



CRUISING NEWS



JUNE 2015

JOINING THE VAN DIEMEN'S LAND CIRCUMNAVIGATION

Strahan to Hobart on *Another Dimension*

BY KAREN PARKER



Our first introduction to sailing the south west coast of Tasmania was ominous. Barely an hour into our drive across Tasmania to Strahan we received a phone call from John Cain and Jenny Wright on *Another Dimension*. From their Sat phone. Sat phone calls rarely bring good news and this was the case.

We shared the drive with Don and Barbara Richmond who were also meeting an RBYC yacht: *Summer Wind*. *Summer Wind* was also deep into the Gordon River and could not possibly meet us in Strahan, catastrophic weather.

We hastily booked a cabin at the caravan park and spent a night or two there as the weather raged. Plenty of good distractions though, many good walks, coffees and meals

and when our two wayward boats finally made their way back to Strahan, we enjoyed good meals on-board.

With this leg of the cruise most likely to provide unexpected delays in weather windows we provisioned well. Jenny has a foolproof plan which involves writing a menu plan for the expected cruise length. Each meal is listed with the ingredients beside it. Two or three emergency meals are put aside. The menu plan and ingredients list are kept so that all the expected ingredients will be used for each meal ensuring minimum wastage.

After several treks up the hill and with the sea state abating to below 6m we were ready to go.

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We left Strahan at 4pm and made our way out with Andrew on the helm and John providing steerage guidance from the inward track. Hells Gates looked as it should have but we made our way through calmly and then set our course out to sea. The weather and sea state were pretty average until we cleared Cape Sorell and could set our course. After that the evening and night's sail was a dream. It was quite lovely to sail with a veritable armada of yachts around us! Strangely enough the racing gene kicked in and I went off watch telling the Skipper that we were leading the fleet. On our second watch, pre-dawn cold seeped into our bones and the rain came in sideways. Wisely the skipper had slowed us down for a dawn arrival at Port Davey, 110 nm later. Looking at the formidable rocks guarding the entrance I was pleased he did.

Entering Port Davey was almost like sailing into a Tolkien world of geographic majesty. 'Get out your Derwent's' was the catch cry and well called. The scenery was amazing and indeed many artists would have been inspired. Steep cliffs, Mount Rugby at 771 m and numerous other shorter walks surrounded us. In Port Davey the water is tainted black with tannin which runs off the forest. The fresh water layer is around 1 m deep which makes for poor visibility (you can't see more than 30 cm deep) and a Coca Cola coloured spa bath when you turn on the outboard engine. It also means that this area is very specifically protected as there is little piscatorial life but many invertebrates such as Sea Pens survive in much shallower water than they are usually found in.

We spent five days in Port Davey and Bathurst Harbour, exploring all its corners. Our skipper John valiantly swam each day and persisted with his stand up paddle board each morning before breakfast despite our fears of hypothermia.



Two of many highlights: Travelling by dinghy up the creek to Melaleuca where Denny King made his home and enjoying wandering around his base and the airport. It's a 5 nm trip by dinghy from Clayton's Corner and with a 25 to 30 knot headwind coming home to the boat we were pretty happy to have John and Jenny serve us hot Milo's and home made Pizza's for lunch! The Cain/Wright family affectionately call their dinghy the 'Floating LiLo' ... after this trip we call it 'The sodden Wettex!' At this time my standard onshore outfit consisted of a 3mm wetsuit with a full upper ocean jacket, and I was still freezing cold! The other memorable experience was walking up Balmoral Hill after anchoring in Casilda Cove. A short walk but a stunning perspective of the whole harbour.

We left Port Davey with the bulk of the remaining fleet at dawn for the sail under Tasmania to reach Recherche Bay on the south east coast. What an amazing day! Beautiful big Southern Ocean swells, clear skies and wildlife everywhere! As we passed the South West Cape a big pod of dolphins joined us. They stayed for ages, but talking to people from the fleet later on I realised that they probably greeted every yacht. The seabirds kept us constant company as we sailed wing on wing inside of Maatsuyker Island and headed towards the South East Cape. I recorded the day's speed record of 13.4 knots downwind with a poled heady and reefed main. Chuffed but white knuckled! That done we headed up into Recherche Bay and anchored for the night. A small glitch with the anchor brought the *Summer Wind* crew over for extended Sundowners whilst Guru Bryan Drummond fixed our broken circuit breaker.

Off the next morning and into a larger wind than we expected. A quick retreat had us placing the dinghy back on deck then heading off again. Annoying really as we only has 25nm to travel, as opposed to the 65-70 of the day before. Winds of 38.4knots around the corner made bread baking and straightening the horizons of the day before's photo's strategically difficult. But the bread got baked and the photo's uploaded.

The next few days were spent blissfully roaming the D'Entrecasteaux Channel, catching flatties and visiting welcoming local yacht clubs.

We made our way into the Derwent and joined the rest of the fleet at the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania for the presentation dinner. Many cruisers took this opportunity to visit MONA, the Salamanca market, Mawson's Antarctic museum and to peruse the views from atop Mt Wellington, as well as consuming the odd Scallop pie!

The RYCT laundry was busy as were the supermarkets as the interstate yachts prepared for departure and the Victorian contingent prepared to complete their circumnavigation. A note for Jenny's provisioning method... as we entered the yacht club we put a half of a lettuce and two rather sad carrots in the bin. Everything else was where it should have been... consumed!

The Van Diemen's Land Cruise is run every two years and will next happen in 2017. If you haven't been there but thought you should, put it on your bucket list!

JAUNT TO REBAK AND PHUKET

A quickie in Asia! Boat repairs and rally catch up that is!

BY SUE DRUMMOND



She's out.

It's quite a trip to Rebak Marina. Using our Seniors MYKI (Melbourne Travel Card) we caught the train to Southern Cross Station from whence we got the SkyBus. Then Tullamarine to Singapore's gorgeous Changi Airport with orchid garden and sky garden

in T2. On to Langkawi via Silkair, which is the "domestic" version of SA. This is odd as they don't have anything but international flights. Food and movies. Ahh. Cost more than Air Asia but got us to Langkawi in time to catch a taxi then a little ferry across to Rebak Island and saved us a nights accommodation in Kuah Town.

There she was, sitting in splendour in the airless harbour. One night aboard with aircon convinced us to decamp to the resort as, on the hard, it is even hotter with the heat reflected from the paving, and NO aircon. The crew got her out of the water and pressure washed with no issues then Mark, Din, Sopi and Ad got to work. Except for the minor hiccup of priming the areas where the anodes were to be replaced, all went well. We took a tour of the town with Simon from *Kiwi Coyote* and Frank from *Kokomo 5*. We now have all the provisioning places sussed. Each afternoon, when boat jobs had been completed, it was off to the pool (and swim up bar) for a good natter and a drink. Black Sand is now a favorite.

Once the work on *Gypsea Rover* was completed (read wrestling the new toilet motor in 40°C heat and 90% humidity with the ever present whiff of vintage poo). We closed her up, put a vintage air con on a timer and hoped for the best.

We flew C/- MAS and didn't disappear.

Phuket is a very interesting place.

What to say about Phuket? If you like constant, debilitating heat; if you like mosquitoes, with deadly dengue, eating you as dusk falls. If you like nice quite beaches littered with plastic rubbish, a la Indonesia, complete with feral dogs and if you like paying Australian prices for this privilege (fall in Aussie Dollar which now buys 25.25 Baht), maybe you will like it. There are some bargains to be had for the backpacker and food is cheap. OK, the toilets are fab. No hoses or wet floors.

For us, the trip was about meeting up with the remnants of the Sail 2 Indonesia rally. *Southern Star*, *Diomedea* and *Stormvogel* are awaiting the arrival of the Seven Seas Ships to take them to the Med. *Alma Canta* is having a new deck put on and *Solstice* is being re-powered. They hope to take off for South Africa in July with *Juffa* who seem remarkably

intact after a big haul out at Pangkor Marina in Malaysia.

We had boat business and have met the rigger who will give us an assessment of the rig in December. We have also talked to a Dutch guy who will replace the blow up bit on our long suffering tender. We've checked out the available marinas of which there are four. Having got that over and done with we were free to be tourists. Tigers, the Big Buddha and a side trip to Naithon Beach which looks like a nice, quiet place to stay if any family come at Christmas. We did drive through Patong and remained unscarred by ping pong balls.

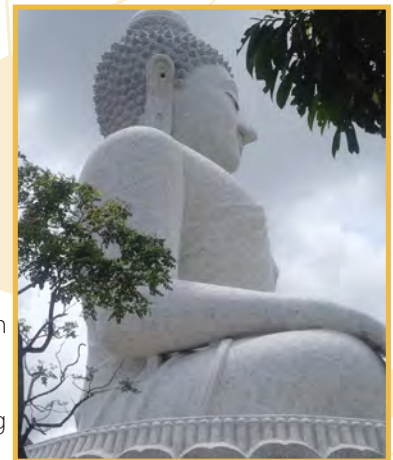
Everywhere, including the delightful Dewa Resort, our home for six days, there were elderly white men with VERY young Thais.

Every available beachside block of land (including within National Parks) and many in the interior, are "Resorts". Resorts are being built, have been built, are closed down, are skeletons that have never been finished. There was an article in the Phuketwan paper about the former Governor of Phuket, being accused of letting development occur within the National

Parks. Phuket Island is like the Gold Coast on steroids. Unfortunately, with the fall of the Aussie dollar and the rouble, their best customers are deserting. It is difficult to tell whether this is going to have an impact in the next dry season as it is low season and the start of the wet. Our pals from the rally have had the dry season up here and have quite enjoyed visiting the hongos (high islands of limestone in Phang Nga Bay, with sometimes lakes within).

Well, we have survived, unlike over 100 Australians per year, who perish here in Phuket. Bryan has done a sterling job negotiating the roads, which are the demise of many scooter and car hirers. Being chopped up by a long tail boat is an ever present risk. Drowning seems to be a big killer of Australians though I think alcohol must play a part. The Thai junta is trying to clean up the beach mafia with apparently some success but the odd murder does occur.

What can I say?



MY FAVOURITE ANCHORAGE

(Well - not my favourite but an interesting one)

BY LYN BINGHAM

It was the year 2001. To put you dear readers in the picture, Mr Bingham found himself at Hamilton Island for Race Week in August. He ran into Kerry McGorlick who had raced *Waterfront Bar* in the Brisbane to Gizo – Solomon Islands - yacht race earlier in the year. *Waterfront Bar* was at Laguna Quay marina, east of Proserpine, Kerry was keen to return to work and a deal was done that David would be happy to deliver *Waterfront Bar* back to Brighton.



Waterfront Bar - An Adams Carina 44.

There followed several pleasant occasions – usually involving eating and drinking and general enjoyment, with Kerry entertaining on the pianola - usually at Kerry and Linda's house and including some of the crew from the Gizo race, during which all arrangements for the delivery were finalised and set into place.

And so it was in early November 2001 that Mr. Bingham, a friend Tony Hardy and myself flew to Brisbane, boarded the *Spirit of the Tropics* for an interesting rail journey to Proserpine.

After the usual preparing the boat, cleaning the water tanks, provisioning, and several tropical thunderstorms, we departed Laguna. Our first anchorage was Thomas Island, then on to Goldsmith, Scrawfell and then the Percys before Gladstone.

Our next anchorage was the lovely Pancake Creek and then to Burnett Heads. A friend had suggested the three hour trip up the Burnett River to Bundaberg was worth a look so we motored to MidTown Marina, walked ashore for supplies



Tony Hardy, Lyn and David Bingham exploring Pancake Creek

which included 1.5kg of fresh prawns which we enjoyed sitting in the cockpit accompanied by crusty bread and a chilled bottle of white wine... as you do!

It was then on to the Great Sandy Strait and Kingfisher Bay at Fraser Island. On through the Strait, Garry's Anchorage and then to Inskip Point.

Wide Bay Bar was our next challenge which we overcame easily, arriving at Mooloolaba marina mid-afternoon.

At this stage there was a changeover of crew so we farewelled Tony and welcomed Bruce Dobbie on board.

Our plan was to depart Mooloolaba early as we were headed for an anchorage called Lazaret Gutter on the north side of Peel Island in Moreton Bay. The forecast was for a cold front approaching from the south, but we would arrive at the anchorage well before then!! Famous last words.

Bruce and Mr B. spent some time attending to the anchor winch delaying our departure somewhat, so as we motor-sailed south we kept a keen eye on the black sky racing north! Suddenly, just after entering Morton Bay with Mr. B on the helm, Bruce went below returning in full wet weather gear (I'm thinking – that's a bit wimpish!). Next moment we were in a spectacular thunder and lightning display – most of us have experienced a Queensland tropical downpour or two. In fact I enquired of Mr. B. as to the consequences of the mast being hit by lightning. I won't go into details about his reply!

Anyway there we were, Bruce navigating, Mr. B. helming, watching the depth closely, "Bar Tender" rapidly filling up with water, and little me huddled in the cockpit with legs crossed – the head was a long way away.

On shore Cleveland was in darkness and we heard later that other parts of Brisbane were also without electricity for some time.

Finally we arrived at Lazaret Gutter at 11pm and dropped anchor (twice). Then Mr. B. enquired what was for dinner? I suggested that bed was looking good. He took to the galley and presented us with a most welcome hot pasta meal with wine. At last we were able to relax completely. A really welcome anchorage!

The next day it continued blowing hard from the south east so we spent the day catching up on sleep, reading and eating. The following day the winds had eased so we motored around to the south of the island and took the dinghy ashore before moving on.

Not really my favourite anchorage but a very welcome anchorage in that storm.

We visited Peel Island a second time in October 2010 while bringing *Mirrabooka* home after the Vanuatu race. There is some interesting history below on the various settlements which have occupied Peel Island over the years.

Peel Island is a small heritage-listed island located in Moreton Bay, east of Brisbane.

During the mid-19th century Peel Island was used as a quarantine station for the colony of Brisbane. Sailing ships would anchor to the north of the Island, the passengers would disembark on Peel Island for a quarantine period before moving on to Dunwich on nearby North Stradbroke Island. The arriving sailing ships would be fumigated and scrubbed down with carbolic to sanitise them before they ventured on to Brisbane with the new arrivals. Remains of the old quarantine station are at the south west corner of the island where the old well can be found.

It was used as an asylum for vagrants from Brisbane around the start of the 20th century but the conditions were too harsh and the inmates were moved to Dunwich. The island was also used as a sisal farm, the inmates would harvest the sisal and manufacture rope which was sold to help fund the asylum. Remnants of the sisal plantations are still visible when walking around the western side of the island.

Between 1907 to 1959 the island was a leper colony. Now it is enjoyed by many locals and visitors. Dugongs, turtles, and dolphins frequent the waters around the island. Often there are thousands of jellyfish following the currents, and sharks are known to inhabit these waters. In the south Horseshoe Bay, with its sandy beach, is popular with visiting boaties and is a popular overnight anchorage for sailors, considered by many to be the best shelter from northerly winds in Moreton Bay. Sea kayakers also use the island for overnight stays. The island is known for its natural beauty, with bird and animal life large undisturbed by pollution. Up to 74 bird species have been identified.

In 2007, the island was declared as Teerikoo National Park and Conservation Park. While there are limited facilities in Peel Island, there is a toilet block. Tracks used when the island was a leper colony can be used to walk across the island. A feature worth visiting there is the old leper colony town, located on the north west of the island. The housing is currently being restored, possibly for school camps, but there is asbestos in some of the housing used for Indigenous Australians housed there. After the island was decommissioned as a leper colony it was discovered that the strain of leprosy was non-contagious.



David Bingham, Kerry McGorlick and Bruce Dobbie on Waterfront Bar safely back in her pen at RBYC.

MEMBER NEWS

Peter and Suzi Strain are cruising up the East Coast in their big cat, *"It's A Privilege"*

David and Wendy Pollard are doing the most amazing cruise from Nice in France, around the Med, then to Southampton. Then around the west and north coast of the UK to Norway and back to Southampton. Hope this is relaxing and that the seas, especially the Irish and North Seas, are calm for the UK circumnavigation.

Nanna and Grandpa, **Rod and Sandy Watson** are heading to northern climes to catch up with little Oscar and Audrey but doing some outback touring as well in the months of June and July.

Kathy Degaris is improving her already remarkable Italian language skills in, where else but Italy. She plans to spend two months there and will be joined by Allan.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

FRIDAY 19TH JUNE

Cruising Group Music Night

The fabulous evening will feature two young divas, Jade Moffat, Zoe Drummond and Daniel Carison, an opera bloke. They will be accompanied by the same young pianist who entertained us so well last year. Book those tables of 10 ASAP by calling or emailing Mandy at reception. If you don't have a table full, ring Mandy anyway and she will put you with some pleasant company.

SUNDAY 5TH JULY

Frostbit Cruise

The Frostbite Cruise will be on Sunday 5th at Docklands with free berthing (exact marina to be confirmed). If you make a weekend of it there will be fireworks on the Friday night.

FRIDAY 17TH JULY

Forum Dinner Meeting

The next cruising dinner will feature Peter and Karen Johns, talking about their historic yacht "Frances". There may even be an "inspection". Book early! See page 6 for more details.

CRUISE TO RMYS, ST KILDA

BY DON RICHMOND

Saturday 25th April dawned wet with no wind, but the temperature was reasonably mild.

The club Anzac Ceremony was held at noon with a very good attendance of members and guests. Club Officers and Cadets officiated. The Reverent Ian Cayzer spoke knowledgeably and with feeling about past club members and the wars in which they fought. Those who made the supreme sacrifice were especially remembered in a moving ceremony.

Most who attended adjourned to the bar for coffee and sandwiches afterwards, and then those of us who were prepared to brave the long sea voyage to RMYS at StKilda made our way to the boats. It had stopped raining by this time, but there was still very little breeze.

Andalucia, Lena, Cavarlo, Avventura, and Summer Wind all set forth with iron top sails set for the voyage.

All were comfortably docked at the nice new RMYS marina in good time for Sundowners. We were some considerable distance north of the jetty, but after scrubbing the bird droppings off the walk way, most of the crews were able to clamber aboard *Summer Wind* where all enjoyed the hospitality of hosts Paul and Angela.

It was with some reluctance that we left the warm cabin to make the long trek to RMYS club house for dinner, as by now the wind had increased to 20knots plus from the SW and it was trying hard to rain. However, the bar was cosy and the hospitality warm. We all shared the usual yachting

stories and had lots of laughs over dinner, then prepared for the, by now very windy and somewhat wet walk back to the boats.

As we approached it was apparent that a yacht headsail had unfurled and was trying to do itself some mischief in the strong wind. It turned out to be *Cavarlo*. Lew, Marnie and crew were quickly on the job and of course received lots of advice and some help from all present. Fortunately no damage was done.

We quickly made our way back to the warm cabin of *Summer Wind* and were joined by Will, Pam and crew who were moored alongside.

A couple of boats moved out reasonably early on Sunday morning, but copious quantities of rain and wind did not really encourage setting to sea. Nobody on board *Summer Wind* surfaced until a very respectable hour and by the time we had a leisurely breakfast the sun appeared and the wind eased to allow a very pleasant return to RBYC.

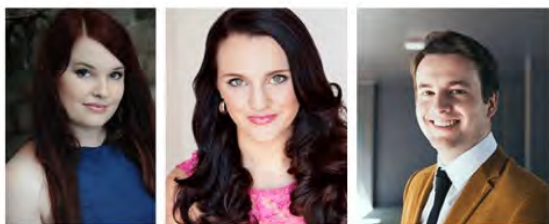
In spite of the indifferent weather all who made the trip had lots of fun.

Thanks to Paul and Angela for their hospitality from the crew of Peter, Karen, Mel, Barb and yours truly.

Don Richmond

Melba Magic

7.00PM FRIDAY,
19TH JUNE, 2015



Jade Moffat

Zoe Drummond

Daniel Carlson

Three young Australian opera singers will perform a range of arias and songs from well known musicals. All music accompanied by Stefan Cassomenos (who was our fantastic pianist from last years music night). Some of the music will include songs from Carmen, Don Giovanni, Rusulka, Fiddler on the Roof, Man of La Mancha and My Fair Lady.

Enjoy an evening of fine wining, dining and entertainment - all for just \$100 a head.

Pre dinner sherries, delicious three course dinner and some wine included.

6.30 for 7.00 start. Dress: Black tie.

Bookings with Mandy in the RBYC office. (95923092)
Individual tickets or tables of 10.

Start planning to attend now and organise friends and family to make up a table for this wonderful night!



Captain Coxswain's Corner

aloof /ə'luf/ adv

A nautical order to keep the ship's head to wind, thus to stay clear of a lee shore or some other quarter. The front part of the sail which meets the wind is called the luff.

A sailing vessel that could point higher to windward and hold its speed better than another was said to stand apart or to sail a-luff that later became aloof.

Today the word is used to describe a person who is distant or stands apart from others.

HORRIBLE ANCHORAGES I HAVE KNOWN

BY SUE DRUMMOND



The anchorages that stick in my mind are probably being unfairly maligned. Weather, rather than the anchorage itself, determines the experience. It is axiomatic that a nasty front only comes through after midnight, on a moonless night with the rain pelting down, obscuring further, the reference points which one takes bearing from to determine if the boat is dragging.

One such night was in the Marlborough Sounds in NZ in 2013. Marlborough Sounds are very beautiful waterways and, looking at charts, one would think, quite sheltered. The land, however is characterised by the sharp peaks of steep hills which shelve sharply into deep anchorages. The hills, notoriously, funnel bullets, called willywaws in NZ. The anchorage in question was at Portage in Kenepuru Sound. I suspect it gleaned its name from the short but very steep walk up to a pass which lead down to Queen Charlotte Sound. The day had been beguilingly calm and we were at a rather crowded anchorage, had just had dinner and watched a film. As the wind rose, howling through the aforesaid pass and down the hill I popped my head out. It started to rain. I grabbed a torch and there behind us, was our dinghy nudging the anchor rode of the boat which had been at a far greater distance behind us. The trick was to get the outboard off the dinghy before a calamity befell it, get the anchor up and get some space between us and other vessels before dropping it again. This occurred in pitch dark and pelting rain. As I am the anchor wench, I had the joy of going forehead whilst the engineer stayed dry sheltered by the clears. Our crew member, Mavis Sheedy demonstrated calm and a clear head, thankfully. Lessons learned were pretty obvious to the experienced (we were still on P plates).

Take off the outboard every night and pull up the dinghy.

Setting your anchor with a dinghy swirling at your rear, the painter ready to tangle itself in the prop, is not good. Setting your anchor properly in the first place also helps. We now back the boat at 2000 rpm to ensure its set. You are always learning, with a boat.

The second anchorage should have been idyllic. Called "the Blue Lagoon", it was the site of the film of the same name and in the Yasawa Islands in western Fiji. We got a good spot close enough in shore to be in 5 m but lots of boats had come here for the shelter including a large kiwi Tayana 48 with only 50m chain who had anchored snugly behind us. It blew 30-40 kts for 3 days.

We motored at anchor and at times seemed too close to that boat behind, but they had no more chain to let out. The chart plotter created a woolly arc of track which seemed to extend further each side as the boat swung wildly. We had just dragged at anchor prior to this anchorage so it was heartening to see the anchor, a Delta, holding fast. It gave me great confidence in its holding powers but not til after the event. Bryan had a riding sail made which we have used since and found to reduce the motoring somewhat.

The third anchorage is Great Keppel Island. Like many anchorages north of Brisbane, it is sheltered from the trade winds but not the swell. The wind holds you beam on to the swell. All day and all night. That said, the island is lovely. The beaches are beautiful and the water clear. For a good nights sleep I suggest slinging a hammock or a berth at Roslyn Bay Marina.



Mariner Boating Holidays are offering one ticket in their raffle for every 5 racing events entered (for the skipper naturally) and one ticket for every \$100 spent at the bar.

The raffle will be drawn at the end of the year and two very lucky people will be headed off to the south of France for a cruising, racing, gourmand yachting holiday in the northern summer of 2016. Google their website for the details of the trip. Alternatively, you could just get 3 couples together and book a trip.

SHIP SIGNALS AND WATCHES

CONTRIBUTED BY PAUL JENKINS

The Watches



A ship's bell is used to indicate the time aboard a ship and hence to regulate the sailors' duty watches. The bell itself is usually made of brass or bronze and normally has the ship's name engraved or cast on it.

Watch Name	Hours (12-hour time/24-hour time)
Middle Watch	Midnight to 4 a.m. /0000 - 0400
Morning Watch	4 a.m. to 8 a.m. /0400 - 0800
Forenoon Watch	8 a.m. to Noon /0800 - 1200
Afternoon Watch	Noon to 4 p.m. /1200 - 1600
Dog Watch	4 p.m. to 8 p.m. /1600 - 1800
First Watch	8 p.m. to Midnight /2000 - 0000

The Bells

Half Hour Increments	Time of Day (Sounded twice a day, a.m. and p.m.)	Bell Pattern	Total # Bells
First half hour	12:30; 4:30; 8:30	1 bell	1
Second half hour	1:00; 5:00; 9:00	2 bells	2
Third half hour	1:30; 5:30; 9:30	2 bells, pause, 1 bell	3
Fourth half hour	2:00; 6:00; 10:00	2 bells, pause, 2 bells	4
Fifth half hour	2:30; 6:30; 10:30	2 bells, pause, 2 bells, pause, 1 bell	5
Sixth half hour	3:00; 7:00; 11:00	2 bells, pause, 2 bells, pause, 2 bells	6
Seventh half hour	3:30; 7:30; 11:30	2 bells, pause, 2 bells, pause, 2 bells, pause, 1 bell	7
Eighth half hour	4:00; 8:00; 12:00	2 bells, pause, 2 bells, pause, 2 bells, pause, 2 bells	8

How to tell time—the method

By now the process of translating a group of bell claps into a time of day should be obvious. It's a three-step process:

- Count the number of bell claps in the group of claps rung by the watch. Since the number of claps is equal to the number of half-hour intervals that have elapsed since the watch began, add them up to calculate the number of hours that have elapsed since the watch began. For example, if you hear 2 bell claps (2 bells), the watch has been on duty for one hour; if three bells, the watch has been on duty for one-and-one-half hours.
- Note the time that the current watch came on duty. For example, if the watch now on duty is the Morning Watch, it came on duty at 4:00 a.m.
- To come up with the time of day, add the number of hours that have elapsed since the watch came on duty to the time the watch came on duty. For example:
 - If the Morning Watch is now on duty, it came on duty at 4:00 a.m. If you hear two bells, one hour has elapsed since 4:00 a.m.; it must now be 5:00 a.m.
 - If the Afternoon Watch is now on duty, it went on duty at 12:00 p.m. If you hear six bells, it must now be 3-o'clock in the afternoon.

To all those who may be interested...
How does 27deg and sunny every day sound? Well...

We're in Longreach and the Queensland outback is exceeding all expectations, even though the Longreach area is in the middle of one of the most severe droughts ever. No significant rain for over three years and the surrounding land is as dry as chips. Stock has been moved elsewhere. Surprisingly the towns all seem fairly green and here in Longreach town water comes from a dammed section of the Thompson River.

What is so amazing about this place is how welcoming and friendly the locals are. There's no doubt that they're doing it hard and they're all so appreciative that 223 A'vans, as well as plenty of other caravans, are here spending money and supporting the town. As a group the A'vanners have raised over \$4000 for the local drought relief fund in the last few days.

Plenty to see and do - the Qantas Founders Museum is excellent and also the Stockmans Hall of Fame. Fascinating to learn about how this harsh land was settled - and how Qantas began. Also had our 'on water' fix the other night with a sunset cruise on the river.

Daily happy hours (just what we need), Klop games, fun bowls etc to keep the 'oldies' amused. Will says he likes the A'vanners 'cos they make him feel young!!!

On Saturday we'll either head NW to Winton then E to Carnarvon Gorge, or straight to Carnarvon Gorge - still deciding. We marvel at how vast and wonderful this country of ours is!!

Cheers, Pam & Will xxxx

**Will's
Wonderful
Wonderings**