. The fishing was great and one of the anchorages, Mill Bay, was often like a millpond! After this pleasant period of decompression, we went through French Pass to Marlborough Sounds.



French Pass has quite a reputation due to the heavy currents that rip through this VERY narrow pass. However, like any other navigational "challenge" if you go through on slack water, there is no danger (even though there are still interesting little tide rips, swirls and standing waves).

There are so many nice spots in Marlborough Sounds, but quite a few are open to weather from one direction or another. As you know, in the winter the wind shifts with weather systems on a regular basis. We looked for the most protected place to

relax in and found it! Ngawhakawhiti (pronounced nah-fahka-feetee) Bay in aptly-named Worlds End is just that kind of place. It has it all! Protection, dense native bush, tracks for exploring and most importantly, wonderful, delicious, sweet Pacific oysters by the bucketful! From here we would venture to the various parts of the sounds in settled weather.

Initially we thought that we would run back to Nelson when provisions ran low, but then we discovered Havelock. This small town in the SW corner of the sounds has nearly everything that we needed, plus nice people who gave us a lift to Blenheim (a larger city 30 minutes away) to do a cheaper major stock-up on groceries. Havelock is one of those places that on the chart looks impossible for keel boats, but due to good navigational marks, dredging and high tide, it is not a problem.

While here, we had a significant reminder that we were in the Roaring Forties; luckily while tucked into a marina. The wind blew steadily at 30 knots for a couple of days and then one night it started gusting over 40, peaking at 65 for an hour or so. The noise, even on our well-insulated steel boat was incredible and the spray was ripped off the top of the water in solid sheets of white.

As spring came on, we headed to the west side of Nelson Bay and spent a couple of weeks in Torrent Bay - part of Abel Tasman Park. What a spot! Good anchorage, golden sand beach, and a park full of good hiking tracks! There were only a couple other boats there. What a shock when we returned in the first week in January to find "our" spot chockers with boats! Too bad everyone takes their holidays at the same time!

We moved to North Island in early February. We had an easy motorsail up the west coast and over the top to Whangaroa. Most of the international cruisers, and even Kiwis, spend their time further south around Whangarei and Bay of Islands. So, again, we had this place mostly to ourselves.

Whangaroa is about 5 miles long with about 5 major arms each full of little bays and coves, spectacular volcanic formations, and scenery reminiscent of tropical high islands. Exploring here was fun!





We made a brief stop in the Bay of Islands and then headed down to the Mahurangi River (about 60 miles north of Auckland). We were "invited" to come here by some nice Kiwis we met in Whangaroa. This was another highlight location. Anchored just up the river – was very protected. There was a beach nearby, a little island to explore, and really good fishing! Our friends toured us around the area and took us further north to the Kauri forest. Now those are some BIG trees (17 meter circumference)! Though we really enjoyed our time in NZ, we were REALLY ready for the tropics. We spent several weeks in the Opuia area and then departed for Tonga in late April.



Our passage to Tonga, after a day or two of bumpy road, was mostly pleasant. We made landfall in Nuku'alofa on the Island of Tongatapu. This place generally gets bad reviews in cruising guides, and maybe it is a little short on protected anchorages, but it was fun to see Tongan city life. We found the people very friendly.



After a week, we moved north to the Ha'apai Group. Many yachties give the Ha'apai a miss because the navigation is a little challenging, but we found it most worthwhile. We split our time between uninhabited islands and a remote island (Oua) with a village. The former for the fishing, beach combing and snorkeling, and the latter to experience rural Tongan village life.



Spending time with the islanders certainly improved our Tongan language skills (though we are hardly fluent!), and showed us how challenging life on a remote island would be without electricity, running water, flush toilets, refrigeration and trustworthy supply ships. Though the islanders were initially shy, after a few days here we discovered that quite a few had fair English skills and were most friendly.

We are now in the Vava'u Group and are sharing an anchorage with *Pendulum* (CYCT) Pat Price and Penny Lade. Small world, or what?!



## New Members

Welcome to:

Drew & June Burgess

*Junie Too*





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## ***Adagio's 2004 Cruise down the Inside Passage of Alaska and British Columbia***

**Dorothy and Steve Darden**

***Adagio***

**Sitka to Petersburg to Wrangell**

On September 5 we departed New Thomsen Marina, Sitka, Alaska. Our first destination was to be Tracy Arm to see the Sawyer Glacier. The weather was clearing, and we could see the mountain peaks in their snowy splendour.



We were East of Scraggy Island at 2:30pm, and slowed our speed to arrive at Sergius Narrows 30 minutes before slack tide. Our cruising guide says, "At ebb tide Sergius Narrows is dangerous, with tide rips and turbulence." A few showers filled the skies. At 3pm we passed through Kakul Narrows with a favourable current of 1-1/2 knots. Ahead it looked like more rain showers. We were looking for whales. We entered Sergius Narrows at 3:45pm, in light rain, at slack high tide. No current was visible at the base of the navigation marks. Several small sport fishing boats passed through going both directions. Our passage through was a piece of cake!

We followed the channel called Peril Strait, formed by an ancient fault, which passes between Chichagof and Baranof Islands. The name comes from an incident in 1799 when a party of 100 Aleut Indian hunters died of paralytic shellfish poisoning after eating quantities of mussels.

Passing Nisemi Cove, we headed for an overnight anchorage at Appleton Cove in the east arm of Peril Strait. Light rain and some fog was all around, but we still had good visibility. We rounded the Duffield Peninsula at the north end of Baranof

Island, seeing the shoreline of Chichagof Island across the strait to port. This land is forest-covered mountains of spruce and hemlock, separated by glacier-carved fjords. We were cruising among the "ABC Islands" (Admiralty, Baranof and Chichagof) that constitute the northwest quarter of the beautiful Tongass National Forest.

At 7pm we set our anchor in 6 fathoms in the west end of Appleton Cove. In the soft bottom, our anchor dragged very slowly while setting at 1000 rpm. We avoided crossing a line of four round floats strung out from shore, across the head of the bay. They might be attached to a fish net. We did not want to find out the hard way. The rain was easing, allowing brief glimpses of some blue sky. When the sun set at 7pm there was still lots of light in the sky.

On September 6, on a beautiful, quiet morning, totally overcast with low clouds, we raised anchor and entered the east arm of Peril Strait, passing a fishing boat which was pulling in salmon on what looked like a longline.

The wind had already turned to the northeast as we passed between Pt. Craven on Chichagof Island to the north and Fairway Island near Baranof Island to the south, and entered Chatham Strait. Turning south just east of Midway Reef, Chatham Strait was a little bumpy coming out of Peril Strait, but became smoother with seas astern.

After lunch, the seas were calmer, waterfalls lay to starboard, and a clearing sky lay ahead, revealing the white mountain peaks and hanging glaciers on Baranof Island.

Just south of Point Gardner we spotted two Humpback whales, spouting and sound-ing, feeding around the kelp. Several more humpbacks were feeding across the chan-nel to the southeast, their white, steamy spouts contrasting sharply against the dark hills behind.

At 4pm we anchored in Chapin Bay on the SE corner of Admiralty Island, in 6 fath-oms, over sand. It was a very pretty, quiet, still bay. The shores were thickly forested from the waters edge to the mountain peaks. Wispy white cloud fragments inter-wove their strands between the silhouettes of the dark green trees. Large white moon jellies pulsed their way through the water and were joined by large orange jel-lies with round star-shaped spherical heads with dangling tentacles. A kingfisher chattered in the trees and flew quickly to and from various perches in the shoreline trees. A small sailboat was anchored close to shore.

On the morning of September 7 we raised our anchor on a beautiful day, and changed our destination to Petersburg, the Norwegian fishing town. We had heard from several cruisers that Tracy Arm was full of house-sized icebergs, and we needed to get some better information about the situation. Also the barometer was falling, so we needed some up-to-date weather information. After all, we had to get south before the rain (and snow?) was so heavy we couldn't see our way. There was still so much we did not understand about this area, even after reading books, guides and talking to locals. We will know more soon. We have seen humpback whales every

day, and today sailed close to several pods who were heavily feeding. Mountain clouds were clearing and we could see the soaring peaks.

Our route through Frederick Sound took us between Turnabout island and Pinta Rocks, north of Kupreanof Island. We watched whales just northwest of Pinta Point. More whales ahead. The barometer continued to fall and the wind was increasing slowly. We passed a tug pulling a barge full of shipping containers and an Alaskan state ferry, both heading west as we headed east.

The small town of Petersburg was settled by Norwegians in 1900 when they established salmon canneries, and later canneries for herring, halibut and frozen shrimp. Decorated with paintings of traditional Norwegian floral designs called rosemaling, the historic buildings, sport tidy gardens as they line the orderly streets. All of this with expansive views of mainland glaciers in the Stikine-Le Conte Wilderness.

We spent one night in the town of Petersburg. Steve downloaded from the internet the latest weather forecasts, and we saw that a deepening low would be approaching our area over the next three days. We decided to continue south to the town of Wrangell, which has more facilities than Petersburg. To get there we had to make our way through the notorious Wrangell Narrows, 21 miles long, between Kupreanof and Mitkof Islands. To quote from the Coast Pilot, "The channel is narrow and intricate in places, between dangerous ledges and flats, and the tidal currents are strong."

Our passage through the Wrangell Narrows was as good as it gets. Under a sunny sky, with the glacier-covered mountains sparkling astern, the currents in the narrows never exceeded two knots, because of the neap tides of the quarter moon. Following the instructions in the Pilot, late on the flood tide, we left the dock in Petersburg. We made the passage in two hours 15 minutes. At one point, about half way through the narrows, the boat was being swung slightly back and forth, back and forth, oscillating in the current. The navigation aids are numerous and well-placed, and the shoreline dotted with the occasional tiny peak-roofed cabin, each with a tiny boat launch ramp or small dock.

By noon, the northwest wind was up to 20 knots as forecast. The ride was a little bumpy. Our course took us through the channel between Sokolof and Vank Islands. Seas were on the beam until we were in the lee of Sokolof. On the other side of the islands was Zimovia Strait, and more wind waves on the beam. As we approached the mainland, the water turned from a sparkling clarity to a milky appearance, due to snow-melt and tiny rock particles from the glaciers.

The Wrangell harbourmaster is named Ladonna. We tied up to the Reliance Harbor transient dock, next to the historic Shakes Island. This small island in the middle of the small-boat harbour is the site of a Tlingit Indian clan house and collection of totem poles constructed by Native workers, using traditional tools, in the Civilian Conservation Corps during the 1930's. Berthing *Adagio* within a stone's throw of this

historic site gave me goose-bumps, as I could imagine the lifestyle of the First Nations peoples two hundred years ago, before the arrival of Europeans.

Small fishing boats tied to the float ahead of us and astern were rafted together two and three abreast. *Adagio* was as wide as the two boats ahead of us, *Salty* and *Memories*, so we hoped no other boat would raft alongside *Adagio* and her fragile hulls. Almost all of the other boats in this harbour are small commercial fishing boats, smaller and quieter than the large fishing boats at Sitka.

Locals looked at me with longing when I said that a storm was coming bringing rain. Wrangell was suffering from a long drought and was almost out of water. Water had been turned off at the marina.

I had been looking forward to visiting the Wrangell museum which displays an excellent collection of Native artifacts, including a Tlingit spruce wood canoe, thought to be the only one left in existence. One afternoon I walked to the Wrangell Petroglyph Beach State Historical Park where petroglyphs had been chipped into rocks above high tide. They are thought to be very old, pre-dating the Tlingit peoples. Finding each carving in the stone took some careful observation, and getting the angle of the light just right. As I walked among the rocks, suddenly a face would appear, carved into the rock, or a spiral or other shape would reveal itself.

The children of Wrangell sell to the tourists beautiful semi-precious garnet stones. The garnet ledge on the Stikine River was deeded in 1962 to Wrangell's children who are the only ones allowed to sledgehammer and chisel off garnet-studded rocks from the site. Each garnet is about the size of a large marble, dark translucent red in colour and multifaceted.

One morning the local radio announcer said, "Nobody out there is upset because it is raining".

### **Wrangell to Ketchikan**

On September 14, the barometer was steady at 1008, the sky was clear to the east and cloudy to the south. It began to rain as we departed Wrangell for Ketchikan. In Zimovia Strait the fishing boat ahead named *Sea Fire* hailed us on the VHF marine radio to say that he was towing a gill net. We altered course to port to give him a wide berth.

Two bald eagles were sitting in the rain on top of green navigation mark "15" at the beginning of the narrows. Soon into the narrows we watched a bald eagle fly down to the water and catch a fish in its talons, white tail flared like a fan.

We entered Ernest Sound in scattered rain and a light wind on our port quarter. It was slack tide. The sun peeked out rarely, but we had good visibility to almost 5 miles. The channel is very deep, and deeper ahead, up to 1488 feet deep. We passed several "snags", submerged trees with branches and leaves above the water's

surface.

We entered Clarence Strait at 2pm into an ENE wind as forecast, but the seas were lower than expected. In the rain we dodged logs and numerous pairs of floats marking crab pots 1/4 mile apart just 1/3 nautical mile off shore. During the afternoon we were passed by the sport fishing boat *Alaskan Story*, also by a tug towing a barge heavily laden with crates and containers, and finally by two huge cruise ships which were approaching Ketchikan.

As we were entering Tongass Narrows, a procession of three cruise ships were departing. The third one was so enormous and was moving so very slowly that we thought it was anchored. It was not until with the binoculars we could see a tiny bow wave that we realized that it was actually on a collision course with us. We easily altered course to starboard and passed the cruise ship port side to port side.

We berthed *Adagio* on the outside of the floating wharf at the City Floats, in Ketchikan and the next morning took *Adagio* to a better spot inside the float. By the end of the day, all spaces were taken in the marina, with fishing boats rafted up to each other. Our luck was holding.

The next morning the circus began. At 5am, we were awakened by an alarmingly loud machinery noise. I quickly looked out to see if one of the large steel commercial fishing boats might be maneuvering very close to us on his way out of the harbour. The fishing boats were still rafted up on the adjacent wharf, but beyond them I was appalled to see an enormous wall of lights, slowly moving past the marina, only a few hundred feet away. The ugly machinery noise continued until the cruise ship had passed and was berthed at the cruise ship dock just next to the marina. By noon, there were two cruise ships berthed, and two anchored out in the channel. Each ship carried thousands of passengers. The busses lined up in the street to load long queues of tourists.

The float planes buzzed around the harbour like flies. We had not noticed the sea plane floats near our berth when we had arrived. The pilots lined up the little single engine planes in a row on the floats and had their propellers spinning invitingly, as the tourists streamed past. At the end of the day, it was fun to watch the little planes ooch themselves back up onto the floats, where they stayed perched out of the water overnight.

Every year hundreds of large king salmon swim between the boats berthed in Thomas Basin marina, past the shops and artists on Creek Street (the old red-light district), up Ketchikan Creek and through a large pipe into the ponds of The Deer Mountain Tribal Hatchery in Ketchikan. The eggs and sperm are taken from the fish and held in trays underwater until hatched. The fingerlings are fed many times a day, and grow quickly. In the spring over 300,000 young king salmon are released back into the creek. Some will have been marked by clipping off the tip of the

adipose fin, so they can be identified as hatchery fish which are still considered to be wild fish when caught. The hatchery is not a large operation, considering how many fish they 'produce', with fewer than a dozen large tanks and many aeration pumps.

Next door to the hatchery is the Totem Heritage Center. In this small museum have been preserved in glass cases many original, unrestored totem poles from Tlingit and Haida villages in the area. The 1800's is considered to have been the "golden age" of totem pole carving. By native tradition, these 80 to 160 year old totems were left to fall and return to the soil. But so many of the natives died from diseases brought by Europeans, that the villages were long ago deserted. The most famous totem poles have been duplicated by contemporary native carvers, and stand in various parks. We were able to watch Tlingit artist Israel Shotridge carving a totem pole in a shed behind the Totem Heritage Center. The Saxman Village totem pole park north of Ketchikan displays about a dozen old and new totem poles. "Living cultural treasure", Nathan Jackson, was carving a totem pole in the park's Carver's Shed. Using hand-made carving tools, these contemporary Michaelangelos create complex three-dimensional figures by eye and simple measuring tools.



### **Ketchikan to Prince Rupert**

On September 17 a good weather window opened up and we departed Ketchikan for Prince Rupert, British Columbia, Canada, with a favourable current, light winds, steady barometer and rain ahead.

Soon we were once again exposed to the North Pacific Ocean as we crossed the eastern side of Dixon Entrance and ducked into Brundige Inlet on Dundas Island for the night. This anchorage was very beautiful, completely surrounded by evergreen forest growing down to the rocky shore. An osprey flew over soon after we had anchored, and was calling to another osprey in the forest. Winds in the 20's out of the north-east boosted our southerly progress the next morning, but died just as I was unfurling the jib.

Arriving September 18 at the Prince Rupert Rowing and Yacht Club at 4pm, we tied up to the outside of the floating dock. Two different cruising couples in boats nearby were generous with their tips on anchorages along our route to the south. We had entered Canadian waters.

#### **Prince Rupert to Port McNeill**

Saturday morning, September 25, *Adagio* was tied up to the Prince Rupert fuel dock when it opened at 7am. After taking on 543 litres of diesel fuel we were ready to depart Prince Rupert, but Steve discovered that he had left his wallet at Breakers Pub. The wallet could not be found so we phoned and cancelled our 3 Visa credit cards from the pay phone at the fuel dock and untied our dock lines.

Narrow Grenville Channel was thick with fog and logs. Our radar picked up several targets, mostly fishing boats, staying to the right side of the channel, as were we. At about 11:30am a target appeared on the radar, heading rapidly towards us from our starboard side, and slightly behind us. I tried altering course, but still could not determine our situation. I put the engines into full reverse and a large sport fishing boat steamed across our bows, no radar, no lookout. Whew. I am sure he never saw us. Shaken but not damaged, I was happy to hand the watch over to Steve. In this crossing situation, the other boat had the right of way, as both boats were under power, and the other boat was on our starboard side. On the other hand the other boat was overtaking *Adagio*, so *Adagio* had the right of way. It was complicated. It just reinforces the fact that incidents like this can develop quite rapidly in fog. Our Canadian/New Zealand friends later commented that they were glad *Adagio* had not been "pranged", Canada-speak for a beam-on collision.

The fog came and went, revealing waterfalls coming out of the numerous creeks after winding their way down the cliffs and through the forest. When the channel narrowed, we passed through weak whirlpools where logs and rafts of large kelp fronds tended to accumulate close to shore, so we maintained a mid-channel course. Less than two nautical miles from our destination we had a 2.3 knot favourable current. There were about a dozen large logs in the location marked on the chart as having whirlpools, south of James Point, at the entrance to Lowe Inlet. We entered from the south and missed them all. The entrance is straight forward at low tide, with all hazards visible. Seals like silver bullets lolled on the rocks to port. We motored over to have a look at Verney Falls. Pretty, low falls with lots of water, as it comes out of the forest, with deep water right up to a 1 fathom ledge. Boats frequently anchor at the foot of the falls. We would not. A river otter was playing in the foam at the base of the falls.

At anchor a few hundred meters from Verney Falls, we watched a flock of black turnstones busily turning over stones on the beach, and a female merganser swimming near the rocks on shore, putting her head under water every few seconds. Her head was a much brighter red colour than shown in the field guide to birds. A flock of tiny



shore birds spun through the air from time to time, landing and taking off from the small beach.

In the morning, a line of logs and kelp fronds blocked our way as they had collected in a tide line across Grenville Channel just south of the entrance to Lowe Inlet at Hepburn Point. We headed for the narrowest area of the debris, and put the engines in neutral as we passed through. Motoring through the fog, we announced a "Securité" every 10 minutes on VHF radio channel 16 giving our course, and practiced tracking the fishing boats on our radar. The fog lifted as we exited Grenville Channel and entered Wright Sound, and into the bumpy seas whipped up by the wind whistling out of Douglas Channel to port. The seas calmed as we entered McKay Reach which took us into narrow Princess Royal Channel.

This reach was relatively free of logs, although we occasionally passed a large one, and only a few boats. Sunshine through dappled clouds lighted the bare, glacially scoured grey rock mountains and cascading waterfalls. We were astonished to see that the tops of some of the mountains had been clear-felled by the logging companies. We timed our passage through Heikish Narrows for a three knot favourable current. The whirlpools were small but moved *Adagio* around a bit. No dramas, under blue skies and clear water. This area is the location of the first fish farms that we had seen.

On September 26 we were greeted by a strong fragrance of cedar trees, as we entered the channel into Bottleneck Inlet and approached our anchorage. At dusk, a full moon rose at the head of the bay, sending a long reflection across the water to *Adagio*. A beautiful sunset peeked through the narrow entrance to the inlet and created a mirror image on the still water. Wisps of fog leaked through the narrow entrance into the anchorage after dark and wove their tendrils in and out of the tops of the trees.

We made an early start Monday morning for the region of Bella Bella where we hoped to find a berth at the new docks at Shearwater Marine. Conditions were good for crossing the exposed waters of Millbank Sound, except for the fog and light rain. We arrived at Shearwater at about 3pm on September 27 and tied up to a floating wharf, where two men clad in camouflage clothing took our lines. We asked them which was their boat, and they pointed to the one ahead of us named *Pacific Grizzly*. We asked them what kind of fish they were catching, and they answered, "Bears." They said that the government keeps track of the bear population on the islands, and that they had been hired to cull the old and weak black bears to keep the population healthy. They said that they had several black bears in the freezer of their large boat. When I inquired of the waiter in the restaurant about hiking trails, I asked if there were bears on the island. He answered that there were black bears, and wolves. The wolves stay well fed on the local deer population. We splurged and spent some of our limited funds on halibut and salmon burgers and large salads at the restaurant.

Tuesday, September 28 we made an early departure and entered Lama Passage where we found weak whirlpools which swung the bow of the boat from port to starboard, then back to port then to starboard, as we passed from one whirlpool to another. Heavily forested hills and islands were on all sides, dotted with a bald eagle or two. We entered Fisher Channel in full sunshine, and following seas and breeze. Time for sunglasses. Cruising does not get any better than this. In the wider Fitz Hugh Sound, ocean swells came through the passes between the islands to the west.

One to two meter swells came in from Queen Charlotte Sound as we entered Smith Sound. Groups of murrets and murrelets surrounded us as we approached the entrance to Millbrook Cove. A seal watched us as we anchored. Steve's log entry at 3:30pm was, "Anchor down in Millbrook Cove BOTTOM VERY SOFT, HOLDING VERY POOR. Put anchor in 1.5 fathoms with 40M of chain. Still drag slowly both engines at idle, with chain stretched at 166M off rocks and pilings and 140M off rocks to starboard beam." We had raised the anchor which was covered with fine silt and eel grass strands, then re-set it and let out even more chain and rode.

We rose early Wednesday morning, intending to round Cape Caution before the forecast gale force northerly winds and two to three meter seas came up. Well, at low tide at dawn, *Adagio* was hard aground, in the center of the eel grass bed, our anchor chain payed out ahead of us over the silty bottom. We weren't going anywhere early that morning. While we waited, I heard a loon calling, and then saw it swimming past. We calculated that the tide at 10am would most likely be high enough for us to be afloat, and we could back off, dragging our anchor through the soft silt into the deeper part of the bay. It worked! And we departed Millbrook Cove at 10am. The diagram of the anchorage in the cruising guide shows one fathom of depth near the pilings near the shore at zero tide. It actually dries at 3 ft above zero tide.

It was good fun ocean walloping again as we enjoyed the northerly 25 knot winds and two to three meter seas from Queen Charlotte sound and into Queen Charlotte Strait. By noon on September 29 we had rounded Cape Caution, accompanied by dolphins, and flew past Pine Island. From time to time in our voyaging we have motor-sailed, and often we have surfed *Adagio* while sailing, but this day we engaged in "motor-surfing". In Gordon Channel, with Dorothy at the helm, the engines moving us along at 8 knots, the waves would lift us and hurry us along at 12 knots, then 13 knots, and occasionally at 14 knots of boat speed. Who needs sails in these conditions? Can you imagine taking YOUR home out for a little surfing?

Passing Port Hardy we were joined by several dozen Dalls porpoises who stayed with us for about an hour, frolicking, tail slapping, surfing on our bow waves and leaping for joy. These small porpoises exhale and inhale so quickly when they surface for air that we hear a "zip" sound.

We arrived at Port McNeill on September 29, at a little past 6pm. We decided it

would be safer to anchor out for the night and hope for calm winds in the morning. We set our anchor down at the west end of bay near 2.4 meter sounding, on a 50 meter rode. On our first attempt, we found a huge kelp bed northwest of the marina, and the anchor would not hold. On our second try we trapped a piece of log in the anchor bight. Our anchor finally held, as the full moon was rising. The strong northwesterlies were expected to continue the following day.

On the beautiful, calm morning of September 30, at anchor with full moon ahead, clearly displaying all of its mare and funny faces, the sunrise performed astern. We motored over to the Port McNeill marina and found many empty berths. We tied up inside finger F, across from the space on finger E which is reserved for the school bus boat. Dorothy went to the harbour master's office near the ferry wharf, where there were notes posted saying that she was at the town office. A phone call found her there. We explained our lack of funds and that we expected to receive replacement credit cards in a few days time to pay our marina fees, and were dumbfounded when Hilje the dock-master pulled \$500 cash out of her pocket and handed it to Steve. It took a while to receive our new credit cards, but meanwhile we would not starve.

Port McNeill is the next to the last town on the north end of the road up the east coast of Vancouver Island. Cruisers of these waters consider the waters north of Cape Caution to be the real Canadian and Alaskan "wilderness". South of Cape Caution, boats travel in channels that are protected from the ocean by 250 mile long Vancouver Island. The difference was immediately evident. For example, people go to the trouble to paint their wooden buildings down here. In Ketchikan, Prince Rupert, Wrangell and Sitka, the rain and snow peels paint so quickly that some buildings stand bare and "rustic", or with peeling paint that no one has bothered to repair. Port McNeill does not have that "Wild West" appearance that we had grown to expect in each village that we have visited. Even the dogs are smaller and have fewer wolf genes.

I took the ferry to Alert Bay on Cormorant Island, and visited the U'mista Cultural Center, the tallest totem pole in the world and the burial grounds where many totem poles have been erected. It was a beautiful sunny day. The history of the First Nations' struggles with the Canadian government over the custom of potlatches was very well explained. Displayed at the center are a large number of 100 year old wooden masks which had been confiscated by the government in the 1930's, and returned to the people fairly recently.

The following day found me on the ferry to Malcolm Island to visit the town of Sointula. When I asked a man in the cafe about taking the walking trail up to Big Lake, he said that the trail goes through the forest, and that I should not go alone because there is a black bear on the island. He said that the bear had come into his yard and destroyed his plum tree. Instead I walked half way to the whale rubbing bay west of Bere Pt, hitched a ride the other half way and all the way back. Orcas come to this

bay to rub their bodies on the round pebbles and to breed. We saw no orcas, but collected two of the round stones, one black with white flecks and one white with black flecks.

Thick fog had moved in from the west and surrounded the marina, cooling off what had been a warm, sunny day. After a few hours, the fog disappeared as quickly as it had come. Over the next few days, a series of frontal systems threatened to bring gale to storm force southeasterlies and rain.

#### **Port McNeill to Vancouver**

After early morning wind and rain, on October 9 we departed Port McNeill, initially hand steering because autopilot was not working. By 10am the sun was peeking out, with light rain and a small contrary current. Wind chop was on the nose but not uncomfortable. Many fishing boats were travelling west during the first hour, but now all was clear as we passed Telegraph Cove. We were expecting to see orcas in this vicinity. Spectacular views of scenery were ahead, with high mountains to starboard inclining down to the southern shore of the strait. Flocks of surf scoter ducks were sitting in the water, and a "V" formation flock of geese flew overhead. There was good cellphone coverage out in Johnstone Strait.

The barometer was rising, and we put on our sunglasses. Suddenly there was a pod of orcas coming towards us, out of Blackney Passage. These were members of the resident killer whale pods which reside in British Columbia waters.

By noon we had more wind, and the seas were a bit rougher. The sunshine had gone, but the sky was clearing to the west and north. It was too rough out in Johnstone strait, and our progress was too slow to make it to Blind Channel that night, so we put in to Port Harvey, and lowered our anchor at 2 PM. We anchored in 11 meters depth, with good holding in mud. Light rain began from a heavy overcast sky. A tug towed a log boom from one side of the channel to the other as we were entering. Another log boom had been tied to the shore, and the tug was taking the second log boom to tie alongside the first. There was a small fish farm and several buildings built on floats along the shore. Several small floating wharfs were moored along the shore for the work boats.

On October 10 we departed Port Harvey in the rain, but less wind, down from 21 knots to 13 knots. We moved over to the right side (south) side of the channel where the fishing boats are travelling to see if we could decrease the contrary current. It worked. Our speed over the ground slowly increased. A mixed flock of white geese and brown geese flew together at the surface of the water.

Two Kittiwake birds flew alongside *Adagio*, fishing in the rain. They flew upwind and dropped to the water to pick up a fish. Their beautiful white fan tail and black wing tips flashed in the wind. Waterfalls graced the Vancouver Island shore.

Just before 11am we entered Race Passage, between Kelsey Bay and Hardwicke Island. By afternoon we had reached the top of Seymour Narrows. I could see ripples ahead. Whirlpools swung the boat from side to side, just to the east of the ripples drawn on the chart. Then the seas flattened and only a few more whirlpools until between Camp point and Ripple Shoal. As we passed over Ripple Rock at 4pm, a seal watched us go by, head out of the water looking like a floating coconut. The strongest turbulence was off Rock Point, Rock Bay.

Taken from University of Alberta Engineer Magazine:

"The story I want to highlight here, is the incredible story of Ripple Rock, the scene of the greatest non-nuclear explosion in the world and a project directly under the authority of Charles K Hurst.

Seymour Narrows, just north of Campbell River, on Canada's west coast, had been a navigational nightmare since ships first sailed up the BC Coast. In the late 1700's a gentleman by the name of Captain George Vancouver described it as "one of the vilest stretches of water in the world." Ripple Rock was really twin peaks of rock that jutted up from the floor of Seymour Narrows, just off Maude Island, peaking just below the water surface. The strong tidal currents, coupled with the effect of the rock peaks, were deadly. Ripple Rock claimed its first victim in 1875, when the USS Saranac, bound for Alaska, hit Seymour Narrows at low tide. By 1953 Ripple Rock had claimed 119 ships and 114 lives.

The removal of this hazard was made the responsibility of Charles Hurst.

In 1953, the National Research Council conducted a study into the feasibility of tunnelling under Seymour Narrows and up into the twin peaks of Ripple Rock. The next five years saw the completion of the largest project ever undertaken by the Department of Public Works. The entry shaft on Maude Island went down 570 feet, and at the base of that shaft, a 2,500-foot tunnel, running horizontally out and under the twin peaks, was excavated. Two 500-foot raises, running vertically, were driven up into the peaks themselves, creating what was described as "the world's biggest root canal." When the excavation was completed, there were 1,375 tons of explosive packed into the peaks.

At 9:31 on the morning of April 5, 1958, Dr. Victor Dolmage, consulting engineer for the Ministry of Public Works, set off the explosion. Pieces flew 1,000 feet into the air, 370,000 tons of rock were shattered, and 320,000 tons of water were displaced. Ripple Rock was no longer nine feet beneath the surface at low tide. The channel was now 47 feet deep at low tide over the south pinnacle, 69 feet deep over the north pinnacle."

On October 10 at 4:30pm, we berthed at K dock in Discovery Harbour Marina, and dined at the Riptide Pub. Dorothy had Canadian Thanksgiving dinner with all the trimmings.

As we waited for favourable weather to continue our travels, we visited the Campbell River Museum, bought some candied smoked salmon at Susie's Seafood, and walked the waterfront, enjoying the wood carvings and scenery.

On the morning of October 13, our granddaughter's birthday, under calm conditions, we departed Campbell River for Nanaimo. We found a 6 knot contrary current in the channel, and many whirlpools in Discovery Passage. Small groups of diving birds were diving and feeding in the whirlpools.

Beautiful views of Cortes Island and the mainland mountains to port, were followed by sights of snowy Mt. Baker to the south. We passed through the "WG" Zone, Canadian live ammunition exercise area after their activities ended.

In Nanaimo, we had *Adagio* hauled at the Nanaimo Shipyard, and were back in the water at the Cameron Island Marina on the following day.

We crossed the Strait of Georgia on October 16, and spent a week berthed at Coal Harbour Marina, enjoying the city of Vancouver.

For years I have wanted to see the beluga whales at the Vancouver Aquarium. I have a beautiful soapstone carving of a beluga, showing its lovely shape.

The weather forecast was for some sunshine, after many days of rain, and all of the animals that interested me are in outdoor displays. I followed the signs to the belugas, and there to my joy were six beautiful white giants, gliding around in a large pool, surrounded by heavy glass, allowing viewers to stand practically at the water's edge.

One large beluga stood out from the others. It was performing its own display of itself, by slowly raising itself out of the water, tail first, half of its body length, oh so gracefully, up and down and up and down, then sliding back into the water and swimming away.

At about noon, the "Beluga Show" began, and five trainers came out, each carrying a long pole with a white float on the end, and holding a whistle in his or her mouth. I had chatted with one of the trainers earlier, and he said that fifteen minutes before show-time the belugas become more and more active, and vocalize a lot, as if they are saying, "Oh boy, the show is about to begin. The trainers will be coming out soon." He also told me that the large tail-lobbing beluga is a male, and father to the two smaller, light grey coloured belugas which were born at the aquarium, one nine years ago and the other two years ago. The youngest is still nursing from his mom and from his aunt.

During the show, the belugas leaped from the water, tail-lobbed in synchrony, splashed water on the audience with their tails, and sprayed water from their mouths at children who had eagerly volunteered to be spat at by a whale. The commentator explained that the powerful spitting of water is used by the belugas to water-blast for food buried in the bottom of the ocean floor. I also learned that the pectoral flippers are small so that they do not radiate large amounts of valuable body heat into the surrounding water. The aquarium cools the salt water in the belugas' pool.

After the show I visited the baby sea otter and other animals, but came back to the belugas half an hour before the next show. The large male beluga was now swimming around in the large pool, frequently coming towards the glass barrier and lifting his head and 'shoulders' out of the water to have a look around. The beluga is the only whale that can bend its neck as an adult. This beluga spent a lot of time head and shoulders out of the water, watching the funny looking two-legged mammals eating hot dogs and sandwiches at the tables nearby, and smiling his Mona Lisa smile. From the underwater viewing window I watched the whales gliding and flowing, around and around, baby nursing, swimming on their backs with their eyes closed, glancing at their audience from time to time, their insulating blubber rippling and streaming along their bodies. They did not look neurotic or bored. "Serene" best describes their manner and behaviour.

There is so little pigment in a beluga's skin that its blood vessels are clearly visible where the skin is stretched tight over the tail flukes. The "melon" that forms the top of the head is soft and filled with oil so that it can be reshaped by the whale to focus the echolocation sounds that it sends out. One of the trainers told us that the belugas are playful, and training them requires great patience. The two year old is exhibiting the behaviour of the "terrible twos", sometimes stealing the show from the adults. Beautiful as it is, my soapstone carving cannot convey the rich personalities of these blubbery white sea creatures.

#### **Vancouver to Bainbridge Island**

After a week of enjoying Vancouver, we departed for Friday Harbor, Washington under sail on October 23. There was a fair amount of ship traffic out in the Strait of Georgia – tugs towing barges, container ships, tankers, ferries, small fishing boats, large fishing boats, some setting their nets and the occasional large log.

We would be early arriving at Active Pass, the entrance to through the Gulf Islands. The maximum current at Active pass would be at 11am, and predicted to be 4 knots at today's quarter moon. Slack tide was to be at 5:30pm.

As a ferry boat approached the entrance to Active Pass, it announced on VHF channel 16 that it was entering Active Pass and travelling southbound, and asking any other boats or ships in the channel to hail him on the radio.

At noon a ferry came out of Active Pass, and we went in. There were small whirlpools all around *Adagio*. The current was sometimes with us and sometimes against us.

At 4pm we arrived in Friday Harbor in time to check in with customs by phone from the customs dock. Then we tied to the end of G dock, which was barely long enough for *Adagio*. Several friends were waiting to entertain us in their homes and catch up on sailing stories.

On October 27 we photographed the eclipse of the moon as it rose up behind Mt. Baker. By 7:30pm the terminator had crossed the face of the moon, and it was turning a golden orange colour from the lower left to the upper right. By 8pm the stars and Milky Way were visible at the total eclipse. Then the moon became darker, oranger, then the colour of cheddar cheese. By 10pm the eclipse had ended.

We waited until the beautiful sunny day of Halloween to sail to Port Sidney on the southeast coast of Vancouver Island. When we took on fuel at Friday Harbor, the dock attendant was feeding herring to a harbour seal.

As we crossed Haro Strait, the Mountains of the Olympic Peninsula were visible to the south. There was turbulent water in Haro Strait, where the current flowed against the wind.

By 11:30 we had entered Canadian waters. The seas were flat. Sailboats were racing in light air under spinnaker outside the harbour. A pair of white swans greeted us as we entered the harbour. We could see Mt. Baker from our berth. The marina was very full, unlike the Friday Harbor Marina which had many empty slips in the visitors area. It was a good thing that we had made a reservation and that we had arrived when we did.

One morning I heard an animal gallumping on deck, but could not see anything when I looked out the windows and hatches. Soon I saw a river otter sitting on the edge of the cockpit, looking in the window. I took some photos, then he was gone.

We spent most of November visiting relatives, and on December 14 departed Port Sidney for Victoria where we had *Adagio* hauled at the dry dock of the Point Hope Shipyard for some repairs to one of her engines. The Wharf Street Marina where *Adagio* was berthed is centrally located, within full view of the Parliament building and colourful waterfront, and easy walking access to town.

I bought two large banners decorated with pictures of Santa, to fly from *Adagio's* sterns. Or perhaps I will hang them out of the rain, on either side of the back door in the cockpit, or even run them up the rigging on the flag halyard.

On December 17, after taking on 1000 litres of diesel at the Ocean Fuel LTD dock we departed Victoria for Port Townsend, Washington. We crossed many tide lines where logs and debris were stranded for as far as the eye could see, as we crossed the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and berthed for the evening at Port Townsend, Washington.

At 2pm on December 18, we arrived at the Harbor Marina, Winslow, Bainbridge Island, Washington, after travelling 1690 nautical miles from Sitka, Alaska. We are looking forward to spending Christmas with our daughter and her family. Please visit our web site at [www.adagiomarine.com](http://www.adagiomarine.com) for photos we took during these travels.





**The Cruising Yacht Club of Tasmania Inc.**  
 Nominations for Office Bearers

The next Annual General Meeting of the Cruising Yacht Club of Tasmania Inc. will be held at the Regatta Pavilion Meeting Room at 8.00pm on Tuesday 6 September 2005.

At that time all positions for Office Bearers will be declared vacant. Help your Club to reach its full potential by nominating someone to fill these positions.

We, (nominator).....(signature).....

and (seconder).....(signature).....

being financial members of the *Cruising Yacht Club of Tasmania Inc.*, hereby nominate the following member(s) to the position(s) indicated for the 2004/2005 fiscal year.

Position	Nominee's Name in Full (must be a financial member)	Nominee's Signature Accepting nomination
Commodore		
Vice Commodore		
Rear Commodore		
Treasurer		
Secretary		
Editor		
Membership Officer		
Committee 1		
Committee 2		
Club Warden		

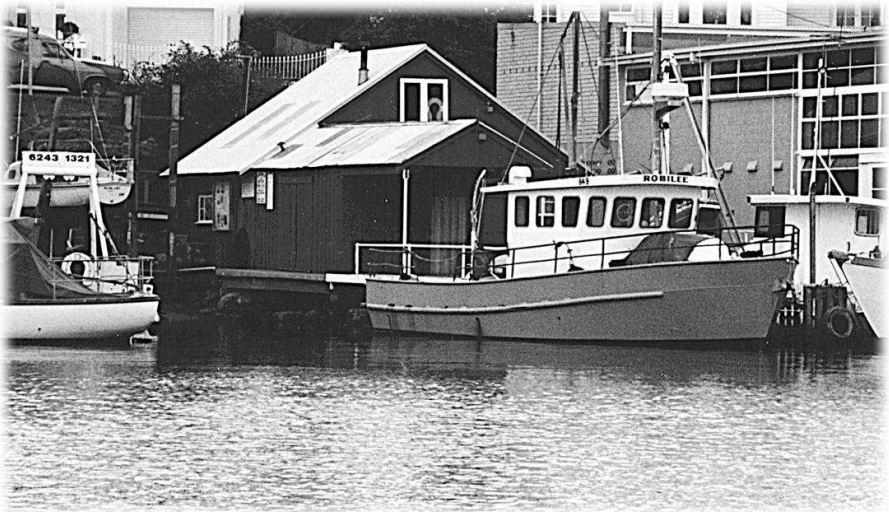
Return to the Secretary, preferably before Tuesday 16 August 2005  
 PO Box 605, Sandy Bay, Tas 7005

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## VAN DIEMEN'S LAND CIRCUMNAVIGATION

Part 2

Glenn Cairns

### DAY 8: SATURDAY 5<sup>th</sup> FEBRUARY

The question of when to leave for Port Davey was the topic of the day. We couldn't leave till Peter arrived about 4:30pm, but even so the weather reports weren't helpful. To leave early would mean taking a lot of SW weather to begin with, but to delay means depending on a relatively small window of NW winds and less time at Port Davey. The dynamics of individuals making their decisions in a group context was an interesting one – it reminded me a little of penguins shoving each other off the ice into the water to see if it is dangerous!

Several boats decided to go Saturday afternoon and sail through the night, and we decided to do so as well. It was not likely to be an easy passage at any time, so we might as well get on with it. At the appointed time a lone figure – Peter – appeared on the wharf, having flown into Hobart yesterday, stayed overnight, and spent since 5:00am negotiating the eccentric bus schedules of the west coast. We picked him up and headed off.



*Shack, south side of Hells Gates*

### DAY 8/9: SATURDAY 5<sup>th</sup> (NIGHT) – SUNDAY 6<sup>th</sup> FEBRUARY

We motored down Macquarie Harbour in benign weather and enjoyed the experience of going out through a friendly Hells Gates without the anxiety felt going in. I sat on deck and made phone calls to all relatives I could – this was likely to be our last communication for some time.

All was smooth sailing till we came clear of Cape Sorell – we then picked up a 15 knot wind and lumpy swell from the S – SW. We sailed along due W for a few hours to get clear of the coast and to enable us to set a more or less direct course to Port Davey. This business of sailing **away** from the intended destination was one I found very hard to get used to – I'm obviously a power-boat person at heart!

I stayed on deck doing some stints at the wheel till about 10.00pm. Progress was OK but it was increasingly windy, wet and roly. The large swell ensured the boat was pitching and rolling, though the sails did control the roll to an extent. I went below to get some sleep but immediately felt sick and retreated to the cockpit. From this time on I was sick for the rest of the passage and spent the next 18 hours in a state of misery. I felt better on deck but this meant I was cold, uncomfortable and unable to sleep. At least I was dry as I was in full wet-weather rig.

The night was long and difficult sailing. To steer the course we needed to clear Low Rocky Point – about 180° – meant being right on the wind, and with the big swell knocking the boat about, and the wind gusting to 25 – 30 knots, this was not easy. The sea also tended to knock the speed off the boat. Through the night I did numerous spells on the wheel as, while I had the energy, it distracted me from feeling so revolting. The sky was heavily clouded so there was no moon and no horizon. You couldn't see the sea ahead. The only reference point was the compass, and keeping to course was a fulltime job. Squalls of heavy rain regularly persisted for about 15 minutes, and during these it was difficult – with glasses – to see anything.

Peter was sick and spent the night in his bunk. David was also sick and got bunk-time between his navigation stints. Graham was the only one who stayed well, and he and I did most of the steering overnight. However, by daylight I was done and spent the rest of the journey as a semi-comatose waste of space. We were all surprised by our sickness – the west coast is claiming some scalps!

At dawn we were greeted with a cold, overcast day, no other boats in sight, no land because of poor visibility, and endless west coast sea – big swell, white caps, abundant mutton birds, slow, uncomfortable progress. In my cold, sick and exhausted state the word that we had only 40 NM's to go was not so good – at 5 knots that was still a lot of seasick time.

I huddled on my deck corner, nursing a cushion to keep hands and legs warm. I hadn't brought enough warm clothing, and my wet weather gear had no pockets. I drifted between reality and daydreams of home/arrival/comfort – in fact, of anywhere but where I was. I reminded myself that I must not forget how miserable I have felt – and for how long – lest I volunteer to go sailing again in the future.



*Suffering sailor approaching Port Davey*

Interminably we approached land, riding very large swells which threw us about. The landscapes as we enter the bay were magnificent, though the poor visibility was a pity – I took photos in any case. We skirted Breaksea Islands and motored into calm water, even though the wind was still howling. I felt better already!



*Graham, approaching Port Davey*

Eventually we spotted a bay, sheltered from the SW, which had a boat in it and, as we came round the corner, 12 boats. This had to be home! We set the anchor,

collapsed and congratulated ourselves. The anchor dragged, so we reset.

I set about restoring my stomach, but really being still had already done the trick. A cup-of-soup (tomato) felt brilliant, followed shortly by some plain bread. David then cooked roast beef and baked potatoes with gravy. I ate it slowly, and it was the best thing I'd tasted in years. This sailing was all right after all!

It was very cold outside. We hit the bunks at 8.00pm and within minutes (seconds for Graham) only snores were to be heard – but who was to listen?



*Entering Schooner Bay*

#### **DAY 10: MONDAY 7<sup>th</sup> FEBRUARY**

No one stirred till 8.00am, and all felt much better for having caught up the sleep deficit. And the sun was shining! And no wind! It was beautiful sitting on the deck observing the fleet in Schooner Bay. Other crews were starting to stir and many boats were festooned with clothing and bedding, making the most of the opportunity to dry out.

About 10.00 Graham, Peter and I took the tender ashore to climb the hill directly ahead of us. After a short, warm climb we were rewarded with magnificent views up and down Port Davey – many photos were taken. Many of the other crews were ashore as well, all relieved to be out of yesterday's ordeal. David was not walking as he had a troublesome knee. On the way back to *Aries* we skirted the rocky shoreline where we were able to gather as many mussels as we required.

About 1.00pm we motored down Port Davey and into Joe Page Bay with the intention of taking the tender up Spring River. Graham opted for more sleep, so David,

Peter and I departed. The river was surprisingly wide and showed no signs of reducing in the 3-4 kilometres we traveled up it. The lower section was heavily populated with black swans which took off in numbers as we rounded each bend, only to settle again behind us. They were spectacular birds to watch at such close quarters. The water was very strongly stained with tannin, and increasingly fresh to the point of drinkable as we went up.

Shortly after turning I was thinking of how peaceful it would be without the racket of the outboard motor – when the motor suddenly stopped. Out of petrol! Being only a tender motor (3.3 hp) it had only a very small inbuilt petrol tank – and that was much bigger at the top than at the bottom! So, it was all hands to the oars, in turns – and it was peaceful – but it was also a long way. As we approached the bay sudden squalls – fortunately short in duration – began to descend from the hills, blowing across our course to *Aries* which was anchored a good distance out in the bay. We saw whirly-whirlies strong enough to pick up spray from the sea and carry it hundreds of feet high. Unwilling to chance the open water of the direct route we hugged the shore till “above” *Aries*, and then headed for it when we thought we had the angle covered. Surviving one grounding on a shallow reef, and a couple of squalls where we struggled to hold our position, we made it. Graham had a rope ready to throw us, but confessed to being at a loss as to what to do if we were blown away. We were soon on board, congratulating ourselves on some good fortune – but only realized the extent of our luck when, within minutes, the wind picked up to about 30 knots and stayed there. In that wind we would not have been able to control the tender, and would have been blown to shore goodness knows where. What we would have done then was the subject of speculation for some time. Anyway, more lessons learned about exploring in boats!

We had picked out the bay at Eve Point as our anchorage for the night – this was at the head of the Bathurst Narrows. It was listed as sheltered from all winds. We anchored up, and David did his customary magic with a mussel and pasta entrée, followed by beef and kidney curry with rice.

The wind continued to build and whipped over the low headland which sheltered us. We were alone till *Serida* arrived from Macquarie Harbour and anchored up in front of us.

After dark the wind grew stronger till we estimated it was gusting to 60 knots. The anchor alarm continually sounded, but with the inky darkness and heavy rain it was difficult to see if we were holding. While trying to establish our position David saw *Serida* had gone, and then spotted her light as she dragged across the channel. He hit the radio in a vain attempt to wake Mike, who was no doubt exhausted after a long solo sail. *Serida* was soon aground, but Mike came on the radio to say that he was sheltered and could do nothing but wait it out till morning. In any case, we were in no position to render any assistance, having our own problems. We re-anchored –

quite a task in the conditions – and got repositioned just as the motor did its stopping trick. It was quickly fixed, but something we could well do without.

The night was a long and wild one. Graham and David spent some hours motoring slowly forward to take some weight off the anchor which was still prone to dragging, despite having 40 metres of chain out in only 4 metres of water. Around midnight the wind lost its edge of ferocity, allowing us to stop the motor. Still, David and Graham spent all night on deck keeping an anchor watch.

Port Davey – paradise to purgatory in about 10 minutes.



*East over Schooner Bay*

#### **DAY 11: TUESDAY 8<sup>th</sup> FEBRUARY**

The early morning was still windy, but significantly abated from last night. We spotted *Serida* tucked in behind a headland opposite. Mike reported the wind had pushed him across a rocky reef and into a hole behind it where, fortunately, he was sheltered from the wind. His stern had been pushed into the bush on shore, so he had secured a stern line around a tree and put 2 anchors out from the bow. The boat had no apparent structural damage so he was sitting tight and fairly confident that he could manoeuvre out later in the morning. He also announced he was “repro-nouncing” the boat from “Sea-rider” to the natural sound of *Serida*. We thought an exchange of name with *Rockhopper* would have been more appropriate! In any event, he was lucky to still have a boat – I must admit to having expected to see a wreck in the morning.

With the advantage of light we re-anchored again at Eve Point but, with the wind swinging us around, decided to return to Schooner Bay in the late morning. Here we



spent the rest of the day at anchor, enjoying cold, squally weather with frequent heavy rain. I read *Saving Faith* by David Baldacci.

David created a humungous soup for tea, followed by a steak/egg/onion sandwich. The wind was sufficient to see us mount a 2-hour anchor watch all night.



*Graham and Peter in the galley*

#### **DAY 12: WEDNESDAY 9<sup>th</sup> FEBRUARY**

We spent the day aboard in Schooner Cove. The weather was very squally, laced with the usual showers of driving rain.

Further investigation of the electrical problem led to no solution. I read *The Brethren* by John Grisham.

As evening fell many boats arrived to overnight at Schooner Bay, prior to leaving in the morning for the south coast and Recherche Bay.



*Port Davey, looking west towards Breaksea Islands*

**DAY 13: THURSDAY 10<sup>th</sup> FEBRUARY**

We were up at 5.30am, weighed anchor and left. There were a couple of boats in front of us, and plenty followed soon after. We cleared Port Davey and motor/sailed along at 6+ knots. Visibility was quite good and we had fine views of the coast as we went south. I had taken out the insurance of a couple of "quells", but with quieter seas and daylight sailing it was probably an unnecessary precaution.



*West coast sailing*



*South West Cape*

We approached SW Cape – our second corner - under a cloudy sky through which shafts of sunshine made some spectacular effects. There was a profusion of life around the cape area, but seals and mutton birds in particular were a feature of the entire south coast. It had been rare since we left to see a seascape without some shearwaters – they are truly ubiquitous in Tasmanian waters at this time of the year.

The de Witt Islands were an eye-opener. Maatsuyker is the largest, but de Witt and Flat Witch are also substantial. As well, there are many monolithic islets and stacks which arise sheer out of the sea. It would be a marvelous fishing area – but how to get here?

The mainland south coast was incredibly rugged and remote looking. Apart from the buildings on Maatsuyker, there was no evidence to be seen of the impact of European settlement.

I trawled for 10 minutes - to support my claim to being a fisherman - and caught the biggest barracouta I have ever caught. The others regarded my claims to its edibility with suspicion, and unfortunately they proved to be right – it was riddled with worms and had to be discarded.

Rounding SE Cape – corner 3 - we reached the most southward latitude of the trip and agreed that none of us wished to go any further towards the land of ice and snow. That we were approaching more settled areas was indicated by the sudden reappearance of a phone signal after 5 days of being incommunicado. It was timely as I was able to speak to my mother on her 86<sup>th</sup> birthday, and also let Simon know we were still afloat. Later I rang Christine and got a surprise when Georgia answered

– a surprise visit from Sydney. I was pleased that she was able to spend a few days with Christine, but disappointed to miss her.

The fleet was scheduled to spend the night at Recherche Bay but, as we were early and travelling well, we continued the extra 12 NM's to Dover. The flat waters and pleasant farm land surrounding the bay known as Port Esperance were a welcome sight as we came in past the guardian islands of Faith, Hope and Charity. We each had a much-needed shower and David cooked a hot meal on board.

Graham's logic left us gobsmacked as we debated whether there was enough water for us to tie up alongside the jetty. When asked by Peter why he thought it was too shallow he replied: "Well, the seagulls are standing on the beach." A long silence ensued, and we anchored out wide. Five minutes later a larger boat tied up at the jetty.

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Quotable Quotes

from Keith Wells

If one does not know to which port one is sailing, no wind is favorable."  
Seneca quotes (Roman philosopher, mid-1st century AD)

What can we gain by sailing to the moon if we are not able to cross the abyss that separates us from ourselves? This is the most important of all voyages of discovery, and without it, all the rest are not only useless, but disastrous..."

Thomas Merton quotes (French monk, 1915-1968)

**Minutes of the General Meeting of the Cruising Yacht Club of Tasmania held at the Royal Hobart Regatta Association Pavilion, Queens Domain, Hobart, at 8:00 pm on Tuesday 5 July 2005**

**WELCOME**

Commodore Helen Stewart opened the meeting and welcomed 45 members and guests to the meeting.

**APOLOGIES**

Drew Burgess, Cheryl Price, Tony and Sally Creese, Ken and Doris Newham and Richard Brabzon.

**GUESTS**

Dr Freddie Von Schmidt

**MINUTES OF THE PREVIOUS MEETING**

Minutes of the June 2005 CYCT meeting were published in the July 2005 edition of *The Albatross*.

It was moved that the minutes as corrected were a true and accurate record of the June 2005 meeting.

Moved, Barry Jones.

Seconded, Leo Foley.

CARRIED

**BUSINESS ARISING**

Nil.

**AUSTRALIA ON THE MAP**

Dr Freddie Von Schmidt outlined the "Australia on the Map" project. He said that committees have been formed in most states to celebrate in 2006, the 400 years since Captain Willem Janszoon charted part of the Australian coastline along the west coast of the Cape York Peninsular. Captain Janszoon is the first recorded European to visit Australian waters.

In Tasmania a steering committee had been formed and support has been gained from University of Tasmania, Hobart City Council, State Library and Antarctic Division. A proposal to have the replica Duyfken from Western Australia, circumnavigate Australia has been limited by cost and sponsorship to a possible voyage to Cairns and return.

It is hoped that the celebrations will continue throughout 2006 and be incorporated into school projects and state events such as the Taste of Tasmania.

A commemorative medallion is planned to be struck for the event.

It is hoped that Tasmania will be visited by dignitaries from the Netherlands during the celebrations. Those mentioned included the Prime Minister and the Crown Prince of the Netherlands. Visits by the Dutch Navy and a performances by an orchestra on bicycles are being planned.

Commodore Helen Stewart thanked Dr Freddie for his presentation and advised that the CYCT plans to participate by producing a cruising guide for the South Coast of Tasmania.

**NEW MEMBERS**

The commodore welcomed Roger and Anne Nichols and Jerry and Tienieke Scott to the *Club*.

**COMMODORE'S REPORT**

The commodore advised that the Hobart City Council (HCC) had been contacted in relation to a claim for damages arising from the vandalising of the *Club's* Honour Boards. Tasmania Police had also been contacted and they advised the *Club* to pursue claims through the HCC. A quotation received for the replacement of the *Club's* Honour Boards was \$1,900.

MAST has undertaken work with navigation lights in the lower channel.

MAST has responded to the *Club's* concerns about the Kettering public jetty. It is proposed to publish the reply in the Albatross.

**VICE COMMODORE'S REPORT**

Vice Commodore Rosemary Kerrison presented Bill Mills with the Cruise of the Year Award for 2004 for his cruise to Queensland during 2003 and 2004.

The Harbour Master of Hobart Ports is to be contacted for approval to use the Victoria Dock for the Anniversary Cruise 6 and 7 August 2005.

**REAR COMMODORE'S REPORT**

The guest speakers for the 2nd August 2005 meeting are Bob and Penny Tyson and Andrew Boon. They will talk about their cruise to Deal Island.

Payment for the *Club's* Annual Dinner (to held on the 6th August on board the MV Cartela) is to be made to the treasurer Andrew Boon by 22 July 2005.

**GENERAL BUSINESS**

Roger Locke advised that MAST has already commissioned a number of navigation marks and lights in the lower channel. The list of new marks was published under Notices to Mariners in the previous Saturday edition of The Mercury.

Andrew Boon advised the lat/lon given for the new mark at Taylor's Reef was incorrect. He had contacted MAST in relation to the error.

**GUEST SPEAKER**

Commodore Helen Stewart introduced Mal Riley to talk about marine meteorology. Prior to commencing his presentation, Mal displayed a series of photographs of ships sailing through storms. He started his presentation with a typical marine forecast and a sail plan, from which he asked members to determine the maximum wind speed and direction that they would encounter and the maximum wave height.

Mal discussed issues relating to computer models and the preparation of weather forecasts and the updating of forecasts. Some weather monitoring services (eg Maatsuyker Island) had been lost due to funding cuts. Mal explained that the information obtained on the internet was different to that published in The Mercury because the former was based on computer models while the later had been changed by local meteorologists based on local knowledge.

Mal responded to questions from members and also provided members with fridge magnets that give marine weather information for Tasmania and copies of the Boat-ing Weather Series publication, Wind Waves and Weather Tasmania. He also

provided the *Club* with a CD ROM that provides further training in relation to marine weather forecasts.

Maritime weather courses can be undertaken through the Adult Education program. Mal referred to Frank Singleton's Weather Site for Sailing during his talk; the web address is

<http://www.franksingleton.clara.net>

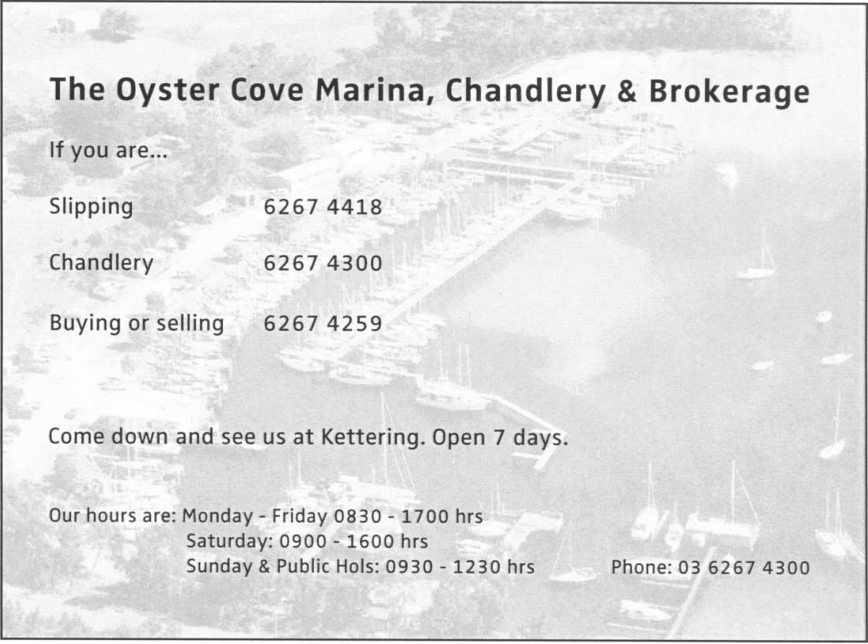
The Commodore thanked Mal for the presentation.

#### **NEXT MEETING**

The next general meeting will be the at the Royal Hobart Regatta Pavilion on 2 August 2005 at 8.00pm.

#### **CLOSE**

The meeting closed at 9.30pm.



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