



Club and Association Status:

Insurance & Incorporation:

Up to date.

Christmas Lunch and AGM

The Annual General Meeting and Christmas lunch will be held at the Novotel Cairns Oasis Resort, 122 Lake St commencing at 11.15am on **Saturday the 7th December**. Meal, with drinks included, will be a cost of \$59 per person. Meal choices and further details have been sent out separately. Thanks to Sheila for arranging all this.

Items for the AGM agenda should be sent to the Secretary at wbacairns@gmail.com

Boatbuilding Projects:

Bitaki Taari:

With Roger and Keven back from their European frolics, work has recommenced on the brackets for the outriggers (amas for the initiated). Keven having finished the welding on the brackets, the big moment has arrived. Will the amas swivel back out of the way or what?

Late notice, yes they will!

Meanwhile back at the ranch (Rogers' place), the mast is being fitted into its tabernacle, with much scratching of his bald head as he tries to line up the holes and fit the stainless-steel inserts.

Thanks to Sheila and Richard, with Tom's supervision, the foredeck is undercoated. Various bits and the amas have now been given a first topcoat and transferred outside to free up Workbay 1 for Waynes boat.



Mekong

Mekong, Chris' pram dinghy is looking better each day and now has around 80% of her lower hull double-diagonal planked. The last 20% will be done this week and then the sides can be completed a couple of days later.

Then of course the external epoxy sheathing (oh, joy!). The false keel can then be laminated on, along with the chine protectors, gunwale sponsons and bow & transom trim pieces. With luck it'll be ready for the next Tinaroo Raid.



Wayne's Mushulu:

Wayne's Mushulu has arrived in Workbay 1 for completion. Those of us who remember Reg (and those who knew him are unlikely to forget), will recall that the club finished his Mushulu dinghy for him. Actually, now looking at the pictures, the club built the majority of it!

Wayne has bought an almost identical boat, acquired from the original builder in Townsville, that also needs finishing, and lessons learned from the previous build will be useful for Mushy 2 (not her final name). Fortunately, this is much closer to the finished article than was Reg's with all the structural work done as well as the fibreglassing, which is now being inspected and prepared by Tom, Wayne and Chris before work begins. To me it looks like a lot of sanding, so I will be keeping my distance. Job for Tom, I think?



Clubhouse refurbishment

This is now almost complete and looks very impressive. Dermot has moved the library over and filled the shelves. A helpful suggestion from Roger that the books and magazines would look better if they swapped places did not meet Dermot's approval. Can't think why.

The sink area now looks very neat, tidy and nautical, with a sealed timber deck-themed splash-back and mini shelves (with fiddles) either side for easy access to coffee mugs. Very important.

Glen decided to install the clock, but something went wrong, and it is now at his place being fixed. I don't know anything about that, but do have to acknowledge that the TV being at a slight slant is down to me. I will be very happy if anyone wishes to correct it. Finding studs in the wall was a little difficult and I was glad it stayed up in the end.

Chris's Table

With the new table installed and in use, Chris is manoeuvring between coffee mugs, biscuits and cake, to put on/in the decoration. He is marking in the lines of a ship onto the tabletop and then using a mini chisel to etch the lines into the wood. Meticulous, literally back-breaking, work, with one slip and we will make sure he is reminded of it for evermore! The club is nothing if not supportive!



The end result is going to be very impressive.

The Big Move

Our neighbours have moved! The Cairns Maritime Museum have moved all their containers and anything else they consider of value and vacated the site. We were given the chance to go through what was left and have salvaged some oars and a couple of pieces of timber.

While there is no further word from Ports North re the move, we are confident that it will occur and just waiting to be told when and how.

Almost a Perfect Day

Boating at the lake can be unpredictable, so to be greeted by a glorious morning, was uplifting. The atmosphere was not exactly frantic when I arrived, without a boat. (**Brahminy** still wanted to go backwards!)

Phill was putt-putting around in **Yabby**, Tom and Richard rigging **Iona** and **Jumanji**, Dermot contemplating the complexities of electrons, batteries and solar panels on **Joule**, Brian had **Heron** horizontal which made rigging easier, and I wandered around, coffee in hand, making a nuisance of myself.

John arrived in leathers on his motorbike, Keven was a no-show having car trouble, but Mark and Glen turned up with boats in tow. It was a slow start to what turned into a slow day. Perfect!

Ably assisted by me and John, Dermot launched **Joule** in his customary fashion, fast reverse and stop! **Joule** launched successfully, but no-one had noticed that the winch rope was still attached. It stayed attached to the boat, but not to the winch!!



Retrieving the wire rope, Dermot claimed that this was a good thing as he had been trying to exchange the wire for a Dyneema rope for some time but been unable to get the wire rope out of the winch. There were some unbelievers, but he produced the Dyneema rope as proof and shut us up!!

Several minutes were spent trying to install the new rope, lots of useful and useless suggestions, until Dermot himself suggested tying the new rope in place with some string. (Actually, some Dyneema cord that Mark had). This worked and thoughts turned to coffee and where to have it. The "Pirate Cove" was suggested and agreed as the destination for morning tea.

At this point, Peter and Gayle Rountree arrived, without boat, to join us for morning tea. Apparently, **Peridot** had been swamped by a stray wave while they were anchored off Dunk Island a couple of days before (see Peter's account below). They were offered transport to Pirate Cove but declined as Peter had boat-cleaning duties.

Richard and Brian (**Heron** now vertical) set sail, and John joined Tom in **Iona**, heading for Pirate Cove. Dermot and I followed in **Joule** at a sedate pace, while Phill cruised ahead with his refurbished engine running smoothly. It now starts easily without swearing and back breaking effort. A good result.





Looking astern, it was apparent that Glen and Mark were in no hurry to join the pirate crew slowly arriving at the Cove. Even the wind was favourable, and all the sailors got ashore under wind power.

This is truly a glorious place. A perfect little cove, surrounded by bottle brush trees, and even some mistletoes in flower to keep me interested. With enough shade for all, coffee and cake were enjoyed and shortly after Mark and Glen arrived for their turn.



After a gentle stroll to the next bay, Platypus Point was selected as the lunch spot. Brian took off for an extensive cruise in **Heron** and was not seen again until later in the day. Glen and Phill decided to head back to the sailing club, while the rest pottered over to Platypus point with some taking advantage of the breeze for a sail before lunch.

Having solved all the world's problems over a lazy lunch of tea, coffee and sandwiches, Mark, Tom and John set off back to the sailing club, while Dermot and I pushed **Joule** out - Dermot noting that it had been a remarkably incident-free day. He spoke too soon.



Glancing over our shoulders, we saw **Jumanji** horizontal at the water's edge and Richard in the water. Shall we stop and help, or just take some pictures? Well, we took the pictures, (never ones to miss an opportunity to record someone else's "incident"), then we went to help bail out **Jumanji**. Empty milk containers make good bailers and with 3 of us, it didn't take long to get the bulk of the water out.



Apparently, Richard had been getting in and this very tender boat just tipped him out. Once safely seated in the bilges, Richard set off for the sailing club. He does not let these setbacks get him down. I'm always impressed with his resilience and determination to sail **Jumanji** which is a bit of a handful at any time.

With the wind getting up, retrieval of the boats was less than ideal, but incident-free. Even Dermot's new winch rope behaved itself.

Joule showed that, on a sunny day with the recharge from the solar panels, it finished the day with only slightly less charge than it began. Dermot and I are now confident enough to try it on a trip to Dunk Island. A report on that adventure will follow in the next edition of *Ratlines*.

Roger Oct 2024



DUNKED!

Peter Rountree reflects on a recent overnight anchorage at Dunk Island

It had been five years since we last had *Peridot* in salt water and it was starting to bother me. Can we still do it? Are we past it? I decided I wanted to have a look at Dunk Island, not too far to drive, not far offshore, supposed to be worth the trip. Gail was sceptical.

Left Clump Point, near Mission Beach, at 9:15, reefed main close-hauled, motor sailing in a light SW breeze and clear skies. Set a course of 160 magnetic, comfortably making about 4 knots. Off the northern point of Dunk Island at 10:45. Heading for the end of the wharf, the chart plotter did not indicate any hazard, but the sounder showed coral. Big area of reef in front of the former resort. Dead low water and we hit a bommie with our plate, about 1.2m over it. We should have been out near the 2 public moorings and looking at Savvy Navy on the iPad.

A nice place to anchor would have been on the eastern side of the wharf, but a private mooring was in the ideal spot. We had seen the fast-cat ferry at Clump Point and assumed it would be there at some stage during the day, and we didn't want to be in the way. It never arrived.



Anchored on the other side of the wharf in 1.2m, lying into a SE breeze, but a slop coming around the spit was making us roll, so I put a stern anchor inshore. Much better. Clear sky, hot, water temp 26.6°C. March flies a nuisance.

Dunk Island, between wharf and spit.

Ashore after lunch, we walked to the resort, abandoned since cyclone Yasi. Very hot on the beach, very sheltered. Toilets and hot showers are free, but no camping allowed. The local Council are trying to get Glamping going and have several tents set up on the western beach. Blowing about 15 knots along that beach and quite a sea running.



Part of the damaged resort.

High tide at twilight, a bit sloppy, but nothing to worry about, until about 11:00 pm. Sea coming around the spit and hitting us on the beam. Sheltered from the wind we were lying to the swell. Getting towards low tide and they started breaking, with a few hitting us on the beam. I had the forward hatch on vent, big mistake!. Water came inside, wet Gail's clothes and everything else near there. Water trickled in the main hatch and wet Gail in bed. That was the last straw. An hour before low tide at 1:00 am the wind eased, the seas stopped breaking, and we eventually got a little sleep.



Peridot is behind the left pile. Low tide, 1.2m

Up at 5:30, on the way at 6:20 after recovering both anchors. One warp had chafed on coral, we were lucky. The sand-spit is much shorter than it used to be, but had I foreseen the waves coming around the corner and breaking, I would have moved before dark.

Small jib and motor until we got out of the lee of the island. Wind and sea on the starboard quarter and that's where the motor is. Shut it off when it started cavitating. Making 4 knots under storm jib, sea about 1.5 to 1.8m, wind up to about 15 knots across the deck as we rounded Clump Point, 1.5 hours. Real shelter at last.

Forecast for similar winds for the next few days, so home to dry out and reflect. Sailing by the calendar is always a risk. The final thought is that we can still do it, it is getting harder, I will be 78 in a few weeks (and I married an older woman.)

Next time we will try for a longer break so we can wait for suitable weather. I wanted it to be a shakedown cruise before a couple of weeks at the Whitsundays, too hot now and too many March flies. Maybe next year. Anyone know a good time to go?



Back at Clump Point

A couple of items from Chris's treasure trove of the weird and wonderful

This is an engine rarely seen since they were intended to be disposable, and if you acquired one it meant you also acquired a very unstable warhead. This is the 4-cylinder radial engine from a WWII German G7A torpedo. It ran on Decaline fuel (decahydronaphthalene), which was first burned using compressed air (stored in a tank onboard) as an oxidizer. The combustion byproducts were then passed through a device called a 'wet heater', which also introduced water (from a 57L storage tank) to produce superheated steam. This high pressure mixture of superheated steam and compressed air was finally sent through the engine to drive the pistons.



Since the entire internal combustion/steam generator system was self-contained inside the hull of the torpedo, it could run underwater. The 4 cylinder, 'X' type radial engine produced up to 350 horsepower at its maximum power setting, which was enough to push the 26' (just over 7 meters) torpedo (the length of a large Uhaul moving van for comparison purposes) along at nearly 50mph while submerged. Essentially, it was a torpedo with a steam engine....

Next up is a new design thought up by an Italian Naval Architect for a faster hull for their new Naval Frigates. Now one could assume that was a bit of a typo when the naval architect sneezed during the profile setup and sent the draft drawings to the metal shop, but it's reported as an actual design. I guess time will tell in the long run, but I'd really like to be there during sea trials!



Ladies and Gents, this concludes *Ratlines* for October 2024 and, as always, if there's more you want to see or know about please let us know by return email. Likewise, if you have a story or article you'd like included please send it to us at: WBACairns@gmail.com

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