



Current Membership: 37

Membership enquiries and renewals contact Richard at wbacairns@gmail.com

Date Claimers:

- Next Lake Outing: Thursday 23rd July (weather permitting)
- 2026 Tinaroo Raid Friday 21st to Sunday 23rd August
- AGM & Christmas Lunch: Saturday 12th December Tinaroo Sailing Club

In This Edition.....

Clubhouse Redevelopment	(p1)
Project Scoop	(p2)
A Catastrophic Failure	(p4)
Bitaki Jaws Makeover	(p6)
Lake Outing: Mark Leads the Way	(p8)
Multitudinous Multihull Mags	(p11)
2026 Great Tinaroo Raid	(p12)



CLUBHOUSE REDEVELOPMENT

Work continues on preparing the supports for the canopy that will provide sun and rain protection between the clubhouse and the shed. Currently awaiting a quote for the canopy.



PROJECT SCOOP

Chris updates progress on the now-upright Scoop

SCOOP continues to surge forward (see what I did there?) with most of her stringers bedded-in awaiting the completion of both bows. And we can't do that until the sheer lines Port & Starboard are confirmed, frame tops trimmed down into position and faired in.



The starboard side has almost been completed with just a little fine tuning to go, plus the port sheer has been mirrored and will be completed this weekend. Then all four gunwales can be laminated into position using two layers of 20 X 20 mm Kauri.



After that comes: inner and outer sheeting; upper deck hatches; fore & aft handrails; the forward handrail to give the bowriders something to grip onto; and then the finishing work.

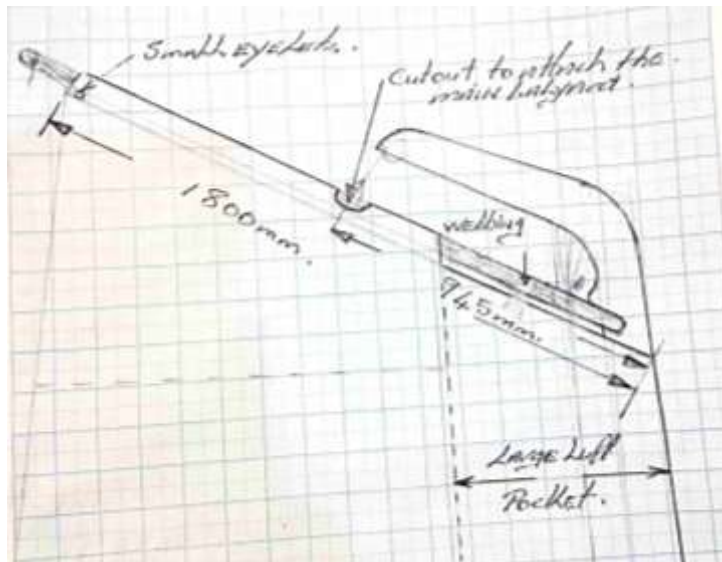
Don't think we'll be ready by late August for the Tinaroo Raid, but we're certainly enjoying the journey!



A CATASTROPHIC FAILURE

Mark Heaton's journey from dismasting at sea to WBAC-inspired repair

All boat design ideas need to be tried in real-world conditions, to prove themselves. How about a bent mast to support a gaff sail? They have a hook-style masthead to allow some square-top mainsails to work. It can also be done using a diagonal batten at the top of the sail.



The mast on a gaff-rigged boat is usually taller than the sail, so a halyard can exert tension on the gaff spar. I wanted a low aspect gaff sail with as short mast as possible to allow me to stand up the mast up by myself.

The boat is a modified Tornado catamaran. They normally use a 10-metre aluminium mast that supports a powerful, high-aspect ratio main.

I reduced the mast to 7.3 metres and employed a Wharram-type sail and tensioned the foot with a wishbone boom.

My mate Ollie and I did two trips off the coast. The first started from Taylors Beach, south of Lucinda, and finished at Hull Heads near Tully. I drowned my phone and tore the rudder off backing into a beach on the seaward side of Hinchinbrook. We steered from Cape Richards to Hull Heads with the trusty Honda outboard.

On the second trip, we launched the boat at Clump Point and based ourselves at Dunk Island for four days.

The concept of the little adventure boat works well. It sails at a good clip. You can sleep in reasonable comfort on the solid deck. There's a 100-litre esky built into the starboard hull for cold food and there's a few other features to help make it work.





Let's get to the meat of the story. After a pleasant sail to Dunk, we anchored in front of the old resort and set about exploring the sights. We hiked to the lookout at the top of the little range, or spine, that persists toward the south of the island. Apart from the great views, we noticed how the wind had picked up beyond the 10–15 knots predicted.

Sheltering in that little bay was deceiving. But hey!! We're here to do some sailing. So next morning, early, we poked our nose out with the intention of circumnavigating Dunk Island. Between the island and south Mission Beach wasn't too bad; but beyond that was steep, standing chop with the tops blown off. Not good.

The end result was a catastrophic failure of our one-only, wooden mast. BANG!! And I mean BANG folks. In a split second the rig was in the water, and two stunned mullets were collecting themselves—trying to make sense of the mess. The mast floats well. Thank goodness!

I can't tell you how much I was impressed by Ollie's cool head and composure, especially for someone who's done very little sailing.

We stripped the sail off the mast and stowed it out of our way. Then, the two halves of the sad looking stick were lashed along the starboard side before the mighty Honda pushed us back to shelter. That was August 2024.

I've had plenty of time to debrief and decide what to do, but it comes down to a confidence thing. Let's face it. A broken mast is up there in the worst nightmare stakes. So last Saturday I loaded the top half of the offending member in the car and visited the troops at the new WBAC clubhouse & workshop. It was well worth the drive because I got to see current projects firsthand and receive confidence-inspiring advice from Chris. Splice it, reinforce it and give it another go! My next project—repair the catastrophe.



BITAKI JAWS MAKEOVER

Roger chronicles the rebuild of *Bataki's* broken boom jaws.

While lifting the mast into position at Lake Tinaroo before a recent club outing, I noticed that one side of the jaws on the boom on *Bitaki Taari* had broken off. I've no recollection of this happening, so can only assume that the jaws had got caught on the mast while I was lowering it and then broken. I very much doubt it was broken while sailing.

However, it needed fixing and we were about to go sailing. Glen suggested that wrapping the haul-down rope around the mast would do as a temporary fix and hold the boom in place. This worked well and we had a good sail that day.



The permanent fix was obviously a new set of jaws. Mark reckoned that the plywood was too weak and offered to cut me some strips of silver ash to laminate together and make new jaws. Offer accepted, and over Sunday morning coffee in Herberton, I collected the strips from Mark. Thank you. It is much appreciated!

In the meantime, I had chiselled the old jaws back to the stub that is socketed into the boom, and sanded it back to bare wood.

Bending the strips to shape, meant steaming them. Mark and I had agreed that 2.5 mm thick strips were appropriate for the required curve, and I needed to laminate 12 strips on each side of the jaws. I made a small steaming box of scrap chipboard (I know, it was going to swell, but it only needed to last for two steaming sessions!).

Years ago, my stepdaughter bought a small steaming press that she used only once, and it has been sitting in the bottom of the cupboard ever since. Aha! Dragged out, the nozzle fitted into one end of the steam box, and it proved ideal. With a foot pedal controller, I didn't even have to bend down to turn it off and on!



One set of 12 at a time, the strips were steamed for about 15–20 minutes and then placed in the jig and the clamps used to pull them into shape. I made two jigs to bend the strips. The first jig failed dismally, so there are no pictures of that one, but the second one was more robust and worked well.

Left to dry overnight, when removed, the strips straightened out somewhat but had enough curve to make glueing into shape easier. Clamps were used to help retain the shape as they dried properly in the sun.

With polythene sheeting inside the jig, each strip was coated both sides with epoxy glue and placed side by side. Well wrapped in the polythene, they were clamped to their final shape and left to cure.



Deliberately made too long and thick, the new jaws were cut to length, planed and sanded to shape. With the old ones as templates, this was relatively easy and they fitted well onto the stub on the boom. Once glued and screwed into place, they were given a final sand and three coats of varnish. Finally, the leather covering to protect the mast was fitted.



Forward end of boom



New and old jaws



Fitted to the boat, the new jaws on the boom work well. The jaws are a lot stronger but even so, I was careful when lowering the mast.

MARK LEADS THE WAY

Lake Tinaroo Outing Thursday 25th June

Mark's account of a memorable multi-destination day on the Lake

A friend of mine moved, with his parents, from Rockhampton as a ten-year-old kid to live on the lush Atherton Tablelands. He said they landed in Milla Milla and didn't see the sun for nine months. It seems a bit like that now. A couple of sunny days here and there, but the drizzle has dominated the weather for a time now and it can easily knock the edge off the motivation to do things. So, receiving an email calling sailors to meet at the Lake for a day tinkering and sailing, well you can't pass that up—whatever the motivation level or the weather.

The drive over to Tinaroo from Wondecla was overcast but passable till I got to Kairi and saw a nasty dark scud just to the south, between Black Gully and Tinaburra. On arrival at the Sailing Club gate, things looked a bit better, but I could see that out of the shelter of the point, white caps indicated a 20–25 knot breeze.

Dermot, John B and Roger were already chatting and setting up, and others arrived at a leisurely pace. I was introduced to Matthew, who I hadn't met before. An interesting bloke with some sailing history, just like the majority of the crew.



My *Zig Zag*, the ugly duckling, does have advantages. It's light and easy to rig, so it gives you plenty of time to socialise while other people are trying to rig their beautifully made expressions of wooden boat-craft.

Conditions on the Lake prompted the other sailors to put a reef in their mainsail. I chose to go loud and proud. The boat hadn't been tested in those conditions; and if I did end up in the drink there was Dermot in *Joule* with plenty of rescue experience. Not just sail boats either! You know who you are.

Now, my partner would walk the same 4 km track every day. Not me. I want to see and do something different. So, when Pirate Cove and Kauri Creek were suggested over coffee, internally I was rebelling.

How about that sheltered spot on the way to Kauri Creek. There's usually a sandy beach with bottlebrush to tie up to and we can tuck in out of the wind and rain amongst the trees. SAYS ME. Peter and Gail, who'd arrived for morning tea, said YES—we've anchored over there. It's quite nice. OK then, let's give it a go!

Dermot soon had *Joule* out, burning up electrons and the rest of us pushed off more or less together.

Everyone has their own story to tell, but I was kept busy with main sheet and tiller, trying to point as high as I could while keeping the shiny side up, or whatever they say. In a light boat it can be a fine line, so once I gained some distance from the Sailing Club, I threw in a tack and sailed back towards Pelican Point to give myself some latitude and put me on a broader reach towards our destination.



John, in *Rova the Navigator*, took a similar approach but with less of a tack and his boat was looking very stable and well sailed. I did see Roger romping toward Platypus Point at a fair clip. That was only a momentary glance through the cloud, mist and the drizzle fogging my glasses, while I was focused on survival and trying to see where the hell I was going.



Landing at the destination didn't provide any of the aforesaid comforts I'd promised. Instead, there was choking weed, sharp gravel and overhanging vegetation waiting to cause maximum hardship and harm.



John, in his very new Navigator, was saying "I don't like this much". And unseen by me at the time, Dermot and *Joule* were carried headlong into the fringing vegetation, powered by the following breeze catching *Joule's* canopy and hampered by *Joule's* very low power in reverse gear. Fortunately, I was told later, *Joule* made contact with a springy sapling which slowed the boat's progress and then obligingly sprung her back into deep water.

At this point the shout, "To Pirate Cove ya fool" came across the waves. No arguments there folks. Soon as I can stumble over these sharp tree roots and rocks, drag the boat through the weed and untangle the head of mast from this #x@& wattle tree.



Pirate Cove—very civilised and hardly worth a mention really. Lunch, a few brotherly gibes and accusations, and then into the boats for the sail back to the Sailing Club.



Once out of the fickle wind in the protected part of the bay, *ZigZag* and I had a glorious sail home in company with John and *Rova*. The wind had dropped a few knots and rain that was predicted didn't arrive to fog my glasses. Another great day at the Lake!! Thanks for putting out the call.

MULTITUDINOUS MULTIHULL MAGAZINES

Peter Rountree recently donated a large collection of multihull magazines to the WBAC library. They are mostly editions of **Multihull World** from 1989 to 2007. Thanks Peter!



The library catalogue is available on-line at
<https://www.woodenboatscairns.com.au/library>
and comprises three PDF documents labelled:

- Book
- Magazines
- Plans, Charts, Maps & Posters

These documents can be searched on-line by pressing **CONTROL F** on your computer keyboard and entering author's name, subject or key word.

THE 2026 GREAT TINAROO RAID

The 2026 Raid is only two months away. It will be a low key, relaxed event with the usual mixture of fun races, opportunities to catch up with other members and celebrate the joy (and otherwise) of wooden boatbuilding and boating.

Raid Events

Friday 21st August

- Afternoon sailing event - details to be advised on the day.

Saturday 22nd August - Race Day (Race times subject to change on the day)

- **Electric Propulsion Race** - around 9.30am
- **Paddling Race** - around 10:30am
- **Rowing Race** - around 11:00am
- **Seagull Race** - around 2:00pm

Register for all races on race day.

Race Rules attached (same as for 2025).

Note: Seagull Race rules require drivers to face forward while operating their vessels for safety.

Sunday

- Free range boating, catching up, packing up.

Camping

Camping is available at Tinaroo Sailing Club for TSC members and their guests. WBAC members who are not TSC members can camp from Thursday 20th to Sunday 23rd Aug.

- Adult TSC Member: \$9 incl GST, per night
- Adult Non-Member: \$15 incl GST, per night
- Youth (ages 5–18yrs): \$6 incl GST, per night
- Children aged 4 and under: Free.

Please contact wbacairns@gmail.com to book your camping, and pay your camping fee by direct deposit to:

WBAC's Bank of Queensland account;

- BSB 124976
- Account: 100053156
- Description: "Camp number of people x number of nights"

Tinaroo Sailing Club rules for campers:

- No Generators allowed
- Keep the amenities and kitchen clean
- BYO Firewood
- No dogs are allowed on the club grounds
- Respect the rights of fellow campers

SEE YOU AT THE RAID!

Ladies and Gents, this concludes *Ratlines* for June 2026 and, as always, if there's more you want to see or know about, please contact us by return email. Likewise, if you have a story or article you'd like included, please send it to us at wbacairns@gmail.com

Clubhouse: 6 MSQ Access Road, Portsmith, (Cairns) Qld 4870

Committee:

President- Roger Fryer;

Vice President- Chris O'Keefe (WBAC Facebook page);

Secretary- Dermot Smyth (Librarian & *Ratlines*);

Treasurer- Brendon O'Rourke;

Committee- Tom Sparks, Keven Muller, Richard Heazlewood and Bill Miles

Websites Supervisor: Sheila Sparks

Email address: WBACairns@gmail.com

Website: <https://www.woodenboatscairns.com.au>

Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/Wooden-Boat-Association-of-Cairns-118900728480121/>

Address: 6 MSQ Access Road, Portsmith, (Cairns) Qld 4870

Phone: _____ 0417 266 555 (Roger)

WBAC's Cash For Containers number is: C10026463