

Mea Culpa: High Beaufort Scale Cooking

(or The Case of the Disappearing Vegetables)
Phil Tassicker

Several years ago in *Kyeema* I spent some days in the Edithburgh-Troubridge Island area with my son Adam and a friend John, while waiting for the southerly wind to abate before sailing down to Kangaroo Island. I now realise that this is not an area where the wind can be expected to abate (perhaps it should be renamed Windyburgh?), so every evening we faced the challenge of BBQ cooking in 25 to 30 knot winds.

The first part of the challenge was lighting the heat beads in the pushpit-mounted Weber. For those who may be tempted to emulate this folly, it is very simple. You start by loading the heat beads and fire lighters, and pouring in a cup full of methylated spirits. Then soak a paper towel in methylated spirits, light it in the shelter of the companionway, race to the transom and drop it in. The effect is immediate and spectacular, and before long the heat beads will be really glowing. In fact the stronger the wind, the hotter it gets, and this is a factor which must be taken into account when planning the cooking cycle.

Our preferred technique from this point was to wrap the vegetables in foil and cook them first, before loading the meat. One bouncy evening we were enjoying a glass of red in the cabin

when there was a load crash as we fell off a wave. After a slight delay caused by congestion in the companionway as the three of us tried to exit simultaneously, we saw with dismay that the coupling which clamped the BBQ to the rail had slipped, and its orientation was now vertical instead of horizontal.

The lid was attached with a wire, and the mesh had retained the heatbeads, but sadly, our vegetables were consigned to the deep — or so John and I assumed. Adam was a more lateral thinker and spotted the foil-wrapped bundles afloat and heading in the direction of Port Giles! While John and I debated whether a dinghy chase was worthwhile, Adam, being both very hungry and man of action, stripped off his clothes and dived over the transom in hot (cold?) pursuit. After a high speed chase, and spurred on by the thought of no dinner, Adam rounded up most of the bundles, and shepherded them back to the boat like a water polo player.

In the hilarity and confusion, the only bucket readily to hand was the potwatcher — the pot what ya' pee in — and this was duly lowered to complete the rescue. After some quick work with a spanner to persuade the BBQ that horizontal was better than vertical, we reheated the veggies, cooked the meat and enjoyed our meal with another round of red wine.

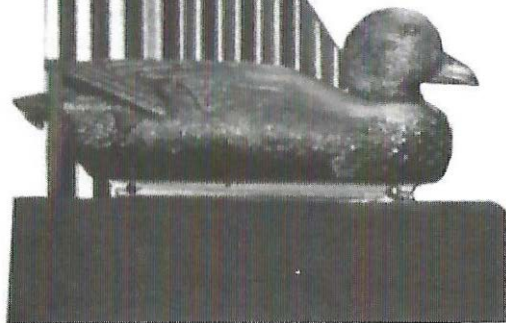
We tried to convince ourselves that the unusual salty taste was just the seawater, but to this day, I am not certain!

Moral: So simple! (They always are, which is the point of this series)

When attaching a fitting to a pulpit or a pushpit, do make sure that you firmly tighten the screws or nuts to do so.

SQ

Coolwa Trophy.



Letter to the Editor

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I wish to draw your readers' attention to the dangers of swimming in the Squadron Pool.

Recently, I became aware that a number of children were swimming in the water near the marinas. One, a girl of about six to eight years of age, was clinging to a cleat on one of the pontoons. She was clearly in some distress and calling to the others, saying she could not get out. The other children were taking no notice of her and would not have been in a position to assist in any case, as it is my experience that it is quite impossible to get out of the water on to a marina pontoon without a ladder or assistance from someone on the marina.

The young lass, who was wearing a wet suit but no buoyancy aid, said she was too tired to swim, but could not get out of the water. I lifted her out with no harm done, but the potential for a fatality

is enormous, both from exhaustion and our own and Ports Corp vessels maneuvering in that area.

It is understandable that on a warm day, it is very attractive to take a dip, and the youngsters can be excused for seeing no harm in such an activity. But all adults and children should be made aware of the dangers of swimming around the marinas, or anywhere in the pool for that matter.

Children, especially young children, should be under adult supervision at all times whilst on the Squadron premises.

It is my view that it is the parent's responsibility to see that their children obey the Squadron rules and by-laws, regardless of whether they themselves are present or not. The Squadron clearly has some responsibility, but it can do little more than display warning signs prohibiting swimming in the pool.

John Smith

SQ



*Can't go Forward?
Can't go Backward?*

*Up, Up and Away!
Dave Morphett and fellow
club Members team up to
lift the car back into place.*

