



November 2018

SisterShip

women on the water

Free Range Sailing—

The Kimberley

LIN PARDEY—

Compromises

KAYAKING BASS STRAIT

anchoring



**FREE 100
PAGE
ISSUE!**

BARGE BOATS

Greek Islands

Provisioning

FROM THE ARCHIVES

1931 Schooner

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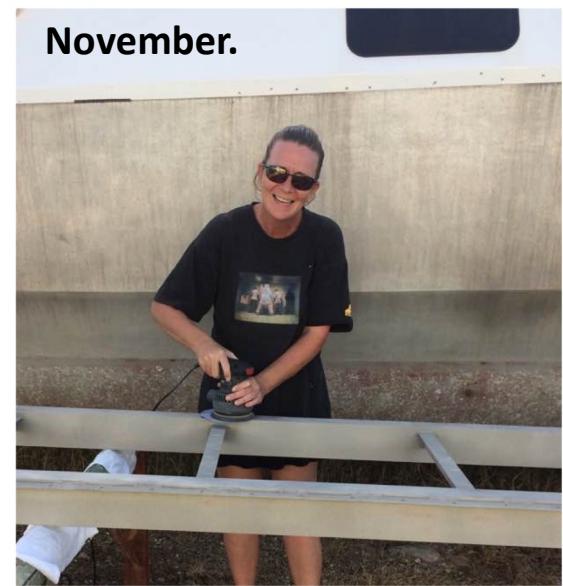
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Page 3 girls!

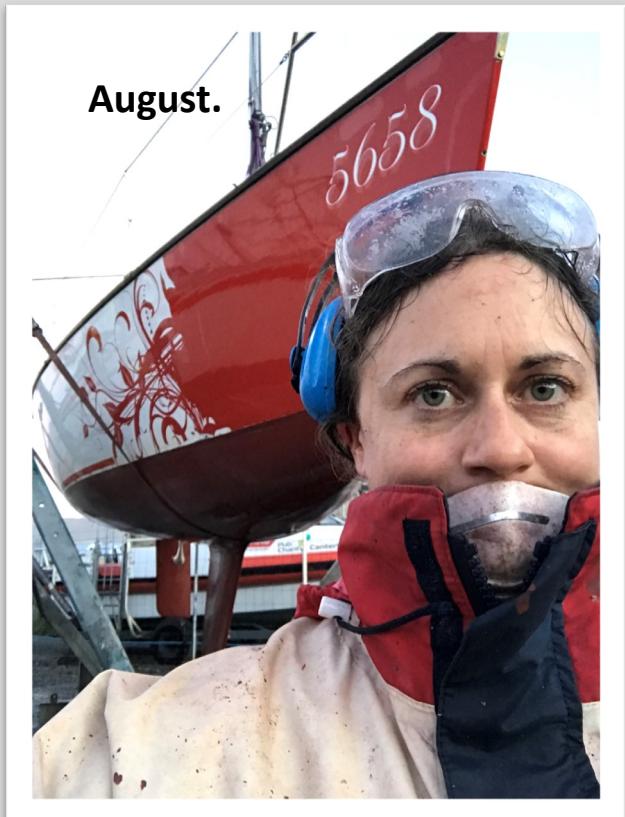
Celebrating real women on the water



ABOVE: WENDY JOHNSON, generator repairs.
Australia.

TOP RIGHT: JUSTINE PORTER in the boatyard,
Queensland, Australia.

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



LEFT:

'Clean boat–dirty owner'. VIKI MOORE hard
at work on her vessel *Wildwood*, Lyttleton,
New Zealand.

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

The bowsprit



They say time flies when you are having fun. If so, the six months since relaunching *SisterShip* magazine must have been hilarious as we certainly don't know where that time has gone! Our team of international contributors sent a wave of practical, inspirational, and informative stories from a plethora of exotic and exciting destinations, which has had us laughing and crying as we've navigated the shoals of magazine production. Of course, we had a solid foundation to build on, *SisterShip* was first launched back in the days when boats (and hopefully publications) were made to last. In light of that, this issue includes a scanned story from *SisterShip*'s first year of publication, 1988, also momentous as it was the year Kay Cottee completed her record breaking solo circumnavigation.

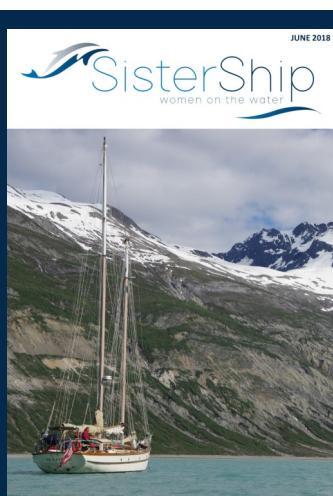
This November issue is a celebration of the last six months, with a few of the stories we have published this year plus exciting new articles.

It is an opportunity to show our appreciation for your support and provide a 'sampler' for those curious about us but not yet convinced to take the plunge.

Sailing royalty and author Lin Pardey, and Pascale Angliss, from the extremely popular YouTube channel 'Free Range Sailing', also join *SisterShip* for the first time.

We hope you enjoy this taste of *SisterShip* and choose to continue voyaging with us.

Shelley Wright & Jackie Parry



Message in a bottle

Dear SisterShip team,

I used to read *SisterShip* magazine when it was around in the late 1980s and enjoyed it back then for the diversity of topics covered. I was very pleased to discover it has returned just like the old ones, but on steroids!

Please pass on to Justine Porter that I very much enjoyed her 'Roger Booby' story in the last issue. It was a really great read and I was fascinated by an island I had never heard of. I also loved Wendy Johnson's diving with leafy sea dragon article and photos. I used to dive in my younger days and thoroughly enjoyed that story.

Please keep up the good work!

Kind regards,

Angela Woods, Melbourne.

Send your letters to
editor@sistershipmagazine.com

To the editor,

I was so glad to hear about *SisterShip* magazine for women on water. Sadly I can only find stories and pics on women in sailboats. So for us women owning a motor boat, nothing? Of course there are some good stories for me and fellow boating sisters but I'd like to know if you plan to cover motorboat owners as well. Best of luck to you and *SisterShip*!

Therese, Stockholm, Sweden

(with a Beneteau Swift trawler)

FROM THE EDS: Hi Therese, we agree and would love to hear from more women with motor boats! This issue includes two barge boat pieces and we are pleased to say that the December issue introduces a tug boat. *SisterShip* is for all women on the water, and their families, with or without boats (and boats of all types) so keep the stories rolling in!

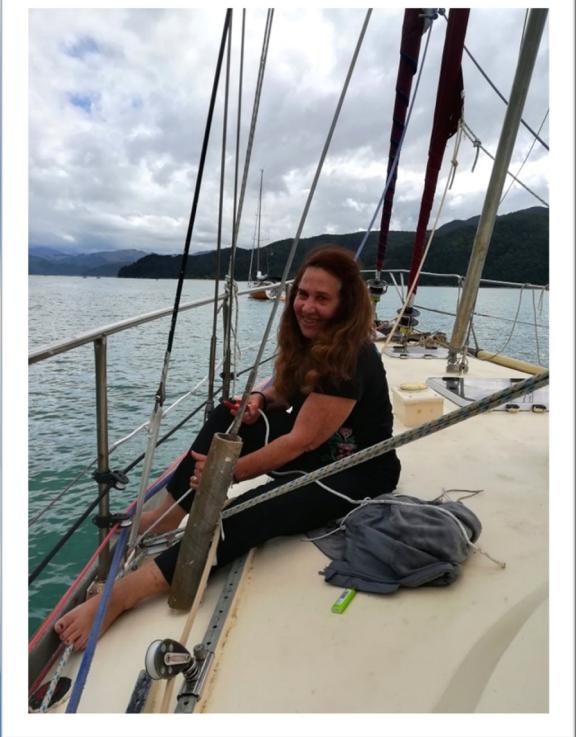


Compromises



Anchored in beautiful Fiordland.

The waters around me sparkle in the late winter afternoon sunlight. I just spotted a turtle swimming not 100 meters from where I am sitting in the cockpit trying to decide if I want to go for a row, or read a book, or do nothing at all. Earlier, when the two of us rowed ashore, hundreds of translucent stingrays were foraging in the shallows, their long black tails looking like wiggling eels against the golden sand. And, as we walked along the beach I could see a three-foot-long shovel-nosed shark slowly swimming along in water that would barely have covered my ankles. Yes, my life has definitely changed. Larry, my sailing partner of more than 47 years has now been in full time care for a few years, a victim of Parkinson's Disease and dementia. I'd enjoyed living on my own but found I really missed sailing, not just sailing for a day, but sailing across oceans to explore new destinations.



Lin Pardey

In mid-May I closed up my cottage and set sail for Australia on board 40-foot *Sahula*. It had been nine years since I last crossed an ocean and I was both eager and a bit apprehensive as David and I waved farewell to half a dozen North Covians and headed towards Opua. My apprehension was caused by *Sahula* being very different from the two boats I'd previously sailed around the world. The major difference being, she has an engine. Second in importance, she has a sheltered cockpit with a permanent bimini and transparent, removable side-curtains. Equal in importance to that is, she was built and outfitted for tall single-handers.

Before agreeing to set sail on this extended voyage with a man who I had only known for a short time, I'd joined David Haigh, an Australian who had almost completed an eleven-year circumnavigation, on a voyage to Fiordland and then around the bottom of

Sahula.



New Zealand back to North Cove, a distance of almost 1,500 miles. One day, when we were off Dunedin, running fast over a relatively rough sea, sails wing and wing, David asked me to take the helm while he went forward to secure the anchor more tightly in the bow roller. I jokingly said, 'Hold on tight. Hate to see you go overboard.'

David stopped and turned to me, 'And what would you do if I did go overboard?'

I quickly answered, 'I'd gybe the boat, leave the jib backed, go onto a close reach...'

Before I said one more word he said, 'No Lin, first you turn on the engine!'

Yes, sailing with an engine has added many new aspects to my life. Because it doesn't require hoisting sails and cranking in the anchor by hand, I no longer want to anchor well away from other boats just in case it becomes necessary to leave in a hurry if the wind shifts. I no longer have to think twice about changing anchorages if someone comes and drops their hook too close to us.



Lin and David.

But there are drawbacks to having the engine – besides the noise. I miss sitting and waiting for a breeze to fill in. Those were special times when, for a few hours (rarely more than a day) Larry and I felt comfortably at home as we waited for wind. I'd get out some mending, or clean a few lockers, or stitch up a sail that was showing some wear. The day would flit by just like a lazy Sunday afternoon spent in a shoreside home. Then there would be the magic of seeing the first signs of a breeze, the water to windward darkening, a cloud aloft beginning to move. And the exhilaration of feeling the boat beginning to skitter across almost flat water, the feeling that she was picking up her skirts and dancing along as the wind began to grow.



David.

My reaction to the enclosed cockpit is a lot like my reaction to sailing on a vessel with an engine. Six days out of Opua, when it was still wintery cold and blowing half a gale, when heavy spray flew across the deck but didn't hit me because the roll-down windows provided shelter, I loved the cockpit. No need to be wrapped up in foul weather gear, no need to have a towel nearby to wipe salt spray off my face and out of my eyes. But there was something else I am not used to – I couldn't see the stars, the moon, or the movement of the clouds without getting out of the cockpit. Somehow, I felt cut off from the night, one of my favorite times at sea.

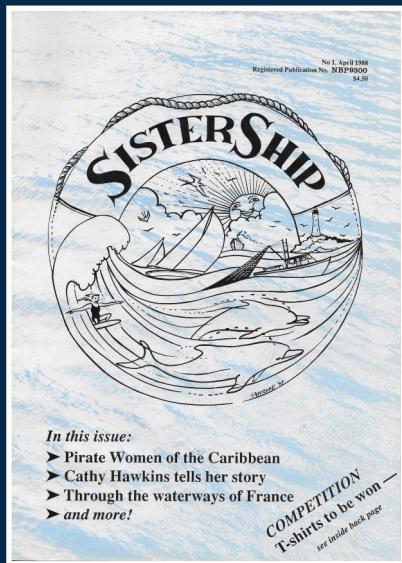
The third distinct difference with *Sahula* is one that will always present a bit of a problem. All the gear is designed to be handled by someone who is over six feet tall. I am two inches under five feet. One immediate addition to the boat was a folding step which is very handy in port. Without it I couldn't reach the utensil rack or the top shelf of the galley lockers, or the bottom of the refrigeration cabinet. But that step doesn't work on deck. Thus, I have to depend on David to reef the mainsail, put the sail covers on and half a dozen other chores I could do for myself on boats that were actually built to accommodate my height. In some ways I resent losing my sense of independence. But the other side of the coin is, it makes us have to work together more closely, makes us look towards ideas that

would resolve this problem without requiring too many changes to the boat.

And after voyaging across the boisterous Tasman to Fiji and on through Vanuatu to Australia's Great Barrier Reef, where we are currently near Hinchinbrook Island looking for favorable winds to work south before the cyclone season sets in, I am very happy I was invited and accepted the chance to sail onboard *Sahula*. Of course, that means I had to make another compromise—being away from North Cove and my raft of Kawau Island friends, people who helped me through the rough five years of Larry's decline and then urged me to grab a chance to sail again. As much as I love crossing oceans, I also miss being 'at home.' Many of my friends keep reminding me, 'When you are well over 70, you don't have much time to waste. There will be plenty of time later to be *At Home*.' I'd amend that to say, 'Whatever age you are, don't wait. Compromise if you have to but get out sailing.'



LIN PARDEY has voyaged more than 210,000 miles on boats ranging from 24 feet to more than 60. Her seminars, the 12 books, and 5 videos she created, have encouraged thousands of potential voyagers to set sail. After 47 years of voyaging she settled in at her homebase in New Zealand, to care for Larry through his decline due to Parkinson's disease and dementia. With Larry now in full time care, she has once again set sail towards Australia as crew on David Haigh's 40 foot Van de Stadt, *Sahula*. Between return visits to see Larry, she looks forward to sharing more cruising.



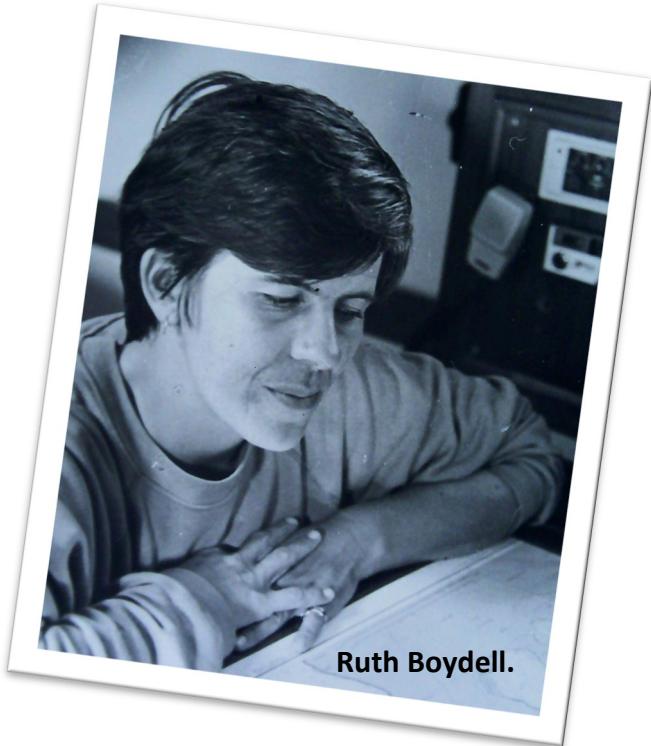
APRIL ISSUE

The birth of SisterShip

SHELLEY WRIGHT chats to *SisterShip* Magazine founder, **RUTH BOYDELL**.

In 2015, while checking requests from women wishing to join the Women Who Sail Australia (WWSA) group, I came across one from a woman named Ruth, who, when asked if she was involved in sailing, humbly replied that she had bought a boat in Western Australia and was sailing it back to Newcastle on the east coast. I had no idea at the time what an understatement this was (in typical Ruth-fashion!) or that she would not only become a valued friend but also inspire this adventure to relaunch *SisterShip* Magazine.

In the mid-1970s, aged just 17 and with no sailing background or passport, Ruth set off as a cook on a 64' motor launch delivering Telecom towers from Cairns to Port Moresby. Upon arrival in Port Moresby Ruth was exposed to a new world, meeting sailing folk and long-distance cruisers. Amongst them was a single-hander named Colin who was circumnavigating on a motor cruiser – with no motor. Colin's boat was equipped with only the basics, not even a bilge pump. Ruth says Colin's philosophy was that the efficiency of a frightened man (or woman!) with a bucket was all that was needed!



Ruth Boydell.

Ruth spent two years sailing with Colin, including an 84-day voyage from Christmas Island, in the Indian Ocean, to South Africa. On day 73 they could see their destination, Durban, but with no engine, no wind, and an opposing current they drifted south and continued for another 11 days to Cape Town where they rowed the dinghy, towing the boat through the fog to make landfall. It was there that Ruth met solo sailor Ann Gash. Ruth states that this was a life changing moment. Colin began to mentor Ruth in preparation for possible solo voyages while continuing on

to Brazil via St Helena. From there Ruth headed home to Australia determined to learn as much as possible in preparation for a boat of her own.

On her arrival home, Ruth's father asked her what she planned to do. She replied, 'I want to get my own boat.' Ruth states that her father's laughter and disbelief galvanised her into action, determined to prove him wrong.

Ruth settled back into life in Sydney, including working in a sail loft, until she had a major health scare in the early 1980s. Ruth had just applied to study oceanography at Flinders University, however, while in hospital awaiting the results of medical tests all she wanted was to get out of Sydney and buy a boat. The health scare was a false alarm, so Ruth headed to Western Australia for six months to work as a Jillaroo (Australian version of a female cowboy), learning skills such as welding, and saving every cent she earned.

"It is only when you begin to do something because you WANT to, that your attitude changes."

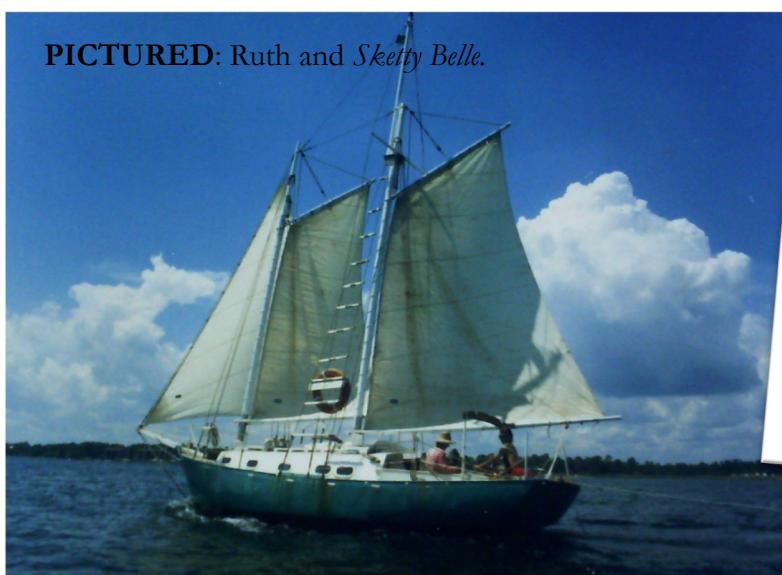
On her return to Sydney, Ruth purchased a small car and drove up the east coast to Cairns looking at every boat for sale that she

could. It was in Townsville that Ruth found *Sketty Belle*, a 30', steel, gaff rigged schooner. Adventure beckoned and with no GPS and only a plastic sextant, and a tyre for a fender, Ruth sailed to the Whitsundays, preparing *Sketty Belle* for voyages to Torres Strait, Gove, Sri Lanka, India, Chagos Archipelago, South Africa and eventually the Caribbean.

As she explored new countries and cultures Ruth's awareness of women's issues increased, and she states that's when her 'activist self' was born.

As she sailed, Ruth took on an ever-changing crew of men. 'Either my dream was not theirs or they did not like taking orders from a woman,' Ruth explains. Journalist Simon Winchester hitched a ride on *Sketty Belle* to remote locations in the Indian Ocean to cover stories. When Simon departed in Mauritius, Ruth tackled her first solo passage, 17 days from Mauritius to South Africa. Ruth says she was fearful for much of this trip. Although she knew and trusted her vessel, and had experienced bad weather aboard Colin's boat, she worried about how she would cope on her own in a storm in this notorious stretch of ocean. Would she be

PICTURED: Ruth and *Sketty Belle*.



rendered helpless, frozen by fear? When a wild storm with 60 knot winds finally did hit, Ruth found the experience empowering, saying that as the storm approached, and she dropped the sails, she felt joyful.

From South Africa Ruth journeyed to the Caribbean where she worked in the West Indies as a charter boat skipper (hired on the basis that if she got herself that far she must know what she was doing!) then sailed to the United States as skipper on a private yacht. Returning to Australia, Ruth left *Sketty Belle* in the Caribbean, until frequent nightmares about the boat sinking led to her decision to sell.

Ruth says, for her, the main attraction of cruising was not the actual sailing but the family-like community of cruising folk, particularly the contact with inspirational and interesting women. On her return to Australia, Ruth wanted a way to continue to maintain that connection. Ruth wanted to recreate that powerful feeling of achievement after crossing an ocean and meeting up with friends again.

“Finding it easier to gather stories than to share her own, the concept for SisterShip Magazine was born.”

In April 1988 the first issue of *SisterShip* was published. Over the next 12 months several issues were produced before life intervened. Ruth continued to follow her passion of all things maritime, however *SisterShip* was placed in drydock.

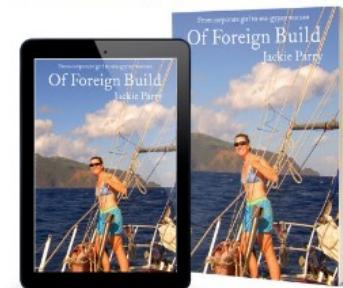
Twenty-seven years later, Ruth attended the inaugural WWSA Gathering on the Bay to give a talk on anchoring to an eager group of women. With her, as a gift for attendees, Ruth brought precious back copies of *SisterShip* to distribute. Captivated by these magazines, the seed was planted and plans to bring the magazine out of drydock began.



Recently, sitting in a café overlooking the ocean I quizzed Ruth about those early sailing days. Her advice to women on the water is that it is only when you begin to do something because you WANT to, that your attitude changes. As we chatted Ruth's eyes sparkled, and she alluded to numerous side adventures that occurred while sailing, adding with a chuckle, 'But that's another story.'

Ruth's life has taken another turn as she studies pastoral care and is becoming a 'death doula', assisting those who are transitioning life. She hosts death cafes in Newcastle (Australia) and plans to cruise Tasmanian waters next summer with her husband aboard their beautiful Swanson *Black Dog*.

“..they sailed routes I've never read about in other accounts of long-distance sailing. I was very glad I didn't know where they would head next, and enjoyed the surprises.”



“...an exceptional story in many ways.”

Available in paperback, e-book, audio

SISTERSHIP

Home is the sailor . . .

Kay Cottee has achieved a feat of skill, courage and endurance which few could emulate. Her solo, non-stop circumnavigation of the world will live in the annals of seafaring. Sistership's editor, RUTH BOYDELL, reports on Cottee's epic voyage.

Australian sailor Kay Cottee sailed into Sydney Harbour early this month to complete the first *non-stop*, single-handed circumnavigation of the world by a woman.

Kay left Sydney on 29 November, 1987 on board Blackmore's First Lady, to fulfil the lifetime dream to accomplish the 25,000 nautical mile voyage.

This courageous venture took her past the five capes, Southwest Cape, (Stewart Is, NZ), Cape Horn, Cape of Good Hope, Cape Leeuwin (WA) and South West Cape (Tasmania), which are the major landfalls on such a journey. She celebrated the passing of each one with a bottle of wine.

After first being taken aboard her father's yacht at two weeks of age, she went on to skipper a VJ Class dinghy at 11 and has spent all her 34 years growing to cherish the sea with a passion. As a child she and her brother-in-law would take his Skate class dinghy out only if it was blowing more than 30 knots of wind. "I love it when it's windy. You're really getting somewhere!"

In preparing herself for this voyage, she did an enormous amount of research by consulting other circumnavigators, including Englishman Robin Knox-Johnston, the first person to sail non-stop alone around the world and Ian Kiernan, Australian solo sailor.

She knew her boat inside out, having fitted it out herself. She had strengthened and reinforced the mast and rigging, the ports, and furnished extra watertight bulkheads in the bow. Her biggest fear was of

hitting a semi-submerged container. "If you hit one of those you could sink in a matter of seconds." Kay had run a charter boat business on Pittwater, north of Sydney, which she had established by building the fleet literally from bare hull and decks, with her boyfriend Ian Thomas, and others.

Kay was well experienced with heavy weather sailing. The Tasman Sea is a tough testing ground. She and a friend sailed in a double-handed yacht race from Pittwater to Lord Howe Island, and Kay sailed a solo return voyage. It was then she knew that single-handing was for her: "I put the charter business on the market immediately and raised enough money to buy the boat I have now. I knew then that I could single-hand non-stop around the world."

Further experience for this voyage was gained in the Transfield Trans-Tasman two-handed race to New Zealand, and the

Solo Trans-Tasman race from New Zealand to Mooloolaba, Queensland.

The Guinness Book of Records, which monitored her trip, decrees that the person attempting a circumnavigation by their rules must sail into both hemispheres, hence the (slow) leg taking Kay into the North Atlantic Ocean and around St Peter and St Paul Rocks, then back into the South Atlantic and Southern Oceans.

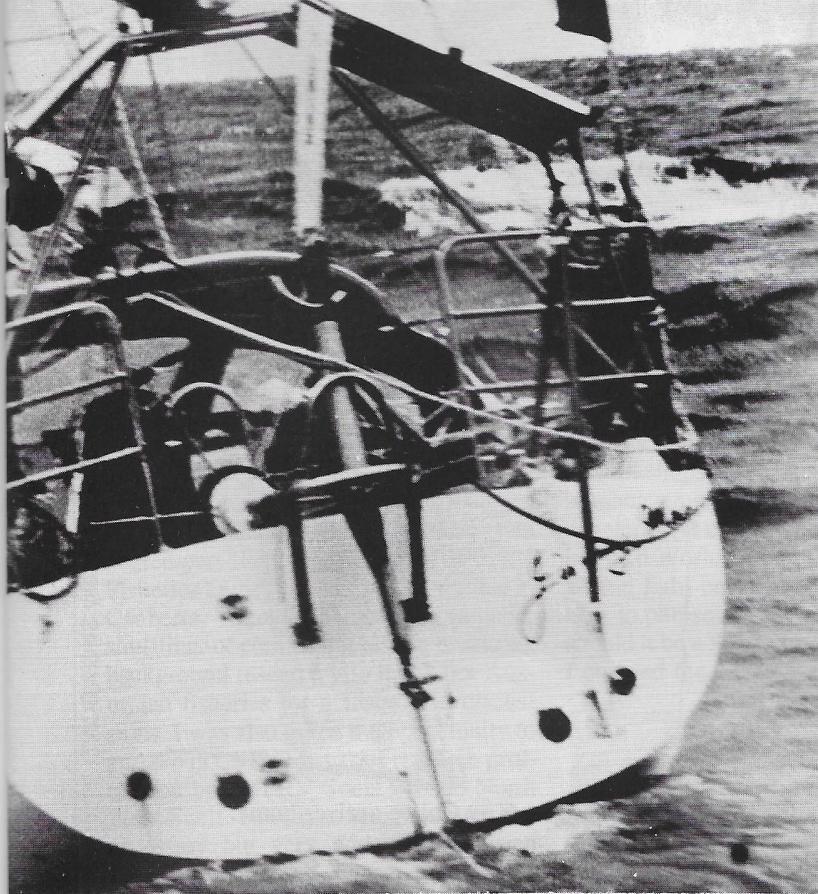
Kay had a backup team in Sydney. The team-members worked on the First Lady, her rig and deck equipment, as well as providing support in the domains of weather forecasting, food provisioning, radio communication, publicity and promotions, and of course plenty of moral support for this exacting voyage.

Daily shipboard routine included checking the rig and sails for chafe and other damage, as well as trimming the sails to maintain good speed. Kay had roller furling sails for ease of handling, reducing



Kay Cottee waves from Blackmore's First Lady as she rounds the Falklands

home from the sea



nd Islands.

the time she had to spend on the foredeck. She spent time navigating, although there was a satellite tracking her constantly. She managed to communicate with passing ships on a regular basis as well as talk to her family and friends on the radio. She averaged about 5 hours sleep a day.

She didn't get bored. When not working at getting Blackmore's First Lady around the world, Kay would knit or read, she took some Spanish language tapes, and wood for carving over the six months she was on board. Kay also shot a quantity of 16mm film during the voyage.

Blackmore's First Lady had to carry all the food and equipment necessary to get back to Sydney, as she wasn't allowed to take on additional stores under the rules of the Guinness Book of Records. She carried one tonne of food and two tonnes of spares and safety equipment.

Kay had a small desalination plant aboard, so carrying enough water was less

of a problem. Kay also caught rainwater to keep her 400 litre tanks full.

Susan Dumbrell was the dietician and nutritionist who organised Kay's provisions. Her basic food intake comprised convenience and freeze-dried foods along with a fresh supplement of bean sprouts. A diet high in carbohydrates in the form of rice, bread mix and pasta was augmented by her sponsor, Blackmore's Laboratories Ltd, with their nutritional supplements. However, Kay was planning her first meal ashore fairly early in the voyage!

The yacht carried both a wind vane and an automatic pilot as her self-steering equipment. One would steer its course according to the wind direction. The other would steer a compass course using battery power.

There had been a wind generator to recharge the batteries but it had been damaged very early. Several solar panels were mounted on deck to keep up battery

power, as well as both main and auxiliary engine generators. First Lady needed a lot of energy to utilise the electronic equipment she carried. As well as excellent communication equipment, First Lady had radar, which Kay used to avoid icebergs and rainsqualls.

The radio equipment carried were two Wagner 1829S synthesised HF transmitters, one being heavily wrapped in plastic and stored in event of failure of her main transmitter, which was fitted with telex facilities. The telex facilities enabled Kay to meet her media commitments when within range of public correspondence stations around the world. Penta Marine Radio Communications, of Gosford, NSW, assisted Kay and her support team in the communications area.

The main boom cracked before Kay rounded Cape Horn, which caused her some concern. Kay put a splint on the boom, but she was unable to effect proper repairs until the gale force winds subsided. The winds actually abated as Kay rounded the Horn, and she was almost becalmed off the famous cape. "The yacht is a battered but very well-behaved First Lady. Relieved Teddy [Kay's teddy bear mascot] is bruised and exhausted," Kay radioed in her following scheduled contact.

"Rounding the Horn is a wonderful experience: a kind of euphoria chiefly made up of relief — with some satisfaction, wonder and veneration.

"The sun shines between wind squalls making the towering black cliffs look shiny and sinister — another bottle of red down."

Kay repaired the boom by splitting some spinnaker pole section, opening it out and wrapping it around the bottom of the boom where it was cracked. She took the mainsheet track off the cockpit floor and cut that in half and then bolted those on either side of the boom for a splint.

Kay saw the first people after 53 days alone at the Falkland Islands. She sent a bundle of mail, which included film, over to the Fisheries Department vessel which collected and sent it home. The money Kay had pinned to the package for postage was still with it when it arrived in Sydney.

During her rounding of the Cape of Good Hope, otherwise known as the

Continued page 14

Home is the sailor . . .

From page 13

"Cape of Storms", Blackmore's First Lady "fell off" a wave and the mast deck collar cracked. Kay was unable to repair the damage at all and simply had to take it easy during the rest of the voyage.

The rudder was being pushed to its limits on the final leg. Well-trimmed sails were required to reduce the strain on the rudder which was beginning to show signs of wear.

Blackmore's First Lady is a Cavalier 37, a proven ocean-going Laurie Davidson design. "I have absolutely nothing but praise for First Lady," Kay said. "It is sea-kindly and she sails fast. We've been knocked down, she's bounced back up. She's just beautiful."

Considering the length and arduousness of such a voyage, demanding that Kay draw on every skill of her craft and during which she had no companionship beside "Teddy", where every decision made would touch her very survival, Kay came through with surprisingly little problem. To undertake this journey alone is a feat of great magnitude. Congratulations, Kay!

This epic voyage was undertaken to support a program called Life Education, which has been set up by the Rev. Ted Noffs, of Sydney's famous Wayside Chapel. She hopes to raise money for the program which is aimed at teaching children about the dangers of drug abuse before they become exposed to them.



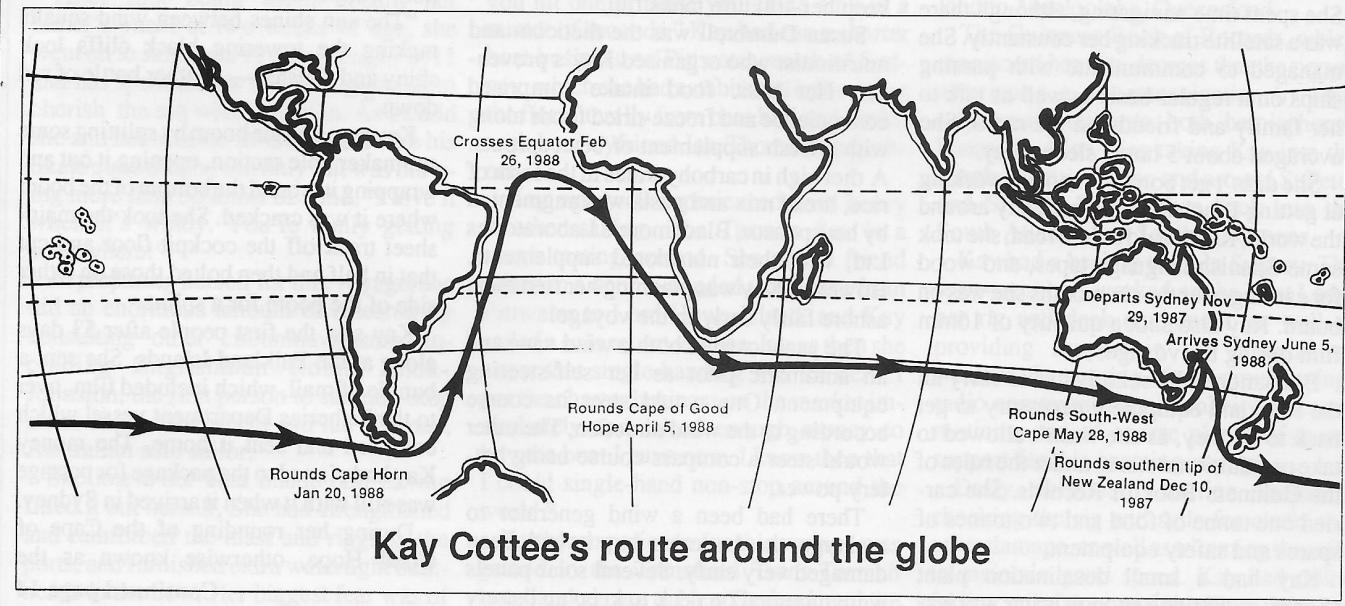
Exhausted but still smiling — Kay Cotttee arrives home.

Kay believes very strongly that if children are aware of the dangers of drug abuse they will choose a lifestyle that doesn't encompass drugs. Kay knows she has been sailing to "give kids a chance to

live a great life free of drugs."

Donations may be made to the 'First Lady Life Education Trust': PO Box 66, Potts Point, NSW 2011, Australia, and PO Box 2920, Christchurch, New Zealand.

Pictures courtesy SHOWBOAT





Free Range Sailing

Pascale Angliss

A section of the Berkeley River.

My first memories of sailing are of capsizing, and then subsequently trying to right, the little two-person Pacer at after-school sailing lessons—my sailing partner and I both in awkward oversized lifejackets. Later, it was twilight sailing with my uncle and friends' parents on Wednesday evenings at the Freshwater Bay Yacht Club. At the time, I never imagined that I'd actually quit my future career to sail around Australia in my thirties. My boyfriend, Troy, on the other hand, always knew that he would one day live on his very own sailboat.

My introduction to full time cruising started with our first date; a four-month expedition into the remote Kimberley situated in the far north of Western Australia. I'd briefly met Troy a few months earlier at his sister's wedding and we'd stayed in touch online. I'd visited a part of the Kimberley coast once before, en route to Ashmore Reef, while working a holiday job as a cook on a commercial dive boat. In those two days, the vast dry landscape filled with pristine water holes and prehistoric wildlife left its mark on me. The opportunity to see it again, this time for much longer, was in my opinion, worth

quitting my job for.

So, there I found myself sailing out of Darwin with Troy, with absolutely no cruising experience and no idea what to expect. It was a three-day sail to our first anchorage in the Berkeley River. On our first night sailing I remember the glow of the bioluminescent wake before watching a yellow Cheshire cat's smile rise over the ocean. As day broke, a now familiar scream came from the reel of the rod trolling behind. Reeling in a good-sized spanish mackerel, I was impressed by the efficiency in which Troy stunned the fish with a baton, gaffed it, removed the lure, bled it over the side, perfectly filleted it and packed it into our tiny 40 litre Engel fridge to chill.

The wind died a little later and we found ourselves floating on a bed of silk. Occasionally we'd see dolphins in the distance, but they were uninterested in our little vessel gently rolling in the remnant swell of the desert sea. Sweating, we dove into the deep blue. It was like jumping into a warm bath. I'd never realised there was such a thing as a non-refreshing swim. We drifted for about four hours before Troy begrudgingly

turned the engine on.

Hungry, we coated logs of spanish mackerel in sesame seeds and a pinch of salt, lightly seared them on all sides and allowed them to cool slightly before slicing them into thick pieces. The flavour fresh, simple and delicious. Later we ate the chilled mackerel raw with a ginger teriyaki sauce, the taste and texture so good I remember saying to Troy that it was the best sashimi I'd ever eaten.

We didn't have an autopilot, a decision that we regretted for most of the trip (the Kimberley being a mostly windless place). After a day of holding the tiller in the sun I ended up passing out and sleeping for more than 10 hours. When I awoke, we were sailing again, the disturbed seas of the Bonaparte Gulf making my stomach turn. With each lurch of the boat I was fighting the green. A look at the GPS said we'd arrive in five hours and I remember thinking they might be the longest five hours of my life.

As soon as the gorges appeared, 12 miles from the entrance to the Berkeley, excitement at the sight of the enormous red cliff faces overwhelmed my seasickness. Approaching the entrance to the river, we saw waves breaking on either side of the narrow channel. Troy sent me forward to look for rocks in the milky tea water. I was thankful for this, as I was a nervous wreck in the cockpit watching the depth sounder slowly creep up to 20cm under the keel. With a few bum scrapes, but not quite running aground, we made it through and with relief threw the anchor down.

Safely in the calm of our new anchorage, Troy collapsed into a deep sleep. I watched the spectacular fireball of the sun descending to the horizon, throwing orange and pink reflections in the water around me. As I listened to the wind humming in the rigging, I couldn't help imagining an ancient corroboree from a long lost tribe that may



***Mirrool* at Casuarina Falls in the Berkeley.**

once have lived in this place.

Our first four months together in the Kimberley were spent climbing gorges, diving in icy cold waterholes, sitting under waterfalls, lying on warm rocks, searching, finding and admiring ancient Aboriginal art, fishing for mangrove jack and barramundi in the gnarly mangrove-lined inlets, and making camp fires to cook our catch.

What was so alluring about visiting the Kimberley by sailboat was its total remoteness. Out there you are truly and utterly alone. There exist only minimal roads to the coastline where rocky, sheer gorges meet the sea, and the land above becomes floodplains for half the year at the arrival of the torrential wet season. Civilisation is minimal with a couple of isolated resorts only accessible by plane or helicopter. Occasionally, we'd see a tourist boat but they were never in one place for too long always on the move to show their guests as much of the Kimberley as they can in a short period of time.

It was a make or break trip and, if we weren't going to get along, it would have been a difficult few months. Fortunately we did and, despite our differences, I think we were brought together by our shared passion for adventure, nature, fishing and self-reliance. I'd say we probably discovered more about



Smoked fish jerky, yet another way to enjoy spanish mackerel.

Inset: Collecting water at the Mitchell River.



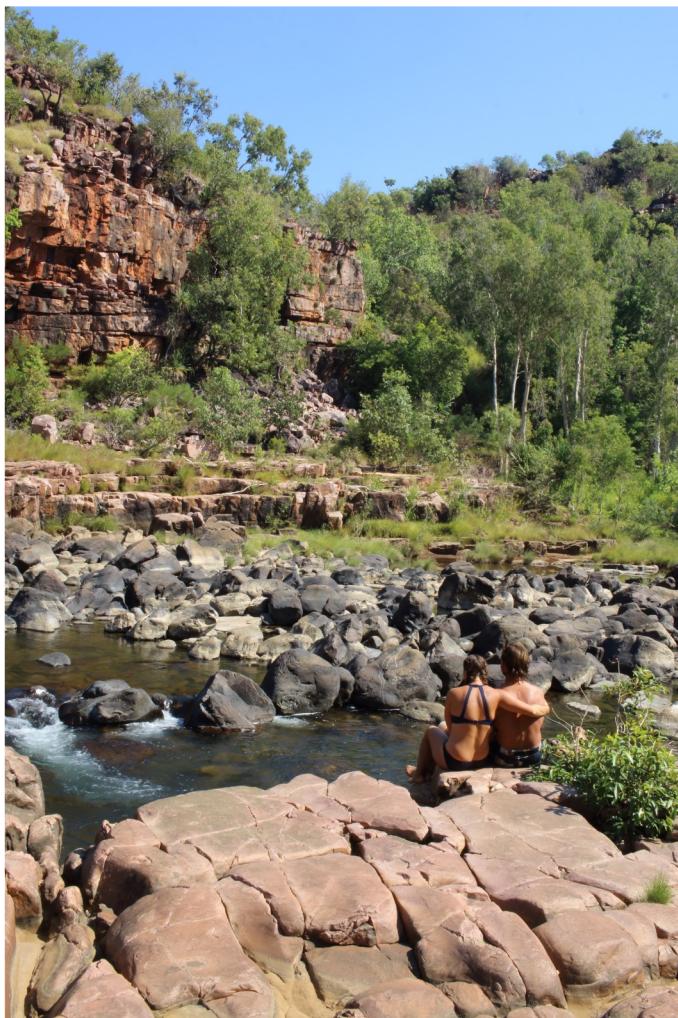
each other in those first four months than most couples would in the first four years of their relationship.

We lived off the land as much as we could, surviving mainly on seafood, supplemented by grains, sprouted legumes, and homemade yoghurt made from milk powder. Spending time in the Kimberley reinvigorated my passion for cooking creatively. Without the Internet as a crutch to look up recipes, I had to rely on my palette and imagination to mix spices and cook new and interesting bits of seafood such as cockles, giant black lip oysters, stingray, mullet, and shark.

When Troy sailed down to Perth from Broome later that year and asked me if I would join him on the boat to be a part of his ongoing sailing adventures around Australia, my answer was, 'Where do we head next?'

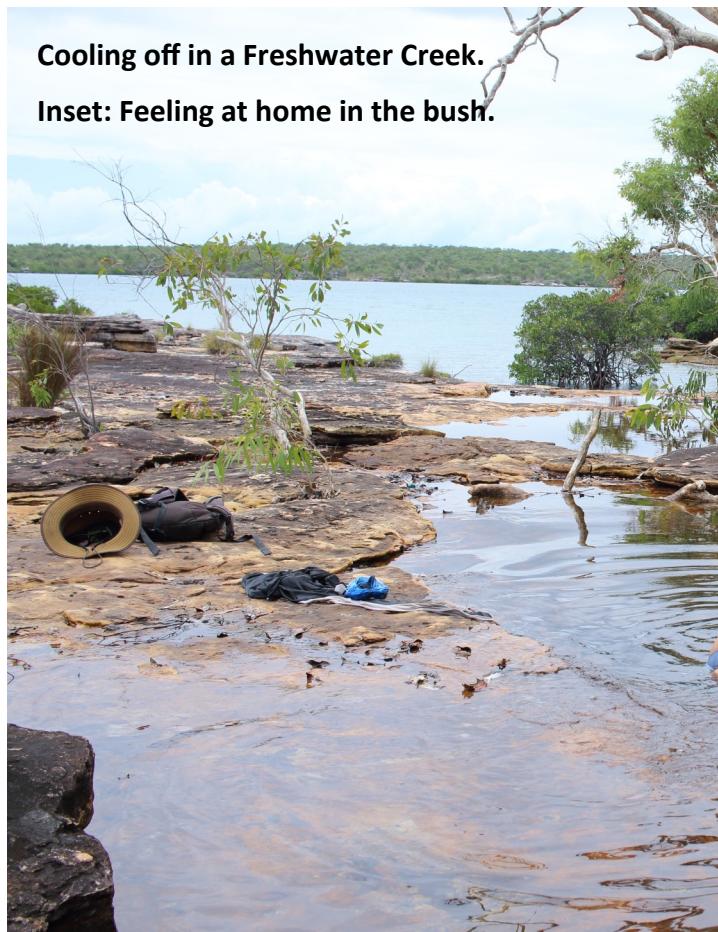
After such an amazing experience in the Kimberley, we opted to head north again exploring the West Australian coast, Northern Territory and slowly make our way

around to Queensland with the aim of ending up in New South Wales, where, incidentally, our pocket-sized expedition vessel, *Mirrool*, was built. *Mirrool* is a 30-foot Clansman, a fibreglass cutter-rigged sloop



Cooling off in a Freshwater Creek.

Inset: Feeling at home in the bush.



built in 1969. Being a practical man, Troy wanted a sailboat that was strong, with a shallow draft and, relatively speaking, simple and cheap to maintain for exploring Northern Australia.

When I returned from the Kimberley trip, friends and family were curious about our experiences. They asked lot of questions about how we survived on our tiny boat with almost no contact from the outside world. So, before setting off this time, we decided to film our travels. Having both a passion for photography, and Troy a wealth of maritime and marine knowledge, we figured this was the best way to share our adventures with our friends, family and, eventually, the rest of the world.

The result was the launch of our channel, Free Range Sailing, just shy of a year ago on YouTube. Since then we have been releasing weekly video logs with additional instructional videos on specific topics. Our goal is to teach and inspire others to take the step towards being self-reliant on their own adventures and to demonstrate what can be achieved on a small boat with a minimal budget.

The reception of our channel has been incredible. Free Range Sailing has brought together a community of like-minded people who relate to the way we live and we were able to build this community while documenting our travels through some of the most remote parts of Australia. Now that we've started sailing south to more populated areas of the Queensland coast, we're having a



Troy with the largest of the many spanish mackerel we caught on our first Kimberley trip.



lot of fun getting to know everyone who has been following along. We never imagined that sharing our knowledge and adventures freely on the net could be so rewarding.

In 2015, PASCALE ANGLISS quit her job as a lawyer to go sailing around Australia with her boyfriend, Troy, in a 30-foot 50-year old sailboat called *Mirrool*. They are now documenting their travels online to more than 45,000 subscribers through their YouTube channel, Free Range Sailing www.youtube.com/c/freerangesailing

You can keep up to date with their journey in real time on Facebook and Instagram using the search tag @freerangesailing. Pascale is also in the process of developing a cookbook for cruisers and you can follow along with her delicious experiments on Instagram using the search tag @gourmetsailor.



Pascale on the tiller at sunset.

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SAILING THE SPORADES

Jane Jarratt

AUGUST ISSUE



View of Evia Island from Anatoli's Ouzeria in Alonissos.

My partner Andy and I have been sailing in the Mediterranean since 2013. Originally, we bought a catamaran and were going to sail back to Australia, a trip we had been researching and planning since sailing from the Caribbean back to Sydney in 2009. After two seasons in Greece we began to head towards the Canaries. We sailed as far as Mallorca in the Balearics when Andy became ill. We aborted the trip and flew back to the UK for a year of chemotherapy and a stem cell transplant. We didn't know if we'd be able to sail anywhere again but those memories of sailing in the Mediterranean kept us going through the dark English winter. Eventually he was given the all-clear and we started to think about the future.

Ocean passages, away from medical services, were no longer possible, but we could certainly sail in the Med. We searched for a suitable boat and finally bought *Olive*, a

Bavaria 36, which has proved to be a perfect choice. Easy for two slightly battered people to handle and small enough to squeeze in and out of the busy harbours of Greece.

This year we are sailing to Turkey via the Sporades or 'scattered ones', a group of islands in the North-West Aegean Sea. There are 24 but only the four biggest are inhabited: Skiathos, Skopelos, Alonnisos, and Skyros. Legend has it that the Gods created them by tossing a handful of pebbles into the Aegean Sea which turned into the yellow sandy beaches, the green, wooded terrain and crystal clear, blue waters.

Skiathos

It's exciting to explore a new region of Greece and as we sailed from the Gulf of Volos towards the Sporades, it already looked quite different with heavily-wooded hills on

either side of us, dark green against the beautiful, blue sky.

On our first night we anchored off Koukounaries Beach in the south of the island of Skiathos. The beach sweeps round in a perfect semi-circle with crystal clear waters and golden sand. In the guide book it says that this is the best beach in the Aegean. I'm not sure who decided that, possibly the Koukounaries Tourist Board, but now, in early May, it's empty waiting for the tourists to come and fill the sun loungers and leap on the jet skis and watersports equipment. We were one of three boats anchored in the huge bay, but we still managed to annoy the water taxi that ploughs back and forth from Skiathos town. Apparently, we were in his way and he had to pass very close to us so that his wash sent us rocking and rolling! I took my first swim of the year off the back of the boat. Fffffreeezing – but it had to be done!

On arrival in Skiathos Town we spotted a gap on the town quay and backed in quickly before anyone could stop us. The quay is packed with charter boats and, until the new pontoon is launched, they try to save spaces for their fleet. Backing in or 'Med-mooring' is something you must master when sailing in Greece. It entails positioning your boat at least three boat lengths out from the quay, stern-to, and dropping your anchor. You then back up to the quay, letting out the anchor chain as you go, and throw your stern lines to whoever might be there to catch them. If, like us, there are only two of you on board, you pray someone will be there. If not, I drop the anchor from the bow until the boat is about two metres from the quay and then rush back to leap gracefully ashore, clutching a rope which is rapidly fastened to whatever I can find. Always nerve-wracking but entertaining to watch when you're already settled in, gin and tonic in hand.



"Multi-coloured bougainvillea are seen in every lane leading up to Alonissos Town."

We spent the next few days catching up with chores and watching the world go by. The tourists are mainly Brits at this time of the year escaping the cold. Some days there are 10 or more flights from Manchester and other regional UK airports. The runway is at the east end of the island and the planes fly in low over the harbour to land. A must-see part of any trip here is to join the throngs of holiday makers at the taverna nearest the runway to watch the planes landing and taking off. The enterprising taverna owner has installed a monitor linked to the airport which displays aircraft arrival and departure times. We met people who had been there for five hours and filmed it all. Thank goodness I won't be invited round to their house to see their holiday photos!

The town is a busy tourist centre with many shops, galleries, tavernas and bars along the waterfront and up into the narrow lanes. When you're tired of poking around here, it's worth hiring a car or motorbike to explore. The island has over 60 beaches to visit but also the ruins of an amazing *kastro* or fortress perched on a rocky headland on the north coast. It was the capital of the island from 1350 to 1829 and the castle was fortified against attack by the many pirates. The remains of an old cannon are there as well as four restored churches.

There are a number of monasteries to visit. *Moni Evangelistrias*, the Monastery of the Annunciation, is the most famous. It was a

**Agios Iannis sto Kastro
or the 'Mamma Mia'
church.**



hilltop refuge for freedom fighters during the War of Independence and the Greek flag was first raised here in 1807. Nowadays the monks who live here grow olives and make honey and a wine called 'Alypiakos' which, according to tradition, drives sorrow away. Another monastery is the 17th century *Moni Panagia Kounistras* or Monastery of the Holy Virgin which has fine frescoes on the walls and lovely grounds full of colourful bougainvillea and oleander. The little old lady caretaker, dressed in black, told me off for taking photos but showed me the garden she lovingly tends.

Skopelos

We dragged ourselves away from the bright lights of Skiathos and sailed the 6.2 nm to the neighbouring island of Skopelos. This island is bigger but less populated. Like Skiathos it's covered with pine forests but is also very fertile. The islanders are farmers rather than seafarers and it's famous for its vines, olives, almonds, pears, citrus, and plums, many of which can be found in the local cuisine. Our first stop was to visit Agnanti restaurant in Glossa, one of the two towns on the island. It was started in 1953 and is still in the same family. The present owner, Nikos, has turned it into a modern, award winning restaurant that specialises in local produce. I ate delicious home-grown artichoke salad followed by pork in artichoke and plums, washed down with the local,

Linaria Port in Skyros.



organic red wine. With a view from the balcony of the island of Evia in the distance, it was one of those special evenings.

Further round to the west of the island is Skopelos Town which, although lively, is much gentler than Skiathos. There is no airport, so visitors arrive on the ferries and on private boats. It's a delightful spot with interesting cafes and bars. Many of the tavernas play live traditional music, not of the dancing, plate-smashing variety, but bouzouki and guitar. From our mooring on the town quay we could look up at four churches meandering up the side of the hill, dazzlingly white in the sunshine. Once the sun melts below the horizon it's cooler and you can climb the steep steps to Anatoli's ouzeria for an ouzo and meze whilst watching the sunset. There are lots of walking and cycling tracks on the island and a guided tour will take you on one of the nature trails. Friends hired mountain bikes for the morning but that was far too strenuous for us! We hired a car and explored the lazy way.

One of the reasons people visit Skopelos is that many of the scenes in the musical *Mamma Mia* were filmed here. The tour boats come over from Skiathos to see the church where the wedding took place, the lanes all the women danced through, and the jetty the boys jumped off. Unfortunately, through the magic of Hollywood, many of the scenes were not filmed here at all. I climbed the 202 steps up to the *Agios Ioannis sto Kastri* (St John of the Castle) to find a completely different church and no sign of Pearce Brosnan. The view from the top is, however, stunning and well worth the effort.

Alonnisos

Another 'huge' sea voyage of 7 nm took us to our next port of call, Alonnisos. Alonnisos, along with 27 other smaller islands, is part of the National Marine Park established in 1992, primarily to protect the endangered Mediterranean monk seal. It is



Donkey work in Alonnisos Town.

also an important habitat for several other rare species of wildlife including Eleanora's falcon, Audouin's gull and many species of dolphin and whale. Anchoring is prohibited in most of the bays but there are certain areas where it's allowed. Information is readily available in the pilot book and online. I'd rather hoped we'd be joined by dozens of them frolicking in our wake, but it wasn't to be. We did spot a couple of the local common bottlenose dolphins which always gives me a thrill. I feel I have to call to them in a high-pitched voice *'Dolphin! Dolphin! Dolphin!'* I'm sure they answer.

We moored on the little quay at Patitiri port. The island has had its share of bad luck in recent times. In 1952, the local wine-growing industry was wiped out when imported vines from California were infested with phylloxera insects. Then in 1965, an earthquake destroyed the hill-top capital of Old Alonnisos forcing the inhabitants down to Patitiri, which has now become the capital. The museum in the port has a collection of traditional costumes, tools, and pirate artefacts to show a little of what life was like before the earthquake.

We ventured up to the old town which has narrow little alleys with steep steps and tiny cottages and the usual brightly-coloured flowers on the balconies. There is a beautiful view around every corner. Cars aren't allowed and so donkeys are still used to transport goods up to the shops. Around the island

there are several lovely anchorages and, although there were a few charter boats about, still plenty of room.

Skyros

It was a longer trip to Skyros, our final Sporadic island, and we were a little apprehensive. The pilot guide warned of wind and choppy seas that come up unexpectedly, but we had our first good six-hour sail of the season on the 45 nm trip across from Alonnisos. On arrival, Sakis and Kyriakos from the Port Authority met and guided us into a berth, helped to tie up and provided lots of information about what's available. Here there's a laundry, wifi, car/bike rental, a book swap, and between 7-8 pm you can shower with disco music, flashing coloured lights, and bubbles! A first for me but not to be missed.

The town has its own ferry which arrives nightly at 8 pm to the sound of *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, better known as the theme music to Space Odyssey 2001. I filmed it and was thrilled to see black smoke belch out of the

The Venetian fortress on top of the Khora on Skyros.

funnel in time with the music as it reversed!

We hired a 120cc moped to tour the island which turned out to be a treat. The northern part is green and colourful with hundreds of oleanders in bloom; pink, white, and yellow. Sitting on the back of the bike I could smell the pine and the herbs and see glimpses of little coves with the sea in every shade of blue and green. The southern part is arid with a rocky shoreline, more like the Cyclades Islands. The capital, Skyro or Khorio, is on the top of a high rocky bluff, topped with a 13th century Venetian fortress with the houses tumbling down the sides of the hill. We spent a couple of hours wandering around the little streets and eventually found our way to the Manos Faltaits Folk Museum. This houses a huge collection of folk art,

Goats! Photo courtesy of S/V Let's Dance.



ceramics, glass, embroideries, traditional costumes of the island plus a large quantity of documents from the Byzantine period, the Turkish occupation and War of Independence. Unfortunately, most of it was in Greek but still fascinating to look round.

The food on this island is also a little different from the usual Greek fare. Many Athenians come here so the menus are less touristy. They make their own cheese and, of course, grow olives, plums, and citrus. Everywhere we go we come across herds of goats so, unsurprisingly, there is a lot of goat on the menu. One of the local restaurant owners gave me dried sage and thyme and his recipe for fava beans, my new favourite dip.

We loved Skyros. In fact, we loved all of the Sporades and will definitely come back. We left early on our last day as our next trip was to Psara, about 55 miles south, on the way to the next island of Chios. As we slipped quietly out of the harbour, the sun was rising, and the sky was pink and mauve and blue. One of those mornings when you're glad to be alive. I had been reading about Rupert

Brook, the First World War poet, who was buried on Skyros. He died of septicaemia in 1915 on his way to Gallipoli, only 28 years old. Originally a simple wooden cross marked his grave but there's now a fancy marble headstone with some lines from his famous poem 'The Soldier' engraved on it.

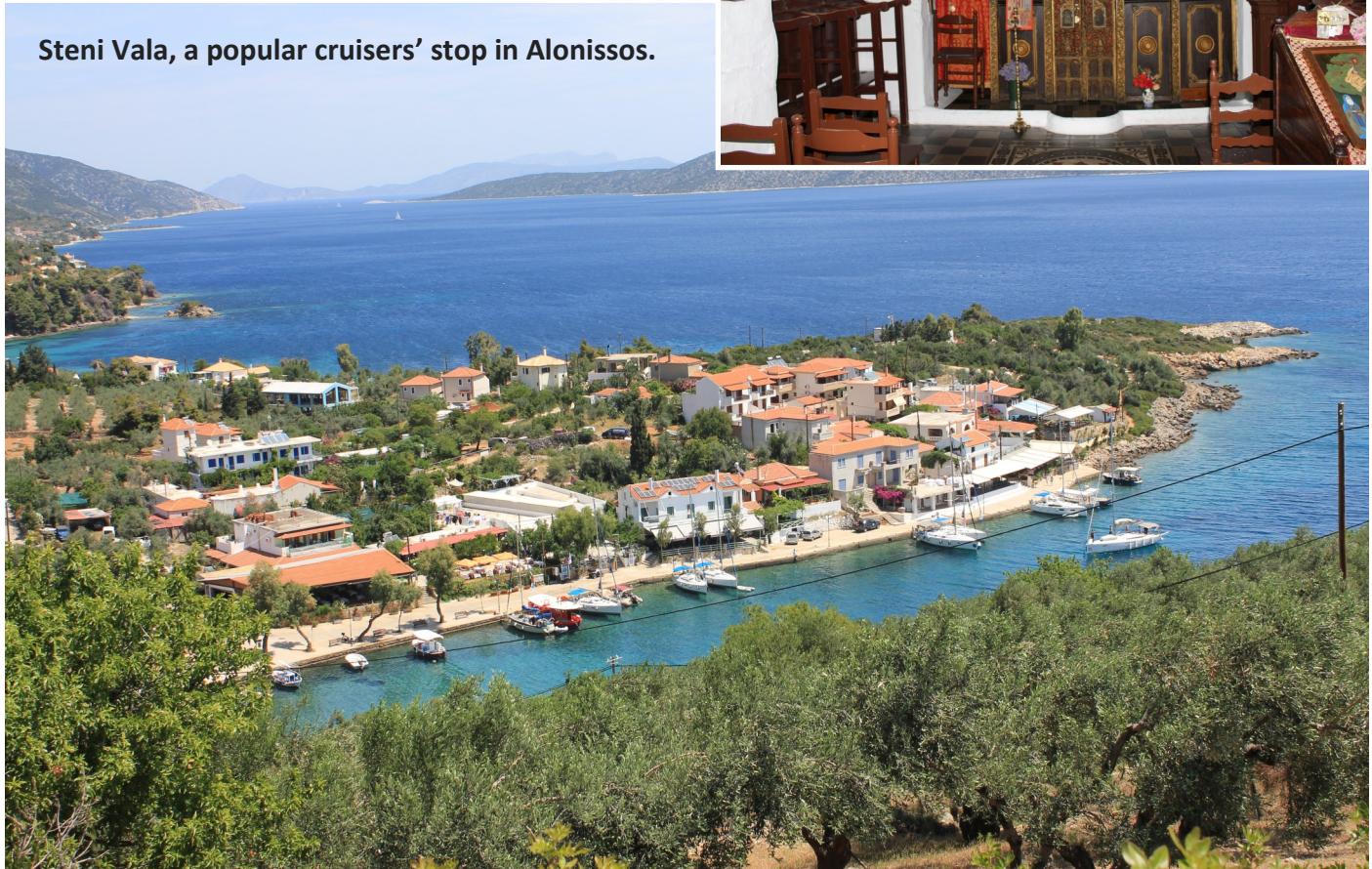
*If I should die, think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.*

I spend a few minutes thinking how lucky we are to have never known what it's like to be at war and to now be sailing around this part of the world just for the sheer pleasure.

Then it's on to planning the next adventure. The Dodecanese!



Steni Vala, a popular cruisers' stop in Alonissos.



JANE JARRATT started sailing in 2007 when she and her partner Andy moved from the UK to Australia. Since then they bought a boat in St Maarten in the Caribbean and sailed it back to Sydney in 2009 and have spent the last five northern hemisphere summers sailing in the Med. To avoid any winters at all, they live in Scarborough in Queensland during the southern hemisphere summer. Jane runs the Women Who Sail the Med Facebook group and her blog can be found on <http://svolive.com>.



FAVA BEANS

Ingredients

2 x cups dried split fava beans (broad beans), soaked overnight
2 tbsps olive oil, plus a bit extra, for drizzling
1 tbsp of chopped up garlic
3 tsp ground cumin, plus a bit extra, to sprinkle on top
1.5 litres water
salt and pepper
sweet paprika
black olives

Instructions

Makes 3–4 cups

Drain the beans and pick out any discoloured ones. You can soak them overnight but it is not necessary.

Heat 2 tbsps of oil in a saucepan and fry the garlic until fragrant. Stir in 3 tsps of cumin and then add the beans and water. Cover and bring to the boil then reduce the heat to a simmer. Cook until the beans have absorbed all the water and have broken down to a smooth, velvety puree. This will take about an hour. A pressure cooker is a good way to help reduce cooking time.

Season with salt and pepper and garnish with paprika and cumin. For the final touch, place the olives in the centre and drizzle with a little more olive oil.

I like to serve this dish with flatbread.



Flat bottomed girl

Views from the canal

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

My Contentment with Canal Cruising

Something I am very aware of when writing these articles is that nearly all the contributors, readers, and subscribers to *SisterShip* magazine are sailors. I am not and never will be. I can honestly say that nothing on earth would possess me to go to sea; to suffer the nausea, face the fear of storms and endure the swollen seas that all sailors inevitably do from time to time. I take my hat off to all of you who do. Truly. I learned very early in life that sailing was not for me. I got paralysed with seasickness each time I tried it, so I gave up any ideas of boats and boating at all until I came to the Netherlands. This country was where I encountered inland waterways and barges for the first time in my life. And it changed everything. I embraced a water borne life with an enthusiasm I would never have imagined possible.

However, although my partner and I have been on numerous trips over the years, these have mostly been limited to short one or two



week excursions due to my work commitments. In 2016, though, we managed a whole month away, which was the spur we needed for greater adventures. Last year, I bit the bullet and took the time out to have a real summer of what I call 'faring'. It was a dream come true. We spent two entire months on the waterways of Belgium and France.

But what made it extra special, and in fact, quite poignant, was that our travels coincided quite closely with routes and places closely associated with the First World War. It wasn't intentional; it just happened that way. The poignancy of our journey was further intensified because it took place during the centenary of the war, something I was deeply conscious of.

We left the Netherlands in June and travelled by way of Gent, making numerous sidesteps before reaching the Somme, our ultimate destination. We went to beautiful Bruges and back, and then down to Lille, after which we

turned right towards Dunkirk. At every stop, we walked and cycled to see the local sights and scenery. Along the wide Canal d'Aire we explored wonderful historical towns like Bethune and Aire sur la Lys. We were thrilled at seeing the great monumental boat lift, Les Fontinettes at Arques and we delighted in a trip along La Lys as far as St Venant, a town that bore the scars of both world wars. After retracing our watery steps yet again, we proceeded south to Douai and then up the Scarpe to Arras. The Scarpe is a gorgeous river: clear, quiet and divinely pastoral, but every time we stopped and took a bike ride, we'd see the memorials and graveyards dedicated to those who died during the wars in this embattled region. History was everywhere with moving tributes that touched us both, but there was tranquillity and rural splendour too. We met lovely people from all over the world at every mooring: Australians, New Zealanders, and Americans. We also met and enjoyed time

with the local French and Belgians who never failed to be friendly and welcoming.

Then at last, we were on the Canal de L'Escaut at Cambrai, an elegant town of major importance in the political wranglings of medieval Europe. Walking round, I could see, feel, breathe, and even touch the stories the stones this ancient place holds. For me, it meant even more as it is where a great peace treaty was signed by two prominent women of the era, Louise de Savoie and Marguerite of Austria; hence it is known as the Ladies' Peace. We then continued up the gorgeous Canal de St Quentin through the eighteen



Approach to Bruges.

INSET: Poppies growing on the bank at Sailly Laurette, a fitting tribute to WWI victims.



self-service locks that lead to the Riqueval Tunnel that cuts through the hillside on the summit level.

While the locks, our first automatic ones on this trip, were fairly easy to handle, the tunnel was about the most nerve-wracking experience of the holiday for me. I don't like tunnels much at the best of times, but this one is just short of six kilometres long and we had to be towed through with a string of other boats at just over two kilometres an hour. Most sailors would scoff at this; a storm in a teacup, they would be justified in saying. No waves? No life threatening risk? No. None of that. But for me, it was a big deal. I was not a happy camper and counted down every metre of our procession through that dark and dank place. I survived it, though, patted myself on the back, and chalked it up to experience. Once we were out the other side and through the next, shorter tunnel, everything was different, me included.

The Scarpe approaching Arras.

Inset: WWI graveyard at Fampoux (the Level Crossing Cemetery).

We were now in the land of the Somme itself, something I hadn't appreciated before. The Canal de St Quentin is fed by two rivers, the Escaut on the northern side of the tunnel and the Somme on the southern side. We started our descent of the locks leading down to St Quentin and soon after leaving the city, we became aware of the Somme as it wiggled its way alongside the canal, at times to our left and at others to our right. Just the name alone evoked images of the Western Front: the trenches, the desperate inch by inch fighting of those poor soldiers from both sides, sent to the slaughter fields of the



Somme. And from here on, the river with its historical significance seemed to become part of our journey. I found it intensely moving and made a point of seeking out the memorials and monuments as we fared further. We even stopped and spent time at St Simon, where the closed eastern section of the Canal de la Somme branches off, taking the river with it to meet its western section at Péronne. It is a special place, imbued with the memories and voices of travellers long gone.

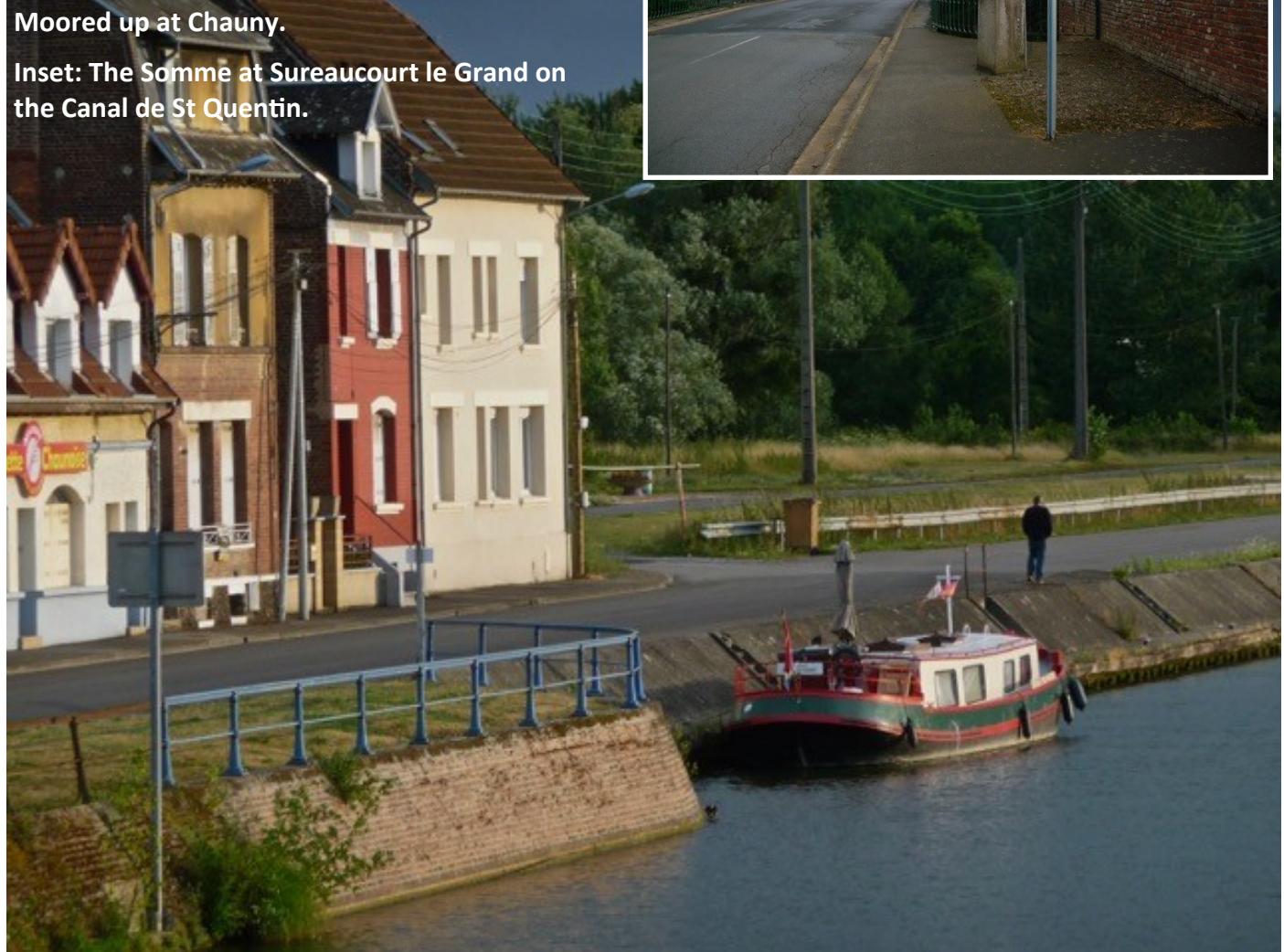
We resumed our journey to Chauny, where the Canal de St Quentin officially ends, and then on to Pont L'Evêque to turn onto the Canal du Nord heading north. At this point, we joined a convoy of cruisers so we could complete the locks together. The Canal du Nord locks are for commercial traffic. They are uniformly deep and challenging, but once we got the hang of them, they went pretty smoothly. We operated a 'hand over hand' system with the ropes that worked well as we

Moored up at Chauny.

Inset: The Somme at Sureaucourt le Grand on the Canal de St Quentin.

rose. Within a few hours, we were at the summit level and through the next tunnel. The next locks were descending, so easier, and it wasn't too long before the Canal de La Somme joined us again at Voyennes. Eventually, we arrived at Péronne. We eased our way into the town's marina before embarking on our trip down the long and navigable canalised Somme the following day.

I should say here that the rest of the journey on the Somme was the ultimate highlight of our travels, but that wouldn't be true. The whole trip from beginning to end was a magical experience; I didn't ever want it to end. But when we stopped at Corbie on the



Somme and turned back, we knew we'd had our fill of this lovely waterway with its side lakes, off-shoots, and tranquil beauty. We'd immersed ourselves in its quiet, meandering peace, and explored its towns, villages, and places of legend; seeing history *in situ* as we had never done before. We turned back to Péronne and headed slowly back to Belgium and home.

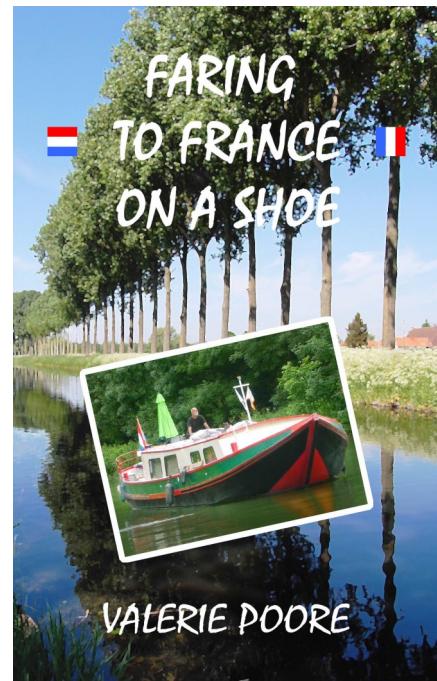
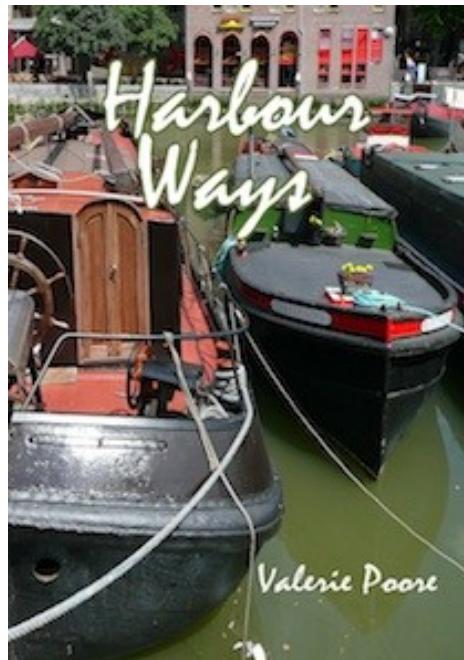
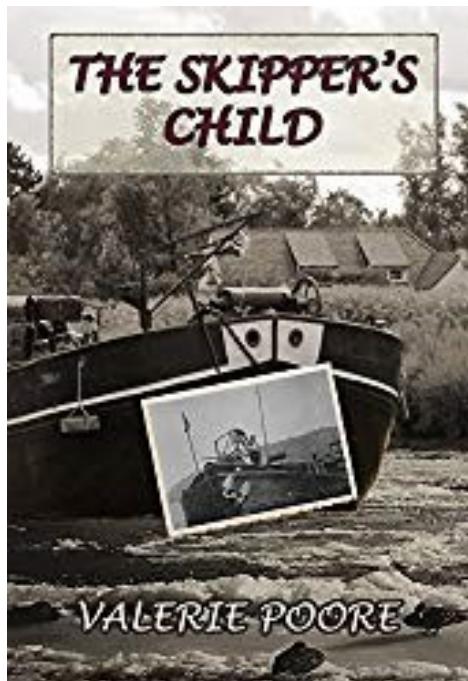
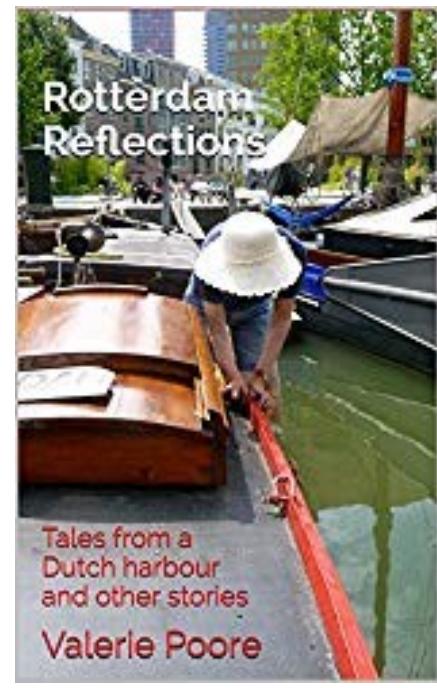
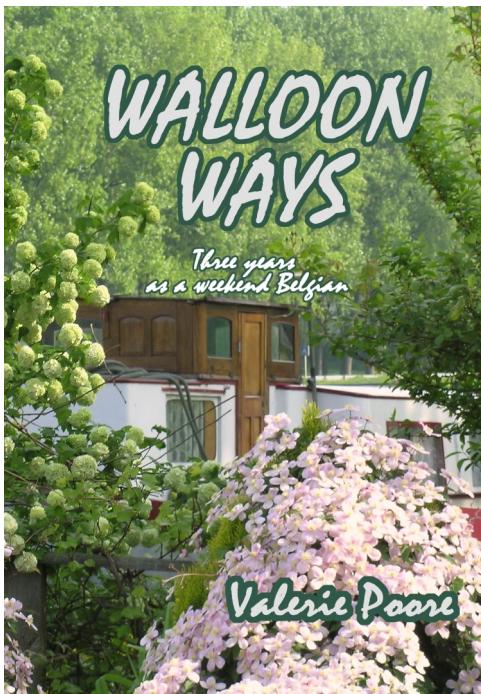
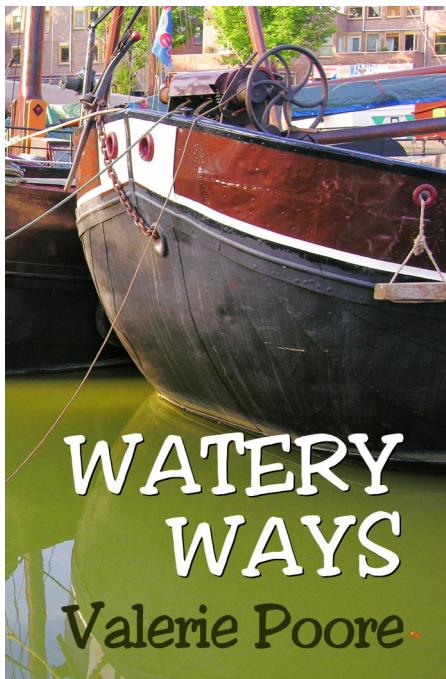
So what does all this say about why I love this life so much? Every summer when we cast off the ropes and leave, I learn a little more about the skills of barge handling. It's something I enjoy tremendously, but I imagine that's the same with sailing. The demands are different, but they are both about obtainable skills. The satisfaction of throwing a rope over an out-of-reach bollard, of dealing with so many different types of locks and conditions; these are rewarding, but not the prime reason. What I love most about my flat-bottomed life on Europe's waterways is the variety, the richness, the different encounters we have every day. On the canals, we live in a different dimension where time seems to be stretched; it's like being in a parallel world of our own making. But despite that, we can still stop; we can



leave the boat and explore our environs; we can meet people and experience their life and their culture. All that, so much, and best of all ... I don't ever, ever have to be seasick.



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



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

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

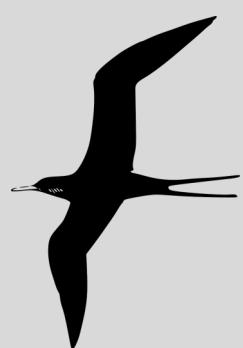
Walloon Ways: <http://geni.us/1CDTu>

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

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

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

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



Book release

A collection of inspirational and practical stories from women on the water.

Gasp, cry and laugh out loud as forty-six women from around the globe reveal their deepest fears and coping strategies while voyaging on (and in) the world's waterways.

Experience a unique journey, witnessing the emotional turmoil that fear can create as dreams, and loved ones, are threatened.

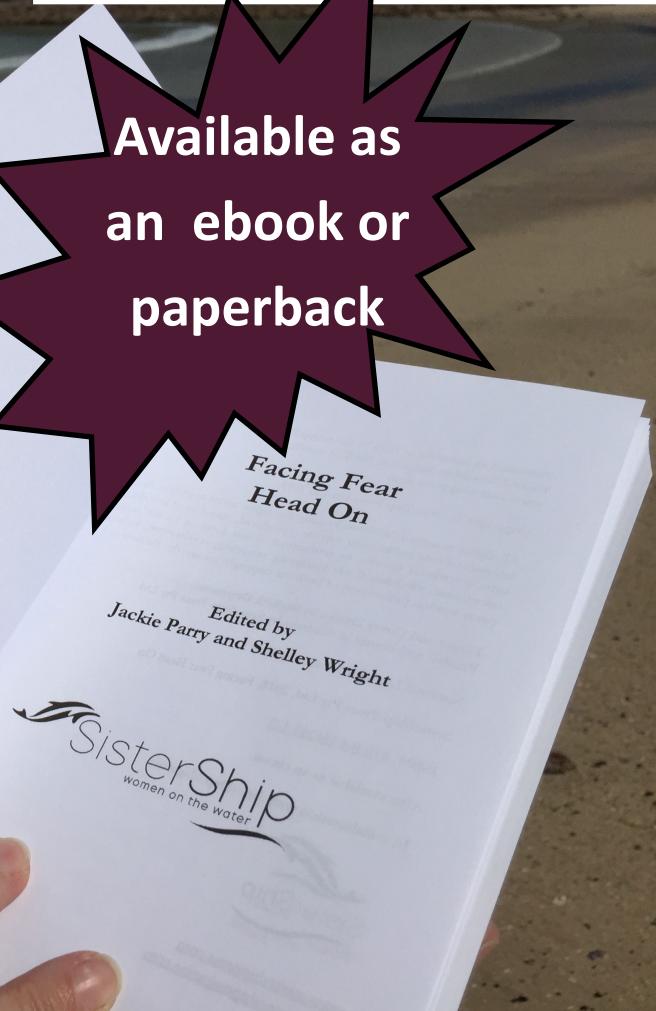
These true tales of raw emotion and courage will help you tackle fear, cast off the lines, and take heart in knowing you are not alone.

Not just for women, men should read this too. If you want to take your partner sailing these stories are a remarkable insight into the minds of women as they unfold the secrets to help you – help them – love life at sea.



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Available as
an ebook or
paperback



www.sistershippress.com

Shining the light on...

UPDATED FROM JUNE ISSUE

Susie Goodall

SUSIE GOODALL is the youngest, and only woman, competitor in the Golden Globe 2018 race which departed on July 1st from Les Sables -d'Olonne, France. Before setting off Susie kindly sent *SisterShip* this list of frequently asked questions and her responses.

What is the Golden Globe Race?

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

When did you first get into sailing?

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

What was your first boat?

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

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

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



Tell us about the boat you will be sailing.

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

What has been your build up to the race?

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

Could you have got to the start line without sponsorship?

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

What specific training have you done for the race?

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

What kit will you be wearing?

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

How long do you expect to be at sea?

Approximately nine months.

What will be your biggest challenge?

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

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

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

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

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



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

CURRENT PLACINGS:

Jean- Luc VDH (FRA) Rustler 36 *Matmut*
Mark Slats (NED) Rustler 36 *Open Maverick*
Uku Randmaa (EST) Rustler 36 *One and All*
Susie Goodall (GBR) Rustler 36 *DHL Starlight*
Istvan Kopar (USA) Tradewind 35 *Puffin*
Tapio Lehtinen (FIN) Gaia 36 *Asteria*
Mark Sinclair (Aus) Lello 34 *Coconut*
Igor Zaretskiy (RUS) Endurance 35 *Esmeralda*

GOLDEN GLOBE RACE UPDATE:

Of the 18 yachts that set off from France, only eight are currently still taking part in the GGR. Leader, Frenchman Jean-Luc Van Den Heede is well out into the Pacific Ocean and 6,000 miles ahead of the tail of the fleet. Susie Goodall is lying in 4th place and has just left Hobart as you are reading this.

SisterShip will bring you updates from the Golden Globe 2018 race in future issues, on our Facebook page and website:

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

You can also follow the 2018 Golden Globe Race at:

<http://goldengloberace.com>



Photo courtesy of Susie Goodall.

Women on the water

2018



Australian Women's Keel Boat Regatta. (Bruno Carozza)



Women Who Sail

Women Who Sail™ was founded in 2011 by Charlotte Kaufman. Since its inception, the group has grown to over 15,000 members, plus sub-groups around world with an additional 16,000 members.

Women Who Sail is a group for women and non-binary sailors to come together to share insights, tips, questions, excitement, and most importantly, support.

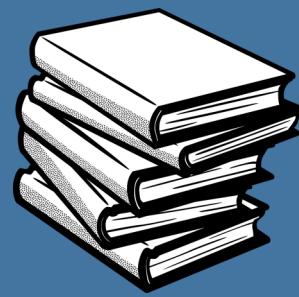
The newly launched **Women Who Sail** webpage can be found at
www.womenwhosail.com

The **Women Who Sail** logo designed by Spanish sailor and graphic artist
Mercedes Villar Lopez.

Women Who Sail founder Charlotte Kaufman with subgroup founders (from left to right):
Cheryle Matthew (Women Sailing East to the Pacific), Jane Jarratt (WWS the Med),
Charlotte Kaufman (WWS), Viki Moore (WWS NZ), and Shelley Wright (WWS Australia).



Book Review



What happens when there's a boisterous (but lovable) beagle, a Dutch barge, an adventurous couple all together on the waterways of Northern Europe to Scandinavia... (and more!)? FUN! But also a heart-warming, eye-brow-raising story! Not only a beautiful story, but a beautiful book, with fantastic colour photos that put you right onboard their barge Lily with them! *Boating with Buster* by Alison Alderton is about canines, cruising, and companionship throughout all life's ups and downs.

A different kind of road story, *Boating with Buster* introduces us to Alison Alderton's world of boisterous Beagles and bothersome boats. It follows Alison, her husband and their Beagle on their adventures through England, Ireland and Northern Europe as far north as Scandinavia – no mean feat in their small Dutch barge called Lily!

Bringing humour, tragedy and mishaps a-plenty, this unforgettable story demonstrates both Alison and Buster's sheer love for boating. Alison has regularly contributed articles and photographs to inland waterways publications and she and her dog are well-known in that field.

"I had no idea that when my husband and I purchased Lily, our Dutch barge, that she would carry us so far," says Alison. "From the English canals and Ireland's great lakes, to some of the largest rivers in Europe and busiest shipping lanes in the world to reach Scandinavia and, always at the helm by our sides was our Admiral, Buster the barge Beagle."

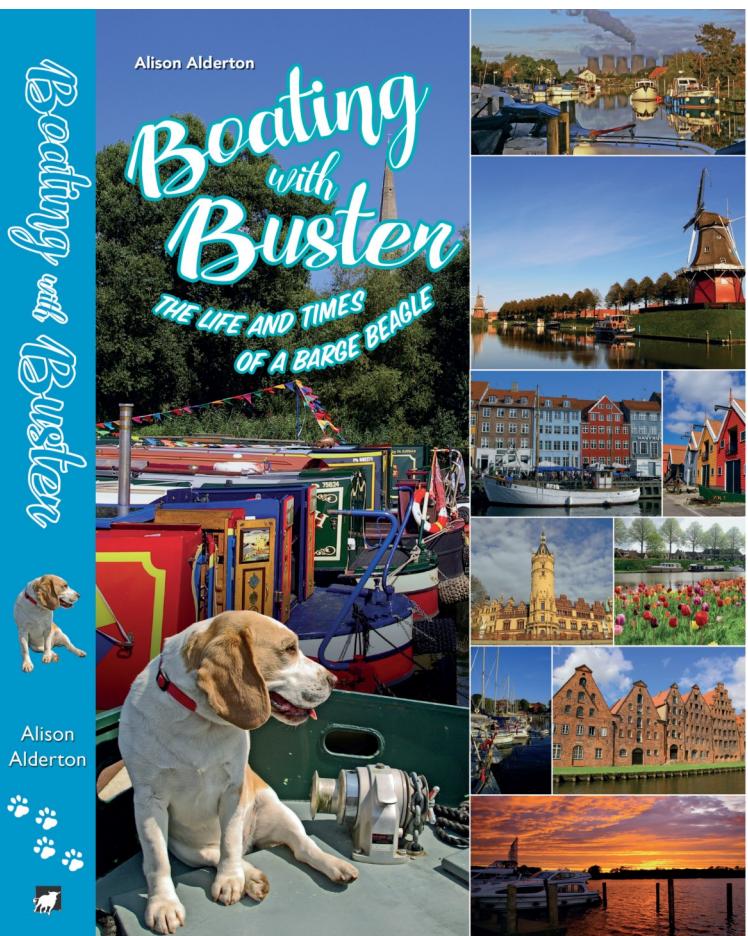
This shared joy ripples through the memoir in both the text and the colour photographs of Alison and Admiral Buster's journeys across Europe. From beautifully painted traditional narrowboats to great hefty commercial barges, Lily rubs shoulders with many different vessels. It's another world in which Alison and



Amidst a crisis, Alison feels life is not worth living, but Buster, a Beagle puppy, will change everything ...

Acquiring *Lily*, a Dutch barge, Alison and her husband, Roger, head for the calmness of the inland waterways. Boating with Buster, they learn plenty about boisterous Beagles and bothersome boats!

Buster's story flows through the waterways of England, Ireland and northern Europe in this colourfully portrayed, moving book of canine companionship.



Alison Alderton
Boating with Buster
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A BARGE BEAGLE

Alison Alderton

She is rather fond of Beagles too!

Alison Alderton was born in Chichester, West Sussex, and educated in the county, studying art, design and photography at the West Sussex College of Design in Worthing and later Creative Writing with NEC, Cambridge. For over 20 years, she has contributed both words and pictures to leading inland waterways publications, belongs to several boating associations, and is passionate about the world's inland waterways.

She is rather fond of Beagles too!

£19.99

9781780914389

her dog delighted in.

"I love the way that people drift in and out of my life on the waterways – us boaters sometimes only meet briefly yet leave memories which can last a lifetime," explains Alison. And along with this merry community comes a hidden world of waterways that most 'landlubbers' never see: "The variety of waterways was endless: small reed-lined meres, urban canals, winding rivers penetrating thickly wooded valleys, open intimidating inland seas and massive commercial waterways."

Alison (and Buster's!) story flows through the waterways of Europe in this colourfully portrayed, moving book of breathtaking boating and canine companionship.

Available now on Amazon: Price: £19.99

Review

Laugh, cry and smile.



Buster the Barge Beagle was certainly full of life, love and antics! Keeping Alison and Roger on their toes and providing such unabashed joy even when he was mischievous. You just can't help but love Buster, as clearly, Alison and Roger do. With the backdrop of The English Waterways, Ireland, Northern Europe and Scandinavia, it wraps the story beautifully in extraordinary settings. Travelling on a stunning Dutch barge adds to the intrigue and curiosity of what is going to happen next! Hang on to your stanchions and ride the lifts and falls of Buster's, Alison's, and Roger's life on the canals and through the locks. This is a marvellous life of adventure (and Buster's escapades!). Highly recommended.

Giveaway!

We have two paperbacks (UK subscribers only) and two ebooks (worldwide subscribers) to give away! Subscribe to [SisterShip Magazine](#) and go in the draw (winners announced in December issue).

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

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

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





Bass Strait Sea Kayak Expedition

Nineteen days sea kayaking across Bass Strait

Tamsin Visick

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

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

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

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

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





Early starts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Courage is its own reward!”



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

As a group we travelled well, having two who



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

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

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

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

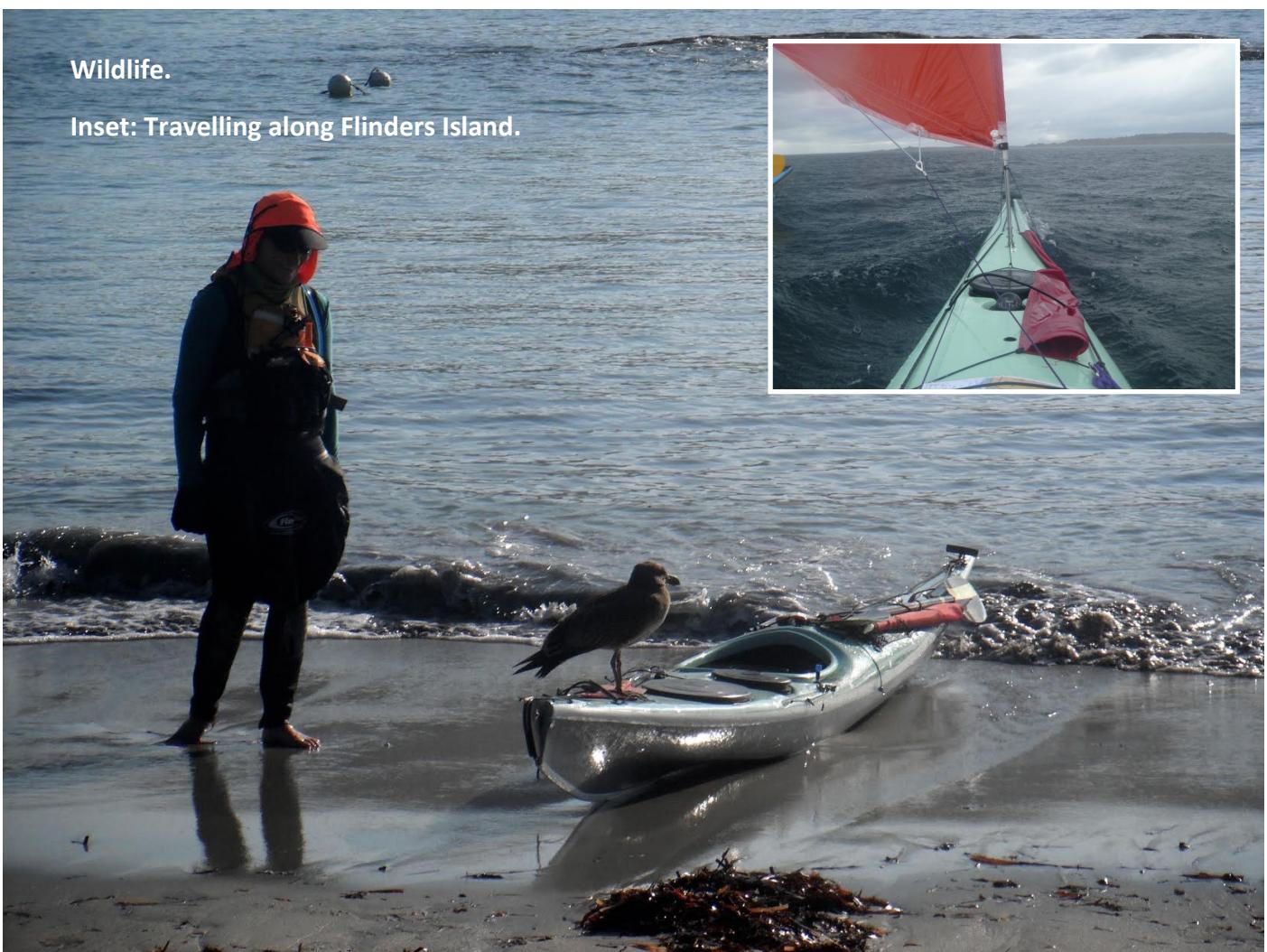
was the most exhausting day, both mentally and physically, but one that I will always remember. I was really challenged and I survived it.

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

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

Wildlife.

Inset: Travelling along Flinders Island.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



AUGUST ISSUE

Shero!



LIZZIE GARNHAM sails a Nauticat 38 called *Minerva* which was built in Finland in 1986 and purchased nine years ago. Lizzie is aged in her late 60s and shares her 'Shero' story here...

Lew and I were on board our Nauticat 38 ketch *Minerva* enjoying a sail near the entrance of Storm Bay, Tasmania, when, I saw the mainsail drop down on to our deck. I called out to Lew. It looked as if the clip on the halyard had failed. Lew and I knew that it would not be easy for me to winch him to the top of the mast to retrieve the halyard so he commented that we would have to leave it until we reached our destination. I knew Lew was very upset but then I'm TERRIFIED of all heights... I can't even use an overpass across a highway!

'I'll retrieve the halyard Lew.'

'Are you sure?'

'Yes, I'll do it.'

It seemed like only minutes for the canvas bosun's chair to be ready. I took a very deep breath; my heart was pounding hard. I knew what to do. I had to focus on the halyard above and not what was going on below me. When I was comfortably seated Lew started to winch me up while I hugged the mast like a koala. I had to let go a few times as the lights and the spreader were in the way. I was swinging from side to side but I was relieved when I had my koala-clutch again. I reached the top!

With the halyard tied around my wrist I was ready to descend.

As Lew was easing me down I suddenly called out, 'STOP!'

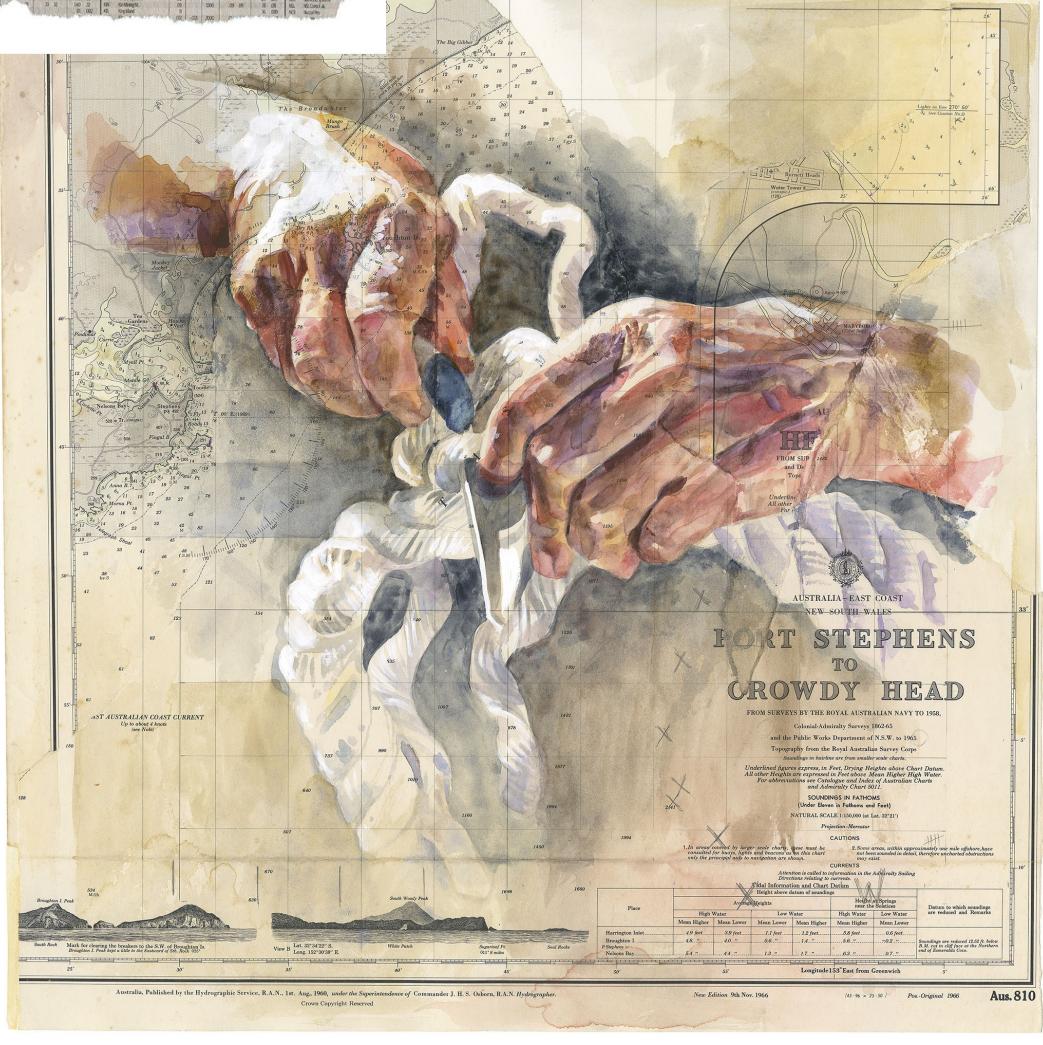
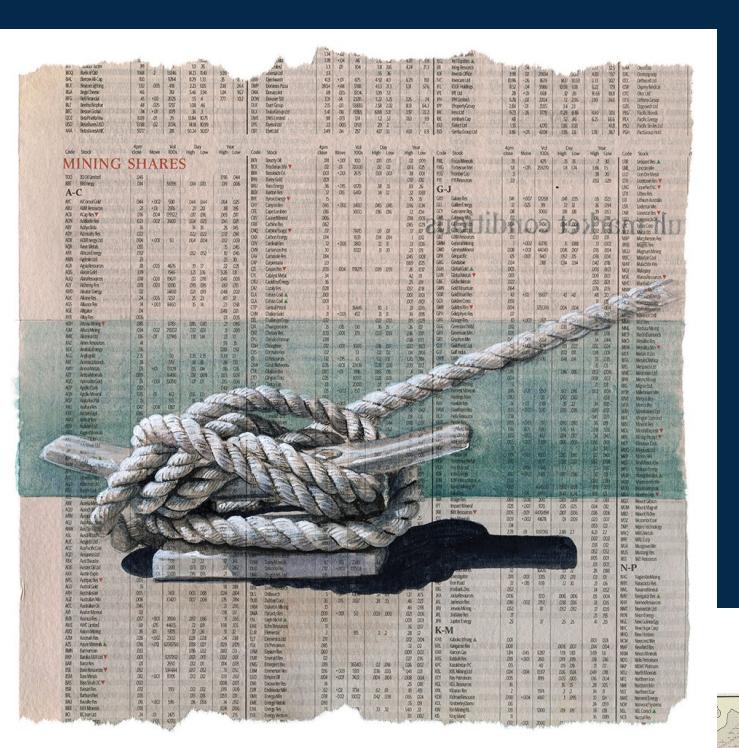
I reached into my pocket and managed to find and turn on my iPhone. I held the phone out in front of me, lens pointed down, and I heard the click. I was hoping my photo would let me relive my experience. I wanted to see the view that I personally could not take in from the top of the mast. Lew lowered me down quickly as I couldn't cope with the tension any more.

As I landed on the deck I cried with shock but then when I saw my photo I was ecstatic! I captured the wake around the boat, my dangling feet, Lew looking up at me and the whole boat in the photo as well. I am still so very excited and proud of my achievement and even though I'm still terrified of heights, I would help out again.



ART FEATURE

AUGUST ISSUE



HANDS AND ROPE, JASMIN CARTER



I have been practicing art for as long as I can remember but boats are a whole new kettle of fish.

I grew up with a fear of the ocean but didn't want to be held back by that, so three years ago with my best mate, I moved aboard and waved farewell to my familiar landlubber lifestyle.

Many aspects of life had to be adapted to make this idea viable, not least amongst them, my art practice. Previously I'd create and exhibit large-scale, contemporary oil paintings but I have endeavoured to try my hand, as it were, at watercolours whilst aboard. With my contemporary art background I try to incorporate different and varied media into my work to add weight and history and work over the top in layers of watercolour and drawing for depth.

My new series 'Hands and Rope' utilises these techniques whilst exploring the deftness, experience and even fragility of working hands overlaid on navigational charts. I feel connected to the seemingly confused tangle of rope, wending it's way into knots, as a way of understanding my own journey into this boating world, where passage making, security, and the sweat of your own efforts can make all the difference to your own experience.

You can check out more of my work or contact me on my new site

<http://www.enterprisingpirate.com/>



Coming soon! The world's latest nautical heroine...

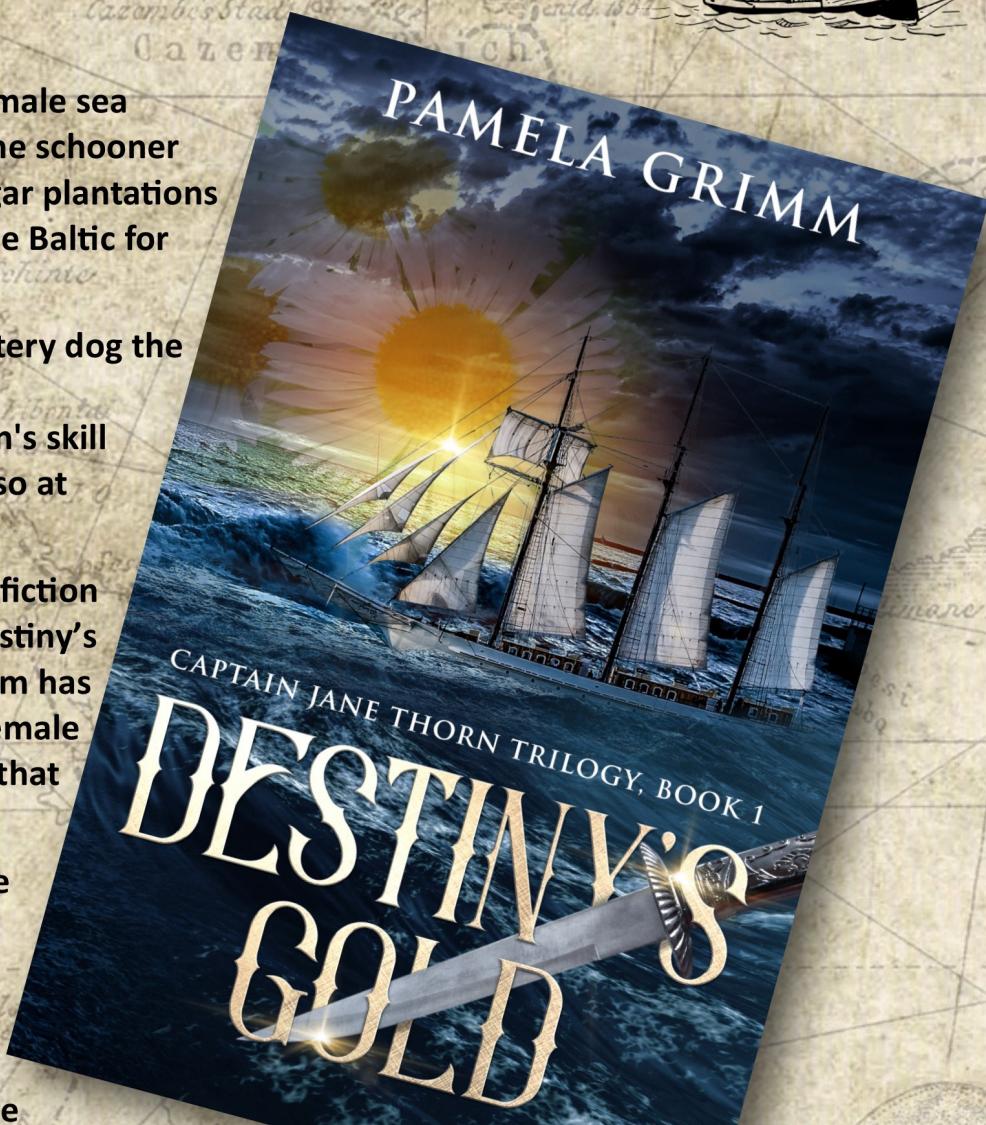
It is 1820 and a young, female sea captain sets sail aboard the schooner *Destiny* bound for the sugar plantations of Cuba and then on to the Baltic for iron.

Political intrigue and mystery dog the voyage, and those who underestimate the captain's skill and business acumen do so at their peril.

This is historical, nautical fiction with a fresh new take. *Destiny's Gold* author Pamela Grimm has created an indomitable female character and a storyline that keeps you guessing.

Pamela combines her love of maritime history with experience as a commercial and recreational captain to bring to life the golden age of merchant sailing ships in the person of Captain Jane Thorn and her loyal crew.

CLICK HERE TO PREORDER YOUR COPY!



"A spellbinding historical story with powerful characters."
- Viki Moore, Board Member of Yachting New Zealand, freelance writer, sailor, and author of www.astrolabe.com

www.sistershippress.com





On a Dutch Barge in France with an Aussie

JACKIE PARRY takes us back to her Barge-Boat-Buying experience.

'Frankly, I wouldn't take one of those boats if they were giving them away!'

Our first search for a barge for the European canals was not going well.

We had traversed the French canals, south to north, on our sailboat *Mariah II*. Her five-foot keel had caused some, let's say, 'interesting' events in the locks, when the tidal-wave of water rolled in via exuberant lock-keepers. We always planned to return one day on a boat better suited. Thirteen years later we were back in Europe searching for a barge.

We commenced the hunt in the UK, which was ridiculous – convert Aussie dollars to British pounds – it hurts! Aside from that, the boats in our price range (actually above our price range), needed *everything* doing to them except, perhaps, a new hull, and even that was questionable.

As usual, when making a hefty purchase, we carried out months of research online first. The advice was, 'Head to Holland, the boats are better and cheaper.' We have wonderful friends in Petten (North Holland), so it was an easy decision.

We never keep to a straightforward plan though. We stopped in France first, en route to Holland from London. Just to see one boat. It was calling us.

But that boat was badly presented, with dead batteries and no lights, (*I think the engine is in here somewhere.*). We weren't impressed. The broker wasn't that interested either. Off to Holland we went.

We had met Natasja and Dennis in the Canary Islands during our circumnavigation on *Mariah*. Cemented in deep friendship we joined their celebrations when their daughters, Kim and Debby, came along. We hadn't seen them for a long time and I knew they'd laugh at my grey hair that was staging a takeover bid. They would tell us off for

wasting money by going to France.

I also knew they'd straighten us out and put us on the right track. I was right, they even loaned us their campervan.

Suddenly, we stepped in to the nitty-gritty of boats. Tall ones, short ones, long, fat, thin, smelly, smart, expensive, and cheap – boats glorious boats.

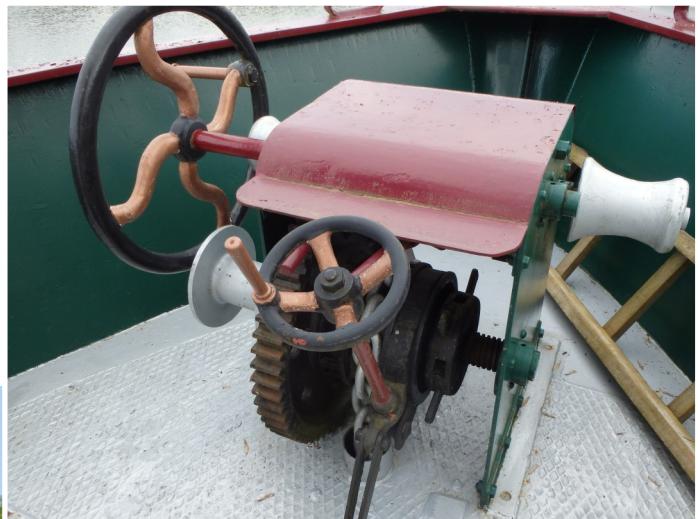
We were looking for a good-sized boat for two, with two cabins (for occasional visitors to have their own space), and a well-maintained engine that was big enough to push us along nicely. Sails would've been nice – but I think we were asking too much (lowering the mast too often for bridges). We wanted a good wheelhouse that provided protection from the elements.

What we didn't want was teak decks, rust, a toilet in the galley (what are people thinking?), a diesel-eater, and we certainly didn't want concrete in the bilge.

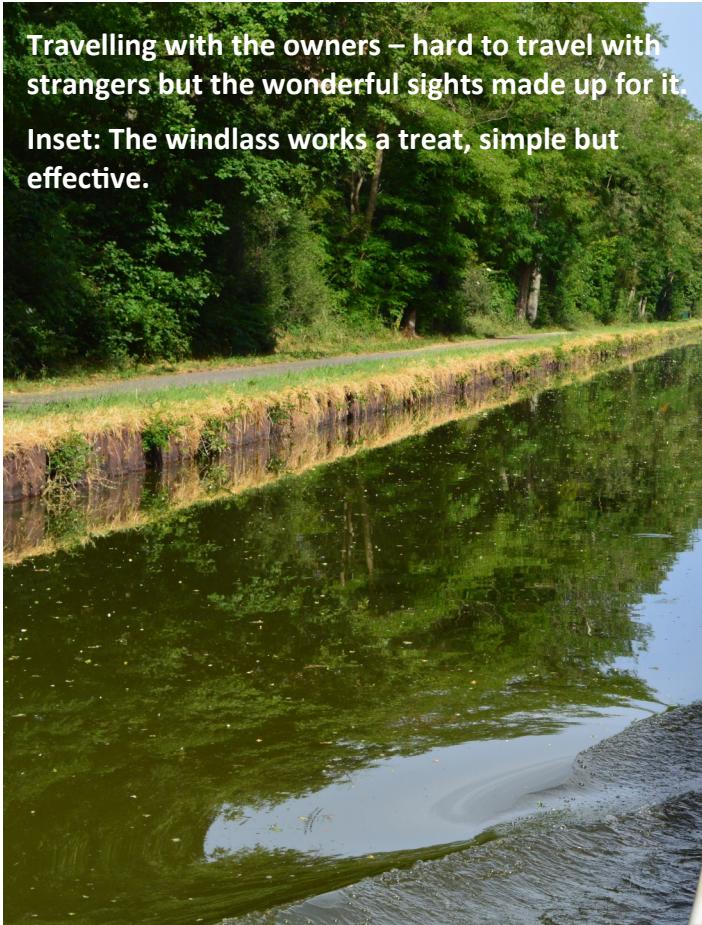
"We learned something new on every boat; we viewed barges and motorboats, keeping our options open."

The Dutch spring put on a fabulous show with sunny days. The blooming tulips spread like a rainbow blanket over the meadows; soft pinks, deep purples, glowing yellows, and flame reds. Across the flat land windmills gently turned in the lazy breeze. The Dutch couldn't build an ugly house if they tried.

A thirteen-metre motor boat caught our eyes. That is, until the seller lied to us about the asbestos around the exhaust. While it wasn't a



Travelling with the owners – hard to travel with strangers but the wonderful sights made up for it.
Inset: The windlass works a treat, simple but effective.



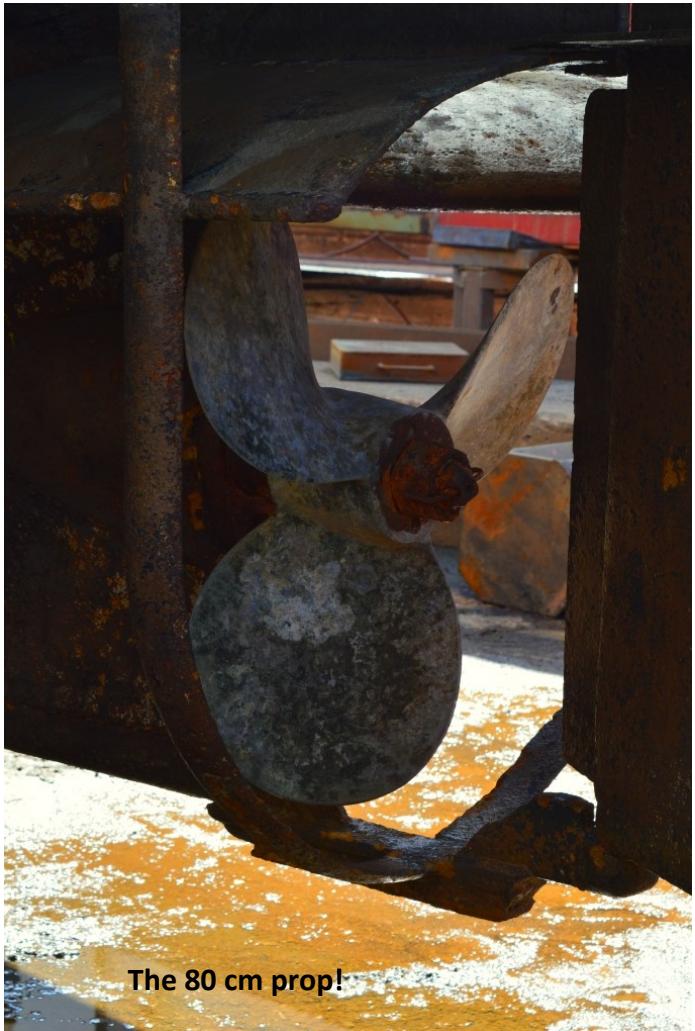
disaster, we no longer trusted what he said.

We awoke each morning with fresh excitement. Was this the day we find our boat?

One morning, with sleepy eyes, I opened up our emails to see what was occurring in the world, and this particular morning something made me sit up straight.

I read out-loud, 'Your bid for the Valkruiser of \$.... has not been accepted, keep trying!' Suddenly, I was wide awake, glaring at Noel who was trying to hide behind his teacup. But the bid wasn't huge – so, no harm in trying. The next day, we received another email. 'You can come to view the ferry this afternoon.'

Ferry? FERRY? I know I said I wanted more room, but a ferry? My thoughts turned to internet-blocking software to contain Noel's enthusiasm; one which had a maturity level perhaps.



The 80 cm prop!



The weeks rolled by, and we became dispirited with our lack of excitement with boats on offer. Maybe we didn't have the right budget, but we were determined to stick with it. However, patience was thinning

We went from, '*Arhhh, this is nice dear, travelling through Holland looking at boats, everything is very pretty isn't it?*' To, '*Just where the ferk is this bloody turnoff? That bloody boat was a heap of shite, and look at this, another bloody suicide bloody wanker on a push-bike demanding right of bloody way on a bloody ferking round-a-bout!*'

We read every boat advert in Europe. When I found an interesting boat with just one out-of-focus picture, I couldn't help writing, '*Why are you advertising a boat to sell without pictures?*' then I wondered why they didn't write back. I tell you, the wine cellar was depleting at an alarming rate.

But, the Dutch were very forgiving at our

'steady' speed in the campervan and we had only one horn-blowing, arm-shacking incident. Well, we did nearly cut the guy in half. Noel had trouble differentiating between the wiper and blinker toggle, it was raining off and on. The other road user thought we were going port when in actual fact (had he cared to look and listen) our Tom-Tom was broadcasting a rather urgent shriek for starboard. Streuth!

"On a positive note, trying to learn the lingo was a great way to clear any gunk from the back of our throats."

Amid this mayhem, we put an offer on a boat: A twenty-three metre-hulk-of-a-boat.

To cut a rather long, boring, and upsetting story, short – we agreed a fabulous price, they agreed to let us move on until the survey.

While starting to make ourselves at home we found the concrete in the bilge, the concrete that they swore was not there. We pulled from the deal, and thankfully received our

deposit back in full.

Another boat caught our eye at the same time. The owners were delightful but had not kept up the maintenance. During numerous discussions with the broker, he unwittingly revealed details of the state of the hull. We've seen a few people caught with having to re-plate. Steel hulls thin over time, and the re-plating exercise can be vastly expensive. During in-depth discussions with the broker, he pretty much talked us out of the deal, hinting at probable problems.

So, that was two near-misses and nothing else was appealing, not without an enormous



increase in our budget.

We had been bouncing around figures via the broker of the French boat (the first one) while all this was going on. There was ‘something’ about her. We put in an incredibly low offer and just let it sit.

After the concrete-in-the-bilge debacle we looked back, again, at photos of the boats we had previously viewed.

‘The boat in France is pretty.’

‘Yes, she’s got nice lines.

We studied the pictures, talked about the renovations we could do (poor design below decks with the sleeping arrangements). We still couldn’t see the engine, but the dark, smudged photos didn’t look, ‘too bad,’ second time around. We can talk ourselves into anything!

The owners of the French barge turned

down our low offer – twice. Our options were running out, so we upped the offer a little, ‘subject to survey’. By some miracle, they accepted and so we were on our way to France once again.

We couldn’t haul out for several weeks. The nearest place to go on the hard (soonest) was where the broker lived, some 280 km away from the boat. The owner wanted to take his boat there anyway, so we commenced a 280 km test run, complete with eighty-seven locks and the owners!

Ignoring the fact that both Noel and I are not



good at 'living' with family, let alone strangers, we started to practice our French.

'Le iceberg.'

'Le pointy end.'

'Merde.' (We thought that'd be useful). Plus, Noel had a few German words he could throw-in just to confuse me or them, or perhaps everyone. At least we knew the important words, *'Je voudrais du vin blanc & bierre, s'il vous plaît!'*

The owners were sweet people, extremely gracious to invite us on board, and trusting too. However, they thought we should be fluent in French within two-days. If we didn't understand they would literally shout down our ears.

Important aspects of the boat, like start-up procedure, central heating functions etc, were ignored, but detailed training sessions on how to stow the cushions in the cupboard and clean the floor were a daily event! My patience became gossamer thin when I was told I was cutting potatoes the wrong way.

Upon arrival to St Jean de Losne we booked into a Gite (self-contained accommodation).

The boat went like a dream. The survey went very well, despite the surveyor being dressed like a teenager ready to go skate-boarding. He was thorough with the boat but left us a bit perplexed with some of his answers.

'What paint do you recommend for the hull?' Noel asked.

The Surveyor straightened his spine, rolled back his head, looked straight down his nose and replied, *'I do not know, I am not a painter, non!'*

Some expert!

That said, he did find the slop in the rudder bearings and shaft – resulting in a new prop shaft and bearings. We were thinking 'worn key-way'. We didn't know anything about a NEW prop shaft until it was ordered! We were only the purchasers after all (and we were happy to leave the painting to the professionals at the yard).



Jackie at the helm.

Fortunately, the people we were buying the boat from were paying for most of work, as per the contract, so we didn't have too much of a heart-attack. The prop was enormous at 80 cm and it took two men to lift the shaft.

What we didn't bank on was the 'band-aid' style cover on the *INSIDE* of the hull where the prop shaft went. It was covered with thin ply while we sat back in the water, waiting for the new prop shaft to be made and delivered.

What happened next was like a rather stressful carry-on movie.

We were not happy with the temporary patch covering the rather large hole and asked the workers not to let the water into the dry-dock. They believed it was fine.

They opened the lock to let the water into the dock, Noel closed it. Tempers were fraying, Noel was grasping the latch to prevent the water entering. Then the owner turned up, switched an emergency switch and the dry-dock filled. The temporary repairs were fine (after some adjustments at our insistence).

Our frantic behaviour and the fact that we locked an engineer (who monitored the patch) in our engine room, for half-an-hour, without realising, were all forgiven. The French 'way' is very different from what we are used to. We were exhausted and through lack of energy we finally relaxed and allowed ourselves to 'go with it' and things improved.

Finally, with the surveyor's report in our sticky hands, the insurance in place, the funds transferred, and all the owners' gear removed, we sat on our lovely home all alone and wondered how the hell we were going to manoeuvre an 18.5 metre boat through the middle of France!

ROUGE CORSAIR DETAILS

Rouge Corsair is a Dutch Luxemotor. She was built in the Netherlands and was originally a bunker barge for the commercial vessels, hence she has a nice pointed bow (in comparison to many barges) to slice through the water.

She has no bow thrusters, but with her enormous prop we could use her prop walk for easy manoeuvring. She is a dream to handle.

LOA – 18.5 metres

Beam – 3.95

Air draft – 2.95

Draft (water) – 1 metre

CONCRETE IN THE BILGE - EXPLANATION

The following information is what we have learned/seen over many years of being around boats (commercial and recreational), reading, teaching maritime and talking to shipping surveyors, master mariners, brokers and many cruisers/sailors etc.

The boat (we almost purchased) was steel with concrete poured in the engine room as ballast. Under the bathroom, hallway and part of the galley cement has been laid up to the depth of 25 mm (it was also under the holding tank). We could cope with the concrete in the engine room as we had access to it and therefore we could remove it.

Our concerns with concrete (cement and aggregate (or gravel) makes up concrete), it is strong in compression but weak in tension that is why additives such as aggregate (gravel) is used to make concrete and in building/structural work, the additional use of reinforced steel is used.

On boats, concrete was primarily used as a cheap form of ballast – however in Europe (for new builds) the use of cement-based products in steel boats HAS BEEN BANNED. There is a reason for this:

1. The inside of the hull cannot be maintained against corrosion;
2. The slightest crack allows water ingress. Corrosion occurs with moisture between the steel and the cement; and
3. The problem is compounded with cement coverings, as whenever the hull is deformed e.g. during haul out or the vessel takes the ground. The deformation of plates creates tension in the cement, which it cannot withstand, and it cracks, allowing even more moisture to become trapped between the cement and the hull (more water and oxygen = more corrosion).

Cement is relatively easy to remove compared to concrete, however you have to gain access to it if it is underneath a floor and/or holding tanks and/walls etc. Then it is a major problem.

What should be used is hull plating grease as it protects the steel from corrosion, penetrates any gaps between the ribs and plates and it is flexible.

What also happens with the older boats, the rivets can start to weep, allow more water in, which is tolerable if the moisture can be removed. Condensation is water, causing corrosion.

The problem is you cannot see it and cannot get to it and you do not know what is going on there – it is a silent killer on a hull.

The main problem occurs with cement or concrete laid with less than 3 inches thick (around 70 mm), as the enormous loads of going into dry dock can crack it, separating the concrete from the steel allowing moisture to penetrate and the steel starts corroding.

The Technical Expert at a well-known insurance company was very helpful with our concerns. We telephoned him to discuss the situation, and he said:

- You should avoid concrete in the bilge, we recommend that loose ballast is used.
- Without the grease on the inside of the hull, there is always a problem with rusting between the ribs and hull plating.
- Grease is the best thing to use, it is much better than paint. It should be used on all boats of this type as it seals between the ribs and the plating and it is flexible whereas cement is not and it cracks when the boat is lifted or the boat is on the ground.

With older hulls, there is the problem with rivets popping out (becoming loose).

We are aware that some people use cement/concrete and do not have problems – in our humble opinion, they are lucky.



Jackie Parry.



Island Cruising and Sail New Zealand

Lyn and John Martin

Windflower in Baie D'Or.

We've been asked many times recently, '*What are you doing now, and do you miss the Island Cruising Association?*' We loved the people, sharing what we'd learned, and seeing people who attended one of our Cruising Prep Seminars get out there and live the dream' Let's face it—we need to live our cruising dream too. In the 11 years we ran the rallies around the SW Pacific we cruised the islands every year and spent a lot more time cruising our own beautiful country too. So, the answer to the question is - yes we do miss the ICA but as with cruising, where you're always looking at that next horizon, we saw new horizons beckoning.

Throughout our cruising we've taken notes, run tracks, and snapped lots of photos. Utilising these in our workshops, seminars, and briefing notes for the rallies. We knew there would be other uses too. We found it frustrating that information we sourced from books was often out of date and even with the internet, it was hard to pick out the accurate information from the ill-informed. While running ICA we put together a Cruising Guide, *Sail Tonga*, which we

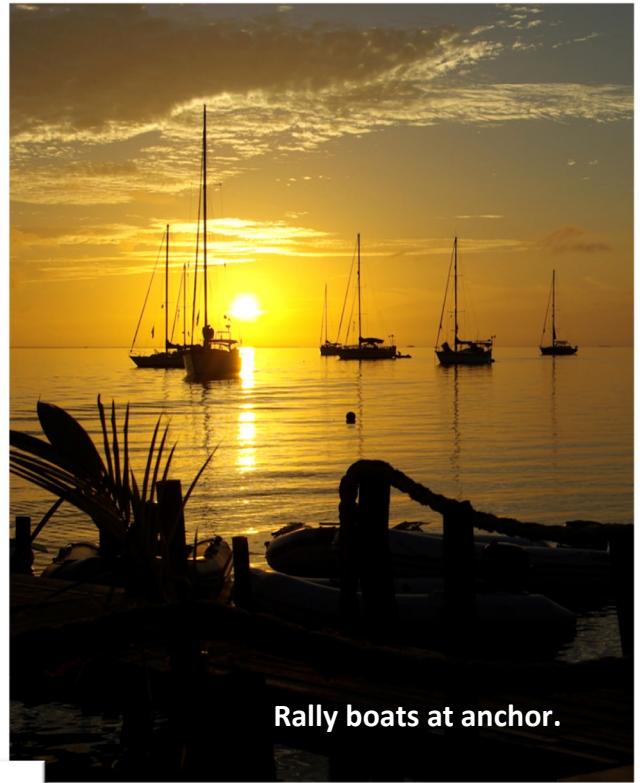
published as an e-book. Sales were good the first year but dropped off during the second. We later found our guide had been copied and shared on the Internet. We did, however, receive accolades for the content and an idea began to germinate. The idea grew into App based cruising guides, *Sail Tonga* was converted, we then wrote *Sail Fiji* and we have now recently launched *Sail New Zealand*.

The app format allows the user a completely new experience. With some cruising guides I struggled to orientate myself as to where I was in the big picture. I could find no connection between the current anchorage and the next. After looking on the chart we'd often find it miles from where we had presumed it to be. Some information was out of date or worse, e.g. the Author had visited the place once, had a bad experience that put others off, or described a place as well-protected when we know it as a rolly anchorage – beautiful, yes, but sometimes pure torture.

With the app format you start with the big picture and drill down to more and more detail. Because we're not limited to print we

can add lots of images, all of which are embedded within the app and available to the user offline. If you do have an internet connection we can link to other resources with web links and to aerial footage we have called "SkyView" for an overhead perspective of important features, tight passages, anchorages, marinas etc. Best of all they are updated quarterly so they're up to date.

The apps have been great fun to put together and there are plans for more, we've also partnered with Down Under Rally, the Hembrows, for the Sail 2 Indonesia Rally and for Cruising Preparation Seminars in Australia, there are two coming up on the Gold Coast in November and in December at Pittwater.



Rally boats at anchor.

Cruising prep seminars.



JOHN AND LYN MARTIN have a cruising history spanning 30 years and over 130,000 miles. They bought their current boat, *Windflower*, a heavy displacement 13.5 m sloop, in 1994 and took their family, (then seven and nine), off cruising the Southwest Pacific the following year. They have lived aboard *Windflower* for all but six years of that time with the boat evolving from a basic cruiser to a modern, well-equipped, comfortable, and safe cruising platform.



John and Lyn.

The Martins first offshore foray in 1995 was with the New Zealand-based Island Cruising Association (ICA) for their Tonga cruising rally, an experience that gave them much support, many lifelong friends, and a whole heap of fun. This was repeated numerous times over the next decade. In 2007 they took over the running of the ICA; educating and mentoring other would-be cruisers, sharing their experience and sailing with the rallies they ran every year until recently. They handed over the reins of the association to new blood at the end of last year having loved every minute of the experience but with no regrets knowing their legacy was in good hands with the Richards family.

Yoga4Yachties



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

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

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App based cruising guides for iPad and Android

Sail New Zealand

Cruise with confidence!

The Future of Cruising Guides is here – Sail South Pacific launch their latest Cruising Guide App, *Sail New Zealand*.

Something for everyone. For the skipper: Detailed information on anchorages, passages and things you need to watch out for, routes, waypoints and marina layouts to name a few. For the crew: Images of where you're heading, activities once you're there. If you like the occasional meal out or want to sample a wine or two, that's in the guide too!

The app is designed and produced by Sail South Pacific, a company owned and operated by John and Lyn Martin (previously the Island Cruising Association) and reviewed recently by Lawrence Schaffler, editor of Boating NZ Magazine as "*perhaps the most comprehensive and easy to use guide to boating around the New Zealand Coastline.*"

The app comes as a "Free" planning app with Issue 1 covering the whole of the North Island and the top of the South. There is an abundance of information on getting around the country and the 'regions' tab at the foot of the screen has as much information on the various regions as you'll need to cruise with confidence around NZ.

For in depth information, area-specific Cruising Guides are available via "in app purchases". Again, tap the icons at the foot of the screen to access a vast resource of cruising information.

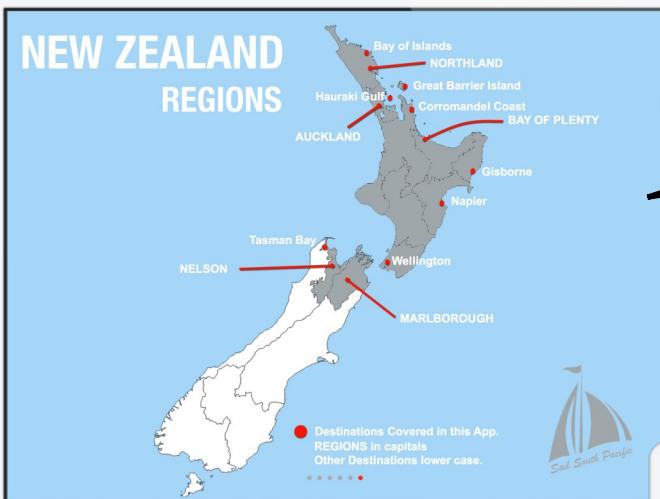
The local cruising guides provide detailed information for navigating the region including planning info, routes, waypoints, hazards and cautions, where to go, and perhaps more important, what to avoid.

Drill down to individual anchorages for information on bottom conditions, safe wind directions, whether it's a day anchorage or suitable for overnight, and the activities to do once you're there.

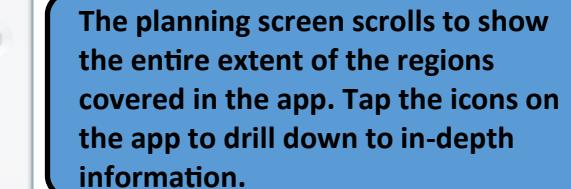
Slide shows of images give you a good idea of what to expect and the growing library of "SkyView" videos gives an aerial perspective, these are ideal to orientate you to the surrounding locale.

Once purchased the app is yours for life with regular quarterly updates.

For your copy of the Free Planning App, use the QR code or head to sailsouthpacific.com



At this stage the app is configured for iPad, the tabs at the bottom of the screen navigate you through the areas of the guide.

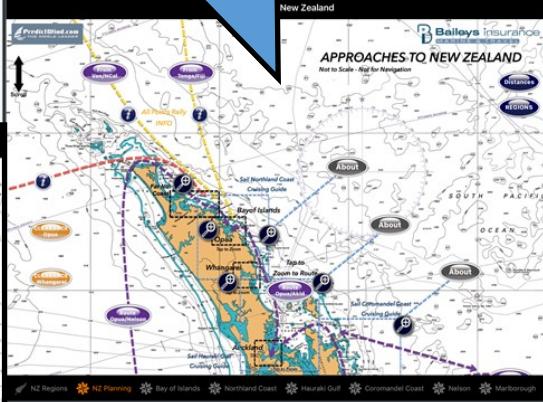


Approaches to New Zealand

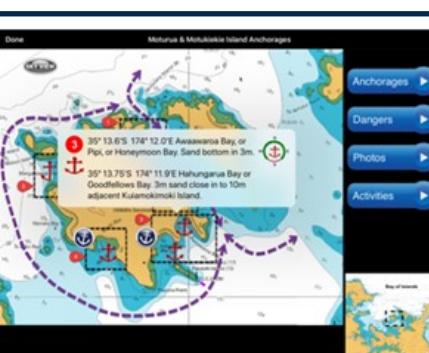
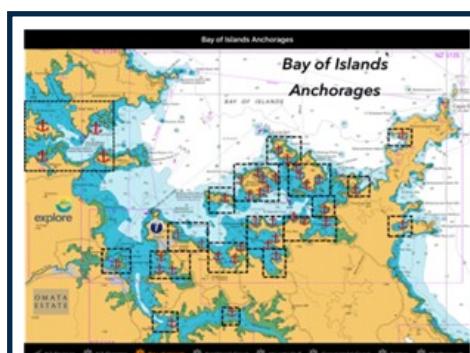
About – Northland Coast

New Zealand offers some of the best cruising outside the tropics, anywhere in the world. That may be a bold claim, but I challenge anyone to dispute it after cruising the Northland Coast. From the KariKari Peninsula in the north to Whangarei Heads and the Hen and Chicken Islands in the south, this 85nm stretch of coast has it all; fabulous beaches, excellent anchorages, great diving and fishing and of course, wonderful sailing. Safe all-weather anchorages abound. The magical Bay of Islands alone boasts over thirty all-weather places to drop the hook.

From North to South: The Karikari Peninsula gets you away from the beaten track and if you're shallow drafted, Rangaunu Harbour is a great explore. Mangonui Harbour, 12nm south, boasts a secure harbour and the best 'Fish and Chips' in NZ, fresh caught each day. Whangaroa is just 13nm south – its dramatic entrance opens to several ford-like arms, with Whangaroa township, at the head of the harbour, boasting the Game Fish Club, a great local pub and a small marina. If you like walking, you'll love Whangaroa. The Cavalli Islands offer some great diving and fishing on the way to the Bay of Islands. Just 5nm south of Cape Brett – the Eastern tip of the Bay of Islands – is Whangamumu Harbour. There's whaling history here and the anchorage is good in all but strong easterlies. The walk to 'the Brett' from here suits the fit hiker. 10nm south again is Whangaruru Harbour. Shallow with great holding, this is a great spot to base yourself for a few days and explore some of the beautiful day anchorages. Tutukaka, just 17nm south, boasts a small marina, fuel, bars, restaurants, a store and several dive operators if you're keen to dive the Poor Knights, some of the fabulous wreck dives, or just want to catch a few rays for dinner. A further 17nm sees the entrance to Whangarei Harbour, with the dramatic Whangarei Heads showing the way.



Tap the icons on the app to drill down to in-depth information.



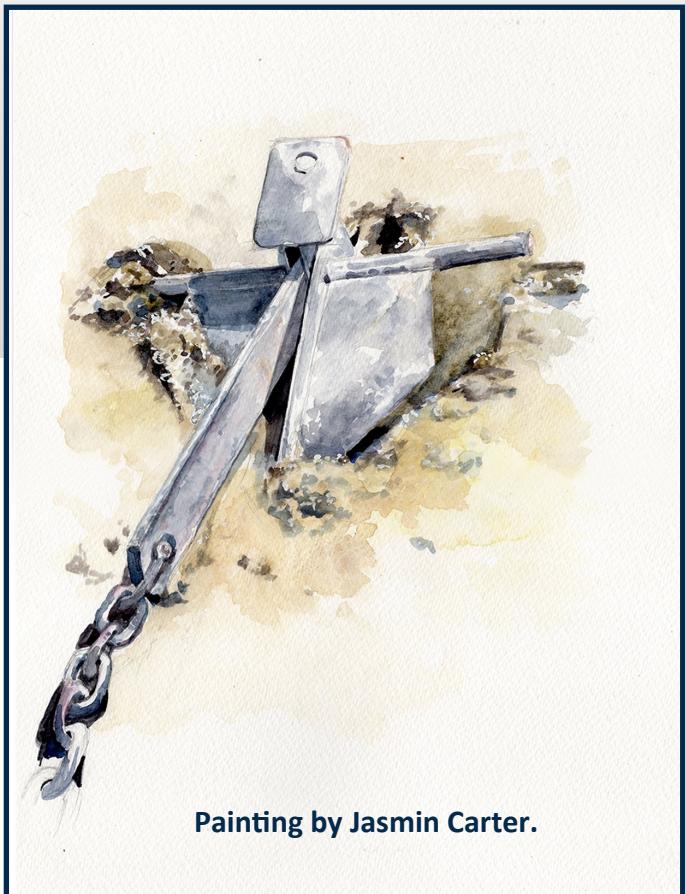
Anchoring made easy

AUGUST ISSUE

Daria Blackwell

When we first started cruising, there were few choices for anchors and there wasn't much to know about them. We had the Fisherman or hook-type anchor, the CQR or plough-type (plow) anchor, and the Danforth or fluke-type anchor. The Fisherman was for rock bottoms, the CQR for hard bottoms, and the Danforth for soft bottoms. You carried at least one of each on board. But things have really changed.

There are many variations of anchor designs on the market today. What works for your boat, in your cruising area, for your conditions may be very different from what I



Painting by Jasmin Carter.

need for mine. The important thing to do is to educate yourself enough to understand

ANCHOR CATEGORIES



Hook

1800s

Plow

1930s

Fluke

1940s

Claw

1970s

Scoop

1990s

how to decide what may work best for you, and then learn how to use your gear effectively.

What's up with anchors?

One of the first contemporary design innovations was the Bruce, a claw-type anchor that was the easiest and quickest anchor to set, so it gained in popularity very quickly. But it had a few drawbacks, chiefly that it didn't hold that well, so most cruisers bought an oversized one to stay put.

Along came the Spade and that changed everything. The Spade was the first of the new generation of scoop-type anchors. It represented a significant engineering advance in anchor design and performance. Instead of ploughing through a substrate with convex flukes, the concave Spade flukes dug into the substrate like a shovel. Soon new versions of the scoop anchor were being introduced around the world.

Different variations of the older designs were also being developed, like the Delta plough-type anchor with fixed shank and the lightweight aluminium Fortress fluke-type anchor. Suddenly, anchoring decisions became complicated, and magazines on every continent started devising comparative tests to answer the big question, *'Which anchor is best?'* The short answer is, *'It depends'*.

Let's start by saying that for most people, a single new generation anchor as the primary

Preparing to anchor.



and a backup for various applications is all that is needed today. Our point of view is that a scoop-type anchor as a primary bow anchor is a wise insurance policy for keeping your boat securely anchored and getting a good night's sleep. The table lists some the anchors available on today's market. Most anchors within a category share characteristics, and also have differences that may suit one boat's configuration or another's.

Choosing where to anchor

Making the decision about where to anchor is perhaps more important than any other aspect of anchoring. Check the weather forecast to see predicted wind strength and direction, as well as sea state. Pick a spot protected from both wind and waves for the predicted conditions. More often it is wave action that will pull an anchor out of the bottom rather than wind.

Check the charts for the chosen anchorage. See what the bottom composition is, what the depths are throughout the anchorage, and whether there are any obstructions or restrictions. Stay clear of channels and areas where vessels need room to manoeuvre. Get close enough for shore leave to be reasonable but not so close as to be subject to swell.

Next check the tide heights and times for the time at which you will be anchoring. Also check for any unusual or reversing currents.

A popular anchorage.



A selection of modern anchor types

Anchor category	Anchor brand	Advantages	Disadvantages
Scoop-type*	Spade	Disassembles, weighted tip, digs well.	May need more scope than others in class.
	Rocna	Excellent for most bottoms & conditions, reliable storm anchor.	Roll bar may not fit on bow. Substrate in scoop may cause it to not reset if pulled out.
	Manson Supreme	Excellent for most bottoms & conditions.	Slot in shank if used can cause it to pull out on reversal.
	Ultra	Beautifully made anchor, winglets enable it to veer very well with changes in wind or current flow.	Expensive, available only in stainless steel.
	Mantus	Excellent for most bottoms & conditions, disassembles for storage.	Needs to be securely assembled.
Fluke-type	Fortress	Extremely light weight for the high holding power it delivers; excellent for deployment by dinghy; easy to stow.	Hinge prone to wear and jamming, best in soft bottoms (sand & mud), can be more difficult to set.
	Danforth	Good holding in soft bottoms.	Often copied and knockoffs not always reliable.
Claw-type	Claw by Lewmar	Fast setting, similar to the Bruce.	Catches rocks limiting holding power, prone to dragging.
Plough-type	CQR by Lewmar	Sets and resets readily.	Poor holding in most tests compared with scoop anchors, hinged shank prone to wear.
	Delta	Sets easily and due to large surface area holds well in hard bottoms, useful for kedging. No moving parts.	May not veer as well as other designs.

***Note on all scoop types: they all set and hold well, may be hard to break out, bring up loads of muck. Need windlass and wash down system.**

****EDITOR'S NOTE:** The Australian designed SARCA has not been tested by Daria.

Spade anchor.



Rocna.



Ultra.



Answer the questions: how deep is it now, how deep is it going to get at high tide, and how deep is it going to be at low tide? Then determine where you will have enough water to stay afloat at low tide and how much extra scope you will need to allow for the depth at high tide. You don't want to wake up with your boat grounded and listing on its side.

For example, our boat's draft is 8.5 feet so we need to have at least 12 feet of water (8.5' + a margin) at low tide to be relatively certain we'll stay afloat. Keep in mind that MLW is only an estimation of what the low tide level may be for that day. So, if there is a 10-foot tidal variation, and we arrive at half-tide and anchor in 18 feet of water, we'll have 13 feet beneath our keel at low tide (18'-5'), and 23 feet at high tide (18'+5'). Easy!

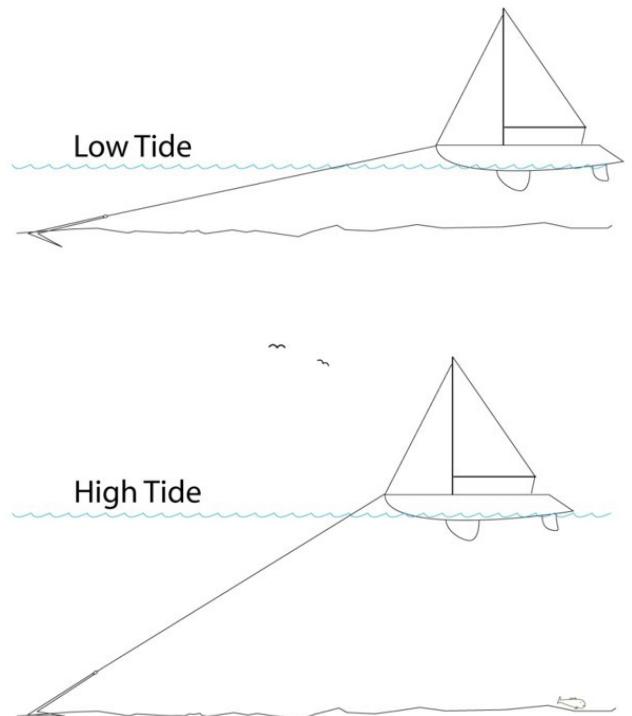
How to anchor securely

When you enter an anchorage, assuming you have taken down your sails and are under

power, observe where other boats are anchored and whether what you saw on the chart matches what you now see with your eyes. Drive in a circle around your intended anchoring spot to ensure that it is indeed clear. Then drive to the centre of the circle and point into the wind. Stop the boat and slowly begin to lower the anchor to the bottom. As the anchor reaches the bottom, let the boat drift slowly backwards with the wind, or power gently in reverse as you pay out more rode.

When you've got about a third of the desired rode out, let the anchor set by tugging gently on the rode. If your boat has been drifting sideways, this will also straighten her out so she lies in line with the rode again. Let the remainder of the rode out and let the anchor set gently. If you power hard in reverse to set the anchor, you may just pull it out. While giving it some time to set, observe stationary objects on shore to determine if the boat is moving or it has stopped and the anchor is indeed set. Finally, power set the anchor by putting the engine gently in reverse, watching the stationary objects to be certain you are not dragging.

The advertisement features the Mantus Marine logo at the top, followed by the tagline 'WHERE INNOVATION NEVER STOPS'. Below this, a large image of a modern, high-tech anchor being deployed, with a coiled anchor rode trailing behind it. The background is a stylized, glowing blue sea. At the bottom, there is a smaller image showing various marine equipment, including a blue cylinder, a coiled rope, and a anchor, along with the website address 'www.MantusMarine.com'.



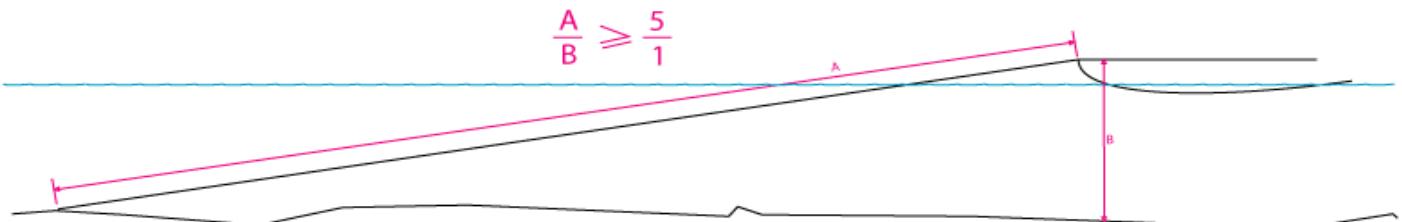
Ascertain that you have enough scope for the depth of water and conditions expected. To determine scope, you'll need to know the distance from the deck (where the rode will begin) to the sea floor compared to the amount of rode let out (see figure). As you let out your chain or rope rode, you may wish to keep track of how much you let out. Many cruisers mark their rodes at regular intervals to make it easier. A 5:1 scope is prudent, as high as 10:1 is recommended if gale conditions are expected. You can shorten scope to as little as 3:1 if needed in a crowded anchorage after setting the anchor at greater scope. Make certain you avoid overlap of the swing radius with other boats in case the wind direction changes.

Once you have your rode out and secured, it's time to deploy a snubber if you have an all chain rode, and chafe protectors. A snubber

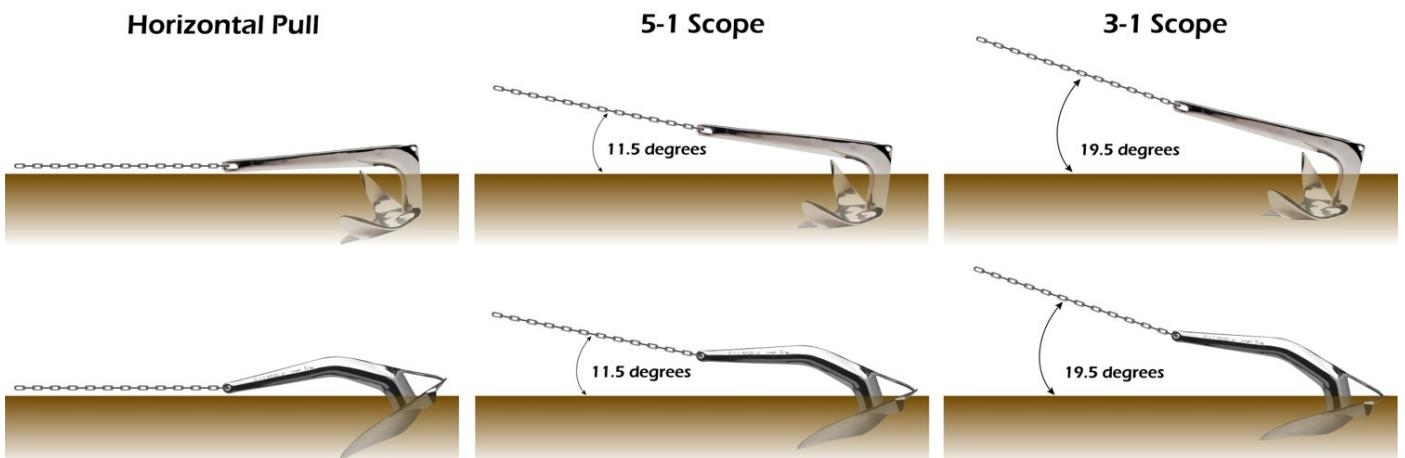
is a length of stretchy rope (about 30 feet) that is secured to the chain with a hook or some other method and then taken to a deck cleat to take the tension off the chain. The stretchy rope, with a chafe protector, will introduce elasticity to the chain to keep it from pulling the anchor out or putting strain on the deck hardware. This is especially important on catamarans which tend to surge back and forth at anchor, creating massive snatch loads at the cleats. On a catamaran, a stretchy bridle is the best option.

Now it's time for relaxing with sundowners. But first, take a quick look around to see what your exit strategy would be if conditions deteriorated during the night and you needed to move the boat. If someone's anchor was dragging onto your boat and you wanted to get out, what would you do and where would you go to re-anchor? It is

Adequate scope.



Effect of Scope on Angle of Anchor



QUICK TIPS:

- Choose a spot that is protected from wind and waves
- Allow for tidal variation when surveying depth
- Avoid anchoring in restricted areas
- Leave enough distance between boats to avoid overlap in swing radius
- Choose the right anchor for the bottom type
- Use a combination of rope/chain rode to absorb shock loads
- Always use chafe protection
- Confirm the anchor is set by observing stationary objects on shore
- Let out sufficient scope for the conditions and power set the anchor
- Identify exit strategy in case conditions warrant quick response and set anchor alarm



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always wise to be prepared. Consider setting an anchor alarm if you have concerns.

Weighing anchor

The new scoop type anchors dig very deep, especially if strong winds are encountered. As a result they can be difficult to break out and often bring loads of muck up on deck with them. We don't mind as that means we are more likely to have no worries during the night. Realistically, with the scoop-type anchors, a windlass and a wash-down pump are really handy to have.

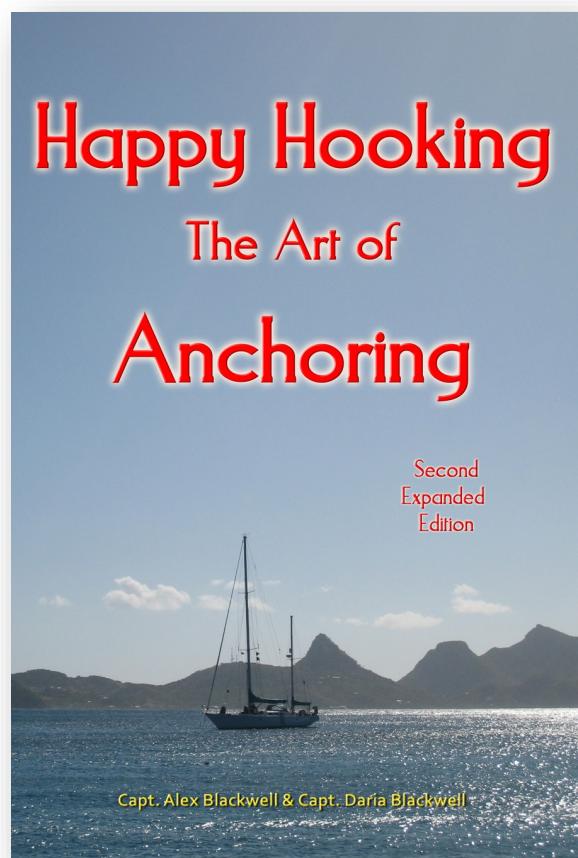
To retrieve your anchor, power forward slowly as the bowperson draws in the chain or rope rode. When the rode is straight down from the bow, stop and let the boat free the anchor gently, with its motion in the waves. Do not power forward over the anchor or you may bend or break the shaft or flukes. Once an anchor is bent, it will never hold properly again. When the anchor loosens from the bottom, take up the remaining rode. If the anchor doesn't break out, power gently in reverse at minimum scope to pull it out.



Stow your anchor on deck and secure it to a cleat with a bit of rope. Never draw the rode bar taught, as that can stress the anchor tackle, especially if you have a swivel attached, causing it to break.

Final words

There are many useful tips that this article cannot cover in its short space. For more information, visit our website www.coastalboating.net where we have posted numerous articles about anchoring or check out our book *Happy Hooking the Art of Anchoring*.



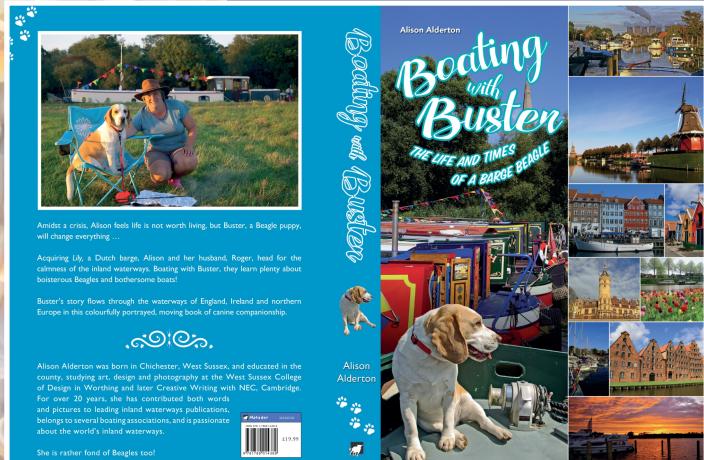
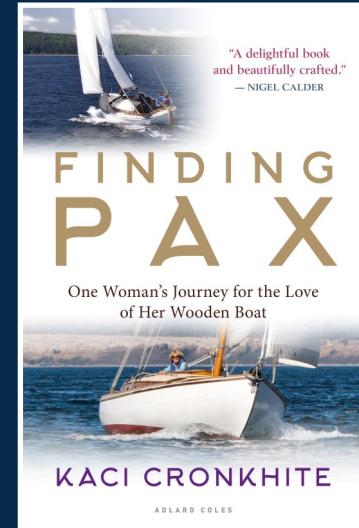
Amazon book link: <http://geni.us/kJuE36X>

DARIA BLACKWELL is a USCG-licensed Captain and Rear Commodore of the Ocean Cruising Club. Originally from the US, Daria and her husband Alex now live in Ireland. They sail aboard their Bowman 57 ketch, *Aleria*, on which they have crossed the Atlantic three times thus far. Daria writes for sailing magazines on both sides of the Atlantic and is co-author of several books including *Happy Hooking the Art of Anchoring*, *Cruising the Wild Atlantic Way of Ireland* and *Onyx the Cruising Kitty*. *Aleria* is currently en route to the Mediterranean for the next several seasons. Her blog can be found at <https://aleriasadventures.blogspot.ie/>.

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We have two
paperbacks (UK
subscribers only) and
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away!

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April Issue

Making waves for mental health - my Clipper journey



Fremantle to Sydney (Photo credit Ernst-Jan Bultie).

SHONA DAVIES shares her mental health and Clipper challenges.

My Clipper journey began almost exactly two years ago after a devastating breakdown that left me emotionally crippled and doubting my own sanity. After having spent years as a titan of industry and serial achiever, I found myself in a very dark place where even getting out of bed and showering was an effort... and often one that I couldn't manage. This was not my first run in with the black dog of depression but it was by far the worst. Add to it something altogether new to me; dizzying panic attacks, anxiety, paranoia... I was a complete mess and all I knew was that I needed to find a way out.

Have you heard of the Clipper Round the World Yacht Race? If you're reading this magazine, I'm going to assume that you have, however if not, please visit their web or YouTube channel for a bit of an insight. It really is something quite remarkable. Seven hundred amateur sailors (40 percent of whom have never sailed before) from all walks of life taking on the adventure of a lifetime. Battling each other in 11 boats over 40,000 miles across the Seven Seas. It is a

physical, mental and emotional challenge unlike any other.

So, back to my misery... and how I got there. You see, I had made a mistake... a costly one that could have had some pretty serious implications for the business. This completely jarred my world view and my understanding of who I was. How could I possibly have got something so wrong? Perfect people don't do that. I can't say I thought I was perfect but I was certainly trying to be, and work was my avenue to do so because I was good at it.

Now, if I wasn't a successful businesswoman, what was I? My perceived value of myself plummeted. Add to that breakdowns in relationships—both romantic and otherwise—and the grief of losing something very precious to me. Though I fought hard to keep it all together, I couldn't. In fact, the very act of trying to maintain control was probably what did me in in the end. Suffice to say, I wasn't a happy camper.

I was very lucky. I made a phone call to a mental health charity (Mind) who halted the immediate downward tumble and they stopped my first (and almost my last) instinct,

as a way out. They got me to open up to people who would care for me. Friends and family rallied around me and guided me to the medical professionals that could help. Work signed me off, I took medication and got myself into therapy. I had masses of support from colleagues and bosses to take the time I needed to pull myself back together. I had people who held me safe until I could pick myself up. Not everyone has that... and I want that to change. I'm only here on this race because I had that support and I believe that others deserve the same chance. Imagine what we could achieve together!

During therapy, it became quite clear to me that I had spent a lot of my life living to others' expectations. I was following other peoples' dreams and expending my energy in trying to make them happy or conform to an ideal that was not of my own making. My own happiness was secondary; my inner critic an overlord in my head. I was never doing enough... I was never enough. I decided to take myself off to Norfolk for a week to get away and think. Well... I say think, I mostly cried. Still, there was some catharsis in that I suppose. One day, walking along a deserted

beach with my dog, I lifted my tear-stained eyes to the sky and screamed, 'What the ~~€~~*%# am I going to do with my life?'

I kid you not, I looked immediately down at my feet and saw something white in among the pebbles. I lifted it up and in my hands was a tiny ceramic sailboat. It was a bit battered, the paint was chipped and it looked like it had fallen off a much larger piece. It looked a little like I felt.



Now, I'm not a big believer in the mystic but it honestly felt like the heavens had opened and angels started to sing. I suddenly KNEW that I had to get back on a boat any way I could.

My sailing life started nearly 23 years ago in Australia where I was summarily dumped into a little Mirror and told, 'go over there'. Not having any sort of clue what I was doing, I managed to capsize myself and two crew about six times. Our instructor took little pity and would shout from his boat instructions on how to right the boat and what we'd done wrong... and eventually things started to click together. It was the first time in my life I'd chosen to do an activity because I wanted to do it solely for me and to learn by doing and achieving...well, I was hooked!

I carried on sailing through my university days but then life got in the way... I fell away from something I loved. That day on the

beach, clutching that little boat, I swore to myself that I would go back no matter what it took. I had been watching the Clipper Race for a few years after some friends had mentioned it when they saw the fleet arrive in London. By the time I got back to the cottage, I had booked my interview and started studying what I'd need to do to get in.

Two years later and here I am. Therapy taught me mindfulness, meditation, acceptance, boundaries, and self-determination... it opened my mind. Gym taught me physical discipline and gave me the strength I'd need to haul a 250 kilogram sail up and down from the locker. Clipper training opened my heart and being on this race has opened my eyes to all that could be. A world of possibilities. OK, some bits of boat life are less than brilliant (the heads, smelly feet, not showering for weeks on end... am I right?) but overall, this experience is



Departing Cape Town, Shona onboard *Dare to Lead*, October 2017 (Photo credit Claire Davies).



worth all the money, blood, sweat and tears that have gone into it. Fact.

Not only that but I have been able to use this race and my story as an opportunity to talk about mental health in as frank a manner as I'm able. It's more terrifying to do that than any time I spend on the foredeck in a squall, but hopefully I will reach at least one person with the message that you can still achieve amazing things in your life if you have mental ill-health. I've also been able to raise funds for the charity that helped save my life.

By mid-March, I will have completed legs three-to-five covering nearly 18,000 nautical miles. I competed in the Sydney Hobart Race and I will have crossed the Southern Ocean twice. I'm happier than I have ever been. Ever. I intend to make sailing a much larger part of my life henceforth and to continue to champion mental health as best as I'm able.

SHONA DAVIES is a mental health survivor and has discovered that time spent on a boat is time spent healing her soul. She's off on a (halfway) round the world yacht race that has challenged her in every way possible. She is also a wine drinker, puppy owner, runner and lover of the aesthetic. You can follow Shona's voyage via her blog www.shonadavies.com and the Clipper race at www.clipperroundtheworld.com

If you fancy following along, you can visit me on my blog (www.shonadavies.com), Twitter (@shonaldavies) the Clipper site (team *Dare to Lead*) or Facebook.

And with that, I leave you to your own adventures—great or small.

See you on the waves, ladies.



Voyaging with the 1931 Schooner

Mahdee



Brenda Hattery

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

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

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

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

“A goal without a plan is simply a wish.”

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



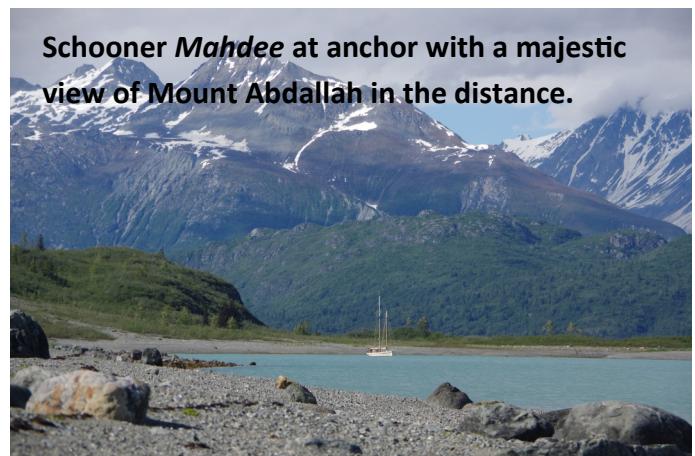
Night time fishing at the mouth of the Klahini River in Misty Fjords from the deck of *Mahdee*.

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

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

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

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



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



Exploring Southern California's Channel Islands.

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

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

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

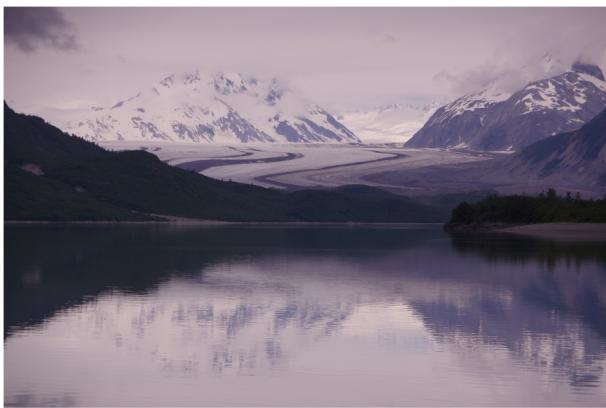
The weather forecast changed drastically shortly after we entered Canada and that trip leg quickly spiraled into another adventure. We found ourselves holed up in a protected anchorage along the west coast of Vancouver Island while a full storm raged bringing 30 feet seas and 60 knot winds to the weather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

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

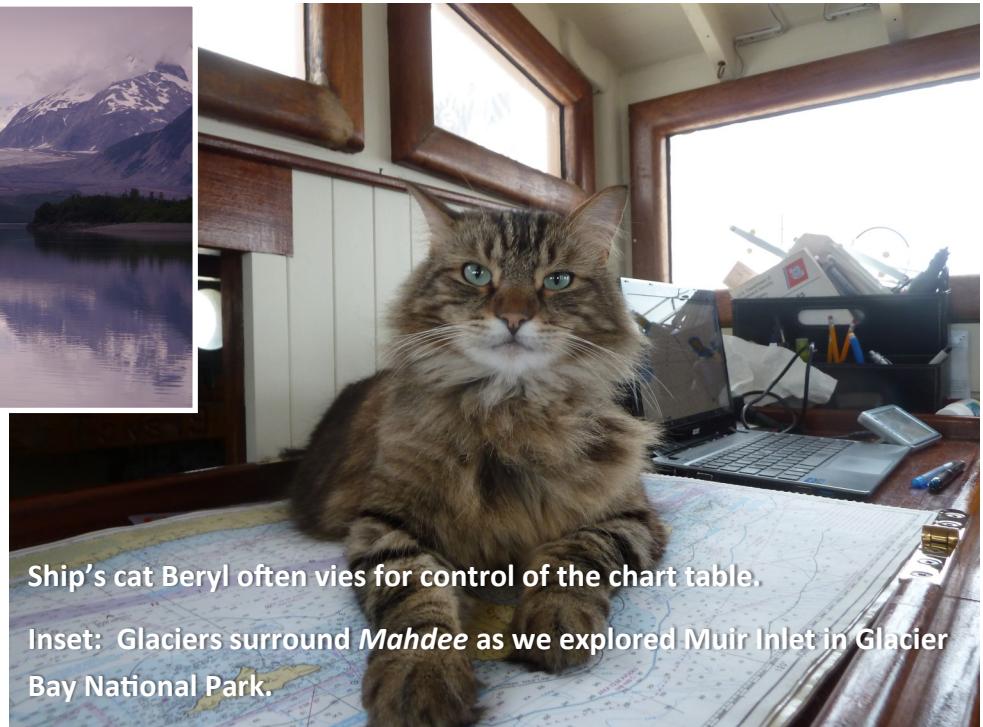
We sat for days to allow the storm to pass and to correctly time the tidal rapids at the narrow entrance of our isolated anchorage. In an early pre-dawn light, we finally weighed anchor and headed out to the nearby channel that would take us that day to the Dixon Entrance and to Alaska beyond. Motoring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



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



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



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

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



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

<http://windwardho.com/>

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Green on blue

Environment

The 'storm snail' *Janthina janthina*

Beachcombing the shores after wild weather can provide a glimpse of species not normally seen by beachgoers. The eye-catching violet sea snail (or storm snail) *Janthina janthina* is one such creature.

Found in the Indian, Atlantic, and Pacific Oceans, storm snails spend their lives on the open ocean surface. The snail secretes a foaming 'bubble' which acts as a float as they drift with the wind and currents .

Janthina janthina are carnivorous, feeding upon planktonic animals and jellyfish, including the Portuguese man-o-war (*Physalia physalis*) and by-the-wind sailors (*Velella velella*). The snails are in turn preyed upon by sea turtles, fish, and birds.

Starting life as male, *Janthina janthina* become female over time.

Dr Shelley Wright.

Further reading see Dakin, W.J. 1987 *Australian Seashores*
Angus and Robertson, North Ryde.





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

Sun drying onboard has many benefits such as:

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

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

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

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

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

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

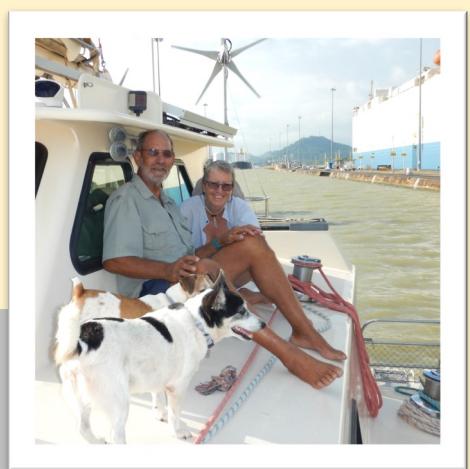
Key points are:

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

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

LYNNE DORNING SANDS and her husband, Eric Toyer, have been living aboard their Crowther catamaran *SV Amarula* since they launched her on the Clarence River, Australia, in July 2001. They operated a marine consultancy business and low-key charter business in Tanzania, East Africa, from 2002 to 2006. Since 2006 they have been slowly making their way around the world and are now in Fiji.

Lynne's blog can be found at: <http://amarulasail.com/>



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

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

Provisioning with Kerry Tait on SVTardis

JUNE ISSUE



Setting up Your Galley Equipment and Lockers

Why worry about provisions when you could be having fun!

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

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

Cooking gear

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

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

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

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

Safety gear – hip strap

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

Setting up your lockers

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

Eliminate any chance of pests – especially cockroaches

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



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

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

Eliminate moisture

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



The Captain models our hip strap.

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

Eliminate movement

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

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

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

Use the waterline

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

Themed lockers

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

Weight balancing your provisions

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

Quick meals locker

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

Snacks locker

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

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

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



Keeping a record of your provisions

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

Rotating and checking on your provisions

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

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

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

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



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

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

If you have any questions or need help, please message me on Facebook [@cookingontardis](https://www.facebook.com/cookingontardis), or email me at cookingontardis@internode.on.net





BROADEN YOUR HORIZONS WITH THE DOWN UNDER RALLY

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

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

GO EAST

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

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

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

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

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

Find out more at: www.downunderally.com



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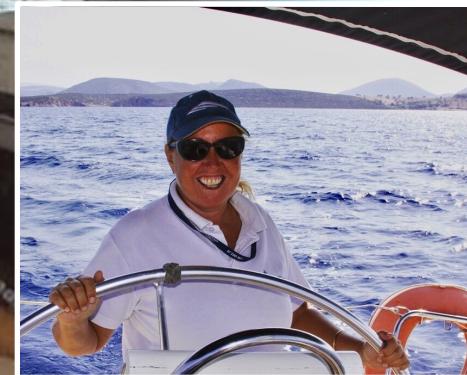
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MY GALLEY RULES



With Karen Oberg

Sweet sensations II: Passionfruit

If you were to ask me to think of an exotic fruit, I would pick passionfruit, no doubt about it – it's intriguing, alluring, and captivating, even for a tropical girl like me. The seductive aroma of the tropics gets to me, all the time. Not to mention the taste; a little sweet and partly tart, citrusy, and refreshing all at once. Passionfruit is available everywhere these days but the size and the different varieties in the tropics will astound you. Passionfruit pudding cake is one of those easy but fancy dishes offering two treats in one – airy and soufflé-like cake at

the top and a creamy pudding-like sauce on the bottom. You can make this dessert anytime straight from the pantry with canned passion fruit puree and it's just as good as the fresh ones. Eat it cold or warm so it's great for anytime of the year, including the tropics.

Passionfruit Soufflé

Makes 4

Ingredients

2 fresh passion fruit or (1/4 cup canned passion fruit)

1/4 cup passion fruit puree (or canned)

1 cup granulated sugar

1/3 cup all-purpose flour

3 large eggs separated

1/3 cup melted butter (canned butter)

3/4 cup whole milk (powdered full cream milk)

1/4 tsp salt

1 tbs lemon/lime juice (bottled)

1 tbs lime zest (optional)

1 tbs rum (optional but what sailor doesn't like a bit of rum!)





To Serve ... pulp of 2 passionfruit pulp (or another can)

Note: () denotes pantry options.

Let's get cooking

Pre-heat the oven to 180°C

Grease 4 ramekins generously with cooking spray and set aside.

In a medium bowl, whisk together 2/3 granulated sugar, salt, and flour. Set aside. In a large bowl, whisk together the egg yolks, butter, milk, rum, lime zest, lime juice, and passionfruit puree, and pulp until fully combined.

Add the wet mixture to the flour mixture and whisk to just combine. Using an electric mixer, beat the egg whites for about a minute then add sugar and continue mixing on medium-high until stiff peaks form, this may take about 2-3 more minutes.

Using a spatula carefully fold in 1/4 of the egg whites mixture, and then fold in the remaining mixture until well incorporated. Pour the batter into a buttered ramekins, place in the large baking or roasting pan, then carefully pour hot water into the baking pan to come half-way up the sides of ramekins. Bake until the top of the cake or cakes turn light golden and puff slightly (do a test with your finger, they should feel spongy and



spring back a bit but hold a shallow indentation, 25 to 30 minutes. Don't push too hard as they are very light).

To Serve

Drizzle the pulp from two passionfruit around the edges of the soufflé.

For this recipe you do need to be able to beat the egg whites. I use Rob's cordless drill with the beater attachment, it works wonders, just find the right speed or you will be cleaning egg white off the cabin floor, ceiling, and walls!

KAREN OBERG shares the helm with her husband on their 42' Ketch *Our Dreamtime*. They have sailed many parts of the world, including Asia and the Mediterranean. She has written four books on Cooking in a Galley and writes two blogs; one on their life aboard and one devoted to her passion for cooking. Karen states, 'We eat very well on *Our Dreamtime* but I'm not about slaving away in the galley for hours to feed the crew. I would rather be sitting with a sundowner in hand with everyone else than spending hours at the stove top. Let me share with you how I go about just that and include plenty of tips and easy recipes all of which I have cooked in our galley.'

www.dreamtimesail.blogspot.com.au/

www.dreamtimesailourgalley.blogspot.com.au/

Port Davey and Bathurst Harbour

PHOTO ESSAY

Helene Young

The south west corner of Tasmania has a well-earned reputation as wild, majestic and remote. With buffeting winds straight from the Southern Ocean, weather fronts roar through, bending the vegetation and whipping the waters of Port Davey and the Bathurst Channel into a white maelstrom. That same water appears like onyx on a still morning, with tannin staining the rocks and sand the colour of dark ale.

The area has a rich, if tragic, Aboriginal history and since the 1800s has been home to small numbers of timber cutters, fishermen, miners, adventurers and sailors.

Leave Recherche Bay in the D'entrecasteaux Channel before dawn and you'll drop anchor in Bramble Cove as the sun is setting. Next morning venture through Bathurst Channel, past Mt Rugby and into Bathurst Harbour. The anchorages are varied – secluded and sheltered, to small and challenging, to wide and more forgiving like Clayton's Corner. The hikes range from easy to strenuous. Make the dinghy trip up Melaleuca Inlet and visit the volunteers at the Ranger station. And keep an eye out for the endangered Orange Bellied Parrot which migrates back for summer from Victoria.

View from Mt Milner over Kathleen Island and the north arm of Port Davey—worth the effort.



“The wild south west is worth the effort.”

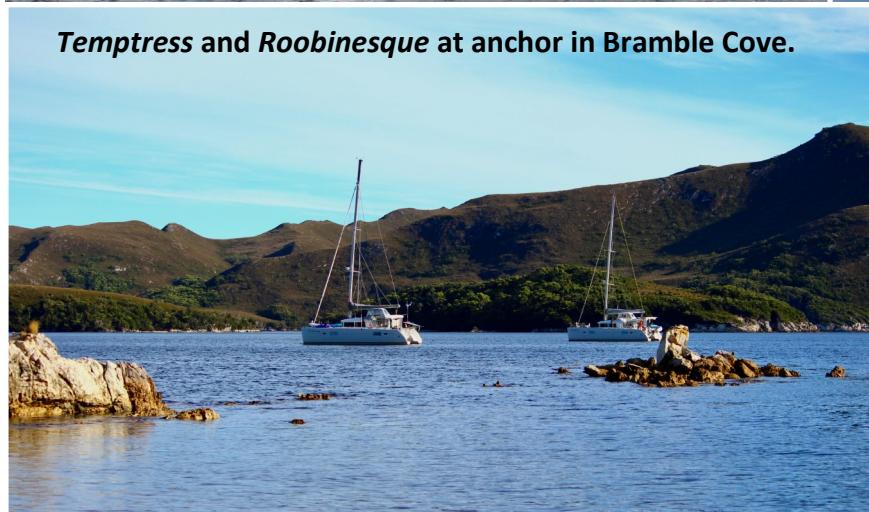
Heading back down Mt Milner with *Roobinesque* and *Temptress* moored in Bramble Cove.



***Temptress* heading into the Bathurst Channel with Mt Rugby emerging from the clouds.**



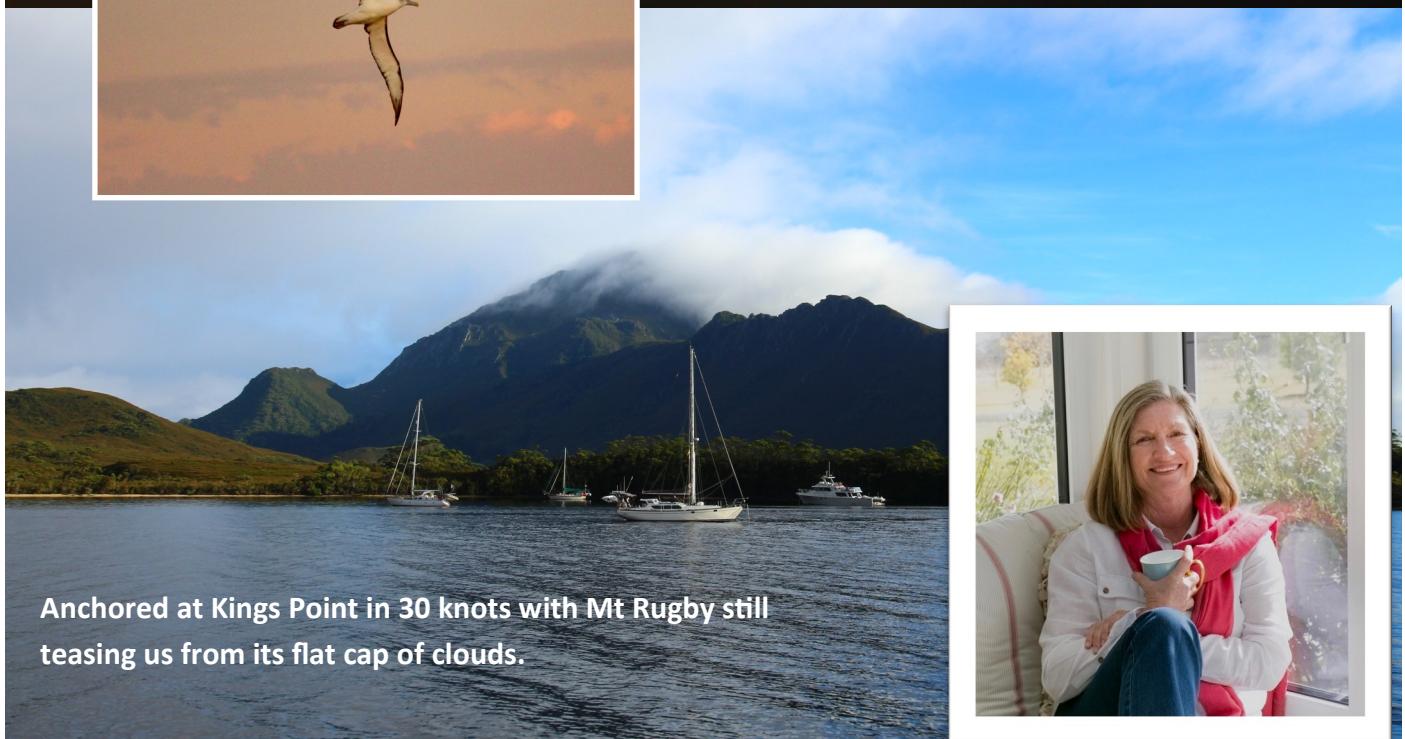
***Temptress* and *Roobinesque* at anchor in Bramble Cove.**



One of the Breaksea Islands that protect the Bathurst Channel from the Southern Ocean.



Sublime sunrise at Clayton's Corner near Melaleuca Inlet.



Anchored at Kings Point in 30 knots with Mt Rugby still teasing us from its flat cap of clouds.



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

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

AUSTRALIA—SOUTH COAST
VICTORIA
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INCLUDING WESTERN PORT
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Based on Australian Geodetic Datum 1966.
Underlined figures express, in Feet, Drying Heights above Chart Datum.
All other Heights are expressed in Feet above Mean Higher High Water.
For abbreviations see Admiralty Chart 5011.

SOUNDINGS IN FATHOMS

(Under Eleven in Fathoms and Feet)

NATURAL SCALE 1 : 150,000 (Lat. 38° 38')

Projection — Mercator



Watercolours

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



November.

LEFT: Rock formation, Hook Island, Whitsundays, Australia.

Taken by LANISE EDWARDS.

RIGHT: Humpback whale and calf, Tonga.

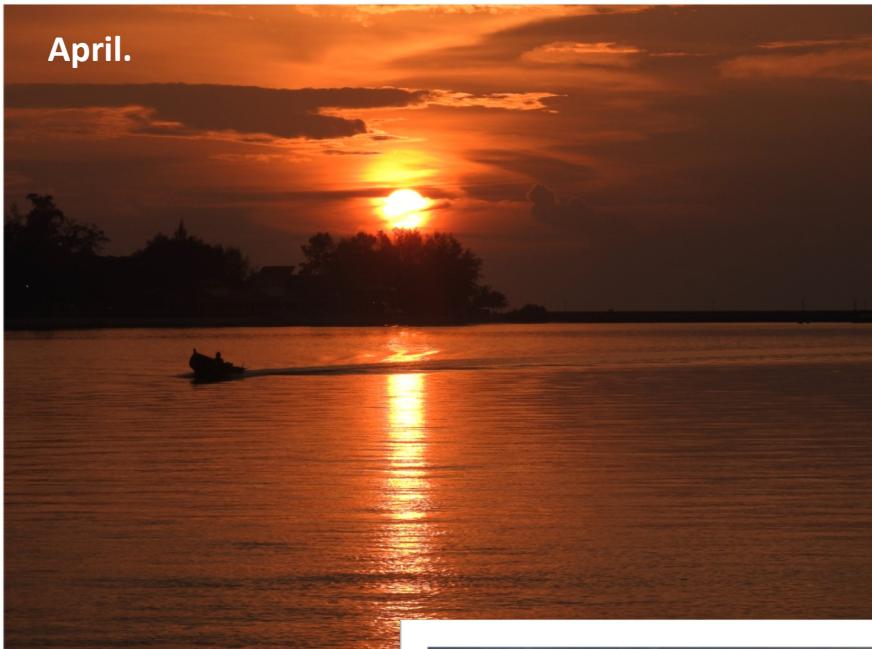
Taken by JO BIRCH.



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Send your photos to editor@sistershipmagazine.com

April.



LEFT: Muar River, Muar Town, Malaysia, at sunset.

Taken by DEB BOTT
(SV Matilda)

<http://svmatilda.com/>

RIGHT: SV *Julienne* hidden behind the swell as she hugs the coast with the cliffs of South West Cape, Tasmania, behind the sea mist. Taken by SHEENAGH NEILL.



August.



June.

LEFT: Featherstar, taken by COLLEEN FAGAN while diving at Barren Island, Keppel Bay, Australia.

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Market Place

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Book club

»Nur die Ruhe, lieber Kirill Afanassjewitsches«, sagte Kim Il-sung. »Wir haben die Situation absolut unter Kontrolle.«

»Du wirst sterben«, sagte der empörte Marschall Mierschko, der sich in Allian in der Marschalluniform mit sämtlichen Orden auf der Brust sah.

»Ja, das hat man mir bereits mitgeteilt«, antwortete Allan der junge Kim hier, dann der Ministerpräsident, und jetzt der Präsident des Herrn Marschall. Das Gesetz ist noch nicht reif, er erwidert hat, sind Sie«, sagte er an Allan. Ganz sicher nicht, meinte er, und gewandt. »Ich weiß nicht, wer Sie sind, aber ich kann Ihnen versprechen, dass Sie in die Falle gelockt werden.«

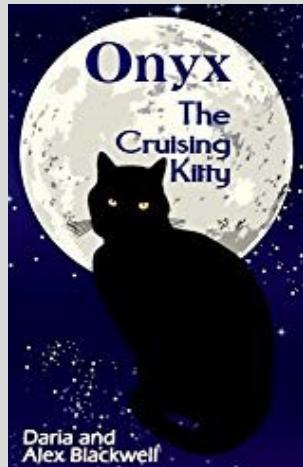
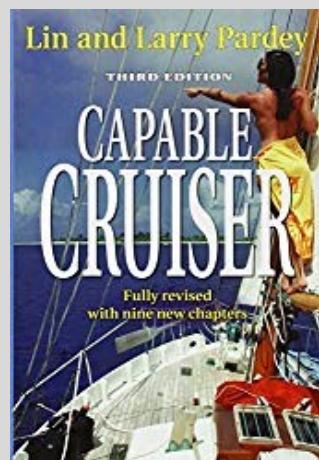
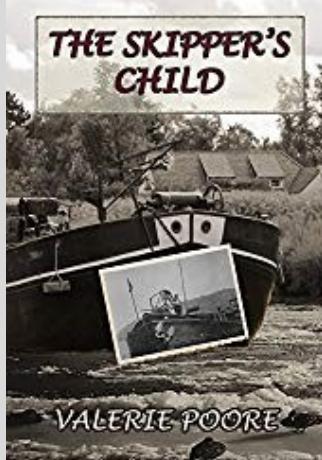
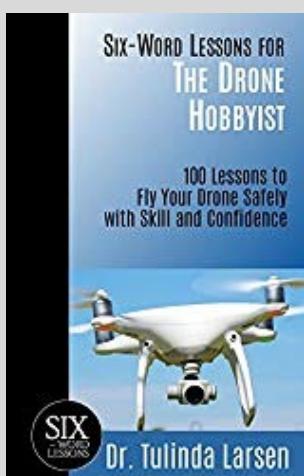
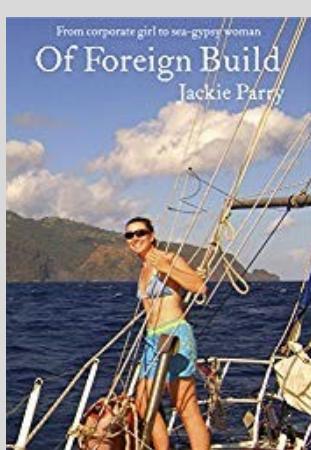
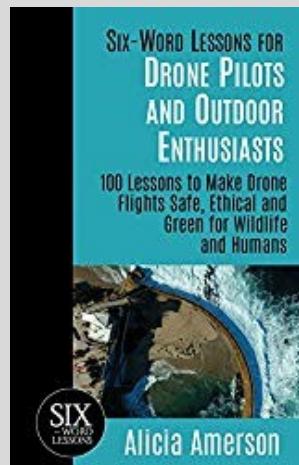
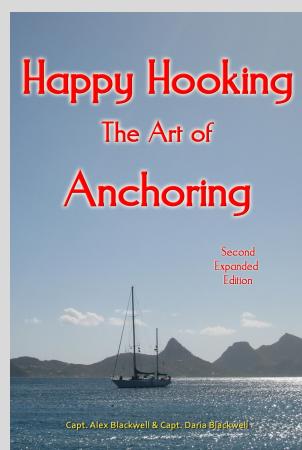
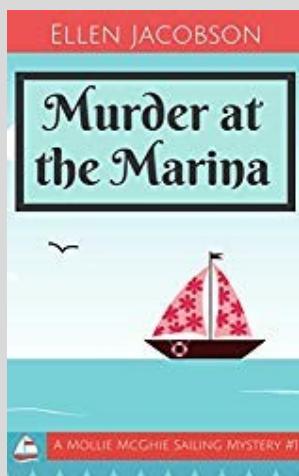
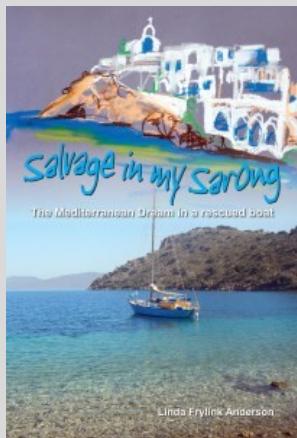
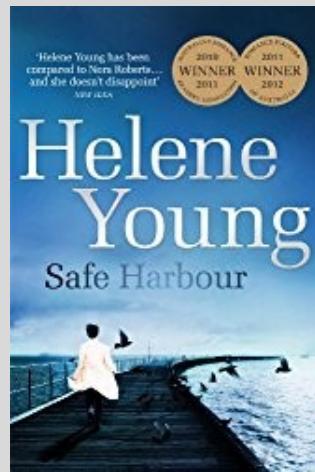
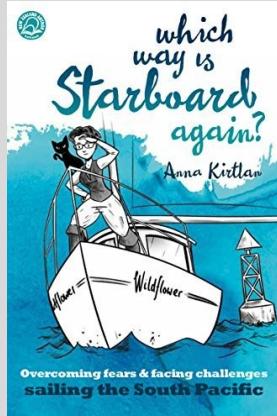
»Ganz sicher nicht«, erwiderte der Präsident. »Sie sind sicherlich ein guter Mensch.«

Sicherheit sagen. Ich sage keine übertriebenen Smpathie. Leute, die meinen Genossen Kim Il-sung Boses wollen, ich demnächst hingerichtet werden.«

»Also, Ihr Generals«, sagte Mao Tse-tung, »wir müssen Ihnen helfen, der ja nicht gerade zur seien.«

»Sagen Sie das nicht«, erwiderte Allan. »Sie sind ein großer Mann, kein kleiner.«

Dass Mao Tse-tung ziemlich interessant war, wusste Kim Il-sung. Er war ein großer Mann, der in der Provinz Yenan, dem einflussreichen, kleinen Staat im Westen Chinas, gefahrhafte fünfhundert Kilometer nordwestlich der nordkoreanischen Hauptstadt Pjöngjang. Mao fühlte sich in dieser Gegend wohl, hier hatte er schon immer den starken Raum.



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