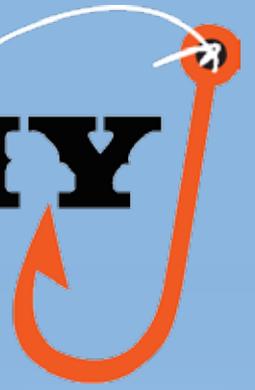


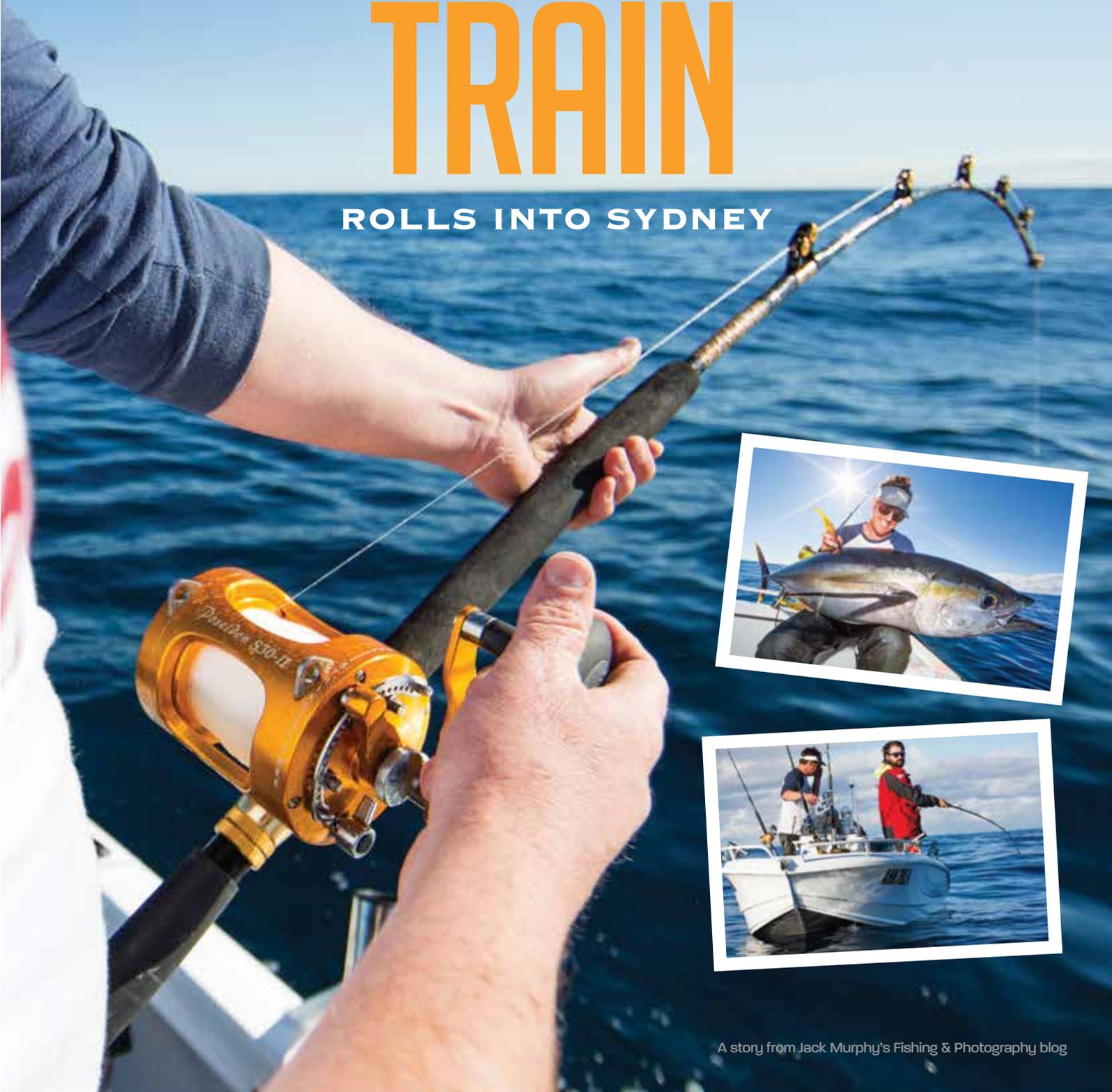
JACK MURPHY

fishing & photography



SUSHI TRAIN

ROLLS INTO SYDNEY



Last week saw a hot yellowfin tuna bite off Sydney. Social media went in to meltdown. Reports of 'fin clogged Facebook news feeds and #tuna trended across Instagram. So with a cracking weather forecast predicted, Travis Godfredson and I shut the laptops and headed wide for a slice of the action, or more appropriately, a slice of sashimi. Here's the real hook to this yarn. We decided to do it in a 4.6m tinnie...

When you're heading offshore in a small boat there's always a nagging doubt. The boat in

question was a Morningstar Angler centre-console. Would she keep us dry and safe? How much fuel would she burn? Did Trav bring enough beer and chicken? However, as we hit the first patch of swell, the boat landed smoothly, and the doubts washed away. "This thing really does ride like a glass boat", we agreed furiously. After an hour-and-a-half of motoring we arrived at Browns Mountain, the scene of our saltwater stanza.

With temperature breaks galore, we slipped the lures into the sapphire blue water. Shortly after, a rod went off with an albacore tuna,

then another and another. It was going to be a good day.

We trolled until lunchtime, our attention turning to cold chicken and fresh bread rolls with cherry tomatoes that sweetly exploded in my mouth. The sea flattened off, so I found a cosy nook up the bow of the Morningstar for a midday siesta - belly full. As I was dreaming of yellowfin hookups, off went the Omoto 30 wide - singing a sweet note that hinted at a big, powerful fish. Trav grabbed the rod while I wiped my eyes and switched to deckie mode. The rod bent like the Sydney Harbour

bridge span and the fish took line at will. Trav played it out perfectly; delicate yet assertive - just like training a cat. Except he hates cats. Fortunately he loves yellowfin.

After 30 minutes the fish tired and we got our first look at it; a beautiful yellowfin tuna with electric yellow sickles and finlets circling the boat.

After a quick squabble, the fish was landed and brought aboard - cheers and high-fives echoed for miles downwind. 🐟



"THIS THING REALLY DOES
RIDE LIKE A GLASS BOAT"





SUBLIME RIDE

Travis Godfredson reflects on a 25 mile ride to the continental shelf

There's a rumour doing the rounds. It's about an aluminum hull that has the big boys looking over their shoulder. They say it rides like a glass boat, looks like a glass boat, but can take punishment like a tinnie. "Interesting", thought Jack who likes punishing things. It doesn't have a name like Outlaw, Bandit or Renegade, which suggests you're about to battle 1000 wart-faced Orcs with a wooden crossbow. It's called Morningstar and it's built in Taiwan. But don't let the name or origin mislead you. This thing is a highly stealthy weapon...

Jack and I had heard the rumours. So we marched down to the local dealer and demanded a test run. Where would you take a 4.6m centre console tinnie powered with a 60HP outboard? To the continental shelf, naturally. So we packed the 30 and 50 wides, some waterproof gear, a whole cooked chicken, some deep diving lures, gaffs, and some more

waterproof gear. And a mask and snorkel to stay dry - above the waterline. That's the done thing when you go the shelf in a little console tinnie, isn't it?

THE RIDE WAS SPECIAL.
EVERY BIT THE
PERFORMANCE OF A
GLASS BOAT - A GOOD
GLASS BOAT.

There were surprised looking faces at the shelf, peering over their wave-breakers. "What's a tinnie doing out here?" They weren't as surprised as Jack, who declared all the rumours true. The ride was special. Every bit the performance of a glass boat - a good glass boat. Soft as a duck feather pillow, clang-free and dry. I wore Ugg boots all day and they didn't soak in a drop of salt-water. No mask and snorkel required...

The math was impressive. We used 15 litres of fuel to get the shelf and a total of about 60 litres for the entire

13 hour day. The hull left the water clean and green behind us. It wants to plane at 9 knots. That's a seriously efficient hull. Below the waterline is where the magic happens. There's no exposed keel (typically an H-section of alloy) creating drag. It's sharp at the pointy end, with impressive features either side of the keel. The hull gets lift from reverse chines, planning strakes and a variable dead-rise that fits the description of a glass boat. If you didn't know better, you'd think it was a Haines Hunter 445 hull (which we happen to own). It's impressive innovation that might change a few opinions among the brand loyalists and blind fatalists. ←

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