



Albatross

Volume 31

No 8

September 2005



Franklin Reflections

*Newsletter of the
Cruising Yacht Club of Tasmania*





**THE CRUISING YACHT CLUB OF TASMANIA
INC.
PO BOX 605 SANDY BAY 7005**

Commodore

Helen Stewart H 0417 051 370 Meridian

Vice Commodore

Rosemary Kerrison H 6273 4192 Obsession

Rear Commodore

Wendy Lees H 6229 7603 Kiap

Treasurer

Andrew Boon H 6228 5807 Reflections
B 0428 309 901

Secretary

Milton Cunningham H 6247 6777 Boots n' All

Editor

Dave Davey H 6267 4852 Windclimber
Fax 6267 4791

Committee

Annick Ansselin H 6267 4852 Windclimber

Chris Creese H 6223 1550 Neptune

Membership Officer

Dennis Lees H 6229 7603 Kiap

Warden

Keith Wells H 6267 1168 Windrush

Quartermaster

Barry Jones H 6272 5660 Lalaguli

Albatross Mailings

Chris Creese H 6223 1550 Neptune

LIFETIME MEMBERS

Derek Farrar

Erika Johnson

Ken Newham

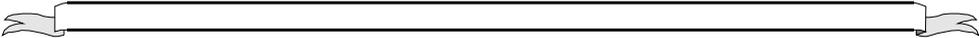
Doris Newham

Deadline for copy: 2nd Tuesday of the month

Please send all material for *Albatross* to

The Editor, Dave Davey, D'Entrecasteaux, 378 Manuka Road, Kettering 7155

Email: editor@cyct.org.au Fax: 6267 4791



Editorial

Dave Davey

Windclimber

This will be the last *Albatross* I edit for the present. A new Editor is to be elected at the AGM. I can recommend the position - it is rewarding, a great way to make new friends, and to participate in the management of the *Club* by attending the monthly Committee meetings. Recently members have been submitting lots of material, so filling the issues has not been a problem.



The *Albatross* is produced electronically - an example of modern "desk-top publishing". Almost all the content arrives by email, and each issue is sent to the printer as a single file, again by email. The printer phones when the print run has been completed, and the person who handles posting it to the membership, usually Chris Creese, collects it. The Editor sees the magazine in its printed form only when it arrives in the post! The printer has been doing an excellent job, with reproduction of the photographs remarkably good. Seeing the final product is always a bit of a buzz.

Annick and I are involved in the organisation of another Music at Kettering Concert to be held on 25 September at 3pm in the Kettering Community Hall. For a modest entry, you can enjoy the music, and also meet the artists over tea and coffee. We hope to see you there!

By the time you read this, there should be some content on the *Club's* new web site www.cyct.org.au. It will take a while to make it really valuable. Please make suggestions on what you would like to see there.

Thanks to Greta Jamieson for the cover photo of *Club* boats at Franklin. The photo can be seen in colour on the web site.

Dave

CONTENTS

Commodore's Comments	2
Vice Commodore's Report	3
New member details	3
Rear Commodore's Report	4
<i>Club</i> Calendar	4
Notice about Committee	5
Anniversary Dinner Photos	6
Cruising report: <i>Airies</i>	9
Cruising report: <i>Adagio</i>	24
Tasmania's own Alcatraz	27
On Solar Panels	30
A Treasure Island	31
Additions to <i>Club</i> Library	40
Minutes of the August General Meeting	40

Commodore's Comments

Helen Stewart

Meridian

The Anniversary Dinner was a delightful evening and the 40 or so people who attended it enjoyed great company, delicious food and we had a good attendance at Constitution Dock before hand – it was nice that people who were unable to attend the dinner still joined us for drinks.



At the dinner Vice Commodore Rosemary had the pleasure of announcing the Cruise of the Year winners as Tom and Suzie Davison with their three children for their adventure up the East Coast to Keppel Island on *Perwinji* last year. Congratulations to them, we enjoyed reading about their trip in the Albatross. Congratulations to Andrew Boon and his *Reflections* crew for his Cruising Plaque winning trip to Deal Island. Andrew and crew presented an interesting and comprehensive talk with slide show at the last meeting.

There has been a significant change to Con Dock's management since last year. Last year we had to pay a \$40 deposit for the key to the toilet block. This year it was \$50 and for the first time we were asked to pay \$16.50 per boat per night. The committee will explore the possibility of developing a sponsorship arrangement with Hobart Ports Corporation for future dinners.

An exciting addition to our communications is the *Club's* website. Editor Dave Davey, now our inaugural Webmaster, has registered www.cycl.org.au on behalf of the *Club* and has the site up and running. The website also provides the perfect opportunity for developing the South Coast Cruising Guide.

Last but not least, thank you to all the committee for their work throughout the year. Phil and I will be heading off in the next couple of months and so I am retiring as Commodore. I have enjoyed my term and valued the opportunity to contribute as part of the *CYCT's* committee. At the beginning of this year I think I said it would be business as usual and it's been interesting to see what unfolds as the year progresses. I'm pleased that we have progressed with the issues that have arisen and, while it looks like licence agreement for the Mariners Cottage with the National Trust will not be finalised in the next few weeks, we are pleased with the way it is progressing.

Best wishes to the new committee

Good cruising, Helen



Vice Commodore's Report

Rosemary Kerrison

Obsession

The 30th Club Anniversary celebrations started in Constitution Dock with the traditional Gluhwein. 42 members met at Rockerfellers Restaurant for a delightful dinner and lots of laughter and sharing of stories.



The trip back to Kettering was quite blowy with strong NW winds but this did not stop *Obsession* and *Windrush* from rafting up at the Shepherds for a barbecue on board before returning to their respective homes.

On Sunday 18th September a day trip to Missionary Bay area has been organised.

DSS is holding on the same weekend in conjunction with The Pipe Opener a navigational cruise to Port Huon. For further details contact DSS.

Saturday 1st October is the official RYCT opening of the Sailing Session commencing at 2pm. CYCT boats can assemble in the area towards Bellerive Bluff and line up behind The Commodore to take part in the sail past. This will be followed by a raft up at an appropriate place depending on wind direction.

There will a 4 day Show Weekend Cruise 20th-23rd October to Surges-Gourlays Bay Area for those who can take advantage of the break.

Happy sailing

Rosemary



New Members

Application for membership has been received from:

Richard & Becky O'Connor

Endurance



Rear Commodore's Report

Wendy Lees

Kiap

The Anniversary dinner was a great success. After mulled wine and nibbles on *Obsession* the group walked to Rockerfeller's for a very enjoyable meal.



Annual General Meeting 6th September

The AGM will be followed by a General Meeting, and then Trevor Faust from MAST will address the meeting. Supper will follow, please bring a plate of food to share.

4th October General Meeting

Ian Dunbabin, retired Naval Commander for Tasmania will talk to us about life as a submariner.

1st November General Meeting

We will meet this night at 6.30 pm at Rotorlift, 100 Holyman Avenue Cambridge, next to the Airport Carpark. I have booked the night with Allana Corbin. We may have a barbecue. More information in the next Albatross. We will be looking at Helicopters, Safety Equipment and Sea Rescue Equipment.

Christmas Function

This will be a Dinner at the Regatta Pavilion on Saturday, 3rd December. Some very different ideas in the pipeline.

Wendy

<i>Club Calendar</i>	
September - Tuesday 6 th - Sunday 18 th October - Saturday 1 st - Tuesday 4 th - Thursday 20 th to Sunday 23 rd	Annual General Meeting, General Meeting Day cruise - Missionary Bay or Stockyard Point 2pm Sail Past for opening of Season Raft-up afterwards General Meeting Long weekend cruise to Huon River

CYCT Committee

At the AGM all committee positions become vacant.



I WANT YOU FOR C.Y.C.T.C.

Nominations have been received for:

Vice Commodore
Read Commodore
Membership Officer
Committee Member 1
Committee Member 2
Warden

Nominations **needed** for:

Commodore
Secretary
Treasurer
Editor

Reminders:

- The September meeting includes the AGM. The notice was in the August *Albatross*.
- Subscriptions are due. Be financial so you can vote at the AGM.
- If you have changed your address, boat or any other information that appears in the membership register, let the Membership Officer know.

Anniversary Dinner Photos







VAN DIEMEN'S LAND CIRCUMNAVIGATION

Part 3

Glenn Cairns

DAY 14: FRIDAY 11TH FEBRUARY

About 9.00am we left Dover and motored up to Cygnet. It was a glorious, still and sunny day at Dover, but as we left it clouded over and a stiff NW wind was very cold. We passed many salmon farm pens, both in Esperance Bay and about the mouth of the Huon. We tied up at Cygnet about 11.30am.



Entering Esperance Bay

The Huon estuary was a huge and impressive waterway. From the river the banks appear more timbered than cleared, with small farms of various types struggling among the forested areas. Only 1 area of clear-felling was visible, but this was enough to spark a debate with Greens-member Graham. Houses built near the water's edge were usually screened by trees. If it were not for the travel factor this would certainly be a more sought after area, with the incredible interface of sheltered coastal waters, Huon River and pretty countryside.

The full crew walked into Cygnet to replenish supplies which were at a low ebb after 2 weeks at sea. A heavy, cold shower drove us into one of the five hotels for lunch – I couldn't resist the "Tassie Devil 500 g rump steak" – it was enormous and a real task to eat.

I bought some papers and spent much of the afternoon catching up on the world. Some other boats were with us but the majority appear to have called in for a stop at Dover. Happy hour was followed by a light tea which David called pizza on toast. It turned out to be grilled toast with a topping of apricot jam, cheese and chilli sauce

but, like all of David's creations, was very tasty.



Cygnets

The evening deteriorated till a nasty squall from the NW turned us around with high wind and rain. We put the tender on deck in case of mishap, set the anchor alarm and went to bed.

DAY 15: SATURDAY 12TH FEBRUARY

The batteries needed the boat to be run so we left Cygnets and motored up river to Port Huon – about 1 ½ hours. The wind sweeping down the valley made for Arctic-like conditions for David at the wheel. A fleet of yachts going down-river under spin-nakers made a spectacular and colourful sight. The others picked out desirable riverside properties where they could moor their boats out front in retirement, but the cold conditions kept their fantasies in check.

Having reached Port Huon we turned and sailed back, the strong wind and flat water providing ideal conditions and speeds of up to 8 knots. The log clicked over to 400 NM's for the cruise so far. Back at Cygnets we tied up alongside *Ill Eagle* at the public wharf which made things easier for going ashore. Graham and I went to town for sundry items and got some good pies and pastries for lunch at the local bakery.

After an easy afternoon – and showers – we were ready for the 6.00pm official barbecue at the local Cygnets yacht club. They had a very smart new club house and the people were very friendly and hospitable. They put on an outstanding meal at the cost of \$10 a main and \$2.50 for dessert. It was an excellent chance to mingle with some of the other crews, particularly from *Krackt* (Port Macquarie), *Reverie* and *Outsider* (Geelong). The evening was clear but bitterly cold until the local Commodore

fired up the big brazier which gave out a huge amount of heat.

Back on board we again noted the phosphorescence in the water – unusual for Tasmania.

DAY 16: SUNDAY 13TH FEBRUARY

41 people from the cruise turned up to pay \$10 for the return bus fare to the Wooden Boat Festival at Constitution Dock in Hobart. It was a very scenic drive, of particular interest being the section from Cygnet to Huonville which I had not seen in my recent visit. I was able to test the Cygnet commodore's claim that people in the Cygnet district had to learn to drive with one hand – the people are so friendly you are always waving with the other! He wasn't far wrong.

Within 1 minute of entering the Festival I ran into good friends Pam and Stuart – great to see some familiar faces and catch up. I later met the Gourlays – Tim trying desperately to distract Sue who was intent on buying a folding wooden table – and Greg and Jean Suitor.

The Festival was outstanding – about 450 boats on display, from the *James Craig* (ironically with an iron hull) to canoes, powered by sail, engine, steam, oars and paddles. I was impressed with the number of Tasmanian boats – as a state we really do have a significant maritime history and tradition. Many, many people must spend thousands of hours restoring and maintaining these labours of love. The cuta boats were interesting – quite big, beamy boats with a large open oval cockpit taking up most of the space. Apparently a contingent of these from Melbourne had sailed down the west coast at the time we were there – and we thought the going was tough! One on display was built by Tommy Tucker of St Helens – I can remember Dad speaking of him as an excellent boat builder.

For lunch the boys were eager to try scallop pies, so we found a café serving same, with wedges and salad, for \$12. They were a bit ordinary, but we were hungry.

At 4.00pm we farewelled Graham who had a 7.10am flight back to Adelaide the following day. He was lucky to find accommodation as it was a long weekend in Hobart with lots on. I was sorry to see him go – he had been a congenial and interesting person, a good shipmate and a tough sailor.

Back at Cygnet we were soon engaged in a happy hour on *Ill Eagle* – a very hospitable boat. No sooner had we returned to *Aries* than David presented us with chicken schnitzel, cauliflower, carrot, broccoli and potatoes with a cheese sauce. Delicious!

DAY 17: MONDAY 14TH FEBRUARY

We left Cygnet early and motored up to Kettering. We tied up alongside *Millennium* (a huge catamaran) intending to lunch at the hotel, but reports of an a.w.o.l. cook and poor meals the previous night put us off. We did a little shopping and set off for Barnes Bay about 1.30pm, having a corned beef sandwich lunch as we went. We stopped outside the bay and I fished for about an hour for about a dozen small flathead.



When all else fails, bacon and eggs!

Barnes Bay was a very secluded and apparently well-sheltered anchorage. The sun was shining brightly in a blue sky and the still conditions were idyllic. We tied up outside *Ill Eagle* again at the wharf.

The cruise barbecue was held on a block of land belonging to the Kingborough Aquatic Club, about 800 metres from the wharf – though it felt further carrying one end of a very heavy esky! A pleasant and convivial evening was had with the crews mixing freely. David surprised by producing a 1.5 litre bottle of 1987 cabernet sauvignon (Penfolds) from the bilge of the boat where he had stowed it before leaving Adelaide a couple of years ago. And a very good wine it was, though we had trouble

convincing many of the others that it was the real McCoy and not a refill. The practice of serving cask wine etc. from premium brand bottles seems to be common among yachties, indicating either that they drink a lot, or are careful with their budgets – maybe both.

After dark it quickly got very cold and by 9.30 we were heading back to the boat. Cup of coffee and off to bed for a good night's sleep

DAY 18: TUESDAY 15TH FEBRUARY.

..... till woken at 3.30am by the boat rocking and the roar of the wind generator. A front had come up from the SSW, gusting to 30 knots and laced with freezing rain. We were taking it on the beam, thus driving us into *Ill Eagle* and her into the concrete jetty. It was all hands on deck, fixing all available fenders and setting additional bow lines and springers. The lights showed the fleet going in all directions – some dragging anchors, others seeking shelter at the other end of the bay. We were essentially trapped against *Ill Eagle* and had to ride it out.

By 4.30 the situation was stabilized, and a few coffees helped warm up. Peter sat up on watch while David and I retired to our bunks. The wind slowly abated and, by 7.30, was relatively benign. A quick bite to eat and we left while the going was good. There was no great damage done beyond a little scuffed paintwork, but it could have been nasty. All other boats appeared to have survived, though 1 boat at a crazy angle indicated it was hard aground on the mud and likely to remain so for some time as the tide was running out. Lesson learned – even good all-weather anchorages have the capacity to bring you unstuck in certain conditions. And, it is not a brilliant idea to be rafted-up at night when conditions can change quickly.

We had a pleasant morning's sail up the Channel. As we hit the Derwent I did the flathead in egg and breadcrumbs and we had them as fingerfood for brunch.

About 11.30 we arrived at RYCT, refueled (diesel \$1.20/litre) and were given a spot to tie up on the outside of *Serida*. I spent most of the afternoon doing the washing – a novelty to have plenty of clean clothes to choose from.

Peter had decided to fly out early as his wife was unwell. Hence, he brought forward his promised dinner treat to that night. He had been waxing lyrical about Pashas – a restaurant on Kings Wharf – for the entire trip. It was a Turkish restaurant and really did live up to his billing – particularly the lamb cutlets. He ordered the banquet option for us (\$33 per head) and we enjoyed it all, including the beautiful bread and Turkish dips with which it started. We met the owner/chef as we left and, in response to Peter's (our) enthusiasm he presented us with a bag of Turkish Delight. A good night!

Despite the big meal, evening stroll around the docks and walk back through Battery Point, we were home about 8.30. Peter set his alarm for 5.15am for his Jetstar flight

to Adelaide.



DAY 19: WEDNESDAY 16TH FEBRUARY

Peter duly arose into the heavens and we returned to bed till 8.30.

Following an enormous breakfast – my usual cereal followed by a huge helping of eggs, bacon and baked beans on toast (there are only 2 of us now David!) – we walked up to the supermarket in Sandy Bay to buy stores for the remainder of the voyage. I suspected we had over-catered – as did David after reflecting on what we already had on board. Just in the meat department we returned with a leg of lamb, lamb loin chops, rookwurst, bacon, corned silverside and a beef blade roast! After we had struggled back to the boat David set about cooking up the leg of lamb, corned beef and the blade roast – this made things easier when underway as we could cook quickly or eat cold. If we were to keep going till the food ran out I suspect we could do a double circumnavigation!

Another variable weather day – sunshine, then rain – kept us fairly much at home. I finished reading *Singlehanded Passage* by Alcard, achieved in 1948-49, London to New York across the Atlantic. This certainly put our modest voyage in perspective.

I gave Broomy a ring and he dropped in on his way home from school – at least, Sophie dropped him off – she had just got her licence and Graham appeared to have lost his car. He was interested in the boat and had lots to discuss with David.

We had Mike Boylan (*Serida*) aboard for tea and David tried to emulate the lamb cut-lets we had at Pashas last evening – he did a great job too. It was interesting to hear

Mike's account of his adventures at Port Davey and on sailing alone – he seemed to prefer to do so. Following tea he invited us on board *Serida* for coffee but his metho stove caught on fire and had to be doused with a fire extinguisher – no damage, but quite a mess.

Following David's call to Michelle, I rang Christine and called off the proposed visit on Friday night. It was disappointing not to have that to look forward to, but unreasonable for her to travel so far alone for such a short time.



DAY 20: THURSDAY 17TH FEBRUARY

We were tied up at RYCT all day. The time spent in Hobart has really been a bit of a waste – I would rather have been on the move up the east coast and home sooner.

I spent the morning on a nostalgic walk up through the University and Hytten Hall. I spent some time in the University bookshop and bought an anthology of modern poetry which promised to be both enjoyable and useful at school. I then came back through the Bay shopping centre and to the boat by midday.

Meanwhile, the boat electrician had diagnosed our electrical problems. It seemed that by over-riding the alternator regulator, far too much voltage had been fed directly into the house batteries, effectively "cooking" them. So, 2 new batteries were required.

The afternoon was spent reading and walking around the marinas, checking out the boats and socializing with various drop-ins.

The official cruise dinner began at 7.30 and was an excellent and enjoyable evening. I sat next to Peter, skipper of *déjà vu* from Sandringham, who was friendly and interesting company. Besides sailing he has a 20% share in a canal boat in France, and spends some months each year exploring the canals of Europe. A feature of the evening was the award for "bottom-touching" – not for dirty old men but for running aground during the cruise. Many boats were eligible (including us) but the award went to none other than David, the cruise Commodore, who ran aground in the Tamar. It was almost a perfect "10" in that he was the commodore, sailing someone else's boat, the reef in question was on the chart and marked with a lit cardinal mark, he was stuck there for all to see, and was unable to get off without assistance.

We were finished up and in bunks by 12.00.



Weary skipper at Cruise Dinner

DAY 21: FRIDAY 18TH FEBRUARY

A day too many in Hobart, but spent pleasantly enough. I finished reading *The Cry of the Curlew*, but was disappointed with the unsatisfactory ending.

David was visited by a Police Academy friend and we lunched at the yacht club – very good meals for about \$10. The boat is all ready to go and we hope to leave for Port Arthur/Fortesque Bay early in the morning.



Aries at RYCT

DAY 22: SATURDAY 19TH FEBRUARY

Our intention of an early start was upset by a windy morning and it was 8.30 before we set out. On the credit side, this gave time for a nice shower, walk and read of the paper. *Krackt* asked for help to leave their pen, and several of us gave a hand with ropes to bow and stern. Karen on the wheel was feeling the pressure and her stream of invective as she reversed at an inglorious angle between boats and the breakwater put a smile on many faces – but none she could see.

Using a stern line to pivot *Aries*, we were soon clear and bowling down the Derwent on a good breeze. Near the mouth to the Channel we passed *James Craig* – a fantastic sight with a great array of square-rigged sails. A little later a new generation of ship passed us – the *Incat* vessel belonging to the US Army. Representatives of 2 more different worlds it would be hard to find.

Flukey winds saw us motoring and/or sailing across Storm Bay, but in general the winds became better as we went. Steering the boat under sail in a good wind was a real buzz – it required concentration, and time passed both quickly and pleasurably. I found sailing completely different from power-boating where you go where you want to go – directly – and quickly. At 5 – 6 knots a relatively short journey can take a long time – often one was travelling all day. If you were focused solely on reaching

your destination it became a tedious, frustrating, boring and long day. The trick was to focus on the present – to enjoy each moment what you were doing and seeing – and then almost by-the-way you were at your destination at day's end – and relaxed into the bargain.

As the sailing was good we decided to skip Port Arthur and head for Fortesque Bay. My previous experience passing through the passage between Cape Pillar and Tasman Island encouraged David to go through, and we had an exhilarating approach in a strong wind and big swells. *Krackt* followed us. This fantastic piece of coastline never fails to thrill with its forbidding but stately parapets and cliffs. Past Tasman we had a long reach to the Lanterns and then motored up to a lovely anchorage at Canoe Point. Three unknown yachts were already in residence. A very flash 35+ foot fiberglass cruiser was going out as we came in, heading back to Hobart. Later she reappeared – too rough to round Tasman Island! This underlined the importance of going the right way at the right time!



Cape Pillar – Tasman Island



The Lanterns, entering Fortescue Bay

David's huge roast lamb and vegetables had me looking for the rest of the crew. In a very mellow mood we sat outside with our rum and cokes, eating and talking, and watching the shadows lengthen out around the Lanterns. By this time I was struggling to see what I was writing, but Rod Stewart was rocking away on the CD. Tasmania has so many beautiful places.

Tomorrow's weather sounded good so we decided to make an early start and aim to get to Schouten Island a day ahead of schedule. With luck we might meet up with Simon there.

DAY 23: SUNDAY 20TH FEBRUARY

We were underway by 6.00am and motored across the bay as the sunrise unfolded behind the Hippolyte Rocks. The rolling of the boat in the smooth swell kept me on my toes as I cooked bacon and eggs on the gimbaled stove. After an hour I took the wheel while David attended to his boat-keeping duties and navigation. From time to time we were favoured with a NE wind in which we could sail, but invariably this would peter out and the motor be recalled to duty.

It was a strange day weather-wise. Heavily overcast and sea fog conditions made for very poor visibility. A cool wind and occasional light rain made it cold at the wheel, and I spent most of the day in wet weather gear. Good old Tasmanian summer!

We passed Darlington (Maria Island) at 12.30 and arrived at Bryan's Corner (Freycinet Peninsula) just before 5.00pm – 11 hours for 59 NM's. Along the way I tried for tuna and had 2 strikes just north of Pirates Bay, both of which broke the line. Poor management on my part – I was making do with a reef rod – too stiff, too upright, heavy

reel, light braided line – not the set-up to survive the initial strike of a real fish. I actually saw an albacore jump out of the water – very unusual! There was no trouble with the couta though – 2 caught early in the day were discarded, but I caught another as we approached Schouten Island for the craypot. I hoped he would do his stuff.

The dismal conditions which had marred the day gave way to sunshine and a glorious evening as we came in past Schouten Island. We were in shorts and t-shirts as we ate on deck, worrying about putting on sunscreen till late in the evening. We watched a beautiful sunset over Swansea, a fitting match for the earlier sunrise at Fortesque. I rang Christine who was able to tell me Tasmania had won the 1-day cricket final – about time! Simon and Dale turned up in *Truant* about 8.00pm. They had set up camp earlier but had been diving and dropping someone off at Coles Bay. They gave us some fresh abalone.

The forecast looked promising for Monday/Tuesday so we proposed to make a run for Banks Strait, perhaps leaving at midday tomorrow. We could not afford to miss the opportunity of S/SE winds, and there was the possibility of a northerly if we delayed.



DAY 24: MONDAY 21ST FEBRUARY

A beautiful morning greeted us in Bryan's Corner after a very still night. A warm sun, perfectly blue sky and not a breath of wind made for an idyllic setting for breakfast. It was too much for David however – such good weather was the best opportunity to get round the (NE) corner, and departure time was brought forward to 9.00am.

I shucked, sliced and tenderized the abalone. David reported that in his only previous experience with abalone they had been tough and made him sick. These fried up beautifully and he found them tender and delicious. An hour and a half later he was

sick anyway – I think abalone and he are not intended to get on.



As we motored over to Simon and Dale's camp to say goodbye I was able to clearly see every feature on the bottom in 6 metres of water – it was that kind of morning. We then checked our craypot and found it full of sharks – 4 in fact, with another trying to get in! These were soon returned overboard, leaving us with 1 very nice-sized crayfish. He was soon cooked and took up residence in the refrigerator.

Slow progress was made up the coast. Our problem with limited battery charge had been replaced with the problem of too much. Once the batteries were charged the excess was apparently discharged through some device which David thought was getting too hot – it had on a previous occasion set the boat on fire, so I took his word for it! He was helping cool it with cold, wet tea-towels, but the best solution was to cut the engine every so often and use as much current from the batteries as we could. With the light wind today we could only travel at 2 to 3 knots at these times, so progress was slow. On the credit side, I caught a small albacore tuna just NE of Wineglass Bay. He joined Mr Crayfish in the refrigerator.

By dusk we were off St Patrick's Head – about St Marys – and enjoyed a pretty and ever-changing sunset over the mountainous coastline. David then took us up to St Helens while I grabbed a few hours sleep. At 11.30pm he called me up to see a school of dolphins playing around the boat. The phosphorescence in the water made them look spectacular as they torpedoed in from the rear to take up station at the bow.

DAY 25: TUESDAY 22nd FEBRUARY

From midnight I took the wheel, with the St Helens light on our port beam and Eddystone soon to appear in the distance. We had timed our run well as the wind from astern had picked up in strength and was driving us up the coast to Banks Strait. David rigged a goose-wing sail arrangement, with the foresail held out with a boom and a preventer on the mainsail. Being short-handed, and in an area plentifully sprinkled with hazards, we were in for a long night – or morning. I stayed on the wheel till 8.00 in the morning while David navigated, managed sail arrangements, offered hot drinks and cat-napped. We charged along at 6 and 7 knots for most of the way.



After keeping the Eddystone light safely on our port side we continued wide to avoid Salamander Rock and then came round on a course for Swan Island which we passed about 6.00am. Upper Banks Strait was windy and quite rough requiring some sail changes, but fortunately we were going with it.

Finally, and in abating winds, we rounded Cape Portland, the 4th and least impressive of our "corners". What appeared from a distance to be a number of islands magically coalesced into a nondescript and low-lying whole, which we gave a wide berth because of the shallow waters in close.

Safely in the wide expanses of Ringarooma Bay I went below for a sleep but the moment had passed and I could manage only an unsatisfactory 1 ½ hours. The strong winds that had propelled us around the corner soon died away, and it was back to the motor to get us to Waterhouse Island and on towards Ninth and Tenth Islands and the Tamar.

The wind revived somewhat past Ninth Island and we sailed from there to close to Low Head. Approaching the river we started the motor to pick our way in, and then

eased up the river on a flood tide which carried us along at up to 8 knots. David's last hurrah – 2 huge helpings of a chicken stir-fry – provided a celebratory note to end the voyage.

By 8.30pm we were in the marina – 36 hours out of Schouten Passage, and 25 days and 847 NM's out of Beauty Point. We were both glad to be home, and luxuriated in the hot club-room showers as we waited for Christine to pick us up.



Low Head - journey complete

Quartermasters Stores.

Contact **BARRY JONES** 6272 5660
NEW ITEMS NOW IN STOCK



BUCKET HATS
 SM / LARGE \$10 ea

CAPS & BEANIES
 \$10 ea.

BURGEES \$11 ea.

CLOTH BADGES \$10ea.



Other items available include East Coast Anchorages \$5

History of the CYCT the first 21yrs \$5,

D'Entrecasteux Waterways 2nd Edition \$16.

Lapel badges \$4.50

And a couple of odd sizes in Polo Shirts make Barry an Offer

Adagio to Victoria, BC

Dorothy and Steve Darden

Adagio

We patted ourselves on the back a lot for deciding to sail to the Pacific Northwest for cruising and for visiting with our daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren. The winter was lots of fun in spite of flus, respiratory illness, frost on the docks and general wet conditions. The spring arrived early, and we feel that we became part of our grandchildren's lives for a few months. It was difficult to leave them and sail away, but they have very busy lives, and they will join us for some cruising before the season is over.

Hoping to get ahead of the crowds of boats from the Seattle area, we departed Bainbridge Island on April 17. In Port Townsend we had the noted rigger, Brion Toss, inspect our rig and inspect our rope to chain splice on our anchor rode. We made fast friends with him and his wife, and enjoyed the town which is very similar to Nelson, South Island NZ in many ways.

On April 26 we sailed for Victoria, crossing the Juan de Fuca Strait in the fog. After four days we sailed across Haro Strait, dodging large logs and enjoying the numerous seals, to Friday Harbor. We enjoyed entertaining friends aboard, including Richard Spindler of *Latitude 38*, and nipped around to Roche Harbor for maintenance on our outboard engine.

We entered Canada again in Bedwell Harbour on South Pender Island, then continued on north in the Trincomali Channel, transiting Porlier Channel at slack water and berthed at the Silva Bay Resort and Marina on the SE corner of Gabriola Island. The next morning we headed back out into the Strait of Georgia, making good time towards Seymour Narrows where Ripple Rock was blasted to smithereens in 1958.

I inadvertently drove the boat into an area of tide rips south of Campbell River, where the northflowing current meets the southflowing current passing inside Vancouver Island, at spring tides. Whitecaps a couple of meters high slapped the boat around, heeling her from side to side, and spilling the contents of all our cabinet tops onto the floor. Books, cruising guides, a pitcher of water, limes, lemons, binoculars, all went flying. In our five years of cruising the boat has never been tossed around so violently as she was by those "rips". I certainly learned my lesson. We had altered course to allow a large tug and tow to pass us to starboard. We should have fallen in behind him as he skirted the tide rips.

The contrary current was unfavorable for making it to the Narrows by slack tide, so we berthed at Discovery Harbour Marina at Campbell River, and passed through the Seymour Narrows at noon the next day. At 1300 hours, about 7 miles north of the Narrows, we hit a log and lost our starboard engine. After many hours of diligently standing look out, all it took was a few minutes being distracted by some cool

current displays on the computer screen, associated with our prospective anchorage for the evening. Crash! Crash! Bummer.

Steve turned the boat around and headed back towards the Narrows. Slack tide had come and gone, so we anchored in Plumper Bay until the next slack tide at 1800 hours. The water was flat as we passed through the Narrows, and Steve carefully and with great concentration, maneuvered *Adagio* alongside the dock at the marina in Campbell River. The next morning we had a diver inspect the prop. Steve contacted Yanmar, MaxProp, and haul out facilities in the area. After much discussion he decided we should take *Adagio* to Vancouver for haul out at a facility in the Fraser River.

May 10, in calm conditions and with a favorable current, we crossed the top of the Strait of Georgia and entered the Malaspina Strait between Texada Island and mainland BC. We managed to travel 56 nm that day, with one engine, against a moderate headwind, and berthed in Garden Bay at the end of the dock at the Sportsmans Club.

The next morning we realized we could make it to the mouth of the Fraser River at slack tide, but when we arrived the tide was ebbing strongly, and we later learned that in May there is no flood tide in the Fraser due to snowmelt from the mountains. Heavy traffic of tugs with tows and large ships in the River made the river a dangerous place for a sailboat with limited maneuverability. *Adagio* was unable to turn to port with only the port engine, unless in flat water and good water flow across the rudders. We bailed out and went in to Vancouver Harbour to dock at the Coal Harbour Marina where we had stayed last autumn. We were very fortunate that they had an outside tie for us, because anchoring is not permitted in the Harbour, and we could not have maneuvered into the other marinas.

The next day we learned that *Adagio's* mast height was too high to make it under the two bridges on the way up the North Arm of the Fraser where another shipyard was located. Steve phoned Hope Point Shipyard in Victoria on Vancouver Island, where *Adagio* had been hauled out the previous November, and they agreed to accept us as an emergency repair. So it was back to lovely Silva Bay where we anchored and departed early the next morning to catch the favorable current all the way south to Victoria. We hit slack tide at Porlier Pass exactly on time, and docked in Victoria at 1400 hours, May 13, Friday the 13th, our lucky day, on the end tie where we could glide in to the dock with minimum drama.

We had inadvertently circumnavigated the Strait of Georgia, and breathed a sigh of relief that the weather and sea conditions had been mild. During the weekend we unwound by doing a little touring along the Vancouver Island coast by car, and welcomed our friends Joe and Kathy when they arrived aboard their sailing cat *Katiekat*. When it was time to leave the dock to motor under the bascule bridge and into the shipyard at Hope Point, we were happy to have them on the dock to handle our lines

and fend us off. Steve expertly maneuvered our floating tennis court into the small dock at the entrance to the dry dock, and the yard staff carefully positioned *Adagio* directly above two large wooden beams on which her keels rested as the dry dock rose out of the water, Archimedes fashion.

Today is May 18, and Steve has ordered from Chicago parts for an engineer in Sidney to use to repair our sail drive tomorrow and install it back onto the starboard engine on Friday. We hope to re-launch *Adagio* on Saturday. Five guests arrive on Sunday evening.

So to make a short tale long, there it is in all the gory detail. We are fortunate on many counts: We hit the log relatively close to repair facilities. The weather has cooperated. We were able to make good time from one berth or anchorage to the next under half power. The anchorages and marinas have not yet filled with other cruising boats, so we could safely berth or anchor with limited maneuverability.

It has taken us a month to get from Bainbridge Island, WA to Victoria, BC, but the season is still early, and we will begin heading north again soon. Meanwhile the weather north of Vancouver Island where we had hoped to be by now has been pretty stormy, while our weather in the Strait of Georgia region has been mild. Victoria is a fun little town.

We hope you are all well and finding your seas not too lumpy and all your engines working.



DIRTY CARPETS / UPHOLSTERY

WHO DO YOU CALL?

ALL ABOUT CLEANING SERVICES

CARPET STEAM CLEANING
FABRIC PROTECTION.
DEODORISING
WINDOW CLEANING
CONTRACT CLEANING

3 ROOMS
From
\$75.00

MOBILE 0408 127 330
PH 6273 4192

PAUL & ROSEMARY KERRISON
507 MAIN ROAD MONTROSE

YOUR DIRT IS OUR BUSINESS

Tasmania's own Alcatraz

Erika Johnson

Like a fortress, the grey basalt columns rise 240 metres straight out of the sea. Above, is a plateau of only about 50 hectares pock-marked with sink holes, caves and small clumps of wind-swept vegetation.

Tasman Island, one of Australia's most inaccessible light stations, was so unpopular that it was likened to the infamous American island prison *Alcatraz*. There was a sense of isolation which sent men mad.

However, this did not deter us. As a fund-raiser, the Rotary Club of the Tasman Peninsula had chartered a helicopter which made it possible for a small group to visit the island.



Approaching Tasman Island

Only a short 10 minute flight from Safety Cove and we were beside the 29 metre light tower, one of the highest in Australia. Built from cast-iron plates bolted together, the light was first lit in 1906. The light is still operational but the settlement has long been abandoned. Today, the island is part of the Tasman National Park and the lighthouse and associated structures are registered as part of Australia's National

Estate.



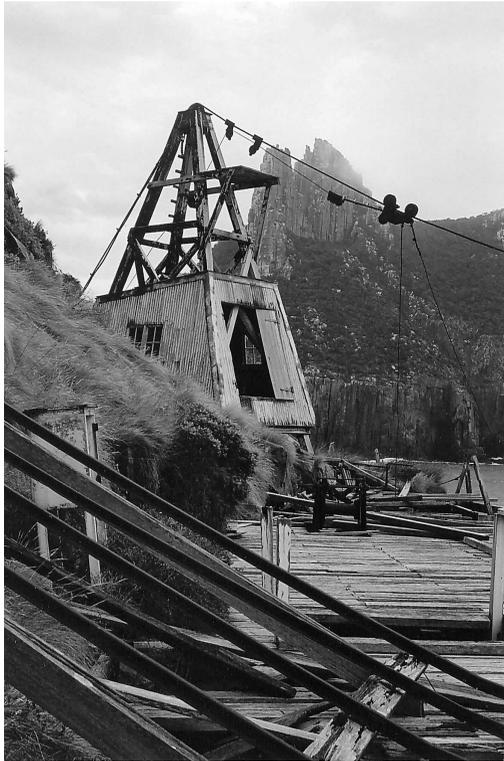
The cast iron Tasman Island light

Low clouds create a brooding atmosphere. Gone are the gardens of vegetables and flowers which thrived in the island's fertile soil. Gone are the sheep and cattle which sustained the families who lived on the island. Although the three brick light keepers' houses are still standing, for how much longer we wondered? The effects of the weather and vandalism have taken their toll.

Wading through waist-deep grass we make our way to the front door. We tread carefully through the shards of broken glass and pick our way across rotting floor boards to the window, the view obscured by years of neglect.

Was that the ghosts of the past we could hear or just the whistling of the wind?

Even the Haulage, once the only means of access to the island, lay in ruins, the steep track overgrown.



The Haulage

Time and the elements have taken their toll and the settlement is in need of repair. Work on the preservation of this remarkable island settlement is long overdue. However, a Friends group has recently been formed which hopes to do some remedial work in preparation for the Tasman Island Light's 100th anniversary in April next year.¹

All too soon it was time for us to leave. We feel privileged to have had the opportunity to visit this special place.

1. If you would like to participate in bringing the Tasman Island settlement back to life, join the Friends of Tasman. For more information contact the Wildcare office by email <office@wildcaretas.org.au> or Phone 6233 2852.

On Solar Panels

Roger Locke

Andromeda

So you've got two 54 watt solar panels and that gives you 104 watts of power while the sun shines – right? Well.... not quite.

Solar panel power is quoted at the panel voltage, which is usually about 17 volts. By the time it gets down through the wires, the regulator, and is delivered to the battery, the best you get is 54/17 or about 3.1 amps at 12 volts.

The battery charge efficiency may be as low as 80%, and so you could be storing 0.8 of 3.1 or 2.5 amp hours as a maximum each hour.

Solar radiation varies with latitude, and the time of year, to the extent that in Hobart, on a horizontal surface, the minimum irradiance in winter, is less than 25% of that which is available as a maximum in summer.

This combined with the short winter days, means that your panel is not collecting very much power in winter.

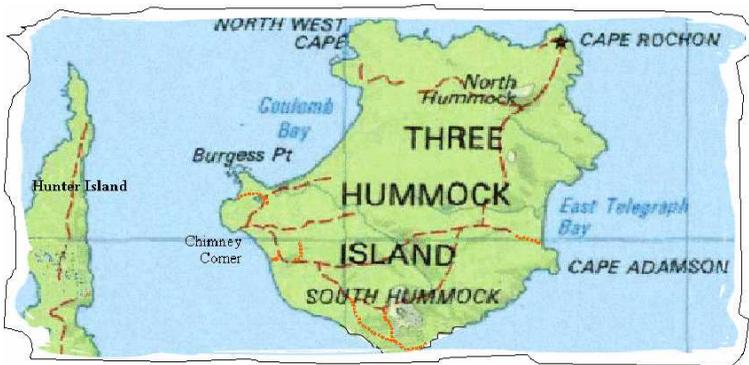
I haven't tried to measure the actual power available from a panel at different times of the year, but notice the drop off in power during winter.

If you want to maximize power throughout the year, the panel must be tilted to give the best angle to the sun. This varies from about 15° from the horizontal in summer, to about 60° in winter. Of course following the sun through the day would be even better, but facing north gives the best average.

Winter also usually produces shadows which further reduce the power generated by a panel.

Panels on moored boats can't be angled successfully unless you are prepared to work on the prevailing wind direction. Generally a flat panel will give the best average for boats rotating on a mooring.

If the boat is on a marina, the panels can be fitted on the north side – if there is one, and angled if this is convenient. One day I may fit meters and record some actual figures, but in the meantime, the panels charge the batteries during a winter week, and 30 minutes with the engine makes up for a lot of cold weather.



A Treasure Island

Erika Johnson

"...these gentlemen ... asked me to write down the whole particulars about *Treasure Island*, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back..." wrote Jim Hawkins in Robert Louis Stephenson's, *Treasure Island*.

If, like Jim Hawkins, I wrote everything down about the treasures of Three Hummock Island, it would fill a book! A jewel lying at the western end of Bass Strait, 45 kilometers north-west of Smithton, the island's 46 square kilometers are ringed with golden beaches and set with the gems of nature.

Treasure and remote islands hold a fascination for most people, imagining warm sunshine with palms waving in balmy breezes. However, for John and Eleanor Alliston, that island was in the Roaring Forties – Three Hummock Island. Their island was one of the Fleurieu Group of islands, more commonly known as the Hunter Group. This intrepid couple arrived from England in 1951, making a conscious effort to escape following the chaos of war. Their attempts to make a living from farming over more than 40 years, while bringing up their family of four, is the subject of Eleanor's two autobiographical books *Escape to an Island* and *An Island Affair*.

Islands held a fascination for us, too. We had spent some months on gale-swept Maatsuyker Island and while on Swan Island the deafening roar of the wind and the sea were our constant companions. We were unable to resist the lure of the islands and a chance to act as Voluntary Caretakers on Three Hummock Island for two weeks in March this year, was just our cup of tea. The island was not new to us. We had visited, briefly, on a walking trip in 1985 and sailed past on *Camira* about 10 years later. Such brief encounters whetted our appetite and to have a second invitation, this time for six-months, was eagerly accepted.

From a distance we could see why Matthew Flinders described the island in his log as "... the land of the three hummocks ..."². On his explorations round the Tasmanian coast with George Bass in 1798 their ship, *Norfolk*, anchored in a "... small sandy bight under the northern hummock."³ Freycinet, cartographer and surveyor to Baudin's 1802 expedition, also visited Three Hummock Island, anchoring his ship, *Casuarina*, at Coulomb Bay from where he "... perambulated the woods in different directions."⁴ and remarked on the granite boulders sticking out of the ground. Later, during a visit in 1838, John Lort Stokes of the *Beagle* wrote "... the whole of the island is clothed with an almost impervious scrub ..."⁵ However, not much of this could have been left after his visit as members of his crew set fire to the island and it was reportedly still burning when they made a return visit three weeks later.

After a somewhat lumpy voyage from Smithton we spied the conspicuous chimney of the homestead at Chimney Corner on the south western end of the island and tied up to the crumbling stone jetty. Here, the small settlement is hunkered down in the shelter of a stand of introduced pine trees.

The island was not known to Europeans before the visit of Bass and Flinders but the discovery soon brought sealers and squatters. George Augustus Robinson hoped to make the island an aboriginal settlement when he visited on 19 October 1830, but the natives called it a "bad place".⁶ Van Diemen's Land Company surveyors also looked at the island but decided that it was too remote to be of interest.

Italian patriot, Guiseppe Garibaldi was the first to describe a settlement on the island when he saw a "... little one-storied dwelling-house, rough, but comfortable, carefully built, and furnished with tables, beds and chairs ..."⁷ during his visit in 1852 on the *Donna Carmen*. However, these early pioneers had found the loneliness too much and abandoned the settlement leaving a garden where Garibaldi was able to collect fresh vegetables. Years later he recalled "... that pleasant bay, where my first landing started a fine covey of partridges, and where, amid lofty trees of a century's growth, murmured the clearest and most poetical of brooks where we quenched our thirst with delight ..."⁸

2. *Observations on the coast of Van Diemen's Land ...*, Matthew Flinders, 1798.

3. *Observations on the coast of Van Diemen's Land ...*, Matthew Flinders, 1798.

4. *The Baudin Expedition ...*, N.J.B. Plomley, Blubberhead Press, 1983.

5. *Discoveries in Australia Vol 1*, J. Lort Stokes, London 1846.

6. *Friendly Mission*, ed N.J.B. Plomley, 1966.

7. *Autobiography of Giuseppe Garibaldi*, Walter Smith & Innes, London 1889.

8. *Autobiography of Giuseppe Garibaldi*, Walter Smith & Innes, London 1889.

Over the ensuing years there were a series of leaseholders and some of the island was cleared. Even so, the 1969 version of the Australian Pilot still stated that "*Three Hummock Island is covered with a dense impenetrable growth ...*" but erroneously refers to it as "*Horizontal Scrub*". Most of the settlers were subsistence farmers but the Burgess family also built boats and "Ma" Nichols and her husband Bill combined farming with fishing. In the late 1950s a group of Dutch settlers briefly joined the Allisons in a co-operative farming venture, living in the "Top House". Each day they traveled half way down the island to East Telegraph Bay where they grew potatoes, carrots and onions in a pocket of rich basalt soil.

Despite the farming activities and the encroachment of a telegraph cable in 1859, the island remained largely unexplored. In 1889 it took Victorian Naturalist E.D. Atkinson two attempts to reach the 237 metre summit of South Hummock "... *walking, cutting and crawling through one of the densest scrubs I ever experienced ...*"⁹ In 1972 Telecom built a communications tower on top and now the climb is just a stroll up a well-graded track. However, the view is unchanged and, as Atkinson said "*At our feet, lay stretched a miniature continent with its mountains, plains, forests, lakes and bays.*"¹⁰

Today's settlement, clustered round Chimney Corner, includes three houses and a number of outbuildings. It must have been quite crowded in earlier years. A note, found in a bottle under the floor boards of the homestead listed 12 people living at Chimney Corner after the house was built in 1910. The writer, Winnie Burgess, identifies herself as a milkmaid aged 20, and includes the names of "*F. Grevis James Esq, Proprietor (Ha Ha) Also Bill the lamb.*"¹¹ In fact, the house at Chimney Corner developed a reputation as (*lq... a sort of informal sailors' club and weather bound seamen put in, sure of a ready welcome.*)¹² In fact, yachts and fishing boats anchor at a number of locations round the island including East Telegraph Bay, Chimney Corner and Spiers Bay.

Getting to and from the island by sea or by air is very weather-dependent. Despite the fact that the island has two airstrips, there are no regular mail or grocery deliveries. On the island itself, walking is the main mode of transport. However, to explore the more distant delights of the island's 7284 hectares, the traditional mode of transport is a high-sided trailer, pulled by a reliable old David Brown tractor. Alternatively there's the battered Toyota Landcruiser whose progress is measured by the amount of leaf litter which finds its way in through the glassless windows.

9. *Notes of a short trip to the islands of western Bass Straits*, E.D. Atkinson, C.E. 10 February 1890.

10. *Notes of a short trip to the islands of western Bass Straits*, E.D. Atkinson, C.E. 10 February 1890.

11. *Escape to an Island*, Eleanor Alliston, Angus & Robertson, 1966.

12. *Tasmania's Offshore Islands*, Nigel Brothers, 2001.



West Telegraph Beach, Coulomb Bay, on Three Hummock Island's west coast, is 4 kilometers long.

Climate change has made its mark on Three Hummock. A 1929 version of the Australian Pilot reports that the *Beagle* found "... fresh water is plentiful." and on our 1985 visit we saw many freshwater lagoons. However, though it is now winter, the weather so far has been surprisingly mild. Luckily for us, the permanent spring below the house continues to run, but most other water holes remain dry.

Tracks once criss-crossed the island but many of these have long overgrown. However, it is still possible to access many parts of the island with intriguing names such as *Minnitonka*, *Emerald Swamp* and *Rendezvous Lagoon*.

There are even stories of buried treasure! Legend has it that a ship carrying a load of freshly minted gold sovereigns was wrecked off nearby Hunter Island. Survivors salvaged what they could, rowing over to Three Hummock where they buried iron-bound chests in one of the lagoons. Treasure seekers have frequented the island from time to time, even draining one of the lagoons at the dead of night! But whether such stories are fact or fiction remains to be seen!

However the island's treasures lie at our doorstep. Unique to this north-western corner of Tasmania, are the coarse granite outcrops, liberally slathered with orange and yellow lichen. Just below the homestead is the broad expanse of Home Beach,

stretching four kilometers, rounding Sandy Spit to the south east and just a few minutes away tiny Golden Beach nestles amid off-lying rocks. At Spiers Bay an unruly group of Forest Ravens watch us from the top of a group of immense grey granite monoliths, known as The Five Sisters, teetering at the edge of the bay while foam-flecked waves jostle to be first up the beach.



The Five Sisters, huge granite monoliths at Spiers Bay, were named by Eleanor Alliston after the five sisters in Pride & Prejudice.

Three Hummock Island was returned to the Crown in 1975 and today is State Reserve. Despite our isolation our "back lawn" is somewhat crowded. Forester Kangaroo and Cape Barren Geese, both introduced in the 1970s as endangered species, graze peacefully, scarcely taking any notice of us as we go about our daily chores. Beady-eyed Currawong and Forest Raven vie for the tastiest worms. Purple Swamphen, resplendently regal with their red-capped beak, long thin legs and purple breast, are particularly skittish and scurry away in a panic with their black and white tails twitching comically. On the wind we hear the blood-curdling calls of peacocks down in Peacock Valley and as night falls the penguins waddle up the beach, braying loudly as they make their way to their nests under the boxthorn bushes.



The Homestead at Chimney Corner



Ranger Retreat is a delightful sheltered small boat harbour

Weeks have become months. We have not seen another human since our first week on the island. We have been able to divest ourselves of the trappings of "civilisation" and become more attune with nature. The settlement at Chimney Corner now doubles as an eco tourism venture with accommodation available in the "Top House", now known as Eagle Hill Lodge. Here you, too, can escape to your own treasure island. Visit www.threehummockisland.com.au or phone 6452 1405.



The Top House

The Oyster Cove Marina, Chandlery & Brokerage

If you are...

Slipping 6267 4418

Chandlery 6267 4300

Buying or selling 6267 4259

Come down and see us at Kettering. Open 7 days.

Our hours are: Monday - Friday 0830 - 1700 hrs

Saturday: 0900 - 1600 hrs

Sunday & Public Hols: 0930 - 1230 hrs

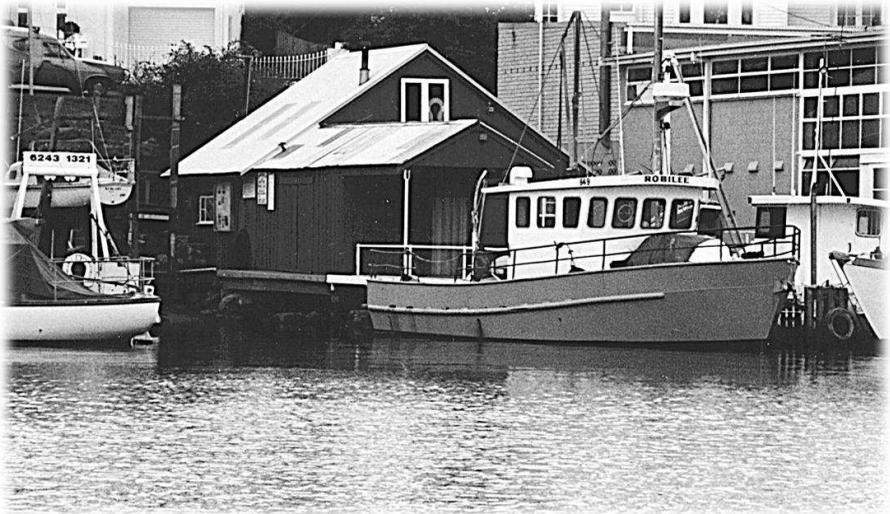
Phone: 03 6267 4300

LINDISFARNE BAY BOAT YARD

FORD PARADE LINDISFARNE

- Slipping/Workshop Hire, Engine/Mast Hoist
- Jetty Hire Available ▪ Yacht Delivery/Raft Hire
- Boat Surveys ▪ Repairs/Fitouts to all types of craft
- Painting ▪ Engineering/Mechanical/Electrical

MOORING SERVICES



Phone Malcolm on
0408 123 805 to book your service.
Malcolm McDougall - Masters Certificate 5 & Engine Drivers 2

Diver can be arranged
Servicing Channel area every 4 to 6 weeks



Leo Foley
for
Alderman

Hobart City Council

Ph 6228 6486
foleo55@bigpond.net.au
www.justicetheaim.net

*CYOT member
since 1989
Past: Commodore
Vice Commodore
Rear Commodore*



Authorized by: Cheryl Pace, 33Easby Creek Rd, Lenah Valley

TALISKAN II

A Capella Concert

The Franklin Consort, a semi-professional *a capella* vocal ensemble will present a concert on 25 September as one of the occasional Music at Kettering concerts.

For their Kettering concert, the group will perform four brackets of songs: some madrigals; english songs from the 16th through 20th centuries; songs about trains; and some jazzed-up Bach.

Kettering Community Hall
Sunday 25 September at 3pm
Admission: \$5 per person
Tickets at Door

The programme will last approximately one hour. Tea, coffee and locally made goodies will be available afterwards, when it will be possible to meet the artists.

For more information, contact Dave Davey, 6267 4852 <daved@windclimber.id.au>.

CYCT Library**Recent Additions**

September 2005

BOOKS - donated by Ken Newham

2 more donated by Ken Newham, before he moves to Smithton.

Yachtmaster Ocean Theory. Volumes 1 & 2.

Forty South Yachting Centre.

These are the Course Guide under the AYF National Training Scheme.



Minutes of the General Meeting of the Cruising Yacht Club of Tasmania held at the Royal Hobart Regatta Association Pavilion, Queens Domain, Hobart, at 8:00 pm on 2 August 2005.

WELCOME

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

APOLOGIES

Wendy and Dennis Lees, Bev and Colin Morrison, Pat and Roger Locke, Hans Van Tuil, Richard Brabzon, Tony and Sally Creese.

GUESTS

Brendon Boon, Les Boon, Bob Tyson and Penny Tyson.

MINUTES OF THE PREVIOUS MEETING

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

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

Moved, Rosemary Kerrison. Seconded, Julia Greenhill. CARRIED

BUSINESS ARISING

Nil.

NEW MEMBERS

The Commodore welcomed Drew and June Burgess, who sail on *Junie Too* to the *Club*.

COMMODORE'S REPORT

The Commodore reported that the Hobart City Council (HCC) has advised that the *Club's* honour boards were destroyed by gatecrashers to a small private function held at the pavilion. The hirer of the hall had made a \$100 payment as a contribution toward the boards replacement. Keith Wells is currently arranging for the replacement of the boards. When the honour boards are replaced they will be secured in the *Club* cupboard.

Dave Davey has begun work on the design of the South Coast Cruising Guide which will be initially developed on the *Club's* own website. The website is an exciting

development that will allow communication with people everywhere. It will provide a versatile medium on which to publish the guide as it grows. In conjunction with the development of the website Dave has created email addresses for *Club* Committee members.

The Commodore and *Club* Warden have met with Martin Green and Philip Tyrell of the National Trust and Philip Higgs of the Wooden Boat Guild. Philip Tyrell is the Administrator of the National Trust and is its representative for the cottages. Martin Green is proposing a licence agreement rather than a lease which would provide the *CYCT* and the Wooden Boat Guild access to the cottage for meetings. It is believed that the trust is supportive of our use of the cottages and the Committee is working toward communicating the *Club's* requirements for a licence agreement with the National Trust.

Trevor Faust from MAST has agreed to talk to the *Club* at the next general meeting in relation to jetties.

Ken and Doris Newham reported that they are going to move to Smithton.

VICE COMMODORE'S REPORT

Vice Commodore Rosemary Kerrison advised that the venue for the *Club's* Anniversary Dinner had been changed to Rockerfeller's. She asked members to advise their attendance. Gluvine would be served on board the boats at the dock prior to the dinner. A barbecue would be held at Pear Tree on the Sunday.

Sunday 28 August 2005 - a *Club* cruise and BBQ at Snug Beach.

REAR COMMODORE'S REPORT

As the Rear Commodore was an apology, the report is as per the Albatross.

GENERAL BUSINESS

Books recently acquired for the library were placed on display at the rear of the hall during the meeting.

GUEST SPEAKER

Commodore Helen Stewart introduced Andrew Boon, Bob and Penny Tyson to talk to members about their cruise to Deal Island.

Bob and Penny had previously served as caretakers on the island and the talk gave interesting insights to life on the islands. The photographs displayed during the presentation provided members with a greater appreciation of the history, the establishment of the lighthouse and surrounding buildings and facilities, the commercial fishing, fauna, flora, and moods of the weather in that area.

The Commodore thanked Andrew, Bob and Penny for the most interesting and informative presentation.

NEXT MEETING

The next General Meeting will follow the Annual General Meeting which will be held at the Royal Hobart Regatta Pavilion on 6 September 2005 at 8.00pm.

CLOSE

The meeting closed at 9.40pm.