

point. If you believe that you have not been treated fairly because the protest procedure was not properly followed, and you objected at the time but were ignored, then an appeal may get the matter reheard. If you are going to appeal a decision, make sure that you get your appeal lodged with the club that heard the original protest and within the time limit, otherwise you will be wasting your time and money.

Mediation

This season we have adopted a process of protest mediation. This is an intermediate step between the lodging of the protest and a full protest hearing. A Mediator will be appointed by the Racing Director, and a ten-minute hearing will be conducted with the skippers of each yacht. Each will give an account of the incident, and there will be no witnesses. The Mediator will then make one of the following decisions -

1. The protest is valid, and the yacht in the wrong can accept a 50% penalty on its placing.
2. The protest is valid, but there was no infringement of the rules, so the protest can be withdrawn.
3. The protest is invalid and can be withdrawn.
4. The protest is too complicated to decide, and should be considered by a full protest panel.

The skippers can accept the Mediator's decision, and that will be the end of the matter; or they can reject the decision. The protest will then be heard by a full protest panel. The consequences of this are that the skippers risk disqualification if they are found to be at fault, instead of a 50% penalty.

Summary

The best advice I can give you regarding protests is to keep out of trouble. If you do get caught, take a penalty turn on the water as the best option. Use a protest only as a last resort. The problem with some protests is that sometimes the protest cannot just be dismissed, which occasionally results in the protestor and the protestee both being disqualified. 

Sail for Youth

Bryan Loftes

By the time you read this, the Foundation's Auction of marine memorabilia will be over. We hope we will have increased our income by several thousand dollars towards our first year target of \$30,000. There are many ways in which you can contribute to the Foundation in cash or kind. **Remember that all cash donations are tax deductible.**

Colin Bates, a long time Squadron Member, has just presented his B Row mooring to the Foundation. The Governors have decided to retain it and use the annual income to help to fund our future needs.

Our long term plan is to have a number of investments to support the yearly costs of the Foundation. It would be nice not to have to beg and borrow on a regular basis, but to have sufficient capital invested in the fund to meet the needs of SAIL FOR YOUTH.

In the coming events department, it is intended to run a fun Calcutta to coincide with the Junior Regatta. The Calcutta will be drawn just before the first heat. All interested parties will put to sea in a variety of spectator boats to watch the events. Some of the larger vessels will have "short odds" bookmakers to add to the fun. I am sure that our Juniors will get a real thrill to have so many spectators. Afterwards it is intended to hold a Barbecue for everybody to join in.

**The date is 25 February 1996.
Mark it down NOW!**

If you need any information or would like to assist the Foundation, the Governors are :

Bryan Loftes
Alan Wilkinson
Bill Clarke
HC (Tim) Williams
Lee Sydenham

Brisbane to Osaka and Beyond in *Iniquity*

Peter Drew

Since I have been back in Adelaide, various people have suggested that I write an account of our adventures in sailing *Iniquity* in the Brisbane to Osaka Race, and on through Alaska and North America. *Iniquity* took 27 days to cover the 4,000 miles from Brisbane to Osaka. We were tenth overall in a fleet of 26 boats. Before the race we assessed the opposition, and decided that the best our 15 metre, 16 tonne steel sloop could realistically achieve was fourth in our division. We did this, and finished only fourteen hours behind Alby Burgin in an Adams 15, and three hours behind a 20 metre plywood boat called *Longfellow* from New Zealand. We were very happy with the result.

Our crew was Tim Edkins (owner and skipper), Diana Davidson, Terry Dale, Julie Barnes and myself. We raced with two people on watch, and used spinnaker socks on all kites. Throughout the doldrums we would often hold the kite till the last minute as a squall approached, secure in the knowledge that one person could snuff it at a moment's notice. It was imperative to make

the most of what little breeze was available, when the fleet was doing daily runs below a hundred miles.

It was a very light weather race, not only going across the doldrums, but also in the last 1,500 miles to Japan. Tim decided on one new sail, and he had Sobstad build the biggest asymmetrical spinnaker we could fit on *Iniquity*. The spinnaker pole was extended 1.5 metres, and when the sail was set it would just clear the pulpit. This kite made our speed in light airs and flat water very competitive. Often we would pull the apparent wind to 60°, and at times reach boat speeds up to two knots faster than was possible using any other sail on the boat.

Osaka Bay was a real test of nerves. There was little breeze, lots of tide and more ships every hour than one would see in a week in Sydney Harbour. After being at sea for so long (27 days), we really felt like a party when we finished, only to be left on our own and unable to go ashore or have a shower. We had arrived too late for Customs and Immigration. Just when it looked as if we were going to have to get quietly drunk



on our own, the first four boats from the Shanghai to Osaka Race finished. None of us could go ashore, but as the boats finished our pontoon turned into one of life's great parties. Most were Japanese, and they brought lots of great food to spread out on the concrete. Our contribution was the introduction of the well known tribal drink known as Bundy rum.

After three weeks of partying and sightseeing at the host yacht club, we set off up the coast of Japan. Terry and Julie flew back to Australia, and we picked up Kevin Muir, a New Zealander who had done the race on *Longfellow*. Cruising in Japan is something special. It is hard to express the exceptional hospitality shown to us in fishing ports and coastal towns. Within half an hour of squeezing ourselves into a village amongst the huge numbers of fishing boats, we would be surrounded by anything up to thirty Japanese, come to look at the amazing novelty of an Australian yacht. They brought presents, took us out to eat and looked after us in every way possible.

When we reached Hanasaki in Hokkaido, we intended to stay a few days, and then head off on

the leg to Alaska. Tim was bitten by a dog, which threw the plans into disarray. This was no little scratch. He had a huge gash across his arm, and was operated on for about an hour and half, followed by five days in hospital. This delayed us for a couple of weeks. For me, who did not go through the pain, they were a couple of the most memorable weeks of the whole trip. We were taken in by the local community, and we stayed long enough to make good friends rather than transient acquaintances. We left in the middle of a work day, yet we had many people to see us off. They gave us presents, including a huge bunch of flowers for Diana, and attached streamers to the boat. The local bus which we had used extensively deviated from its route to drive down to see us off. As we eased away from the dock and the streamers began to break, there were a few moist eyes on both sides of the wharf.

The next stop was Dutch Harbor in the Aleutian Islands. After 2,500 miles of little wind, rain, fog and cold, the day we sailed into Dutch Harbor was sensational. The fog cleared, the sun came out, and huge schools of Dalls porpoises came to play round the boat. For the first time we saw the sheer mountains of Unalaska Island, rising



Farewell from Hanasaki

5,000 feet straight out of the ocean. Dutch Harbor primarily services the fishing fleet working the Bering Sea. It is the first entry port travelling east through the Aleutian Islands, and is a frontier town that is a tough and dangerous place to make a living. It's the sort of place that breeds memorable drinking holes.

After leaving Japan, we maintained a radio sched with a boat called *Treasure*. She had done the Los Angeles to Osaka Race, and was cruising back to Seattle through Alaska. She was skippered by John Guzzwell. He was the first Englishman to sail single-handed round the world, and one of life's true gentlemen. They had cruised through some of the outlying islands, and he told us about one that still has huge quantities of military hardware left on the beach after a battle with the Japanese in the Second World War.

From Dutch Harbor we sailed to Kodiak, where we spent a few days, and then did some cruising with *Treasure* round the islands at the top of Kodiak Island. We went in search of the Kodiak bear, which is reputedly the largest in the world. We saw lots of warm bear poo, and met some unpretentious local teenagers who talked casually about getting "tree'd" by bears on the way to school or on any other seemingly casual pastime. These kids gave us a guided tour round their island, and reminded us how open

and friendly people are who grow up outside cities. Despite visits to the local dump at 2 am, we still did not see any Kodiak bears. Indeed, in all of North America we saw only eleven black bears and no brown bears. This was our only real disappointment in an area still abundant with wildlife. We saw fin and humpback whales, otters, bald eagles and an assortment of porpoises and dolphins.

The short summer was passing, and we had to keep moving. *Iniquity* had a comfortable sail across the Gulf of Alaska, with the spinnaker up much of the way. Our first stop on the mainland was Elfin Cove, a pretty little fishing village just inside the entrance to Cross Sound. This is loosely the top of the Inland Waterway, which is the mass of islands, passages, canals and narrows stretching down to Seattle. Most of the villages and ports are accessible only by boat or sea plane, and survive on fishing and tourism. Elfin Cove was entirely without cars. The timber houses were perched on the sides of a steep cove, and all the houses and floats were interconnected by timber boardwalks. It did not feel real. Houses are supposed to have big black bitumen roads interconnecting them, not these fairytale timber constructions.

Our next stop was the Glacier Bay National Park. This spectacular park has over thirty glaciers feeding into a Y-shaped canal about fifty

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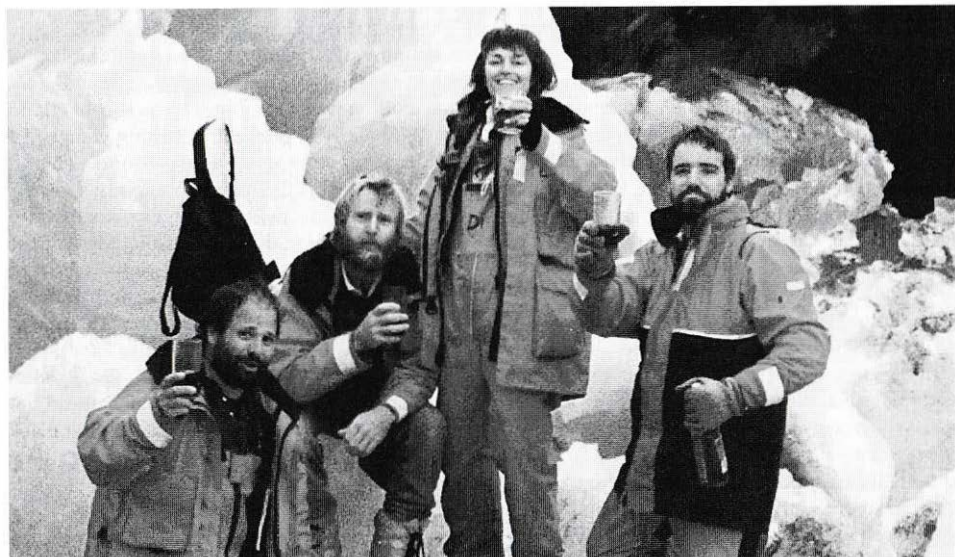
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find us if you can! !

miles from top to bottom. (These details are from memory.) It is fairly tightly controlled by the Park rangers. A permit is required to enter the bay, and they restrict the numbers of boats in the park at any one time. Early in the season (June, July, August) one has to be careful about organising a permit, as the limitation on numbers may make it impossible to get in. As we were pretty late in the season, this was not a problem. When you see spectacular photographs of cruise ships in Alaska dwarfed by glaciers, often these have been taken in Glacier Bay. There are a large number of impressive glaciers set in a picturesque environment. Although there are not many anchorages, they are safe, and always within an easy day's travel of all the glaciers.

The photograph of *Iniquity* in front of Reid Glacier was taken in Glacier Bay. We were sponsored by the AUSTRALIAN TIBET COUNCIL, which is involved in the campaign to free Tibet from Chinese occupation. In addition to getting their message out in a fairly unique way, they were keen to get a striking photograph that could be used for a poster. The one published has been blown up to an 80 cm by 58 cm poster, which can be obtained from the Council for \$10 (\$15 posted). TELEPHONE (08) 362 3071.



The crew on Reid Glacier: Peter Drew, Tim Edkins (skipper), Di Davidson and Kevin Muir

From Glacier Bay we made our way down through the Inland Waterway. Except for sailing out to the Queen Charlotte Islands and back, we did no overnight sailing in the thousand or so miles to Seattle. Generally we did 20-50 miles each day, to find another beautiful and safe anchorage for the night. Every four or five days we stopped in a town to tie up to a marina or alongside a float with the fishing boats for \$10 to \$20 per night.

This was spectacular cruising. We were late in the season, and the bad weather was chasing us. We were exceptionally lucky that it held off apart from one period in Alaska when we had gales for the better part of a week. We held up in an anchorage with the dubious name of Foggy Bay, but it was very safe with good holding and wind protection through almost 360°. We just sat tight, let the weather blow over us and consumed steamed puddings and books at an almost equal rate.

We did lots of motoring, which often was in thick fog. There was not much wind, and when there was it was always on the nose. This was combined with currents usually running at one or two knots, often up to four or five. Consequently, we usually planned our day round the tides, and motored at seven knots. Moving in thick fog was

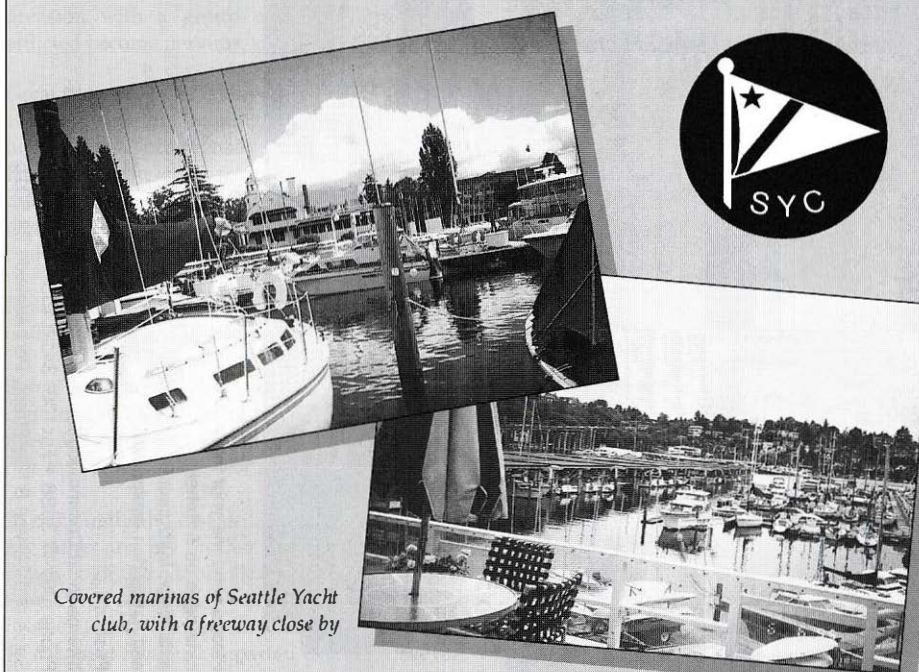
a new experience for us. I felt pretty vulnerable relying on chart and radar, until one morning when we were motoring into Juneau. It was flat calm and thick with fog. I was peering intently at the radar screen, concerned about the lack of visibility and the occurrence of signals that disappeared as we came near them. At one point the fog lifted slightly, which was enough to identify the worrying signals. They were birds sitting on the water, and of course they disappeared as we got close - they flew away! Although we never felt comfortable in these conditions of low visibility, this experience increased our confidence in using the radar as our main set of eyes, especially when it was flat calm with little sea clutter.

The folks on *Iniquity* have never been into fishing, but in this part of the world the sea is abundant with fish. We kept being given so much salmon, halibut and crabs that there was no need to throw over a line.

The afternoon when we came across four humpback whales feeding holds special memories for me. The whales repeatedly dived for four or five minutes, and then came bursting up through the water together, with their mouths open and full of food. We drifted, watching this fantastic sight for a couple of hours, and filling many rolls of film with the images of the whales.

In Seattle we were joined by Bill Dobell from Adelaide. After ten days in the first big city we had seen since Osaka, we did a passage direct to San Francisco. This ensured that we cleared the winter which was fast approaching North America. I flew back to Australia, and Kev, our pet New Zealander, left to try to find some work. *Iniquity* continued down the coast. At the time of writing, they have spent a few months in Mexico and are now in the Marquesas Islands. SQ

Seattle Yacht Club



Covered marinas of Seattle Yacht club, with a freeway close by