

May/June 2021



SisterShip

women on the water

**Tippy on a
Monohull:**

The story of a
boat dog

DINGHY SAILING

Yoshi: A Turtle's Tale

Tropical Storm Bertha!

COVID CHAOS IN SE ASIA

EMILY AND CLARK

PLUS Barge Boats, Sustainable Sailing, and much more!

Contents

Features

- 4 Recycled Laser Racer
- 10 Tropical Storm Bertha
- 20 Sea Wind
- 30 Leaving Santa Rosalía
- 32 Keeping Cool in the Midst of Chaos
- 38 A Turtle's Tale
- 54 Clueless: Tippy on a Monohull



Lockers

- 3 The Bowsprit: Editorial
- 22 *SisterShip* Watches: *Emily and Clark*
- 47 Flat Bottomed Girl: Barge Boats
- 60 Sustainable Sailing: In the Boatyard
- 66 Book Club



COVER: *Constance* at sunset (Photo: Shelagh Hogan).

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The bowsprit

From the editor

Whales, winter, and weather...

Here in the southern hemisphere winter has arrived. While I prefer the long hot days of summer, winter does bring with it the humpback whale migration, a veritable highway of these beautiful creatures passing by my home each day on their way to warmer waters, and back again a few months later. There is also the chance to encounter southern right whales, and even the occasional leopard seal! So I guess winter has its advantages.

Afternoon seabreezes change to morning landbreezes, nights are mostly still, and my hot water bottle and woollen beanie become my favourite onboard accessories. Launching the inflatable from our beach loses its appeal as I wade through the chilly water—reminding me I should dig out the seaboots lying gathering dust over the summer months. I think enviously of those who step straight from a marina dock onto their vessel—the thought is fleeting though as a mother dolphin and her calf play around the inflatable, my cold feet forgotten as I embrace being part of their world.

With many parts of the world still in COVID lockdown, dealing with cold feet is a minor

price to pay in order to enjoy being out on the water and I realise how fortunate I am.

In this issue we welcome Petrea McCarthy to the *SisterShip* team. Petrea has a lifetime of experience on the water and is well known to Australian sailors. We also welcome Shelagh Hogan, with her winning story from the recent *SisterShip Press* 'Weather' short story competition.

Wherever you are on this blue planet, I hope you enjoy this issue. Stay safe and, as always, look for the dolphin!

Shelley Wright



Recycled Laser Racer

Petrea McCarthy



ABOVE: Concentration is a form of meditation. The only moment is now (PHOTO: Tinaroo Sailing Club).

Sailing is a lifetime activity, but dinghy racing is usually considered an entry-level sport for the young and fit. Most dinghy sailors progress to less physical sailing as they mature and prosper. Boats with cabins are lusted after for their comforts and possibilities. Sailing goes from wet and sometimes wild to mostly dry and more sedate. Some stick to racing, others graduate to cruising – weekend, coastal, and further afield.

I followed the conventional path of learning to sail as a child, racing dinghies, then trailer sailers, and keel boats. Bigger boats, longer trips, ocean racing, and then live-aboard cruising. I planned to sail around the world, emulating my heroes whose books made it sound fun. After a few voyages in the SW Pacific area, I decided I preferred coastal cruising.

For about twenty-five years, this occupied most of my non-working time. However, I

always suspected there was more to life, and that it could only be found by looking further inshore than the beach. Eventually, as I became fitter through long distance cycling, I began to feel constrained by the sedentary nature of yacht sailing. After the demise of my partner, I was lonely as a singlehander. I sensed I was ready for new adventures.

Various events conspired to bring me ashore, especially after I met my bushman husband. He tried the cruising life, and loved it, but eventually we decided on a tree-change. His dream was a decent lifestyle block, chooks, dogs, and his own tractor. I looked forward to the activities denied me while living aboard and ended up not sailing at all for a few years. But, as they say, you can take the girl away from the sea, but you can't take the sea out of the girl. I began to crave sailing again. The day we drove down the range and

I cried when I saw the sea was the day I knew I needed to sail, and soon.

Our property was only an hour and a quarter from Lake Tinaroo on the Atherton Tableland, virtually next door in bush terms. This was obviously where I would sail. I envisaged exploring the bays and inlets of the lake in a little boat, but my little boat, a ten-foot sailing dinghy I built a long time ago, needed a refit before it was usable again. I couldn't wait. I wanted to sail, not paint boats.

Although I was sure my competitive instinct was completely cured, I felt drawn to

RIGHT: The Laser class, *Adrenaline* ready for action on the shore of Lake Tinaroo (Photo: Tinaroo Sailing Club).

BELOW: To windward in light air (Photo: Tinaroo Sailing Club).





ABOVE: Bitter sweet – the season is over, but a new one beckons.

investigate the local sailing club. They had a Laser available for a trial run, so I thought I'd give it a go and see if I could still sail one. The Laser class is physically demanding, and I was not twenty and half-fit, but fifty and fat. So out I went on quite a blowy day, popped up on the plane and felt the adrenaline flow. Stoked.

I had more fun in that one short sail than I'd had in ages. I had to do this. Unfortunately, second-hand Lasers were as rare as blond-haired, blue-eyed Greeks. The club had Lasers available to lease, but this avenue seemed firmly closed. They wanted the boats used. It was clear they thought that a) I wouldn't manage to get around the course, and b) I would give up after a couple of races and they would never see me again.

Fate intervened and the club champion offered to sell me his boat. He had his eyes on a faster, even more demanding new class. The boat's name was *Adrenaline*, so I bought it.

The first few races were agonising. My neck, back, and legs suffered on every point of sail, but gradually my body adapted and it became tremendous fun. My confidence increased with my fitness. I found I was competitive at inter-club level, and the people were wonderful. Some of them thought Mrs McCarthy from west of Ravenshoe was picking up this sailing thing very quickly indeed.



I had an absolute blast for a few years, until we moved away. But it was the start of my return to cruising. Chasing my longing to get back to sailing was one of the best things I've ever done. What we love is what we love, regardless of our life situation. So never think you're too old to reignite the passion of your younger years. Life has a way of leading us where we need to be.

Leading a group along the shoreline (Photo: Tinaroo Sailing Club).



Petrea McCarthy is a lifelong sailor, freelance writer, former yacht rigger, and full-time liveaboard cruiser. She currently sails the Queensland coast in her vintage 9 metre Clansman sloop.

EVOLUTION SAILS
WOMEN'S REGATTA 2021

NOTICE OF RACE

Waikawa Boating Club in the Marlborough Sounds
Racing 18-19 September 2021



SisterShip Magazine cruises along with an international flavour.

Our contributors hail from all around 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. We 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.

Google Reviews

4.8



from 132 reviews

Topsail

INSURANCE



Yacht



Motorboat



Yachtsman's
Travel

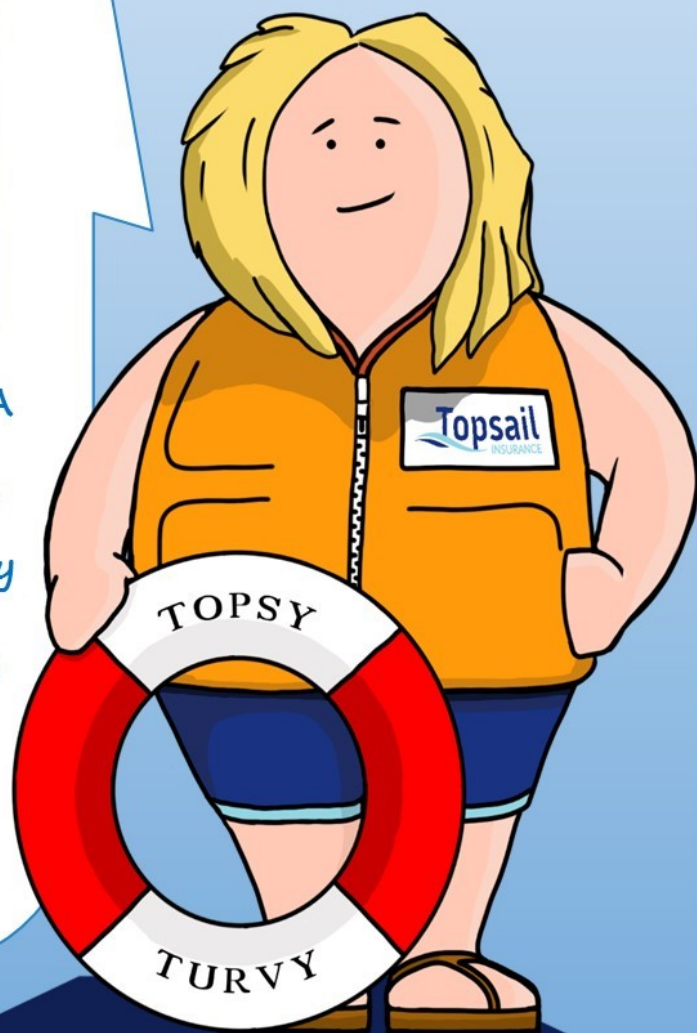


It was an absolute pleasure to meet WWSA members at the recent Sanctuary Cove Boat Show and put some names to faces!

In July, we will be exhibiting at the Sydney Boat Show and you'll be able to find the Topsail team on stand 505. So be sure to pop by and say hello.



Topsy x



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A full-page background image showing a turbulent sea under a dark, stormy sky. The water is a deep teal color with white-capped waves. A thick layer of dark, heavy clouds hangs low over the horizon. In the bottom right corner, a portion of a boat's metal railing is visible, suggesting the viewer's perspective is from the water.

TROPICAL STORM BERTHA

Shelagh Hogan

We had left Fort Pierce the day before, with Hilton Head, South Carolina, as our next intended stop. It was after the first night at sea, when the lights from shore could no longer be seen, the signal bars disappeared from our cell phones, and the chatter from the VHF fell into silence that I felt my sister's discomfort.

Katie had joined *Constance* in Fort Lauderdale. We had only a couple of day sails hopping to the next inlet, together with her twin Christina who had joined me the month before, when I decided I wanted to push on and get out of Florida in one shot. The weather was predicted to be beautiful, winds ten to fifteen knots for a broad reach for most of the sail. I estimated it would take us just over two days, conservatively, to make the transit, likely less than that if we were riding the Gulf Stream northward. It seemed doable. The twins nodded and shrugged, and the plan was set.

We made good speed once we were out of the inlet to Fort Pierce, and the swell on the beam was gentle, the motion easy, at least for Chrissy and me. Katie had not quite gotten used to it, and spent much time laying in my bunk below. She would emerge from time to time and join us in the cockpit and we would listen to music, tell jokes, and eat snacks as we plodded along. By nightfall however, the lights from shore were no longer visible from the boat and I could feel the tension.

I hadn't fully considered how stressful taking a trip like this would be for someone with no previous experience sailing. How the horizon, absent of any indication of human life, could arouse anxiety in my younger sister when it had always been exciting to me. Her silence and forced smiles at my attempts to lighten the mood and ease her mind saddened me. My brave sister, she wanted badly to like sailing and continue helping me sail *Constance* north, but the truth of it was apparent, and I did not want her to stay if she felt uncomfortable and wasn't having fun. While

Chrissy napped the next morning, I spoke with Katie.

"You don't want to be here," I said looking her in the eye.

She shook her head and her face scrunched up, tears welling up. I moved across the cockpit to put my arms around her.

"I want to help you move the boat so badly," she said into my shoulder, "I thought I would feel better by now."

She hadn't gotten physically ill, but I knew the feeling she had been experiencing. The same kind of headache and motion sickness I get in the back of the car sometimes, where I wish my body would just get sick already because it might feel better then.

"I know, but I don't want you here if you're not comfortable. It's your summer break, you should be enjoying it. I can tell you want to go home."

She nodded slowly but protested when I said I would start heading toward the next inlet, insisting that she would be alright to get to South Carolina the next day. We talked about booking a flight home from Savannah leaving a couple of days to explore Hilton Head Island together and I told her I would splurge on a marina for the weekend, and we could rent a car and go to the beach.

Constance moved along gracefully, and we were making good time. As the sun set on the second evening, I pulled my laptop up into the cockpit and the three of us watched movie after movie, the energy on the boat lightened by the surprisingly early ETA and the anticipation of having a couple relaxing days in a new place with my sisters.

The next morning, around 6 am, the sky was bright but overcast. We made an easy six knots and our arrival at the inlet would be just after dinner time and before sunset. Perfect. Wanting to update my parents and

get another look at the weather forecast, I decided to move closer to shore to see if I could pick up a signal. *Constance* moved closer to Georgia and the shore was in sight, the wind speed dropped and with it, *Constance's* speed. Our ETA to Hilton Head fell to around 2000, an hour after sunset.

My phone started buzzing as the service found its way to my boat and messages from both my parents came in. I gave them our position and plans for Katie's return and then opened the "Windy" app. It took a little while to load the graphics for the wind predictions, but everything looked good. We would have around 15 knots for the rest of the trip all from a direction aft of the beam.

I zoomed out to get a bigger weather picture. Down by Fort Lauderdale, I watched as



RIGHT: Clouds over the rig.

BELOW: Left to right, Katie, Shelagh, Chrissy.



orange graphics swirled counter clockwise around reds and purples, indicating high winds and a tropical system that was becoming more organized. I opened my hurricane tracker app. but the forecast wouldn't load. I recall before leaving Fort Pierce that there was a yellow "X" located near Key West, but the percentage of formation was low at the time of the forecast, this large blob of ugly must have been what came of that.

I stared at it for a few more minutes and looked again at the ETA to Hilton Head before putting my phone away, satisfied that we wouldn't feel the effects of it until tomorrow, mid-day, at which point we would already be tied up at a marina on the island. I decided to stay within cell service range, however, so I could keep updated on the weather developments and keep our parents

informed of our movements. This may have been where I went wrong, or right, depending on who you ask and how they look at the situation.

"Was that thunder?" I looked at Chrissy.

"I don't know," she replied, looking around at the sky.

It was the same bright, gray overcast that it had been since daybreak and looked like the sun could peek out any time. No indication of thunderheads could be seen from below the cover. No ridgeline of purple clouds characterized by summertime squalls.

"Can you pull up the radar on your phone? I have no service on mine," I said. The boat heeled a little more and I looked at the anemometer as the first drops of rain hit the dodger. The 18-knot gust fell back down to 15.

BELOW: Katie and Chrissy, resting in the cockpit.



“Let’s put the cushions in,” I said, tossing them to Katie in the companionway.

Another gust brought more rain and blew the tops of the little wind waves. Constance had been slicing through all morning – 22 knots. It didn’t drop back down. The wind lines danced across the water as the gusts came more frequently and the rain began to drive into the deck of the boat.

“Toss me up my harness, Kate, I’m going to reef.”

She tossed the harnesses and two raincoats into the cockpit and began tucking the cockpit cushions into the pilot berth. Chrissy cranked in the genoa, then got behind the wheel and began steering into the wind. I made my way, hand over hand on the grab rail, up to the mast and wedged myself between the granny rails, taking the halyard off the cleat and preparing to pull down the canvas when it started to luff. A stronger gust blew the hood of my coat in my face and motion of the building sea had me pushing my hips against the rail and leaning my torso forward to grab fistfuls of sail.

“28 knots!” Chrissy called from behind the helm.

I’m taking the whole thing down, I thought to myself as I reached behind me for the sail ties I had left wrapped around one of the belaying pins. I did not want to make two trips up here with the weather like this and the sun setting soon. The sail spilled onto the deck and I threw my upper body over the boom to get a line over the mess. I scrunched up bunches of the main as I worked my way back along the boom toward the cockpit. The job was ugly, but at least the sail was down.

Returning to the cockpit, I turned back in the direction of Hilton Head and asked Chrissy to see if her phone had loaded the radar. She pulled up the screen to see a few green and yellow cells of patchy rain over our location and more scattered cells that way before the

radar loop returned them to their origins.

“It doesn’t look that bad on here,” she said. “Think it’ll pass?”

I tried re-loading the wind predictions, but it was more of the same.

“I don’t know, this isn’t what was forecasted.”

I looked back at the ETA on the chartplotter. With the engine on and no sails up, we were crawling.

“Let’s put the staysail out and look for some bail outs if this doesn’t pass soon,” I said, handing her the winch handle.

Katie was in the cockpit now. I pulled the furling line out of its camlock and Chrissy began hauling on the sheet. The sail wasn’t budging.

“Put it around the winch, and crank on it,” I said.

Chrissy shot me an annoyed look that told me that was already her intention. With the sheet in the jaws of the winch, she began cranking on the handle, but the line stretched, and the sail wouldn’t move.

“Something’s wrong,” I said as the line protested, “Something’s going on with the furling drum.”

“Want to take the jib back out?” she asked.

“Yeah, let’s take it out a bit and see what kind of speed we get,” I replied, looking at the wind speed.

The sky darkened and the water with it. I reached for the genoa sheet and put a single wrap around the drum before yanking the furling line out of the cam. I tugged the sheet with one hand to get it started while holding the furling line in the other. The wind caught the little sliver of exposed sail and the furling line tore from my hand. The furlex drum sounded like a bell when the genoa was fully

unraveled and bucking wildly in the wind. The sheet flew back and forth from the cockpit like a whip as I tried taking up the slack to contain it. A loud CRACK sound informed me that I was too slow. Something had been broken.

My stomach turned as Katie pointed to the top safety line just forward of the dodger was laying limp on the deck. I put the winch handle in and cranked away as the sail filled and Constance heeled over. I could hear some loose gear falling to the deck below. I clipped on to the jackline again and wedged my feet against the fishplate and my butt against the cabin top while I looked over the safety line. A piece of hardware rolling by my feet caught my eye and I grabbed it before the next wave could. This was lucky, an easy fix.

“Cotter pin and needle nose pliers!” I said to no one in particular.

The twins stared back at me.

BELOW: Chrissy at helm in ICW, post-storm.



ABOVE: Katie at helm in ICW, post-storm.

“Top drawer, starboard side behind the settee cushion aft, cotter pins in round container in the drawer under the stairs.”

Katie hopped up and went below and I hoped I had put the tools back in the correct place. I asked Chrissy to look for the next inlet we could tuck into to get out of this weather. Katie emerged a few minutes later with what I needed. I tried not to rush replacing the safety line, so I wouldn't drop anything, but did not want to be on deck any longer than I had to.

Back in the cockpit, Katie was looking pale. The rain and wind weren't letting up and the seas were starting to break over the bow, I was feeling a little nauseous myself.

“Go down below and lay down, kid,” I said, taking the helm from Chrissy and beginning to scroll the chart plotter for our bail out.

Chrissy briefed me. “The closest inlet is just

three miles away, we should be coming up on a red buoy to mark some shoals outside of it, but it isn't lit."

I squinted at the screen then at the scene around me. I turned on the autopilot, pulled my phone from my pocket, and opened the Active Captain app from Garmin. Zooming in on the Georgia charts to the inlet I saw that it was littered with warning comments from other boaters about running aground, channel markers missing, and charts being incorrect. I weighed my options. The bottom was all sand and mud, but if I found it in this swell, there would surely be damage. I did not like that inlet at all.

"What's the next one?" I asked.

"Saint Catherine sound is the next one, 8.5 miles away."

I scrolled on my phone. There were still warning signs of a missing marker, but far

less shoaling reported than the first option. I scrolled the chart further with one hand and gripped the handrail behind the helm with the other as a wave sprayed the dodger and soaked Chrissy. Her legs were folded under her and she had a solid grip on the pushpit rail. I could hear more gear being thrown across the cabin as the new cabinets busted open. Standing on my toes I could see Katie curled up against the wall of my berth.

I asked Chrissy to help me try and pull in the genoa to reduce the sail area. We braced against the wall of the cockpit and pulled with our entire body weight but could not get the sail to start furling.

I swore, my heart pounding and doubt creeping in. I'd bitten off more than I could chew by pushing for this too early in my experience with *Constance* and got my little sisters into this mess too. I wanted to puke. I thought about worst cases. They made my heart hurt. I felt panic creep into my throat



and tears in my eyes. I shoved it back down hard. *That never helps and you know it. Cut the shit, Shelagh. The boat is fine, it's been in worse, you are fine. People with less experience have been in far worse situations and in less capable boats. Nothing has happened yet. And if something does happen, you'll deal with it. If they see you panic, they'll panic. Sail the damn boat.*

I angled the boat closer to the wind to put the swell forward of the beam and give us a little distance on the sketchy inlet. It made the rolling a little better but the heel a little worse. I watched the speed increase. I started making a list of all the positives and saying them out loud.

“It’s just going to be uncomfortable like this for a little over an hour, Katie until we get to that next inlet, then it’ll be quick because the wind will be behind us! Oh and the tide will be coming in so that’ll give us a little push!”

She definitely couldn’t hear me over the chaos outside, but Chrissy nodded, her jaw clenched, and her soaked hair sticking to her face and neck.

“I’ll stay up here and look for the buoys.” I forced a smile and gripped the wheel tighter. The waves were increasing.

The next few hours were a blur as I focused on timing the swell and turning the bow toward them to take them on a better angle. It felt like only forty minutes had gone by and I hardly noticed the sun had set except for the fact that the tops of the waves were colored bright green as the starboard side light illuminated them. I was in a trance, only vaguely aware that every once in a while, I’d say something aloud about this, “being so stupid” and, “just going to put the boat on the market when I get in.”

“Got the buoy!” Chrissy snapped me out of my tunnel vision, pointing in the dark.

“Nice!” I said, scanning in the direction she was looking and caught a glimpse of the light



ABOVE: Shelagh and Chrissy.

before it dipped into the trough of another wave. “This turn is going to be rough in these waves if I don’t time it well, just let Katie know to hang on.”

Chrissy scooted over to the companionway and called down to Katie. “I think she heard,” she said.

The bearing of the buoy moved back down the port side as we approached and the time to turn was nearing. I switched the grip on the wheel from my right hand to my left at the crest of a wave. I gave a little more throttle on the engine and told Chrissy to get ready to sheet out when we make the turn down wind. My stomach flipped for the thousandth time as we dipped back into the trough.

“Next one!” I yelled.

I yanked the rudder to the left and the next swell helped push the bow around to port

and gear drifted in the dark across the cabin sole. The bow dipped as the stern lifted and I could hear Katie groan down below. I brought the rudder back to starboard to check up on the heading of the channel. The next wave slammed the rudder back, ripping my grip on the wheel away. I caught it with both hands and corrected, tightening my grip and bending my knees to keep balance.

We surfed the swell uncomfortably and rode the current in as my eyes scanned from plotter, to buoy to depth sounder, waiting for the ground to jump up to the keel as it had done to those unfortunate boaters in the inlet to the south. It never did.

We pushed in past the shore and the swell lay down. I turned south into Walberg Creek toward the anchorage and furled the tired genoa. Chrissy made it up to the bow. I turned *Constance* into the current and gave the word to Chrissy to drop the anchor. She set easily and I exhaled for what felt like the first time since I struck the main sail.

Looking at the mess all over the cabin from the cockpit I shook my head at the

boat that had been my dream, thinking that moments like this were definitely not part of it. Katie was beginning to show signs of movement from my rack. I started to get up to apologize to her when Chrissy emerged from the darkness at the bow and said, “You guys gotta come up here and see this.”

I briskly walked up to the bow expecting some trip-ending damage, headlamp in my hand shining on the deck before me.

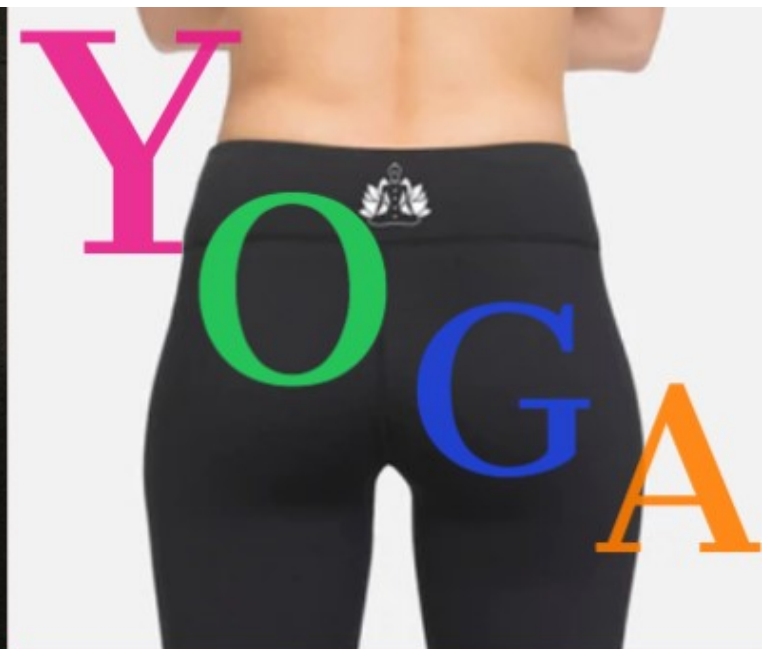
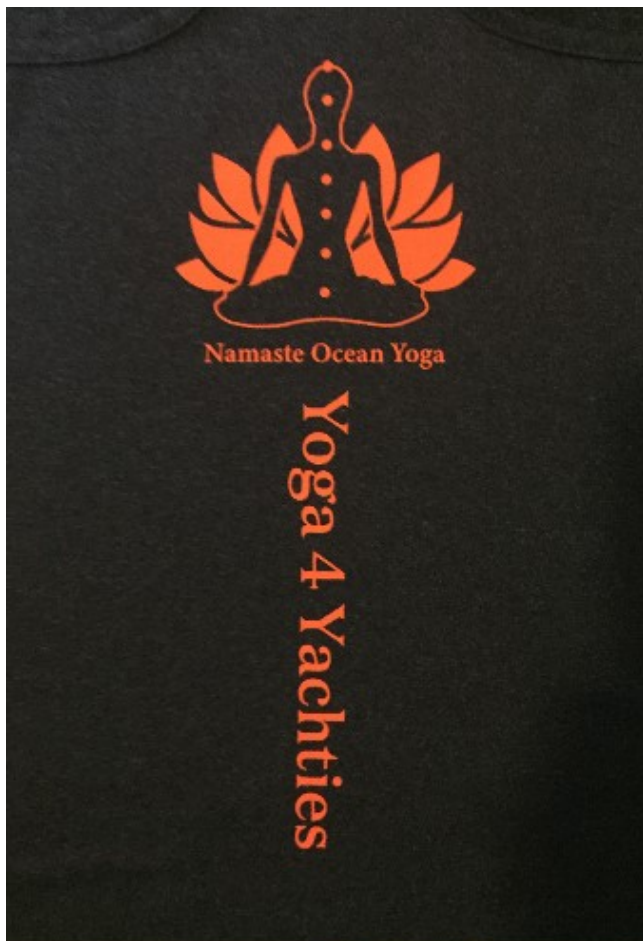
“No, turn the light off!” Chrissy called from behind me. I saw what she wanted me to.

Bioluminescent plankton carried in with the current lit the anchor chain and the hull, erasing the anxiety of the last several hours and replacing it with the reassurance that there is a reward for digging in and trusting *Constance* when forced out of my comfort zone. And it will be worth it every time.

Shelagh spent the last decade of her life as a navigation officer aboard military cargo ships. She holds a USCG Chief Mate Unlimited and 1600ton Masters License. Passionate about a life at sea, yet with waning interest in sailing as a cargo ship captain (or for one), Shelagh purchased a thirty eight year old 43-foot cutter rigged sailboat, *Constance*, that she has been refitting and cruising, more recently singlehanding. She writes about her new life aboard and the crossover of experiences, challenges, and lessons from her life at sea aboard ships.

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Sea wind

Light air

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Out on the endless sea
Freedom ahead
Escaping bounds
I am where I want to be

Gentle breeze

Rising south wind fills the sail
Rippling water against the hull
Brief visit on the rail
by a tired seagull

Fresh breeze

White foam over the bow flows
Whistling wind in the face blows
Feeling free o' so brave
riding on the crest of the wave

Gale

Wild sails flutter over head
Leeward shelter seek
Creak and squeak
Feeling weak
Won't boat spring a leak?
Heaven glows in red

Storm

Wildhorse riding on the waves
Jumping in a hurdle race
Rudder craves for mercy
Without controversy
the sea rises high
Is it time to die?

Time to prove my mettle
Then wind starts to settle

Calm

The endless sea
Smoothing
Soothing
I am where I want to be.



Lena Kempén

SisterShip Watches ...



By Amy Alton

EMILY AND CLARK

Few sailing channels have the years of experience that Clark from *Emily and Clark's Adventure* brings to the table, but his years of experience contrast with the fresh eyes of Emily behind the camera. This couple has lived together aboard their 1967 Creekmore 45 since 2016 and have cruised Florida and some Caribbean islands between their many boat projects.

A success story of cruising on a small budget, Emily and Clark share their expertise, music, and detailed breakdowns of cruising costs on their YouTube channel.

Amy: In late 2019, *Temptress* was project central, as you prepared for a five-year cruising plan. You were in the Bahamas when the world was hit with COVID 19. What had your plans been and what are they now?

Emily: We had a pretty clear plan when we left Fort Lauderdale in December: Bahamas, then Panama and Colombia. But of course, COVID has made things more difficult. We

ended up staying in the Bahamas as long as possible, but when our time with Customs and Immigration ran out, we decided to head for another long-term port to wait for vaccines and travel restrictions to shake out. Now we're in Luperon, Dominican Republic.

Amy: How do you divide video production between you and Clark?

Emily: Clark is more of an engineer, while I'm more of an artist. Sometimes one of us does an entire video ourselves—from camera setup to posting online—but in general, Clark handles the technical side, and I do the finishing work. So, software, sound editing, technical content is usually all Clark. Animation, music, and editing are usually my jobs.

Amy: How has creating videos enhanced your sailing experience?

Emily: A lot of times I'm not sure it does! It takes WAY more time than anyone imagines. For every minute of video you see, sometimes that's at least an hour of work—planning, shooting, downloading footage, organizing footage, cutting, editing, adding music and graphics, uploading, writing

descriptions, promoting the videos... We started it as a way to capture our memories and stay in touch with our friends and families back home, and it's definitely served that purpose. And since we are both community-minded people who like to give, it has become a great way for us to meet new sailors and help them prepare for this kind of life, which is rewarding in itself. But to be honest, the pressure of cranking out a new video every week for YouTube can take precedence over more enjoyable things.

Amy: What's your biggest struggle with your videos?

Emily: We try to make content for those that are new to sailing and sailboats. When you've lived aboard for so long, sometimes it's hard to remember what is actually interesting or important for new sailors to know. This week I did a video about [how to tie five basic knots](#), which seemed to be a hit. I suppose the biggest struggle is getting videos out on a weekly schedule. We want to put out quality content, versus just holding a GoPro selfie-style and talking about ourselves. That means I sometimes spend a few hours on animations, diagrams, and titles to explain a simple concept.

Amy: You and Clark talk a lot about intentional living in your videos. Can you explain what that means and how it relates to cruising?

Emily: For us, intentional living is about living life on purpose, not by accident. We don't want to make any decisions because we have to, or because it's the easiest route to take. We are both long-term planners, and strategically minded people, so we know that every decision has a consequence. Intentional living impacts everything we bring aboard (is this the right system for our boat? Do we really need it? Is it going to last? Is there a better solution?) and also our interactions with other people (what would we do if OUR fridge was failing? How can we help keep everyone calm during lockdown?).

Amy: You've extensively cruised the Bahamas. What are some of your favorite places and experiences you had there?

Emily: George Town is always our main destination in the Bahamas. It's like a big summer camp for boaters, and there is always something going on, from volleyball tournaments to potlucks and the annual George Town Cruising Regatta, which can



attract 300 or 400 boats. At night, all the anchor lights make it look like a little city! The nice thing about George Town is that there is a lot of activity, but if you have a reliable dinghy, you can anchor across the harbor and have peace and quiet, too.

Amy: Clark has been cruising for over 20 years. What was it like to move onboard with him and set off sailing? What have become your responsibilities on the boat?

Emily: I had never been on a sailboat until I met Clark. I'd lived in tiny houses, and I was familiar with the water through kayaking, camping, etc. but I was definitely not a sailor. When I moved aboard, Clark taught me some basics. One of the first things was how to hoist our dinghy motor off the dinghy and onto the boat, and to hoist the dinghy onto the boat. He taught me how to use a winch, how to start the engine, how to turn on the windlass, how to tie basic knots, which lines



Emily.



Temptress at anchor.

did what... things he would need me to be able to do automatically and quickly if the need arose. I think that's probably how most crew start out.

Preparing for our first trip, he put me in charge of provisioning all of our food, which was great because I love spreadsheets and making lists, and was familiar with canning and dehydrating, since my mother did a lot of food preservation when I was growing up. In the beginning, I primarily did basic crew jobs and “pink” jobs, including cooking and laundry (which I still do). Since it's an old boat, there is a lot of upkeep, so I handle all the wood varnishing (though I admit I sometimes fall behind) as well as painting and making things on the boat more comfortable. Essentially, he keeps all the systems working, and I keep us fed, clean, and comfortable.

Amy: You aren't alone in having to handle seasickness, as I'm sure many of our readers suffer from it too. What advice do

you have for someone struggling with it?

Emily: Everyone has a different system. I've learned the main thing is to keep your eyes closed if you're down below and can't see the horizon, because when what your eyes are seeing (e.g., a piece of furniture that's not moving) doesn't match what your ears are feeling (rocking and rolling), it triggers a poison-response in your body and makes you purge your stomach. One of the best things I do is to prepare cold meals ahead of time, so I spend minimal time cooking in the galley down below. I also usually take a nibble of Stugeron (a really great seasickness medicine) which helps prevent and cure seasickness.

Amy: What's one piece of gear you wish you had onboard *Temptress*?

Emily: A bigger bed (we have two twin bunks, which is nice for really hot nights or for roly weather, but it isn't ideal for cuddling).



Amy: What's your favorite modification you have made to *Temptress*?

Emily: Clark has modified and upgraded the boat a lot over the past few decades, so I haven't personally been around for many major modifications. But we recently added a solar arch on the back of the boat, which provided more power, but also a shady area for sitting and eating meals. With all the extra power, we are now able to power a very small, homemade air conditioning unit that Clark invented. It cools only our aft cabin, where we sleep, and makes it much more comfortable on very hot summer nights.

Amy: Tell us about your project building your own sailing dinghy, an Eastport Nesting Pram.

Emily: Ooof, where do I start? It was a bigger project than I thought it would be, but I'm SO glad I did it. It was a great way to learn about epoxy fiberglass and hone my woodworking skills (I'm unbelievably great with a jigsaw now). I never used to do epoxy

or fiberglass work on *Temptress*, but now I jump at the opportunity. Clark has built several of his own dinghies over the years, so he helped me avoid some mistakes and make some modifications to the design. So, it was like taking a masterclass in dinghy building, and at the end, I got my own boat!

Amy: You cruise for very cheap, averaging around \$1000 a month. What advice do you have for people looking to take off to go cruising who are worried about their budgets?

Emily: For us, living on a boat is a lot like camping (serious camping). We invested in good equipment, we are prepared to rough it when we need to, and we have enough spares and supplies that we can be self-sufficient if something doesn't go as planned.

There are a lot of costs that can be avoided. For instance, if you have a good anchor and plan ahead, there's usually no reason to spend money on marinas or mooring balls. (We are on a mooring ball here in Luperon, due to all



Clark and Emily (Photo by Eric on Seal 2019).



ABOVE: Emily working on the dinghy build.

BELOW: In the boatyard.



the growth in the harbor, but it's only about \$60 USD per month here.).

Regarding finances, I'd say not to rely on being able to make money while you're out sailing. Some people can manage it, and I often pick up short-term freelance work, but sailing life is stressful enough at times. If you have to worry about weather and boat systems AND being at a certain harbor by Tuesday at 3:00 for your conference call, it can put unnecessary pressure on you to go out in bad weather or rush something that should take time. And for us, sailing is about freedom. A job takes away time to enjoy the sunrises and sunsets and savor the boat life.

Amy: What's been your hardest or scariest moment on *Temptress*?

Emily: There have been a few ["the boat will not tip over!"](#) days for us. (That's the expression I use when it seems like everything is going wrong—I try to remember that as long as the boat is above water, and we're both still on the boat, we're going to be alright).

The first one happened my first year of sailing with Clark, when a quick wind change caused an accidental jibe that sashed our boom gallows. It was about 3am and Clark was on watch. I woke up to him yelling for me to come up "RIGHT NOW!" The Bimini (which attaches to the boom gallows) had collapsed, so I had to duck under all this canvas fabric to find my way to Clark in the cockpit. He told me to grab the wheel and keep *Temptress* pointed at 110 degrees, and then he ran forward to get the mainsail down, and all I could really do was follow his instructions exactly and wait for him to come back! Obviously, we made it through just fine.

There was also a pretty bad trip from George Town to Luperon this year. We and two other boats had a hell of a time, and everyone had some major damage along the way. I won't go into detail, but you can check out "The Boat Won't Tip Over" song on our YouTube channel, because I wrote a song all about it!

Amy: What's one quality Clark has that



Emily in the galley.



Emily sailing *Trinka*.

makes him a great sailing partner? What strength do you have that you think makes you a good sailing partner?

Emily: I like to say that Clark is part Einstein, part MacGyver, and part Superman (it's convenient that his name is Clark, right?). I have never seen anything he can't fix, from the engine and watermaker to taking cameras and computers apart. He's owned our boat for 30 years, so he knows it inside and out, but he can hop aboard any other boat (and often does) to help with failed refrigeration, solar panel trouble, and just about anything else. I asked Clark what makes me a good sailing partner, and he says I'm organized, fearless, and capable of doing (or learning) most anything I set my mind to.

Links:

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

<https://www.youtube.com/c/EmilyClarksAdventure>



Amy Alton, in partnership with her husband, shares their journey on their YouTube channel, [Out Chasing Stars](#). You can also enjoy her writing and photography on their blog, [OutChasingStars.com](#).

Leaving Santa Rosalía

Mounted above the wheel in the sailboat's cockpit:
a GPS with radar, compass, chart plotter,
but when we head out at 3 a.m.
I pretend I know how to navigate
by the stars.

Light wind, calm seas, no moon,
city lights fade orange behind us.

So many stars overhead, the constellations
are lost, but I locate Polaris, the mariner's star.
What to do with it, though, I don't know.

Because it's dark, they're out here with me –
all the ones who've sailed before.
They keep their silence.

It's a night full of questions:

Who are we?

Where are we going?

Why are we here?

Were you to look down from high above,
this is what you'd see:
a small white boat on a dark ocean
steering an uncertain course
to somewhere.

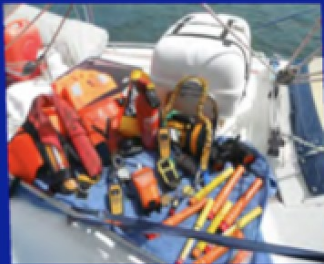
Katy McKinney





Are you ready to go offshore?

Do you know what you don't know?



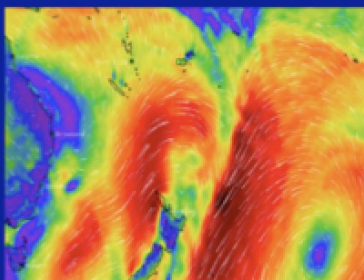
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GINA DE VERE



May 2021, Thailand

Trying to make sailing plans during this COVID 19 pandemic has been frustrating to the max because the available information has been so unreliable and changeable. We, and all foreigners in Malaysia, were told they must leave the country as there would be no more visa extensions. The manner in which Malaysian authorities, namely Immigration, dealt with overstayers and yachties who had been stuck in Malaysia since lockdown for COVID 19, was ill conceived and badly administered.

Our boat *Stardancer* was caught in lockdown in Penang from March 20, 2020, until July when we were allowed to sail interstate and sailed back north to Langkawi Island, a 'green' COVID zone. Our intention had been to buy new anchor chain in Penang, then carry on south to be part of the Rally to

the East of Malaysia, going over the top of Borneo to Tawau. From there we intended to sail across Indonesia to the Spice Islands, returning via East Timor and onto Bali and back up to Malaysia. So much for plans! It is a deeply uncomfortable feeling to have one's freedom to travel taken away. Especially when one's whole life is about travel, and, adding salt to the wound is the fact that at 70 plus years of age we do not have many years left to continue voyaging.

However, we were full of praise for the way the lockdown was handled in Penang. Everyone wore masks, sanitised their hands, and had their temperature taken prior to entering food shops; but only ones within a ten-minute radius of home base. I did not handle this curtailment of freedom well to begin with. I was angry and disappointed. However, I came to terms with the situation logically and put my zest to good use by

walking two to three miles a day inside *Stardancer*. At the base of the companionway steps is a clear space of about two and a half by one metre – enough to walk, stretch, dance, do yoga etc to my YouTube videos. This saved my morale from plummeting. There are of course stories of people much more adversely affected than us, separated from loved ones across the world and those sick and dying of this wretched virus. In comparative terms we have been extremely fortunate.

Once we were allowed back to the marina on Rebak Island in Langkawi, we relaxed into months of boat repairs and improvements while enjoying a COVID freedom on the island. With the 30 or so other yachties there we entertained ourselves with music nights, painting bees, and yoga classes with the odd trip to the mainland of Langkawi to provision. The marina became a village and strong friendships were made. We went from

extension to extension, anxious each time to know when the date of expulsion would be.

April 21, 2021 was 'D Day'. We were advised by Malaysian Immigration just ten days prior to exit day that there were no further extensions of any sort. April is the beginning of the cyclonic wet season, not the time to be setting sail anywhere. Where to go was the problem. Borders in Thailand and south in Indonesia were closed, except to wealthy sailors who could afford a couple of thousand US dollars each to enter and be quarantined. We had hoped a special visa extension would be granted to those who were expecting to go on the 2021 Rally to the East, however this was turned down. Only those who were already over in East Malaysia could go as the weather window was already too late to leave from Peninsular Malaysia.

What offended me most was the way Immigration lumped yachties together with illegal over-stayers and prostitutes. There



seemed to be no understanding of the sailing situation. It seemed to Christian and me like “throwing the baby out with the bathwater” because we worked out what we spent during the past COVID months was well over 100,000 ringgits or AUD \$35,000 on the boat and living. Now this money will be spent elsewhere. We suggested paying for a three- or six-month extension, but nothing like that was available.

Everyone had to produce copious sheets of detailed information to take to Immigration to plead our individual cases. One person was turned away because she had not put the address of the local Immigration official at the top of her letter of request to stay. Another was turned away because he was wearing Crocs. We all had to wear long sleeves and long pants, socks, and shoes with toes covered. Another person was ridiculed for the evidence she brought regarding her situation. We slaved over the huge wodge of documents. All those trees used for printing and I bet no one ever reads those papers.

The orders coming from Kuala Lumpur did not relate to the actual circumstances on the

ground or on the sea. There was disarray and tension everywhere. An elderly South African couple did not want to return ‘home’ as they had left 30 years ago. Their Embassy had closed.

Our New Zealand High Commissioner wrote an excellent letter for us. I spoke to him and explained how it was the wrong time to set sail for New Zealand and he advised us to find a ‘safe haven’. There was an enormous processing backlog of applications from expats wishing to return to New Zealand and he advised us not to come. We thought we had found our ‘safe haven’ in Malaysia.

Naturally the actions of Immigration alarmed the Minister for Tourism as we yachties were the only foreigners/tourists spending money. It was a classic case of silo management; the left hand did not know what the right hand was doing. I wrote a letter to the Minister for Tourism to explain the situation and the potential ramifications. He had no idea, and has since voiced his opinion. The hiatus caused by this ill-conceived decision on the part of Immigration in Kuala Lumpur has caused considerable harm to the reputation



of Malaysia as a benign destination. We have learned that after we departed Malaysia the outcry was loud enough that a meeting of several stakeholders in the business and maritime world was called, resulting in a paid extension visas up until December with the proviso boats are not 'wild anchoring' but kept within a marina.

Caught 'between a rock and a hard place' we opted to go against the weather down to Indonesia and made arrangements with Nongsa Point Marina to enter Indonesia and do our five day quarantine there. However, the requirements changed daily and when expensive insurance was added, we decided we were not made of money and would take the easy two day sail and go to Thailand instead, and wait for the right season to sail south to Indonesia next year. We duly paid almost AUD \$4000 for the agent's package for the two of us, which in our stressed state in dealings with bureaucracy seemed well worth the dollars. We had heard the Thai



Stardancer.

agents were well organised. Well, that may have been true then, but the situation appears anything but well organised now we are here.

We arrived on the promised date, only to be

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told there was a problem with the Navy stopping yachts and they were not ready for us! We would have to wait a few days before proceeding to the quarantine anchorage. We waited at various anchorages as requested by our agent for several days, waiting for orders to proceed to the designated quarantine anchorage further north, where we now are finally at anchor with seven other boats, only ten days later than the arranged date!. Supposedly our paperwork was held up by the bureaucrats in Bangkok who have been on holiday celebrating *Songkran*.

Our passage here was excellent, buddy sailing with catamaran *Kuching*. Both boats have been super diligent with providing correct paperwork. Then, just as we thought we had completed all paperwork requirements, a late request for an eight-page document arrived which, only because *Kuching* has internet roaming and a scanner, were we able to send, mid ocean. I do wonder how other yachties get on who do not carry a full office on their boats. By the time our quarantine is over we shall have been at sea for almost a month. Luckily we can order fresh foods from Tesco and pay to have them delivered to our boat

now.

We had a serious problem, our AIS was not transmitting at all well. The Bangkok bureaucrats threatened us with ‘severe penalties’ if we didn’t get it fixed by ‘midday today’! Christian was very stressed and worked on all possibilities. Finally he managed via internet using his phone GPS to send them our location twice a day. We will buy a new antenna when we get to land.

We are now in our quarantine anchorage which is very pleasant, and our first of three PCR tests went well with friendly nurses coming on board. We will have another two visits before we are free—but only free to sail within the area of Phuket province. However, it is such a scenic area with many karst islands to visit, virtually no tourists, and many lovely anchorages, and we eagerly look forward to exploring this area.

By November we should be able to sail further north into other provinces, but only if the number of COVID cases decrease. This uncertainty regarding travel plans will, I believe, be the new ‘normal’ in sailing for quite some time. Travel will not be the same



again. I believe we will face more and more heavy-handed bureaucratic restrictions and administrative chaos as COVID does not look as if it will be going away any time soon. A COVID passbook is being mooted, to show how recently you had your injection. Bit by bit our freedoms disappear. We are very glad and appreciate our good fortune that we have experienced the joys of times when travelling by sailing yacht was a way to experience a real sense of freedom. However, we look forward to the future, exploring where we are. Thailand is a beautiful country with a fascinating culture, good food, and lovely people and although we are not where we had planned to be right now, we intend to make the most of the next nine months here.

So instead of learning Indonesian I have pulled out the Thai phrase books!



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

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



A large sea turtle, likely a loggerhead, is shown swimming in clear blue water. The turtle's head is in the foreground, facing slightly to the left. Its shell is a mix of dark brown and lighter, yellowish-brown patches. The flippers are visible, showing a pattern of dark and light scales. The water is a deep blue with some ripples.

Lyn Battle

A Turtle's Tale

Once upon a time... in an ocean far away...

I'd like to tell you a story about a loggerhead turtle called Yoshi. We don't know precisely when or where she was born, but we do know that she became a female because of the temperature of the sandy beach where her mother laid her eggs. In most species, gender is determined during fertilisation, but in turtles, it is determined after the eggs are laid, by the temperature of the surrounding sand.

The precise temperature to produce the perfect mix of male/female hatchlings is not fully understood, but research shows that it needs to be between 25 and 33 degrees Celsius for eggs to incubate, and higher sand temperatures will produce more females than males.

Each breeding female will mate with as many males as possible in the months prior to her nesting season, storing their sperm high in her ovaries so that when she reaches her chosen nesting beach, she can focus on multiple forays ashore to lay her assortment of eggs, without wasting time and energy seeking out fresh partners during her nesting

time. It is exhausting for a large female loggerhead to drag her 100 kilogram-plus body up a sloping beach, no longer buoyant in the water that supports and sustains her.

But this is what Yoshi's mother did, all those years ago, when she hauled herself up onto the beach and carefully dug out a shallow depression with her strong front limbs. Then, curving her rear flippers like cupped hands, she scooped out the sand beneath her tail, creating a deep egg chamber. While water oozed like tears from the specialised salt glands in her eyes, and occasional heavy sighs, have led to the myth that turtles cry because they will never see their eggs hatch – she was actually triumphant to be laying her hundred or so eggs on this beach near where she herself was born. She figured that if she had hatched safely here, then her offspring should be safely laid here too. The 'tears' are simply nature's way of washing the salt from her eyes - a process so critical that her salt glands are much bigger than her brain; the deep sighs are her normal breaths - she can take in enough air to sustain her underwater for 30-minute dives or resting for up to seven hours at a time.

When she finished laying, she carefully scooped sand back over her eggs, patted the mound down to make it less visible to predators such as snakes, goannas, feral animals, and humans, then she dragged her land-heavy body back down towards the sparkling sea.

About two months later, little Yoshi used her 'egg tooth' to chip her way out of her ping-pong ball egg, instinct urging her and her fellow hatchlings upwards through the soft sand to the surface, then directing her to the lowest bright horizon, the sparkling water calling. She could hear the seagulls crying above, and sensed the scuttling crabs, all eager to add her to the food chain. Instinct drove her tiny flippers to 'go, go, go!' like a little clockwork toy. Hatchlings can burn up to 10% of their body weight in this critical dash to the ocean. In the shallows, she relied on the safety in numbers of her fellow hatchlings, keeping her safe from the sharks that patrolled the shoreline, her instinct holding her head perpendicular to the waves breaking on the shore, ensuring her swiftest path to the safety of the deep. All the time, her tiny brain was storing the cues and clues from this lonely beach, imprinting the shape, smell, sounds and even its unique geomagnetic signature. Although the earth's magnetic field is invisible to us, the built-in 'compass' of magnetite fragments in her brain enables her to sense the angle and strength of magnetic waves striking her location wherever she is on the planet, storing the data like GPS co-ordinates, enabling her to find her way back to her natal beach when the time comes to lay her own eggs.

Once she reached the offshore waters, it is more difficult for us to visualise her story, as we know so little about this stage of a sea turtle's life cycle that it is still known as 'The Lost Years'.

For a long time, it was thought that loggerhead hatchlings drifted aimlessly with

sea currents for about ten years, eventually returning to coastal waters as dinner-plate sized juveniles. Recent studies and satellite-tracking have shown that the hatchlings often latch onto a floating mat of Sargassum algae (seaweed). Yoshi probably joined the adjacent ocean-current gyre 'sushi train', hopping on and off as she fed on the floating smorgasbord of crabs, fish, eggs, insects blown from the mainland, and barnacles. She likely hopped off this conveyor belt occasionally to explore and forage for jellyfish, squid, and flying fish, imprinting her special magnetic GPS with abundant feeding grounds that she could return to later, as an adult.

Only one in a thousand turtle hatchlings survive to adulthood; there are so many predators ready to pounce as they make their way to the ocean, where the juvenile turtles have to evade sharks, ships, and countless tons of drifting man-made rubbish, discarded plastics, and fishing nets.

In 1997, she was brought aboard a Japanese fishing boat somewhere in the Indian Ocean. She had an injury on the left side of her carapace so the crew cared for her as a pet, naming her 'Yoshi' after their cook Yoshitaro, who was also small in stature.

When the vessel called into Cape Town in July '97, the Captain contacted the Two Oceans Aquarium and asked them to take the little turtle into care. The aquarium had only been open for two years, with no plans to introduce turtles into their tanks, as their sharp beaks and shells are known to scratch the acrylic panels, but they took Yoshi in and thus began a wonderful relationship. Nobody could have imagined the far-reaching consequences it would have for Yoshi, for the aquarium, and for the world's turtle population.

Dinner plate sized, around three to five years old, Yoshi weighed only two kilograms when she arrived at the aquarium, but with

nutritious food and lots of care, she soon grew in strength and stature. She also grew in personality – right from the start she stole the hearts of staff and visitors, quickly becoming known as the Queen of the Aquarium. A genuine ‘African Queen!’.

She had an appetite for food and fame, and has photo-bombed countless visitors over the years. She became a very special ambassador for the aquarium, and researchers learned a lot from her about turtle behaviour. Yoshi’s progress inspired the aquarium to take in more injured turtles, rehabilitating them, and safely releasing them back into the ocean.

Yoshi was always very food-orientated and was trained to feed off a ‘target’ so she would not bombard the divers as she got bigger and more boisterous. Maryke Musson, CEO of the Two Oceans Aquarium Education Foundation, recalls one time when she heard a crunching sound as Yoshi’s beak latched onto her ear! Fortunately, no real harm was done, especially when you consider that the loggerhead turtle is so named for its stocky neck and bone-crunching jaws. This gentle giant grew to 180 kilograms and provided hours of entertainment and information for the public and researchers alike.

In 2015, the turtle team at the aquarium began a satellite tagging programme of sub-

adult and adult turtles released after recovery. It’s well known now that the biggest threat to young turtles is not the sharks or seagulls that prey on them, but the rubbish that we humans put into the ocean.

Studies have shown that more than half the world’s sea turtles and sea birds have ingested plastic or other human rubbish; and the number of seabirds affected is expected to reach 99 per cent by 2050. Scientists warn us that it is only a matter of time before we see the same problems in other species – including the fish we eat, and ultimately ourselves.

Discarded nets and plastics are the most likely thing to cause damage. Some turtles ingest plastic bags and balloons, mistaking them for jellyfish, as the plastics floating among the Sargassum weed take on the odour of the resident marine critters; others consume tiny plastic micro-particles which cause toxic damage to internal organs including the brain.

The aquarium was pleased to note that after lengthy periods of treatment and care, healthy turtles were adapting to their life back in the ocean with a high success rate of 85%. Over 600 turtles have been successfully rehabilitated by the aquarium and returned to the oceans.

Yoshi’s carers were aware that she was approaching the age of sexual maturity and would outlive most of them, so they started to consider the possibility of releasing her back into the wild. She had been living at the aquarium for nearly twenty years, but loggerhead turtles can live for a potential 100 years, so it looked like Yoshi might have a real chance to return to her ocean. But which ocean would that be?

The aptly named Two Oceans Aquarium is situated at the southern tip of Africa, where the Atlantic Ocean meets the Indian Ocean. If they released her, which way would she



swim? There are loggerhead nesting sites along the South African coast and at Mozambique, Oman, and Western Australia. Juveniles from these rookeries are known to circle the Indian Ocean currents for years, so Yoshi's origin remained a mystery. Turtles migrate vast distances to forage, so it was possible that she was from the Atlantic side, and had been exploring the Indian Ocean when she was found. Would her built-in geomagnetic GPS system have imprinted her natal beach strongly enough to guide her home?

Maryke and her team were inspired by the journey of an adult female loggerhead named Adelita, who, in 1996, was the first turtle to be released from captivity and tracked by satellite as she crossed the Pacific Ocean from Mexico to Japan.

Like Yoshi, Adelita had been raised in captivity to adulthood. It was in the early days of satellite tracking and the Internet. Adelita's unexpected voyage all the way to Japan, united nations and changed people's attitudes to turtles, highlighting the incredible instincts and journeys that many species undertake.

Yoshi takes this to the next level; millions of people following her exploits via a blog and advances in satellite tracking technology ensured confidence in the data aspect of the project. So, the team started to prepare her physically for her big adventure.

This slightly overweight, goofy young adult turtle started to train like a serious Olympic swimmer. Divers used her feeding targets to lure her from one side of the tank to the other, encouraging Yoshi to swim 20 metre 'laps'.

"We called it 'Yoshi Tennis!'" says Maryke.

The training continued for 18 months. Yoshi grew strong and fit. Staff adjusted her feeding and enrichment program to include

placing food into artificial rocks, so that she would learn to forage in the wild—no more handouts from humans. Turtles under rehabilitative care don't imprint on their medical team or care givers, though they obviously enjoy special attention and tickles!

When the big day came to release her in December 2018, after a huge farewell party she was taken by boat offshore Cape Town and splashed back into the ocean where she did not hesitate, showing her carers that her training was not in vain, as she swam strongly off into the distance.

"For some reason, everybody on the boat thought she's going to turn around and go, 'Love you! Thank you!' but she's like, 'Oh my word! There's no end!' and she just WENT!" Maryke still smiles at the bittersweet memory of letting their girl set off into the big wide world, as the team watched the satellite tracker to see if she would swim back to her natal beach and solve the mystery of her origins. But in true Yoshi style – she just did her own thing, her own way.

"She's like a teenage girl who's just finished school and wanted to go on a Gap Year! Let's go and travel the world... see things...!" Maryke laughs at how Yoshi completely confounded the scientists by swimming not east to the Indian Ocean where she had been picked up by the Japanese fishing boat – but made a beeline west into the South Atlantic ocean, swimming strongly up the west coast of Africa, pausing at rich feeding grounds along the way as she passed offshore Namibia and Angola. Yoshi spent the first half of her 'Gap Year' swimming up the west side before doing a complete U-turn to spend the next six months swimming back down the coast to Cape Town.

Was she lost, confused, or just foraging? Aquarium Communications and Media Executive Renée Leeuwner reminds us, "We know quite a bit about sea turtles, but we don't know nearly enough to make

Release day!



©Renée Leeuwner/Two Oceans Aquarium

assumptions or to presume we have sufficient knowledge to predict their movements.”

This is why these tracking programs are so important, showing us more about turtle behaviour in the wild. Because what did Yoshi do next? She swam straight past Cape Town and headed east – towards Australia!

“We are thrilled because of course she’s protected over there,” Maryke says. “There are lots of sea turtles, and it seems as though there is a lot of food for her to eat.” All marine turtles in Australian waters are protected species at both State and Commonwealth levels.

It’s a long way across the Indian Ocean to Australia, and for the next nail-biting 12 months, the team watched for the satellite ‘pings’ as Yoshi swam steadily east, averaging nearly 50 kilometres per day, the equivalent of running a marathon daily! She followed ocean ridges where food was plentiful and evaded marine hazards. As she neared the

West Australian coast, the South African scientists contacted their Australian counterparts at Western Australia’s Department of Biodiversity, Conservation and Attractions (DBCA), and everyone watched to see where Yoshi would settle. Was this just another foraging voyage or was she seeking out the beach of her birth, preparing to reproduce and lay her own eggs, as her mother had done, more than 20 years earlier?

The teams knew that time was running out for her satellite transmitter battery, which had already lasted much longer than expected... it would be dreadful if it ran out before revealing her destination. It was still possible she might continue northwards round to the east coast of Australia or even cross another ocean to Japan.

Yoshi continued to tease everyone as she bypassed the known loggerhead rookeries at Dirk Hartog Island and Gnaraloo. By March she was swimming past Ningaloo Reef. In April, the pings slowed down and she went

into her own ‘COVID Lockdown’ at Eighty-Mile Beach, in the Pilbara Region of Western Australia.

Research Scientist Sabrina Fossette, from DBCA, said it was very exciting, and if Yoshi was an Australian turtle, she was in the right place, close to a known turtle nesting site.

“She’s a bit late for this nesting season, so she probably won’t nest this year, and anyway after swimming 37,000 kilometres, you probably need to feed a little bit and put on some weight before laying eggs,” she said. “Maybe next year or the year after. Now that she’s actually stopped we think we can jump on a boat and try to find her and maybe even catch her. We need to be a bit lucky to find her. But who knows?”

When DCBA scientists headed to Port Samson in March 2020, hoping to locate Yoshi and replace her ageing satellite tag, they made a surprising discovery. Not only had Yoshi been a diligent ambassador for the Two Oceans Aquarium in South Africa and grown from a pool babe to a world champion swimmer, but now she was a field researcher. Yoshi’s satellite transmitter led them to a previously unknown foraging site with more than 40 other loggerhead turtles sharing the buffet. Clever Yoshi used her companions to hide from the scientists, and although they could hear her ‘ping’ on their instruments, they never saw her surface and were unable

to replace her transmitter.

On October 28, 2020, Yoshi’s transmissions finally ceased, but local scientists and community rangers are on the lookout for this special turtle, with the distinctive chunk missing from the left edge of her shell. She is in a safe, remote area, rich in marine life and biodiversity. If you are planning to cruise the Kimberley or Pilbara coastline, please keep an eye out for her! It is hoped that she might be spotted nesting in this area in the next year or so, providing the final chapter to this story, and continuing the next chapter of her own...

Yoshi has shown us how strong instinct remains and that it is never too late to re-introduce a rehabilitated animal back into the wild. She has shown us that there is still much to learn about sea turtles, and how much needs to be done to sort the planet’s rubbish problem.

“Yoshi continues to inspire me to dream big – as in ‘crossing an ocean’ big, and to make the most and best of every situation, every day”, says Maryke.

Yoshi travelled around 40,000 km during the two and a half years since her release – that’s two million lengths of the pool where she trained, and is the first recorded journey of a sea turtle between Africa and Australia. She is indeed a true Champion.



Mostly, Yoshi shows us the importance of collaboration between countries, and how we can work together to ensure a better future for our oceans and marine creatures, so that lots more turtles can make this epic journey in safety.

Although the threats to sea turtles and giant floating rubbish tips seem almost too big to overcome, there are many things within our control that can be changed. Greater public awareness and support for sea turtle conservation is the first priority. By learning more about sea turtles and the threats they face, you can help by alerting decision-makers when various issues need to be addressed. Even just taking a rubbish bag ashore each time you go for a beach walk and picking up whatever rubbish you find, will make a difference.

Yoshi has also inspired a fundraising campaign called the #YoshiChallenge. “We are asking people to look at the epic journey that Yoshi has undertaken and help us to help more turtles like her. Through the #YoshiChallenge we would like to honour Yoshi’s journey and raise funds to rescue more turtles and create the next generation of ocean champions through education,” says Maryke Musson.

You can contribute to the #YoshiChallenge here:
<https://www.givengain.com/cause/11207/campaigns/19792/donate/#start>

Lyn has always loved the sea. She grew up in Ireland, moved to Australia aged 23 where she met and married Tex. Together with friends, they built a small fishing lodge on remote Sweers Island in the Gulf of Carpentaria, where they’ve been welcoming guests for over 30 years. Lyn dabbles in everything: a bit of sailing, a bit of yoga, a bit of kayaking, a bit of writing. In 2018 she succeeded in becoming the first person to paddle a kayak nonstop around the island. In 2019 she finally mastered the Eskimo Roll.

www.sweersisland.com

Devon Bowen, Online Executive for the Two Oceans Aquarium, remembers Yoshi: “One of my earliest memories of anything was visiting the Aquarium with my parents as a child, of all the animals, Yoshi is the one that I remember clearly. Then, two decades later, Yoshi was there to greet me when I started my job at the Aquarium. She was there when I did my first-ever scuba dive. She was the first turtle that I saw go through the release process. Now, she’s the turtle that motivates me to inspire others to find the same love and fascination for the ocean that she instilled in me.”



LINKS:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bl7gOCuw7Kw> (Interview with Maryke)

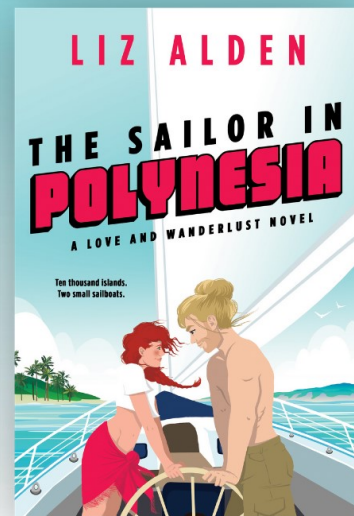
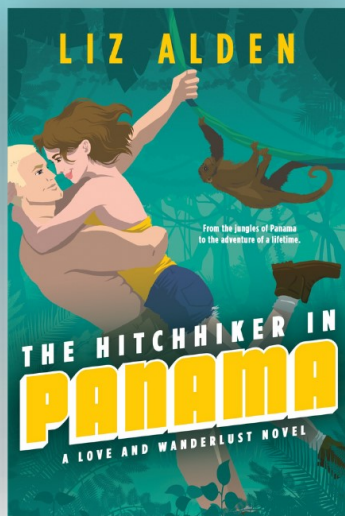
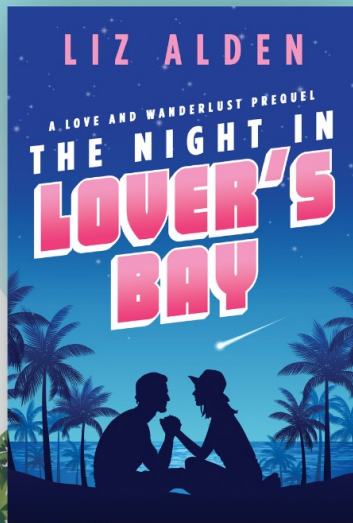
<https://youtu.be/cODiLzwdYI> (Yoshi’s release video)

<https://aquariumfoundation.org.za/yoshi-the-loggerhead-turtles-story/> (Yoshi’s Story)



love and wanderlust

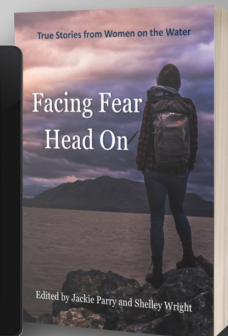
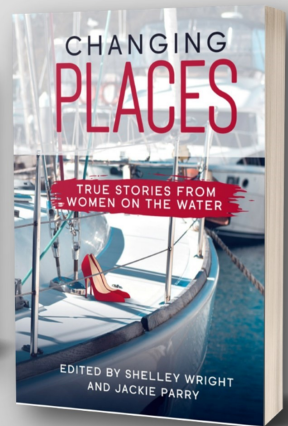
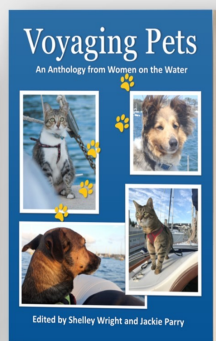
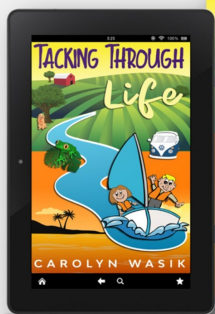
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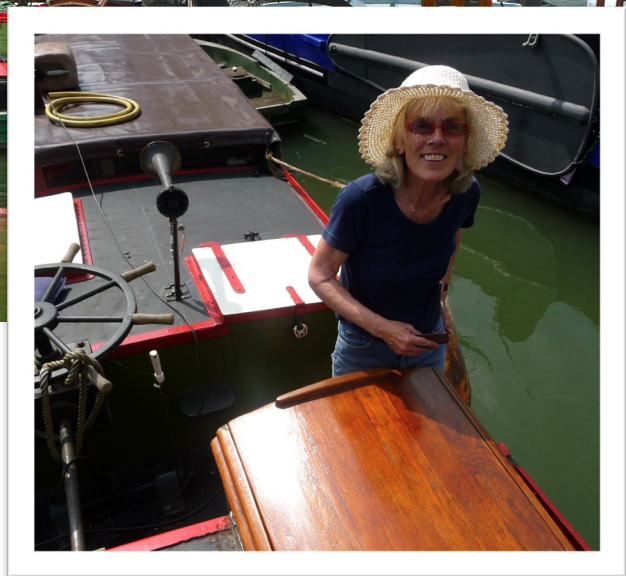
Views from the canal

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

Belgium's magnificent waterways monuments

What do most people outside Europe know about Belgium? Mostly, not very much, I expect. Let's see. It's the capital of Brussels? No, that's wrong, but if you think no one ever comes up with that mistake, think again. I've heard it myself many a time. Brussels is, of course, the capital of Belgium,

What else is there? Well, I'd guess most people know that Belgium houses the EU headquarters in Brussels, but do they know the country has two totally separate language areas? The north and west are mainly Flemish, while the east and south are largely Walloon French. Other facts that might not be so well known are that Belgium is the home of Tintin, the cartoon dog created by Georges Remi aka Hergé. It's also where surrealism really began (think Magritte). In fact, for a small and apparently insignificant European country, it packs quite a punch when it comes to politics, history, art, and culture.



But for me, these undoubtedly important claims to fame pale to insignificance next to Belgium's wonderful canal and river network as well as its waterways engineering marvels. As a canal cruiser with an old barge, I'm admittedly more interested than most in locks, bridges, aqueducts, and other waterways features. I love poring over maps, calculating distances, checking the dimensions and depth of locks, and the height and width of bridges. And Belgium has more than its fair share of these fascinating features. However, what many people aren't aware of is that it has some spectacular boat lifts as well as the longest inclined plane in the world. Even more remarkable is that these great engineering achievements are all within thirty kilometres of each other.

People who know Belgium often say that Flanders has the beautiful cities while Wallonia has the scenery. I don't think this is entirely fair as there are many beautiful, scenic areas in the Flemish provinces and several lovely Walloon towns. But there is some truth in the claim because large areas

of Wallonia have rolling forested hills, dramatic river valleys, and gorgeous sweeping vistas. Flanders, with the exception of the hilly Flemish Ardennes around Oudenaarde, tends to be relatively flat. Anyway, the inevitable outcome of this topographical difference is that Wallonia also gets all the amazing waterways goodies: the four 17-metre (and some) UNESCO heritage historic boat lifts, the 73-metre Strépy Thieu barge lift, and the 1432-metre long Ronquières inclined plane to give them their names.

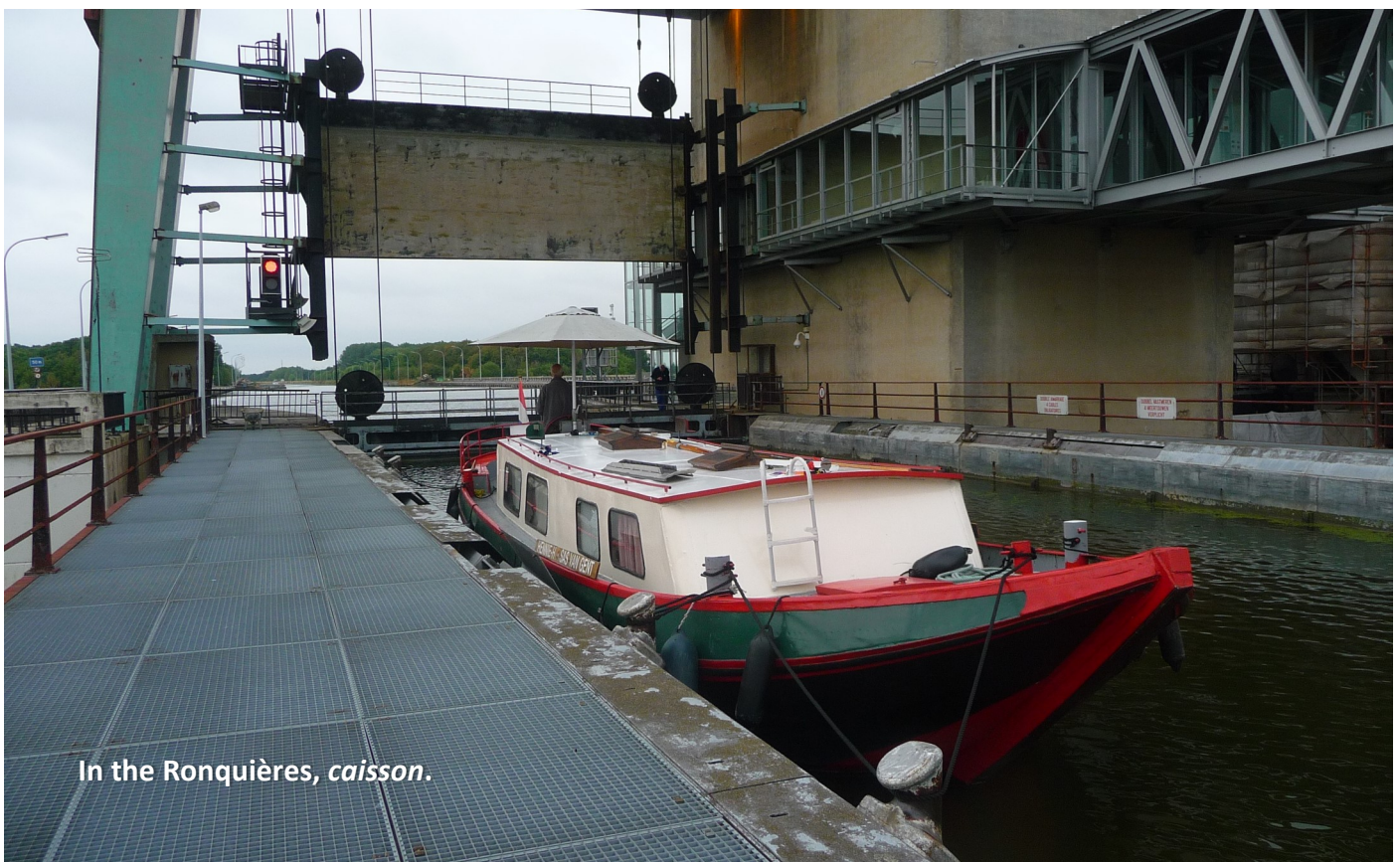
The four older lifts, or *asenseurs* as they're known, were built between 1898 and 1918 and were designed by Edwin Clark, the British engineer responsible for the Anderton boat lift in the UK. Each lift has two counter-weighted *caissons* (boat baths) and as one rises, the other falls. The fact that these Belgian lifts are still operating on their original machinery makes them historically unique. Only used for pleasure craft today, the old canal on which they stand is too narrow and shallow for commercial traffic while the lifts are too small for modern barges. I'm so pleased they've been maintained as monuments though. I'm even more pleased

they are still in use because they are not only quite beautiful with their lacy white ironwork, they are also marvellous examples of living canal history.

This brings us to the new 'Great Lift', as I call it, at Strépy, which was built to replace the historic *asenseurs*. When it became clear the original Canal du Centre lacked the capacity needed for 21st century water traffic, a new cutting was dug which by-passed the old canal. But to reduce the need for numerous locks, the constructors decided to build just one huge, high-rise lift to make the ascent from the lowest point in the valley to the highest level needed. And so Strépy was born in 2001.

As for Ronquières, it was opened in 1968 and transports the boater (in a *caisson*) down 68 metres on its nearly one and a half kilometres of railway. This inclined plane is on the Brussels–Charleroi Canal and was built for pretty much the same reason as the big lift as it replaces numerous locks on a much older canal.

For years, we'd visited these remarkable sites



In the Ronquières, *caisson*.



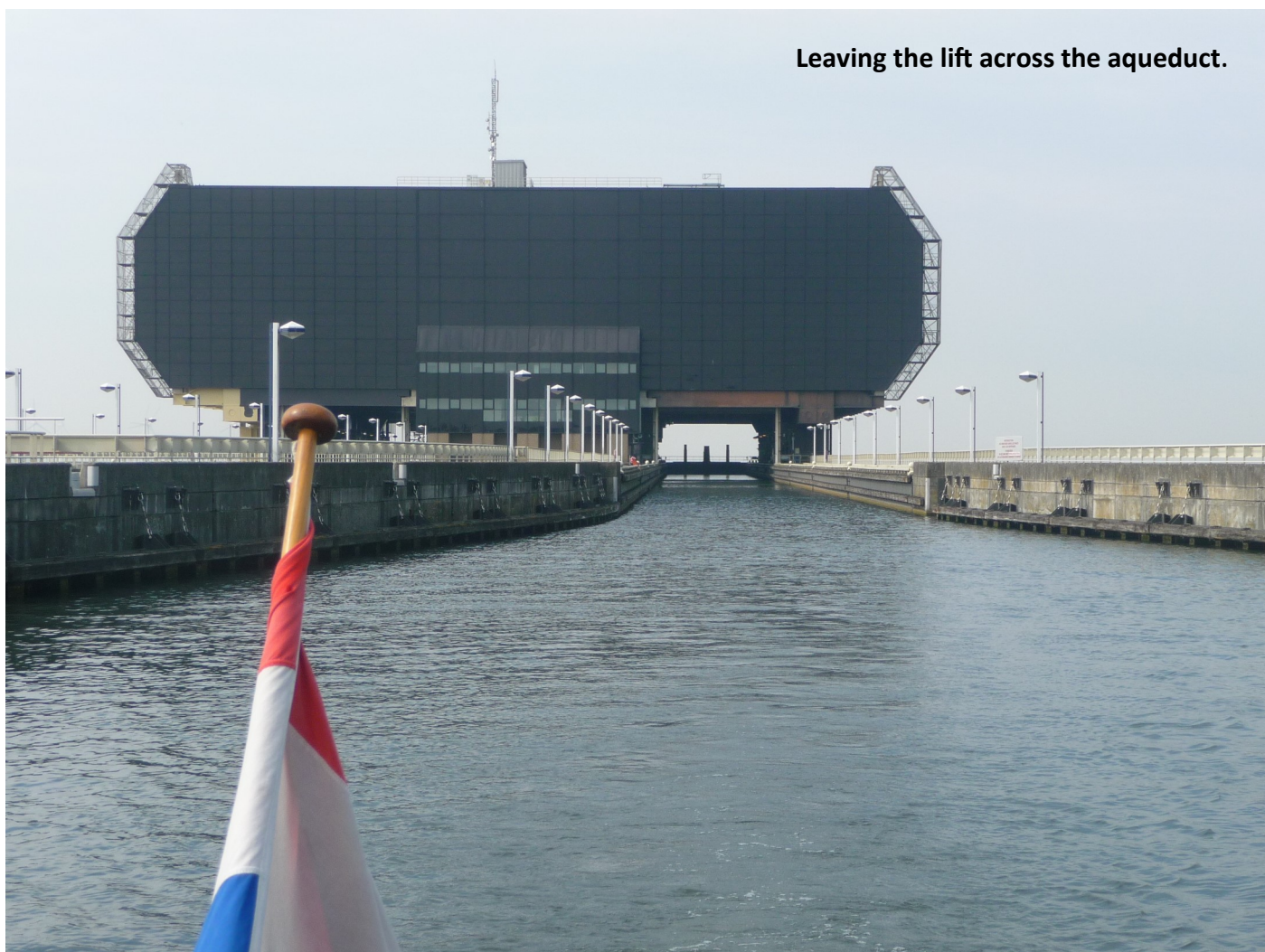
The aqueduct at Ronquières.



The fourth historic boat lift at Thieu.



In the *caisson* inside the lift shaft.



Leaving the lift across the aqueduct.

by car, although in 2003, we went down the inclined plane in a barge I later bought, but which wasn't mine at the time. Then, some years later, I hitched a ride on a barge going up one of the historic boat lifts—a peak moment for me.

But, I'd never been up the 73-metre Strépy lift, so it was with great excitement that we made a plan in 2018 to travel to France on our own barge via Strépy. Our route would later take us through Ronquières on our return journey—a double delight. We'd have loved to do all four historic boat lifts as well, but it had to be pre-arranged. Since we couldn't commit to a strict schedule, we shelved that idea for this particular trip.

The access to Strépy's bottom gates is from the west and is definitely the most impressive approach. Although the boater can see the top of the structure from a distance, it's only fully visible after rounding the final bend in the canal. Suddenly it's there, in front of you, towering above the surface of the water and backed up by a manmade hill terraced with trees. This lift is in no way a thing of beauty, but it's so awe-inspiring it's beyond aesthetic

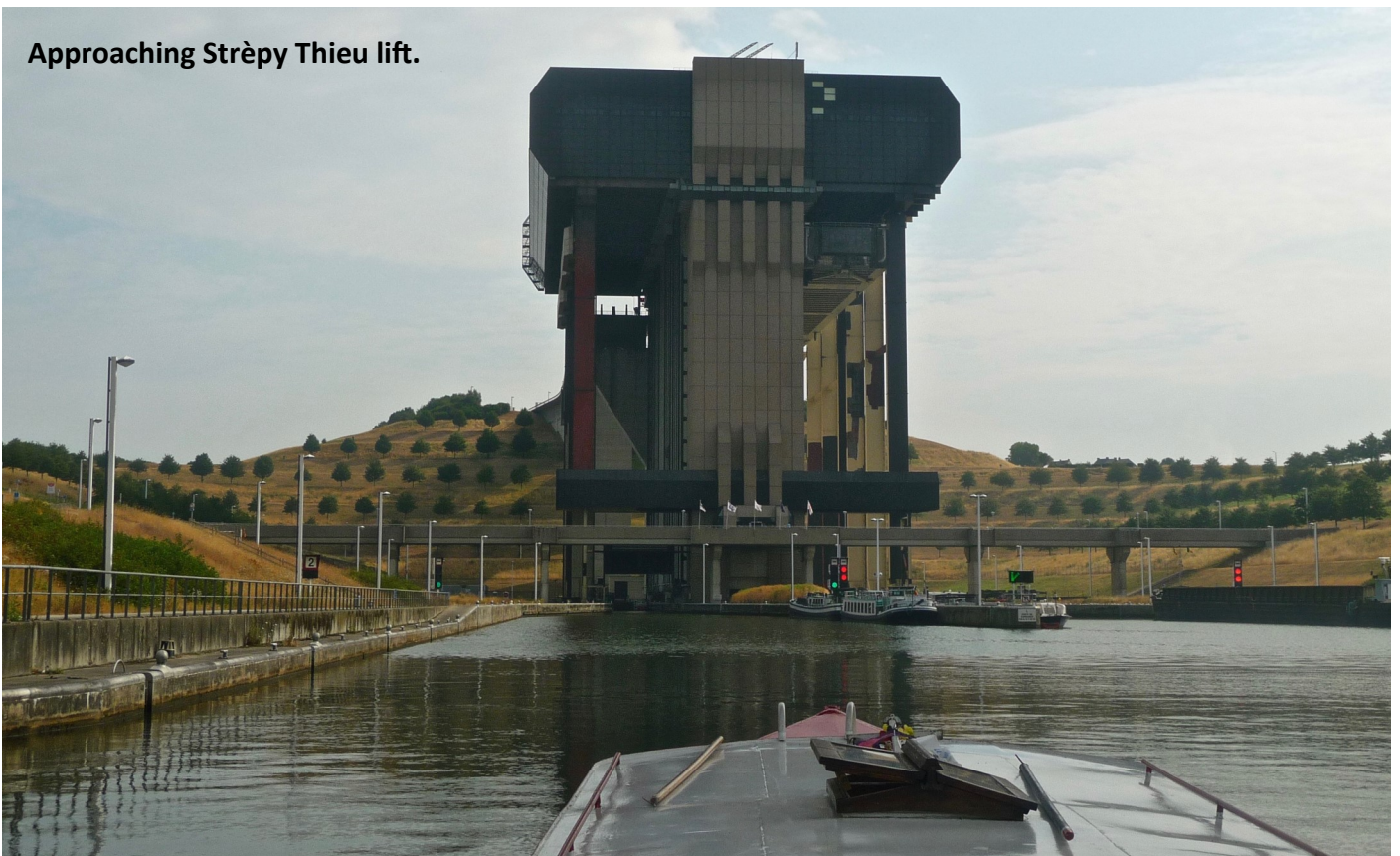
concerns.

The lift shaft has two sides, each with a massive, independently counter-weighted *caisson*, so while one is ascending (or descending), the other is available for the next customers. With dimensions of 112m x 12m, each *caisson* has sufficient capacity for the largest barges the waterways can carry as well as numerous smaller craft. When we arrived, we were able to go straight into the left-hand *caisson* where we were joined by three other cruisers.

The ascent itself was almost an anti-climax; it was all over in seven minutes and was so smooth we barely noticed we were rising. Just fifteen minutes after entering at the bottom, we were out and over the huge aqueduct at the top that links the lift to the hill behind it. Even so, it was a huge thrill to have been in it after all the years of simply observing the process from the surrounding terrain.

A few weeks later, we were at Ronquières and again, the approach was quite stunning. The tower that houses the mechanism between the two sets of rails is visible from kilometres

Approaching Strépy Thieu lift.





At the bottom of Ronquières

away. This time we were at the upper level and we moored against the quay on the aqueduct at the top of the inclined plane. The views were breath-taking and on a sunny evening in August, the Wallonian scenery was quite magical: steep hills crowned with wooded copses, sun-drenched wheat fields and the vivid splash of red-tiled roofs in the valleys. The following morning we made our descent, and again, entered another huge *caisson* of 91m x 12m. This time we were the only occupants and our little fifteen-metre barge looked tiny in its huge bath.

The Ronquières experience made even more of an impression than Strépy, mainly because it took much longer to trundle down the hill. Technically, Ronquières is a funicular railway and its *caissons* are effectively monster train wagons carried by a total of 236 wheels. As a

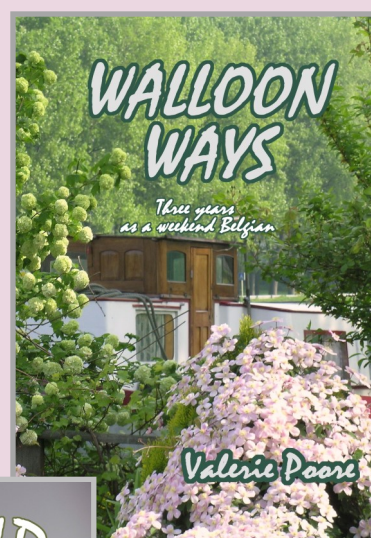
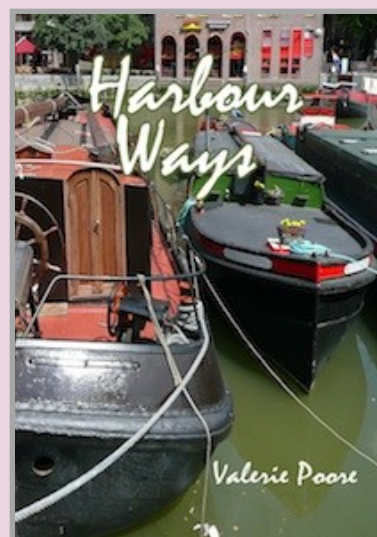
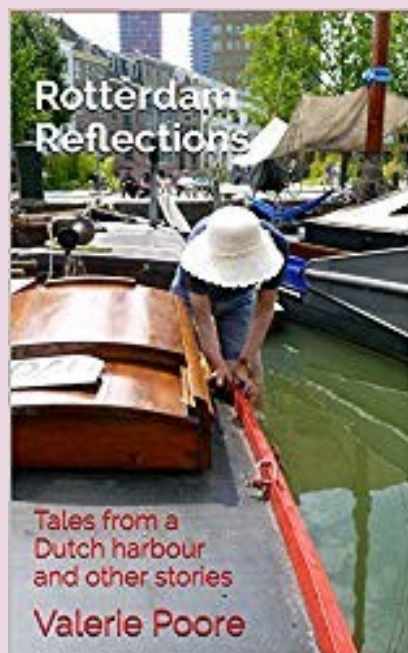
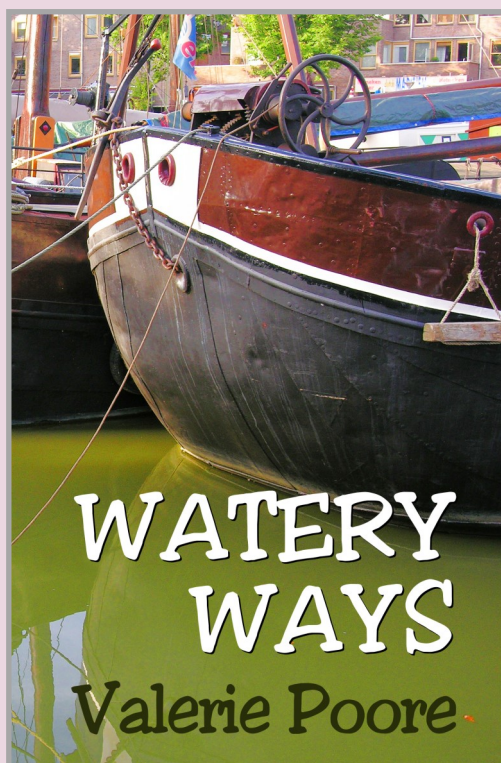
result, ours made a lot of noise as it creaked and groaned its way down the hill. I relished every minute of it and would have loved to turn round and go back up again.

As a boater, these waterways features made our 2018 travels a year to remember. I would imagine that even non-boaters would find them fascinating and quite a different type of tourist attraction. Indeed, thousands of Belgians visit them annually, but I'd be interested to know how many other nationalities even know of their existence.

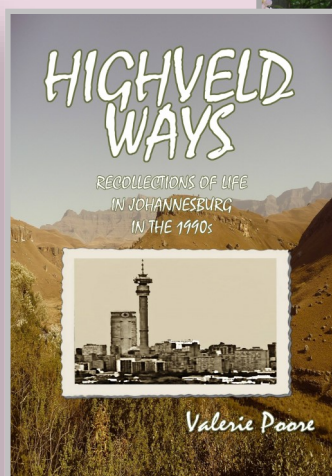
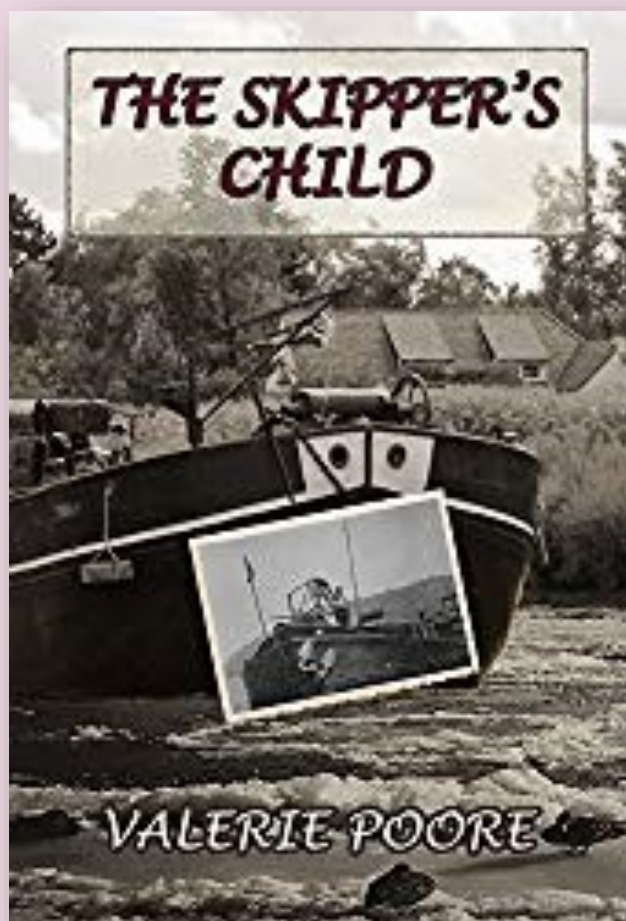
Not discounting Brussels, the EU, Tintin, and Magritte then, I think Belgium has much to shout about with these remarkable wonders of the waterways. After all, I don't believe there's anywhere else in Europe you can see three such interesting means of transporting boats up and down the hills within one small area. For boaters and canal lovers, it's a kind of heaven on the water.



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 on
Amazon.com





Shelley Wright

Clueless: Tippy on a Monohull

I grew up with dogs, but when it came to boats, we'd only ever had cats aboard – until Tippy.

Tippy came into our lives as 'Adam' about a year after we'd bought *Orac*, our Endurance 35. Tippy clearly did not see himself as an 'Adam', however, as he very rarely responded. Local dog obedience club days left me feeling somewhat silly bellowing "ADAM" as he stared aimlessly at his feet. We decided a name change was in order and, given the white tip on his bushy tail, he became Tip. Ironically Tip's registered show name was 'Jayess Wats-a-name'.

Tip was bred as a show dog. He led a sheltered life in a neat suburban yard before finding his way to our chaotic menagerie in the Australian Alps during the first year of his life. He eased happily into country living, gradually losing his fear of screeching cockatoos but developing a hatred for magpies (something we never fathomed) –

the mere sight of these handsome piebald birds threw him into a frenzy of barking. As Tip became part of the family, we discovered he really was the most uncoordinated and least agile dog we'd ever met. He had no concept of climbing – either up or through – and had to be taught how to scale the four short steps into and out of the house. We had no concern that he might stray as he was flummoxed by a single strand of wire that most dogs would have ducked beneath or stepped over in the blink of an eye. Ironically, he was a Shetland Sheepdog, a breed known for agility skills.

Despite the presence of a creek that snaked through our high-country property and the antics of our water-mad border collie, Molly, Tippy showed no interest in water at all. This was probably a good thing given his long coat, short legs, and the extreme sub-alpine weather. As our boat was moored some 600 kilometres away, we chose to leave the dogs with family whenever we made the journey to

the water. A move to the Hunter Valley when Tip was two years old meant we were suddenly within easy reach of the boat and day sails were now possible.

One day, we decided to take Tippy out for a day sail – just as a trial (sadly Molly was no longer with us). Complete with bulky bright yellow life jacket, Tip looked the part and happily waited to be lifted into the car. Have I mentioned his lack of agility?

At the boat ramp near our mooring, while we readied the dinghy, the kids attempted to lure him into the water with treats. The aim was to at least get his fluffy feet wet. This much was achieved, much to the amusement of passers-by and other boat ramp users watching as a flood of praise was heaped upon this slightly pathetic looking dog standing in five centimetres of water!

In addition to his lack of agility, Tip was large for his breed, weighing 16 kilos. Imagine



struggling with a sack of potatoes into the dinghy. Once in the dinghy he would lean all his weight against whoever was sitting next to him. On reaching the 'big boat' transom ladder (there was no way of getting Tip aboard this way) one of us would climb aboard and undo the gate in the lifelines

BELOW: The staysail bag strategically placed to keep Tippy off the bowsprit.



while the others placed the dinghy strategically below. Carefully balanced, one person lifted from below and the one on deck grabbed and then pushed Tip along the deck at the same time rapidly clipping the lifelines closed again before he could roll overboard.

When the time came to reverse the process and head to shore, he would stand helplessly in his doggy life jacket, frozen to the deck, waiting to be man-handled unceremoniously back into his floating chariot. Safely in the dinghy he would look immensely pleased with himself. It didn't end here though, upon reaching the shore where most dogs would bound from a dinghy to dry land, this helpless pooch would wait expectantly to be once again lifted out. The only way he would jump was if we tipped the dinghy on such a tilt that he could step gingerly ashore. With feet back on dry land he would stand with an extremely satisfied grin, proudly wagging his tail while we told him what a *CLEVER* dog he was.

Once ashore there would be 'pee-mail' left by other salty sea-dogs to check before leaving his own messages for future four-legged wayfarers. Unless desperate to 'go', shore leave was often an extended affair as Tip



Tip off to shore with Steve and Meg.

became distracted by smells, found revolting things to eat, and completely forgot why he was there and what he should have been doing. Following him around, plastic poop bag in hand, as the shadows lengthened and our minds on sundowners, could be a frustrating experience. Oblivious to the impatiently waiting humans behind him, Tip's shore leave was often punctuated by periods of standing staring vacantly into space rather than getting on with the job at hand.

Mission finally accomplished, back on board



At anchor.

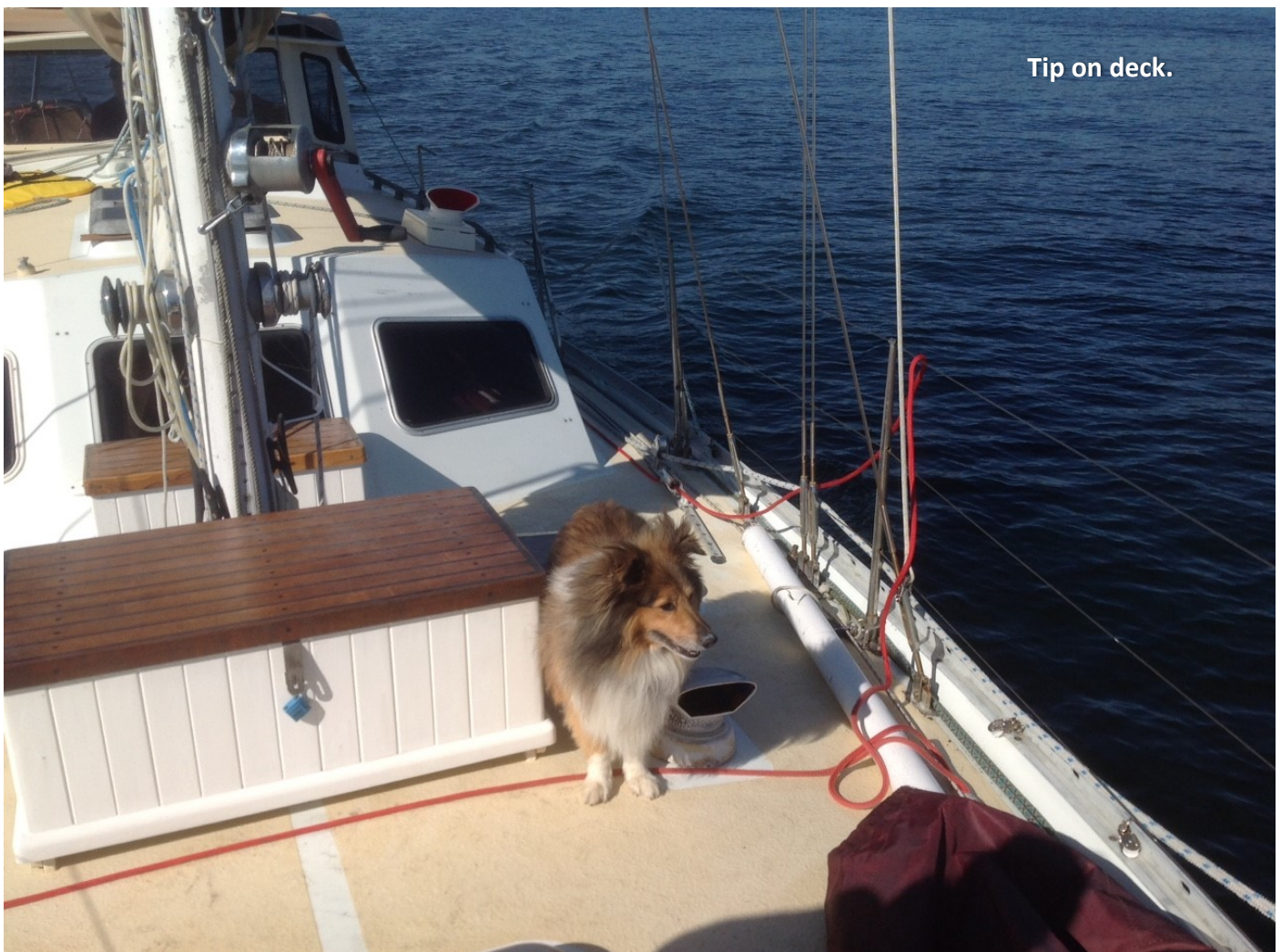
(having been through the ‘get Tip onboard without anyone straining a back muscle or going overboard’ routine again) Tip would park himself on the cockpit seat in front of the companionway hatch – meaning those wishing to go below or come back up had to scramble carefully over him risking life and limb.

Endurance 35s have a high pilot house and a large flat foredeck – lots of room for spreading out and moving around. The deck between the coach house and gunwales is easily traversed by people but is more challenging for a fluffy barrel on four legs, worse still if the aforementioned is clumsy as well. There was little chance Tip would knowingly climb through the lifelines (remember that strand of wire?) but every chance he would try to turn and fall between them, therefore it was with trepidation that we watched him traverse from the cockpit to the foredeck. A jib sheet lying a few inches



above the deck was enough to stop him in his tracks. Although eventually he learned to pirouette (more like a rhino than a ballerina) if he had a change of heart half way along, or came across a jib sheet, most of the time returning to the cockpit involved walking backwards ever so carefully.

Having Tip aboard while underway added a whole new level of worry. While sailing on a



reach he would decide he *could* actually climb the cockpit combing after all, and that now would be a great time to leave the safety of the cockpit for a stroll along the LOW side of the boat. The crew would leap to action, coaxing him back to the cockpit where he would sit wistfully gazing in the direction of the foredeck. When he did finally settle, it was more often than not on top of the main sheet – creating more problems if a sudden loosening of the sheet was in order.

When we were anchored, Tip liked to take himself onto the foredeck to sleep or watch passing boats. He was safe there, or so we thought. One particular evening we found him perched perilously on the very end of the bowsprit, the sea breeze blowing his handsome sable locks as he posed like the stars from the Titanic movie. He was, however, quite stuck and at risk of tumbling overboard. Panic reigned, he was retrieved and from then on, the staysail bag barricaded the pulpit rendering the bowsprit inaccessible (again, remember that single strand of wire?).

Life was never dull when Tip was aboard!

In 2018, aged 12, Tippy left us, too soon. While days aboard the boat are now less stressful, hairy, smelly, or difficult, the tippy-tap of his feet on the deck above and soulful eyes looking down the companionway steps are missed. Clueless as a boat dog he might

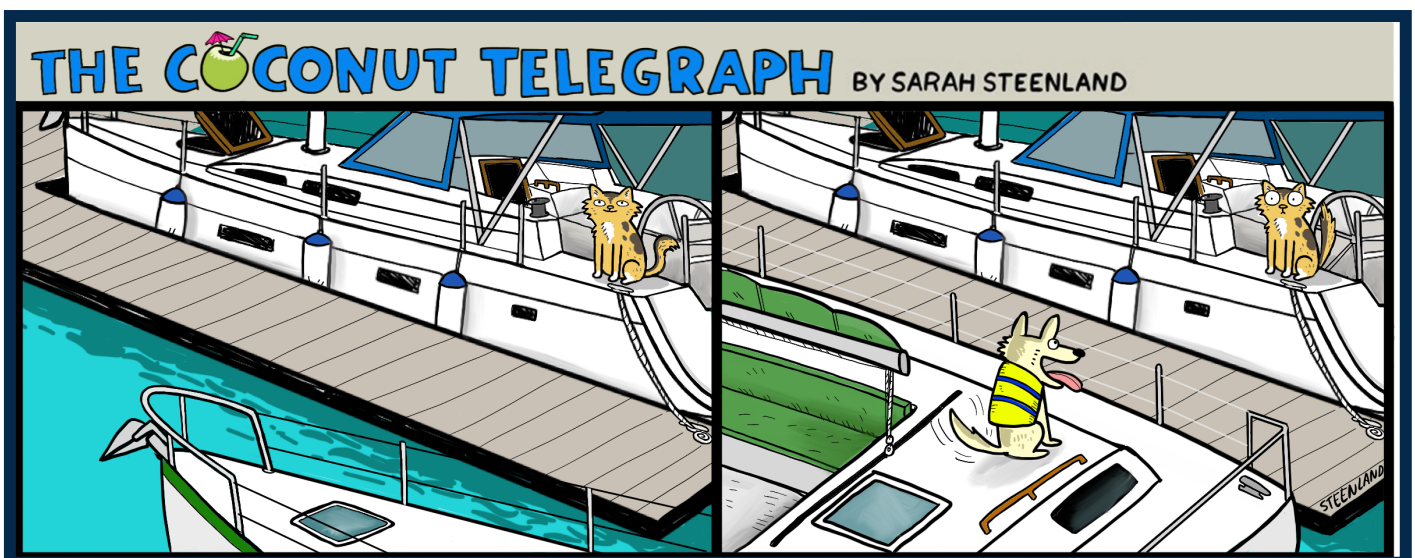


ABOVE: Shelley and Tip sailing on a very calm day.

have been, but he was a much-loved member of the crew.

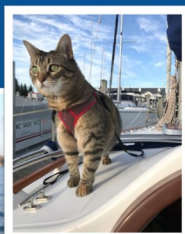
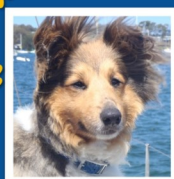
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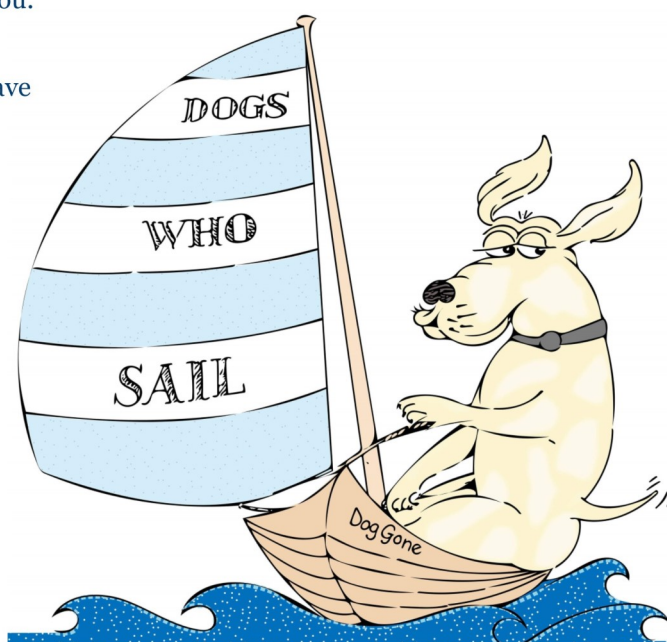


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SUSTAINABLE SAILING

HEATHER FRANCIS

Head First

The head on my boat, *Kate*, is small. Standing in the middle of the space I can touch three walls without stretching and I regularly bump my elbow on the ceiling when I shower. However, I believe that the head is one place that we can all make big moves when it comes to sustainability. That's not to say that we need to make huge changes to our routine, on the contrary.

The things we do in the head – brush our teeth, wash our hands, have a shower – are activities that we do each and everyday, sometimes multiple times a day. That means that just by making a few mindful choices we can contribute to a powerful collective change. Just like trimming the sails slightly to improve the VMG, it's the little things we do now that will affect the future.

Use it Up, Don't Toss it Out

It is easy to spot all the plastics and single-use

items in our lives and to want to purge them all and start fresh. But looking sustainable isn't acting sustainable. Throwing out items that you have on hand, even if they are not low impact, is nothing but wasteful. Instead, use up what you have on hand then choose a more sustainable option when it is time to restock. If you have full, unopened personal care items that you would like to get rid of consider donating them to a food bank or outreach shelter.

Use Environmentally Sensitive Products

Sometimes we forget that everything that goes down the drain eventually ends up in the ocean. To minimize pollution, buy biodegradable body wash, shampoo, and soaps. To go one step further try plastic free options – choose bar soap in a paper box or wrapper and a shampoo bar instead of the traditional liquid variety that comes in a plastic bottle. If you prefer liquid soaps buy in bulk to reduce packaging. Be careful to avoid soaps with microbeads or glitter, which are just tiny plastic particles.

Beware of Green Washing

“Green Washing” is a marketing spin used by companies to make their product appear more environmentally friendly than it really is. A common green washing technique is highlighting terms like “natural,” “clean,” or “organic.” In most industries, including health and beauty, these terms are unregulated, which means a product can claim it is organic, even if it only contains 1% organic ingredients. In most cases, simply reading the list of ingredients will give you a more honest idea of what is in the bottle. If the ingredient list is full of long words that you can’t identify then chances are the product isn’t as green as it claims.

Green washing isn’t just happening in the health and beauty isle. When shopping for soaps, laundry detergent, and cleaning supplies it is important to read the labels. Look for products that are free from parabens, phthalates, phosphates, synthetic fragrances, dyes, chlorine, formaldehyde, optical brighteners, SLS and SLES. Or think like Grandma and clean with vinegar and



Environmentally sensitive soaps and detergents.

baking soda; it gets rid of salt and stains without damaging surfaces or the environment.

DIY

There are lots of simple ways to concoct your own scrubs and salves that use everyday items. One of my favourite facial scrubs is a teaspoon of raw sugar mixed with a few drops of coconut oil. Used once a week it keeps my skin feeling soft and looking bright, costs only a few pennies and is completely natural. For a body scrub that will wake you up in the morning try using some leftover coffee grounds mixed in with your favourite soap. Oatmeal can be transformed into a soothing face mask, cold cucumber slices used to reduce eye puffiness, and baking soda and coconut oil are the start of a DIY toothpaste. A quick Google search is sure to inspire.

Over the last year with hand washing being an important part of keeping ourselves COVID safe I have come to rely on liquid soap. However, a good, natural liquid soap option it isn't always available where I am.



DIY liquid soap.

With an empty liquid soap dispenser and a few bars of locally made natural bar soap in the cupboard I recently decided to do an experiment to concoct my own. I grated the bar of pure castile soap on a cheese grater, packed the shards into a heat proof jar, covered it with warm water and mixed well. One large bar of soap made 1 litre of liquid soap and even after a week the soap didn't settle or re-solidify. I tried it with another beloved all-natural brand of bar soap and had the same results. Easy to store liquid soap with minimal packaging!

Paper-Free Pee

I recently read that the average person is estimated to use 57 sheets of toilet paper everyday! (Now I understand the pandemic panic buying.) That total is much lower for those of us who live onboard and have sensitive marine toilets that are notorious for getting clogged. All the same, that is a lot of trees that are getting flushed. And, since most toilet paper comes packaged in plastic to prevent it getting damp, that's also a lot of single use plastic being thrown away.

Of course, this isn't the case all over world. In fact, in places like the Philippines if you want toilet paper you better BYO. Like many non-western countries it is a bucket and splash or a plumbed spray nozzle system that is used. Having gotten used to the washdown system when using the bathroom ashore I decided to go to paper-free when it was time to pee onboard.

I made washable wipes using some flannel pillow cases that we had, similar to a reusable menstrual pad or baby nappy. I use the pull-out shower nozzle as a bidet while seated so the mess ends up in the toilet and not on my knickers. I hang the flannel between uses and swap it out for a fresh one each morning, or more frequently if needed. Launder in hot water, like underpants or reusable pads, and add an extra sanitizing bath every few cycles will keep the cloth sanitary. If you have more



than one female onboard you can keep flannels separate by using a different print or thread colour. Not only have I noticed our toilet paper usage reduce dramatically but I feel fresher and cleaner.

Sustainable Swaps

There are a lot of items in the head that can be swapped out for more sustainable solutions, and thanks to consumer demand these solutions are easier to find and more affordable than ever before. It might take a couple tries to find swaps that work for you, so take it slow and don't give up! Here are a few easy and sustainable swaps to try:

- Use bamboo toothbrushes instead of the single use plastic version
- Buy Q-tips that have a wooden or paper stick, or opt for the latest washable silicon version
- Choose toilet paper made of recycled/post-consumer products and packaged in paper not plastic

- Try a deodorant that is packed in a recyclable or reusable container
- Switch to a reusable safety razor – I can personally assure you that this is not as scary as it looks and gives you a much closer shave that lasts longer.
- Use shampoo and conditioner bar soap – I have heard that you may have to try a few to find the one that works for you, so don't give up on the first try!
- Look for cosmetics and beauty products that are made responsibly with minimal packaging.
- Choose items packaged with materials that can be recycled or reused when empty. Glass or metal containers over plastic, paper and wood sources from sustainable forests.
- Use a reusable menstrual cup, washable period panties or pads. If you aren't comfortable with the reusable route when it comes to period products then choose 100% cotton, unbleached disposable products and avoid plastic tampon applicators when possible.



ABOVE: Toilet paper vs washable wipes.



Making sustainable changes to our everyday routine doesn't have to be difficult or expensive, but it does require us to be honest about our habits. Just like MJ said in his late 80's hit song, "I'm starting with the *woman* in the mirror, I am asking *her* to change *her* ways. If you wanna make the world a better place, take a look at yourself, and then make a change."

Heather Francis is from Nova Scotia, Canada and has lived and worked on boats throughout the world. Since 2008 she has been living and sailing onboard *Kate*, a Newport 41 sloop, with her Aussie partner, Steve. She is a writer, photographer and cook who tries to live mindfully. Follow at www.yachtkate.com or [@sustainablesailing41](https://www.instagram.com/sustainablesailing41)

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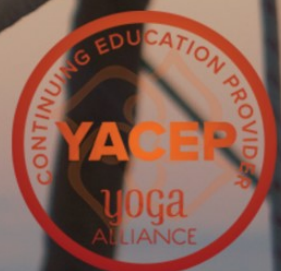
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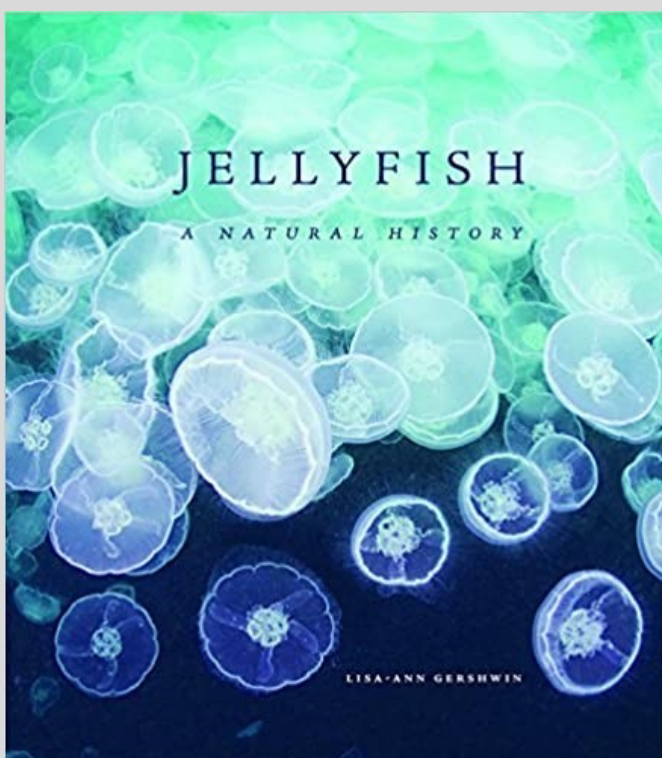
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JELLYFISH: A NATURAL HISTORY

LISA-ANN GERSHWIN

Jellyfish, with their undulating umbrella-shaped bells and sprawling tentacles, are as fascinating and beautiful as they are frightening and dangerous. They are found in every ocean at every depth, and they are the oldest multi-organelled life form on the planet, having inhabited the ocean for more than five hundred million years. In many places they are also vastly increasing in number, and these population blooms may be an ominous indicator of the rising temperatures and toxicity of the world's oceans.

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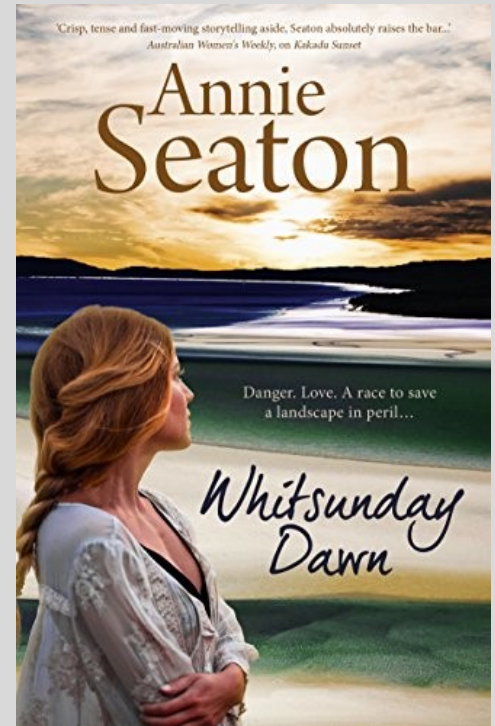
Approachably written and based in the latest science and ecology, this colourful book provides an authoritative guide to these ethereal marine wonders.

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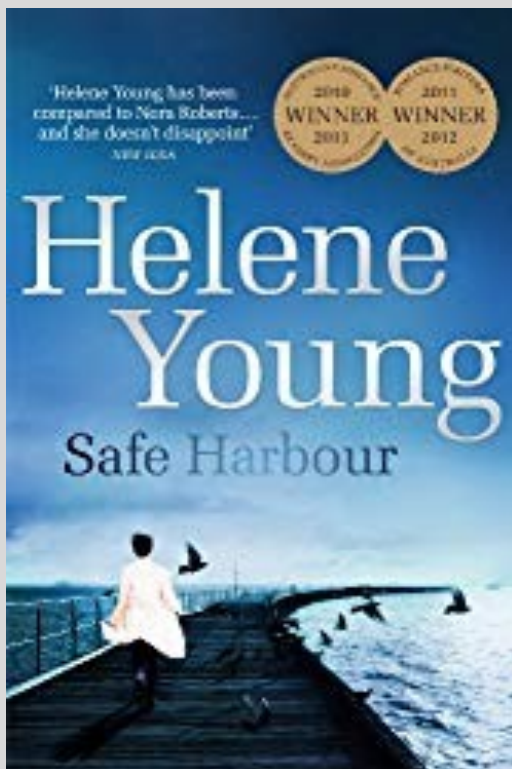
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