

June 2018



SisterShip

women on the water



\$4.50 Australia

ADVENTURE:

Bass Strait kayaking

Sailing through Russia

Rolex Sydney to Hobart Race

PRACTICAL:

Solar food dryer

Skin care in the sun

Frontier engine repair

**PLUS destinations, art,
cooking, interviews, photos,
competitions, product
discounts and much more!**



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Published by: SisterShip Press Pty Ltd.

ACN 623079587 ABN 46623079587

Editors: Jackie Parry and Shelley Wright

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Brogo, NSW 2550, Australia.

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SisterShip Magazine is published online six times a year. Contributions are welcome. Please contact us for contributor guidelines.

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Page 3 girls!

Have you ever wanted to be a 'page 3' girl? No, neither have we. In celebration (and reality) of women on the water - show us what REAL women on the water look like.



LEFT: Jennifer, shown here in the anchor locker tightening some through-deck bolts, is a writer and editor. She lives and works on SV *Watchfire*, a 35-foot Coronado, and has cruised Mexico and the coast of California with her husband Russel for 29 years.

BELOW: Heather and Margie, co-owners of a J29 called *Kraken* (named after their favourite rum!), USA.

BELOW: Kate and Raylene at Butterfly Bay, Hook Island, Whitsundays, Australia.



Send your 'Page 3' photos to
editor@sistershipmagazine.com



The bowsprit

Welcome to our bigger-than-bumper June issue! We did say you were 'gunna need a bigger boat' with this one! Since refloating the magazine we have been inundated with contributions and can assure you that August is also already shaping up as another oversized issue. We are humbled and delighted at the support and interest, not only from women around the globe, but also many men.

The bond that links women on the water was certainly evident at the third annual Women Who Sail Australia Gathering on the Bay in April, where much fun, sharing, and learning was had. Solo, Antarctic circumnavigator Lisa Blair officially launched the refloated *SisterShip* Magazine for us at the event.

This issue brings you a mix of adventure, practical and whimsical as we board a 1931 schooner, sail through Russia, kayak Australia's notorious Bass Strait, deal with engine problems on the Great Barrier Reef and Borneo, build a solar food drier, and learn how to stay safe from the sun's rays. There are sharks and whales, barge boats and racing yachts, dinghy sailors and ocean racers.

The stories highlight that while it is not all plain sailing (or paddling) while following your dreams, the rewards are great. However, sometimes events take a dramatic turn and emergency action is needed. Viki Moore describes one such event in the Tasman Sea and investigates what happens once the distress beacon is triggered.

Speaking of the bond that links us, June 8th is World Ocean Day. What will you be doing to celebrate the 'big blue'? Our two young Passage Adventurers, Lucy Graham and Mathilde Gordon (you met them in the April issue) will be well into their 2,103 kilometre paddle from Juneau, Alaska, to Vancouver Island, Canada, raising awareness of the issue of marine debris. You can find links to their updates on the *SisterShip* webpage.

We hope you are enjoying voyaging with us and look forward to having you onboard *SisterShip* as we continue on our way...

Shelley Wright

Jackie Parry





Message in a bottle

Send your letters to
editor@sistershipmagazine.com

Hello everyone I'm Iona Reid from the United Kingdom. I am twelve years old, and I'm doing a Charity Sailing Challenge for the complete 2018 sailing year.

In this charity sailing challenge my dog (Popcorn) and I will be raising money and awareness for Guide Dogs and Water Aid. I am doing this because I believe that everybody should have access to clean water and everybody should have the freedom to go around and do everyday things even if they're blind. Popcorn is supporting the Guide dogs as well because she is too small to be one herself.

I will be sailing 2-3 times a week or more throughout this season. I love to sail with Popcorn. She loves it too, but she can only sail with me when the weather permits.

Apart from sailing, I will also be doing bake sales and boat washing at my club, Attenborough SC. If you wish to sponsor me, you can check out my website <https://sites.google.com/view/csctwenty18> and follow me on Twitter or Facebook.

I am offering to advertise any company logos on my dinghy, sail, or myself.

If you are a company and wish to support this challenge send me a sticker or t-shirt with your logo on it. I have over 15 metres of quality advertising space. I also have a website and I will be using social media sites to promote my sponsors and the challenge. My sailing club is located next to the Attenborough Nature Reserve who have hundreds of visitors every weekend. Hopefully, I will also be visiting other clubs to promote my sponsors.

I have already got five great companies sponsoring the challenge: *SisterShip* Magazine, Nautilus Yachting, Ronstan, Sailing Chandlery, and Beaphar. So, look out for their logos on my boat and website.

If you have any questions please contact me through my website or Facebook.

Thank you

Iona and Popcorn





Voyaging with the 1931 Schooner *Mahdee*

Brenda Hattery

Ship's cat Beryl loves to walk on the gaff boom at anchor.

The first time I saw the sea I was seven and on a family driving vacation from Indiana to Florida, in the USA. I recall how I trudged with my brother over a sand dune to get a view of the Atlantic Ocean. I stared at it in wonder. The smell of the sea, the onshore breeze, the crashing of waves and hissing sounds of water receding over shells and sand were altogether mesmerizing. I vowed then that I'd someday live near the sea.

A dozen years later, I cooked a soggy camp breakfast in the rain while sitting high on a windswept lichen-covered rocky cliff in Canada overlooking the wide expanse of Lake Superior. I looked down and saw a sailboat making way in the same direction I traveled with my fiancé, David, on our bicycles as we sought adventures during a summer break. The sailors had the potential for being comfortable while they took their home with them and traveled the furthest reaches of the world.

I made a second vow to myself that someday I would travel the world's oceans via sailboat. I pointed at the boat and quickly enrolled my cold and wet fiancé in the dream. A sailing life became a goal.

"A goal without a plan is simply a wish."

My plan's most basic tenants were that we would be living aboard a sailboat by our 25th anniversary and we'd squirrel away sufficient funds to execute the plan. I learned to sail at 20 but while many non-sailing adventures were to be had over the years, we undertook only occasional jaunts out on other people's boats – none of them in the high latitudes that I wanted to sail. My dreams of sailing included snowy scenes and a warm crackling fire inside as well as drinking tea while petting my trusty cat or dog with perhaps a glimpse of a glacier in the distance. The idea of fishing in the 'midnight sun' of places like Alaska, Greenland, or Norway called to me.

As a preservationist, it was no surprise that once we began looking for a boat in earnest, I soon focused on pre-WWII sailboats. These were wood boats with gaff rigs, romantically long bowsprits, and interesting histories. I sought an aesthetic life aboard with hand pumps, a solid fuel stove, wood blocks instead of winches, and mysterious bits of gear up in the rigging providing ever such a 'shippy' feel. I quickly learned that most of these lovely boats fell into three dead-end categories: no longer seaworthy, rebuilt but sub-standard for ocean voyaging, or carefully rebuilt and prohibitively expensive. Though we lived in Washington, DC, it was in San Diego, by chance, that we found the 1931 Crocker Schooner *Mahdee*, 29 tons, 54' on deck, 69' sparred length. She had a low deckhouse called a 'charthouse' according to her plans, an interesting provenance, and was in dire need of a rebuild. It was within our means to purchase her and complete the needed work.

While my husband, together with a shipwright, literally rebuilt the boat, I undertook materials and parts sourcing and, later, projects like caulking and paying the hull seams, splicing the rigging wire around thimbles, leathering the gaff hoops, as well as painting, varnishing, and polishing every surface inside and out. After the two-and-a-half-year hull rebuild and re-rigging, we were still devoid of much of the interior. We devised a way to stash-and-lash everything needed on open wire shelves and behind

walls of netting, and relaunched the boat in San Diego.

First, we explored in southern California's mild weather, harbors, and anchorages and then more ambitious trips up and down the west coast, occasionally stopping to build out some bit of the needed interior joinery.

Neither my husband nor I had prior experience with such a large boat nor with sailing a schooner. I knew that this schooner had originally been set up, in 1931, to be sailed short-handed—without an autopilot. *How hard can it be?* I thought to myself as we began sailing. I confess that schooner sailing has been an easy transition, while sailing shorthanded with just the two of us has been more challenging than I envisioned. Luckily the ability to rise to the occasion and make the best of things is a common trait among sailors. And we are indeed sailors and the sailing life shapes the way I see everything. The longer I sail, the more I believe it is a wonderfully enriching lifestyle. Trips are planned...

“But when things don't go according to plan, you have an adventure — and you can't plan an adventure.”

Things seldom go according to plan at sea, so we now have adventure after adventure after adventure. Aboard a seagoing classic schooner, even the most ordinary of tasks can quickly become an adventure. A few years into our west coast jaunt I was still seeking my idyllic fantasy scene of the snowy anchorage and cozy warmth inside. We had adopted a ship's cat and named her Beryl after adventuress and sailor Beryl Smeeton. We discovered that our Beryl loved sailing because for her it involved sitting in the charthouse and being petted by the watchstander 'round the clock.



The schooner was in need of a complete rebuild when we found her.

Night time fishing at the mouth of the Klahini River in Misty Fjords from the deck of *Mahdee*.



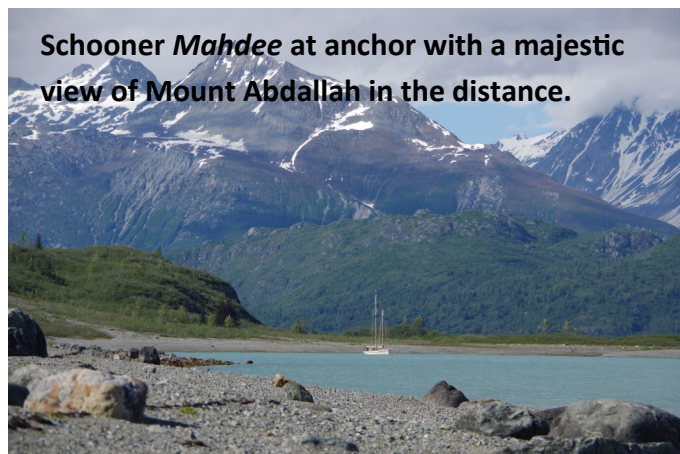
We were finally ready to fulfill my dream: Romantic old schooner? Check. Cosy deckhouse? Check. Cat and tea? Check. Snowy scenes with glaciers in the distance? No. But this we could fix! So, we set out north from San Francisco, California to Southeast Alaska in March in search of glaciers and late-season snow and months of exploration once we got there.

We stashed-and-lashed, picked up a bear bell, a six-month supply of cat litter, and — when I heard bread was \$8.00 a loaf in Alaska — baking supplies for a year. In chilly north Pacific waters, even as far south as Baja, Mexico, our bilge is like a refrigerator. We filled the bilge with goodies starting with eggs, butter, summer sausage, and aged cheeses at the foremast and worked our way aft with apples, acorn squash, butter, wine, and canned goods. By midships opening up the floorboards near the mainmast would reveal bags of coal and wood for the solid fuel galley stove alongside antifreeze, distilled

water, and other engine fluids. The prevailing winds come from the northwest but our plan was to ride the southerlies that come with spring gales, to duck into port if full storms were forecast and to motor north in the calms.

The trip's first leg became an immediate adventure within twenty-four hours, with an engine that refused to start when we decided to charge batteries for the autopilot, and the reality of NOAA weather radio alerting us that we were now in an area 30 nautical miles offshore with unexpected 'extremely hazardous seas' that closed the ports along the coast. We headed further offshore to gain leeway from the treacherous coastline and continued the trip between 60 to 100 nautical miles offshore.

Schooner *Mahdee* at anchor with a majestic view of Mount Abdallah in the distance.



It was even rougher out there but the sea room was a necessity. At night the mix of wind-waves and groundswell from two different directions would constantly sweep waves across the midships' deck while occasional waves filled the cockpit from behind. The rough seas shook the boat incredibly and I was grateful for the stout rebuild we'd performed. The boat was dry inside and proved capable in the heavy weather.

We were thankful for downwind sailing going up the coast. Though the southerlies blew more than 40 knots steady and gusted to 60

Exploring Southern California's Channel Islands.



knots in the inky black nights, winds moderated to 15 knots during the daytime so we could go on deck, survey the rig for chafe, and repair any previous night's damages to the sails. We only used the tiny boomed staysail and the gaff foresail, leaving the jib like a sausage tied along the bowsprit nets and the main tied to its boom. We steered from inside the low charthouse, grateful for the shelter it provided. We sailed steadily up the coast to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Stopping, we purchased a needed engine part, readied ourselves, and awaited a weather window for the next sail, west of Vancouver Island, to Alaska.

The weather forecast changed drastically shortly after we entered Canada and that trip leg quickly spiraled into another adventure. We found ourselves holed up in a protected anchorage along the west coast of Vancouver Island while a full storm raged bringing 30 feet seas and 60 knot winds to the weather buoy stationed outside the inlet. Once the storm had past the Gulf of Alaska, seas were

huge so rather than try to go outside Haida Gwaii, we sailed Hecate Strait. Slowly we slogged northward for days with headwinds up into Hecate Strait and ultimately into a sleet storm. Seeing we were not going to make it through the Dixon Entrance before another forecasted storm system came through, we turned eastward and downwind retreating into a snug anchorage.

We sat for days to allow the storm to pass and to correctly time the tidal rapids at the narrow entrance of our isolated anchorage. In an early pre-dawn light, we finally weighed anchor and headed out to the nearby channel that would take us that day to the Dixon Entrance and to Alaska beyond. Motoring along we quickly cleaned the ground tackle, stashed away gear, and hoisted sail. Coiling the hundreds of feet of extra halyard length (that come with the use of blocks and purchase rather than a winch to raise the foresail), I looked up and contentedly surveyed my handiwork on the leathered antique gaff saddle and the varnished gaff



"A shippy bowsprit, varnished woods, leathered gaff saddle, blocks, and a mile of rigging grace Schooner Mahdee."



boom high above me. Leaving David at the outside helm and the cat supervising him from a window, I went below to tidy up inside and make tea for the trip. Finishing my tasks, I came back up to the cozy charthouse. I petted Beryl as I sipped tea, pushing her off the charts so I could see and measure the distance to nearby glaciers. We gazed out through a light drizzle of rain at sea level that was falling as snow only a few hundred feet above the boat. It landed on the majestic evergreens of the steep snow-covered mountains that surrounded the channel. It was just as I'd imagined my life aboard would be.



Ship's cat Beryl often vies for control of the chart table.

Inset: Glaciers surround *Mahdee* as we explored Muir Inlet in Glacier Bay National Park.



BRENDA HATTERY would be happy living a century ago. She travels time with the 1931 schooner she sails today. A hands-on DIY enthusiast, she is a preservationist and lover of old things and old ways. From vintage toasters to castles – she wants to restore, conserve, and preserve them both for her use and for future generations. You can learn more about her projects and passions at:

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Bass Strait Sea Kayak Expedition



Nineteen days sea kayaking across Bass Strait

Tamsin Visick

This expedition was a dream generated within me from being around like-minded people. It began in January 2000 after I competed in the Murray River marathon and won the women's K2 division. My paddling partner was heading out to complete a Bass Strait crossing that March. I have to admit I was jealous – I wanted to do it! The ocean does not scare me in the slightest; in fact it's where I feel most at peace. The open space, vastness and unpredictability of what will happen excites me... well, except for the thought of sharks and shipping channels.

Bass Strait is a challenging piece of water due to the mass of cold water flowing from the west suddenly pushing up from 4,000 metres to only 30–50 metres near King Island, and as a consequence the tides are extremely powerful. It is essential that kayakers plan their crossing according to wind and tide forecasts.

So why did it take 13 years until I actually did this expedition and fulfil a dream? There were a few hiccups along the way including work, lack of commitment from other paddlers, and general life getting in the way.

Once I purchased my Nadgee in 2010 (I call it the Rolls Royce of sea kayaks) I became a member of the Victorian Sea Kayaking Club. Through this club I became friends and paddled with many people who had completed the crossing.

I started paddling with Robin Boundy, a member of the club, and legend Bill Robinson out of Canadian Bay, Mount Eliza. I chatted a lot to Robin, an accomplished sea kayaking leader who had successfully completed two Bass Strait crossings. He was keen to run another crossing in 2012 and invited me to be a part of his expedition group. He made it clear that we all had to be



Early starts.

self-sufficient on the water and that if anything went wrong we must be able to cope individually.

My weakest skill, and the one I most feared and had to improve, was rolling. It is an obvious requirement, if a wave capsizes the kayak, you have to be able to roll it upright again. Every paddle I did, whether with Robin or by myself, I had to roll a minimum of three times, and every time I hated it. My fear stemmed from a terrible experience as a beginner. When I was at university, I got stuck under a whitewater boat in a spray skirt that was too tight and, as a beginner, I panicked. I believe I was under the water for almost a minute. I had truly accepted my fate and impending demise. Fortunately, I relaxed and tried the skirt one more time and I was out. So, when I roll, the psychological panic often sets in. It is common for people to feel a bit uncomfortable rolling – after all, what is natural about being upside down fixed into a kayak and being beaten around by surf? But I persisted and gained some confidence. It is still my least favorite sea kayaking skill to

perform and makes me nervous each time, but I can do it! I just need to relax and go through the motions.

The 2012 expedition included five men and one woman — myself. Two men had already accomplished this section and the remaining were virgin Bass Strait paddlers, including me.

Expeditions like this, living in remote conditions in the outdoors for a month, would make some think I was mad, or at least somewhat unhinged. But I couldn't wait! As a team, we prepared by completing many training paddles in Victoria, including a 64 km (9 hour) Phillip Island circumnavigation, a 50 km (10 hour) French Island circumnavigation, two three-day expeditions to Wilsons Promontory and weekly paddles on Port Phillip Bay of three-plus hours each session.

I continued to train at the gym with weights and a variety of cardio sessions, and on the water each week. As I was the only girl on the expedition I was determined not to have my fitness and size let me down. I had to be able to keep up with the blokes. I committed to my training and loved it, having the thought, *I'm doing this so that I can paddle Bass Strait*, always in the back of my mind. It was a huge motivational factor

Then came the gear preparation. Robin stipulated that we all needed to have an EPIRB in our PFD, flares, night and day strobe lights, and a phone. Preparation for being alone was important, I didn't like the thought of being alone, but I had to be ready.

The boat was packed to capacity, I even created a colour-coded schematic, this assisted me in repacking. I knew where everything was, and it made packing and retrieving items more efficient and easier. Any available space was filled with my kit and supplies, 21 litres of water, all my food, tent, bed, stove, repair kits, first aid – everything I needed to be self-sufficient for a month. It

always amazes me how comfortable I was in my kayak and how awesome this craft is, that I can live out of this tiny vessel, be transported to remote, beautiful places and under my own steam!

My emotions leading into this trip was one of excitement, commitment, and dedication, I couldn't wait to be challenged and fulfil a 13-year dream, I was ready to tackle whatever came across my path. As a team we set some boundaries, agreeing that we would not go on the water in over 20 knots of winds, as the fetch and unpredictability of this ocean is dangerous. With the route planned, we set off.

Two cars packed with equipment and supplies, each with three sea kayaks on their roof, headed to Port Melbourne to board the Spirit of Tasmania. The remainder of the crew flew over the following day. The trip had begun.

Our days varied from 1-11 hours of paddling, I know it's a rather large variation, but that is how these islands are positioned. Little Musselroe Bay is on the top northeast corner of Tasmania and from there in a northeast direction there are between 10 and 14 islands where you can land and camp. These islands are mostly uninhabited, with a few exceptions. We camped on nine of these throughout the trip.

Camping at Killerkrankie, Flinders Island.



The Nadgee Solo.

“Courage is its own reward!”

Flinders Island was very hospitable, we had a meal at the Whitemark Pub and even attended the island's talent show, most entertaining! The joy of receiving scones and cream from the Deal Island Lighthouse keepers was such a treat! Living off dehydrated food can get a bit tiring. At most of the islands we were able to restock our water supplies but not always. Therefore, I carried 21 litres of water in the boat. I consumed around three to four litres a day.



Passage planning.

As a group we travelled well, having two who had previously completed this expedition, we all were able to gain valuable knowledge from the 'elders'. The group dynamics remained positive throughout the trip, obviously there were hiccups. Open water, swell, and trying to keep the pod as tight as possible often proved challenging and voices were raised. At times the swell was so large I was unable to

see the person in front of me. During these moments, I simply took a breath and reminded myself that I was trying to cross a dangerous stretch of water and I simply had to push on, I knew my heading, I had a compass, GPS (so providing it worked I knew where I had to get to) and a huge amount of determination, what more could I need? So, I just got on with it.

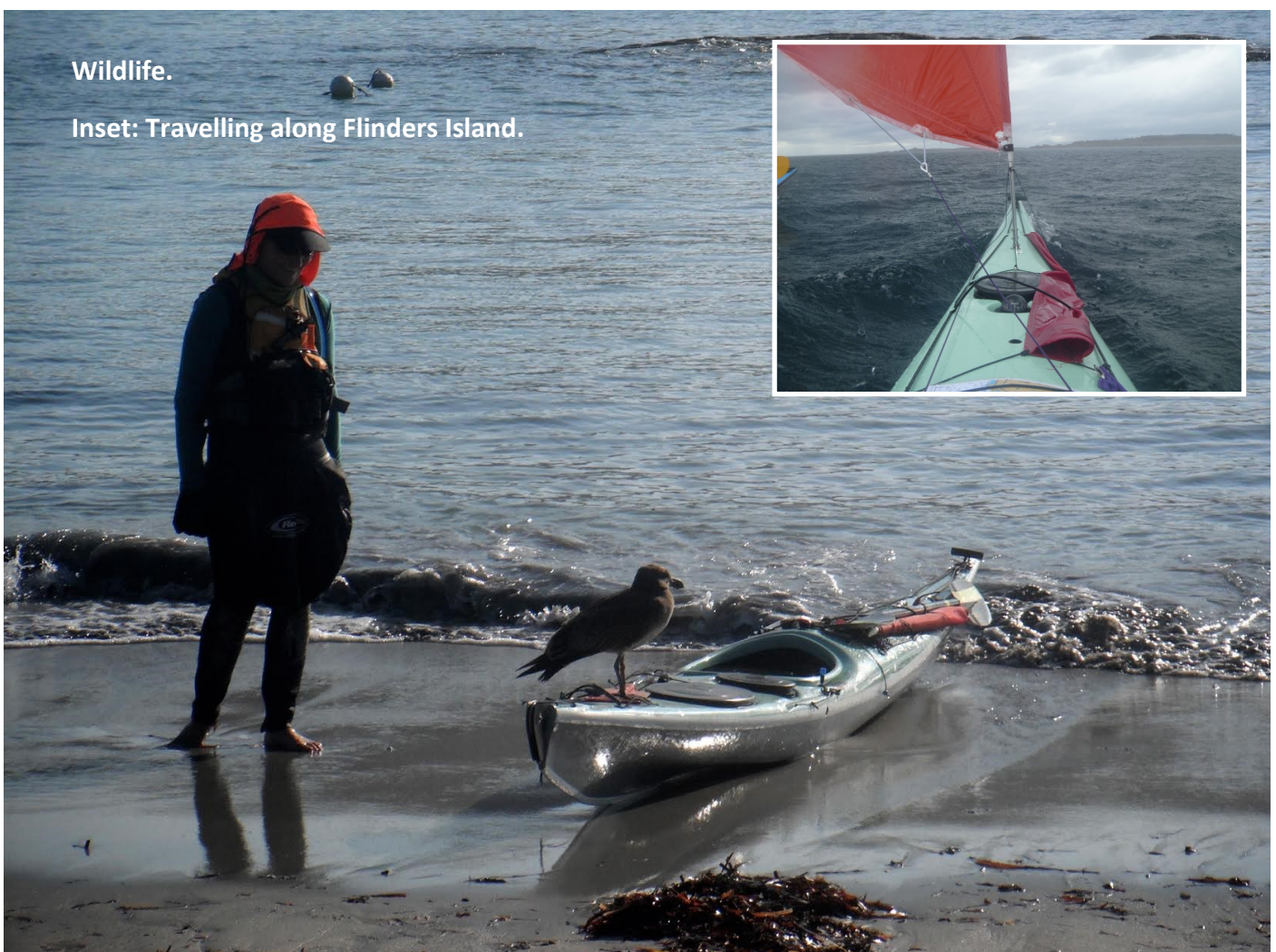
Leaving Erith Island after the five-day 70-knot winds was probably the scariest moment for me, but also the most rewarding. Large swells, winds, and open water in a small boat is daunting.

We did, in spite of our earlier commitment, end up going out in winds higher than 20 knots – we had a window, the supplies were getting low and it was decided that we had to take the opportunity. We ended up doing the 40-kilometre paddle from Erith Island to Hogan Island in winds up to 30 knots. With breaking seas and sails up on the kayaks, it

was the most exhausting day, both mentally and physically, but one that I will always remember. I was really challenged and I survived it.

“Many times my kayak was completely submerged, and waves broke onto my chest and face so hard that I was partially winded, but that made me even more determined. Nature and what it can throw at you, I am in awe of it. You either step up or sink!”

Amongst the group, we had a variety of strengths and weaknesses and this was seen as a challenge. On days when the weather was testing, managing group-spread was something we all had to keep present in our minds, when some were not as comfortable



in the conditions, others had to reassure them, after all a group is only as strong as its weakest paddler. Island hopping on a sea that looked like a silk sheet, two days of two-to-three-metre ocean swells, surf landings, and sailing in 30 knots, this expedition had everything and tested my resilience, mental thoughts and emotions. Experiencing winds of up to 70 knots while sheltering on Erith Island for five days, having to tie both the bow and stern of my kayak to trees so that it wouldn't be blown away or damaged was unreal. At one point, I thought my spray skirt had flown away and that I would not be able to continue, I was devastated and wanted to kick myself as I hadn't secured my equipment properly, luckily it was washed up on the beach. I now always pack a spare spray skirt!

After 18 days and over 60 hours on the water, we had completed crossing Bass Strait, from the north of Tasmania to the south of Victoria, 370km. This expedition required a huge commitment of skills, training, and preparation. The team was well matched, with experienced ocean paddlers and navigators. Each paddler had many years individual experience on the water. I had been paddling since I was 17, on surf skis, marathon boats and had experienced many sea kayaking expeditions. This ocean is not to be taken lightly, and Bass Strait is often called one of the most unpredictable stretches of water in the world — our trip was no different.

On finishing this expedition and being back at home I truly missed the life I had on this trip — the simplicity of being immersed in nature, no technology, only the kayak and me. Everything I needed was in that boat and I used it all. The routine of unpacking, setting up camp, taking time to sit around an open fire every night and then pack the kayak to move onto the next island, it's simplicity at its best.

Most of the time on the water I felt such peace, the open space, nothing to see but the big blue beauty of the ocean with seals, ocean

birds... and the occasional dark shadows in the water! Every time that happened I just told myself, *be ready to brace!* or, *it's just the clouds reflecting on the water, it's not a shark!* There wasn't much I didn't like about this trip, it lived up to all my expectations. Not having fresh fruit and vegetables was, I think, what I disliked the most.

The things I didn't miss were the city, petty problems of life, work politics, pessimistic news items on TV and in the papers, and the seeming irrelevance of a lot of our normal lives. At times, I would think, *if only one could live like this always*, it would be really great.

Having a goal that you are passionate about, setting a target, preparing, training for hours over many years, gaining skills, suffering disappointments, knocked back, pushing on and then fulfilling that goal is what I feel I achieved. I am a teacher and I try my best to practice what I preach. This expedition cements what I hope to instil in my students; that nothing should stand in your way of your dreams — a lot of failures, hard work and the right attitude, anything is possible... go for it!

Success is never final and failure never fatal. It's courage that counts.

Tamsin has been involved in the outdoors from a young age. After spending her first four years watching her father building a yacht in the front

garden, her passion for outdoors and fascination with the ocean evolved. Sailing, kayaking on flat ocean and surf conditions in competitions and then expeditions has lead to a life full of adventures. A qualified secondary teacher, she has shared this love with her students, coordinating expeditions to Fiji, Nepal, Australia and she hopes to continue for years to come.



Frontier Engine Repair

Ellen Massey Leonard

On passing advice from a Queensland farmer, two shoestring circumnavigators free their seized diesel engine.

Ellen diving with potato cod on the Great Barrier Reef after repairing the engine.

Seth and I sat in the cockpit of our 38-foot cutter *Heretic*, staring down glumly at the engine. Our trusty little Yanmar (*Grunter*, we called him) had failed us, or perhaps we had failed him. We had installed the 3HM35 the year before, and now it was completely seized.

For the first year-and-a-half of our global circumnavigation, we had struggled with a leaky and temperamental 48-horsepower (hp) Perkins 4.107 that was forty years old. When we reached New Zealand, we wanted something to replace it, but the cost of a new engine was prohibitive. We avoided the project for a few months, until Seth noticed an advertisement on Trade Me for a twenty-year-old 35 hp, raw-water-cooled, Yanmar 3HM35. It was within our budget and had very few hours despite its age: it had done little more than push a racing yacht in and out of her slip in Auckland. We were soon the happy new owners of an engine that

started on the first try and leaked not a drop of oil. We did the installation ourselves – everything from the new bed logs to the wiring – and we felt sure that we knew every inch of *Grunter* the Yanmar.

Later that year we reached Cairns, Australia. Seth and I planned to leave *Heretic* in a marina there while we returned to the United States to work during the southern hemisphere cyclone season. The marina had a perfect record of no cyclone damage since its construction over a decade prior, and it was nestled in a brackish mangrove creek. Nonetheless, we carefully put *Heretic* away, stripping everything off her decks and even replacing the halyards with thin feeder lines. Our new engine was raw-water cooled, so we worried about it corroding during its months of disuse. We ran fresh water through the cooling system until it was completely flushed.

In April, at the tail-end of the rainy season, we returned to Cairns to find the brown hills now lush and green, and the trees filled with colorful chirping lorikeets. *Heretic* was musty but unharmed, except for *Grunter* the Yanmar. He didn't start. He didn't even make that horrible noise that happens when an engine is trying to turn over but can't. We checked the fuel supply. We checked the oil, the batteries, the wiring, everything. Then we resigned ourselves to the dismal fact: *Grunter* was totally seized.

We finally admitted that it was our fault. We had attempted a short-cut in our initial installation, for which we were paying dearly. We hadn't changed out the propeller when we replaced the engine. The old propeller – the one that remained in *Heretic's* rudder aperture – was pitched for a 50 hp engine and *Grunter* only produced 35 hp. The big two-bladed prop had put too much load on our new Yanmar. Seth thought that the real damage happened when we had first come into the Cairns marina seven months before. As we had pushed our way in against a strong headwind, we had both noticed an ominous black stain in the water astern. The load had most likely damaged the head gasket and let water into the cylinders.

Our marina had no boatyard and no crane, so we faced the enormous expense and hassle of being towed to a yard and having the engine lifted out for repair. We arranged a mechanic to visit *Heretic* to inspect *Grunter* and that was his verdict, too. It would mean an end to our Great Barrier Reef sailing plans and a worrying outlay from our cruising kitty.

'Just take the head off'

We sat in the cockpit mournfully staring down at the engine in between doing other jobs, pretending it was still worthwhile to get *Heretic* ready for sailing. Then we met Max, a local Queenslander with a sailboat a few slips down, he was getting ready to sail north as well. We met him when we were in one of



The propeller was too big for the Yanmar engine.

our darker moods, just sitting there with the engine hatch open, staring down at it with the hot sun beating on our backs. Max was whistling a tune, walking barefoot down the dock. He stopped when he saw us. 'What are you two so glum about?'

We told him about the engine and he offered to have a look. He gave the crankshaft pulley a jerk, and said, 'Yeah, it's your pistons. But it's probably only a bit of corrosion. Just take the head off and give 'em a whack.'

'Take the head off?' Seth looked skeptical.

'Why not? It's only a couple of bolts. That's what we did all the time on the farm. On the tractors.'

Neither of us knew how to take the head off, but we knew it was more than 'a couple of bolts'. We thought we had learned a lot from the installation, but now we felt like novices all over again. I decided to put it off by repairing the varnish on our cabin trunk. Seven months of Aussie sun had blistered it badly. But I had only scraped and sanded part of the starboard side before I saw Seth go below and then return to the cockpit holding the Yanmar 3HM35 workshop manual.

Disassembling the engine

Over the next few days, we disassembled *Grunter*, labeled each part, and laid them on paper towels in the order in which they would have to return to the engine. We first removed the alternator and exhaust manifold.

Then we unscrewed the fuel lines running from the injection pump to the fuel injection nozzles. As soon as the fuel lines came off, we covered them in plastic. We also covered the openings where the lines attach to the engine since even the smallest amount of dust entering the fuel system can damage the nozzles. Any jarring or bumping while removing or replacing the cylinder head can also damage the injection nozzles, so they were the next item on the list. We removed them and quickly wrapped them in plastic.

We removed the rocker arm cover next. Then, as Seth removed the nuts holding the valve rocker arm itself, one of the rocker arm mounting bolts came loose in the head. Someone before us had adopted the do-it-yourself policy as well and had stripped the threads in the head. It appeared that the person had taken off the rocker arm and over-torqued the bolts when he had put it back together. This ‘previous-owner’s-solution’ – a Recoil® thread insert – was poking up out of the head. Seth couldn’t drive it back in, so we had to find a new one. ‘We haven’t seen Cairns ‘til we’ve seen the Industrial Zone,’ I joked. *Heretic* was built in 1968 and had not exactly been maintained Bristol-fashion by her long succession of owners, so it often felt that our circumnavigation was a tour of each nation’s machine shops and hardware stores.

The new thread insert could wait until re-assembly, though, so we bent over the engine again. Seth pulled out the push rods that open and close the exhaust and intake valves, and I labeled them and lay them carefully on the paper towel. Then it was time for the cylinder head itself. We looked at the manual to see which bolt to loosen first. It’s important not to have one side tight while the other is loose: the whole assembly must come loose together. Seth started with the bolt numbered 11 in the manual and worked his way to the bolt labeled 1, loosening them in a crisscross pattern and turning his wrench less than an eighth of a turn at a time. When



everything was loose, we lifted the head together so that it would come off straight. We didn’t want to hit any of the bolts and potentially damage them. As we removed the head, half of the old head gasket stuck to the cylinder head and half stuck to the engine.

I looked at the exposed pistons and saw a thin brown line on the wall of the third cylinder: the corrosion that was causing it all. Seth fished out a full bottle of Inox® and emptied it onto the pistons, with particular attention to the third cylinder. Our new friend Max, who had been the impetus for all this, had told us to drown the cylinders in Inox once we had taken the head off.

Freeing the seized pistons

While the pistons and cylinders soaked, we scraped the old gasket off with plastic scrapers. Metal scrapers would have damaged the cylinder head and the engine block. Then Seth tried to free up the pistons by ‘giving ‘em a whack’, as Max had said, with a rubber mallet. The pistons didn’t move but Inox splashed all over the nav station and our Great Barrier Reef chart.

Something else was obviously needed, so Seth got out a scrap of oak to hold against the piston. He came down on the piece of wood with a large metal hammer. The piston still didn’t budge. He hammered at it steadily for an hour before handing it to me. My attempts were equally futile. Seth repossessed the hammer and piece of oak and thwacked

at it for another hour-and-a-half. He finally stopped, saying we'd try again on the morrow, but he looked defeated.

The next morning, I set to work, varnishing to the steady thunk of Seth hammering away below. It was almost noon, and I had finished the entire cabin trunk when I heard a triumphant, 'Woohoo!' from Seth. 'It's moving!'

'That's so exciting!' Then I paused. 'Um, now what?'

Reassembly

We ordered a new head gasket and when it arrived, Seth and I cleaned all the parts meticulously before coating the gasket with a substitute for ThreeBond 50, the sealant prescribed by the manual. Seth laid the gasket in place, and together we put the head back on, being careful once again to keep it straight. We lubricated the threads of the cylinder head bolts, and then tightened the nuts in sequence with a torque wrench, beginning with one-third of the prescribed torque. We went back through the sequence, this time tightening them to two-thirds of the prescribed torque. The third time we finished tightening them.

Seth and I successfully viewed the scenic Industrial Zone of Cairns, an all-day adventure aboard the city's public buses, and returned to *Heretic* armed with new Recoil thread inserts for the rocker arm mounting bolts. We managed to put the valve rocker arm back on without mishap, careful to not to tighten the nuts beyond the correct torque.

We put the rocker arm back on before the six push rods because the rods would have pushed up on the rocker arm, making it impossible to mount it straight. To install the push rods, Seth turned the crankshaft pulley so that the rod he wanted to insert was at the bottom of its cycle; then he pushed down on the valve to lift the valve clearance adjusting screw and slide the rod underneath. Once all was in place, he measured and adjusted the



Flywheel showing third piston at the top dead centre.

valve head clearance with feeler gauges, moving each push rod to the bottom of its cycle to do so. The push rods are at the bottom of their cycles when their corresponding pistons are at the top of their cycles on the compression stroke: a mark on the flywheel indicates this correct position for adjusting the valve head clearance.

To see the flywheel, Seth had to remove the starter motor. He then replaced it, reconnected the fuel lines and injection nozzles, and reattached the exhaust manifold and alternator. It was nearing evening when he finally mounted the rocker arm cover. It had taken over a week, but *Grunter* was back to his normal appearance.

With hesitant anticipation, I went on deck to give *Grunter* a little throttle, and Seth turned the key. 'It works!' I cried as I heard the comforting roar of a functioning engine. Seth just smiled and wiped his oily hands. Two days later, we pattered out of Cairns, and soon we were diving among giant potato cod in Queensland's coral-rich waters.

Analysis and follow-up

A combination of two things originally caused the engine to seize. First, our propeller was too large for the 35-horsepower engine, and motoring into a strong headwind had overloaded the engine and damaged the cylinder head gasket. This permitted water to enter the cylinders. Secondly, the Yanmar 3HM35 is a raw-water

cooled engine, which meant that it was saltwater that entered the cylinders. This accelerated the corrosion that ultimately seized the third piston.

I have outlined our immediate answer to the problem: removing the cylinder head to break the corrosion with Inox and a hammer. We used the piece of oak between the hammer and the piston because a metal hammer alone would have damaged the piston. This was not a long-term solution however, we needed to replace the propeller with one correctly pitched for our engine. Due to various circumstances, we were not able to do this until we reached Cape Town, South Africa almost 10 months later. In the meantime, we were careful to avoid motoring into headwinds. We either sailed or motor-sailed to windward.

Once we reached Cape Town, we fully repaired the Yanmar. Besides replacing the

propeller, we removed the engine from the boat. The corrosion in the third cylinder had damaged the piston-rings which had caused the engine to burn oil. We took the engine to a mechanic who honed the cylinders and replaced the pistons and piston-rings. Only the third piston needed to be replaced, but it is important to replace all the pistons together so that no piston has more wear than another. With honed cylinders, new pistons and piston-rings, and a smaller propeller, we had no further troubles with our engine over the final five months and 8,000 nautical miles of our circumnavigation.

ELLEN MASSEY LEONARD caught the sailing bug as a toddler and has been sailing offshore since the age of 20 when she and her husband Seth set off to voyage around the world. Following their circumnavigation, they sailed to the Arctic Ocean, cruised extensively in Alaska, and are currently en route down the California coast to Mexico. Ellen is a frequent contributor to sailing and adventure magazines in the USA, UK, and Canada, and she chronicles her adventures at:

<http://gonefloatabout.com>



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Staying sun safe

JACKIE PARRY investigates how to stay healthy beneath our yellow star and attempts to resolve the riddle of the *right* thing to do for our bodies and marine life.

Skin care specialist advice

You may not smoke or come into contact with asbestos but you could be harming your body as if you were. The World Health Organisation (WHO) has categorised UVA and UVB exposure equivalent to smoking and asbestos exposure! Every day many of us are seriously compromising our health and potentially damaging our DNA. I don't have the figures to compare number of puffs to a walk on a sunny day, but this statement certainly made me sit up, cover up, slap on more cream, and pull on a hat.

Dr Hein Vandenbergh, with over 40 years of experience as a skin cancer doctor, generously shared his time and knowledge to help women on the water understand the sun's power; and I learned that it's not just skin cancer and wrinkles that we have to worry about.

What is UV, UVA, and UVB?

UV stands for ultraviolet light. Ultraviolet wave lengths of sunlight are made up of

UVA and UVB. UVA has a longer wavelength than UVB, and lower energy. It penetrates deeper skin layers and contributes, more, to ageing. UVB has shorter wavelengths and higher energy, it causes sunburn. Both UVA and UVB damage skin cells and contribute to skin cancer. UV rays are far more dangerous than they were 15 or so years ago due to the ozone layer depletion.

What's the best thing we can do?

Slip, Slop, Slap, Slide – Slip on a shirt, slop on some cream, slap on a hat, slide on some sunnies. 'It really is as simple as that,' Hein says. 'Wear a big floppy hat. Buy something comfortable that you like, then you'll wear it. Use sun cream regularly and ensure you wear sun-glasses too.'

Covering up with protective clothing is the real message here, use sun lotion for those areas you can't cover. It's all sound advice, but we also need to think about our ecosystem too – I'll get to that later.

What about sun lotion, is it safe to use?

The short answer is yes,' Hein says, 'There is no evidence that nanoparticles are harmful [to humans], but they have not been around long enough to conduct useful tests regarding long-term effects.' Hein goes on to say, 'You can buy non-nanoparticle sun cream, it should say this on the label.'

Aside from the nanoparticles debate, what creams should we use? What do you recommend?

Hein explains that the thickest, greasiest cream you can buy is the best, but we may not like using it. Hein readily admits this, here's what he suggests:

- Cover up as much as you can;
- Buy something you like, that you will use (both in terms of clothing and cream);
- Apply appropriate sun cream twenty to thirty minutes before going outside;
- Reapply every two to three hours;
- Buy 50 factor, or at least 30; and
- Don't miss bits!



Missing bits

I've read about people not covering the side of their eyes and the tops of their ears. In fact, I had a 'nasty' cut out a few months ago (on the top of my ear), it ended up being benign but the doctor was initially convinced it was cancerous.

'Put cream around your eyes and behind your ears,' explains Hein, 'Don't forget to sweep up behind your ears and around your hairline, I've seen a lot of problems there, just because it is missed.'

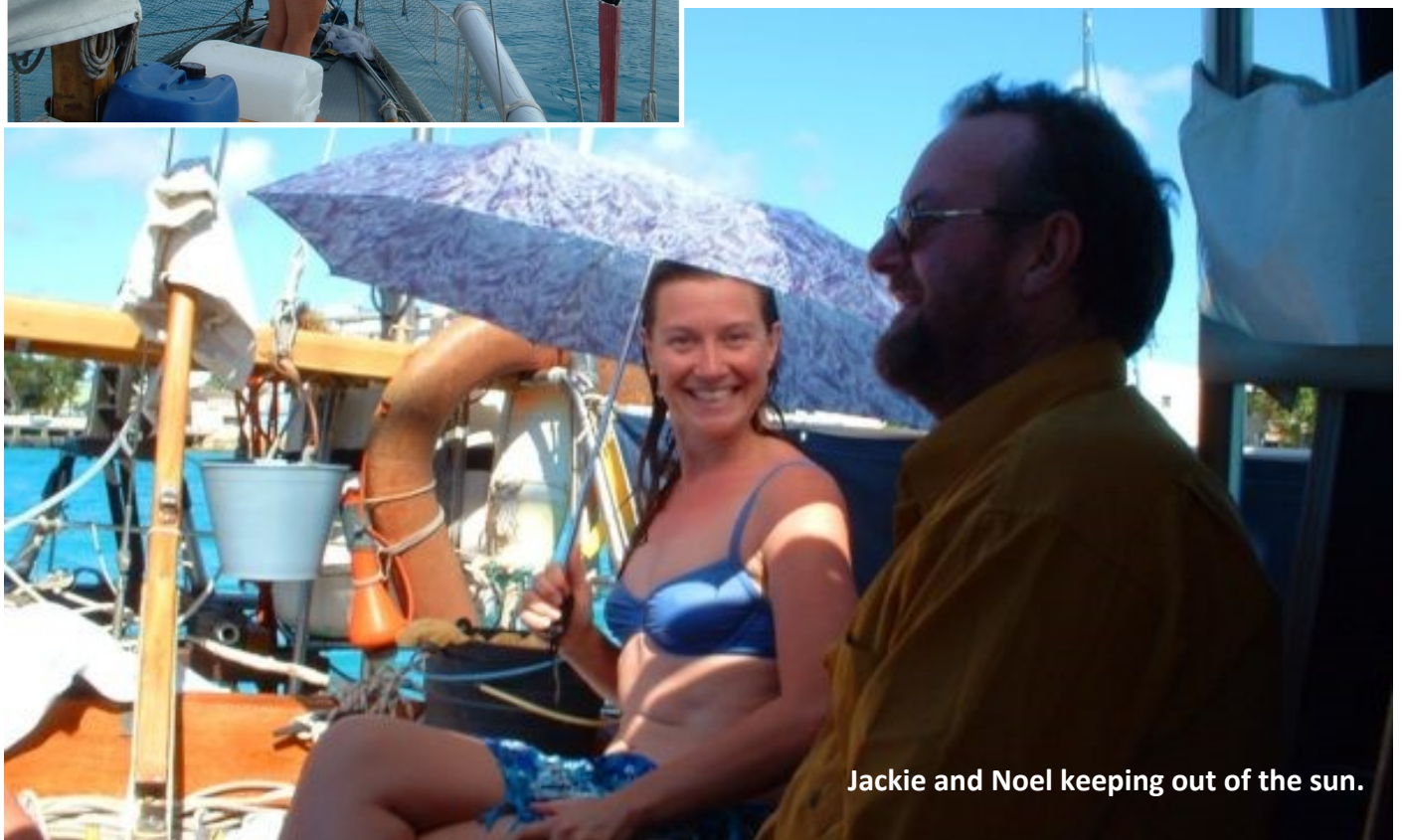
'I've read about skin repairing itself, Hein, will I ever get my youthful skin back?'

'No, it's too late. Once you've lost elasticity in your skin it's gone, that's why people have face lifts. But if you protect yourself properly now it won't get any worse.'

What else can we do?

'Stay fit and healthy.'

I didn't realise just how important this is in relation to looking after our skin. Apparently, sun damage affects our immune system.



Jackie and Noel keeping out of the sun.

That's right, we're not just getting wrinkly and brown like an old paper bag and elevating the possibility of contracting cancer by not covering up, we are actually damaging our DNA!

'If you are fit and healthy and eat the right foods, then your immune system works more efficiently. That immune system looks after your skin as well.'

Our immune system and DNA mutation

Our DNA contains a repair mechanism which deals with damaged skin – sometimes a malignancy can overwhelm the immune system. The stronger a system is the better and more efficient it will be. It's often discussed that, due to stress, someone contracts leukemia or breast cancer. There is no scientific proof that stress causes these cancers, but stress reduces the effect of the immune system. Stress can come in the form of too-much-sun-stress. As a good example, some people suffer with cold sores when they are low and stressed. Many people will contract cold sores if they have been out in the sun for a day without protection. This shows how detrimental UV is to our immune system. This example is just an infection but if you substitute that with DNA change as a result of UV light, then clearly the immune system has shown it is less effective in dealing with cell abnormalities when under sun-stress.

Prolonged exposure can mutate our DNA cells. Over time the changes accumulate, turning the skin cells cancerous. This can lead to either non-melanoma or melanoma skin cancer.

'You are what you eat,' says Hein (*which means I am ice cream right now*). Diet affects our health and how effective our body is in fighting skin damage.

What's the best clothing for protection?

A rash shirt. Noel's been wearing one since he was told, by a doctor, not to go sailing – his

skin was that bad. As a young lad, he worked on roofs in Australia, shirtless. During the first twenty years of our marriage I've witnessed the consequences of this, Noel's felt those consequences and wears the scars. His last appointment with the skin doctor, just a few months ago, was a surprise to us both.

'Your skin is really great,' (Noel's never been told this, ever, in his life before). His doctor went on to say, 'I am really pleased with your health and your skin, well done, keep it up.' Noel's skin specialist is a colleague of Hein and they both explained that being fit and healthy is key. Noel is the shining example. He's 63 but very fit. He has to be, he's building our house single-handed. Currently he is flitting around the roof as if he is in his twenties again. He does thirty minutes of yoga every morning.

As well as a rash shirt Noel always wears a hat, even while swimming. For the small areas he cannot clothe he applies sun cream. For most of the past forty-years he's been on boats and in the sun – following the summer seasons. His skin has improved, because he took precautions; covering up properly and fitness, backed up with a bit of lotion. That's enough evidence for me.

What about after sun skin care?

'Plain old Sorbolene is what you need,' says Hein. 'It's what I use. Moisturise twice a day and wash with Sorbolene. Soap it strips away the skin's natural oils. I even wash my hair in it, but I may have less hair than you.'

I tried washing my hair in Sorbolene, I didn't like the resultant, thick feel that remained. I quite liked washing my skin in Sorbolene though. The 97 percent natural-based version is better for us and our waterways.

I'll be covering up more and paying attention to the lotions I slather on my delicate skin. I can prevent further damage and that makes sense to me.

Application tips

- Remember that covering up properly is the best thing to do. At the very least wear a rash shirt.
- Sun cream is your second line of defence. Only apply cream to those areas that you cannot cover in clothing. This is a far better environmental and cost effective choice.
- Apply creams a good half hour before going out in the sun to allow penetration into the deeper layers of the skin where it works much better. You are better protected and less harm is done to our planet.
- Reapply every 2-3 hours.
- Don't fret about not getting enough vitamin D from the sun, a ten-minute walk to the car or supermarket is ample, even with sunblock on.
- Scatter bottles of sunblock around your boat – on benches, on shelves, next to the mast, wherever it can be kept safely and be readily available to reapply.
- Don't use sprays – they contain nanoparticles and can stick to the sand and end up in the ocean.

Environmental consequences

Which lotions should we buy and apply? Firstly, please note that here at SisterShip HQ we are not chemists.

The words 'tropical reefs' conjure up images of vibrant coral and an array of colourful fish. Sadly, those vivid images are fading, literally. The fragile ecosystem is suffering from a multitude of stressors including rising temperatures, acidification, and chemical run-off.

How sunscreen is a threat

Sun cream washes into the water from our skin, marine life absorbs the harmful toxins

Big, comfortable floppy hat and sunglasses.



and their growth cycles and reproduction systems are disrupted. According to the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) each year between 6,000 and 14,000 tonnes of sunscreen enters the marine environment.

It's not just cream-lathered bodies in the water doing harm. The chemicals filter down our drains from the shower and into our rivers, streams, and oceans. We are on the brink of losing a vital ecosystem. Coral reefs are a major tourist attraction therefore as well as loss of biodiversity we are hurting our global economy.

Chemicals to avoid

Oxybenzone is one culprit. Tests show that it damages coral DNA, acts as an endocrine disruptor, and predisposes corals to bleaching (which occurs when sea surface temperatures are hotter than normal). Baby coral can be deformed by even low levels of this chemical in their environment.

Octinoxate is another problem chemical, even though it's used in lower concentrations than oxybenzone.

Around the world

In an attempt to protect coral reefs many countries are banning certain sunscreens. Parts of Mexico have banned products containing oxybenzone among other chemicals. A few tour companies make it



mandatory for visitors to wear only biodegradable sun lotion.

In some US states, signage is proposed warning of the use of oxybenzone in nearshore waters stating that it poses serious hazards to coral and reef health.

In Hawaii, politicians have passed a bill banning the sale of sunscreens containing oxybenzone and octinoxate. It's yet to be signed off but if it is approved it will come into effect by January 2021. A few Hawaiian resorts and airlines distribute free samples of reef-safe sun lotion. Even with Hawaii's pending ban, governments do not want people to stop using sunscreen altogether. Sunscreen can still protect against risks of burns and skin cancer.

In Australia while the manufacture of sunscreens is strictly regulated by the Australian Government's Therapeutic Goods Administration (TGA), which have some of the strictest regulations in the world, there are no current restrictions regarding the use of sunscreens in reef waters.

What's evident

Chemicals in our sun lotion are harming some marine life. Reefs with high visitor numbers more at risk than those in more remote locations. The good news is we can all make a difference. Zinc oxide and titanium dioxide are safe chemicals. For decades, they've been used in products in the form of

big particles. Interestingly, research is underway to develop sunscreen based on the chemicals used by shallow water corals to protect themselves from UVA and UVB radiation.

What you can do

- Take a picture of the ingredients with your phone and enlarge it, it's much easier to read.
- Check the website of the brand you are using. Do not buy sun creams that contain oxybenzone and octinoxate.
- Manufacturers can frequently change ingredients, it's prudent to check the list on the bottle regularly.
- Non-nano titanium dioxide and non-nano zinc oxide can be thicker and smell slightly different to other creams. If possible, try to find a small sample to try before you buy. It's important to find a lotion you are comfortable using.



Remember

- Reef-safe labelled creams are not regulated – so carry out research on the brands you like.
- Oxybenzone (aka benzophenone-3 or BP-3) can be a common ingredient in approved sunscreens, including some products that are labelled as ‘coral reef safe’!
- A ‘biodegradable’ product does not mean it’s non-toxic.
- Products made with titanium dioxide or zinc oxide do not appear to be harmful to corals (according to NOAA).
- The best solution is to wear suitable clothing.
- On the balance of available evidence – the research suggesting sunscreen is beneficial in reducing the burden of skin cancer in Australia is very clear and convincing. (Cancer Council)

Other resources

Resource: <https://www.nhs.uk/news/cancer/quarter-of-sun-exposed-skin-samples-had-dna-mutations/>

Resource: <https://www.cancer.org.au/news/blog/prevention/health-check-what-does-the-uv-index-mean.html>

More information

This is an excellent resource: <https://stream2sea.com/ingredients-to-avoid>

Dr Hein Vandenberg, MBBS, LLB, FACLM, FACBS, DPD. Cert Dermoscopy, graduated as a doctor from the University of Sydney in 1973 and initially commenced work as a GP in Sydney. He completed his dermatology qualifications in the UK, at Cardiff University, in 2001. He then worked as a primary care doctor (lately in rural NSW), with a specialist interest in skin diseases – which in Australia proved to be mainly skin cancer.

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SUSIE GOODALL is the youngest, and only woman, competitor in the Golden Globe 2018 race which departs on July 1st from Les Sables-d'Olonne, France. Susie is busy with preparations as the count down to the start looms but kindly sent *SisterShip* this list of frequently asked questions and her responses. We are proud to say that Susie will be taking a *SisterShip* shirt with her!

What is the Golden Globe Race?

The race is a re-creation of the original GGR held in 1968. It's the 50th anniversary of the original. The first race was made to prove whether it was humanly possible to sail solo non stop around the world. Out of the nine competitors that started just one finished which was Sir Robin Knox-Johnston. The 2018 race is run exactly as it was back in the 60s, navigating with the technology of that time.

When did you first get into sailing?

I started sailing when I was a kid with my family, and never really stopped.

What was your first boat?

The first boat I owned was a Bonito but very soon after I got a laser.

What made you want to take part in the Golden Globe Race?

I thought *what a fantastic race*, I'd always wanted to sail around the world alone and the GGR seemed like the perfect event.

Tell us about the boat you will be sailing.

I have a Rustler 36 called DHL Starlight. I got her two years ago especially for this. She has just undergone a major refit so she is like a new boat now. A lot of major modifications were made during the refit to prepare her for the Southern Ocean and also to comply with the race rules. There are now two bulkheads, one fitted with a watertight door and the forward one cuts off the bow section and is foam filled. A new Seldén mast and rigging, and also a solid spray hood, and completely watertight companionway hatch are just a few of the major modifications.

What has been your build up to the race?

Preparations started almost three years ago. First, was to get a boat for the race, there is a fairly strict criteria for the type of boat approved for the race. After doing a small initial refit, I set off on a loop of the Atlantic before a major refit which has taken almost nine months.

Could you have got to the start line without sponsorship?

Without DHL coming onboard I wouldn't have been able to get to the start. Their support for the project has been incredible.

What specific training have you done for the race?

I did a loop of the Atlantic in the boat I'll be competing in, starting in the UK heading to Lisbon, Canaries, Antigua then Azores. I got to know the boat very well which set things up nicely for the big refit.

What kit will you be wearing?

Being warm and dry are fundamental to sailing in colder climes so I'm taking the new Zhik ocean gear and thermals. A warm and dry sailor is a happy sailor.

How long do you expect to be at sea?

Approximately nine months.

What will be your biggest challenge?

Probably the length of time I will be alone with no one to talk to.

What will day-to-day life be like aboard?

Sailing and more sailing. Keeping the boat in top condition, navigating, cooking, repairs etc. Every day is different but the fundamentals like cooking and navigating and sailing are a part of every day.

How do you feel about doing a race that took such a heavy toll on its previous participants?

The spirit of the race will always be the same and is the sole aim, but it is a very different race to what it was in 1968, it'll be three years

Photo courtesy of Susie Goodall.



in the making by the time I get to the start line. Even though it's without technology we still have the best modern safety equipment including trackers.

SisterShip will bring you updates from the Golden Globe 2018 race in future issues, on our Facebook page and website <https://www.sistershipmagazine.com/>



WHEN YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN CRUISING FOR A LONG TIME

SisterShip Magazine

at GOTB3



Following hot on the heels of the ‘soft’ launch of the new *SisterShip* Magazine in April, the *SisterShip* team recently attended the 3rd annual Women Who Sail Australia (WWSA) Gathering on the Bay (GOTB3) at beautiful Port Stephens on the east coast of Australia. Eighty women from around Australia, New Zealand, and even a few from the United States, converged on Port Stephens for three days of learning, inspiration, and fun.

Sessions included yoga for yachties, diesel maintenance, coastal navigation, marine debris, splicing, a South Seas forum, provisioning, marine insurance, weather, and inspirational stories from women sailors. Key speakers included founder of the international Women Who Sail group Charlotte Kaufman (who flew from the United States to attend) discussing her family’s dramatic rescue at sea and reading excerpts from her upcoming book, and Lisa Blair, who recently became the first women to circumnavigate the Antarctic solo.

On Day One of the Gathering, *SisterShip* co-editor, Jackie Parry, donned her teacher’s hat to conduct an ‘introduction to coastal navigation’ workshop. Over forty women signed up for the workshop sponsored by Down Under Rally. The attendees expressed words of appreciation when brand new

charts, courtesy of the Australian Maritime Safety Authority (AMSA) were handed out.

Day Two saw seminar sessions and the official launch of the refloated *SisterShip* magazine. A last-minute program change brought about a shortened time slot with Shelley and Jackie improvising in what was a slightly comedic, presentation. Ruth Boydell, who founded *SisterShip* magazine in 1988, was presented flowers before solo Antarctic circumnavigator Lisa Blair said a few words and slipped the lines on the new *SisterShip*.

While the event officially concluded after seminar sessions and a sunset dinner sail on the bay on Sunday evening, many women stayed on to take part in the week-long Sail Port Stephens regatta.

The Gathering on the Bay highlighted the bond that connects women on the water around the world. For links to various accounts of the event and more photos go to the *SisterShip* webpage <https://www.sistershipmagazine.com/women-who-sail/>

The following photos are courtesy of Jessie Markelprang-Carter, Jane Jarratt, Meg Wright, Kathy See-Kee, Justine Porter, Amy Alton, and the *SisterShip* team.



Navigation workshop



**WWSA Gathering on the Bay
'class of 2018'.**





Sunset cruise.



Jackie, Lisa Blair, and Shelley.



Ruth
Boydell,
Jackie, and
Shelley.



Sailing lesson , Soldiers Point Marina.



SisterShip writer Viki Moore.



Carmen, Peta, and Kathy
aboard *Austral* taking out first
place in the Commodore's Cup.



WWS and regional sub-group founders.



Jackie with Michaela from Pantaenius.



Flat bottomed girl

views

from the canal

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

When I first started living on a barge in Rotterdam, I really didn't have a clue about how to organise life in what was essentially an antique floating caravan. Many people have compared barge life to a mobile home and I think they certainly have much in common. But the main difference I could see was that most modern caravans at least have some semblance of home comfort; I didn't have any.

The barge I lived on in the first year of my waterways adventure was a beautiful gracious Dutch *luxe motor* built in 1925. She was named the *Hoop* (pronounced Hope and meaning the same). Gorgeous and old-fashioned though she was, she had no plumbing, no electricity, and no heating. It was January when I moved onto her. In the Netherlands. And it was snowing. Consider that for a moment.

My landlord (if you can call a barge owner such) was the most charming man you could wish to meet, but he was perpetually busy, so



waiting for him to fix things was a bit like waiting for a plumber in normal life. In fact the expression 'pigs might fly' could have been coined just for him. For instance, when I first saw the barge, I was highly entertained by the toilet sitting upside down in the wheelhouse. Two months later, I found the fact that it was still there slightly less amusing. The point I'm trying to make here is that I quickly realised I'd have to start doing things myself; hence the steep learning curve I mentioned in the April issue of *SisterShip*.

The first thing I had to learn to cope with was electricity – or rather the lack of it. I will now confess I still don't have much idea about amps and watts, but I had even less then. The difference between 380 and 220 volts meant completely nothing. But what I had to figure out was how to get some kind of power on board, so I could lead life on a slightly less primitive level than the skippers did when the *Hoop* was built. At that time, they would have been using oil lamps and coal stoves. By the 1950s, the skippers'



It's a Dutch thing

The Dutch never just refer to their barges by the name on the boat, but always prefixed with 'the' rather like it's 'the Netherlands' (even in English) not just Netherlands. This is why 'the Hoop' is referred to this way in translation. To alter this, in translation, would either be wrong or unnatural. It's just what the Dutch say even though 'the' is not part of the name.

families had luxuries such as gas lamps and diesel stoves; I didn't even have that. Since the traditional stove wasn't connected to a fuel source, I had no heating; nor was there any lighting except for an old, red paraffin lamp that smoked so much the glass went black, obscuring whatever light it tried to emit.

My first task was to learn how to install cables, fuses, sockets and marine plugs. Bearing in mind I had no handy 'how to' books and no convenient man to inveigle into doing it for me, this apparently simple task turned into quite an adventure. Not only did I drop my live cable into the water because I forgot my new home was not surrounded by land (yes, I really was that dumb), but I managed to make a regular habit of tripping everything out until I learned that my cable could only deliver 1500 watts of power. I was busily trying to use a 2000-watt fan heater

together with an electric kettle, a toaster and (on rarer occasions) a vacuum cleaner. Granted I didn't use them all simultaneously, but you'll have figured by now the fan heater was enough to blow everything out of the water (so to speak) on its own. And that's the point; you have already figured it out. I didn't until I'd destroyed two cables and various plugs in my inept attempts to defy the physics of electricity.

I did learn eventually. There is nothing so guaranteed to teach you the error of your ways as getting up on an icy winter's morning to find you've overloaded your system yet again. Realising that your life-saving hot drink is not going to happen until you've 'untripped' the main switch, is a major wake-up call. This is even more of a learning experience when you know *that* switch is in the mains box on the quay. You will have go out into the freezing air, tread your way along

icy gunwales, climb up or down a rickety wooden gangplank, walk to the box and unlock it before you can gain, at worst, relief and at best, a cup of coffee.

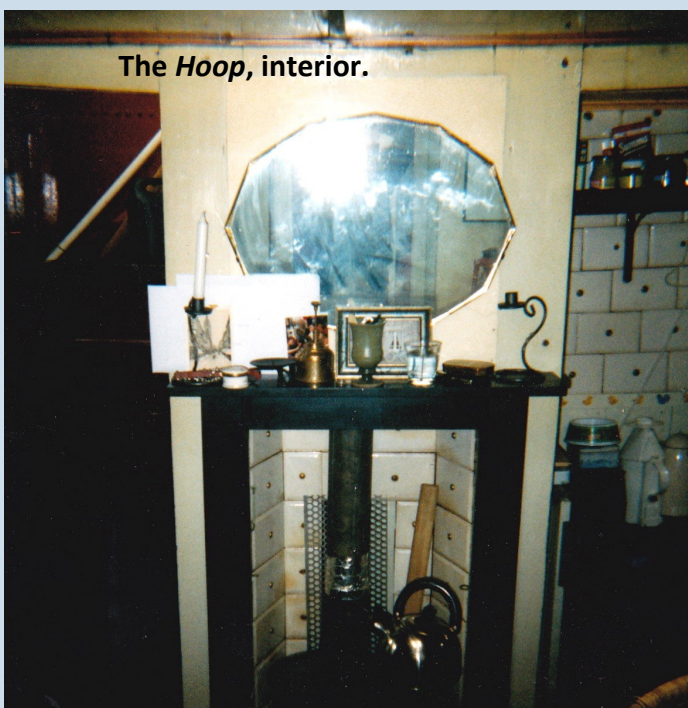
That brings me to the issue of the tides. Until I lived on a boat, I never thought about the rise and fall of the water in a river before. I mean you don't, do you? At the beach, yes, but as far inland as we were in Rotterdam, it was a shock to find that our ebb and flood could vary by as much as three-and-a-half metres. I had to calculate the tides every time I wanted to get something large on board. If the water happened to be low, for example, sliding a fridge down the gangplank could be risky, to put it mildly. If it was high, I had to wrestle it up a steep slope without letting it fall back on top of me. As you might imagine, these things could often be critical to my success, or rather more pertinently, to my good mood.

There were of course other things I needed to learn, and all this was without ever leaving the harbour; one thing was the skill of throwing my bucket upside down into the water at exactly the right angle so that I could give a nifty jerk on the rope to pull it up full of water. Mastering this made me absurdly happy. It felt so satisfying. Since I needed to do it several times a day to keep my decks



washed down, it was my instant good-mood 'food'.

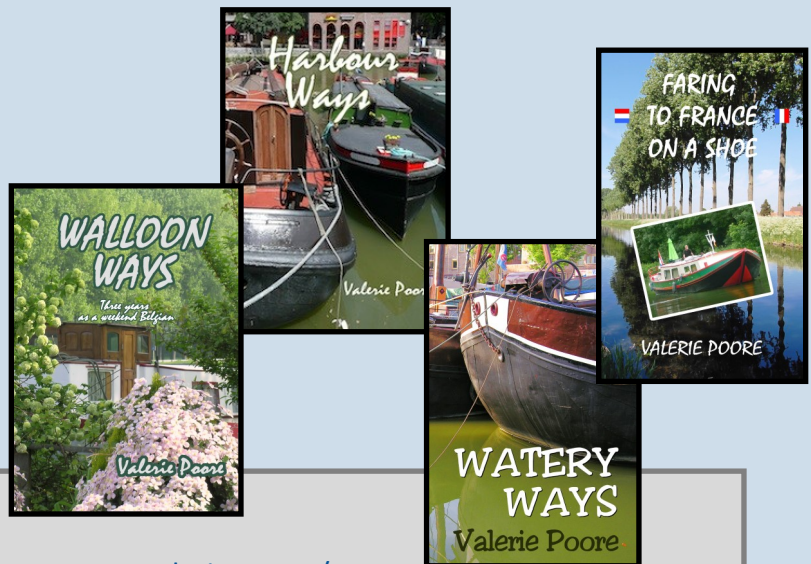
Finding out how to cope with my heating was another challenge. My landlord kindly organised a connection between the traditional old oil stove and a diesel tank in the engine. At first, I was thrilled. I wouldn't need to defy electrical theory with my power-hungry fan heater any longer. But the stove had its own ideas. It had about as much patience as an irascible elderly lady (or maybe me in the morning). At the heart of its operation was a very sensitive carburettor, which was supposed to control the amount of diesel fed into the burner. I must say it was a pretty 'dicky' heart. Anyway, the trick was to push its on/off lever down, turn the temperature control knob to about half, and wait for thirty seconds for a trickle of diesel to find its way into the stove. Then I could light it with a match clamped between the prongs of a special rod designed for the purpose. The risk was that after turning it on, I'd get distracted and forget the match part. A whole pool of diesel would flood the bottom and it would stubbornly refuse to burn. As I said, irascible. Add to that a rather short chimney that was vulnerable to the strength of the prevailing wind in the harbour and I spent much of my time glaring at the wretched thing after it had blown out yet again and yes, you've guessed it, flooded with diesel once more.



So there you have it. Whoever said that living on a barge was relaxing was either lying or lucky. My early months on board were like negotiating the minefield of my own ignorance and misunderstanding, but oddly enough, I absolutely loved it; in fact, I loved it so much I went and bought my own barge, so I could move on to the next stage of my education: the building and plumbing part. But perhaps I should keep that for next time.



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.



Valerie's books can be found at:

Watery Ways: https://www.amazon.com/Watery-Ways-Valerie-Poore/dp/1907984127/ref=asap_bc?ie=UTF8

Harbour Ways: https://www.amazon.com/Harbour-Ways-Valerie-Poore-ebook/dp/B00II55G26/ref=asap_bc?ie=UTF8

Walloon Ways: <https://www.amazon.com/Walloon-Ways-Three-weekend-Belgian-ebook/dp/B018OHXOYO/Faring>

Faring to France on a Shoe: <https://www.amazon.com/Faring-France-Shoe-Valerie-Poore-ebook/dp/B06WWQ1YX4/>

A whale tale...

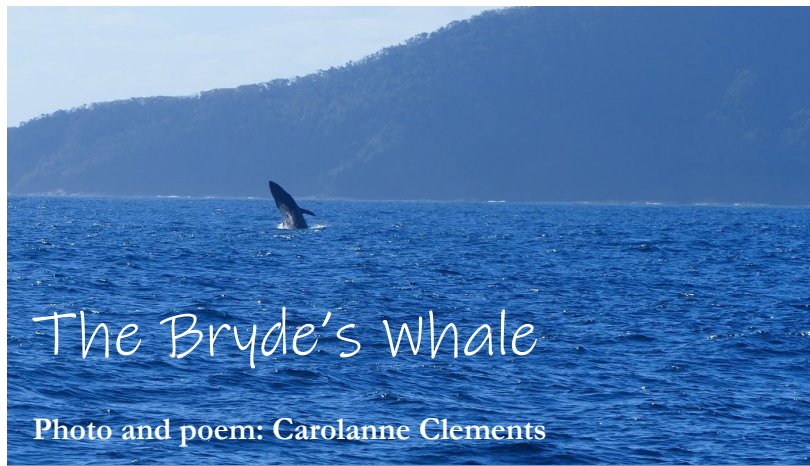
Shelley Wright

Like many women on the water, I'm an avid whale watcher. During the annual humpback whale migration season I can be found on the nearest headland clutching my binoculars and delighting in the antics of these beauties as they travel north from their Antarctic summer feeding grounds. Out of 'whale season' I'm usually doing the same, mostly to watch the often-seen pods of dolphins, but always in the hope of seeing something more unusual, orcas for example.

One afternoon in early April, while sitting on 'my' headland near Port Stephens (eastern Australia), I spied the tell-tale blow of a whale. Far too early for the humpback migration and too far out to be able to identify the species, I was therefore intrigued when a sailing friend posted a photo of a breaching whale on Facebook the following day, in the same location. With Carolanne's permission I sent her photo to a local whale researcher, Leanne Maffesoni, who was excited at what she saw. The annual WWSA Gathering on the Bay was taking place the following weekend so Carolanne and Leanne arranged to meet up to share information and photos. The whale was identified as a Bryde's (pronounced Broo-duz) whale.

Bryde's whales are found in the Pacific, Atlantic, and Indian Oceans. They are not migratory but rather, follow food sources such as pelagic fish, crustaceans and cephalopods. They are often seen in areas of high fish abundance. A long, slender whale, Bryde's grow to an average length of 12 metres and weigh between 12 and 20 tonnes.

Carolanne recorded her experience in a poem, which she shares here.



The Bryde's Whale

Photo and poem: Carolanne Clements

I searched and searched for a telling tale
To convey my thrill when I eyed a whale
But alas the net drew poor reward
And for most of them I just ignored
And so it was I did realise
And I will not apologise
My eyes, my words it has to be
In a way that means so much to me

Her jettison was fantastical
And blessed with all things magical
Her thrust, my heart, both on a leap
The moment my mind will forever keep
What force does drive to a dizzy height
Then dive below with phenomenal might
The foam subsides she's lying low
And then I laughed when I spied her blow

The white mist hung for a moment or two
As I poured the blue my hope it grew
To see once more this young cetacean
Not wanting to cede my expectation
Her journey is great the destiny distant
She's left me it seems gone in an instant
But she's gifted me with a forever pleasure
The memory of a priceless treasure



Sailing days will come again

DAYNA RUSSELL

I can't believe it has been a year since we last sailed.

I hear many of you reading this asking, 'Why write an article in a sailing magazine if you haven't sailed for a year?' Well, that's where the story gets interesting.

Imagine yourself not only sailing but living aboard in the beautiful Whitsundays. My partner and I lived on our sailing vessel named *Lady Alice* (40ft Adams) which was located at Airlie Beach, Queensland, Australia and you could say we were "living the dream".

For many of us cruisers who live in North Queensland cyclones are part of the gig. You keep an eye on weather constantly and try to prepare yourself as best you can but there are some weather events there is no preparing for.

Lady Alice had been secured at the Port of Airlie marina for two months when Severe

Tropical Cyclone Debbie wrought her havoc. She came right at us with winds gusting up to 250 kilometres/hour and she was slow but powerful. There are many things about Mother Nature that move and inspire me and Debbie was no different. I know it's hard to believe but I wasn't scared, I was in awe of the power of this 'woman' and what she was capable of. I suppose you could say she reminded me of how lucky I was to have so many amazing women in my life just like her.

We took refuge in a friend's apartment on the hill in Airlie Beach. There were two days of watching mayhem all around us and wondering what had happened to our boat, our home. When we could finally leave our safe haven to survey the damage we were confronted with a mast broken in two, bent rails, pontoons upturned, and the two trawlers either side were continually smashing into her. If she was not a steel boat she would have sank for sure. My partner

had previously rescued this vessel and spent three years restoring her. Watching him struggle with the impact of the cyclone was heartbreaking. I am sure most of you know how attached we become to our boats and when they are lost it's like losing a member of the family.

The local community was without water for eight days and power for 13 days. Airlie Beach and the surrounding areas were hit hard by Debbie but their spirit shone through with many acts of human kindness. Both our places of work had to close because of the damage and we were left without income. Luckily, I was able to secure a three-month contract with the government working with the Disaster Recovery Team. I was assisting the public with grants and funding and was able to witness first-hand a community and a nation come together in the face of a natural disaster. Watching volunteers from Red Cross, Salvation Army, Rotary, Lifeline, and the public in general helping each other will stay with me forever. At times, it was heartbreaking beyond words



but mostly it made me so proud of our Aussie spirit.

Sadly, *Lady Alice* ended up a financial write off. We found ourselves homeless while waiting for our insurance payout. We were living in a local pub, in our van, and on the kindness of our friends and family while we searched for another sailing home. The payout limited our options and left us thinking, *What could we do differently?*

My partner had entertained the idea of building a Col Clifford Compu-Craft years ago. Several factors about Col's design caught his attention. This boat has a lifting daggerboard, mini keel, and twin rudders on skegs, designed to take the bottom and dry out, greatly reducing slipping fees, a major plus to liveaboard cruising. Although only 36-feet, she boasts two very generous private aft cabins, a large double forward of the settee, which seats six with ease, over six-foot headroom, separate toilet and separate shower, 115 litres of refrigeration, and a step-down to the water transom. Add a racy swept back rig, light displacement, and NO RUST. Imagine our surprise to find *Windspirit* for sale. *Windspirit* was professionally built in 1990, at Coomera



Queensland, of cedar strip plank and epoxy/fibreglass. This was the only Col Clifford sailing boat my partner had ever seen advertised. He just had to have a look, so off he went to Brisbane, then Redland Bay, then a ferry to Macleay Island to check her out.

I was excited waiting for my partner to call and explain the condition. To say she had been neglected was an understatement. The paint was peeling off the foredecks, the forestays were slack because the bowsprit and compression post beam had rotted, and the deck had sunk away from the centreboard case. The diesel engine looked like there was not much hope, the steering was seized and most of the cabinetry had rotted through in spots. The bilges were wet with rain water from all the broken Perspex windows and deck fitting leaks, there were no batteries aboard, and the whole space was thick with mould. But everything else seemed fine he said.

We mulled it over for a few days and I thought living in a shipyard on the hardstand would be an adventure, just like camping right? (I can hear some of you ladies that have done this before laughing). We could do this together and I could learn so much more about boats. I knew my partner had the skills to bring her back to life and we figured that just the plans to build one cost over \$5,000 (AUD) and this could be ours for a bit over \$10,000. So, we transferred the money and she was ours.

‘It will be easy,’ he said, ‘We should be back on the water in a few months.’

Well, that was July 2017, and we are still living in the shipyard (Redland City Marina, Thornlands) on the hardstand. There is one thing boats need a lot of and that is TLC (truck loads cash). When we first started



repairing and refitting *Windspirit* my partner and I were going at it full time for the first month but the costs add up and we needed to find employment. I found contract work in Brisbane and the contract has been extended until June 2018. My partner was able to find work at the shipyard and we work on *Windspirit* in-between. This means our recovery journey is taking a lot longer, but there is light at the end of the tunnel. We plan to be back on the water in July but you know what they say about plans.

It has been a year full of challenges but we know our sailing days will come again. To quote Kenneth Grahame, *The Wind in the Willows*, “Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing – absolutely nothing – half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats.” The day is approaching when we will be sitting back on the deck of *Windspirit* sipping sundowners and laughing about our adventurous year and admiring the new home we made together.



DAYNA RUSSELL is a 47 year old ex Melbourne girl. Until she was 40 she had never sailed a boat in her life. She was a corporate woman raising two children on her own. When the kids grew up and she hit 40 Dayna left her six-figure job, sold her house and went sailing. In 2013, she sailed to the Louisiades in PNG and it changed her life forever. Since then she has given up the “norm” and now lives an alternative life with all its unexpected journeys.

<https://windspiritsjourneytorecovery.wordpress.com/>



Jane Jarratt at Khalkis in the Evia Channel, east of mainland Greece.

Where in the world?

We want to see where SisterShip is getting to!

Send us a photo with your SisterShip bag, shirt, or hat from anywhere in the world.

All published photos go into the draw for a prize at the end of the year!

Sailing through Russia

Through the eyes of the first mate MAXINE MATERS



Solovetskiy.

“Looking for crew – Russian speaking with all necessary tickets for a trip down the Russian inland waterways. Must like Beethoven, Brahms, and Mozart.”

This how the ad appeared (in the autumn of 2012) on one of the well-known crewing websites. I had often crewed. I never wanted my own boat. To me one's own boat meant too much hassle and therefore not enough freedom. Being based in Moscow for most of my time didn't help sailing either. Every year I would cruise the crewing websites and decide on a destination. And look for a suitable boat and skipper. In the autumn of 2012 somebody advertised for crew who wanted to traverse a country that I called my adopted home! How could I not respond? Especially because it would be the first boat to travel all the way from the north to the south of Russia under a foreign flag. The advertiser, the owner and skipper of this yacht, a Peterson 46 called *Tainui* (<http://www.tainui.org/>), was John Vallentine, an Australian doctor from Sydney. When I searched the internet for information about

him, it became clear very quickly that John was a most experienced sailor who had seen the world. I gathered, therefore, he would not be too upset if confronted with Russian realities. Never mind all that, I would be sailing with someone – a man – who I would not meet before we set off across the Barents Sea, no less! Australia and Europe were just too far apart for a quick coffee to suss each other out.

Funnily enough that never felt weird. Through many emails and only two telephone calls in the six months running up to departure, we established enough rapport and familiarity. But we did discuss the fact that he was a man I am not. When I asked whether there would be a third person on the boat for the Barents Sea leg, I asked for nautical reasons. John didn't understand, he thought I was worried to be with him on my own. I wasn't.

I have a partner. His name is Dirk and he hates sailing. He puts up with me and my going-off to go sailing all the time. But this trip was something else. A very long one. Although from my perspective, we would be sailing in my country of residence. If I didn't

like the skipper or the trip, I just could hop on a train or plane and go home to Moscow.

John and I would meet for the first time in Tromsø (north Norway) where *Tainui* was wintering. We would set off from there in the middle of May 2013. At the last minute, I developed cold feet and asked Dirk to accompany me there to see whether this John was okay. What ensued was two days of solid drinking. John appeared okay, just a bit like an over-excited puppy with too much alcohol – albeit with a grey beard. Obviously when you crew, it is you who has to step inside someone else's personal space and you have to adapt. I know from crewing experience that I always feel awful during the first few days; new habits, new customs, different ways, different values. And obviously, you bring your conditioning from your last boat

that you crewed on, which may be suddenly all wrong. I was once accused of taking over the running of the boat, which had been appreciated on the previous boat. Or washing up only with salt water (fresh water now allowed) on one boat to be told off on the next boat because the coffee was too salty. Or the use of different knots, etc. Some skippers don't want to be entertained, others can't let go of your hand even off the boat. But always after a few days, some sort of magic weaves the whole lot together and you start feeling at home on a boat. It does take time and costs some nerves. But I always know that I'll pull through and the world will be alright again.

John was great company, well-read and well-spoken, but also rude and invasive. He proudly and happily blamed his Australian heritage. Being from Holland but conditioned by Russia, I am far more formal. And there was actually quite a cultural difference between us. John did not pick that up. He was used to sailing only with people he knew, mostly other Aussies. And Europeans are



SV *Tainui*.

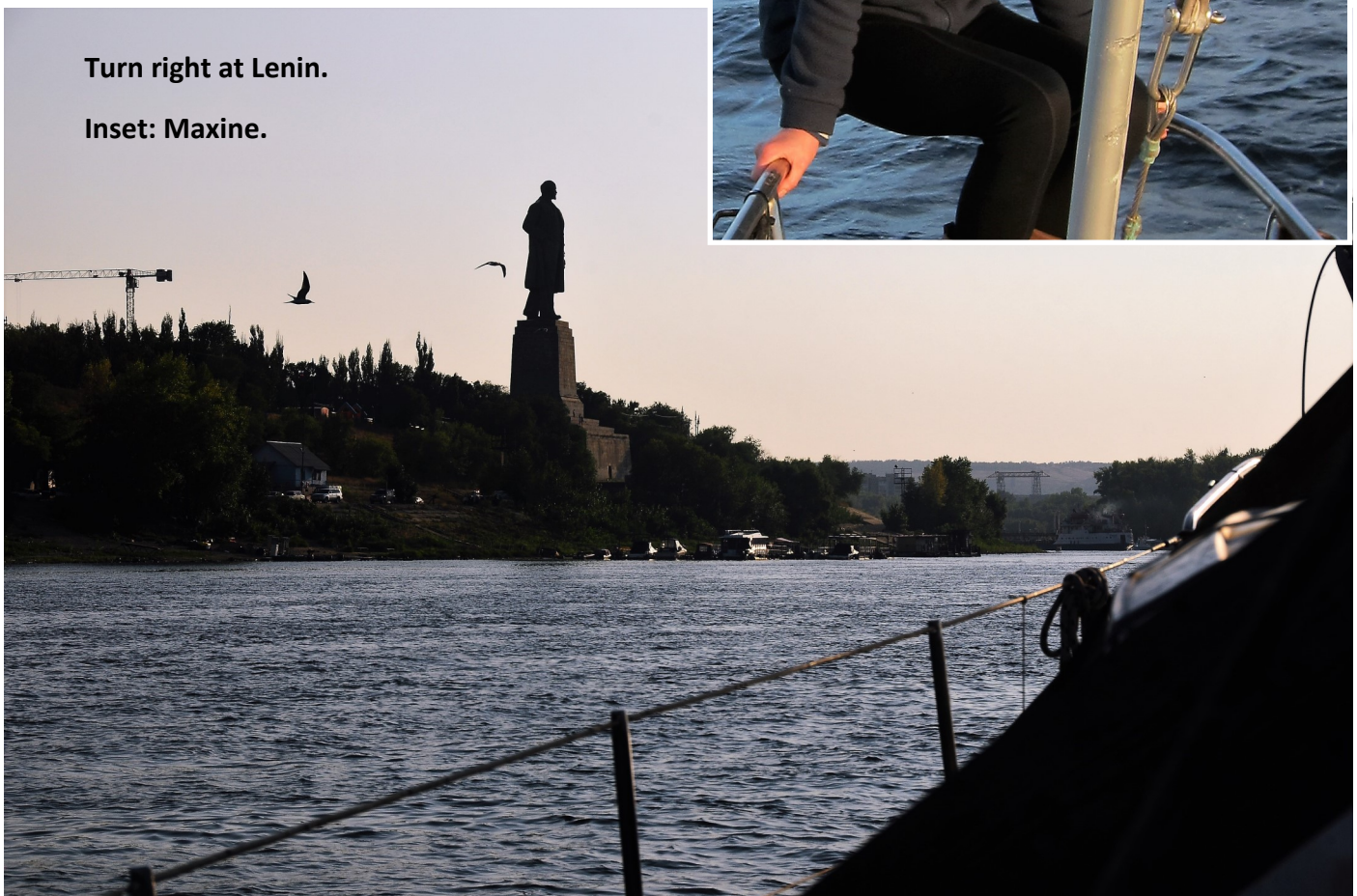
Inset: John Valentine.



more or less the same, right? No, John. The rudeness was so bad that I had decided I would leave the boat upon arrival in Russia and go home for a bit (another crew would come on board anyway). However, after an enormous shouting match in the car in the middle of nowhere (we were taking the motor head on an eight-hour drive, best not to ask!), I got the giggles and just could not stop. Combined with a heated argument about the second or third Russo-Finnish war (again – don't ask!), perhaps it wasn't all that bad. It looked like I had found the way how to communicate with John, it worked, and he listened. Good.

John is a far more experienced sailor than I am, no discussions there. But we were sailing into my territory where I held the most important keys: language, history, and experience. John had not yet appreciated that in Russia almost no one speaks anything else but their own language. And that meant that ALL communication had to go through me or anybody else on the boat who spoke Russian. With that, John had to relinquish

quite a lot of control, because it meant he could not organise anything. From clearing into the country, to all radio work, provisioning, bunkering, negotiating safe places for the boat, endless visits from the press with whom he could not talk, endless cockpit gatherings in which he could not participate... and on it went. It drove him mad! And I drove him mad. I have this habit of finding out all the options, then choosing the best and communicating that. This was not good enough. John wanted to know all



Turn right at Lenin.

Inset: Maxine.

options, so he could choose. But that meant going around endlessly with the locals who could chat endlessly (with me translating) before reaching the best option. That drove John mad too. And me. I remember him sitting with a beer on the foredeck on his own – very depressed that he could not be part of this. Needless to say, I would carry on doing it my way because it was far more efficient if John was not present.

Our trip in total took four months. In the end it became easier in the sense that John made peace with not controlling *Tainui's* every sailed mile. For me it became harder, I got tired being the front troops on my own. A good example: leaving the boat anchored next to a lock to go provisioning. John remained on board whilst I took his daughters to the supermarket, because we were next to a lock, our boat had to remain in communication with the lock-keeper. With me off the boat, the onboard radio was

useless because John could not communicate in Russian. I left my phone number with the lock-keeper, in case of an emergency, she (most of the lock-keepers in Russia are female) would call me and then I would call John on his mobile phone. His daughters could not go shopping on their own because they could not talk to the taxi driver and they could not read the Cyrillic on food labels.



Arrival in Solovki.

Inset: *Tainui's* voyage.



Talking about emancipation in Russia when it comes to sailing, it is absent. The fact that the lock-keepers are women is in the same line that many road workers are women too. But until a few months ago, Russian legislation did not even allow for women to become professional seafarers. Most Russian women will claim that sailing is a man's sport. My Moscow manicurist tells me off every time when she sees a Facebook post about my sailing. And she refuses to varnish my nails if she knows I am off to the boat. (I don't want to look like a sailor when I step off the boat). Most Russian men are also surprised when they see a women sailor. They often took me for the interpreter and nothing else. When the mast had to come down, it was only when I climbed up the mast that the crane driver and his men took me seriously.

Once, when we drove into a lock, and John was down below and invisible, the lock-keeper, a man, asked me why he could not see any man on board. On my reply, 'So what?' he giggled. When we tried to negotiate our way into the Crimea (then still part of the Ukraine), I had to tell Immigration, over the radio, how many people were on board. When I replied, 'Two, the skipper and the first mate,' he was astonished and asked me who then was I! I gave him hell over the radio. He apologised.

In Russia sailing is very underdeveloped, regardless of the recent racing successes. It is mostly a landlocked country. It does not have a great naval history to fall back on. Many people don't even know what sailing is. In one port a family came to the boat see what that 'stick' was. It was our mast. In Russia, most sailing is racing as a communal sport. Cruising is even less developed. There is no cruising association of any sort. The existing associations run along boat classes. The absence of sailing does not contribute to the position of the women. But that is the same

the world over, I think. Anyway, it creates wonderful situations. Life is never dull.

This I will take with me this summer when we will sail up Saint Petersburg in Russia. John Vallentine (of course, who else?) will be joining me again, hopping along the Baltic coast up north. This time he will be sailing on my boat rather than me on his boat. That should create some good fireworks again. I still need to tell him that *Blue Dove* is a non-smoking vessel.

Once in Russia, we want to cruise Lakes Ladoga and Onega. I hope John will write a little addition to our cruising guide. 'Sailing through Russia', a travel tale and cruising guide on how we crossed Russia's inland waterways from the White Sea in the Arctic to the Black Sea, that borders Turkey. We think it makes great reading even if you never want to do that trip. See <https://www.sailinginrussia.org/>

I'm still against owning a boat and all arguments still stand, but I've come to realise that owning and skippering one will make me a better sailor than the crewing. *Blue Dove* is a shortish term project to increase my sailing skills. I'd like to take the boat to Saint-Petersburg, and, then, if I am still thinking that having no boat is a better option, I'll sell her and go back to crewing.

You can follow Maxine's next trip in the summer to Saint-Petersburg through Facebook

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

The book 'Sailing Through Russia' is available via

https://www.amazon.com/Sailing-Through-Russia-Arctic-Black/dp/1526202581/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1527978002&sr=1-1&keywords=sailing+through+russia

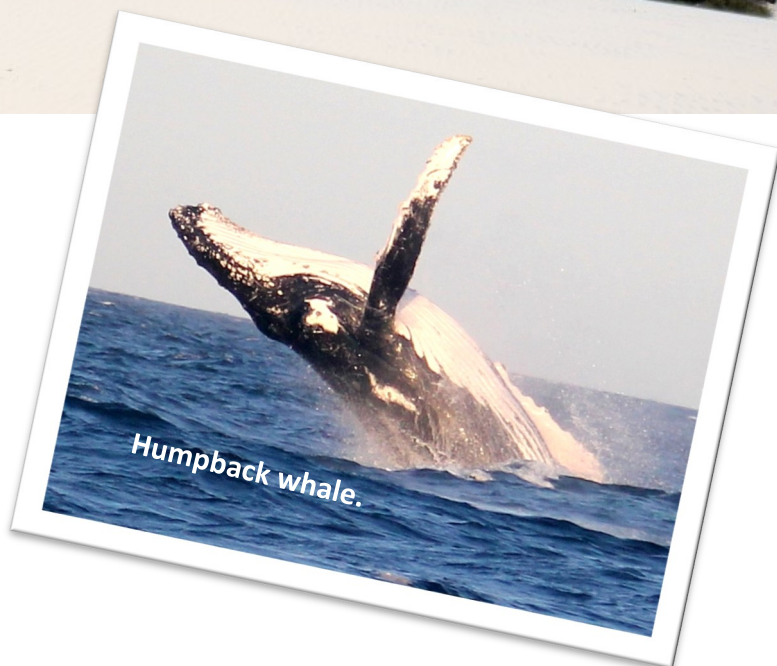


There's no place like home: Magical Moreton Bay, a photo essay

Debi Thornely

There is nothing quite like the familiar waters of home. We've sailed across the Pacific Ocean and to Thailand but still love returning to the sailing playground of Moreton Bay in southern Queensland, Australia. We have a saying on *Taka oa*, 'It is always good weather for something'. Moreton Bay offers beautiful, safe places to anchor in most conditions.

On the northern tip of Moreton Island is Cape Moreton. The pristine beaches and a view to Cape Moreton Lighthouse make this a spectacular place to anchor. From June to October, you may be lucky to see humpback whales.



The 'sandhills' on Moreton Island, the second largest sand island in the world, is one of our favourite anchorages. Those who climb the dunes are rewarded with spectacular views of the anchorage. Sunsets across the this anchorage can be spectacular.

The sand hill at Tangalooma on the western side of Moreton Island creates a beautiful backdrop to a number of wrecks. Abundant fish life can be seen when snorkelling around the wrecks.





Sand hills.

On the northern end of North Stradbroke Island is Amity Point. A short bus ride across the island takes you to Point Lookout where there are surfing areas and long beaches ideal for four-wheel driving and camping.

When the northerlies blow, Horseshoe Bay on Peel Island is a perfect refuge. A beautiful long beach begs to be walked on.

If you would like to see some of the local wildlife and shelter from a southerly, visit St Helena Island.



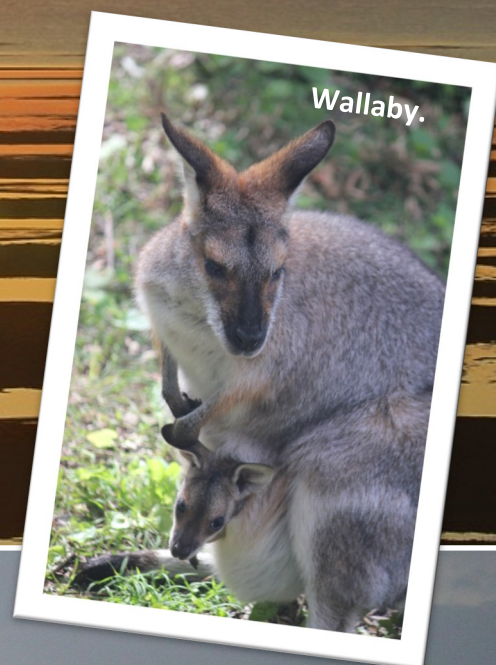
Taka oa, at anchor.

North of Moreton Bay is the Brisbane River. Anchor off the Botanical Gardens or use a pile mooring and the city is at your doorstep.

The waterway from Moreton Bay to the Gold Coast is protected by Moreton, North Stradbroke, and South Stradbroke islands. It is possible to sail to the Gold Coast via Jumpinpin in protected waters.



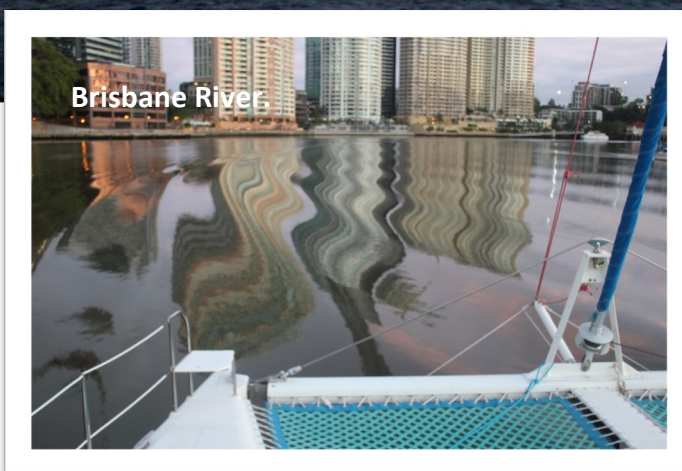
The northern tip of Stradbroke Island is one of the few remaining breeding sites for the little terns in South East Queensland. Flocks of shore and sea birds can be seen here.



Gold Coast high rises.



Brisbane River.



DEBI THORNELY and her husband John sailed from Florida to Australia on their Dolphin 460 catamaran and then spent four years exploring the east coast of Australia, in particular Moreton Bay. Last year they sailed through Indonesia and Malaysia and are currently exploring the spectacular waters of Thailand. Her blog address is: <https://www.2freespirits.wordpress.com/>

Aping around Borneo eventually...

BURNICE STARKEY describes how a journey in search of orangutans, while participating in the Sail 2 Indonesia Rally, does not go quite as planned.

While some of the fleet from the Sail 2 Indonesia Rally were making their way to Kurimun Jawa for a scheduled rally gathering, we had our sights set on orangutans. Central Kalimantan on the island of Borneo, and the port city of Kumai, awaited us.

Our anchorage would be in the river, with other like-minded yachties. Although roads crisscrossed the district, most transportation is river based. So too, is visiting the Tanjung Puting National Park, home to a variety of animals and plants, including the proboscis monkey and orangutan (man of the jungle).

Our passage was long, approximately 350 nautical miles. As with most sailing plans there were 'alternative scenarios':

Plan A - leap-frogging from one island cluster to another with overnight anchorages; and *Plan B* - push on if conditions permitted.

One does not necessarily 'sail' when moving through parts of these waters. Motoring or motor-sailing is more often the case as the winds are often light or fluky. Most jaunts of

sailing were the result of approaching scuds, especially crossing the Java Sea. Nevertheless, we were able to give our Perkins diesel a rest with the afternoon onset of over 10 knots of NNE winds. We took the opportunity to bypass the islands nearby and sail into the evening, thus having chosen Plan B. Were we courageous or careless?

Cruising in these waters has its hazards, such as fishing boats – small and large, some lit

SV Wirraway towing Brahminy Too.



while others not. Some tow nets between two vessels while others drop long surface nets lightly held afloat with plastic water bottles. Fish aggregating devices (FADs) varied from large unlit floating pontoons with thatched huts, to a meager plank with a wisp of coconut frond. We were hopeful, ever hopeful, that as we distanced ourselves from land we would free ourselves of these obstacles.

Our AIS indicated several tankers were following charted courses along our trajectory, that led us to expect less of the unlit variety of fishing boats we had encountered. However, not all vessels were displayed on our AIS transceiver. Many large wooden cargo vessels, and even tugs towing barges, remained hidden on dark moonless nights.

“Vigilance, with a capital letter, was imperative for night watches.”

By day two, we still had 200 nautical miles to cover. Some folk dislike night sailing, however, long passages are seldom boring if one embraces the ocean. By day we were entertained by the scurrying swathe of a sea snake or the stupendous whirl of the flying fish. Long Toms danced on their tails as they scurried to safety sometimes making 30 metres distance. Then, just before dusk, a pod of dolphins played with our bow's pressure wave, dropping behind with a single tail flap – a farewell salute.



Fish aggregating devices (FADs).



Come nightfall, miles from land, the loom of distant vessels surrounded us like an aquatic theatre-in-the-round. It was as if *SV Brahminy Too* took centre stage with a vast circumference of footlights. The 'evening show' had its regular cast of tankers, cargo vessels, ferries, and flashing Christmas lights on small fishing boats either passing nearby or dallying in the wings.

Whilst observing a fishing boat moving across *Brahminy's* vector at a reasonable distance off, I noted a small white buoy between the flurry of chop and trough. Then another! There was a whole line of them stretching in a great arc before us. With little time for discussion I called out to Hans, turned the bow to port and eased back on the throttle to idling. But no, it stalled. 'Bugger,' I said, thinking it was probably just as well it stalled as if that was a net, it was better not to foul the propeller.

Surveying the line of buoys, with no end easily in sight, Hans deployed the dinghy to investigate what the foam buoys were and whether we could cross between them. After hauling-in several meters of attached line, no net was visible. What they were was never revealed. Bottom nets? Pots?



It was when we attempted to restart the motor we had *that feeling*...

Not even with a couple of hours of tinkering and consulting the 'Book of Words' could we fire her up. Terms such as crankshaft, fly-wheel, and drive teeth were bounced about like a conjurer or magician. But there was no rabbit in the hat, it was no vaudeville show, more an epic drama, (fortunately, it wasn't a tragedy). We did have sails, just no real wind of which to speak. No obvious current either.



A type of FAD.



We were grateful to make one knot an hour. Can you believe, it was a joy to see two-and-a-half knots speed over ground. Indeed, through the evening we covered 10 nautical miles in 12 hours. *Groan*. Forget arrival times in hours – recalculate to days!

“Our huge, strong genoa flapped noisily, useless. One had plenty of time to mix metaphors, indeed, to re-write entire Shakespearean productions.”

Time came that Hans had to grapple with his demons and finally confront, with Herculean effort, dealing with ‘The Spinnaker’. Thus far, since purchasing this vessel, we had never submitted to the temptation of hoisting said sail. Indeed, where in that great locker of sail bags was it?

Past attempts, on previous sailboats, wrangling vast metres of sailcloth had been fraught, there was even fury, frustration and a few other ‘F’ words. Hopefully, the ‘socked’ version would deliver a better result.

To say it went well, would be glossing over the theatrics. However, for expediency, allow us to say that come the afternoon, we no longer needed to call this tale: ‘Bobbing About Between Bali and Borneo’. Lin and Larry Pardey, who specialised in sailing without any motorisation, would have been proud of Hans. No longer did he consider

Our ‘go-to’ man, Adi.



himself a ‘Spinnaker Virgin’ on this vessel. He had nailed it! *Drum roll, symbol clash, and applause, please*. We were off! Not exactly at nose-bleed knots but any forward progress was heartily welcomed. Especially when 3.9 knots became 7 knots with a fleeting squall of rain.

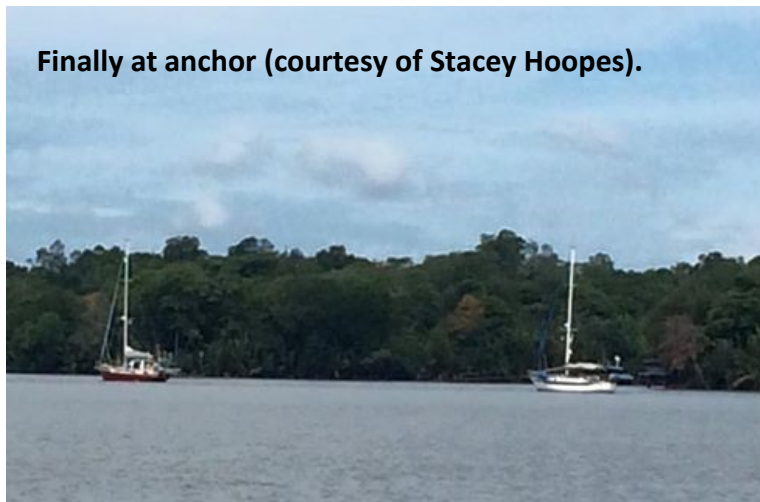
Our fellow rally members held regular morning and afternoon conversations on the HF radio (scheds). Our situation was known – and it was such a comfort to know others were looking out for us. One offered to retrace their route and fetch us. Another made mechanical suggestions, but we eventually accepted SV *Wirraway of Sydney*’s offer of a tow since they were still to make their approach.

In the meantime, Anne Wilson on *Hybresail*, had made preliminary contacts to organise a mechanic for our impending arrival. We were very grateful. The tow went well with calm conditions and the expertise of Gary and Bev on *Wirraway*.

Once we arrived at the anchorage everything went forward quickly. A mechanic and translator were on board soon after we anchored. Tirelessly, they tried several approaches but ultimately the starter motor was dismantled again and taken ashore come sunset at 7 pm. The next day, with daybreak, they returned. Success! After opening the motor housing, the mechanic had found the internal chambers had old salt water sludge inside. Now, it was time to think orangutans...



Finally at anchor (courtesy of Stacey Hoopes).



BURNICE STARKEY (Burney) and her partner Hans Dauncey became full-time live aboard cruisers in August 2013. They departed Torres Island, Australia July 2016 for Indonesia and have been sailing in Southeast Asia since. Burnice's blog can be found at <https://svbrahminy.wordpress.com/>



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

CRUISERS RALLY
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

Strait talking women

Part 2



In Part 2 of *Strait Talking Women* RENEE SMITH talks to some of the all-female team on board Lisa Blair's Climate Action Now in the 2017 Rolex Sydney to Hobart Yacht Race.

Well-known for her solo sailing exploits, owner and skipper of *Climate Action Now*, Lisa Blair, and the founding member of 'The Magenta Project', Libby Greenhalgh, put together the first all-female team to race the Sydney to Hobart in 16 years. With Lisa as the skipper, Libby as the co-skipper and navigator, and Ellie Draper as the third experienced ocean racer, an international application round and selection process was used to fill the final five crew spots. I had the privilege of chatting to two of the members of the diverse, but talented and strong, team, to hear about their race experience and gain some inspiration for my own goal of competing in offshore racing.

For Karen "Kaz" Young, sailing in the RSHYR had been a long-time ambition since she first started sailing 15 years ago. Before putting her sailing activities on hold to become a Mother, Kaz was a member of the

Ocean Racing Club of Victoria, competing in most of their races, including multiple Melbourne to Hobart West Coast races and the inaugural Melbourne to Vanuatu race in 2006. Returning to sailing in the last 12 months, Kaz saw an article on Facebook promoting the collaboration between Lisa Blair and The Magenta Project, and the call for women sailors who wanted to be part of an all-female crew for the RSHYR. 'I jumped at the chance!', Kaz said.

"I'm a big believer in never letting an opportunity pass you by. So even though I wasn't too sure that I'd be selected, I put an application in because I didn't want to die wondering."

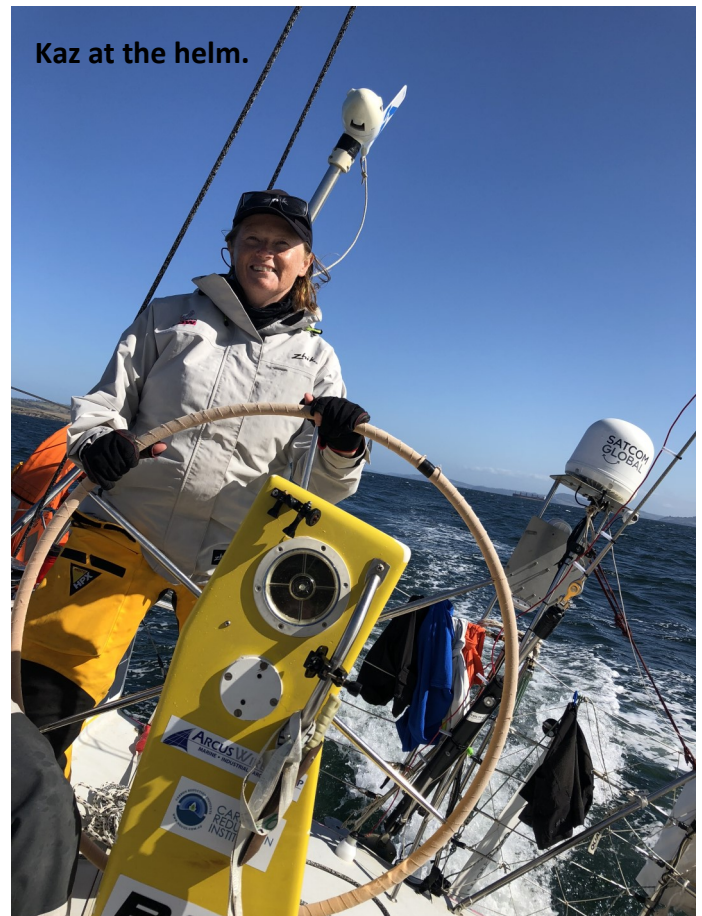
She literally jumped for joy when she received the call offering her a crew spot. 'This was my first offshore race since my 'comeback' to sailing – and what a race to come back to.'

Alex South, however, has a very different story that led her to the start line. A former 18-foot skiff sailor, Extreme Series racer, the

super-fast 49er FX's, and currently sailing a Nacra 17 (the mixed double-handed foiling Olympic catamaran), Alex is used to going fast. 'I had often said that I wouldn't [race a RSHYR] – I'm not really one for going 'slow'. But there has always been a small part of me that wanted to tick it off the list.' Having previously been part of the RSHYR media team for four years, Alex describes the race as a true classic. 'So, to have that opportunity is something that shouldn't be taken lightly – how could I say no?' After her original knock back from the final crew selection, she had no plans to race the RSHYR that year and had bought tickets to a music festival that clashed with the race.

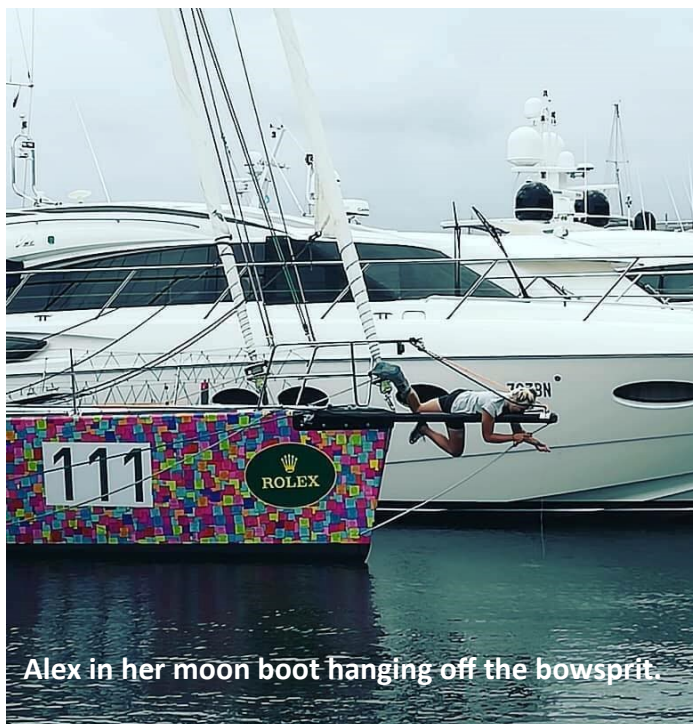
But in what Alex describes as a 'crazy turn of events', she found herself in a hospital emergency ward after a training incident saw her pulled off, and then under, the Nacra 17, where her ankle came in contact with the t-foil on the rudder. She was being assessed for a punctured FHL tendon, listening to doctors discussing surgery, when amongst the pool of blood and self-pity she received a

phone call from Lisa Blair. Visa issues had unfortunately forced one of the women to withdraw from the race crew – Alex was the



Kaz at the helm.





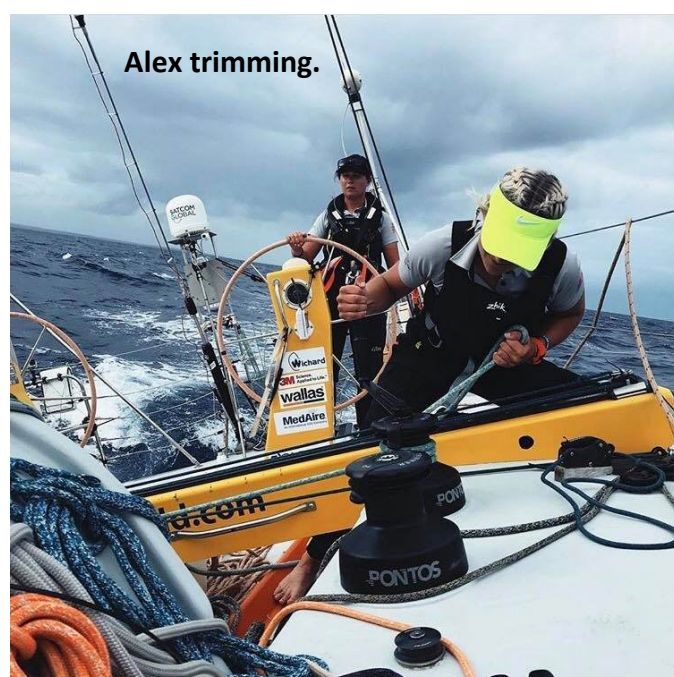
Alex in her moon boot hanging off the bowsprit.

next choice on the list. ‘There I was, in the Emergency Ward with my Doctors beginning to schedule surgery (which I delayed, as the recovery would have put me out of race contention), I was confirming my place on the crew and sending in my entry forms!’

In Part 1 of this story (April *SisterShip*) I interviewed women on other boats, and Kaz agrees with them that the atmosphere at the start and finish of the race was one of the highlights. ‘We had a tender full of young girls out on the water following us toward the finish line, cheering,’ reminisced Kaz. ‘It felt great to know they could see a race boat full of amazing female sailors finishing the RSHYR – perhaps inspiring them for the future!’ Alex continues with the memorable highlights, ‘There were no dull moments – from kites blowing up and being repaired, to storm fronts, to speed records being set (as said kites were being destroyed), to delusional moments, the sky on the first night, the laughs and everything in between.’ Kaz’s main position was in the pit, but one of the race highlights for her was, ‘Having the opportunity to experience various positions on the boat, as we all rotated spots throughout the race – including the pit, mainsheet trim, spinnaker trim, and helming

– and could learn from some highly experienced female sailors.’ Alex was on the helm as *Climate Action Now* rounded the Iron Pot and headed up the Derwent. ‘Rounding the Iron Pot was a great moment – with awesome communication between the team and pushing the boat as hard as we could for the final stretch – being on the helm for this moment, during my first Hobart, is an experience I will not forget.’

When asked about race challenges, Alex says ‘Probably sailing in a moon boot! It limited me a bit, however as a trimmer/helm I didn’t have too far to shuffle!’ Continuing the reminiscent laughs, Kaz said, ‘To be honest, the hardest part [of the race] for me was climbing in and out of my very tiny top bunk! I’m still unsure why me, the oldest person on the boat, got that gig! Seriously though, in terms of the race, we sure had some challenges with our spinnakers and through an unfortunate series of events we managed to damage/kill three kites, leaving us with only our smallest storm kite to bring us home.’ Alex agreed that her other challenge was knowing that they were limited by their sail wardrobe. The lover of fast sailing laughed, ‘Knowing that other boats had finished before we made our first manoeuvre (a gybe) was a running joke, but a humbling reminder of the nature of



Alex trimming.

handicap offshore racing and particularly the RSHYR.’

Although slower than the sailing Alex is accustomed to, she found that, ‘There’s something incredibly enticing and romantic about offshore racing; embracing that mentality was a real turning point for me.’ After realising this, Alex really began to immerse herself in the experience, worry less about the result, and enjoyed pushing the boat alongside an awesome team. Kaz agreed, ‘It was so amazing to have had the opportunity to sail with and learn from the experienced and professional sailors on board – seeing how they go about everything from preparation, to training and sailing. They are constantly ‘on’ throughout the race, trimming and really pushing to get the best out of the boat and crew at all times.’

Always looking for advice from genuine and honest sailors, I couldn’t help winding up my chat by asking for some tips. Kaz’s tip– ‘Take

a good set of layers with you in terms of clothing and good quality gear. If you are cold or wet, it can really drain your energy and morale.’ Alex says that she is really good at misplacing things, so she brings two of everything – ‘I’d rather bring a big bag than be caught without the layers I need to keep warm or if something gets wet!’

Having sailed with a skipper who is very focused on weight – I’ve even been quizzed on my need to bring so much water on board for a day passage race – I was amused by this tip. Alex laughs, ‘A lot of owners don’t agree, but I got that advice from my cousin, who was on the bow of the race winner *Comanche*, so it must be okay!’

Alex leaves us with this advice – ‘Just. Do. It. I believe that sailing and racing needs more ‘doers’. There’s no entitlement – nothing will be given to you because you’re a woman or because you’ve had wins on the board before. Yachting is about getting the job



All-girl crew aboard *Climate Action Now*, skipper Lisa Blair front row, 2nd from left.

done right and getting it done quickly – if you can do that, you're already miles ahead. Stay loyal to your team and crew, know your boat, know your limits, leave your ego (and shame!) on the dock, but most of all, remember it's about FUN. That's why we do this crazy sport after all! Go out, ask questions, seek adventures – you never know when your chance is going to pop up. I just hope it's not off the back of an almost catastrophic ankle injury like mine!



RENEE SMITH is an incomplete paraplegic, MS patient, and adaptive sailor from Sydney, Australia. She had her first experience on a yacht in mid-2017, and was shown the freedom sailing could offer through the not-for-profit organisation Sailors with disABILITIES (SWD). Since that first addictive exposure, her weekly routine now involves fitting as much sailing as possible around her research career in plant physiology. As a crew volunteer with SWD's programs, Renee trades her wheelchair in for a 54' racing yacht, and takes groups of kids and adults who have a disability or disadvantage out on Sydney Harbour for a sailing experience that focuses on ability, optimism, confidence and achievement. Renee is also a member of SWD's racing team, crewing weekly in harbour race series and regattas, and working towards offshore racing. Outside of this weekly routine, she enjoys supporting her friends in their dinghy or yacht racing careers, and photographing regattas and offshore races.

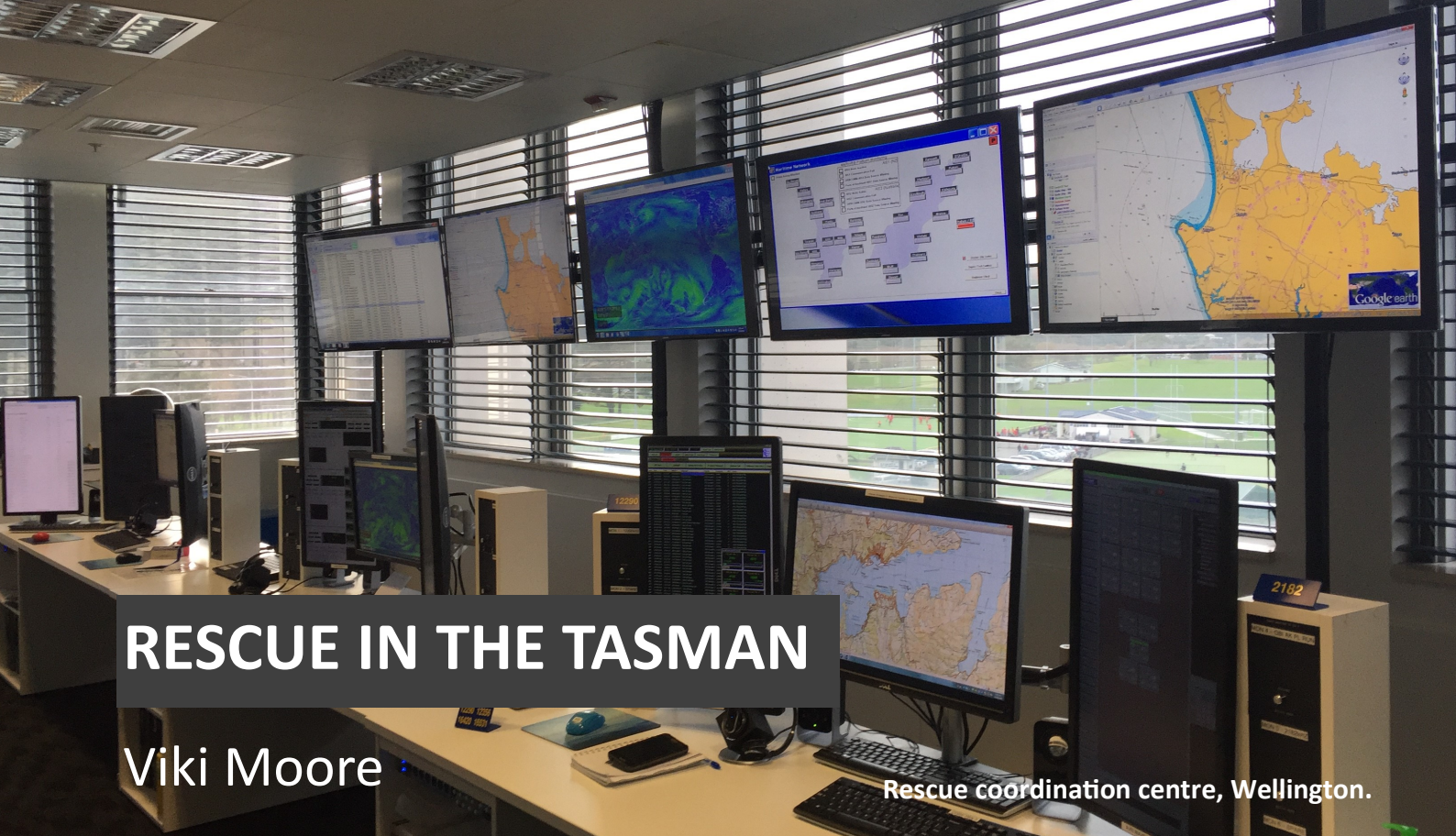
SisterShip Magazine cruises along with an international flavour. Our contributors hail from every corner of the globe. We encourage writers to maintain their voice and therefore their local spelling.

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.



www.sistershipmagazine.com



RESCUE IN THE TASMAN

Viki Moore :

Rescue coordination centre, Wellington.

Imagine this, you are alone, sailing solo across the Tasman, sailing your new-to-you 10 metre steel yacht from Australia to New Zealand. Approximately 70 nautical miles off Lord Howe Island you encounter a huge storm. The mountainous grey seas dwarf your vessel and the howling wind screeches through the rigging for hours on end. The boat is pounding itself to pieces through the waves. You are cold, wet, tired, being flung around and unable to stand up. An awful tearing sound alerts you to a sail being shredded. Down below the fuel tank located in the keel of the yacht begins to leak, sending sloshing, stinky, slippery diesel all over the floor...the cushions...you, everything.

Despite your best efforts, operating the boat becomes untenable, it is impossible to move around without slipping over, you are exhausted, scared, and feeling sick with the smell and the violent motion. When you nearly slip overboard you realise that you don't want to be alone out here anymore. You desperately want to be off the boat and back at home, safe with your wife and new baby.

What would you do?

Of course, until you are in this situation, it is impossible to tell how you would react. In Steve Collin's case, he'd had enough, and he grabbed his EPIRB and pressed the button, sending a silent scream for help. It was 10 am and mid-winter.

Meanwhile, about 20,000 kilometres above the earth, a sophisticated network of satellites is orbiting the globe. One of their numerous functions involves monitoring the Cospas-Sarsat satellite system. The 406MHz signal is detected by one of the satellites over the Tasman and relayed back to earth to the closest Local User Terminal or LUT.

Within a matter of seconds, an alarm sounds at the Australian Rescue Coordination Centre in Canberra, alerting the staff on duty that an EPIRB had been activated.

The rescue has commenced.

Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacons or EPIRBs are an essential item in your emergency kit. They are coded so that if

you set one off anywhere on the globe, the country responsible for that area of ocean you are in receives the emergency message and so does the Rescue Coordination Centre in your own country. For this reason, they should be bought and registered in your home country. Registration of your EPIRB is essential as this provides useful information pertaining to you and your vessel to the Rescue Coordination Centre should you activate it.

With the EPIRB activated, the Rescue Coordination Centre can start putting together parts of a big puzzle. Initially they won't know the exact location until at least three satellites are able to confirm a fix, they also won't know the nature of your distress, but the satellite will give them the HEX ID code which can be related back to your registration details. This gives them the name and size of the boat, your name and emergency contact details. A few pieces of the puzzle can start to come together.

One of the Rescue Coordination team picked up the phone and dialed the emergency contact number back in New

Zealand. It's a phone call no family member ever wants to receive. More puzzle pieces are collected: How many people are on board? What safety equipment was he carrying? How long had he owned the boat? Where was he sailing from and to? How long had he been at sea?

Six large television screens on the wall display a variety of valuable data to assist the rescue team. One shows a chart of the sea area they covered with Automatic Identification System (AIS) detected ships slowly tracking their way across the screen, another shows the location of all the satellites around the globe, another- the current weather conditions and upcoming forecast. A click of a button brings up all the rescue options and ranges in the vicinity of the distress – be it local commercial or rescue helicopters, Coastguard stations, Search and Rescue teams, the Police, Army, Navy and Airforce. A doctor is also on call to provide any medical advice over the radio.

An aircraft is deployed to begin the search and gather some more information; what is the weather like? Visibility and sea state? Is the person on board injured? Is the boat still afloat or are they looking for a life-raft? The



EPIRB sends out another silent signal allowing the aircraft to hone in on his location.

Back on the boat within just a couple of hours of setting off the EPIRB the plane flew overhead, and Steve had some sense of hope that his emergency message had been received and help was on the way. His VHF wasn't working. He could hear their messages, but they couldn't hear him.

“He felt an enormous sense of relief. But things were about to get a lot worse.”

The Rescue Coordination Centre can see all the ships in the vicinity of Steve's yacht on AIS. They contact the Captain of the *Lars Maersk*, a huge container ship sailing up the East Coast of Australia.

The International Convention for the Safety of Life at Sea (SOLAS Convention) states: “The master of a ship at sea which is in a position to be able to provide assistance on receiving information from any source that persons are in distress at sea, is bound to proceed with all speed to their assistance.”

Bound by convention and of course a moral desire to assist a fellow mariner, the Captain of *Lars Maersk* orders the crew to divert their course to sail towards the vessel in distress.

By late afternoon the enormous *Lars Maersk* powers up alongside Steve's tiny yacht. Steve was dressed in his diving wetsuit, wet weather gear and his life jacket.

The ship pulled alongside, about 50 metres away. Steve's salvation sat tantalizingly close. A messenger line shot out high and fast plunging in to the angry ocean just short of Steve's yacht. He instinctively jumped into the frothy sea and grabbed hold of the thin messenger line. *This is a huge mistake*, he thought, *I am in deep trouble now*. The line's

purpose being merely to carry across the much larger line that would have drawn his yacht alongside. There was no way that light line could possibly hold him.

He was in the cold deep water now being dragged and smashed by the waves and current down the huge steel side of the ship. The small messenger line parted and he was washed underneath the overhanging stern which was rising up and down in the huge swell. The weight of the ship literally pushed him under, spluttering up sea water, gasping for air, was he going to drown? Finally, he was spat-out the back of the boat and into the open sea.

Alone, and it was getting dark.

This was not good. Terrified, many things ran through Steve's mind. Could he possibly survive a night at sea? The plane was still circling overhead. The ship now seemed like a speck in the distance. Thankfully, unbeknownst to him, the aircraft had him in their sights via night vision equipment and were directing the Captain of the container ship back to him.

Even then, in the terrible conditions it still took an hour to manoeuvre the massive vessel back to him. Steve was in the water, cold, exhausted and scared.

Once again, they threw lines, missing every time, the wind whipping them far from his grasp. He did, thankfully, grab a thrown life ring but sadly it was not attached to a line. Once again, he was dragged down the side of the ship, under the stern, past the huge propellers and spat out again in to the sea.

He could float more easily now with the life ring. Thankful that he'd had the foresight to dress warmly before the rescue, without this protective clothing, he would have already succumbed to the elements. To make matters even worse, he found he was surrounded by a huge cloud of jellyfish, stinging his face

and hands, the only bits of exposed skin.

Once again, the ship came around, and this time he managed to grab hold of the line and he clipped his safety harness on. The crew began to attempt to haul him up the side of the ship, but with the swell and movement of the vessel he risked being squashed underneath. A ladder was lowered down, but he was so cold and tired, he was unable to pull himself out of the water.

Eventually the ship's crew lowered the enormous gang-plank down the vertical sides of the ship along with one of the Filipino crew members who managed to physically haul Steve out of the water and protect him as they were both winched back up again. It was now 8 pm and Steve had spent over three hours in the water.

This brave crewman was later presented with an award for Exceptional Bravery at Sea for his part in the rescue.

Thankful to be alive, Steve was given some dry clothing and hot food. The ship turned around and continued on to Cairns, where the media were waiting along with some very relieved friends.

Steve flew home to New Zealand to be reunited with his family, where he had time to digest what had happened, the things he had

done right, and the things that went so wrong, and how lucky he had been to be rescued.

It was a tough time.

After a few months, the Australian authorities requested him to de-register the lost vessel. Steve was suffering from post-traumatic stress and couldn't bring himself to do it. Finally, 10 months later he agreed, and his yacht *Enya II* was struck off the list.

The very next day she was spotted off Norfolk Island! She had travelled over 550 nautical miles on her own and been through a cyclone over the 10 months since they'd been parted. Aside from a broken boom, some ripped sails, plenty of growth on her bottom and a cabin full of diesel, she was in remarkably good condition.

The locals towed her in and hauled her out, and Steve flew over to see her. Repairs were made, and eventually Steve and another crew member sailed her back to New Zealand. She is currently moored at Waiheke Island.



***Enya II*, Norfolk Island.**



They say that hindsight is a wonderful thing, and when questioned, Steve said that there are a number of things he would have done differently:

- A more thorough sea trial of the boat before setting off to sea, hopefully this would have presented the diesel tank issue earlier which could have been rectified;
- A thorough check of the communications systems – there were issues with the VHF radio transmissions which could have helped for a smoother rescue;
- Sailing with another crew member on board – could have helped with the problem solving, fatigue and company in the challenging conditions;
- Not jumping in to the sea but waiting for another line to be passed over; and
- After seeing the amazing condition of the boat after 10 months on her own at sea, Steve thought that instead of trying to fix the diesel issue in the storm, he could have just hove to and crawled away in to a corner of the boat and waited for the conditions to subside.

As for the things he wouldn't change:

- The wetsuit and clothing he was wearing including the life jacket, undoubtedly saved his life; and
- Registering his EPIRB and providing emergency contact details so the Rescue Coordination Centre had more pieces of the puzzle and could provide appropriate assistance and his wife was able to be kept informed throughout the rescue.

Steve admits that when he activated the EPIRB he hadn't considered that the very act of being rescued was potentially more dangerous than staying in the situation he

was so desperate to get out of. When he pressed the button, he was prepared to walk away from the boat he had spent so much time and money on, and say goodbye to his dream of having a boat to cruise in New Zealand.

These are tough decisions to make, and even more so when you are tired, sick, and desperate. The choices you make if faced with a similar situation may well be different. But knowing that when you do need help, the professionals working in Rescue Coordination Centres around the world have the technology, skills and resources to come to your aid when required is very comforting indeed.

LINKS:

Register or update your EPIRB details in Australia: <http://beacons.amsa.gov.au/registration/index.asp#rego>

Register or update your EPIRB details in New Zealand: <https://beacons.org.nz/Registration.aspx>



Currently based in Lyttelton NZ, **VIKI MOORE** enjoys racing and cruising her Young 88. She is on the board of Yachting New Zealand and is the President of the Little Ship Club of Canterbury. She blogs about her adventures at

<https://astrolabesailing.com/>

Pearls of Wisdom



Lynne Dorning-Sands shares her tips on drying food while cruising

Sun drying onboard has many benefits such as:

- extending the lifespan of seasonal foods;
- provisioning for long passages or visiting remote regions; and
- providing tasty, healthy snacks and meal ingredients without the need for valuable fridge/freezer space.

We have successfully sun dried a variety of different foods including mangoes, bananas, pineapples, tomatoes, peppers (both sweet & chilli), eggplant, beef, and fish. We tried drying papaya, but it needs to be cut quite thickly to be effective. This takes more time to dry and the longer it takes, the more chance of mould forming during the process.

For best results cut fruit and veg into thin slices, approximately 4 mm thick. For fish and meat, cut strips no more than 8 mm thick and cut across the grain, otherwise it can be stringy and tough.

The simplest and most effective marinade for preventing mould is white vinegar, however we prefer lemon juice for fruit. For meat and fish we use vinegar and sometimes add soy sauce, Worcester sauce, herbs, spices and/or chilli. Some people like to add powdered sugar to fruit, but we prefer it with just the lemon juice. After soaking the food in the marinade and before placing it in the dryer, remove excess moisture with a paper towel.

We began sun drying food when we were living onboard in East Africa. On our first visit to Madagascar in 2007 we would provision at the market in Nosy Be, then take off to remote regions for a few weeks at a time, so our sun dryer was our saviour enabling us to stock up and enjoy fruit, veggies and meat for much longer than usual. We developed a taste for the local beef (zebu) and, having many South African friends, we loved biltong (dried beef). Although biltong is hung to dry, we decided to make our own form in our sun dryer and it was delicious! It was also a great snack for our dogs, so in Madagascar we relied more on zebu biltong than their usual cooked, frozen liver treats, enabling us to free up valuable freezer space for the copious amounts of fish we caught!

Our original sun dryer was made from wood. The design was similar to the one in the photos. It can be made from wood, aluminium, or stainless steel (like our present one), with a laminated (safety) glass lid. The base of our original wooden dryer was a piece of black coated ply wood, which absorbed the heat and worked well. Our stainless one reflects the heat back to the food and also dehydrates efficiently. For the drying rack we used the spare grill plate from our BBQ, however an old oven or fridge shelf would work, as long as it is raised off the floor of the dryer.

Key points are:

- ensure air circulates through the sun dryer but protect it from too much breeze or the process will take much longer.
- air holes need to be positioned both above and below the drying rack to allow through-flow.
- cover the air holes with fly screen to prevent bugs entering the dryer.
- place the dryer in full sunlight, but out of the breeze.
- wipe condensation off the glass regularly.
- the density of the food determines the drying time and of course, whether or not you have sunshine and how strong it is.
- for best results choose a 3 or 4 day period of good, hot sunshine, if possible!



In good conditions (hot and sunny) in the tropics we have dried meat strips within one day. After drying, food can be stored in dry glass jars, in vacuum sealed (if you have one) bags or, depending on the food, in olive oil or coconut oil. We usually store our dried food in glass jars or 'tupperware'. With things like peppers and tomatoes, they are tasty when stored in olive oil as a snack for toast (bruschetta), salads etc. People who have vacuum sealers can store their sun dried food that way.

LYNNE DORNING SANDS and her husband, Eric Toyer, have been living aboard their Crowther catamaran SV *Amarula* since they launched her on the Clarence River, Australia, in July 2001. They operated a marine consultancy business and low-key charter business in Tanzania, East Africa, from 2002 to 2006. Since 2006 they have been slowly making their way around the world and are now in Fiji. Lynne's blog can be found at: <http://amarulasail.com/>



Do you have a 'pearl' to share? We would love to see it! Every tip that is published goes into a draw at the end of the year for a *SisterShip* prize!

A paragraph or just a few lines - please email your 'pearls' to editor@sistershipmagazine.com to share your wisdom and be in with a chance to win!

Interview with a sailor...

TERYSA VANDERLOO talks to Australian sailor **Erin Carey**.

Erin Carey learned to sail as a child but only took up the sport as an adult two years ago after being inspired by a sailing documentary. Erin and her husband decided that rather than just dreaming about packing up their lives and moving onto a boat, they would actually do it. I recently had the chance to interview Erin and find out more about her sailing background, her goals and what she loves, and dislikes, about sailing.

Where are you from?

I am 36 years old and I'm from Adelaide, Australia. I work for the Department of Defence in personnel security.

How long have you been sailing?

I sailed as a child with my dad on an inland lake in Wagga Wagga, New South Wales. After that I had a 20-year break and started up again two years ago.

How did you learn to sail?

My dad used to teach learn to sail classes when I was young, and he'd drag me along with him. He taught me to sail on a Laser and later owned a Hartley, which we'd take on holidays to a nearby dam and sail together as a family. I wouldn't say I particularly loved sailing as a kid but obviously something rubbed off on me because 20 years later my husband and I bought a 21' trailer sailor after watching Laura Dekker's documentary, *Maidentrip*. It was her documentary that sparked our desire to go cruising. My dad



Erin and family.

taught us how to sail on our little boat *Adelady* and two years later, after lots of planning, researching and saving, we bought our new boat, sight-unseen in Grenada.

Who do you sail with and what's your role?

My husband Dave and my three boys Hamish (9), Jack (7) and Christian (4). I'm the first mate but my husband and I make most decisions together.

What do you love most about sailing?

The escape. No distractions, no phones, no housework, nowhere to be except in that moment. I love it when you turn the engine off after motoring out, those first few moments are so peaceful and quiet. I love the freedom and the possibilities traveling by boat gives you. I love that it takes you to places you'd probably never go if you were traveling overland.

What do you dislike about sailing?

For the limited experience I've had I can say living in boatyards is not much fun. I can see that things constantly breaking would get tiring and the cost of parts and labor is expensive.

Where have you sailed?

I am very new to cruising. Besides sailing up and down the coast near Adelaide and a passage from Sydney to Queensland, we are fairly inexperienced. We literally arrived in Grenada (Caribbean) two weeks ago and have been preparing our new boat for cruising. It's currently on the hard and we hope to splash it in the next few weeks.

What type of sailing do you do?

In Adelaide we'd do weekend cruises in our own boat and crew on another larger yacht for twilight races during the week. Because we have three boys, my husband and I would take turns attending the twilight race each week. Once we splash our boat we'll be

slowly cruising around the Caribbean and beyond.

What type of boat do you currently have?

We have a Moody 47 which we've owned for three months but only lived on for three nights! We've named her *Roam*.

What are your future sailing plans?

We plan on taking things really slow. We're going to hire a captain to help us find our feet on our new boat and then we will do day sails for a while until we're confident to move north. By that time it will be getting close to hurricane season, so we'll probably turn around and head back towards Grenada. Beyond that we don't have any plans. We both have leave without pay from our jobs for two years, so we hope to stay out cruising for that amount of time. It's exciting to have no plans, only options!

What's your dream sailing destination?

I'd love to sail the Med, I dream of anchoring off the coast of Positano! There or French Polynesia. Unfortunately, they are in opposite directions!

What are your ultimate sailing goals?

I can't wait for my husband and I to confidently navigate our way to new destinations. To arrive into a new country on our own yacht would be amazing!

Anything else to add?

Working towards this goal for the last couple of years has been a huge but rewarding challenge. It's opened up so many doors and we've met many amazing people, it honestly felt like the universe was conspiring to help us achieve our goal. It was amazing how things just fell into place. We also enlisted the help of Behan and Jamie Gifford from *Sailing Totem*, who were a huge help and amazing people to boot. If anyone would like to follow our journey from the rat race to a yacht in the Caribbean, we have a Facebook page called Sailing to *Roam*.

Update from Erin Carey:

We have now lived on the boat for three months and what an adventure it's been! We experienced 40 knots of wind and two metre waves on our first sail from Grenada to Carriacou. Not really knowing any different, we took it in our stride and our boat felt solid and strong. A few hours into the passage our engine died and due to poor passage planning, we were relying on it to motor into our anchorage. After tacking back and forth and making very little headway for what seemed like hours, we decided to radio for help. The sun was setting and before long it was pitch black. Eventually another cruiser came to our rescue but that required me helming the boat in a perfect straight line, in the dark, heading straight for land, while the other boat came within two metres of us so as he could throw over a towing line. Thankfully my husband caught it and we were towed into the bay safely where we had to anchor without a motor. All of this might not have been a big deal if we were experienced but this was our very first passage! Talk about an adrenaline rush. Needless to say, a lot of lessons were learned from that experience.

Living in confined quarters and being together 24/7 has also had its challenges. At the start of our trip the kids misbehaved a

lot. I'm happy to report that that is slowly improving, and we are learning to work together as a team.

We are slowly getting the boat in order and figuring out how to use everything. The engine issues are sorted, and we are feeling more confident with our boat each passage we make. We are getting better with passage planning and reading the weather and we've learnt a lot of valuable lessons from the mistakes we've made so far. It's certainly been a huge learning curve and at times we've felt out of our comfort zone but if it was easy, everyone would do it!

I'm constantly pinching myself at how lucky we are to be out here. The experiences we've had, even in this brief period of time, have been amazing. We've swum with turtles, had fires on the beach under a sky full of stars, met amazing people, snorkelled over beautiful reefs, caught fish, hiked up mountains, paddle boarded in beautiful bays and seen plenty of wildlife. This lifestyle isn't without its challenges and at times it's downright hard but honestly, the good far outweighs the bad and at this point in time I wouldn't want to be anywhere else!

Originally from Australia, **TERYSA VANDERLOO** moved to London when she was 24. She learned to sail soon afterwards on the East Coast of the UK. Terysa and her partner Nick dreamed of sailing around the world, and in 2015 they finally set off in their Southerly 38 to explore Europe and the Caribbean by boat. They are currently in the Bahamas documenting their adventures on their YouTube channel, *Sailing Ruby Rose*, and plan to sail to the Mediterranean this year.

Their website is <http://yachtrubyrose.com/>



Upon a painted ocean

5.10.2014

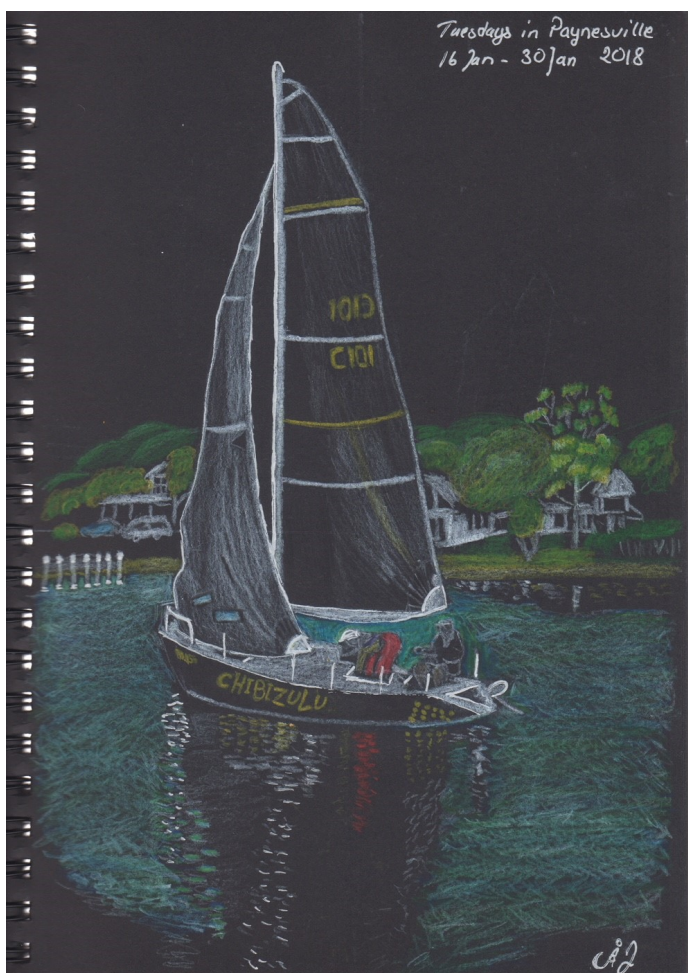
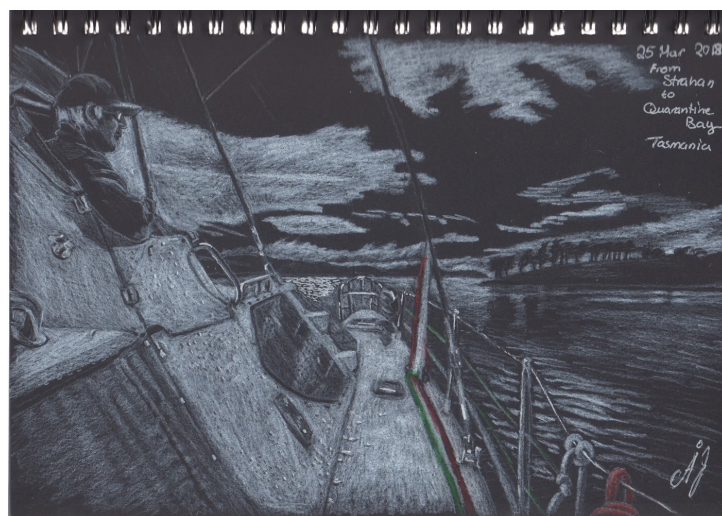
showcasing women artists

If you paint or draw marine subjects and would like your work included here, please email us at editor@sistershipmagazine.com

ÅSE JAKOBSSON

I started to learn drawing and painting a bit more than 10 years ago but, working full time as an engineer, it was a rather slow learning curve. I had never sailed and would not hear about buying a boat and sailing around the world, as heeling and wild weather seemed terrifying to me.

We retired, sold everything, bought a boat and moved onboard permanently in August 2016 on our Schionning Wilderness 1620.



I paint memories, and since we moved onboard I have started a visual diary, inspired by fellow artist cruisers. My visual diary is on black background with mainly white crayon and ink, but loving colours I can't help but put some colours into my drawings.

For now, I am very happy to learn more (sailing and art) and enjoy my drawing in pencil or white crayon on black paper, painting in oils or quick sketches in water colours which I have just started.

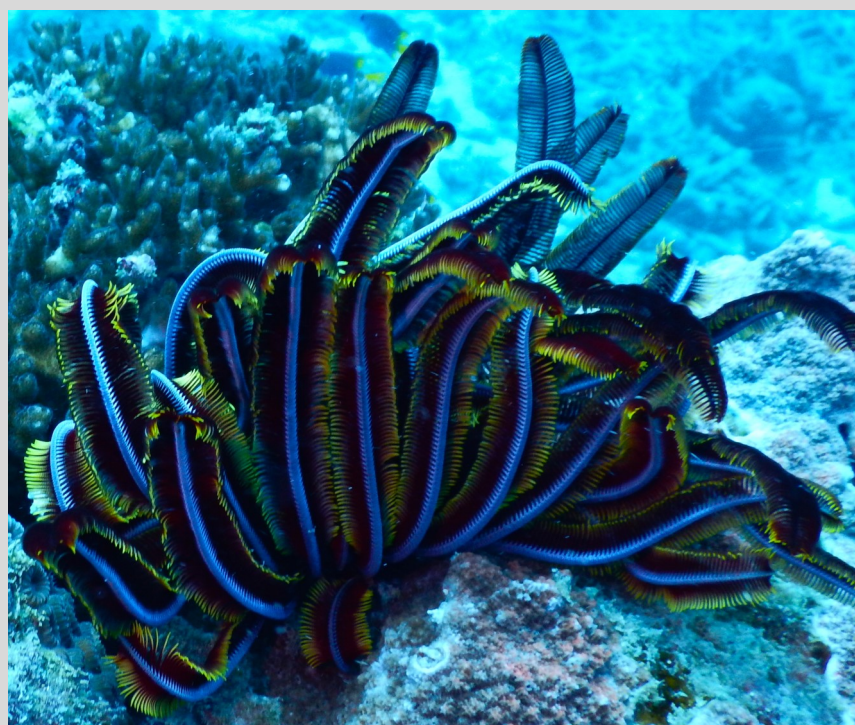
The drawings I have selected represent firstly, the lovely sailing community, in this case Tuesday evening summer series in Paynesville, and secondly, motoring into a safe harbour early in the morning after an overnight sail.



GLIMPES OF LIFE ON THE WATER

Featherstar.

Taken by Colleen Fagan
while diving at Barren
Island, Keppel Bay,
Australia.



Naoussa on Paros,
Greece. Taken by Jane
Jarratt aboard *SV Olive*.

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



Send your photos to editor@sistershipmagazine.com

Environment

Shark Perceptions

Kathryn Curzon

The use of the word ‘attack’ by the media when reporting shark incidents does nothing to help allay fears that all sharks are dangerous. It suggests that sharks are intentionally pursuing humans as prey when in the majority of instances that is not the case. Sharks are intelligent animals that display a range of social and communication behaviours and also specific hunting strategies. Sharks are also, on the whole, selective in their diet and humans are not on the menu. On the rare occasion that a human is bitten by a shark, the shark usually approaches slowly along the surface, bites once and then lets go.

Considering that these predators use speed, ambush and persistence to hunt it is possible



Blue shark (courtesy Kathryn Curzon).

to view shark incidents with humans from a different perspective than an intentional ‘attack’. A slow approach and single bite is not how sharks have evolved to hunt their prey and is an ineffective way to pursue fast-moving fish or marine mammals. Rather it can be considered as the way a shark investigates novel objects, such as humans in the ocean, to identify and understand them more fully. Sharks do not have hands and, like puppies and babies, will mouth objects to gain sensory information.

The majority of a shark’s senses are located around its mouth area and sharks, such as great whites, have very sharp teeth and are capable of bite pressures sufficient to bite clean through a seal. The bite force of a fully grown adult white shark is over 4,000 lbs and the maximum speed of such a shark is estimated to be over 60 km/hr. In spite of that, many shark attack victims have flesh wounds that can be repaired with surgery if medical aid is sought promptly.



Great white shark (courtesy Friends of Sharks).

Sharks have the capability to bite gently, in their terms, and do so when investigating objects. Fatalities from shark incidents are mostly due to blood loss or injury trauma and the consumption of a human is exceptionally rare. If it were the case, as commonly believed, that shark incidents with surfers on their boards are due to sharks mistaking them as prey items, such as turtles or seals, we would expect the shark to approach fast, hit the surfboard hard and potentially bite repeatedly to disable its prey. In almost all cases shark-human incidents do not contain those elements and suggest a shark is investigating a novel item rather than hunting.

According to the International Shark Attack File, there were a total of 98 unprovoked shark 'attacks' worldwide in 2015, which exceeds the previous high of 88 recorded in 2000. The increase in incident numbers is most likely due to the rapidly growing human population, changing oceanographic conditions, over fishing, and the human interest in sea-based activities. An increase in the number of 'attacks' is of course to be expected when taking into account a growing human population, yet the fatality rate is actually falling, with six deaths in 2015 compared to eleven in 2000. With those

Seven gill cow shark (courtesy Nicholas Curzon).



figures in mind and the ever-present media hype about shark attacks each summer, should we be concerned when entering the ocean that our risk of being bitten is high?

There are estimated to be 510 species of shark in the oceans and over one quarter of all shark species are threatened with extinction due to unsustainable fishing practices and the shark fin soup trade. Approximately 70 million sharks are killed annually for shark fin soup and global shark populations of some species have declined by 90% in recent decades as a result of this.

A quick Google search will reveal a wealth of information confirming there are more dangerous animals and situations for humans to be in than sharing the ocean with sharks. Hippos are responsible for approximately 3,000 human deaths each year and the incidence of dog attacks and drownings in New Zealand is far greater than people being mauled by sharks. In spite of this, a widespread fear of sharks fuelled by misinformation persists and prevents people from enjoying the ocean fully.

There have been 113 different shark species recorded in New Zealand waters and only 44 recorded unprovoked attacks in New Zealand since 1852. Whilst any incident is of course devastating for the victim and family affected, the risk of an incident occurring in the first place is low. By being mindful of the language we use to describe interactions with sharks, by producing less sensationalist media



Blue shark (courtesy Kathryn Curzon).

and by understanding shark behaviour more fully it is possible to reduce fear.


Sharks are wild animals that deserve respect and sensible precautions should be taken when entering their ocean but they are nothing to fear. As global shark populations rapidly decline towards extinction due to overfishing, sharks have far more to fear from humans than vice versa.



KATHRYN CURZON is a writer, editor, public speaker and co-founder of the marine conservation cause Friends for Sharks. In 2015, she completed 87 public speaking events in 8 countries during a World Tour for Sharks with her husband. Kathryn trained as a scuba diving instructor in Egypt, worked as a great white shark wildlife guide in South Africa, and now lives in New Zealand.


She is the author of *No Damage: An adventure in courage, survival, and the pursuit of dreams.*

<https://www.kathryncurzon.com/>



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Racing from Melbourne to Osaka ~ 2018

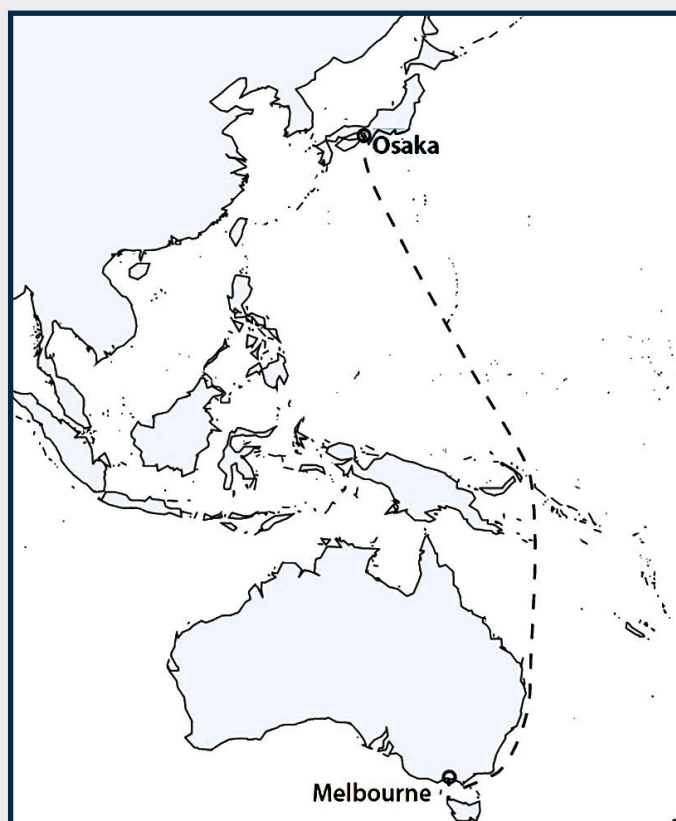
GEORGIE MITCHELL continues her series on the Osaka Cup with this story about Jo Breen.

The Osaka Cup is a 5,500 nautical mile two-handed yacht race starting in Melbourne, Australia, and finishing in Osaka, Japan. It is one of the only south-north long distance ocean races in the world. Three women co-skippers took part in the 2018 Osaka Cup.

Young Jo Breen, aboard the little S&S 34 *Morning Star*, proved to be not only a talented sailor but a gracious and tenacious competitor in the 2018 Osaka Cup.

Morning Star held her own against the mighty *Chinese Whisper* (Judel-Vrolijk, 62 feet of pure racing machine) in a 5,500 nautical mile game of cat-and-mouse. *Chinese Whisper* only passed *Morning Star* within a couple of hundred miles from the finish line, proving that the organisers got the staggered start right with *Morning Star* being the first to start the race on the 15th March and *Chinese Whisper* the last on the 1st April, but finishing within twenty-four hours of each other.

I was first introduced to Jo Breen at the Osaka Cup Mayor's reception at Melbourne Town Hall, and three things struck me about this young lady: she was so young (28 at the start of the race), she is so accomplished (Vice Commodore of Tamar Yacht Club – Tasmania, RYA qualified cruising instructor and tens-of-thousands of sea miles), and she's incredibly humble. As I was taking



photos of the three female Osaka Cup entrants it was clear that not only Jo, but all three didn't understand what all the fuss was about. Over the next couple of months I will write about their amazing races too – Annette (Nettie) Hesslemans on *Red Jacket* and the very determined Sue Bumstead on *Blue Water Tracks*.

From the beginning Jo had her challenges, preparing the boat for the longest (latitude) double-handed race and finding a co-skipper. Peter Brooks was her obvious choice after knock backs from the many women Jo had approached. Pete had the necessary experience and they had done many miles on races and deliveries together. This included winning the Corinthian division of the 2016 Rolex Sydney to Hobart race with Pete on the bow and Jo navigating.

Jo, like most of the competitors, is self-funded with a little help from friends, family, and local companies. Her father, Mike (or Papa Jo, as he became at Hokko Yacht Club (OHYC), Osaka) has been Jo's biggest support before, during, and after the race. *Morning Star* had help from many others, such

as Rod Jones and Jodie Marriott from 'Your Move Fitness 24/7' in north Buderim (QLD) who assisted with their pre-race fitness and nutrition. They were also there to support *Morning Star* after the race in Osaka.

Getting to the start of a race like this is one of the biggest challenges and *Morning Star* was no exception. They had HF issues just days before the start, which could have meant no start at all. The Osaka Cup is an Australian Sailing Safety Category 1 Race with additional conditions, therefore a Cat 1+ Race. These additions include sails, medical kits, and it states that in addition to a HF/SSB Radio installation, you need a satellite phone as well. If you do not have a HF installed, then you must have two satellite phones.

Within 10 days of the race start, tenacious Jo dealt with a complete navigation system failure, the displays were lit but there was no data and no autopilot. So, it was out with the backup tiller pilot, which unfortunately couldn't cope with the pace they had set for *Morning Star*, resulting in a few days hand steering. While hand-steering, Jo and Pete still had to work out how to repair the navigation systems, but there were more failures to deal with when one of the satellite phones and Jo's mobile decided to go on strike. There were radio scheds to manage, keeping themselves and the inside of the boat dry (and failing miserably), as well as finding food and dealing with the threat of cyclone Iris crossing their path.

At least she had Pete as master chef. Apparently, he can turn out a gourmet meal in any conditions, which helps get through the tough times and was a constant highlight of Jo's days. Jo confessed that when she cooked it was strictly self-heating meals. With boat and crew wet inside and out, relief finally came with solving the electronics issues and the sun coming out in time for their birthdays, both on 25th March. Not long after, the phones miraculously came

back to life. Jo admits that messages from friends, family, and followers really helped moral during these challenging moments.

After two weeks of great sailing, *Morning Star* hit the light breezes passing the Solomon Islands, making the teamwork harder especially with up to six or more sail changes a day. With the heat, the cabin became a sweat box and the wet items started to turn mouldy, including their clothes.

When doing long haul sailing, wildlife is always a highlight except when Pete's face had a close encounter with a flying fish or when a large bird (maybe a petrel) nearly took out the masthead gear with inaccurate landing attempts. It managed to hit the backstay, get wedged between the VHF antenna and the masthead (Jo describes it as a 'mast crane'). Much to their amazement this happened on the next two evenings with varying degrees of success.

Through the doldrums *Morning Star* saw the usual squalls, head winds, and slow progress. The night squalls are always harder to spot and prepare for, inevitably *Morning Star* got hit by 40 knots that found her mast far too close to the water for Jo's liking. They decided to err on the side of caution for the rest of the night, reducing sail.

When you are non-stop sailing for so long with three-hours-on, three-hours-off, fatigue can set in, one bloke told me that he was convinced they were talking to a green monkey on the end of the boom one night. So, on day 21 it certainly sounded like they were hallucinating. Pete asked Jo to check the AIS for a ship on the horizon, it wasn't showing up, nothing unusual about that. It was when Pete insisted Jo come up on deck that things got weird, 'Jo you have to come up on deck and see this, it's not a ship it's a beach house!'

The next day *Morning Star* hit a tree! Sailing along nicely doing six knots in a 10 knot

north-easterly, suddenly they heard a bang, the rig shuddered and the boat stopped dead in the water. Then another bang and a six metre tree popped out from *Morning Star's* stern.

Not long after crossing the equator with 'Shellback-Jo'* initiating 'Pete-the-Pollywog'** with a bit of bubbly, Neptune stole the wind gear off the masthead! Luckily both Jo and Pete are experienced dinghy sailors which certainly helps when you don't have anything to tell you how strong, nor from where, the wind is coming from for the last 15 days of a race. By the time they passed through the Mariana Islands (Day 26) they had no depth sounder either.

The all-important messages from supporters kept rolling in thanks to Jo's 'Mission Control'. These motivators and moral boosters were sent via satellite, text only emails.

Day 32, with 500 nm to go, saw a spinnaker run of more than two days, a broken shackle or two, and a visit from an unidentifiable

black seabird with fuzzy eyebrows who was unfortunately propelled into the waves by the spinnaker sheet, only to return to its place on the dodger 10 minutes later.

Day 35 saw *Morning Star* finally handing over the lead to *Chinese Whisper*. They spied black sails on the horizon, well to the east, with the AIS confirming they had been overtaken during the night. After a friendly chat on the HF, Jo congratulated them for their awe inspiring record breaking run. The new challenge for *Morning Star* was to finish the race with little or no breeze.

On April 23rd, back at Osaka Hokko Yacht Club (OHYC), family and supporters gathered in anticipation, willing Huey*** to at least blow a little to bring them over the finish line. I sat on the finish line boat for three hours singing songs to the wind gods to try to anger them with my not-so-dulcet-tones, to no avail. Just after midnight I went back to OHYC to console Pete's seasick family who had been bobbing around in the pursuit-boat for many hours. Papa Jo, of course, was still out there supporting his girl's slow progress.

The longest two nautical miles of the race was the last, with *Morning Star* stalled, Pete and Jo tried everything to get her pointing in the right direction, finally, hours later, *Morning Star* caught the lightest of breeze that pushed them over the finish to the sound of cheers and George Shaw on the trumpet from the finish boat. Meanwhile on Melbourne House's balcony (OHYC's Clubhouse) Pete's family, myself, and about 20 other supporters cheered with gusto as *Morning Star* crossed the line at 1.38 am on the 24th April after 39 days at sea.

After *Morning Star* was escorted into the harbour, the crowd seemed to double, on the marina was a flurry of people helping her tie up, hugs, cheers and of course handing over a cold beer. On arrival at Melbourne House there was the 'weigh-in' with both crew



losing 10 percent of their body weight, then the interviews, flowers, and champagne soaking in front of the sponsors board. Lots of laughs, food, beers, bubbly, debriefing, and talk of repairs. Sleep finally came about 6 am, to be woken three hours later for a day of customs, immigration, quarantine, and then back to Melbourne House for their 'Welcome Dinner' at 5 pm.

Since Jo arrived she has been there to support each boat and its crew upon their arrival. Jo Breen epitomizes what this sport is all about.

* Shellback - a sailor who has crossed the equator.

** Pollywog - a sailor who has not crossed the equator.

***In Australia "Huey" has been used by mariners and surfers as a fictional God of Wind and Waves.

UPDATE: Jo has been accepted as part of the *Ave Gitana* (40ft Trimaran) all female team supported by The Magenta Project for the New Caledonia Groupama Race starting June 17th. A mere 654 nm around Noumea will seem like an afternoon sail to her now. Jo's precious *Morning Star* will be delivered with loving care to New Caledonia by Papa Jo and Australian record holding circumnavigator Ken Gourlay.

Below: Jo Breen and Peter Brookes.



GEORGIE MITCHELL is a proud Hobbo's girl - Hobsons Bay Yacht Club, Williamstown, Victoria. She has owned *Mary Bryant* a Spacesailor 24 for 12 years. She has performed many deliveries with about 12,000 ocean miles under her belt. She also owns *Seascope*, a Savage Oceanic 42 with her partner and plans to sail off into sunset in the next couple of years.

Provisioning with Kerry Tait on SV *Tardis*



Setting up Your Galley Equipment and Lockers

Why worry about provisions when you could be having fun!

The first step to provisioning on your boat is setting up your galley and your lockers. Here's how I've done this on *Tardis*. Like any other provisioning task, I keep this simple, easy, and affordable.

It doesn't matter if you've never sailed anywhere before and your yacht is as old as ours (1985 Salar40). By following these guidelines your galley and lockers will be ready to go for everything from an overnight sail to a three-week blue water passage.

Cooking gear

The key is to keep your equipment simple, minimal, and easy to store. To cook on *Tardis* I use one non-stick, heavy bottomed pressure cooker (that also doubles as our main saucepan) and one high sided, non-stick frying pan with steamer and metal lid.

Lids, heavy bottoms and non-stick surfaces all matter – you'll retain flavour, and save gas, water, and time. Non-stick saucepans reduce the amount of oil you use, and clean-up is a lot quicker and easier. A heavy bottomed saucepan sits more safely on our gimbed stove. Both saucepans also fit easily into our

galley sink. This has been important when I've had to go above quickly to help out with the sailing.

We have just one small drawer for cutlery and one for cooking tools. All our saucepans, bowls and plastic containers fit into one cupboard.

Safety gear – hip strap

I love my galley hip strap. It saves me from face-planting into hot saucepans on the stove on the port tack and prevents me being flung across the boat on the starboard tack. It was a straightforward sewing job using car seatbelt webbing, and stainless steel parts from a trucking equipment shop.

Setting up your lockers

The most important principles when setting up your lockers are to eliminate moisture, movement, and any possibility of pests.

Eliminate any chance of pests – especially cockroaches

Wipe down the insides of your empty lockers regularly with neat white vinegar. Vinegar



The Captain models our hip strap.

LEFT: Both of our saucepans sit easily on our gimbled stove.

removes any sticky dusty boat gunge, and any sign of mould. Then, scatter whole cloves into the bottom of your lockers, cloves are an effective pest deterrent. Alternatively, wipe down with clove oil.

Do not bring any cardboard onboard, ever. Packaging, and cardboard especially, can contain cockroach eggs – even from the most respectable supermarkets. Cockroach eggs can't be seen with the naked eye and when cockroaches are eating the boat electricals... you won't be worrying about your food!

Eliminate moisture

Completely remove as much packaging as possible before you bring your dry supplies onto your boat. Paper around tins retains moisture and plastic will sweat. I identify what's in our tins using a permanent marker. I then transfer dry supplies like parmesan cheese and dry soups to Décor rectangular plastic containers. These tough containers have strong, liquid proof snap on lids with no lid seal that collects bacteria. They are light, see through, stackable and affordable. For long voyages where I don't want to leave plastic rubbish behind in other countries, I transfer goods like dried pasta to Hercules double-zip reusable plastic bags.

Eliminate movement

Generously line the bottom of your lockers with nonslip matting. Rolls of this marvelous stuff can be found in reject shops.

Store your hard supplies like tins in clear, see through, stackable square containers. Store the remainder in cloth bags – like supermarket shopping bags – these will fit around your containers and adjust to the hull shape of your yacht.

Use soft items like Op Shop (charity shop) socks to wrap round any glass bottles and use paper towels, toilet paper or Op Shop towels to pack around your boxes.

Use the waterline

Is some or all of your locker space below the waterline? Do you have storage space below the sole? If so, these cooler spaces are fantastic storage. Store provisions like cheese in oil, homemade pickles, and fresh eggs here.

Themed lockers

It's a lot easier to find dry goods quickly if you're able, as far as possible, to theme your lockers. On *Tardis* for example, I have a bread baking locker, one for tinned vegetables, and one for carbs: pasta, rice, and noodles. Yes, you will have to pack around these items with other goods – but it's definitely more efficient.

Weight balancing your provisions

When provisioning for a long journey you may need to weight-balance your lockers. On our trip into the Pacific I made sure that 35kg of bread flour was stored starboard amidships – across from a similar weight in cans on the port side lockers. On some boats this may not matter much – but if your yacht is smaller or lighter, it does matter.

Quick meals locker

I've found it very useful to have an easy access locker that's dedicated to portioned up quick meals like pasta, pesto, and packet curries. This locker is great for when things are rough and you're not feeling much like cooking. It also contains top-ups of coffee, milk powder, hot chocolate, tea, and cordial that my crew know they can dive in and grab whenever they need to.

Snacks locker

One of my seat galley cupboards is our dedicated Snacks Locker. Crew know that they can access their favourite snacks here anytime — all the cuppa soups, savoury and sweet biscuits, nuts, and chocolate they desire. Well... the chocolate I haven't hidden elsewhere on *Tardis* that is! I keep this topped up from lockers below.



LEFT: Square, stackable, clear containers make it easy to get rid of packaging.

The rum is now ready to sail from western Fiji to southern Vanuatu.



Keeping a record of your provisions

One of the most powerful tools I have on *Tardis* is my Provisions Spreadsheet. It lists our provisions by locker and provides me with a way of working out how much the crew is consuming. When you're first provisioning it's very hard not to second-guess yourself and worry – *Did I buy enough of that? Will we eat all of those?* Updating your provisioning spreadsheet starts eliminating the guesswork immediately after the end of your first trip. A large jar of sauerkraut and 10 tins of fruit did a tour of Fiji and Vanuatu on *Tardis*. We didn't eat any of it – the Pacific is full of beautiful, fresh fruit, and cabbages – but we were short on real coffee!

Rotating and checking on your provisions

Checking on your provisions – how much you've eaten, check nothing's broken or gone bad, ensure cans are not rubbing against each other, sort out any clanks and squeaks, and check everything is clean, these jobs should be done about once a week at sea.

When you've set up themed lockers and recorded everything in your Provisions Spreadsheet, this is a much easier task. I do it whenever I'm grabbing ingredients, or rotating items up to my Snacks or Quick-Eats lockers.

This is also a very effective way to work out what works on your boat and what doesn't. Don't be surprised where you store things – on *Tardis* the rum snuggled happily in Op Shop socks under the galley sink next to the water pump.

In 2017 KERRY TAIT and her husband set out from Victoria, Australia, for Fiji. After seeking refuge at Lord Howe Island from wild weather, they had a 21 day passage to Savusavu. Fiji was followed by Vanuatu and then back to Sydney via Middleton Reef. As a cook, Kerry keenly shares tips and advice from her six months at sea and around the islands.



Tardis on her way to Lord Howe Island – 35kt in a short sea.

Yes, the initial set up of your galley is a bit of work. But you'll be rewarded with clean, easy to manage provisions where nothing moves or breaks, you can find everything, and you're not carting around 50kg of food you'll never eat.

Jumping on board, throwing off our lines and just going because we know our food lockers are all good is the best feeling!

If you have any questions or need help, please message me on Facebook @cookingontardis, or email me at cookingontardis@internode.on.net



Thank you!



Corie, surfing.

Corie Schneider

How does one thank somebody for life? How does one thank somebody for a lifestyle so incredible, so full of adventure and leisure that dreams pale in comparison? How do I convey my thanks, the fact that I am so incredibly grateful for all the opportunities I had during a three-year voyage (not to mention my life)? I guess it would start something like, 'Dear Mom and Dad, thanks for everything.'

Let's back up a bit. For three years from the ages of 22 - 25 I sailed on a boat with my parents. It's a bit weird, I know. Most people in their twenties (let alone any adult age) can't stand to spend more than a few nights with their parents before coming to blows or needing a vacation from their family vacation. Add to that, my parents and I sailed together for three years on a 16-meter boat, and to very remote locations.

'How in the world did you live with your parents on a tiny boat for so long?' people ask, and rightfully so. Not only were we on a

little boat but we sailed through the South Pacific, which has some of the least densely populated real estate in the world. Sometimes I thought about jumping ship or questioned my life choices, felt alone and isolated, but, inevitably, just around the corner was a mind-blowing experience that made me glad I was nowhere else in the world.

To be fair, when I stepped on the boat in San Diego, California, I thought I might sail with my parents for a month, six months, a year maximum. I didn't plan on a three-year tour because if I had, I would have been so daunted by the idea that I probably would have bailed on the endeavor altogether. I also didn't realize at the time that, by living with my parents and being out in remote locations where there often isn't anything to buy, my money went farther. I took the opportunity to work wherever I went, utilizing work visas in New Zealand and Australia. It wasn't part of the initial plan, but then again there really wasn't a plan at all.

When I left California, I couldn't have fathomed the time I would spend and experiences I would have. The adventure far surpassed all expectations I ever possessed. I never thought — in my wildest dreams that I would swim with humpback whales in Tonga, surf Cloudbreak in Fiji, drink kava with a Fijian chief, dive with lemon sharks outside the reef in Bora Bora, stand on the rim of an active volcano in Vanuatu, crew on a super yacht, shake hands with Kelly Slater, hold hands with an orangutan in Borneo, become a local in Sydney, be treated like a rockstar in Indonesia, and meet some of the coolest people in the world.

Traveling by boat is unique because while it is painstakingly slow to get somewhere, once we arrived at any given location we were able to dig in and, although it might be self-righteous, I felt like I deserved to be there. For example, the flight from New Zealand to Fiji is about four hours. It took us seven trying days to sail there on our 16-meter boat. So naturally, once we were there we felt like we earned the tropical paradise, and allotted three months to exploring the islands.

But really, in spite of all the cool things I did and saw, the thing I am most grateful for is the lessons I learned along the way, both personal and worldly. One of the most important things I learned is how to communicate better — be it with the closest people in my life or somebody so different to me that I might as well be from another planet. As humbling as it is, it can be equally as hard to communicate with the people I have known my entire life as it is to communicate with someone from across the world.

I have learned just how far a smile, or a nod, or a slight bow can go with somebody with whom I share no common language or culture. I have also learned not to be quite so self-conscious. If a whole village comes out to watch us dance then I had better get up



and dance, even if I look like a total kook. I know they are not laughing at me, they are laughing with me (I hope). It is human nature to be endeared to people who put themselves in awkward situations for others' entertainment or to respect another culture, and endearment goes a long way. I have learned to eat some really weird food, but have also learned to put my foot down when I've had too much, which can be hard to do with an entire village watching.

I learned how to navigate through an atoll; how to say hello in 12 different languages; how to entertain myself for 19 days at sea; how to identify tropical plants and to husk a coconut. I studied the coastline of the entire eastern side of Australia and sailed nearly 20,000 nautical miles of open ocean.

However, the most important lesson I learned — and will forever be learning - is the importance of respect. Respect for people of all ages, genders, religions, sexual orientation and beliefs; respect for the ocean and the absolute power of nature; respect for

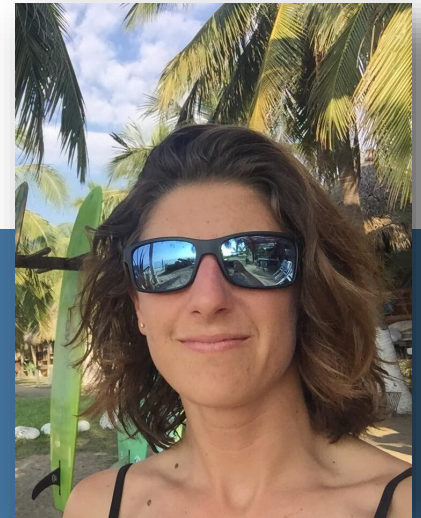
Corie at the helm.



fish of all shapes and sizes, from clown fish to tiger sharks; respect for poverty and respect for wealth, respect for ailments and respect for health; respect for women's bodies- particularly my own, and most recently, respect for my home.

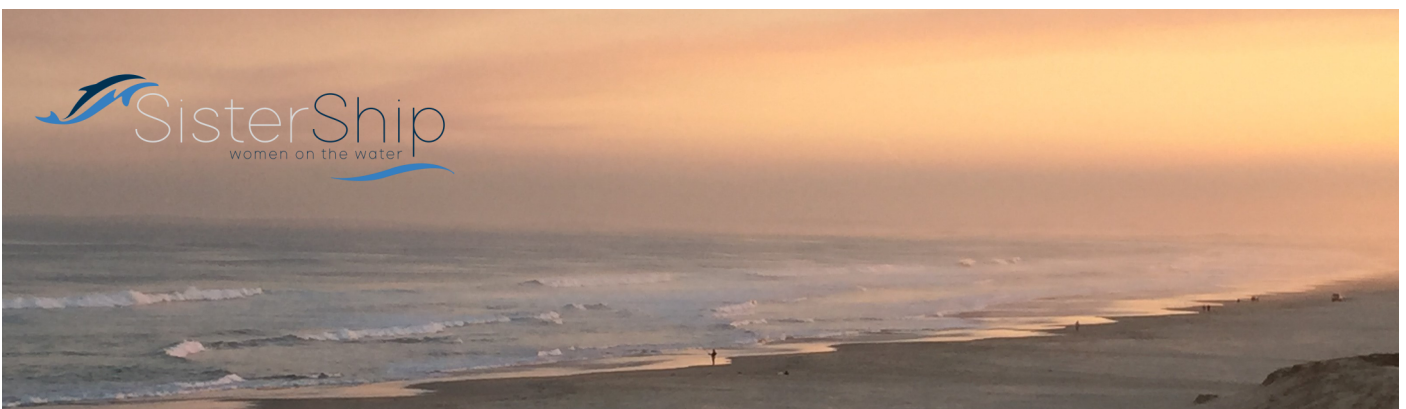
CORIE SCHNEIDER was born, raised and currently lives in San Diego, California, and has lived her entire life on or near the water. From sailing to surfing, diving and swimming, she is an ocean enthusiast and gets very cranky when she can't surf for a few days. She keeps a travel blog full of rambling stories that you can check out at <http://saltyschneider.blogspot.com/>

Her best advice to anyone even remotely considering going traveling is: GO!



Yes, it's good to be home, to know what is around the next corner, to understand the language, food and customs of my hometown. But I've also vowed to continue to push myself out of my comfort zone in my city, because I don't want the growth I experienced over those three years to stop. Maybe this will mean joining a volunteer organization, joining sports clubs or starting a book club. I can't let the experiences I've had make me complacent. Experiences are cool but action is cooler. We can't all be gallivanting around the world all of the time, but we can all be pushing ourselves to learn more about ourselves, communities and surrounding environments.

This is the best part of traveling, no matter where and when and who with and how. Traveling gives us greater empathy for other cultures and countries, which is needed more now in this global age than ever before.





As a drink, cider can be enjoyed on ice in summer, mulled for winter and in pint-sized portions all year round. But the sweet, fruity and tangy nature of the apple or pear based drink means it can be used in sweet and savoury recipes to great effect. So if you are following the trend of having a cider for Sundowners try using your cider in the following recipe.

On *Our Dreamtime* we are huge fans of flavour contrast, and pork, ginger and apple might just be one of our favourite combinations. Add this novel recipe to your galley repertoire – cider, ginger and peppercorns reduced to a sticky sauce that teams beautiful with any pork or fish dish.

Pork with Sticky Ginger & Apple Cider Sauce

Recipes prepared by Karen Oberg on SV *Our Dreamtime*

Ingredients

Sticky Apple Cider and Ginger Sauce

1/2 Can of (Pure Blonde) Apple Cider
2 heaped tsp of minced Ginger
1/4 cup of white sugar
10 whole pepper corns
1 tbs of butter

Fennel Coulis

1/2 Fennel Diced
1/2 can (Pure Blonde) Apple Cider
1 tbs of butter
Fennel fronds for serving

Pork Loin

2 pieces of Loin @ approx 350 grams each
Salt and pepper to season
2 tbs of butter
1 tbs of olive oil

Let's get Cooking

1. Sauce: heat a small cast iron pan and add all ingredients and combine well over medium heat continue to stir until

the sauce reduces and becomes thick. Remove from heat but keep warm until required.

2. Fennel Coulis: In saucepan add Fennel and Apple Cider. Bring to the boil and simmer until liquid is reduced and nearly all gone and Fennel is soft. Add in butter and combine. Using a stick blender purée the Fennel. If the Fennel is not of a thick consistency strain through a Cheese cloth. Keep warm until required.
3. Pork: Season pork well. In large cast iron pan heat butter and olive oil. Once pan is hot add Loin sealing the meat on all sides and colouring well. Once sealed cover the pan and turn heat down and cook for a further 15 minutes. Once cooked through remove from heat cover with foil and rest for 5 minutes. At this time you can blanch the vegetables you wish to serve.

To Serve: Half the Fennel mixture and place on plate and spread into an ark. Place blanched vegetables on the side. Cut Pork into 2cm rounds and place on Fennel Coulis, drizzle with Sauce and dress with Fronds.



Karen Oberg shares the helm with her husband on their 42' Ketch *Our Dreamtime*. They have sailed many parts of the world, including Asia and the Mediterranean. She has written four books on Cooking in a Galley and writes two blogs.

<http://dreamtimesail.blogspot.com.au/>

<http://dreamtimesailourgalley.blogspot.com.au/>

Delightful Deal Island, a photo essay

Helene Young



East Cove, Deal Island.

Deal Island is part of the Kent Group in Bass Strait, Australia. The islands are the remnants of the landbridge between mainland Australia and Tasmania that was flooded after the last ice age (approximately 10,000 years ago). Author and sailor HELENE YOUNG recently visited Deal Island and composed this photo essay.

It took 36 hours to cover the 203 nm from Eden on the southern New South Wales coast to Deal Island in Bass Strait and land was a welcome sight. This lesser known gem is the largest of the Kent Group of islands and volunteer caretakers queue to do their three-month stint in the cottage perched above East Cove.

The Deal Island Lighthouse is the highest light in Australia, standing 305 metres above sea level. Low cloud often wreaths the island



so after 144 years of service the light was decommissioned in 1992 when it became apparent that for 40 percent of the time its beam couldn't be seen.

Little penguins burrow in the foreshore banks. Rufus wallabies watch from amongst clumps of button grass, and the Cape Barron geese strut their stuff. The views are spectacular, and worth the effort. Safe anchorage can be found in three of the island's bays. There's much to love about Deal Island.

The 1840s commandant's cottage—now a museum.



Taking in the views from Deal Island.



Deal Island Lighthouse.



After 28 years as an airline captain in Australia, **HELENE YOUNG** has swapped the sky for the sea to go in search of adventure with her husband aboard a sailing catamaran. The rural and remote places she visits, along with the fascinating people she meets, provide boundless inspiration for her novels. Her strong interest in both social justice and the complexity of human nature shapes the themes she explores. Her six novels have won many awards including Romantic Book of the Year in Australia.

<https://www.heleneyoung.com/>

Sydney Classic and Wooden Boat Show 2018



YVONNE KELLY recently attended the 2018 Sydney Classic and Wooden Boat Festival and compiled this report.

My husband and I run our own HR business, Driftwood Group and have the flexibility to use our lovely 1960s, 34-foot Griffin, *Fiona*, as our office. With our two young children we enjoy afternoon sails and weekend sleepovers. Late last year we thought it would be really exciting to exhibit *Fiona* in our first ever festival, the Sydney Classic and Wooden Boat Festival. We didn't know what to expect.

As we motored into Cockle Bay, all the colourful bunting was flying high and we spotted the beautiful Halvorsens at the Australian National Maritime Museum. Everyone loves a story and over the weekend we met such lovely and interesting people with amazing boating tales. Ted Rhodes was an apprentice at Griffin Brothers in the

1960s when *Fiona* was built in Pittwater. He came onboard and had a look around. He was filled with nostalgia while touching the coach roof and remembering shaping hand rails and fitting cabinetry.

An ex-Navy volunteer from the museum pointed across the bay to his ship *HMAS Vampire*, which is on permanent exhibition. He loves taking people for tours and sharing his sea stories. A young couple on *Silver Spirit* showed us the beautiful restoration they have done on their charter boat after giving up their full-time jobs to follow their passion, and the owner of *Valhalla* gave us a look around his beautiful wooden offshore racer – a famous competitor in her day.

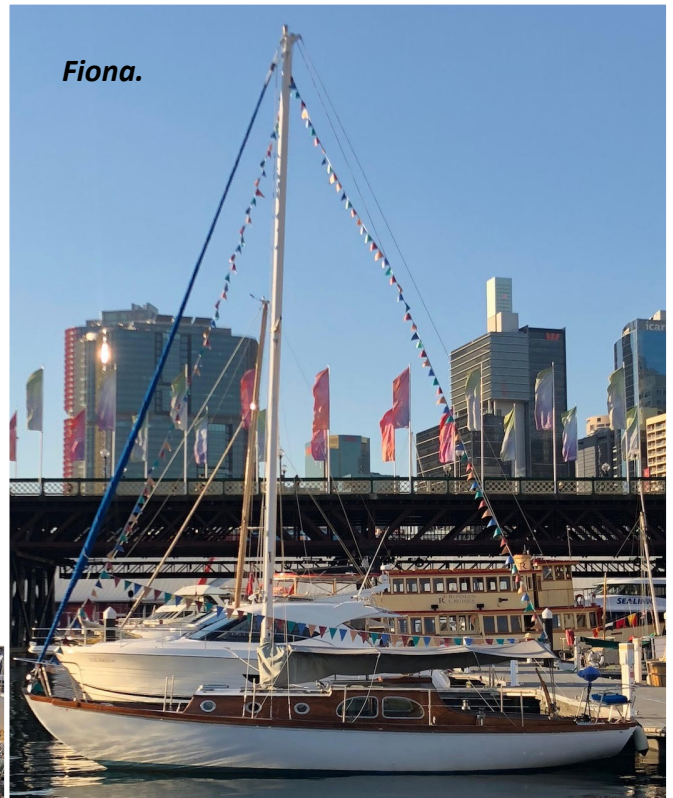
On Saturday we brought our children along for a sleepover in the city and were impressed by the activities for kids. From magic shows, fashion parades (where the kids were judges), building boats, making badges and hats, printing bags and much more. *The Grubby Urchins* band kept us entertained with

their ditties and sea-shanties on the dock and the *Heritage Fleet* took us on trips around the bay.

There was an overwhelming feeling of fun, pride, relaxation, openness, and love for the water. As the sun went down over Cockle Bay on Sunday we could never have expected to get such enjoyment from a weekend. We met the loveliest people, were welcomed onto beautiful boats, heard wonderful stories, laughed and had lots of our friends and clients visit, with the bonus of sleeping in Darling Harbour.



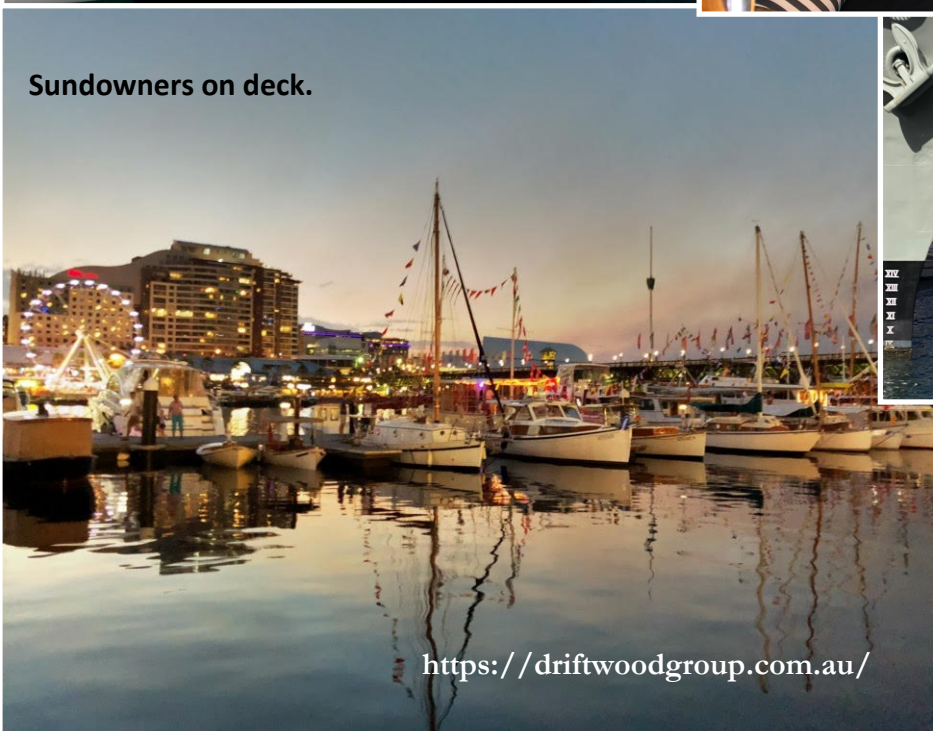
Hurrica V.



Fiona.



Fiona, interior.



Sundowners on deck.



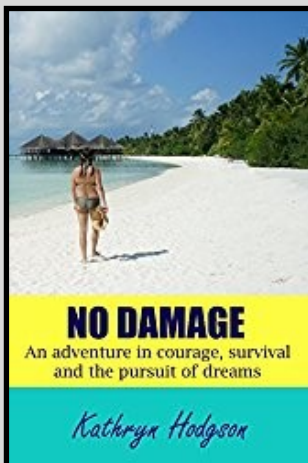
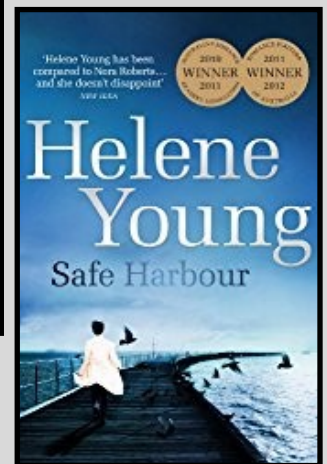
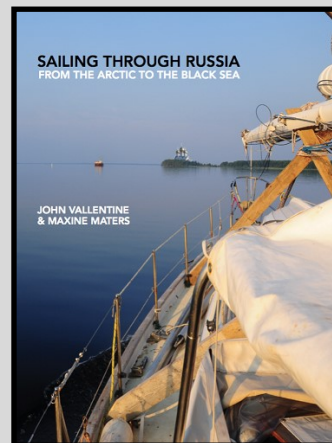
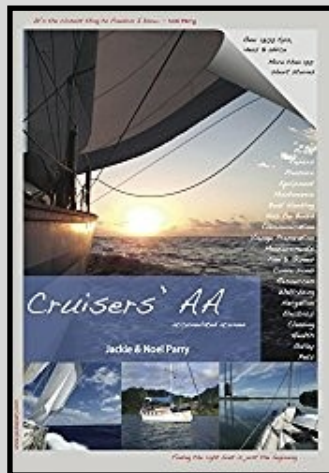
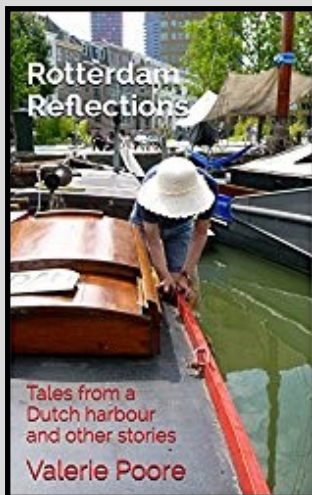
Vampire and Halversens.

YVONNE KELLY is Co-Founder of Driftwood Group – an innovative HR business offering Recruitment, HR Outsourcing and Career Coaching.

<https://driftwoodgroup.com.au/>



The book store



Rotterdam Reflections Valerie Poore <https://amzn.to/2He8vRR>

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Sailing through Russia John Vallentine and Maxine Maters
<https://amzn.to/2JlzDn1>

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On the horizon

GLOUCESTER SCHOONER FESTIVAL Aug 31 - Sept 3, 2018 (USA)

Any Women Who Sail Schooners out there? If you live anywhere near Gloucester MA, consider the 34th Annual Gloucester Schooner Festival on Labor Day weekend. (See <http://gloucesterschoonervillefestival.net>). This year we will offer a new prize category for Women at the Wheel, which will honor our women schooner skippers. Most of the race awards go to the boats, but we want to recognize Seawomanship!

MAPOON BEACH CLEAN-UP July 14-22. (Cape York, Qld, AUSTRALIA)

The only event on the western side of the Cape York Peninsula! The Back Beach of Mapoon is an exposed 14km stretch of beach north of the mining town Weipa where we work together with the Mapoon Land & Sea Rangers.

Due to its location on the Gulf of Carpentaria where most of the lost fishing gear of the Timor Sea gets trapped in the whirling current this is the beach where we frequently pull giant ghost nets out of the sand and where we have also found more things than anywhere else in the country.

For five days we will be collecting and sorting

the rubbish from this remote beach. We will stay at a basic bush camping area where we set up our kitchen and prepare our meals together. Kitchen equipment will be provided, but you will need to bring your own sleeping gear.

We will travel from Cairns and Port Douglas over two days to the event and back. Seats are limited so register early to secure your spot!

For more information and to register please contact info@tangaroablue.org

Dates:

Travel Cairns – Mapoon: 14/7/18 – 15/7/18
Clean-up: 16/7/18 – 20/7/18
Travel Mapoon – Cairns: 21/7/18 – 22/7/18

Volunteers with their own 4WD vehicles are welcome to join our convey to drive up to this event, or can meet us up at the site for a part of the clean-up or the whole event.

This event is being funded through the Australian Government's Improving Your Local Parks and Environment Grant.



Let us know about your upcoming events: editor@sistershipmagazine.com

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A woman with blonde hair, wearing a bright yellow sailing jacket with a red life vest, is shown from the chest up. She is looking slightly to the right with a determined expression. She is on a boat, with the Australian flag (blue with white stars and red/white stripes) visible in the background. The image has a high-contrast, graphic style with bold colors and sharp lines. A yellow banner is at the top, and a red banner is at the bottom right.

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