

April 2019



SisterShip

women on the water

PATAGONIA

**Vet Tales from
Costa Rica**

PRACTICAL: NAVIGATION

**Jessica Watson:
*Indigo Blue***

The Coast of Scotland

**Views from a
liveaboard teenager**

**Lord Howe
Island revisited**

COVER: The view from the anchorage in Seno Pia, Patagonia.

(Minke Lohrengel).

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Celebrating real women on the water

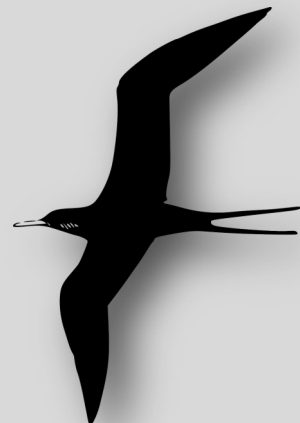
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Working on the 1963 historic timber ferry *MV Mudjimba* is a family affair. ABOVE: sisters Holly (left) and Laura (right) get cracking with *Mudjimba's* makeover. RIGHT: Laura ready for work. Sunshine Coast. AUSTRALIA.



LEFT: PIP SAWYER asks 'Why does the plumbing always only drip in awkward places?'



The bowsprit



Welcome to the April issue of *SisterShip*!

As you are reading this, women from all over Australia and New Zealand are heading to beautiful Port Stephens on the east coast of Australia for the 4th annual Women Who Sail Australia Gathering on the Bay (GOTB4). The *SisterShip* magazine and press teams will be there too, as proud sponsors of what some women are calling “the highlight of the sailing year”. This year’s GOTB marks the one-year anniversary of the official launch of the new *SisterShip*. What a ride it has been!

Regular readers will notice two new segments in this issue. Given the growing interest in *SisterShip* magazine by men on the water we are introducing ‘From the buoys’ (if you are in the US you may not get the pun!), an opportunity for male contributors to grace our pages. This issue features Cruising Helmsman editor Phillip Ross. Phil is a long-time supporter of women in sailing, and of *SisterShip*, so we are delighted to welcome him aboard! Emergency nurse and sailor Shelly Galligan introduces her new segment and asks us to ‘stop and please don’t do that’ when it comes to medical myths and old wives tales on the water!

We also welcome Dutch contributor Minke Lohrengel as she shares with us stunning photos and her account of sailing in Patagonia, and teenage liveaboard Anna Whittaker telling it as only a teenager can! Circumnavigator and artist Linda Frylink

Anderson revisits Lord Howe Island after nearly 20 years, and Sarah Rutt takes us for a ride along coastal Scotland.

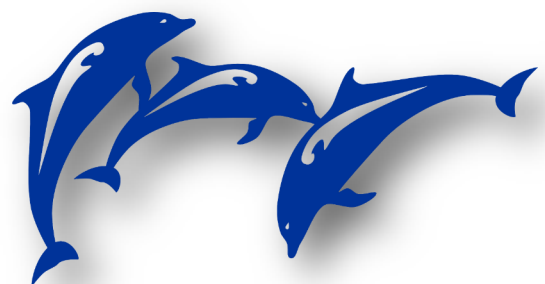
It’s no secret that the *SisterShip* team is passionate about navigation and safety on the water. Co-editor and maritime teacher Jackie Parry continues her series on coastal navigation tips. We’ve included a challenge for you to complete! The answer will appear in the June issue of *SisterShip* but in the meantime email your answer to us and all correct answers received by May 10th will go into a draw to win a *SisterShip* navigation pouch.

As we head into the second year of our *SisterShip* adventure we invite you to send us your stories, photos, regatta news, and ‘pearls of wisdom’. We love hearing from you!

Thanks for joining us on our voyage, and as always, look for the dolphin!

Shelley Wright

& Jackie Parry



Message in a bottle

Send your letters to

editor@sistershipmagazine.com

Hello *Sistership* team,

I've been reading a lot about navigation and found the three bearing fix story you published recently helpful. It makes me nervous that I don't know enough when I am out there on the water. And I must not rely on others!

I would love to come to a course but I don't think I am ready yet. Would it be possible if you could include some more tips in the magazine? Through the reading I am starting to learn. Anything you can publish, (quick tips?) I would appreciate.

Keep up the good work,

Vera Slade

From the eds: Hi Vera, thanks so much for your letter. It is very timely as in this issue we are pleased to include a section on 'Compass: True to Magnetic' (including a little challenge!). We look forward to meeting you at one of our courses somewhere.

Dear Jackie and Shelley,

I have now paid for June magazine and reading about Tamsin Visick in her kayak. Learned that kayaks can have a sail, well, well, well. How she could even sail on the ocean beats me, and she even wishes she could live like that, phew, that's not for me I'm afraid. Anyway, as I had thought I had paid for a year's sub, I had not done anything re renewing, my head is up in the clouds sometimes. Am enjoying this copy too. Such brave ladies. I am shivering even thinking of wet sea water brrrrrrrrr.

Yours sincerely,

Brenda, NSW. Australia



SisterShip Magazine cruises along with an international flavour. Our contributors hail from every corner of the globe. We encourage writers to maintain their voice and therefore their local spelling.

Measurements and navigation aids (IALA A and IALA B)* are different too. As valued readers, we just want to keep you on board with our ethos of a less regimented style, and a more international spirit!

*The International Association of Marine Aids to Navigation and Lighthouse Authorities (IALA, previously known as International Association of Lighthouses) is an Inter Governmental Organisation founded in 1957 to collect and provide nautical expertise and advice.





Sailing the desolate outer edges of Patagonia

Ventisquero Gordon*

Eastern Stream in front of the glacier in Seno Pia.

Minke Lohrengel

After staying in the marina of Puerto Williams for a while it is time for us to set sail again. On our route to Puerto Williams we have already sailed the Brazo Sudoeste. But this time we want to do the whole ‘famous’ glacier-trip. We have been told it is beautiful, with impressive tidewater glaciers, small anchorages, and only nature around you. It is also an area with a huge history of sailing and exploring. We’re curious when we leave the dock to set sail. It feels a little bit like sailing in the footsteps of Charles Darwin on the HMS *Beagle*.

According to the weather forecast it’s a good day to leave. But when we just exit the bay of Puerto Williams and enter into the Beagle Channel, I hear Jaap say, ‘Look at that rain that’s coming in’. In front of us the sky turns grey and I see white foam crests on the water. Before we know it, we have 35 to 40 knots on our nose with waves. My stomach turns while our boat lifts up and down in the bumpy seas. It’s difficult to make any speed at all. After two hours and five miles we call it a day and

drop our anchor in the first protected bay we can find.

This is sailing in the southern Chilean Channels. High and low pressure systems pass by quickly, and rain and wind can change the weather rapidly. You can have a calm sea with no wind at all, 40-50 knots of wind funnelling through the channel, and everything in between. But I love it. It makes the sailing here really attractive. We sail when it is possible and stay at an anchorage when it is necessary.

Slowly we come closer to the Brazo Nordoeste, while the scenery is changing. The Beagle Channel narrows, there is more snow on the mountains, and you can spot waterfalls on almost every mountain slope. In the water and on little islands we see penguins, seals, and sea lions. ‘Jaap, Look! Over there! You can already see the Cordillera Darwin!’ We are still far away, but the big icecap on Tierra Del Fuego is impressive. Massive blue ice running over the

tops of the mountains. In some of the bays, you can sail right up to the glaciers coming from this icecap.

Sailing to the glaciers

We choose to go to Seno Pia, a long Y-shaped inlet hiding a magnificent tidewater glacier at the head of each arm. A *moraine in front of the entrance makes it a little difficult to enter the bay. We look for rocks and in the water, searching for the best spot to pass. According to the Cruising Pilot we can pass the bar by measuring the distance between two rocks and pass at twice that distance. Feeling a little nervous I steer the boat in that direction. Coming closer I can see the waves passing the moraine. This should be the spot. And with still eight meters under our keel we sail into Seno Pia. I have to laugh a little at myself. Feeling nervous was not necessary at all and yet it still happens every time.

A lot of ice flows from the western arm. But we are too curious to see the glacier and we

give it a try. Slowly we navigate through the chunks of ice looking in front of the boat, trying not to hit the big parts. Above the water the ice often looks small but is bigger below the surface. Even with a steel boat we don't want to bump into it.

***“It makes me realize how small
I am as a human and how
powerful nature is.”***

The inlet is five miles deep and slowly we draw near, while the glacier exposes herself more. We sail to the glacier as close as we dare and stop the engine. The view of the wall of ice next to us is overwhelming and there are only the sounds of the wind and the ice in the water ticking against our boat. The glacier is active, occasionally we hear a thundering and rumbling noise from inside the glacier, often followed by a piece of ice breaking away and falling into the water. The force of nature is impressive here in Patagonia. I sit in the cockpit with a cup of tea. In silence, just enjoying the view. It

Finding our way through the ice in Seno Pia.



makes me realize how small I am as a human and how powerful nature is.

Bad weather anchoring

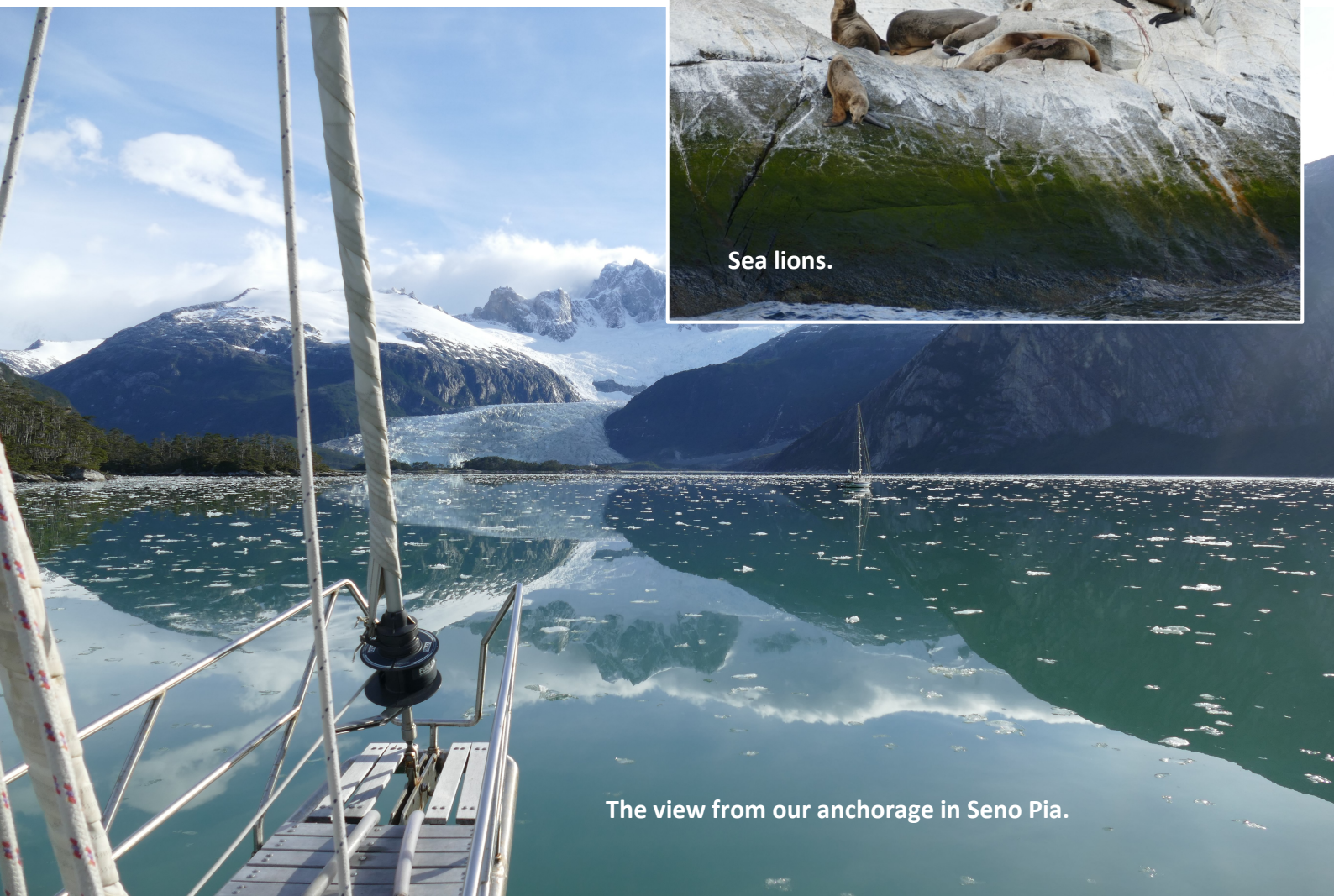
Anchoring with an incredible view of one of the glaciers makes it hard to set sail again and leave Seno Pia behind us. But the weather forecast is clear. Staying longer means a couple of days waiting for a depression to pass by and this wide bay is not the best place to be in that situation. So, we cross the Brazo Noroeste and anchor in Caleta Cinco Estrellas. In English this translates to The Five-Star Bay, and that is exactly what it is. The entrance is small and hard to find. After entering this bay the anchorage looks bullet proof for all weather conditions. We drop our anchor and fasten four lines to the trees. There she is, our *Eastern Stream*, in the middle of a small private pool, with the constant noise of a waterfall dropping its water our pool.

This anchorage is not only beautiful, but the way of anchoring is typical for the Chilean

Channels. Because of the strong westerly wind that blows here most of the time, you anchor in small inlets. Inlets where you sometimes can't even turn the boat around. So that means that we drop the anchor outside the inlet and motor backwards into it. While Jaap is steering the boat backwards as close to the shore as possible, I climb into the dinghy and carry the lines ashore to tie them to a tree or rock. This process is repeated until finally we are safely caught in a spider web of lines, protected from the wind because we are so close to the land and the trees. It feels very safe to have all our lines ashore and makes me sleep very well.

On our way to Brazo Sudoeste

Officially we're not allowed to sail the small channels which run between Brazo Nordoeste and Brazo Sudoeste. But considering the weather forecast, sailing via



Sea lions.

The view from our anchorage in Seno Pia.



Anchored in our private pool at Caleta Cinco Estrela.

the main channel, with an open connection to the Pacific is not a smart plan either. Waves will run in, which would not be very comfortable. We turn off our AIS and take the shortcut to the other side of Isla Gordon. We are curious if we will be fined when we return to Puerto Williams. But we hear nothing about it. Lucky us.

Brazo Sudoeste is not connected to the Cordillera Darwin. However, the channel is still outstanding and does not only offer beautiful nature and hiking opportunities, but stunning glaciers and fine anchorages. We love Caleta Coloane, where we sail deep into a protected bay. We stay here for almost a week and hike around to the glaciers and up the mountains to take in the magnificent view on the Channel. We can hike so close to the glacier, we can almost touch it. I just love this place, it's like anchoring in a big lake.



Jaap manoeuvring the boat in the ice.



On our way to the glacier in Brazo Sudoeste.

The good thing about reaching Brazo Sudoeste is that from now on the prevailing winds come from the stern again. We can shut down our engine and do some real sailing again. It is lovely to sail the channels with only the sound of the wind, watching the sea lions resting on the rocks and the birds flying by. In a few days we sail back to Puerto Williams.

This glacier trip was beautiful. We enjoyed it to the maximum. But we also learned a lot about sailing in the channels during the windy summer. And I'm still wondering how those expedition ships in the early days did this. We had all the maps and technical equipment, and an engine to use. They discovered this area with a lot less equipment on board and no maps or charts at all!

* The name the Armada (Chilean Coastguard) use for the route we sailed. If you sail this route you go as far as Seno Ventisquero and around Isla Gordon. On the Zarpe this route is mentioned as "Ventisquero Gordon"

** A moraine is any glacially formed

accumulation of unconsolidated glacial debris that occurs in both currently and formerly glaciated regions on Earth, through geomorphological processes.



Minke and her boyfriend Jaap left the Netherlands aboard the steel ketch, *Eastern Stream*, in 2016. After reaching Panama they sailed to Easter Island (Rapa Nui) and from there to Chile. They have lived in Chile for more than a year now, exploring Patagonia.

Minke's blog can be found at: www.easternstream.nl

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Anna Whitaker

Fun times with fellow teenage sailors!

You Can't Have a Rose Without Thorns

(Well, Technically You Can
But That's Not the Point)

"You're so lucky!"

"You should be so grateful!"

"When you're older, you'll be so glad you did that!"

"I'd trade places with you in a heartbeat!"

As a seventeen-year-old girl currently sailing around the world, I have heard every possible version of these sentiments hundreds of times. Not kidding – *hundreds*. Of course, hearing them over and over doesn't make them any less true. I really am incredibly lucky and privileged to have had these priceless few years of sailing with my family. How many teenagers get to say that - by the time they get their driver's license - they've

swam with whales and eaten foods with names I can't pronounce and learned how to say hello in a dozen different languages? My horizons have expanded far beyond the norm for kids my age, and I am all the better for it, but... There's always a 'but' with teenagers, and since I'm one of them, there's one now.

From the outside the Instagram photos of crystal blue water and quaint Italian towns may seem that living life aboard a sailboat is just an endless vacation; a summer break that never reaches September. Homeschooling, seeing the world, nothing but time. And while there is some truth to that, that's just Instagram. Real life, and sailing, is never 'just Instagram.'

Sailing as a teenager is waking up at four in the morning, when the deck is dew-wet and the sun is still low behind the dark land, because it's the only time that the winds are just right to move on to the next anchorage. It's spending hours in a cramped and heated engine room with your dad, handing him

tools and wiping sweat and grease off your forehead because the generator has rumbled to a stop with no apparent reason, *for the third time this month*. It's wearing the same bikini top for a week because you're out in the middle of the ocean, too busy changing sails every five minutes to stop and wash it (plus it's too hot to wear anything else, so if you *did* wash it, you'd be stuck topless for a while and though that sounds refreshing, the family isn't really going to let that fly). It's sleeping in a room that's ninety percent bed and no headroom and never enough storage, no matter how minimalist you think you can get. It's sharing one bathroom with your three loud and messy siblings who still don't know how to clean up after themselves. It's never being able to find your favorite name-brand candy or drink because the country you're in doesn't import it. It's always being covered in salt and sunburn, callused hands, and tired eyes.

Sailing as a teenager is, sometimes, lonely.

Finding someone your age with who you click, is easier said than done – the population of teenagers living on sailboats is ridiculously thin, and that's only half of the equation. Making friends seems futile when you know that plans change, that they may not be going the same direction as you, that one or the other may get ahead or fall behind. Sailing by nature is a fluid, ever-changing lifestyle, and since things are rarely set in stone, it's very easy to step back and say *well, we're leaving them anyways so what's the point of reaching out?*

I spent a *lot* of time during my first few months of sailing keeping to myself. I didn't want to make friends because I knew that I was just going to have to separate from them at some point, and it seemed like a fantastic way to have my hopes crushed. It wasn't for four more months, when we were preparing



All by ourselves in the Pacific, peaceful yet lonely.

to go through the Panama Canal, that two teenagers my age also living aboard dropped by our marina slip and essentially told me that I was going to hang out with them whether I liked it or not, and that was that. Two years later, we're best friends, despite the fact that we've long since split across the globe. Thanks to them and their refusal to hide themselves away, I'm so much more open-minded now. The biggest lesson I've learned from sailing is that you gotta take what you get and make the most of it, and really, I wish I had gotten that through my head sooner. Life got so much better once I did.

Sailing as a teenager means giving up a *lot*. School, friends, your home, fast WiFi, weekend shopping trips, summer camp, Fourth of July bonfires, extravagant Christmas trees – I could go on forever. But the list of what you get in *return* is equally as long and, most of the time, better. Foreign fruits that taste amazing, the ability to jump into shimmering blue water as soon as you wake up, hikes through two-thousand-year-old ruins, interactions with people who only speak two words of your language. It is a

wild and unpredictable adventure, and priceless life experience.

So, speaking to the teenage population on sailboats around the world, who are rolling their eyes into the heavens and wishing they had a dollar for every time their Aunt Charlotte tells them that they'll be so grateful they chose to do that in the future: I get it. One hundred percent. It's *hard* for us lazy teenagers to be grateful and acknowledge every good thing we've been given. Just give your relatives the answer that they're looking for; god knows it's easier than telling the truth and getting a lecture. Does sailing suck sometimes? Yeah. I miss my best friend from the States constantly, and I hate that I'm behind on my favorite TV show, and I really wish Europe imported Sweettarts. But at the end of the day, there's nothing I can do about it, and the off-brand candy tastes exactly the same anyways (plus it's two dollars cheaper). It's like I said: take what you've been given and make the most of it. So, to all the teenagers out there, let's keep on texting our friends back home while also smiling at the fact that we're on an island that most people





Seeing land for the first time after a three-week Pacific crossing.

have never even heard of. Don't feel bad when you have a moody day and think that sailing is the absolute worst thing ever. Everyone has those days no matter where you're living. Just know that, from someone with firsthand experience, those days aren't permanent. Don't push away the good things. Keep an open mind, and everything will *always* get better.

Speaking to every adult I've ever met and that I will meet who never fail to remind me of how lucky I am: I am fully aware. My eyes are wide open to the fantastic opportunities and experiences I've been awarded. But *please*. I'm a teenager, just like you once were. It's in my *genes* to complain and whine and have a pity party for myself every Thursday. I can try my best to be positive and optimistic a hundred percent of the time, but I don't always have the mental strength for that. Sometimes I just have to complain about hoisting that sail for the fifth time today, even if it means I get to go to scuba diving in Tahiti. Yeah, I know that it's the adventure of a lifetime and that I'll never ever forget it. I know you want me to know that, too. So, take all these words as

a message that *I do*. All of us teenagers *do* know, and we're trying to be better – for you and for ourselves. We're working on it.

(Seriously though? "*In the future, you'll be so grateful you chose to do that!*" I didn't have a *choice*, Charlotte. They're my *parents*. I go where they tell me to, or I live under a bridge. Get it together.)



Anna is a teenage girl sailing with her family of six around the globe!

You can find their YouTube channel at www.youtube.com/sailingzatara.



Lord Howe Island Revisited

The jetty on a nice day, Lord Howe.

Linda Frylink Anderson

It was Christmas eve 1998, on a hot summer's day that we departed Mooloolaba, Queensland, with our novice crew for Lord Howe Island, 425 nautical miles away. Lord Howe Island is a small Australian island in the Pacific, with New Caledonia 600 nautical miles to the north east and New Zealand 789 nautical miles to the south. Lord Howe Island is part of Australia, so passports are not necessary.

On board was our 14-year-old son Liam, a mad keen surfer. Our friends Jackie and Rob (also a keen surfer and fisherman), and their 14-year-old daughter Jess were excited to be joining us. Jackie and I have known each other a long time, like sisters feeling comfortable with each other on any level. Rob and Bill are both active but quiet types

sharing a love of the ocean. We weren't sure how Jess would go, so having the teenagers on board was to be a totally new experience.

Preparation was frantic including antifouling *Valiam's* bottom, hiring a life raft, making lee cloths and generally making the boat ready for her first offshore passage of significance. She was launched in 1994 soon after she was built by Bill and his mate Steve. We had no self-steering or electrical chart plotters except for two hand held GPSs, one which we lost overboard in Moreton Bay. The remaining one was tied on with string after that. We took paper charts too.

We decided to accustom our crew to living on board within the sheltered waters of Moreton Bay before heading out offshore in a south easterly that would have been bumpy. A jolly Christmas was spent at Peel island, then off to Southport, entering the Pacific

Ocean bound for Coffs Harbour. The highlight was a huge Spanish mackerel Rob caught which fed us for a couple of days. With no refrigeration onboard we made an enormous curry the next day. Jess couldn't wait to get off the boat which was a bit of a concern for the crossing ahead. It was a boisterous sail into Coffs at 30 knots and we later found out that yachts were in serious trouble further south in the Sydney to Hobart yacht race. Undeterred Captain Bill said we were good to go. I do recall hearing May Day on the radio faintly for yacht *Winston Churchill*. The impact of us sailing off when the yachts were in disastrous conditions further south did not hit us until we arrived at Lord Howe and heard the terrible news. Apparently, our families were worried about us. There was no satellite communication in those days and only a VHF radio and mobile phone, neither of which were much use unless we were close to a ship. We motor sailed most of the way as we didn't have much wind at all. We took it in turns to hand steer, on watch in pairs, during the three-day trip. The teenagers were let off the night watches. Jess coped okay but we had to stop her from doing things like washing her hair on the deck in the middle of the night!



The boys off for a surf in original wooden dinghy 1999.

Very early on the third morning, my grizzly faced Captain with an ear to ear grin called, 'Land -ho!' down through the hatch where I was half asleep. This was the first of many more times that we excitedly enjoyed the experience of, 'Land-ho'. Lord Howe was a magical sight indeed with its lofty peaks disappearing in fluffy white clouds.

Clive Wilson, an unusual chap whose forebears were the original settlers, was the harbour master who guided us into the channel by yelling into the radio, especially when we made a mistake and hit something hard. *Valiam's* keel still has a ding in it to this day. The next day Clive rocked up in his runabout and showed us to our mooring. Settling in, we made regular trips to the Bowling Club for ice for our food refrigeration. Jackie, wearing a bikini, came back with ice every time! This was a magical holiday on a totally unspoilt tropical island. The boys were focussed on surfing and

Valiam in the Lawries boatyard 1999—her original colour.



fishing while us girls enjoyed the sun, sea, and exploring the shore. After a relaxed 12 days in paradise swimming in pristine water, bike riding everywhere, bushwalking past birds nesting on the ground, and the boys surfing and fishing daily, sadly it was time to leave. On our last day we splurged out for a meal ashore at one of the resorts. Bill and Rob had been growing goatees on their faces and decided to wear floral shirts. Jackie, Jess, and I dug out our best frocks. Enjoying cocktails as the sun went down and feeling incredibly happy, we didn't want to think about leaving at all. But jobs, school, responsibilities, and mortgages awaited. The day we left, Clive came by in his runabout with some relatives to guide us out of the southern entrance at high tide as there were many coral bommies to miss. Memories of glorious Lord Howe remained firmly at the forefront of my mind and ignited dreams of sailing further towards the horizon.

Fast forward to 29th December 2016, 17 years later...

It was just Bill and me this time with at least another 40,000 nautical miles under *Valiam's* keel. Bill put on the best mainsail (not the

one that circumnavigated the world!), cleaned her bottom, checked the autopilot and safety gear—the list went on. Provisioning was done the day before. It was so much easier doing things from our new marina berth in Mooloolaba and we had refrigeration now. Northerlies were predicted which was just what we needed. We hoped to arrive at Lord Howe on the 1st January. Bill planned to sail the 425 nautical miles on a rhumb line to Lord Howe Island in a south easterly direction. This time we would have our satellite phone for limited data and messaging.

I was happy to be at sea again. These days the moorings on Lord Howe must be booked in advance by email and there are other fees such as an environmental levy etc. A week's mooring, for us, was around \$400. Many yachties complained about the high fees to visit but it's a World Heritage area and we knew it was worth it, it's such a unique and beautiful jewel in the Pacific. A familiar yet slight feeling of anxiousness persisted as we quietly slid out of our berth. But once we were outside with Point Cartwright behind us, *Valiam* steadily did her thing. Nothing to worry about even if the sounder didn't work.



Linda and Jackie, Lord Howe Island 1999.

I phoned Simon the Port Operations Manager (POM) on Lord Howe as soon as we departed, so he was expecting us on Monday the 2nd January if not earlier. *Valiam* could only enter the lagoon two hours either side of high tide around 11 am as she draws 2.1 metres. There are anchorages outside if we arrived early or late.

On the 31st December 2016, my blog reads, 'Happy New Year from the Tasman Sea.' The northerly winds and current pushed us along well on the first day, even if it was rough at times, bouncing us along at 9-10 knots! Soon we were back down to *Valiam's* normal speed of 6-7 knots. It was our fourth New Year celebration on board *Valiam* at sea: 1999 – our first trip to Lord Howe, 2007 – arriving in Palau and 2008 arriving in Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

After just three days, on the 1st January 2017, we arrived at the North Passage, Lord Howe Island. The water was a dark aquamarine



Dawn arrival.

blue, the mutton birds seemed to welcome us, and Mt. Gower towered majestically above. Sailing cautiously with a handkerchief-sized sail (jib mostly furled) we approached Lord Howe so as to arrive in the daylight. It was thrilling to see the shape of the twin humps of the mountains silhouetted against the dawn light. I radioed in at 5.15 am and received an answer from the Port Operations Manager. He granted us permission to anchor outside until there was enough water for us to make entry. He advised us to

Linda, the day we arrived.



maintain anchor watch as the seabed was rocky, and it was very rolly. We rested up waiting for the radio call to give us permission to head in.

At 9.30 am, two hours before high tide the radio buzzed into life. Once the anchor was up, we motored in following radio instructions. 'After the second green buoy, two good boat lengths turn to starboard. Your mooring is west of the first catamaran.' The wind was howling. As we motored towards our mooring, the crew of *Time Out* were in their dinghy welcoming us. 'Can you give us a hand?' I asked with relief as there was not much manoeuvring space. I threw them a line, just as my top blew up around my neck to give them a great view of my boobs. Oh dear! We all laughed and tied *Valiam* up successfully. Later Bill swam with snorkel and flippers to attach a second sturdier rope.

As I typed my blog, I could see the cloud wafting over the top of Mt. Gower and planned to do some painting while we were

there. With tons of food and drinks on board, there was no hurry to go ashore. Our big wooden dinghy would have to be launched so we decided to attempt that the following day. There were less boats than we had seen in 1999. I could see only three other yachts. The champagne and beer tasted so good with bacon and eggs as we celebrated a new year in this glorious environment!

For the first few days, the wind howled through the rigging on the boat and it was mostly overcast. I knew to expect wet dinghy rides as we were quite a distance to the shore. With the wind blowing a steady 20 knots the big dinghy bumped and splashed through the waves especially when Bill wanted to drive



ABOVE: Linda's painting of the Norfolk Pines.



like a hoon! I would yell at him to slow down. Then it was bumpy next to the boat where Bill held on and I could climb up the 'granny ladder' with some trepidation. *Valiam* was tied to the first mooring near the entrance very close to the reef, quite a different experience to 1999 when we were right inside the lagoon.

It felt like a wild place out on the boat, such a tiny island many nautical miles from anywhere. When 'in town' surrounded by cafes and tourists riding bicycles it was a relaxed holiday resort. It is much more like a 'café society' today with many more tourists, but still fairly low key all the same. There was no mobile phone coverage. Roaming Wi-Fi was available to be paid by credit card, but it only worked near the cafes and post office. Everyone communicated by VHF channel 12 then reminded to go to 14 (by the POM) if the chatting went for more than two exchanges. There was also a public phone next to the post office. We introduced ourselves to cheerful Simon the POM, the one and only policeman stationed on the island. Simon was managing everything, particularly the coming and going of all vessels. The most important reason for us to visit him was to get the key for the hot showers at the jetty!

I wasn't keen to go out at night in the wind, wanting to avoid a wet bumpy trip by torchlight. The continual sound of the wind howling in the rigging made me feel on edge and reminded me of South Africa. We timed our trips ashore with the tides. At high tide *Valiam* lurched from side to side with the waves coming over the reef making it very uncomfortable on board. Some nights I had to take seasick medication it was so bad. It seemed more of a drama going ashore this trip, probably because the wind was stronger and the tides higher. The jetty was wet and slippery and took some getting used to disembarking from our dinghy. Usually we wanted to spend the day exploring and the

jetty wasn't the best place to leave the dinghy as it would get caught underneath or be in the way. The closest beach, Old Settlement Beach meant dragging the big heavy dinghy high up on the sand. Due to the king tides, one day we found the dinghy full of water and sand. Someone had kindly rescued it and thankfully the outboard still started.

Once ashore, a trip to the Museum was very worthwhile. We enjoyed a tasty cheap lunch on their deck café watching the passers-by. The display shows the history as well as the impact of rubbish such as plastic to the wildlife. Bicycle hire was different to 1999. I remember leaving our bicycles anywhere and I don't think we wore helmets. As we had our own bicycles on board this time, we eventually brought those ashore to use each day. At the bicycle hire place, a baby tern sat huddled on a box. It had fallen out of a nest and was orphaned. The bike hire man tried to encourage a nearby female to adopt the poor little thing as it sat on its nesting branch. She wasn't keen and pecked at it. She hadn't laid her own egg yet, so I don't think she adopted it. We were told once the terns had young of their own, they would adopt an extra orphaned one.

North beach wasn't far from us by dinghy. I was keen to retrace our steps of 1999 where we saw the birds nesting next to the pathways. It is a beautiful walk with not much obscuring our ocean view and gazing back towards the island. I remember the feeling of exultation standing high on a tiny island with the mighty Pacific Ocean all around us.

The best thing about there being no mobile phone coverage on the boat is that we were reading more books! I think I need more forced time away from screens as we were certainly very relaxed. The days began to blur into one another. Sitting at the Anchorage cafe with the breeze blowing across the sea and Mt. Gower, we enjoyed a couple of cold drinks with a bowl of hot chips. Everyone

cycles as it is the easiest way to get around the island. With the help of a can of WD40, Bill got our bicycles going. They had been on board *Valiam* and not used since we were in Hobart in 2013. Our bikes were left at Old Settlement beach where it was protected from the winds and was very relaxing. One night we enjoyed a BBQ with Rex and Louise and family spinning sailing yarns. We met the couple briefly on our first visit when they were on a small yacht sailing from England. Louise is a Wilson so has family land on the island. They run a gorgeous guest house next to their home surrounded by tropical vegetation and, with the sound of the ocean, is a true tropical island escape. That night it was relatively calm motoring back to *Valiam* by torchlight. Clive Wilson, the harbour master we met in 1999, recognised us on the jetty one day. 'G'day Billy boy!' he called out! I couldn't believe it! He remembered *Valiam* even though she is a different colour now. I guess he was used to taking an interest in boats moored in the lagoon, even though now retired.

Wise words often said by experienced sailors are that you can't have a timetable when sailing. We didn't really, except for Bill's casual job, and I wanted to spend time with our grandchildren before they went back to school on the 23rd January. So, while we waited for a weather window, we enjoyed our island paradise. A three-day window was needed to get home to Mooloolaba, preferably an ESE or NE if light. I was seeing lots of messy weather including strong northerlies with west in them. We were not sailing in that. The strong wind blowing from the north combined with a high tide was making life on board extremely uncomfortable as we rocked and rolled on our mooring. Due to poor mooring being right next to the reef when the water covered the reef, we were exposed to the ocean swell. The currents flowing in and out the pass affected the way *Valiam* behaved also. A local mooring ridiculously close kept bumping and



Linda's drawings of 'Baby Terns'.

tangled itself around our dinghy's prop. Tying the dinghy alongside was too animated causing more bumping and dings. Bill then tied a long floating rope on the dinghy and watched to see if it avoided the close mooring buoy. It did. The big wooden dinghy was great to get ashore and explore but a pain to look after. To escape the worst of the rolling we headed ashore and continued to enjoy cafe breakfasts and Wi-Fi watching *Valiam's* mast swing wildly from side to side.

By then we were the only visiting yacht left in the lagoon. It was a fabulous time in an incredibly beautiful pristine environment, and I felt privileged to be there. Bill bushwalked while I painted and sketched. So, we waited, marooned on this beautiful tropical island. I watched a baby tern day after day sitting on the branch of the Norfolk Island pine next to the jetty and sketched him while sitting on a park bench underneath, watching him become fluffier and bigger.

On Sunday 15th January there was a window to leave as the forecast was for a southerly to arrive later. The calmer conditions were ideal for us to haul our bicycles back on board. Due to the rocking and rolling I had already stowed most things away! Twelve gorgeous days on Lord Howe came to an end. After untangling the two twisted mooring lines we set off an hour before high tide to traverse the pass. After motoring in overcast conditions for seven hours, the southerly finally arrived. It lasted all night which meant we didn't burn fuel or put up with the noise of the engine. But then it fizzled out.

The mutton birds and noddies circled and followed us for at least half the trip home. Venus was big and beautiful in the sky after sunset and the moon rose soon after. Our passage sea legs came back but I noticed mine were slower than two years earlier. Swallowing stugeron three times a day kept seasickness away except one morning at 4 am I woke with a splitting headache. I was in the main cabin and it was like a rocking horse. Oh dear... I had to visit the vomit bucket several times. Poor Bill had been awake since

midnight and now was nursemaid too. Eventually stematil worked but it took another seven hours before I could function again.

The winds turned to northerlies and became stronger. We were expecting that but hoped to be nearly home before they became too strong. Luckily *Valiam* sailed well to windward heeling over with her starboard rail in the water at times. A few pesky waves tried to wet us in the cockpit. *Valiam* was working hard but we were slowed to four knots by the current. Soon we were passing the Gold Coast. Hooray! Bill decided to aim close to Moreton island to gain shelter from the northerly which was now coming from the north west.

That last day, the engine worked hard into the



Our first visitor – a mutton bird.



Bill driving big wooden dinghy like a hoon.

wind to push us home. There were white caps but luckily not a big swell. With just the mainsail and engine we were outside Pt. Cartwright at 4 pm on the 18th of January. The wind and waves started to pick up to a boisterous level. After the main was down I called the Marina office for assistance to tie up. It had been a much slower trip home, four days instead of three.

It is a challenge to get to Lord Howe and back from mainland Australia especially if you are on a timetable. However, Lord Howe

is a special place like no other in the world and well worth the effort and expense to visit.

Link for yachts visiting Lord Howe Island :
<https://www.lhib.nsw.gov.au/services/tourism/visiting-vessels>

<https://www.noonsite.com/Countries/Australia/LordHoweIsland>

LINDA FRYLINK ANDERSON:

Artist, author, scribbler, wife, mother, teacher, and adventurer. Linda set sail to circumnavigate the world with Bill aka 'Captain Underpants' aboard a boat built in their backyard. Armed with her satellite phone and laptop, Linda could write her blog anywhere in the world. Enjoying her tales, readers of Linda's blog encouraged her to write a book. Linda published her first memoir 'Sailing in my Sarong, Around the World – a 30-year dream' colourfully illustrated with her original art and photography in 2010. Proudly now in its 6th edition being enjoyed by thousands around the world.



Linda's second book 'Salvage in my Sarong, The Mediterranean dream in a rescued boat,' tells the remarkable story of how Captain Underpants surprises her (and himself), by winning an online bid for a wreck of a boat in the Caribbean. *Lati* had been abandoned, ransacked and almost stolen by pirates. Eventually a romantic cruise through the Mediterranean to the Greek islands became a reality.

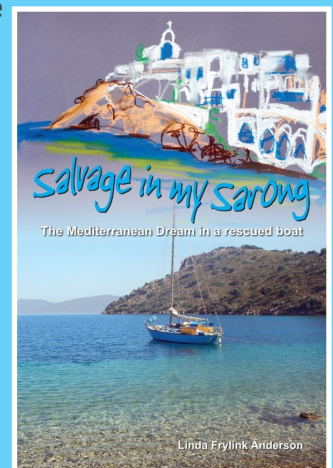
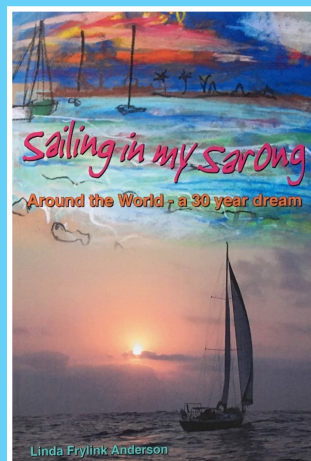
Linda still likes to wear sarongs and loves nothing more than sharing her passion for art and travel, encouraging and motivating others to live their own dreams. These days she escapes the world to her bush studio in northern New South Wales and heads off to sea when she hears the call of the ocean.

www.valiam.com.au (Linda's blog and to order books signed by Linda)

Facebook Page: Sailing in my Sarong

Artwork : lindafrylink@wordpress.com

Email: valiam1@hotmail.com



WIN!

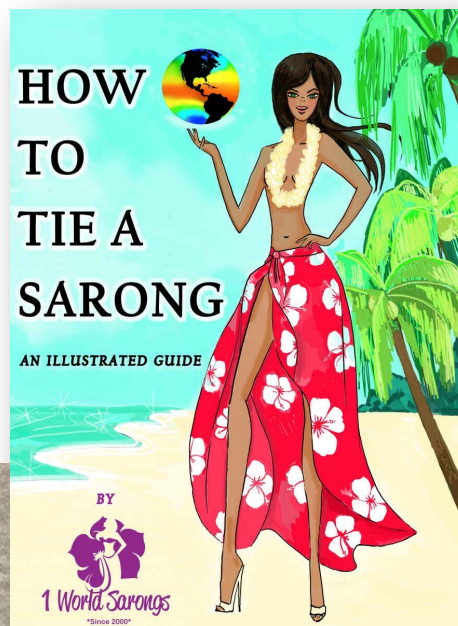
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How to tie a sarong book: <http://geni.us/uDrDk>

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Shero!

Cynthia Matthews



Seas starting to climb and getting rougher off NW Tasmania.

My husband and I retired in October and we are sailing our 40-year-old sturdy 38-foot steel ketch *Horizon* around Australia. Currently we are in Tasmania and we have enjoyed our time here immensely. It's not all been easy sailing though and our overnight sail from King Island to Strahan was an adventure indeed. This is the story: We left Grassy on King Island at about 0700 and sailed and motor sailed all day and into the night heading for Strahan. At stupid o'clock the next morning (ok about 01:30) the copper pipe carrying coolant to the engine sheared off at the flange where it joins the engine and we had to shut the engine down.

No problem, it's a sailing boat, but in order for it to move effectively you need a consistent wind, not too strong. Well we kept looking for it and it just didn't come. We weren't becalmed, we made way at about 2-3 knots in messy seas and huge swell. All through the night Michael did his best to fix it. I remembered we had kneading self-hardening metal putty but even after four

attempts to join and seal the pipe it just kept on leaking.

Meanwhile in the cockpit I spent a lot of time between looking out for dangerous things in the water, steering or adjusting the Autohelm, and going green and feeding the fish! Not my finest hours. There was only one thing I could do that didn't make me throw up and that was to lay down in a blanket in the cockpit, groan a bit and sleep. Meanwhile while I slept Michael was correcting our course, engaging the Autohelm and ducking below every hour or so to fix the leak.

Being an ideas woman (and not to brag but I had some beauties between chucks, which Mike implemented) my best idea for the engine was to connect a pipe to our external fresh water tap (easier to fit a hose to) and to run water as needed to the header tank. We did it and ran the motor. Enough got through to keep it cool BUT it meant that I had to sit on the top step just inside the cabin with the engine going, rocking around and

signalling to Mike to turn the hose off and on! We did this for about three hours when a weather change brought in 30 knot winds and 3 metre seas.

We had been in contact with Marine Rescue Strahan and on the last contact we made the decision not to attempt Hells Gate, the passage between the Macquarie Head and Entrance Island, and stay at sea. We did this for an hour in winds and seas that reminded me of film we saw of the 1998 Sydney to Hobart, but just as quickly as they had built the winds died off. Mike wanted to stay out for the night to stay safe but after 36 hours of us being awake or for me, sick, I just couldn't see this as an option. I suggested we just sail close to the harbour entrance to see if there was a chance for us to 'duck in'. The wind died off a bit and all looked good and our confidence returned when wham, back the weather came! Just as we thought it was time to turn back out again, there coming out of the harbour were two fishing vessels sent to help - yippee!

No sooner had we encountered the first boat the weather became more placid and the decision was to start the engine, with me pouring and filling water from the galley tap into the header tank and that's just what I'm doing now as I write! It takes just over 1 litre of water and I've propped a dolphin torch against the header tank to shine through so I can keep a check on the level—so hi-tech!



Safely moored at the wharf in Strahan with a very kind welcome and tying up help from Trevor who runs Stormbreaker in Macquarie Harbour.

We should be moored within the next 15 minutes.

About me: I was scared, I did cry, I got to a stage where there was nothing to throw up but my body still tried making horrible animal noises, I felt revolting for 80% of the trip but I had the best person ever with me and together we achieved another journey to a beautiful place.

About him: outwardly calm at all times, briefly nurturing when between jobs (I couldn't and didn't expect more), has had maybe 1.5 hours sleep (neither of us have eaten anything anywhere near substantial since a sandwich yesterday lunchtime), multi skilled and tenacious in resolving issues, able to laugh and forgive my frightened temper and not afraid to show his own, readily listened and implemented my ideas—even if some didn't work, and now just exhausted.

Now for some chicken and chips, a big scotch and a warm bed for at least 12 hours... nighty night!



The header tank is in the galley under the prep bench. Usually it's where I store all sorts of olive oils and cooking oil in thermoses but on that day they were in the sink.



Flat bottomed girl

Views from the canal

VALERIE POORE takes the helm of our regular barge boat column.

An oar by any other name

The Oude Haven where I keep my barge is the floating equivalent of a classic historic village. But in place of ancient stone cottages or half-timbered buildings with leaded windows and mullions we have traditional barges, a collection that includes both canal boats and sailing barges with wooden hatchboards, leeboards and antique winches.

Sadly, when walking along the quayside, you don't get to see much of these beautiful craft. Their glorious bows line up proudly side-by-side, but the lack of space between the boats doesn't allow the visitor to see anything more than a cluttered foredeck, a mass of rigging and those wonderful winches.

Even though I've been a resident for nearly twenty years, I love my 'village' and never tire of gazing at my neighbours' gorgeous barges – when I can tear my eyes away from my own little beauty, of course. Still, I've learnt that the best way to see them is undoubtedly from the water in my rowing boat, a grubby green



plastic job that I mostly use for painting..

Unsightly though it might be, I have great affection for my little dinghy (*bijboot* in Dutch). I can spend hours sitting in it pretending to scrape and paint, while in reality I'm casting my eyes around the harbour and observing the other boats from my ducks' eye point of view.

Actually, I sometimes have to fight with the coots and ducks for my right to occupy my boat because both of them seem to think it's the perfect place to raise a family. I'm even occasionally in competition with a cormorant or two. To be honest, I hate disturbing the birds as I love watching them as much as the boats, but fair's fair, they can use it in the summer when I'm away. In the spring and autumn, it's mine.

This brings me to my other joy, which also involves the dinghy, and that's when we go for tours around our watery neighbourhood. We tend to call it 'going for a spuddle' – a

silly name, I know, but it's just one that's become part of our vocabulary. To us spuddling means that spring has arrived.

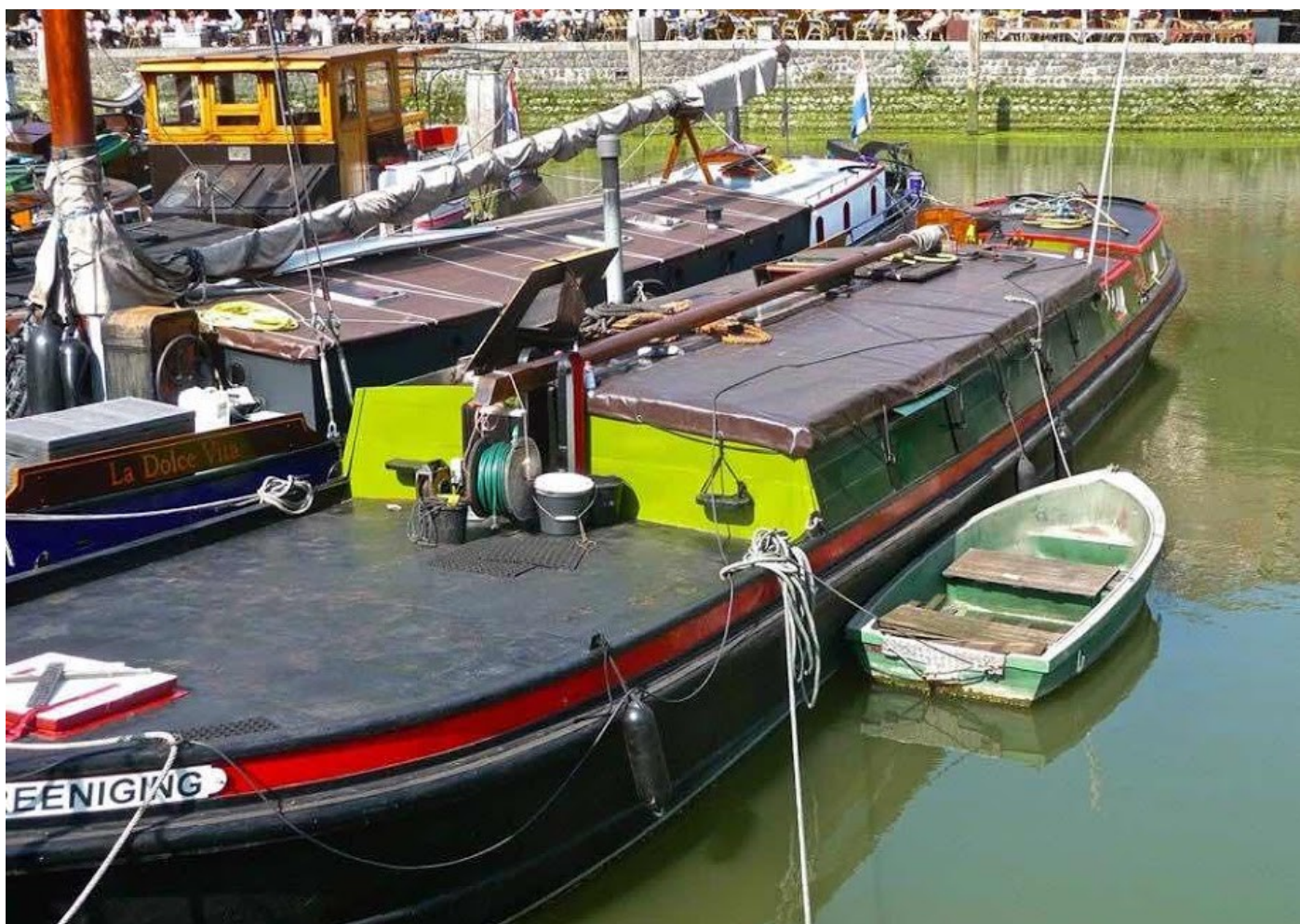
These days we use a small electric outboard motor on the boat and the first trip out is quite often a family event. There'll be Koos, my partner, my two daughters and sometimes my sons-in-law too. We take it in turns to steer, proceeding with unroyal indignity, a zig-zag course and much hilarity around the harbour while waving to all and sundry whether they're watching or not.

Apart from the fun factor, the charm of it is that we have a view of every barge from a unique angle. We see the magnificent rudders of the *tjalks* and the lovely shape of the *klikken*, those carved supports to which their tillers are attached. Then we see the graceful sterns of the *luxe motors*, not round and bulky like the *tjalks*, but smoothly cut away to give better 'water dynamics'. None of this eye-candy is visible from the shore, or even from the boats themselves, so

it's truly awe-inspiring to view them from the water.

The barges look huge from our low vantage point and it's fun to creep between them if we can. Life around the hulls at the water line can be fascinating and we occasionally disturb a mother duck in the midst of her training session with those tiny balls of darting fluff that are her babies. We might also see a soon-to-be-mother coot building her nest from the scraps of debris her long-suffering husband brings her. Sadly for him, many of his offerings are rejected as unsuited to her design plan – tiny prima donna that she is.

All of this reminds me of my early spuddling days before we had the luxury of an electric motor. In fact, we didn't even have oars. One of the most memorable tours of the harbour I've ever made was with my daughter one grey November day more than ten years ago in 2008. Mo had just come over from South Africa and was staying on board with me while she looked for a job and a home of her



own. On this particular bleak day, we were in need of some cheering entertainment.

What I remember mainly was that it was bitterly cold, but for some reason or other we thought it would be fun to go for a spuddle. Why? I've no idea. Was it boredom? A challenge? A dare? Who knows, but whatever the case, we dressed up like a couple of Eskimos, donned our boots and climbed into the boat. I hadn't had it very long so it was only when we were sitting down ready to go that I realised we didn't have any kind of propulsion at all.

'Hmm,' I said. 'We're not going to get far in this current with our hands, are we? Or maybe we'll go a tad farther than we want, now I come to think of it.'

The harbour is on a tidal river and I had visions of us floating off down the Maas and being carried out to sea.

'Haven't you got a cricket bat?' asked my child, fresh from a country where absolutely everyone has cricket bats. They're born with them in South Africa.

'No, I'm afraid not, but I've got the next best thing. There's a short plank under your seat there. We could use that.'

'And what about that broom on the foredeck? That'll make an oar!'

And so we pulled the boat up to the front of the barge, grabbed the broom and off we went.

Talk about the odd couple. Somehow, we managed to paddle our way through the Oude Haven and all around the neighbouring harbours too. How we did it still amazes me and we dubbed it 'ragged rowing' while our oaring technique amounted to mere 'brush-strokes' (sorry). We were laughing so much



'Eye candy' around the harbour.





we could barely keep moving and because the broom wasn't as strong as the plank (or maybe it was me) we kept going round in circles and figures of eight. Chaotic it definitely was, but it was the most fun I've had in my grubby green dinghy – ever.

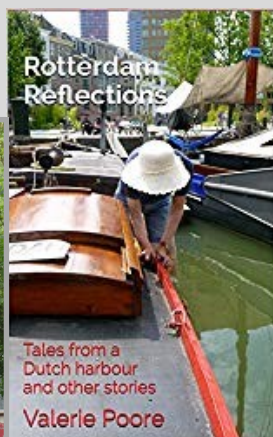
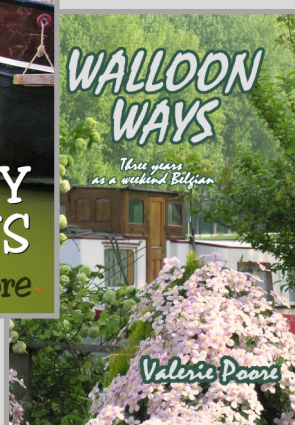
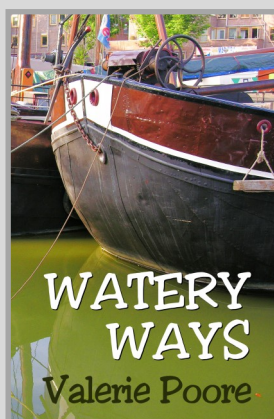
Call it a spin-off benefit, but having a small rowing boat for maintenance work has many other much more entertaining uses.

VALERIE POORE was born in London, England, and grew up in both north London and the west of Dorset. She moved to South Africa in 1981 but returned to Europe in 2001, which is when she began her love affair with the lovely Dutch flat-bottomed barges (hence the page title). She has lived on a barge in Rotterdam's Oude Haven since then, but summers see her and her partner on the Belgian and French canals. Val teaches writing skills at the local uni for a living, but has written several memoirs about her waterways life. Writing is a lifelong love as well as being her work.

And to be quite honest I get nearly as much pleasure out of ragged rowing as I do from pretty much any activity on the water. But that's what it's all about isn't it? As that gem of a song by Josh McRae urges us:

*"If you take my advice, there's nothing so nice
as messing about on the river.
So take off your coat, and hop in the boat
Go messing about on the river"*





Valerie's books can be found at the following Amazon links:

Harbour Ways: <https://geni.us/CkA1N91>

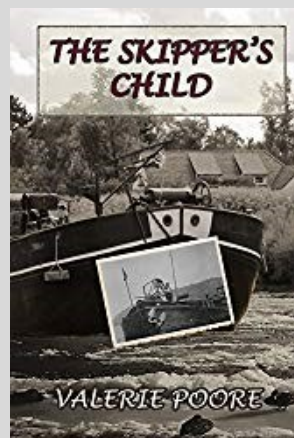
Walloon Ways: <http://geni.us/1CDTu>

Faring to France on a Shoe: <http://geni.us/AOt9kT>

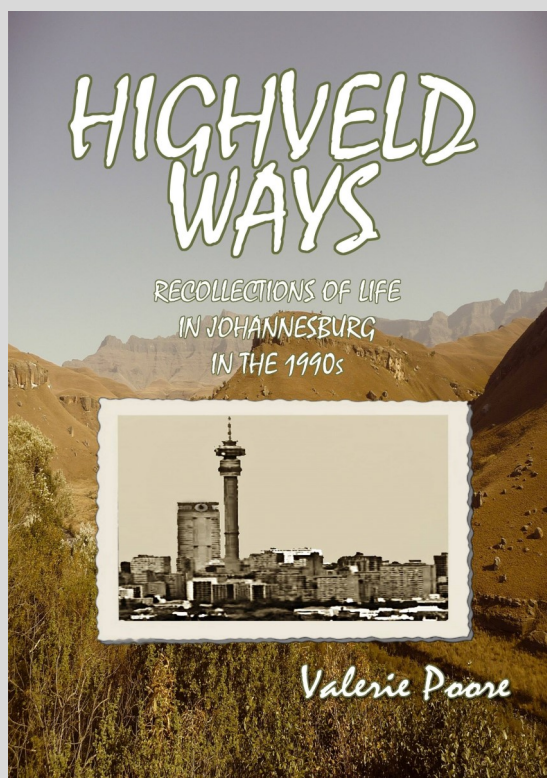
Rotterdam Reflections: <http://geni.us/5pSxcgs>

The Skipper's Child: <http://geni.us/PBwQnP>

Watery Ways: <http://geni.us/lusDZT>



Coming soon from Valerie Poore....



This is the third book about the author's life in South Africa. In Highveld Ways, Valerie and her children join her husband in Johannesburg and begin a decade of life in and around the city. During the years that follow her arrival in 1989, Valerie explores the Highveld area on which Johannesburg is built and learns to love every aspect of South Africa's biggest, baddest city. The family move house five times and each new home brings its own memories and adventures, along with trips to Namibia, Zimbabwe and other parts of South Africa. The backcloth to this memoir is the turbulent political upheaval of the early 90s as well as the emergence of the New South Africa under Nelson Mandela. While no story about South Africa at the time can escape the often violent lead-up to the changes, Valerie's memories are focused on the events, the places and above all, the people who filled her life at the time.



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From the buoys...

Cruising Helmsman magazine editor Phillip Ross joins *SisterShip* for the first of our 'From the buoys' segments...

The role and capability of women within the cruising fraternity continues to grow and its presence could be quietly noted at the recent My State Bank Australian Wooden Boat Festival in Hobart, Tasmania.

From volunteers throughout the organisation at ground to managerial level; through experts speaking at the seminars and signing books and to women living on their wooden yachts who have come from nowhere to become knowledgeable and confident enough to not only sail their yachts but to take them over the horizon.

If you were to make a list of capable women you would always put at or near the top of the list, the pioneer of circumnavigation: Lin Pardey.

With lifetime partner Larry now confined to

full-time care due to Parkinson's disease and dementia, Lin has been able to rediscover her love of sailing on a new boat with a new skipper. In fact, at 75 years of age, Lin says sailing again is almost like a rebirth, describing a scary situation while running fast along the coast between Southport and Sydney late last year.

"We already had two reefs in the mainsail and only the small yankee out on the pole. There was about two knots of current with us, very nice. I was a happy camper on watch, all well.

Then the wind did a sudden shift and it was all hands-on deck, well, one other set of hands on deck. Wind up to 45 in the gusts, blasting rain. Strangely, it felt wonderful, probably because we got it all under control with no real drama."

Lin could be found at the Wooden Boat Festival most days in the Writer's shed. Here was a line-up of writers spruiking their latest, plus old, books, but Lin has a new mission.

After 50 plus years of ocean cruising over 200,000 nautical miles, including two engineless circumnavigations in their own-built yachts, plus 18 inspirational books and DVDs, nine international yachting awards and the sheer joy of helping many more sailors get out there, Lin has taken on a cause close to her heart.



As Lin explains, she is republishing her classic first book, 'Cruising in *Seraffyn*', as a tribute edition for two reasons, "to acknowledge the wonderful man who had introduced me to exploring the world under sail and to raise funds for the small observatory that has been built in his name."

Having retired from sailing to live in their adopted country of New Zealand on the island of Kawau, one of Larry's great joys was watching the youngsters from nearby Camp Bentzon as they learned to sail, kayak and discover the joys and pitfalls of life on the water.

A life-long friend of Larry's has donated funds to the camp to create an observatory that would give almost 5,000 youngsters a year a chance to see the stars that led him and Larry across oceans together. Lin's passion for Camp Bentzon and desire to support and expand the Larry Pardey Observatory has seen all profits from the tribute edition of 'Cruising in *Seraffyn*' to be donated to the observatory.

Attendees at the annual Women Who Sail Australia Gathering on the Bay events at Port Stephens would be familiar with Renee Smith. Renee is an incomplete paraplegic, MS patient, and adaptive sailor from Sydney. She had her first experience on a yacht through the not-for-profit organisation Sailors with DisABILITIES (SWD) in mid-2017 and was hooked. So began a passion for sailing and a continuing relationship with SWD.

Sailing with the charity's donated yacht *Wright Of Passage*, this year Renee and the crew took six troubled youngsters on the journey of a lifetime: to deliver the 53-foot, Herreshoff ketch from Sydney to Hobart for the festival.

According to SWD founder, David Pescud, the idea behind the Wright Of Passage project is to take on young teenagers who have had a disadvantaged and abusive childhood and/or live with a mental health

disorder. The idea is that pitting them on a yacht in the open ocean forces behavioural change and the beginning of learning not only new skills but also how to work, learn and grow together with others.

It is a risky venture, no doubt. But in the hands of the Pescud charity workers, including Renee, it has already succeeded on its first sail. The young crew in Hobart where all changed individuals with hope in their grasp.

Renee works full time but has an understanding boss allowing her time off for the volunteer work with SWD. Disability comes in many forms, both physical and mental, but for people like Renee and the others at SWD it does not necessarily dictate



Renee Smith.

your life; in fact, as she has shown it can enhance it in many spectacular ways.

Another stand out female quietly working at the festival was Cathy Hawkins. As one of the three original founders of the Australian Wooden Boat Festival, it was good to see Cathy once again called in as Boat Manager for the four days.

“After 26 years, this was my final year as festival boat manager. It’s been a privilege to witness our ‘baby’ evolve into such a worthwhile citizen through the efforts of every contributor.”

A lot has happened over those years, including Cathy being a regular at the Australian Antarctic base. Now she uses her experience in both sailing and working in cold high latitudes to work with the charter yacht *Philos* in the high Arctic. Her stories of those adventures could be read in 2018 editions of *Cruising Helmsman* magazine.

One couple had their own-built yacht on display at the festival but, after her shake-down cruise around Tasmania this couple decided they did not want to spend another winter in Tasmania. The yacht *Lucy* is a delight of myrtle and celery top and the couple built her by themselves with the assistance of the Wooden Boat Shed in Franklin and the irreplaceable support of good friend Jonathan Beck. Kristal Berry and partner Gerwyn Evans had no real connection to the sea previously, but a chance encounter with an older couple, circumnavigating in a yacht they built themselves, set them on a new path in life.

For Kristal, the life afloat was a totally new experience; let alone being an integral part of the boat build as well. But she has taken to it like the proverbial duck, “on our first sail we sailed around Bruny Island and only lost a boat hook!”

Since that auspicious maiden voyage, they sailed around Tasmania, which prompted



their decision to not winter in that southern state anymore so headed to the Whitsundays. From there they cruised around the South Island of New Zealand, which included three weeks at the formidable Stewart Island and three months in Fiordland.

As Kristal noted, the two are in their element, “we love being nomadic and living economically.”



The involvement of women in sailing has always been of a reasonable percentage, but probably not so well recognised. It is exhibitions such as the Australian Wooden Boat Festival that have the ability to shine a light on just some of the fantastic involvement as well as achievements of women who sail.

PHILLIP ROSS swears he was Noah's for'ard hand, but only has photographic proof of a life sailing dinghies originally before graduating to keelboats. Australian racing includes three Melbourne Hobarts, five Sydney Hobarts, one Great Circle Race and numerous others. Internationally he joined Kialoa III and IV for a couple of years on the Maxi circuit before coming back to Australia for the 1987 America's Cup. Phil has been the editor of Cruising Helmsman since 2012.



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Vet tales from Costa Rica



**Sailing veterinarian
SHERIDAN LATHE
describes her recent work
with Macaw Conservation
in Costa Rica.**

I sat on deck with my afternoon cup of tea and heard the familiar squawk of scarlet macaws flying overhead. Always in pairs, they made their way to the blossoming yellow trees on the hillside of Golfito. Sitting above the town they fought each other for the highest perch. The four pairs played, wrestled and screeched loudly; perhaps annoying for people in town but for me it was a beautiful sight. I know just how close areas of this southern coast of Costa Rica came to not having these beautiful birds at all.

Macaw Conservation was founded in the Osa

Peninsula in 2014, however Chris has been rescuing, rehabilitating and releasing birds in this area and the Gulf of Nicoya for over 15 years. I have been fortunate to spend time with Chris at the macaw sanctuary assisting them, and the local veterinarian, with unwell macaws.

There are two primary problems facing the wild macaws of Costa Rica. Poaching, which is becoming less common, and the destruction of habitat. As small communities expand this is an ongoing battle for wild animals everywhere. However, it is not only wild macaws that find their way to Chris and the team from Macaw Conservation. Many of their rescues are pets that have been mistreated, usually because of a lack of education about how to correctly care for these birds.

One such bird, Donna, is a brilliant scarlet macaw. Donna had been living with a local family for many years. Fed 'human' food as her diet, she didn't even know how to eat a

seed. She was kept in a small cage with nothing to do, and no way to grind her beak or wear down her nails. As time went on, with a combination of poor nutrition and husbandry, Donna's beak and nails grew... and grew. Her beak eventually curled around her face, and her nails were so long some had grown into the scaly skin of her feet.

I had the pleasure of treating Donna earlier this year. Her nails and beak are now regularly trimmed, and she has been introduced to a variety of new and healthy food. Every day she is becoming stronger, her colours are becoming brighter and she is a happier bird. I performed a nasal flush on Donna as her nostrils were caked full of dirt and grime from the poor housing conditions she was in before her rescue. Performing a nasal flush on a bird is quite the sight. Chris held Donna upside down while I flushed her nostrils with sterile saline. By holding her upside down the water simply runs out of her nostrils and

mouth, preventing her from choking. With cleaner nostrils and a pedicure, I would like to think Donna was feeling refreshed after her visit with me, however if her ear-piercing screams were anything to go by, she may not have been too impressed!



Sheridan working on a macaw.

Incoming swells at Pavones.



Since Chris began working in Costa Rica in 2004, he has hand raised and released over 200 scarlet macaws. The idyllic little surf town of Pavones is located on the eastern entrance of the Golfo Dulce. Despite the incoming swells many a surf-loving sailor anchors up for a night or two in the hopes of catching the second longest left-hand wave in the world. The shores are lined with black volcanic sand and palm trees. With birds squawking, turtles popping up beside boats, and dolphins playing further out to sea the wildlife here is abundant. After a severe decline in the population of macaws a project was founded in 1998 to begin releasing them in Pavones. Nineteen Central American scarlet macaws were originally released, now over 200 are documented in the area. It is not uncommon for sunset surfers to have a flock of macaws fly overhead. With the red sky backdrop reflecting off the ocean it is quite the sight to see.

If you are ever cruising along the coast of the Osa Peninsula, in Southern Costa Rica, keep an eye out, or should I say an ear out, for these spectacular birds. Now, with the largest population of Central American scarlet macaws in the world, you would be unlucky not to encounter them. You will hear their loud calls long before you see the brilliant flashes of red in the sky, and as you take in



the beauty of these birds playing amongst the jungle trees, remember the hard work dedicated to their survival by a few truly inspirational individuals.



To learn more about Macaw Conservation or make a donation to help save the Central American scarlet macaws visit:

www.fosterparrots.com/support-us-page --> to make a donation indicate it is for Macaw Conservation Costa Rica (MCCR)

www.facebook.com/macawconservation

Sheridan is an Australian registered veterinarian living aboard her boat *Chuffed*, currently docked in Costa Rica.

You can follow Sheridan's *Chuffed Adventures* on YouTube at www.youtube.com/vettails or on Facebook and Instagram for real-time updates "Vet Tail's Sailing Chuffed".



Coastal navigation with Jackie Parry

THE COMPASS – TRUE TO COMPASS AND COMPASS TO TRUE

Compass

The compass functions as an indicator to Magnetic North. The magnetic bar, in the compass, aligns itself with the earth's magnetic field.

True North and Magnetic North

The difference between True North and Magnetic North is called Variation. (Variation is an error). The reason for this is that the Magnetic North Pole is not at the Geographic North Pole, around which the Earth rotates. The degree of Variation and its annual rate of change is indicated on nautical charts within the compass rose.

Cardinal points and steering

North, East, South, and West are called Cardinal points. You should instinctively know which way to turn to achieve the compass degrees you wish to steer. Learning to steer by compass is important – what if your electrics or windvane fails? It is easier to steer by compass if the compass card is dampened correctly and positioned directly in front of the helmsperson.

Every boat should have a compass on board and everyone on board should know how to steer

by compass. This sounds obvious and easy, but it can take time to learn this instinctively.

If you want to steer from 010° to 020° you would turn the boat in a clockwise direction, i.e. to starboard. Apply the opposite for fewer degrees, e.g. going from 020° to 010° you would turn to port.

Of course, knowing where north, east, south, and west are in terms of where you are currently heading is natural for most of us, but for new crew it is something to be aware of – especially if the self-steering suddenly stops on a dark night in lumpy seas and in high density traffic.

Remember that if you turn to port, the numbers on the compass will get lower. If you turn to starboard, the numbers will increase. (When you reach 359° the next number is 000° which would still be ‘increasing’ the number.)

Selecting a marker to look at and head for is the easiest way to steer by compass. This is okay if you are coastal sailing (i.e. steer your compass course then look/line up a marker/headland, then keep heading for that, ensuring you know how long you are in safe water). At sea, away from the coast, this is more difficult, but you can pick a star or even a cloud to temporarily aim for (if it isn't too windy!).

Points of a compass

Sometimes sailors indicate a direction to an object by using points of a compass, e.g. ‘vessel two points off the starboard bow’. In navigation, a ‘point’ is $1/32$ of a full circle. One point is 11.25 degrees. For example, four points to starboard = 045° to starboard.

True chart work

All chart work must be in True because north on Mercator charts is Geographic North not Magnetic North. When using your boat's compass you must convert Compass readings to True in order to lay off bearings or courses on your chart.

True to Compass (or Compass to True)

If you have found the course to steer on your chart, that will be in True. The helmsperson needs a Compass course to steer by, therefore you need to convert True to Compass.

Variation

In most parts of the world there is Variation. Variation changes with position, e.g. in the eastern Mediterranean Sea, Variation is minimal, but in the central North Atlantic, Variation can be much more. Moreover, some places will have a westerly Variation and some an easterly Variation.

In addition to the changes in Variation due to position, the Variation amount also changes over time (in the same position/area). This occurs because the position of the Magnetic North Pole slowly moves in a small circle. The movement of the Magnetic North Pole is known as Secular Variation or Secular Change and is indicated in the compass rose.

The Secular Change is indicated by the figure in brackets, next to the Variation on the compass rose on your chart.

Example - Variation:

8°20'E 2014 (1'W) (from Chart AUS252)

This means that in 2014 the Variation was 8°20'E. Every year it, thereafter, moves 1' West.

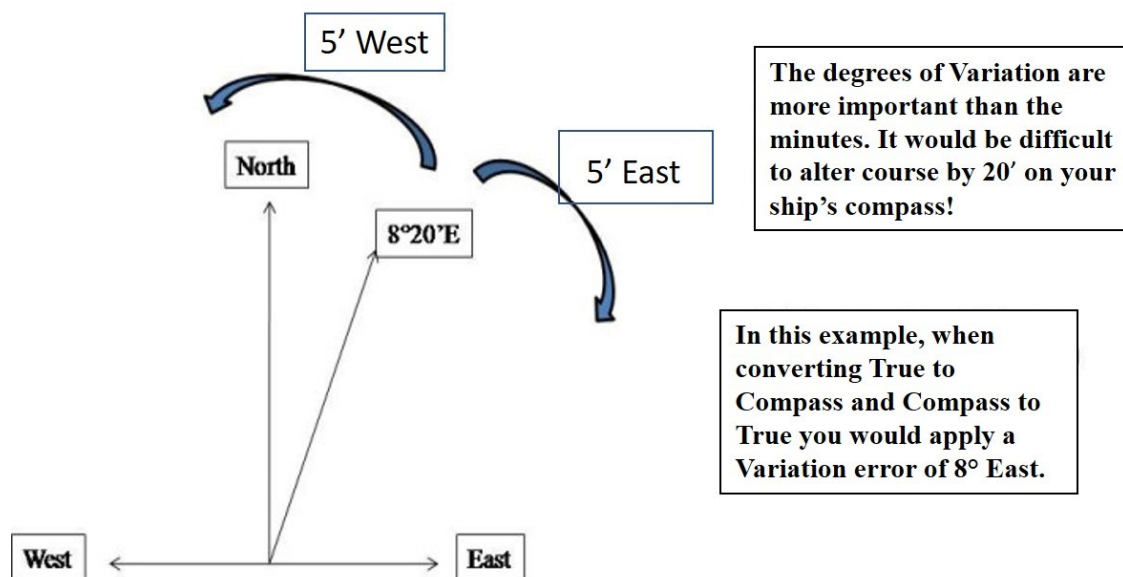
From 2014 until 2019 = five years.

Therefore, apply 5' West to 8°20' (i.e. one minute for each year).

You start with 8°20'E, apply 5'W = 8° 15' E (it's easier to see in diagrammatical form)

If we apply 5' West, then you can see that moving in a westerly direction 8° 20' East becomes less (e.g. subtract the total yearly change).

If the Secular change was East, you can see that 8° 20' East would become more (e.g. add on the total yearly increase).



More Variation Examples

Answer: Variation for 2019 = 19° E

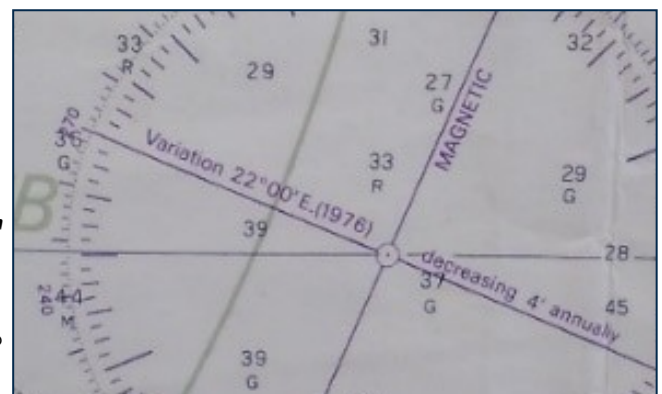
Calculation:

43 years (difference between 1976 and 2019) x 4' = 172'

How many whole degrees make up 172'? = 2° (120')

(172' - 120' (2 degrees) = 52')

Therefore, we have 2°52' to subtract (West = subtract: the chart compass rose tells us the Variation is decreasing)



As mentioned before, we cannot steer that precisely, so as 52' is near another whole degree (60') it is easier (and sensible) to round it up to 3°

$$22^{\circ}\text{E} - 3^{\circ}\text{W} = 19^{\circ}\text{E}$$

CHALLENGE: CAN YOU ANSWER THIS QUESTION?

What is the variation for 2019?

39 years (difference between 1980 and 2019) x
8'W = 312' minutes

$$312' / 60 (\text{degrees}) = 5^{\circ}$$

Take care with the remaining minutes.

You've calculated that there are 5° in 312'

5 x 60 = 300, so you have just 12 minutes left (312 – 300).

Note: When you calculate 312/60 the answer via a calculator is 5.2. That is 5° and NOT two minutes, you multiply the .2 x 60 to find the minutes = 12 (or use the steps above). Refer to Speed Distance Time calculations in forthcoming issue of *SisterShip*.

Disregard these minutes and only use the 5°W for adjusting your Variation to 2019

Email your answer to editor@sistershipmagazine.com before 10th May 2019.

All correct answers will be in the draw to win a *SisterShip* navigation pouch*!



Converting True to Compass and Compass to True

To convert Compass to True or True to Compass there are two useful memory aids to utilise.

First, write down the key points:

CAN C Compass (your boat's steering compass)

DEAD D Deviation (from your boat's Deviation card, created by Compass Adjuster)

MEN M Magnetic (same as Compass but with Deviation applied)

VOTE V Variation (found on your chart, always either east or west of true north)

TWICE T True (all chart work must be in True)

(Or, Tele Vision Makes Dull Company, which are the above letters in reverse.)

NOTE: if you use a hand-bearing compass, there will be no known Deviation (Deviation is the second error). Deviation is caused by magnetic material onboard altering the compass point by so many degrees and only applies to your ship's compass.

Example – Compass to True

You are steering 010° Compass and you have taken a bearing of a tower with your ship's compass, the tower bears 100°C. On your current heading there is a deviation of 2°E (taken from your ship's Deviation Card). Variation is 5° W (from compass rose on the chart in use, nearest to the area you are in).

First, write down what you know:

C	100°	
D	2°	East
M		
V	5°	West
T		

Note: Magnetic is a compass reading with the Deviation applied

There are two ways of calculating the answers:

1) Use the rhyme: Error East Compass Least; Error West Compass Best

Start with 100°C, now apply 2° East, (error East Compass Least) which means C must be less than M). Therefore M = 102°.

M = 102°, now apply 5° West (Error West, Compass Best), M (Magnetic Compass) must be more than True (T), therefore = 097° True.

C	100°	
D	2°	East
M	102°	
V	5°	West
T	097°	

You can now plot the bearing 097°T on your chart.

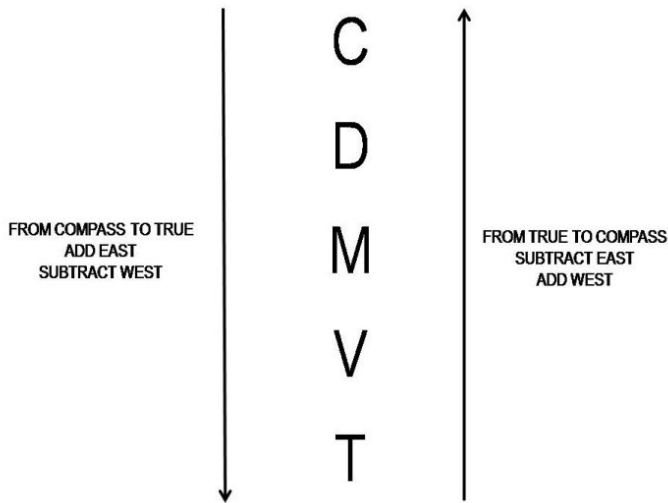
2) Write out the process using CADET. The word CADET tells you that from Compass to True you must ADD EAST (AD E).

C → AD E → T

Using this word and expanding the meaning provides us with a picture that is easy to follow. Simply apply the opposite for True to Compass.

Above we have:

Written out CDMVT with opposing arrows each side.



We know by using CADET, when going from Compass to True we ADD EAST (AD E). So draw a line pointing from C to T and write, next to this line 'Add East'. If you add east you must subtract west – write this on the same side.

On the other side of CDMVT, draw a line with an arrow going in the opposite direction from the first arrow on the other side.

The instructions for East and West are the exact opposite. Therefore, write subtract East, add West.

Simply follow the directions

As per our example, we have 100° Compass to convert to True. Using the above, it states that from Compass to True (C $\rightarrow$ T) you have to add East and subtract West.

Therefore $100^\circ\text{C} + 2^\circ\text{ East} = 102^\circ\text{M}$, then $102^\circ\text{M} - 5^\circ\text{ West} = 097^\circ\text{ True}$

You can now plot the CONVERTED bearing line of 100° Compass as 097° True on your chart.

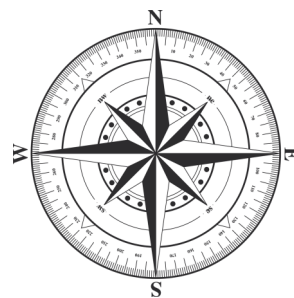


DEVIATION

Deviation is the deflection of the compass needle from its proper orientation. It is usually caused by magnetic materials on the boat (or indeed the boat itself). Deviation can be East or West, or zero, depending on the magnetic conditions on the vessel. The value of Deviation changes with the boat's heading.

Deviation is usually calculated by a professional Compass Adjuster; however you can check Deviation errors yourself by lining up your vessel on a set of leads and noting your compass heading. A forthcoming issue of *SisterShip* Magazine will include details of finding your own boat's Deviation.

**SisterShip* navigation pouch. Tools not included.



JACKIE PARRY is a professional and recreational captain. She has sailed around the world one-and-a-half times, and has worked internationally. Jackie is an instructor of professional level courses, and was one of the first female rescue skippers in NSW. She gives talks on sailing and coastal navigation, and has written four nautical books.



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The Essence

A collection of photos and short vignettes reflecting on one sailor's life with the sea.

By Deb Akey

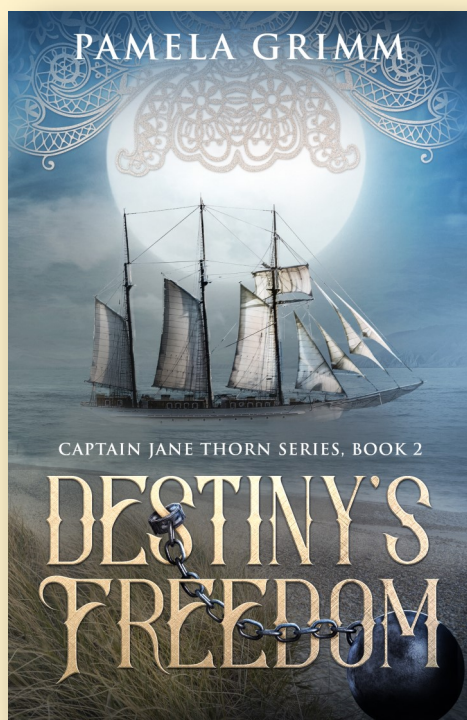


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Hobart to Sydney Delivery



Sarah Gamble

The annual Sydney to Hobart Yacht race draws competitors from far and wide. My bucket list includes competing in a race down south, however having never completed an ocean passage I thought good preparation would be to volunteer for a delivery, and in January I was one of seven crew returning a 60-foot yacht from Hobart to its home port of Sydney. It was a wonderful experience, challenging, and as some of our readers who regularly traipse this well-worn east coast race track will know, the diverse stretch of coastline is magnificent.

The weather was mostly kind with south easterly winds pushing us up the picturesque Tasmanian coastline, across Bass Strait, and towards Eden. Apart from the final day the days were beautiful and sunny, and nights were cloudless with masses of twinkling stars as far as the eye could see I was on the right watch to see both sunsets and sunrises and

saw both! Pictures could not do the kaleidoscope of colours justice, and with a flat Bass Strait and a horizon that stretched for miles, the welcome to a new day demanded attention. We saw marine life galore with dolphin escorts – big and small – hugging our bow. Whilst I thoroughly enjoyed the scenery, I did meet some challenges.

Helming a 60-footer in the ocean, mainly steering by instruments, is a little different to helming on our club's Force 24 training yachts in Newcastle Harbour. I am used to steering in the daylight, with fixtures on land, by tell-tales, and I must admit I was daunted about this part of the 'gig', however I need not have worried. I had great support and mentors on board, all willing to share their knowledge. The crew was split into three shifts, and whilst on watch, we each took a one-hour stint on the helm day and night.

Docked at Eden.



With a crash course on how to read the electronic navigation system, I also had to get used to helming with a wheel, which in hindsight is probably easier than helming with a tiller, but it still required a shift in thinking. The big swells were also a challenge, often pushing me right off course, then I would over correct, and it would take me a few minutes to settle the boat again on the right course. Small movements Sarah! Apart from our last night, which was pitch black with strong gusts, a following sea, and sneaky waves over the side, I helmed day and night, only once during the day losing concentration and heading, for a very brief moment, to New Zealand!

We had four hours of rest time, and whilst the pros immediately jumped into their bunks below decks, filling the cabin with gentle zeds, I found this more of a challenge, only snatching a few hours of sleep at a time over the six days at sea. The lack of sleep brought back memories of motherhood and raising three children, including twins, all under three. I took the lack of sleep in my stride though, knowing from past experience I would claim back the sleep eventually.

For those who sail regularly you can probably relate when I say that cooking can be tricky. The rock 'n' roll one night was a good one. The boat, pot and me were all in the groove of a rock 'n' roll song, dancing to a beat, albeit different rhythms. I was bracing myself to stop a possible fall and thinking *Maybe I shouldn't have filled the pot up so high with water.* I

had no possibility of reaching the DS if I had wanted to. What does DS stand for? Dear Stove! The pot, of course, didn't overflow as it was rocking to the same tune as the boat, and I managed to dish up my first meal at sea with no dramas.

We were constantly watching the weather forecast and on Day 4 we could see a red patch looming on Navionics indicating some strong wind was forthcoming, so we took shelter in the beautiful coastal town of Eden. I hadn't thought much about a shower until that point, but boy, it was certainly welcome, along with a decent coffee, a meal, and the opportunity to stretch the legs. While in port I took the opportunity to get to know my fellow crew some more, and we shared more than a few laughs over drinks at the local pub. More laughs carried over the water when us girls with short legs navigated the consequences of low tide – a little jump to reach the large tyre of the tug boat that the yachts were rafted up to, in order to reach our sleeping quarters. We left Eden early one morning, and with the southerly made good speed up the coast, arriving into Sydney the next day at lunch time to overcast conditions and rain. And even though I was exhausted, I was all smiles.

With 2019 being the year the 628 nautical mile race turns 75, the fleet will no doubt be bigger, and the competition for crew spots south no doubt tougher, however this also means there will be more opportunity to help with deliveries back to home ports. So, if you



Sailing along the rugged coast of Tasmania.

have some sailing experience and you think you might be interested in participating in a long ocean passage but are not sure, helping with a delivery is a good first step. I found this opportunity through a local sailor who regularly races south, and he connected me with the delivery skipper. I know of one sailor who found a ride back through Sail Connect, and our skipper also picked up two crew in Hobart who were looking for a ride back to Sydney. If my goal of finding a crew spot south does not eventuate this year, I will certainly be looking for another ride north. It was an awesome five-to-six-day adventure, and one I won't forget in a hurry.



SARAH GAMBLE At the age of 18, I found my love for sailing. I raced for three years in Sydney before life took another turn, and I ended up in NZ with no yachts in sight. My passion for the sport was reignited 3.5 years ago, and I'm now involved in club and regatta racing. I would welcome opportunities for more experience in ocean racing.

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R.E.S.P.E.C.T

Gina De Vere

LEFT: Beth and Norm Cooper.

In her song, Aretha Franklin asks for 'a little respect' and says, 'find out what it means to me'. This word, respect, appears in the majority of the replies I received in response to a question about communication. I sent forty questionnaires to sailing women around the world whose advice and experiences were used as the basis for my book, *'Blue Water Women; Making the Leap from Landlubber to a Life at Sea'*. The women's ages ranged from 24 to 74, they were of different cultures, race, and sexual persuasion, from novices to the highly professional. Although very different they shared certain opinions and experiences. One clear message that came through was the need to communicate well with your partner, your captain, your crew, either male or female. And *respect* is a vital part of good communication.

Women generally agree we come from Venus and men come from Mars, another way of saying there are times when we find each other difficult to communicate with. Do we prefer to be spoken to differently from men? According to the women interviewed for my book, the answer is definitely yes. So, if that is generally the case what can women do to make communication with our partners easier? Can we change the patterns that have built up over the years? My belief is that, with patience, we can. This may take time, I

believe it takes on average three months of effort to change a habit, depending of course on how long the habit has become ingrained!

As a sailor you are likely to be on the boat with your partner or crew in small spaces for long periods of time, sometimes several weeks without stepping off. Good communication and respect for others' differences, strengths and weaknesses is essential for harmonious on board experiences. As Barbara Gladney on *SV Destiny* says when referring to communication:

'It's a two- way street. We both have to remember to work hard to respect one another and to support one another's wishes and goals. We both have to remember that we depend on each other for survival, so we have to communicate well'.

Often when women talk the aim is to share. We are asking for the other party to listen. We need to be understood. Just getting something off our chest makes us feel better because we have processed the situation. We are not necessarily asking for a solution. However, men like to be useful and find solutions and advice. Therefore, women need to preface our words with, 'I'd like to pass this by you, I am not looking for solutions, just to be listened to,' so the man does not have to search for an appropriate reply, and

instead can listen actively.

But there *are* times when disagreements become tense, times when you would willingly jump off the boat. When arguing there are words to ban from your vocabulary, even when you are sorely tempted: Never, Always, But, and You. Name calling is a sign of contempt and threats are forbidden. So, we need to learn how to argue and when.

Cate Storey onboard *Snufkin* found it hard having no one to share problems with, particularly after an argument with her husband, *'When the only person I have around to "vent to" is the one person I want to have a "vent" about!'*

Colleen Wilson and husband Tom on *Mokisha* have been sailing for over 16 years together and initially there were disagreements. She says she found:

'In our early years, we'd have a fair amount of arguments. I'd wish I could jump off the boat and go somewhere else! Things gradually got better and better though. My Mom always said you should never go to bed and not talk to each other or at least, say, "I love you". That didn't always happen but things today are much better. My biggest challenge was the difference between men and women. While I would never "yell" at my partner, men are quite different and have no problem yelling out instructions. I used to take it personally but have learned not to. It wasn't easy though!'

Over time we learn to trust each others' abilities and ways of doing things but to begin with this can be difficult. Lilly Service on board *Tiger Lilly* says:

'As I have gained more experience over the past seven years, he (husband Tom) seems more ready to take my advice... However, we are both STRONG personalities, and once the danger has passed, we often have some pretty good knock down, take no prisoners, types of "discussions"!'

Discussions are great – at the right time. Women are often criticised for talking at the wrong times, perhaps at a stressful time, maybe when danger is being averted, or mid-manoeuvre, or in the middle of a tricky repair. We need to think carefully about how we ask our questions, and when. We need to save the clarifications we need or the points we wish to make, (either verbally or written), so we can discuss them later at a more appropriate time. When we share issues it creates better understanding and improves bonding. If we do not share our fears, uncertainties, or lack of knowledge we are losing out in many ways. We are not being ourselves, we are not being true to our own nature and who we are. We are not learning. And we are missing out on an opportunity to enjoy a closer relationship with our partner. However, in order to be open to sharing we need to be in a 'safe' environment emotionally, hence the rise in women only websites, courses, magazines and books.



Sometimes we can become so overloaded with technical replies when we ask a question, that our minds go numb. Chantal Lebet Haller, formerly SV *Micromegas* says:

'I had to fight to learn some things. It was difficult because the captain gave me lots of explanations with "why here, why there" and it was too long. I wanted an answer in two words and that's it.'

Later she realized it would have been useful to have had more knowledge, but at that time all she could absorb was a short answer. In this case we need to choose our words more carefully and perhaps preface our questions with 'short answer please'. It is up to us to receive the information we need. Therefore, the questions need to be to the point because if we ask woolly questions it's likely we won't get the answers we want.

At the end of a recent voyage Alexandra Mateer, formerly SV *Roxanne* said:

'Communication was our biggest problem. I started to

hate sailing towards the end... I felt I couldn't put a foot right and I lost my confidence on the boat and that made it a self-fulfilling prophecy. I became a real klutz.

One thing I found helpful was to start a little book where I wrote everything down. How to do simple repairs, our safety procedures, etc. I just went over and over them in my head till I felt I knew what to do in certain emergency situations. That's when I felt my learning really started to consolidate.'

Women often have different learning styles from men. Linda Morgenstern shares her experiences:

'I knew absolutely nothing about boats. I took most practical seminars, chats, and attended sailboat shows and asked lots of questions... and then I found the Seattle Women's Sailing Association. I loved this organization. I was eager to learn, and members were eager to share. The organization was founded on the idea that women might prefer to learn from other women in a softer more congenial environment. The style and feel of the organization was absolutely



BROADEN YOUR HORIZONS WITH THE DOWN UNDER RALLY

Whether you are westbound on a circumnavigation and considering your options for cyclone season or you are already in Australia and looking to make your first offshore voyage, the Down Under 'Go West' or 'Go East' Rally can assist.



2017 Go East Participants 'Gadji' - New Caledonia
Image Credit: Luke Ludemann - DIY Sailing

GO EAST

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AUSTRALIA TO NEW CALEDONIA

If the adventure of sailing to and cruising in new countries appeals to you but you would prefer to make the voyage in the company of likeminded people then the **Go East Rally** can help turn your cruising dreams into reality.

Each year the **Go East Rally** departs Queensland for the 780nm voyage to New Caledonia.

The **Down Under Rally** believes that New Caledonia is the best-kept secret in the Pacific.

Cruising in New Caledonia offers the opportunity to sail and explore literally hundreds of miles of sheltered waterways inside the largest barrier reef fringed lagoon in the world. The lagoon is truly a sailor's paradise and offers those who cruise there clear blue water, pristine coral reefs and literally hundred's of uninhabited island and atolls and just as many uncrowded anchorages.

The **Down Under Go East Rally** can help you prepare for the voyage, make the voyage and enjoy the destination.



Sailing, Sydney NSW
Mandatory Credit: Tourism Australia
Photographer: Hugh Stewart

GOWEST

CRUISERS RALLY TO AUSTRALIA

To sail halfway around the world and not visit & spend time cruising in Australia is simply a travesty, yet year after year many international cruising yachts choose to do just that! Why?

In years gone by, Australia earned the reputation of not being 'cruiser friendly' and this came about as a result of a few poor experiences that were caused by a lack of readily available information about what to expect and how to prepare for arriving in the country by yacht.

The **Down Under Rally** has remedied this situation and in the past 3 years more than 100 international yachts have joined the rally and entered Australia without a problem. They have then gone on to tick off many bucket list items, such as sailing under the Sydney Harbour Bridge and being on their own boat and witnessing the spectacle of the world famous Sydney New Years Eve Fireworks.

The vast majority of the East Coast of mainland Australia and the spectacular coastline of Tasmania offers the visiting cruising yacht the opportunity to sail by day and anchor at night, as well as experience some of the most diverse and spectacular locations you will ever find, in a relaxed and convenient manner.

Find out more at: www.downunderrally.com

comfortable, friendly, an exceptional learning environment. If you wanted to learn how to sail; this was clearly the place provided you were motivated and asked how things worked and got involved. If you sat back waiting for someone to come preach to you or command you to do something, this was not how the group worked. So, I learned TONS.'

Many interview responses showed that on the whole, women prefer to know in advance what is required of them so they have time to prepare themselves. We are pretty conscientious! One woman puts it well:

'As a woman I like having things explained to me beforehand, so I have a picture in my mind what I might have to do. I like to gradually build up my knowledge and feel confident about what I have learned.'

Although this is not always possible when sailing, if this is your learning style, you need to communicate the need for more information *before* it is needed and build your knowledge incrementally and at your own pace.

Respect needs to be earned through consistent correct behaviour, but it also needs to be shown. There may be an occasion for a loud yell in a moment of danger on a boat, but as a way of daily communication the majority of the Blue Water Women interviewed said they *bate* to be yelled at. It is disrespectful and hurtful.

Loud yelling can be heard most often at anchoring time. This is totally unnecessary. A rehearsed series of hand signals works well. As Judy Hildebrand bluntly puts it if men wish to have their women continue to sail happily with them, 'Do not YELL. EVER!'

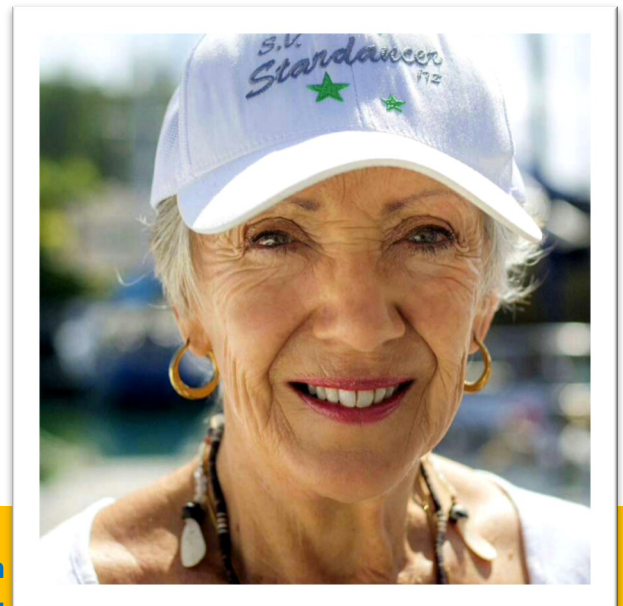
Good communication needs to be worked at by all parties, however it is up to you to show others by your example how you wish to be treated, how you prefer to be spoken to, you can set your boundaries regarding the types of communication you will and will not have on board. And I guarantee you will earn more than a little R.E.S.P.E.C.T.!

Website <https://www.bluewaterwomen.com>

Instagram: Bluewaterwomen.com

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Email: bluewaterwomen2016@gmail.com

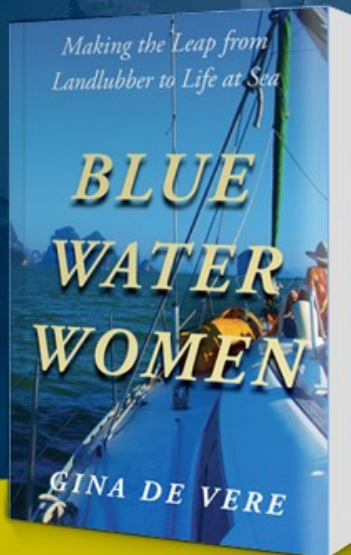


A New Zealander by birth, GINA DE VERE has been sailing full time on her monohull, a Gib Sea 47.2 with her husband Christian Selaries for the past 15 years. They set sail from NZ in 2005, sailing the South Pacific, Papua New Guinea twice, Australia to Indonesia twice, exploring Borneo, Thailand and Malaysia and the South China Sea.

Sailing was a huge change from the career Gina enjoyed as university lecturer in marketing , innovation and entrepreneurship, and as CEO of her business consultancy, Masters Consulting. She continues her work as Life Coach. Her newest adventure is as book author, having previously had articles published in sailing magazines in Germany, USA, Australia and NZ. Gina's aim in life is to inspire and support women in particular, to make the 'leap' to a more adventurous, fulfilling life.

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Facing Fear Head On

Edited by Jackie Parry and Shelley Wright

<http://geni.us/AkM6M1x>

www.sistershippress.com

A collection of 46
inspiration and
practical stories from
women on the water

Please don't do that!



In the first of what will be a regular column, Shelly Galligan busts medical myths and offers advice for medical emergencies on the water.



When I was working as an ER nurse, I was always pushing to have a bright red 'hot phone' installed in the department for anyone who was thinking of doing something dodgy.

You call me and I'll tell you what I think. For instance, 'I'm thinking of letting my drunken mates pull me behind a pickup truck around a snowy field on the hood of an old car' or 'I'm planning to cross the lake on my snowmobile since there's not much open water'. And then I say, 'Please don't do that'. I could have saved so much embarrassment and so many lives.

In the world of offshore medicine, I am asked questions that make the words 'Please don't do that' spring forth again. Now my beloved red phone meets paper. We're going to bust medical myths, call out the Old Wives, answer the questions that plague us and maybe learn a thing or two about handling medical emergencies on the water.

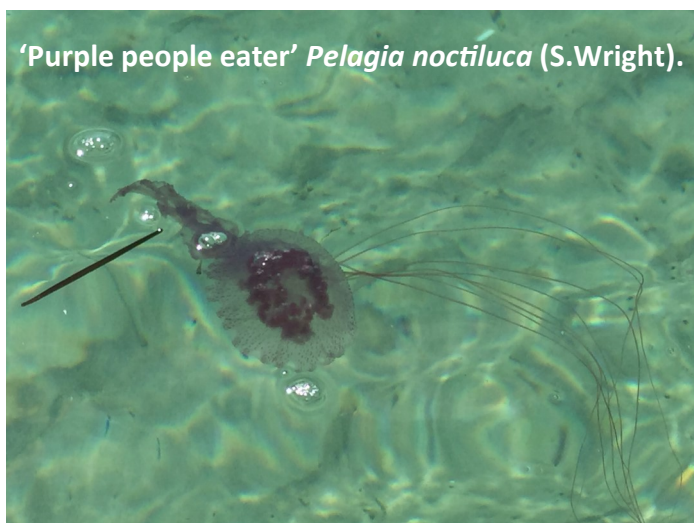
Jellyfish

We're starting with jellyfish. These guys aren't just painful and annoying, the venom of some species can kill. Box jellyfish stings cause more deaths annually than shark attacks!

We've all heard, read or seen on TV that when someone is stung by a jellyfish, we should immediately pee on them. Please Don't Do That! This also applies to scraping

off the tentacles with a credit card, dousing them with seawater, applying shaving cream, meat tenderizer, rubbing alcohol, sand, baking soda, ice packs or giving epinephrine (adrenaline). These remedies drag the stingers (called cnidae) across more of the skin or make them discharge more venom into the victim. At best these treatments do nothing, more than likely they will make it worse. Much worse.

What can we do? There's actual science involved in this. According to the University of Hawaii at Manoa, Department of Tropical Medicine, first-aid measures taken immediately after a sting, especially when tentacles are still adhered to the skin, can dramatically reduce the amount of venom injected into the skin and improve sting symptoms. If you're a science dork like me and want to read the whole study the link is in 'further reading' at the end of this story. If you're more into the 'Cliff Note' version, here's the skinny: First inactivate the attached stingers by dousing them with full strength vinegar or a product called Sting No



'Purple people eater' *Pelagia noctiluca* (S.Wright).

More®Spray (<http://stingnomore.com/>), developed specifically for this purpose with Department of Defense funding. After the rinsing (or immediately if you don't have any vinegar or Sting No More® handy), carefully pluck the tentacles from the skin with a tweezers. Then apply hot packs or hot water, ideally at a temperature of 45°C/113°F, for 45 minutes. Finally, how about a little pain medication? You've earned it.

An internet search may provide other remedies but remember you can't always trust Dr. Google. He's only as good as the questions we ask him, and he doesn't have malpractice insurance.

SHELLY GALLIGAN is a USCG 100 ton Captain and a registered nurse with over 25 years of Emergency Room experience. She joyfully shares her experiences with other water lovers, preparing them to intervene effectively in offshore emergencies. Shelly is passionate about life on the water and life in general.

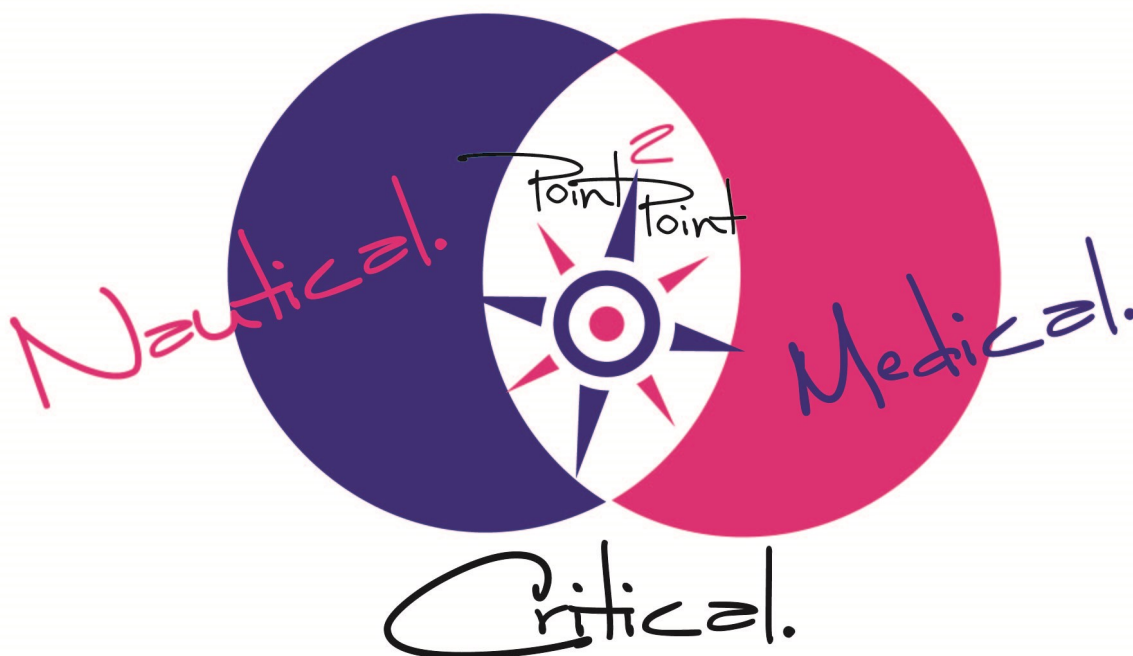
Further reading:

<https://www.mdpi.com/2072-6651/9/3/105/htm#B3-toxins-09-00105>

<https://www.floridamuseum.ufl.edu/science/shark-bites-plummet-in-2018/>

<https://www.emergencymed.uci.edu/features/feature-dr-algaze.asp>

<https://www.mdpi.com/2072-6651/9/3/105/htm>



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LEFT: LILY BARLOW with her *SisterShip* bag. Photo taken at Brookvale TAFE, having just completed the final exam of a five-week MED2 (Marine Engine Driver) course (38 weeks pregnant in the photo!). AUSTRALIA.

*From the eds—we think this qualifies Lily as a Shero as well!

Yoga4Yachties



Hi, I'm Leanne Hembrow, John and I run the 'Down Under Rally' but I am also known as Yoga4Yachties. I have been a practicing yogi on board our sailing vessels for 10 years travelling ports of the world and a qualified Yoga Teacher since 2013.

I share my love of Yoga with Down Under Rally Participants and my Sailing Community in various anchorages from Australia to Fiji, check out my website www.yoga4yachties.com to join one of my Yoga Retreats and see my yearly class schedule. Our Catamaran Songlines displays my Yoga4Yachties Logo, please come and say "Hi" if we are anchored nearby, I would love to share a class with you.

Leanne H Hembrow

Blissology Inspired Yoga Teacher

Blissology RYT 200hr

Yoga Alliance Registration # 122921

Ph: Fiji +679 8319506 or

Ph: Aus +61 0452204322 or

Ph: New Caledonia +687 852175

Email: yoga4yachties@gmail.com

Website: www.yoga4yachties.com



SisterShip has 5 copies of Indigo Blue to give away compliments of Jessica Watson! Subscribe before June 10th to be in the draw (all current subscribers automatically entered)



Jessica Watson shares Chapter 1 of her new book 'Indigo Blue'



A Fish out of Water

THE YEAR-TWELVE STUDENTS threw curious glances at the new girl as the class filed into the room, but nobody made an effort to greet her. The boys headed straight to the back, and the girls continued their conversations as they claimed seats, giving no indication that Alex was welcome to join them. Letting her brown hair swing forward around her face, Alex made her way to the far side of the room where a desk with a peeling laminate top sat apart from the others.

The scraping of chairs quieted as the class settled and the young dark-haired teacher with big round glasses squared his shoulders and turned to write 'Mr Johnstone, Fundamentals of Maths, Year 12, Term 1' across the top of the whiteboard.

He faced the students and cleared his throat, trying to get their attention. The talking continued, but he pressed on. 'Welcome back. This might be the general maths class but we still have a lot of material to cover, so I'm going to need everyone's full attention.'

But the teacher's words hardly registered as the students eagerly – and with increasing volume – caught up after the holidays.

'Exams are not until the end of the year, but you'll need to start taking notes now,' Mr Johnstone said. 'This gives you an idea of what we'll be covering.' He motioned to the board where he had written up the year's curriculum and began to read aloud. Alex could barely hear him over the noise of the other students, and her focus quickly drifted away from Mr Johnstone, maths and her new classmates.

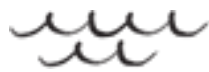
When her dad broke the news that he had received a research grant at a prestigious hospital in the United States, and that she would be moving from her hometown of Sydney to live with her aunt in a little coastal town in Queensland to finish her last year of school at Cootharaba High, Alex hadn't been too bothered. She'd let herself fantasise that her new-girl status might give her an air of mystery, and maybe even some of the popularity that had never quite been within her reach at her old school. Although she'd miss her friends, she had tried to focus on the excitement of a fresh start. But as her first class dragged on and not a single student tried to strike up a conversation, her heart sank. This was clearly a tight-knit group of students who had chosen their friends years ago, leaving little room for anyone new.

Glancing around the classroom, Alex also realised that her neatly ironed, brand-new uniform was totally out of place. The other students wore their olive polo shirts untucked, their striped shorts or skirts crinkled; and Alex was pretty sure she was the only girl in the class whose skirt hadn't been shortened to barely skim the knee. Uniform rules clearly weren't as strict as they had been at her previous school. Here the girls personalised their uniforms, altering them to fit as they wanted, whereas Alex felt as if her uniform wore her, hanging off her short, square frame.

Mr Johnstone cleared his throat loudly again, and the class hushed briefly as he explained the exercises he'd assigned them. Although she'd never been an especially good student, particularly when it came to maths, Alex knew she wouldn't have any trouble keeping up, having already covered this topic at her old school.

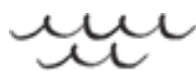
So, instead of copying out the sums from the board, she opened her empty notebook to where a flyer sat, tucked away between the pages. Positioning a hand to hide the advertisement from the rest of the class, she re-read the short description that sat under a black-and-white photo: 18-foot yacht for sale – *A solid boat with a lot of potential. This well-kitted-out yacht comes with a full set of racing sails and extensive safety equipment. A spot of new paint and modern deck fittings will see this gem shine again.*

Alex tried to hide her smile; even the thought of being back out on the water made her feel happy. Moving from Sydney had been hard for many reasons, but one of the biggest was leaving behind her friends at the yacht club. Ever since Alex's mum died of breast cancer when she was only two years old, her dad had worked obsessively to find a cure for the disease. So, while her dad spent his weekends at the university lab, Alex spent hers at the local yacht club, where her love for sailing and boats grew. She wondered just how much work this little boat would need; the word 'potential' was never an encouraging one to find on a sales advert, but nonetheless she kept smiling as she folded away the paper between the pages of her notebook.



Alex walked out into the sunshine at lunchtime, still no closer to making friends. She didn't usually worry about what other people thought of her, but she knew how pathetic she would look if she ate alone. Not feeling bold enough to invite herself into any of the sitting groups of friends, she found herself aimlessly wandering the tree-lined school campus until the bell rang to signal the return to classes.

When she had arrived at school that morning, the small buildings and eucalypt forest had struck her as friendly, but as the day wore on and she still hadn't exchanged more than a few words with any of her new schoolmates, Alex began to worry. The grey weather mirrored her feelings, with light rain falling as she headed to her last class of the day. In the final half-hour of history, she found herself again examining the flyer of the yacht for sale. The only contact details provided were a name, John, and a mobile phone number. She resolved to go and inspect it that afternoon. Ever since she'd passed her driving test she had been saving up to buy a car, but maybe a boat was what she needed – something to distract her from what looked like it was going to be a long, lonely year at school.



Alex walked down a dock that sat out over the dark tea-tree-coloured waters of Lake

Cootharaba. John, from the flyer, had offered to meet her right away, and she hadn't had time to change out of her school uniform, which was now damp from the sprinkling rain.

A grey-haired man was waiting for her at the end of the dock, his face darkening when he saw her uniform.

He introduced himself as the local boat broker and shipwright.

'Bit young to be buying a boat, aren't you, love?' he asked.

Alex frowned, and John – with clear reluctance – led her down a narrow section of the marina where he pointed out the boat from the flyer. The little yacht was covered in bird poo and draped in rotting sail covers, but under the years of neglect Alex could see that the yacht had pretty lines.

John looked down at her, still frowning. 'This boat needs work,' he told her. 'Not work for a kid like you.'

Alex tried not to roll her eyes; if only he knew half of what she had learned at the yacht club in Sydney. 'Can you unlock the cabin?' she asked. 'I'd like to take a closer look.' Climbing aboard, she found that it looked no better on the inside: at the front of the cabin were small bunk beds that doubled as a lounge with dirty grey cushions, and to one side sat a tiny galley that reminded her of the kitchen playset she'd had as a kid, except here the varnish was flaking from the fixtures. Deeper in the cabin she found a tiny bathroom and another bunk that looked just as neglected.

The rain was falling more heavily when Alex emerged a few minutes later. Waiting impatiently on the dock, John looked cranky. 'I think it's time that we wrap up this little adventure, young lady.'

Alex pretended she hadn't heard him as she climbed around the deck, noticing the peeling stickers on the cabin top that told her that the yacht's name was Indigo Blue. It suited the little boat's round lines, she thought with relief, because sailors' superstition said it was bad luck to change a boat's name.

She took her time, enjoying John's growing frustration as she made a list in her mind of the improvements she'd need to make, and what they might cost. Then, when she was ready, she looked up at him.

'I'll take her.'



Half an hour later Alex met John at what he had described as an office but turned out to be not much more than a shed. She sat patiently on an upturned crate while he prepared the paperwork. She knew she was being reckless, that the boat might need work beyond her skills and meagre budget, but she was looking forward to the challenge.

Finally, with the documents signed, he handed her a wad of water-damaged manuals, the boat's logbook and a key with a small float attached to the key ring. In return, Alex handed over the cash she'd been diligently saving for a car. Thankfully the town was small and most things were

within walking distance; a car would just have to wait.

She headed straight down the jetty, excited to officially own the little yacht. She intended to open every locker, pull up every floorboard and see what equipment was on board – but instead, she sat on the tiny bunk and wrapped an arm around the mast, savouring the idea that she now had an ally in the unfamiliar town, even if it was just one small, rundown boat.

It had begun to pour, and Alex heard a drip inside the cabin. She hunted around for the hole and placed a bucket under it. Now that she was up, she inspected the wiring, navigation equipment and locker full of damp books. She neatened the cabin as she went, slowly realising the enormity of the job ahead of her.

A strong musty smell escaped when she opened one of the sail bags stored at the front of the boat; it obviously hadn't been touched in a very long time. She'd have to lay the sails out to inspect them properly but from what she could see they were old and worn, nothing like the crisp new sails she was used to back in Sydney.

When the rain slowed and the sun began to set, Alex locked the boat's cabin and headed back up the dock and through the empty streets of Boreen Point. She reached the top of the hill as the last of the light disappeared, leaving her to struggle with the unfamiliar latch of her aunt's gate.



Opening the front door of the little wooden cottage not far from the lake, Alex found her Aunt Robin standing over the kitchen stove, huge hoops swinging wildly from her ears as she tossed



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vegetables in a wok. ‘Hello Alex, dear,’ Robin called across the room over the blaring sounds of both the stereo and the TV.

It seemed to Alex that if her aunt liked a piece of jewellery or clothing, nothing stopped her from wearing it along with every other item she had, all at once if necessary. She certainly didn’t seem worried that almost every outfit she owned clashed with her bright red curly hair. And Robin’s house mimicked the way she liked to dress: the living room was loud, messy and a riot of mismatched colours and patterns. Alex’s dad had always strived for order and minimalism in their house, so the chaos of his sister’s place left Alex feeling slightly on edge.

Adding her shoes to an already overflowing shoe rack, Alex made straight for the stereo, turning the volume down. ‘Can I help?’ she asked.

‘No, dear,’ Robin said. ‘You must be worn out from all the excitement. Old Geoffrey from the general store tells me you bought a boat today!’

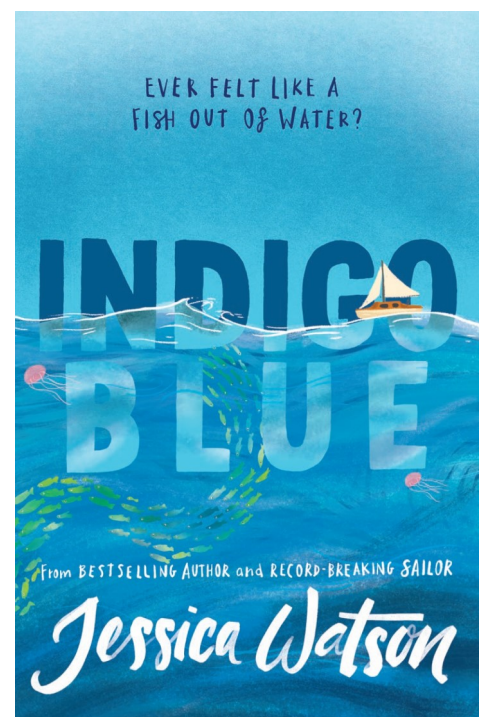
Alex perched herself on one of the kitchen stools, her stomach growling from her missed lunch, and marvelled at how fast news travelled in the tiny town. Watching her aunt work, Alex wished that she’d inherited Robin’s height and long limbs, but she was short and stocky like her dad. The only family resemblance was the hazel eyes that she and her aunt shared.

Alex told her a bit about Indigo and Robin tried to ask questions but had never been very interested in boats and didn’t know what to say, so soon the conversation moved on to town gossip that meant nothing to Alex. Geoffrey had recovered from his hip operation; Maggie had opened a craft shop; Barney had taken on an apprentice. She tried to keep up with the names, but her thoughts drifted to how beautiful Indigo Blue would look fixed up and under full sail.

‘How was school?’ Robin asked as they sat down to eat.

Alex shrugged, a sense of dread settling over her as she recalled her less-than-successful day at making new friends. ‘It was okay, I suppose.’

Robin didn’t seem bothered by Alex’s reluctance to talk, talking enough for both of them through dinner, overwhelming her with even more unfamiliar names. Alex wasn’t used to having such a talkative companion. Dinner conversation with her dad was usually limited to brief descriptions of their days, and that was if he was home at all. He would often work late, reheating the meal she would leave for him in the fridge, long after she headed to bed. For the first time since she moved here, Alex felt something close to contentment come over her. Sure, her life had been thrown into disarray, and her new school was pretty much the worst, but when she thought of Indigo Blue bobbing away at the marina, she couldn’t help but feel better about it all.



INDIGO BLUE

Jessica Watson

Published by Lothian Children's Books | January 2018 | Paperback \$15.99 | Ebook: \$15.99

An inspiring adventure about fate, friendship and finding yourself from Young Australian of the Year 2011, Jessica Watson



Alex feels like a fish out of water in her new hometown - the sleepy little lakeside village of Boreen Point where she is reluctantly sent to live with her slightly eccentric aunt for her final year of high school. None of Alex's classmates could care less about the new girl, so Alex couldn't care less about them . . . or so she tries to tell herself.

As a distraction from what is quickly shaping up to be a very lonely year, Alex spends her savings on a rundown little yacht and throws herself into restoring it. A curious discovery leads to the beginnings of a friendship, but it's Sam - the sailmaker's apprentice - and his mysterious ways that capture Alex's attention and force her to question what is real and what matters most.

After 210 days at sea navigating some of the world's most challenging oceans and surviving seven knockdowns, **Jessica Watson** sailed triumphantly into Sydney Harbour in May 2010. At 16 she became the youngest person to sail solo non-stop and unassisted around the world.

In December 2011, Jessica skippered the youngest crew to ever compete in the iconic Sydney to Hobart yacht race, finishing second in their category. She was named Young Australian of the Year 2011. And in January 2012, Jessica was announced in the Australia Day Honours list, receiving an OAM (Order of Australia Medal) for services to sailing and being a role model for the youth of Australia.

Jessica completed an MBA in 2017, she is a partner in marine startup Deckee, an ambassador for Mobile Travel Agents, and is a Youth Representative for the United Nations World Food Programme.

Jessica's #1 bestselling memoir, *True Spirit*, was released in 2010 and her novel, *Indigo Blue*, will be published in 2018.

- Jessica received an OAM in 2012 for services to Australia and for being a role model for the youth of Australia
- Jessica was named Young Australian of the Year in 2011
- Jessica's memoir, *True Spirit*, was a #1 bestseller, selling over 90,000 copies in two formats
- Her debut novel, *Indigo Blue*, features a strong female protagonist and a fun adventure story with romance and a touch of fantasy – perfect for girls 9+

For further information please contact Ashleigh Barton on 02 8248 0821 or ashleigh.barton@hachette.com.au



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Pearls of Wisdom

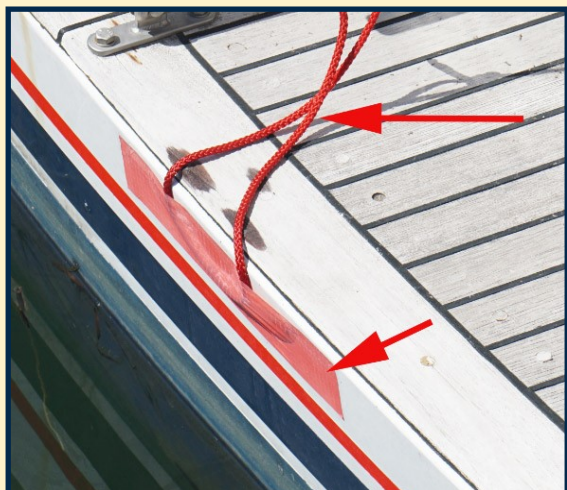
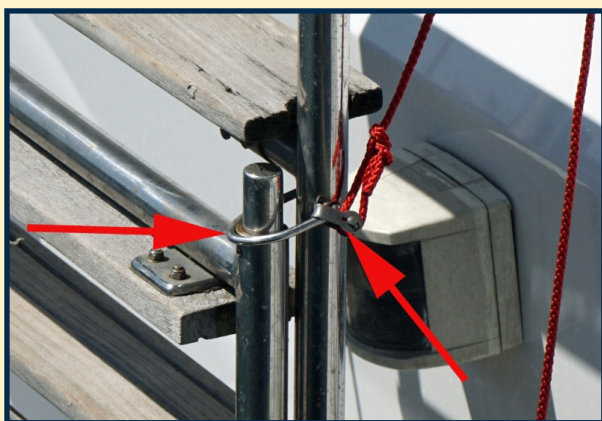


Carol Littlewood shares her tip for securing a boarding ladder.

When we bought *Paddington V*, a Dutch Steel Polaris Enduring 1300 Motor Yacht, we realised that if one of us fell in they would not be able to pull the swimming ladder down because of the safety catch which keeps it up. So we rigged a red rope, see photos, which if tugged will pull the catch up and then the rope which pulls the ladder up after swimming, which you can see on the left of the ladder lying on the bathing platform, can be used to pull the ladder down into the water. (Obviously the pull up rope must never be tied up tightly.)

Carol and James Littlewood

Paddington V



Pearl 2: Place a thin piece of string from the bottom of the back fender tied up about 1.5 - 2 metres along the boat. This stops the fender being pushed out backwards in a lock or on a mooring, thus protecting the stern.



LEFT: *Paddington V.*

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Ivy's escape

Liveaboard sailor LANISE EDWARDS shares her account of typical day in the life of boat-dog Ivy...

We were well overdue to haul *Easter Rose* out of the water for antifouling and maintenance. The last time this expensive chore was completed we stayed in a holiday house for three days. This time, with three weeks of hard work ahead of us, we decided to stay onboard. Fortunately, the boatyard in Bundaberg had actual steps rather than a ladder, which made access to the boat possible. A ladder was not going cut it for myself or Ivy our old Labrador.

The steps were steep and initially Ivy refused to climb them as she could see the ground beneath, this unnerved her. After some consideration we tied shade cloth underneath the steps. Ivy was happy to walk up and down with us following and holding her lead. With that hurdle overcome we began a daily routine of sanding and grinding to prepare the hull for a thorough paint and overhaul. Ivy spent most of her days on a lead sleeping in the cool shade of the boat or on deck as we worked on *Easter Rose*.

After 10 days on the hardstand Ivy had a good routine and waited for us to escort her

down the steps for her morning walk. I guess I became comfortable and secure in the knowledge that Ivy would not attempt the steps alone. I should have known her better. In hindsight it was very likely she had been scheming her 'great escape' for several days! This is Ivy's style, and I underestimated her tenacity and cunning.

One morning I woke early, let Ivy off her lead in the cockpit and ventured back below decks to prepare a well-earned coffee. Still in my mismatched PJs I eventually came back on deck with coffee in hand, noticing Ivy was not in the cockpit. Aching all over from the previous day's hard work and noticing last night's shower had not removed residue paint from my hands and feet, I glanced around. Still no sign of Ivy. Surely, she was not brave enough to go down the steps alone? I was mistaken.

As my foggy morning-brain stepped up a gear, I knew I had to act quickly. Our old Labrador was more than capable of sneaking off once my guard was down. And it was. Ivy could not have chosen a worse time! My antifoul splattered body and odd pyjamas looked a sight, not to mention my knotted hair also sprinkled with primer and other paint residue.

There was no time to waste, with a busy road

out the front and miles of river and esplanade, not to mention trucks and workmen with forklifts. Ivy could be in danger and oblivious to it. I bolted down the steps without further thought and paced around the large yard peering in every corner. No sign of Ivy. Surely, she could not have gone far? How long had she been gone? I had no idea. I figured it was early and no one would be around, so I chanced running out onto the road in my PJs. I noticed some workman on the road and asked if they had seen a black Labrador. They glanced at me slightly oddly, I obviously didn't realise how I looked. They both pointed, stating that she had gone one of two different directions. I was confused and had to take a guess which direction she would head. This meant crossing the road and walking to the esplanade pathway. I scanned up and down and kept calling her name in an increasingly loud, agitated manner, as I became aware that the world was waking up and people (normally-dressed people!) were appearing.

Too late to return to the boat, I forged on. Finally, in the far distance I spotted a black dog near the seafood co-op skip bins. This had to be Ivy. Ivy loves a rotten smell to investigate! I ran back to the road and towards the co-op. Now many people were present. Some just stared. I must have looked like a madwoman on a mission, covered in weird blue paint with war-like smears of silver primer on my face and in my hair. My mismatched PJs, lack of a bra, and crazed look must have topped it off. I yelled to Ivy as I could see it was definitely her. She froze, and I thought my search was over.

Ivy glanced around, then turned her back to me as if she had no clue who I was and could not hear me. Her hearing is acute; however, she had no intention of stopping or responding. By now I was a woman possessed, frustrated and cranky. I scolded her from a distance and demanded that she, "Come now!" I was infuriated. My voice obviously loud, people enjoying a relaxing

morning coffee at the cafe stared. Beyond embarrassment at this point, I was hellbent on catching Ivy before she ate some gruesome morsel of rotten seafood that would result in a very messy aftermath!

I ran quickly towards her, approaching the bins as Ivy snorted, sniffed and kept chewing something revolting on the ground. Still completely ignoring me, she was obviously obsessed with her find. I took advantage and cornered her. Once an arm's length away Ivy looked up at me as if to say; "Oh I didn't see you, what's the problem?" Grimacing I attached her lead and pulled her away from the bins. I had her in my grips and she acted as if she did not have a clue why I was angry or what the drama was!

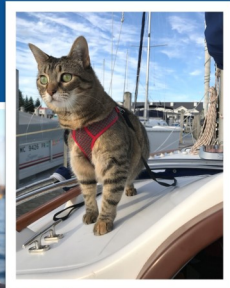
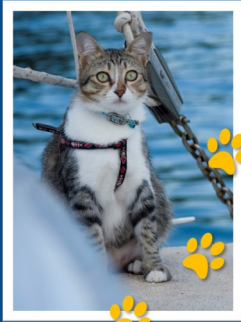
I marched her back down the road, appearing like an abusive crazy dog owner as I muttered more than a few expletives under my breath. By this time the road was busy, workmen and boat yard staff had arrived. Yachties and locals were strolling by the café, enjoying their morning walks. I wished I could have shrunk into the asphalt as I became excessively aware of my PJ-clad appearance. I trudged back to the boatyard with Ivy.

Entering the yard people were out working on boats. I held my head high and picked up my pace towards *Easter Rose*, shoving Ivy up the steps and collapsing in the cockpit. It was then that the humorous side of my morning hit me and I began to laugh hysterically. Emerging from the cockpit my husband asked where I had been. I rolled my eyes and replied, "Oh just for a walk!"

You can read more of the adventures of Ivy and other sailing animals in 'Voyaging Pets: an anthology from women on the water' - out now.

Voyaging Pets

An Anthology from Women on the Water



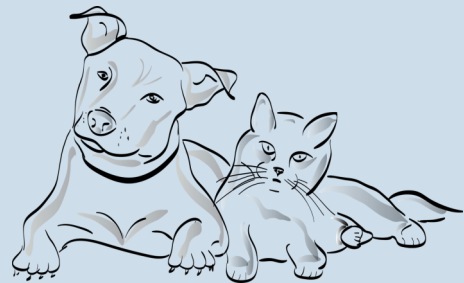
Edited by Shelley Wright and Jackie Parry

People will go to extraordinary lengths to keep their families together, and for many this includes four-legged members. While it is easier to travel with pets these days, it's not always smooth sailing with animals onboard.

Our writers expose the depth of love for their furry friends, with touching, humorous, and unusual pet yarns.

Canines and felines of all shapes, colours, and sizes feature in this pet anthology but also prepare to meet Patch the sailing guinea pig, Pi-Rat, and Roger the cheeky booby bird!

These are cruising companions who love their life onboard and add a new dimension of adventure for their devoted families.



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Part 1

The coast of Scotland: A photo essay

By Sarah Rutt

East Coast - Eyemouth.



Caledonian Canal - Loch Ness.



East Coast - Eyemouth.

I hope you might like to join me in a little piece of northern paradise, while it's not bathed in wall to wall sunshine (in fact it rains quite a lot) the scenery is spectacular, the wildlife amazing, and it's not overcrowded with boats. Our forays around northern Europe have taken us to many different countries but Scotland is one of our favorite destinations. I hope the following photo journey will give you a small peek into a wonderful place.

I'll start on the east coast where our first sailing adventure to Scotland began. This coast is scattered with quaint little fishing harbors that dry out at low water, it is a tricky coast for deep keeled boats but there are a few harbors where you can stay afloat. It makes for

challenging but interesting navigation, especially when the weather is not favorable, but its rocky cliffs and sandy bays make it a pretty place to visit. The east coast has three big cities; Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Inverness. Edinburgh, the Scottish capital, sits 28 miles up the Firth of Forth. Edinburgh is a city with many stories to tell, incredible architecture linked by narrow alleys and dark secrets but also relaxing open spaces. Aberdeen has a large commercial harbor full of oil rig support vessels but sadly pleasure boats are discouraged from entering. Inverness is at the top of the Moray Firth, a great little city with lots of character, it's the eastern gateway into the Caledonian Canal.

The Caledonian Canal provides a watery pathway to the heart of the west coast, it is an incredible way to see central Scotland on a sailing boat and a quicker passage westward than the wild north coast. I'll let the photos show the beauty of this landscape, watch out for the mythical Loch Ness Monster on the way.



East Coast - Whitehills.



Once on the west coast a multitude of opportunities present themselves, it is boating heaven. The many islands, lochs, and harbors provide so much choice. The Caledonian Canal exits into the middle of the west coast. With remoteness to the north and a busier urban scene to the south, this middle area is mix of both with many lochs and islands. Oban is a honey pot town on the mainland which is set in an idyllic landscape but also has plenty of entertainment with gift shops, live music in the pubs, and a choice of restaurants. The smaller town of Tobermory on the Isle of Mull is another popular spot that is famous for its colorful houses. Not far away on the west side of the island the scenery is wilder with impressive rock formations but also wonderful anchorages and sandy beaches.



Caledonian Canal - Nessy.

Caledonian Canal - Fort Augustus.





Caledonian Canal.



Caledonian Canal - Kytra.



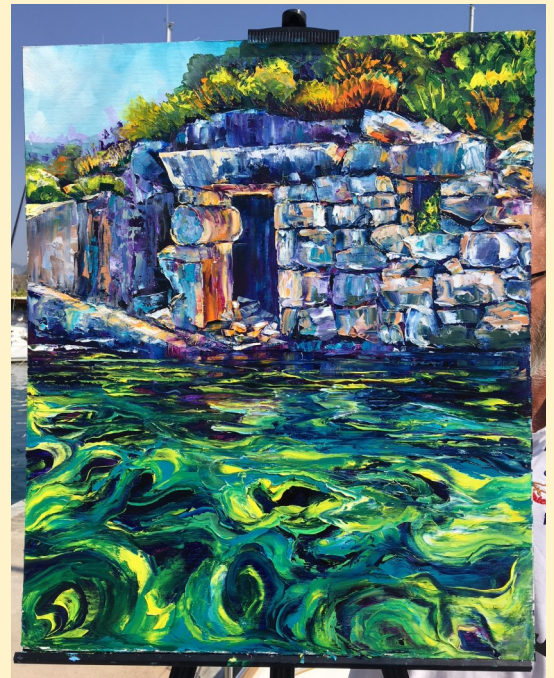
Caledonian Canal - Corpach and Ben Nevis hiding in the clouds.



Caledonian Canal - Fort Augustus.



Caledonian Canal.



Featured artist: Leanne Prussing

Leanne Prussing has been a finalist in many art competitions including the Sulman Award in 2011, the Mortimore Art Prize 2012/2013, Hunters Hill Art prize in 2013, and Tattersalls Art prize 2012.

Leanne's 2014 exhibition "Dung Well Flung" Pine Street Gallery Chippendale was listed as a "Festival Of Sydney Event." She has been hung in many solo and group exhibitions and her installation of the early Governors of NSW was hung for five years at 'Lachlan's' Old Government House, Parramatta.

Leanne's work is currently exhibited in :

Q Pop Up Gallery Kew ,

Blue Water Cafe Flynn's

The Stunned Mullet private collection.

You can find Leanne online at:

<https://www.instagram.com/prussingart/?hl=en>

<https://www.facebook.com/artzoohillstreet/>





Watercolours

All photos published go into a draw at the end of the year to win SisterShip merchandise!



LEFT: Sunset while anchored at Pacific Creek, Queensland, AUSTRALIA.

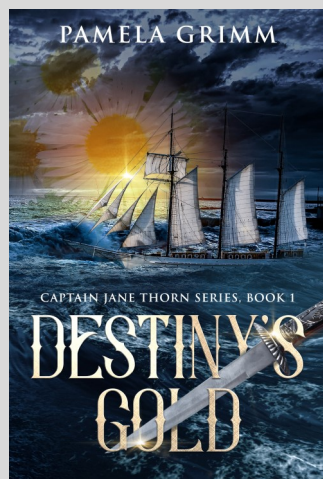
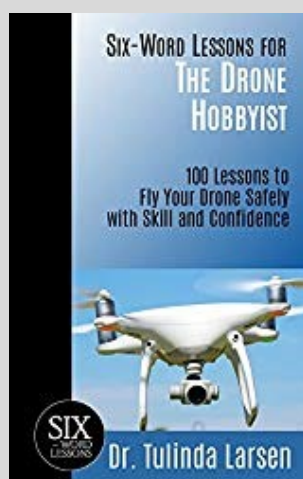
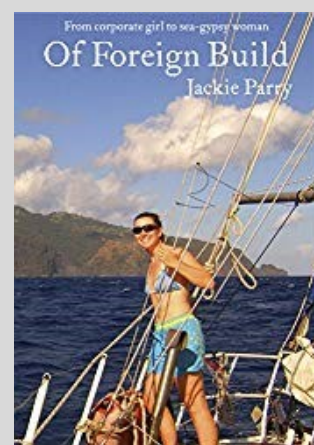
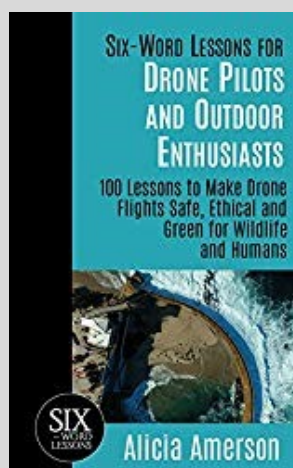
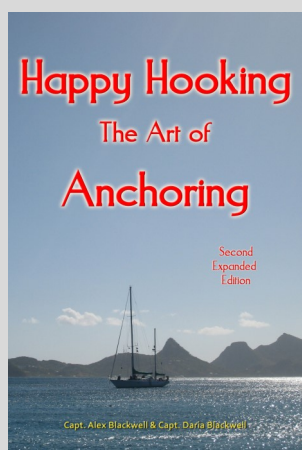
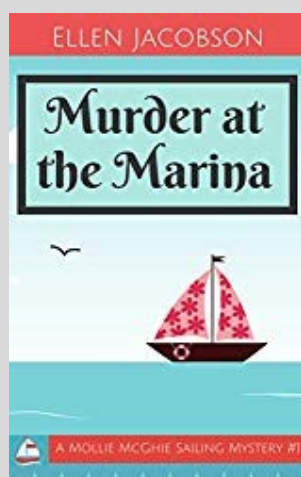
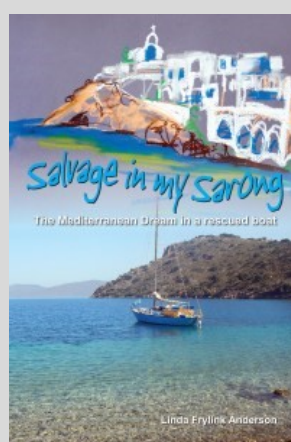
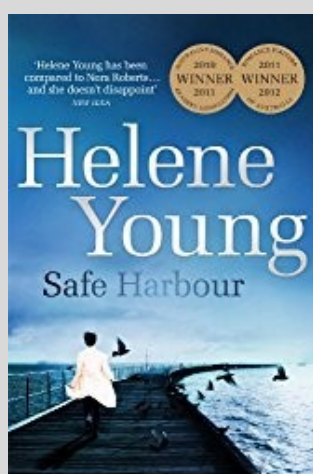
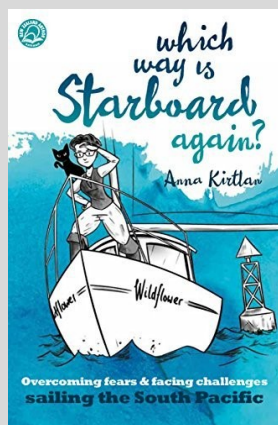
Taken by LANISE EDWARDS

RIGHT: Big sis and lil sis (sailing catamarans) playing on the pontoons at Maclean under the watchful eye of Women Who Sail Australia gals doing sundowners! Clarence River, AUSTRALIA.

Taken by JUSTINE PORTER



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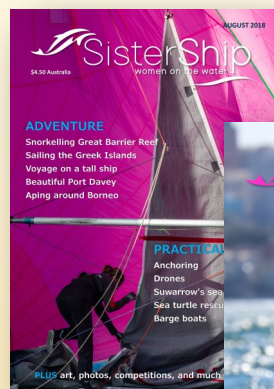
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