



King Is to Devonport

Alan Haddow

The period from leaving King Island on 07-12-2019 to present has not been very successful. My trip around Australia has been about first's & so it was – with a minor heart attack a day after arriving at Launceston & spending 4 days in Launceston Hospital & then a silly accident leaving Mersey Y.C. floating pontoon at Devonport on 21-02-2020 landing me in Devonport Hospital & transferred to Burnie Hospital for 4 days with four broken ribs. Over Xmas 2018 I had shingles so perhaps my three things have happened – touch wood (my head).

I spent almost two weeks at Grassy on a public mooring sheltering from southerly gales. Before the gales set in, I hired a car from Currie, 30km away from Grassy. One can have the car delivered for an extra \$100, so I was lucky enough to catch a ride into Currie to pick it up for 2 days hire. First day I visited the cheese factory & drove north to the Cape Wickham golf course – a challenging course on a windy day I would guess.

Next day I drove south to Stokes Point where I saw a chap picking the washed up kelp & loading it onto his truck. He takes the kelp back to Currie where it eventually ends up in Finland or thereabouts & probably then back to Australia as a refined product. I saw cattle grazing on the kelp root. I then had to get the car back to Currie & somehow myself back to Grassy. Luckily there were three workers putting the finishing touches to the fisherman's jetty at Grassy who were going into Currie for a beer. They lived at Grassy so I could get a lift back with them, albeit with the three drinking some three stubbies each on the way home after perhaps 4 or 5 in the pub.

PUBLIC MOORING AT GRASSY LOOKING SOUTH

The next week or so was a bit rough but managed to exercise on land, walking around the remnants of the scheelite mine. On Ophelia I eventually ran out of food. All winds except due south were OK. The southerly brings in a slight roll backing the vessel towards rocks – not a nice feeling. The entrance has quite large rollers in a southerly. I knew I was in trouble health wise as I had the tell tale sign of left chest & throat pain with serious exercise. No arm tingle at this stage. As I realised later I had the same pain 3 months earlier in Melbourne but thought it was exercising pain after some intense gym work.



KING ISLAND SCHEELITE MINE REMNANTS

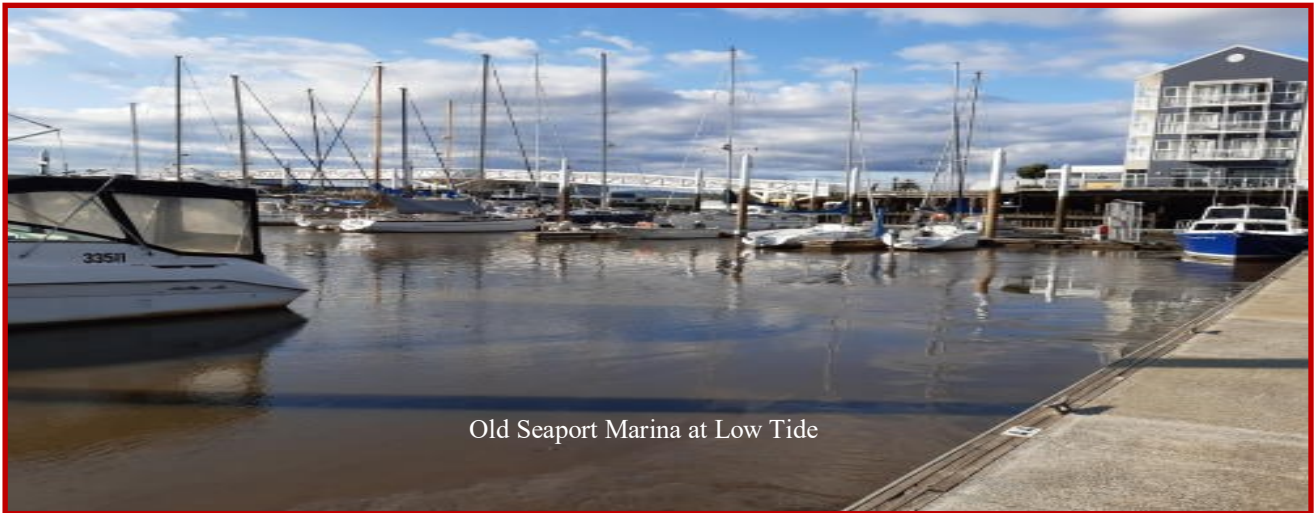
2130hr on 07-12-2019 I left Grassy after the last of the southerly gales. I headed directly to the River Tamar & Beauty Point where I picked up a large mooring buoy for the night – 0115hr on 09-12-2019. The tide was against me in the Tamar. The wind died out completely about 6hr after leaving Grassy. I did get more left side pains handling the gib.

At 0530am on 09-12-2019 I let go the mooring for the 30nm trip with tide to Launceston arriving on the high tide at 1115hr same day. There were numerous large eddies especially around the Batman Bridge (30m deep). At low tide Ophelia (& others) sat in the mud in the marina. I made an appointment with a medical centre for the next morning. On the way I got the tingly arm, so I called the doctor who called an ambulance – the 10 minute trip cost \$1200, which I have insurance for. A stent was inserted in the 98% blocked main artery to the heart. Another two blockages were noted at 20% & 45%.

A few days later I packed up Ophelia in the Old Seaport Marina & stayed at a friend's house at Penguin (about halfway between Devonport & Burnie) for a few days before catching the overnight ferry back to Melbourne. Luckily I had insurance so I could claim the cancelled air fare & ferry ticket.

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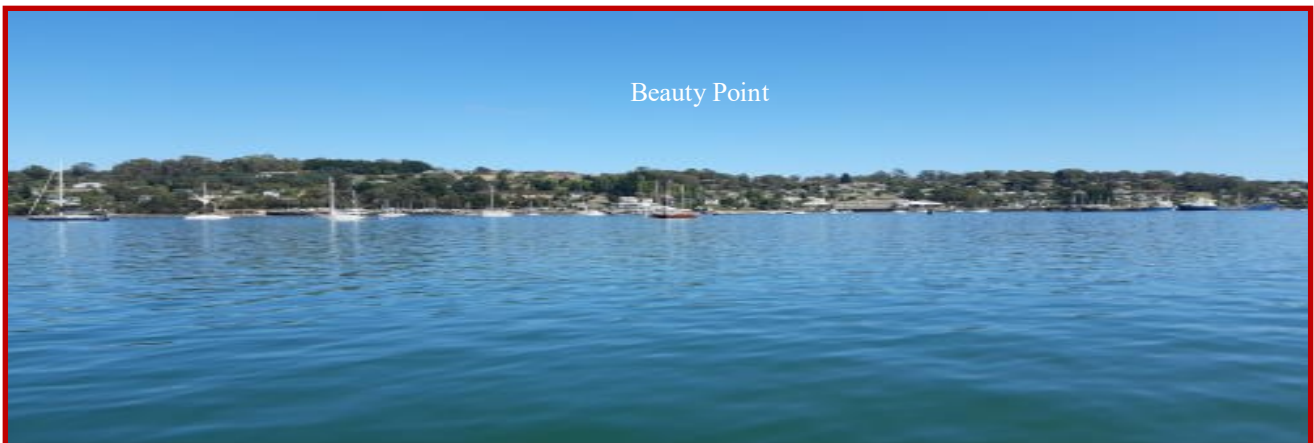
Alan Haddow



Old Seaport Marina at Low Tide

The first week after the stent was inserted, I felt great but for the next 3 weeks I went down hill health wise, which I found out was the norm. The all clear was given by the cardio doctor for no heart damage. By late January I had my spirits & strength back. I went from 2 diabetic tablets to 5 tablets. My problem is high cholesterol with Type 2 Diabetes. I had no energy to attend the Cruising Club birthday at Williamstown.

I flew back to Launceston late January 2020, left on Sunday 09-02-2020 and anchored ten nights down the river in two places. The last was Beauty Point – a town with no grocery store but has a pub with poker machines & two yacht clubs. In the River Tamar, I had a few days of 20kt north and south breezes but the river was flat calm. I even caught six small flathead. I left Beauty Point 0330hr on Thursday 20-02-2020 for the 6hr motor/sail to Mersey Y.C. at Devonport to continue my circumnavigation.



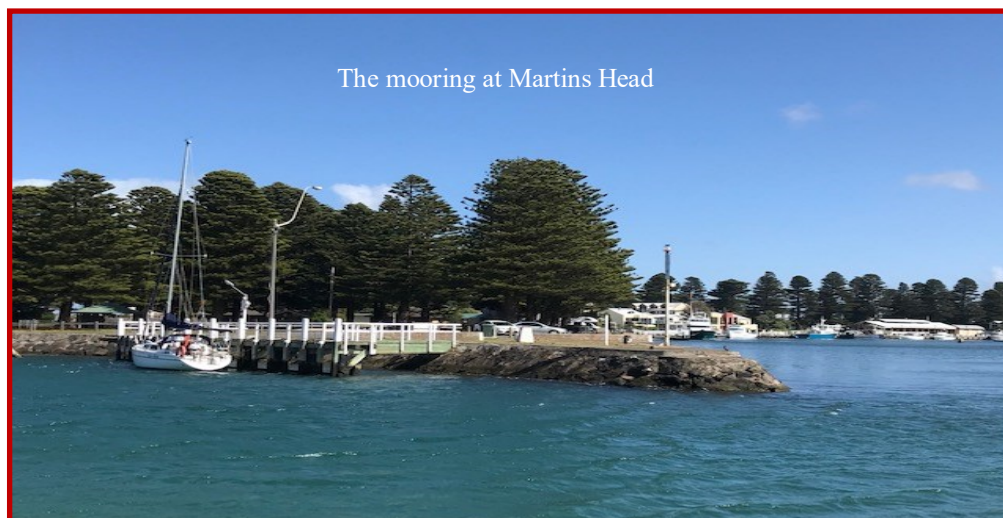
Beauty Point

Next day (Friday 21-02) I left Devonport at about 1330hr, after my stupid accident. Ophelia was tied up bow facing downstream with the current. From best memory I tried to jump backwards onto the floating pontoon near the bow but missed the pontoon & ended up in the water hitting my right-side ribs on the way. I was going to release the bow line. The stern was still tied up. I managed to pull myself to the stern & onto a duckboard of a motor vessel behind Ophelia. My ribs were sore but thought I had winded myself so left. However, 1hr out heading to NW tip of Tassie, the pain was unbelievable so managed to furl the gib with the winch & left arm, turn Ophelia around and head back to Mersey Y.C. I rang the yacht club for help (I was in tears at this stage with the pain) as I could not tie up. I was driven to Devonport Hospital where I received pain relief and sent by ambulance later that night to Burnie – 40 min. (4 times previous trip could equal \$4,800). After scans I had 4 broken ribs (5, 6, 7 & 8). The 8th was smashed in a few places. After 4 days I was released back to my friends at Penguin to rest & I will fly back to Melbourne on 04-03-2020 for one months rest. I cannot sleep on either side, only lie on my back to sleep. My right side is bruised purple from below waist to nipple.

Ophelia is on a mooring in the Mersey River. I am hoping the seagulls will not take over. Mersey Y.C. never charged me for the seven days Ophelia was tied to the pontoon, which I am very grateful. I will now take three months break from sailing. So looks like the Tassie circumnavigation will have to wait for another 12 months.

SUN KISS - WESTWARD BOUND

Sally Spencer



The mooring at Martins Head

Sun Kiss joined the cruise this year with a crew of 4, the smallest boat in the group of five. We cruised in company from RBYC to QCYC on Saturday 22nd and following discussions on possible destinations, tides, weather patterns and likely sea state, agreed to sail to Apollo Bay on Sunday.

A missing bolt: it is said that a cruise is an opportunity to fix problems, and this proved the case as we attempted to leave QCYC early on Sunday morning. As we prepared to cast off, David, on the helm, quickly discovered that engaging forward gear was proving difficult and, after twice reversing in circles, and narrowly avoiding other boats bent also on reaching the Rip at slack water, managed to once again secure Sun Kiss alongside. We really appreciate the quick action of those on shore who helped with mooring lines and a bargeboard!! An hour later, Murray, with the gymnastic skills of a contortionist, located a missing bolt, and washer, from the engine casing, and we had forward motion again! We rejoined the cruisers and headed through the Rip around 10am!

Apollo Bay: After arrival in Apollo Bay at 7.30pm, further discussions on possible destinations ensued and with 3 days of challenging weather ahead, led us to decide on Port Fairy as the safest spot for us! So, Monday afternoon saw us decked out in yellow (including Murray in a rather startling yellow wig) competing in a game of bocci, before leaving at 4.30pm to take advantage of the tide but ensuring that we were rounding Cape Otway at dinner time in daylight. With a 2-3 metre swell and a light south-easterly, the main fully out and with preventer rigged, the off-watch 'cooks' needed to practice their delicate balancing act to get meals to those in the cockpit! It proved to be a moonless night with only the lights of small coastal towns and the occasional oil rig to brighten up the night sky – the 'Ocean Monarch' rig is very visible. We motored most of the way and the watches passed easily thanks to the autohelm!

Port Fairy: The very dark night gave way to a wonderful sunrise and we moored at Martin's Point, opposite Griffith Island at 9 am Tuesday. This well light and protected mooring meant that we were close to a park with a BBQ and toilets and a stimulating 10 minute walk away from good shower and washing facilities. During the next few days, we frequented good coffee shops ('Rebeccas', and 'Driftwood'), enjoyed an excellent walking tour of this historic town and a walk around Griffith Island with its lighthouse, abundant birdlife and black kangaroos.



The Lighthouse on Griffith Island

CRUISING NEWS APRIL 2020

SUN KISS - WESTWARD BOUND

Sally Spencer



The Mooring at Queenscliff amongst the Super Yachts

After 4 days and winds abating, 4 am Saturday morning (choosing this time because of the tide and to lessen the hours of sailing in darkness) saw us heading east again to take advantage of a favourable wind direction. We began in light drizzle and leaden grey skies, but the sun came out later and we had a great view of the Cape Otway lighthouse. This was where the forecast 3 to 5 m swell occurred! After Point Franklin, a good 10-15 knot breeze filled the main and by 7.00pm we had tied up in Apollo Bay, with Murray proving adept on the helm as a sharp crested wave threatened to disrupt our entry into the harbour!! This brought back vivid memories of another wave which threatened our departure from Apollo Bay some five years earlier!!

Apollo Bay: In Apollo Bay we had the company of Janet and Bert who were on their way home to Cape Jaffa (South Australia) after picking up their new yacht, 'Boundless' from Scarborough Qld. Their voyage saw them experiencing the aftermath of bushfires in many of their ports of call especially sailing down the NSW coast and into Victoria.

After 2 days, and with the winds favouring a return to Queenscliff rather than to another destination outside Port Phillip, we planned our passage to Queenscliff. With a smooth departure at 7am, and flat seas, we motor sailed until Cape Patton when a 10-15 knot south-easterly filled the sails and we made good time to reach the Heads at 4pm with a slack water flood tide to assist a smooth passage through with Maurice on the helm, a first-time experience for him.

We moored in relative luxury at the Queenscliff Marina realising that we had not used our anchor and dinghy once! With the arrival of 'Chakana' the next day we were again 'in company' and celebrated with a dinner together in Queenscliff before a relaxed sail back to Brighton the next morning!



A seascape on Griffith Island

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The Quandary of the Westerlies

By
Brenton Smith

As per tradition, the crews of the boats in the 2020 RBYC Bass Strait Cruise in Company met in the bar of the QCYC on Saturday evening for the usual convivial discussion of possible destinations and itineraries for this year's cruise. Joining them were the crews of several other RBYC boats enjoying the traditional conviviality, after all, it does have a formidable reputation.

For the record, the boats for 2020 RBYC Bass Strait Cruise were *Chakana*, *Nimrod II*, *Reliance*, *Sun Kiss* and *Yknot*, ably coordinated by the Cruise Coordinator, Craig Walton. Also at QCYC were the crews of *Andalucía*, *Foxy Lady* and *It's a Privilege* with *Mirrabooka* arriving on Sunday.

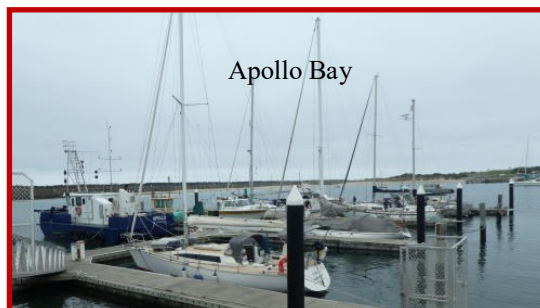
It quickly became apparent that the overriding quandary for the skippers and crews of both groups was the forecast westerlies that were due to appear by Wednesday and continue for about three days. This impending fury inflicted by the wind gods would make Bass Strait untenable for cruisers.

The preceding days were to be calm and so it was a motor to somewhere, from which we could develop an interesting cruise, maybe partly using the early westerlies before shelter would be imperative. Going west seemed a logical start and so on Sunday 23rd February the five boats and their crews left the heads on the 10am slack water. Naturally, the departure was accompanied by a succession of ships, which was of no great importance to us using the 'four fingers west' route, but it was good entertainment watching the myriad of tinnies holding their position until the last moment while the ships provided sonorous warnings of impending doom.

The destination was Apollo Bay, and Marcus was very accommodating in finding the berths for our fleet. The absence of wind for two days prompted the call of a lay day on Monday. Having not had the opportunity to explore Apollo Bay on previous cruises, Robina and I climbed Marriner's Lookout, while others took advantage of the lower tourist numbers to explore the coffee shops. Scallop pies provided culinary delight on *Chakana*.

The quandary of the westerlies continued and, maybe acting on a premonition, our cruise coordinator organised the annual bocce competition, and later the trivia quiz, by which time the crew of *Sun Kiss* had already departed for their bolthole at Port Fairy. *Reliance* won both competitions. Craig, our indefatigable coordinator, maintained his tradition of providing Christmas pudding for all crews during the quiz night.

Sun Kiss arrived at the bocce dressed in yellow, which was the theme for the cruise this year. As the cruise progressed, each of the crews displayed their yellow fashion collections.



The Quandary of the Westerlies

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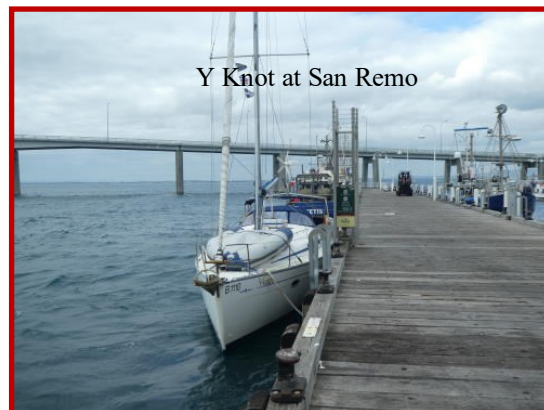
A fundamental principle of the RBYC Cruise in Company is that each skipper makes their own decisions, and this is what occurred in response to the westerly quandary. *Sun Kiss* chose to head to Port Fairy, *Nimrod II* and *Reliance* chose Queenscliff, and *Chakana* and *Yknot* chose to hole up in Cleelands Bight with a view to heading further east. In effect, the Cruise in Company now had a westerly fleet, a central fleet and an easterly fleet.

The westerlies were as vicious and protracted as forecast, and no movement was possible for three days. Each place held its own charms, with those in Port Fairy and Queenscliff having the option of convenient movement ashore. Cleelands Bight was secure, but both crews were reluctant to go ashore while the wind was howling in the rigging all Wednesday. It eased a little on Thursday and Craig took *Yknot* alongside the San Remo wharf for two days. This proved to be surprisingly comfortable even though the tide rips through there at several knots

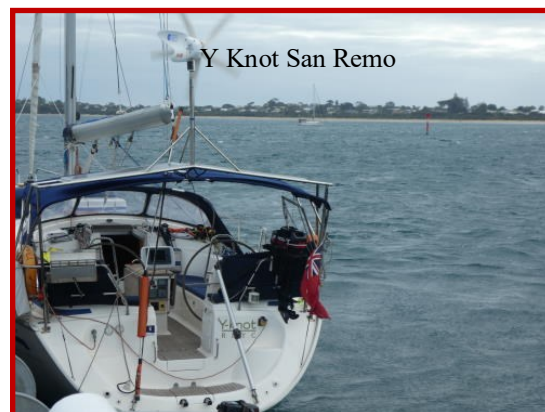
On *Chakana* we moved up close to the bridge in a side channel, and it proved to be also surprisingly comfortable now that we were out of the swell that moves through the more traditional anchorage area. It was also a short dinghy ride to the San Remo wharf where Craig provided another round of Christmas pudding.

With the westerlies having eventually subsided it was time to move again, and again the skippers made their own calls. After three days in the Queenscliff marina, *Nimrod II* and *Reliance* headed to the Geelong yacht club for a couple of days before heading across to Blairgowrie and Sorrento. On *Chakana* and *Yknot* we could see an opportunity to head east, particularly with the forecast of easterlies to assist our eventual return. Our plan was to head to Refuge Cove on Saturday using the remnant of the westerlies, but after allowing sufficient time for the seas to abate – hopefully. Unfortunately, a family issue forced *Yknot* homewards, and *Chakana* headed off in company with *Freebooter* who was on their own journey southwards to cruise Tasmanian waters. The *Sun Kiss* crew continued to enjoy the hospitality at Port Fairy.

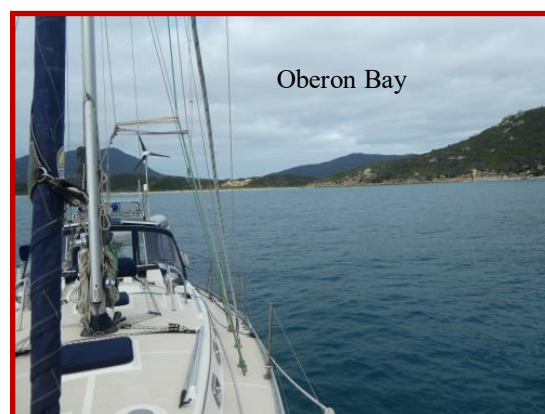
Heading east on *Chakana*, it was a comfortable, if somewhat lumpy, motor-sail until the Glennies where the breeze cooperated, the swells reduced and we had the good fortune of a knot of current to assist us around the Prom. A brisk short reach in the last of the westerlies in the lee of the Prom saw us in Refuge Cove by 5pm – perfect timing for enjoying sundowners on the beach chatting with the crew of *Freebooter*. It has been three years since we anchored here, and we had forgotten the stunning serene beauty of this location.



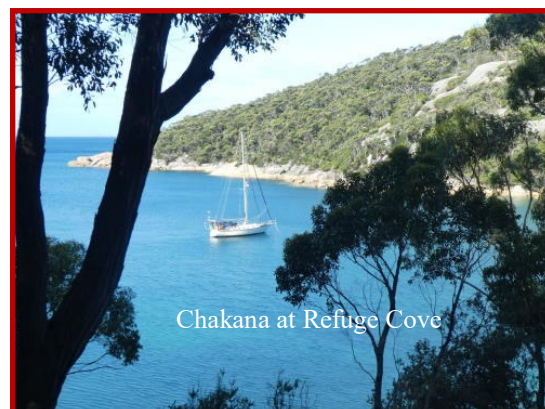
Y Knot at San Remo



Y Knot San Remo



Oberon Bay



Chakana at Refuge Cove

The Quandary of the Westerlies

By
Brenton Smith

In the three days at Refuge Cove we walked south to Kersops Peak and north to the lookout on the track to Sealers Cove, while enjoying brief conversations with the hikers ashore. The internet informed us that on the last night, 20-30kt southerlies blew at the Prom and we were scarcely aware of them in the sanctuary of this aptly named cove.

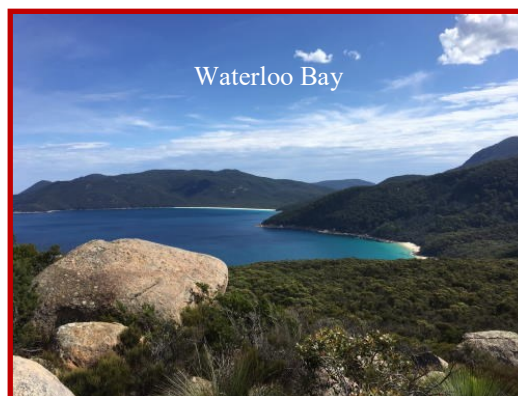
On *Chakana*, the easterlies beckoned and it became a tight window to take maximum advantage of them. We decided to go around to Oberon Bay to launch our return to Port Phillip. There was an unexpected south to SW breeze when we left the Cove and we opted to have lunch in Waterloo Bay with its dazzling white beach, where it was comfortable at anchor, but a dinghy trip ashore could have been hazardous in the swell breaking on the beach.

The wind subsided and we had the good fortune of another favourable current around the Prom. We were lucky this time – normally we have adverse currents or, are these the only ones that we remember?

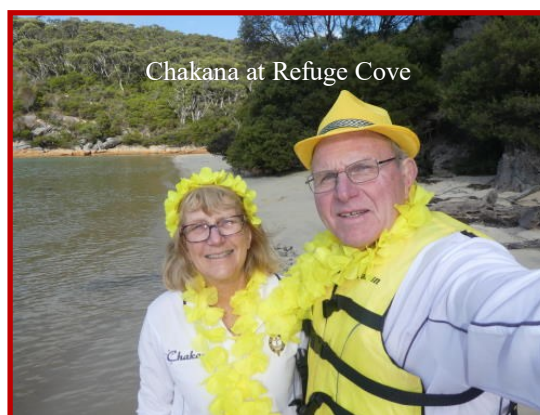
It is 16 hours from Oberon to the Heads and to meet the 4pm slack water, we left at midnight and brushed up on our night sailing skills. The forecast easterlies arrived and gave us a good ride back to QCYC where the Vue Grand Hotel proved to be a suitable venue to catch up with the crew of *Sun Kiss* and their tales of their Port Fairy cruise.

The RBYC Bass Strait Cruise in Company for 2020 was now complete.

PS – the sprong enabled a smooth, grunt-free exit from the QCYC wharf in a westerly.



Waterloo Bay



Chakana at Refuge Cove

BAY CRUISING by Pam Merritt

Is bay cruising real cruising?

Real cruising's out in Bass Strait and beyond - isn't it? 'Out there' there can be challenges - big swells, big waves, confused seas, big ships, adverse currents, long distances, overnights, dodgy anchorages.

Ah, but the rewards! The satisfaction of 'getting there!' Refuge, King Island, Deal Island, Killiecrankie, Three Hummock Island, the Tamar! The stuff of dreams - real cruising. Surviving the elements and coming back through the Heads to the safety and security of 'The Bay'. You got out there and did it. For 30 years we did it!

This year we decided to do some bay cruising instead - take the easy option. As time passes there are more all weather harbours in the bay - Queenscliff, Portarlington, Geelong, Wyndham, Williamstown, the Yarra, Martha Cove, Blairgowrie, as well as a handful of weather dependent anchorages. We imagined letting the wind dictate our moves, cruising gently from one place to another, starting with a sail on Saturday to QCYC, to see our good cruising buddies off through the Heads. That we did, and on Sunday Mirrabooka joined us for our bay adventures.

Yes, the weather did dictate our moves, or non-moves. A few days of nasty weather was forecast to arrive mid-week and we were in a safe and comfortable spot to see out the blow. Easy! With a short dinghy ride to town for morning coffee and a clubhouse to retire to for happy hour and evening card games - why would we leave? By Tuesday a couple of our Bass Straiters had returned to the bay and joined us for happy hours at the club.

The bad weather passed and we had a delightful sail up Coles Channel in a brisk westerly. Not so delightful when we turned into it towards Portarlington, one of our favourite spots on the bay, to spend a night on the way home.

Ah well, we can still dream of drifting round the bay on those sunny, light wind days!

NOTICEBOARD



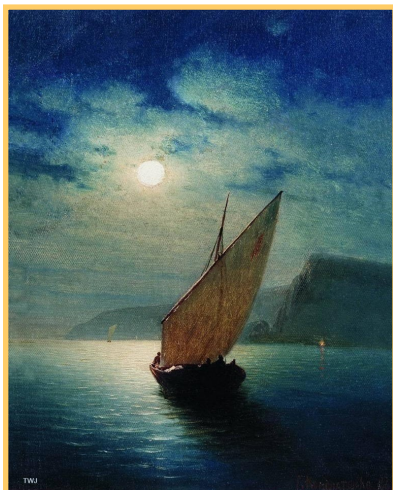
Queenscliff in "Paradise"



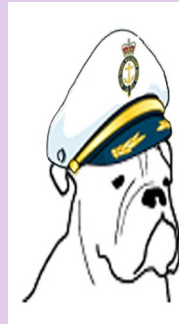
Queenscliff looking towards Swan Island

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Dear Cruisers due to the Corona Virus there are no dinners and cruising activities until further notice. Please stay tuned to the RBYC website for the latest information. Hopefully later this year everything will be back to "Normal"



Planned meeting of cruisers at Queenscliff



Captain Bully's Blog

Obviously, everyone is very anxious about the events of recent days.

Heard a Doctor on TV say to get through the boredom of self-isolation we should finish things we start and thus have more calm in our lives. So

I looked through the house to find all the things I've started but

hadn't finished...so I finished off a bottle of Shiraz, a bottle of

Chardonnay, a bottle of Baileys, a bottle of wum, the remainder of

Valiumun scriptuns, and a box of chocolates.

You have no idea how fucking fabulous I feel right now.

Send this to all who need inner peace. An tselum u luvum

From Captain Bloody Shilly.