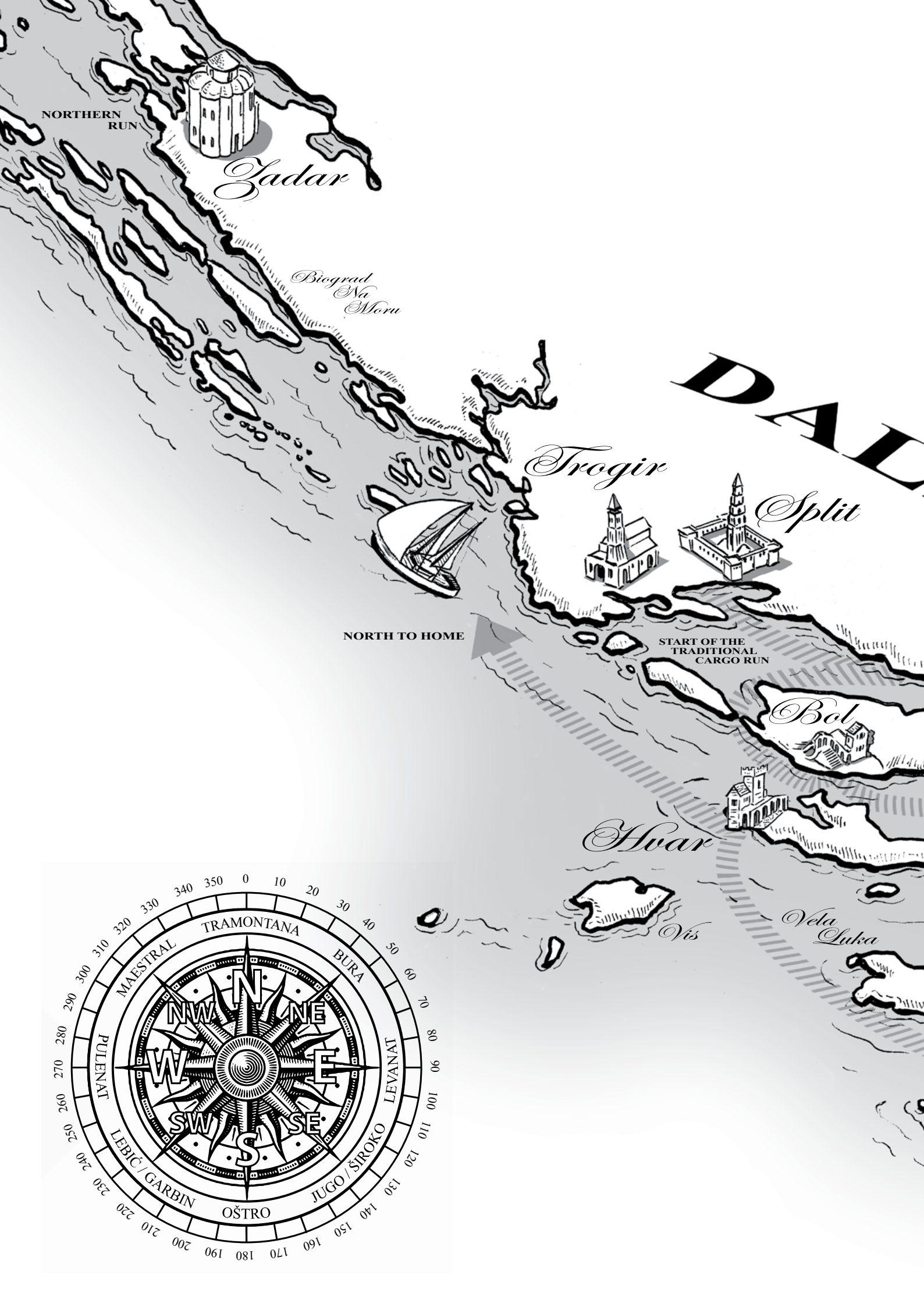


Peter Ivan Tudorovic



X Marks The Pot - A Culinary Voyage



NORTHERN
RUN

Zadar

*Biograd
Na
Moru*

Trogir

Split

START OF THE
TRADITIONAL
CARGO RUN

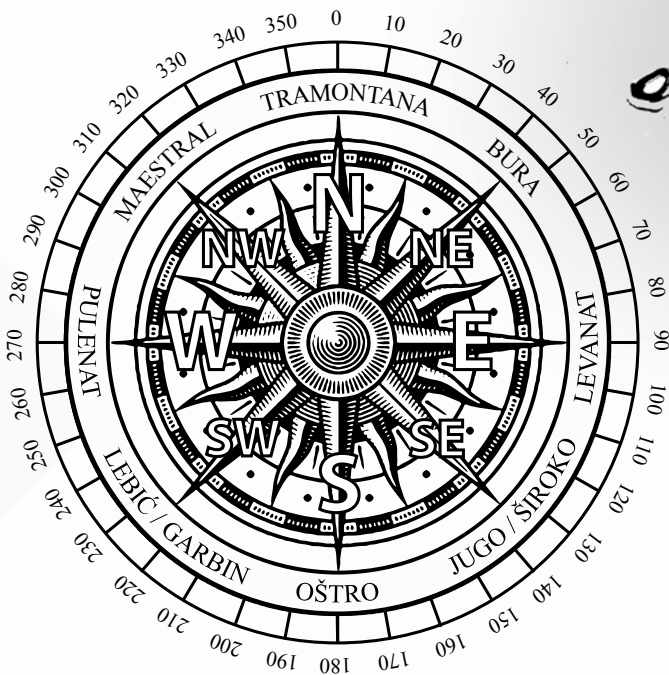
Brač

Hvar

Vis

Dubrovnik

NORTH TO HOME



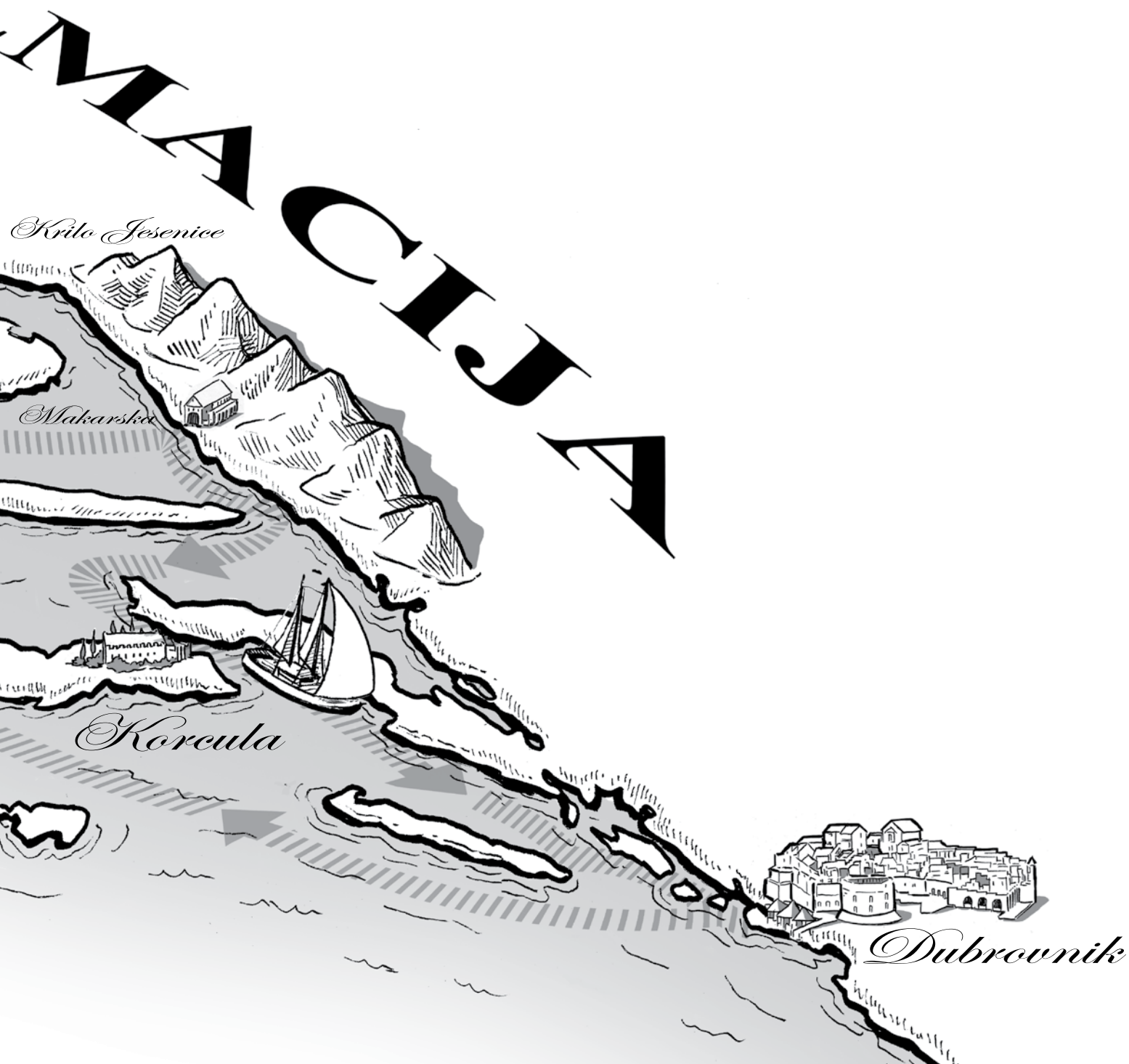
Preamble

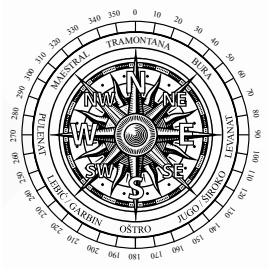
I began fishing at an early age, learning the disciplines of the sea from my father, Davor. There was much to learn. The complexities of navigation, anchorage, engines, working the ropes and when and where and how to fish. There were also more simple, yet equally fundamental skills.

“Peter, the crew will not work hard if they are hungry. First, you must learn to cook.”

Many of my favourite galley tales involve food and cooking. Here are some of them.

Peter Ivan Tudorovic





The Mistral and Tramontana are important and interesting wind phenomena that occur over southern France and the northwestern Mediterranean Sea. Both winds travel through constricting valleys before flowing out towards the Mediterranean.

Jugo is a moist wind, typically accompanied by dark clouds and rain filled storms. It blows from the south, coming over the islands and onto shore. Since Dalmatians tend to be sun-loving people, they are not fond of jugo. It is said to cause depression, body aches, pains and grumpiness. In this unique part of the world, jugo is always an acceptable and convenient excuse for melancholic behaviour.

At one time, people accused of committing a crime would use jugo as part of their legal defence, if the crime happened during jugo winds – depending on which Dalmatian you talk to. Some tell fables and stories of people getting away with murder by using the Jugo defence.

Bura comes from the north, catapulting over the Velebit mountain range out to the Adriatic Sea. It's a dry cool wind, which is why it can be freezing on a sunny cloudless day. If the sun is out and you're freezing to death, that's bura. It's most common in winter, but can happen any time of year, and it's good for drying pršut. The incredible flavour and saltiness of cheese from Pag Island is also attributed to bura. The sheep graze on salty grass and herbs. Bura comes in and wipes the sky clean, reaching up to 220km/h.



Peter Ivan Tudorovic

THE CARGO RUN



X Marks The Pot - A Culinary Voyage

*Illustrations by
Dave Heinrich*

A Big Splash

1981 – Spencer Gulf, South Australia

The first dish that I learned to cook was risotto. This was not the fiddly, risky, time consuming, traditional, cook show risotto, but a more robust village version, suited to cooking in a cramped and rolling galley. This dish is now fondly known by friends as ‘Pete’s Boat Risotto.’ Olive oil, celery, carrots, onions. Add prawns and calamari, peeled tomatoes, basil and a big splash of white wine (at least a bottle!).

“Because the fish, they like to swim,” explained Davor.

Then after simmering, bubbling and swimming for a short while, the rice is added. At this point, Davor became serious and stern.

“Peter, once the rice is in, you must watch the pot like you watch the sea. You can never turn your back on the sea. She will return complacency with treachery.” The seriousness in his voice lingered for a few seconds. Then, with a tap on the pot with a big wooden spoon, he continued. “Now turn down the heat and simmer for twenty minutes while you stir. And Peter, don’t take your eyes off the pot.”



Risotto

1 cup of rice
2 chopped onions
2 chopped carrots
2 pieces of chopped celery
2 medium tins of peeled whole tomatoes
12 Spencer Gulf King prawns – deveined and halved
6 medium whole squid cleaned and chopped
Fresh basil to taste (just enough, not too much)
A bottle of good white wine
A good splash of olive oil

Method:

1. Brown onions in the olive oil, followed by the carrots and celery – use a large heavy pot with lid.
2. Add prawns and squid and cook on medium heat till sealed.
3. Add peeled tomatoes.
4. Add white wine for swimming.
5. Add the basil, salt and pepper to taste.
6. Add the rice.

On a calm day or when at anchor, add rice between steps two and three

7. Stir till rice is cooked – keep your eyes on the pot!

A Galley Tale

1981 – Great Australian Bight, South Australia

We've been sitting at anchor in the sheltered lee of Pearson's Island out in the Great Australian Bight for days on end, waiting for the rough weather to abate, so we can head out and hunt for a patch of tuna. There's only so much to keep the crew entertained. Once the few daily chores are done it's mainly the cook's choice of grub on the stove or in the oven to look forward to.

I'm fourteen and the youngest crewmember on the tuna boat. There's a movie on the telly. Every half an hour I'm ordered to climb up to the crow's nest and spin the TV antenna for reception as the boat shifts anchor. The crew have scrubbed the deck and mended the poles, lures and traces. The new crew are doing some training, poling an old car tyre in and out of the water off the back racks. Other crew are reading a book or hooking a fish.

Three of the crew are playing cards. In the past, a serious card game has seen a crewman lose their entire hard earned wages. A seasoned Croatian crewmember once advised me, "Peter, you play card for fun. If already you don't know how play, is best you no learn," Sometimes in these cramped and confined conditions, an argument, scuffle, or even a punch up might ensue, just like in a classic cowboy movie.

On this particular night, after a good feast of roasted meat (an international dish popular with all the crew) the galley was calm, the crew seemed relaxed and both a card and chess game were taking place. I was resting in my bunk when the command came from one of the Croatian card players. "Come on young fellow, make some pancakes!"

I jump up and am quick to declare that I don't how. "What you mean, you don't know!" Without another word, he is up with a pot, pan, spoon, milk, eggs, butter and flour. He says, "Look, are you watching?" He sifts the flour into the bowl, cracks the eggs, pours the milk and adds a pinch of salt, and stirs the mix. A dob of butter goes on the pan, and he pours some mix on at high heat. After one more minute a fine pancake slides onto the plate.

"Make ten more, pour some coffee and serve them with some jam, lemon and sugar." He instructs. There I am, nervously putting the rest together. For once, I have been shown what to do in fine detail. The card game resumes and the two Aussie crewmen sitting at the edge of the galley table have just a few pieces left on the chessboard. All in the galley are focussed.

One of the Croatian card players who'd had one eye on the board stands up to visit the loo. As he is passing between the chess game and where I'm cooking, he casually points to a chess piece and mutters, "Eat for this one" (Which roughly translates to, "I think you should take that piece.") He's forgotten to think it and not say it. There I am, about to serve up my fine dessert, when the galley erupts. Though the culprit is twice his size, the pissed off chess player with the vulnerable piece lunges for his throat, taking half the galley table with him. Chess pieces scatter, wine bottles fly off the table, and ashtrays crash and tumble. Fortunately, I am able to shepherd my pancakes, but we no longer have a table to eat at. The skipper is quick to step in and calm the disturbance, "Everyone to their bunk, I no want to see anybody."

As the cook is preparing breakfast the next morning we gather tools, timber, nails and saws. Then we begin the reconstruction of the galley table.

Pancakes (crêpes)
- traditionally served at 3 am,
while at anchor sheltering from a gale

1 1/2 cups of plain flour

1 pinch of salt

3 eggs beaten

2 cups of milk

20 grams of melted butter

Method:

1. Add ingredients to a large bowl.
2. Whisk to a batter consistency.
3. Using a flat pan, cook a small amount of mixture with butter till golden brown – remember to flip.

Just One Fig?

Circa 1951

When Davor was in his early teens, he would accompany his father, Tome, on seafaring business, loading and unloading cargo between ports on the limestone cliffs and sheltered bay villages of the Adriatic coast. Timber, walnuts, fresh fruit, wine, olives and general supplies would be loaded and unloaded from the boat. For a hungry young man, there was temptation aplenty.

One day, Davor was caught sampling some of the plump, ripe fruit.

Tome, who was always serious about his cargo, said, "Hey, don't eat the figs! If somebody sees us we'll be in big trouble!"

"I'm only eating one fig! How can this matter? Who'll see us anyway?" Davor replied, frustrated by Tome's fear.

"Look over there," said Tome, pointing to the horizon. "See that tourist boat? Someone may be watching us through a telescope."



Lesò Riba (Poached Fish)

1 whole snapper, scaled and cleaned or snapper wings

2 onions

3 red capsicums

4 whole tomatoes

Fresh parsley

Garlic

Olive oil

Due to a limit of power on the boat, the boys developed this variation of the barbecue recipe...

Method:

1. Place water in an oval-shaped pan on the stove.
2. Place onions, capsicum and tomatoes into the pan.
3. Steam for approximately ten minutes.
4. Place in whole snapper or wings.
5. Poach for seven minutes – turn fish over for a few minutes if necessary.
6. Place snapper and veggies in another pan.
7. Scoop juices over snapper and veggies.
8. Chop up fresh parsley and garlic and sprinkle over snapper and veggies.
9. Pour half a cup of olive oil over the dish.
10. Cover in foil and sit for ten minutes.
11. Eat.

For dessert, Fig Salad – see Salad Page.

Adrift at Anchor

1995 – Spencer Gulf, South Australia

It's May in the Spencer Gulf of South Australia and winter is fast approaching. The shallow water at the apex of the gulf is cooling down fast and the prawns are up out of the sandy seabed and moving south to deeper, warmer water on the big spring tide. It's the first night out with the May new moon and the local fishing fleet is expecting a big catch.

The crew knows they're in for a big night on deck, so before sunset, all the preparation is done and there's a big pot of goat goulash on the table. Soon, tummies are full and ready for action. There are party pies in the oven with the timer set for midnight. It's all go! The first haul is over in just sixty minutes and there's a good haul of shiny king prawns on the sorting table. The night's processing begins. I'm flat out, keeping an eye on the sea and oncoming traffic and thinking about when, where, and how to shoot the nets. During the night there's twelve hours of nets shot away and hauled, with sixty minutes between shots.

By morning there's about two tone of boxed prawns packed and stored in the blast freezer. The crew are scrubbing the deck. I have steamed the boat out of the deep and up onto the bank to anchor clear of daytime shipping and rest in preparation for the next nights fishing.

I choose a spot to drop anchor in a quiet area south of the main group and stand at the winch exhausted from the nights work. As I'm about to drop the anchor there's a whiff of paella on the wind and fearing that I've forgotten to stir the pot I leave the bow and rush to the galley to check our meal. The seafood's swimming nicely in the sauce so I turn off the heat, call the crew and soon we're sitting down to eat. The pot's soon emptied, there's compliments to the cook and with my last bit of energy I survey the wheelhouse and leave the crew to tidy up before retiring to my bunk at about eleven in the morning.

At four in the afternoon, after five hours sleep, the wake up alarm rings and the crew are all up preparing the deck for another big nights fishing. I go up to the wheelhouse for a quick look around. It's a calm and hazy afternoon with a surreal feel and the setting has a strange mirage like look. I'm surprised by the unusual amount of boats anchored in the vicinity and I wonder if there's some hot fishing action down this way that I don't know about. It seems strange.

I ask one of the crew to help me to haul the anchor. On the foredeck we are approaching the winch when I have a disturbing thought, "Actually, I don't remember dropping the anchor this morning!" We look at each other in a puzzled manner as I turn on the winch and lean over the bow to check the angle of the chain. Sure enough, the anchor is still tucked up against the hull. I was tired and had been distracted and had neglected to drop the anchor that morning. While we had slept the boat had drifted north with the tide for the entire day! The boats I thought had come south toward us were actually the boats that were anchored to the north. We had been very lucky to avoid a mishap and stared at each other incredulous in our good fortune. "Well, there's another story for the galley table!" I say and we laugh hysterically in relief.

Riblja Juha (Fish Soup)

1 large Snapper head and two wings

2 small onions

2 sticks of celery

2 carrots

2 ripe tomatoes

1 bay leaf

6 black peppercorns

3 soup spoons of olive oil

1 cup of rice

1 soup spoon of wine vinegar

Salt to taste

Method:

Take a deep saucepan; add fish, roughly chopped vegetables, peppercorns, oil, bay leaf and salt.

Top up with two litres of cold water and bring to the boil.

Lower the temperature and cook for 25 minutes, scooping the scum from the top. Lift the fish from the soup and separate the meat into a dish carefully removing any bones and scales.

Drain the soup through a very fine sieve into another saucepan. Place the vegetables in a bowl. Bring to the boil, add rice and cook for 25 minutes, stirring occasionally. Five minutes before finishing cooking add the vinegar. Remove from the heat and let rest for a few minutes before adding the fish and vegetables to the soup, Serve to bowls and garnish with chopped parsley.

Goat Goulash

Rinse goat in vinegar and water

Pat dry – cut into bit size pieces

Brown in oil – take out of pan

Add diced onions and two red capsicums

Sauté

Add goat pieces and three diced carrots

Add two sticks of celery and two bay leaves

Braise all together for ten minutes

Add red wine and make sure meat is cooked through

Add a small can of crushed tomatoes

Slow cook until liquid thickens

Add half a teaspoon of nutmeg and season with salt and pepper

Serve with pasta or mashed potatoes

Goat can be substituted for roo (must be appropriate cut) and/or rabbit

Up the Mast

1950

One of Davor's favourite cargo runs was the summer fruit grower's run, transporting watermelons to markets along the coast. These trips were fun for Davor because sometimes he could get off the boat and ride a bike to visit the fruit grower's farms, letting them know that they were ready to load. Sometimes, two or three farmers would join Davor and Tome on the boat so they could sell their melons at the markets – and enjoy a feast at some of Tome's favourite konobas along the way. Davor talks with a hearty chuckle about an argument with Tome that occurred on one of these trips.

This argument, like many, had its source in the engine room, but then filtered on to the deck. The argument became so intense, and Tome so angry, that Davor, fearing a clip behind the ear, took off, starting a cat and mouse chase around the deck. Davor tripped, and to stop himself falling overboard, grabbed hold of the boom.

At the same moment, the wind changed and swung the boom out over the water, leaving Davor wiggling helplessly above the waves. Just as quickly, the wind changed and the boom carried Davor back on to the deck. The chase resumed and Davor ducked and weaved before scurrying up the mast as Tome, in pursuit, tripped wildly over a bin. The fruit growers, who had been watching this impromptu show, roared with laughter, clutching their bellies with tears of joy. Tome could see that no one would win, so he stopped, looked up and joined in with a grin.



Butterfly Prawns

Selection of large premium prawns – heads removed

Olive oil

Freshly squeezed lemon juice

Salt

Pepper

Paprika

Method:

1. Cut prawns straight down the back.
2. Drizzle with olive oil.
3. Place flat, shell side down on an oven tray or the bbq grill plate.
4. Cook on high heat for a short time – 3 to 4 minutes.
5. Drizzle with lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste.

Goes really well with watermelon salad.

Watermelon Salad

1 small Red Onion

2 – 4 Lime

(depending on the juiciness)

1.5 kg sweet, ripe Watermelon

250 g Feta cheese

Fresh Flat-leaf parsley

Fresh Mint chopped

4 tablespoons Extra Virgin Olive Oil

100 g pitted Black Olives

Black pepper

Method:

Peel and halve the red onion and cut into very fine half-moons and put in a small bowl to steep with the lime juice, to bring out the transparent pinkness in the onions and diminish their rasp.

Remove the rind and pips from the watermelon, and cut into approximately 4cm triangular chunks.

Cut the feta into similar sized pieces and put them both into a large bowl.

Tear off sprigs of parsley and add to the bowl along with the chopped mint.

Tip the onions, along with their pink juices over the salad in the bowl. Add the oil and olives, then using your hands toss the salad gently so that the feta and melon don't lose their shape.

Add a good grinding of black pepper and taste to see whether the dressing needs more lime.

Close to Shore

1997 – Spencer Gulf, South Australia

The sun's rays through the wheelhouse window signalled the end of an active night's fishing, and the prawn trawler Skipper was tired. It had been hard work keeping his eyes on the sea and the boat on the fish, while dodging oncoming traffic. There had been the usual trawlers fighting for the hot-shot, mine-fields of crab-pot buoys, steamers loaded with grain, Chinese iron-ore freighters, occasional fisheries compliance boats and communication-update notices. Now it was time to find shelter and rest. The Skipper targetted a safe anchorage in a sheltered bay, protected from the south-westerly sea breezes where there would be no chance of dragging anchor while asleep.

The boat was steaming in with the Skipper comfortable at the wheelhouse controls and a coffee mug in hand, feet on the dash, eyes on the plotter, and the not too distant shore looming ahead.

He had set the auto pilot so that he could steam on a safe course to his favourite anchorage. He put his hot coffee on the dash and stood to do a quick check of the boat's workings. The crew were shaking the nets and scrubbing the back deck and in the galley the cook of the day was knocking up a squid and potatoe salad. The skipper quickly checked the engine room, then climbed back into the wheel house, and settled into his seat while reclaiming the still steaming coffee.

Exhausted and content, his head nodded and he was asleep. Fortunately, the course was sound and the boat passed safely between trawlers at anchor toward the sheltered bay and the white line of its beach. smash. Suddenly, the coffee cup slipped from the Skipper's hand onto the wheelhouse floor. The Skipper was startled and peered between his feet perched on the dash with wide open eyes to a view of the wide sandy beach that filled the wheelhouse windows. The soft sandy shore had shallowed so gradually that it was only the sound off the falling cup that had alerted the skipper to the fact that his boat was grounded, with its nose rested on the gently sloping shore.

The Skipper leapt up off his chair and onto his feet. The engine was at full revs and the sound of the prop spinning gave the impression that the boat was still steaming at ten knots through the sea. Why weren't the crew alarmed? No calls or shouts? He pulled the throttle back, and put the engine out of gear while looking out over the deck to where the crew were, still happily cleaning the nets and scrubbing away.

“Can’t you see we have run aground?” he yelled. They looked up with confused and then surprised expressions as they realised that they were stationary against the looming shore. The crew nervously approached the Skipper as he commanded their full attention. They regrouped on the bow with the aqua shallows under their nose and quickly realised that the tide was on its way in to rescue them. There would be no problems backing off. In just a few hours, they would be off on the morning tide. With sheepish smiles and time on their hands, they sat down to a leisurely breakfast of squid and potato salad.

Squid and Potato Salad

1 Kg squid (cleaned)

1 Kg potatoes

1 Spanish onion

Vinegar

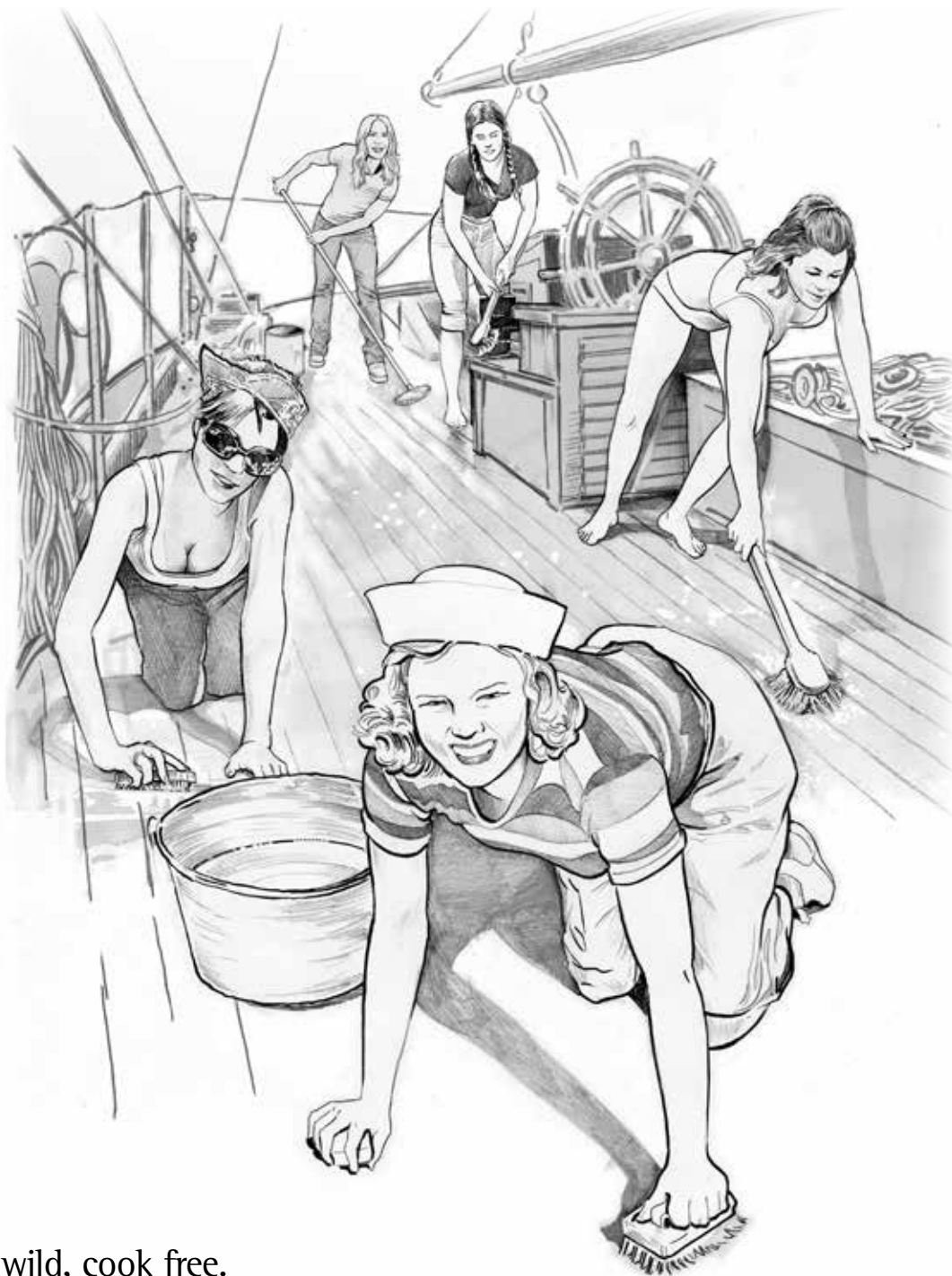
Olive oil

Method

Boil the squid.

Boil the potatoes until cooked through. Peel potato and dice the potatoes and squid. Pour over olive oil and vinegar, with salt and pepper to taste.

Seafaring and nutritional tips:



Cook wild, cook free.

Refrain from swearing in the galley. Language is nutrition, so keep it clean.

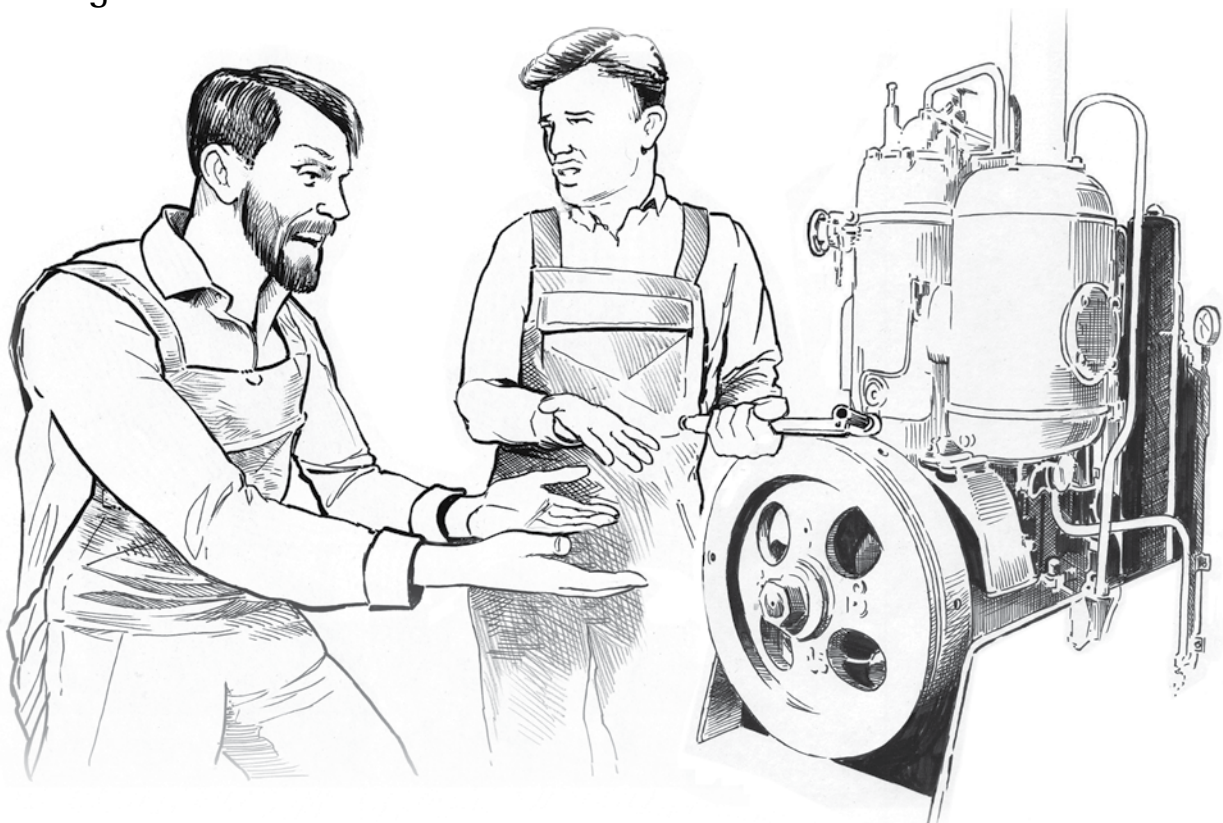
Vitamin C keeps scurvy at bay. Before this discovery, one of the suggested cures was to increase the sailors' workload, in the belief that the disease was caused by indolence and sloth, so the poor souls were forever scrubbing the deck when a fruit cocktail with an extra squeeze of lime would've done the trick.

E.g; rum, lemon, lime, fresh mint, and mineral water.

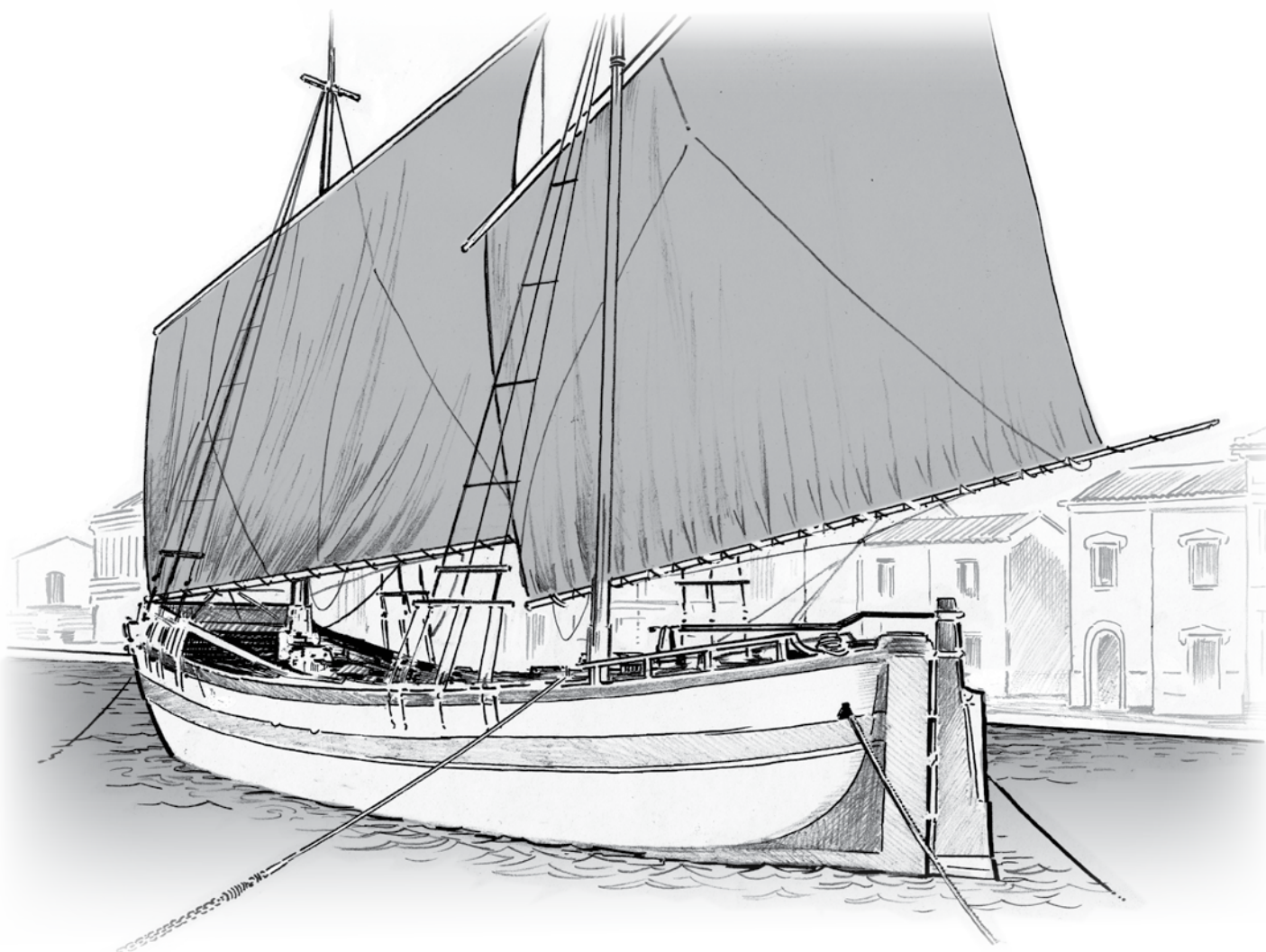
Note – small doses are best as too much rum or fruits and the cure can be as deadly as the disease.



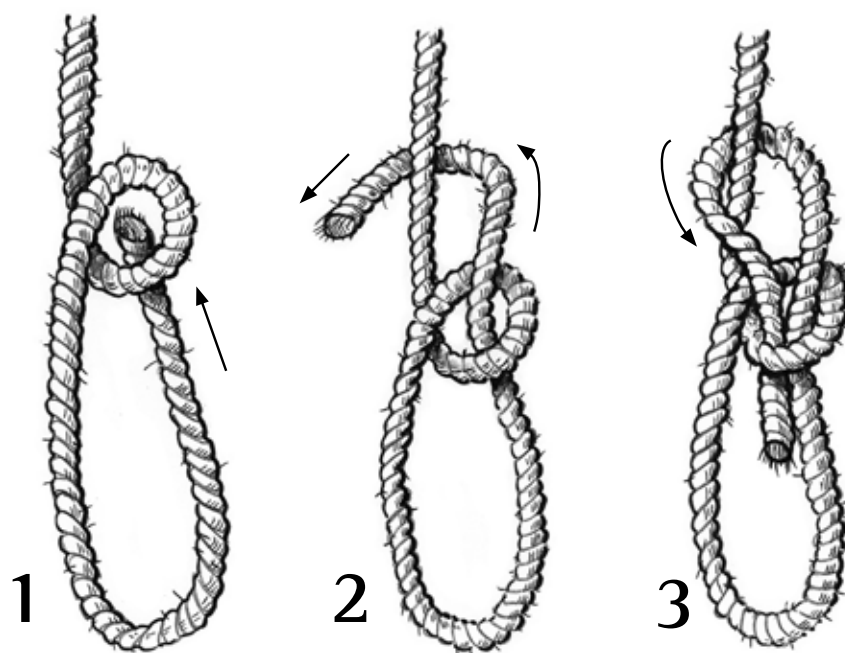
When smoke descends, good weather ends. This is due to a change in atmospheric pressure and moisture before a storm, which is the probable cause of many engine room arguments; as due to the humidity the old hot bulb diesel engines were harder to start. Also, in the village or in the konoba, there may have been swearing and cursing due to the old cooking stove refusing to start.



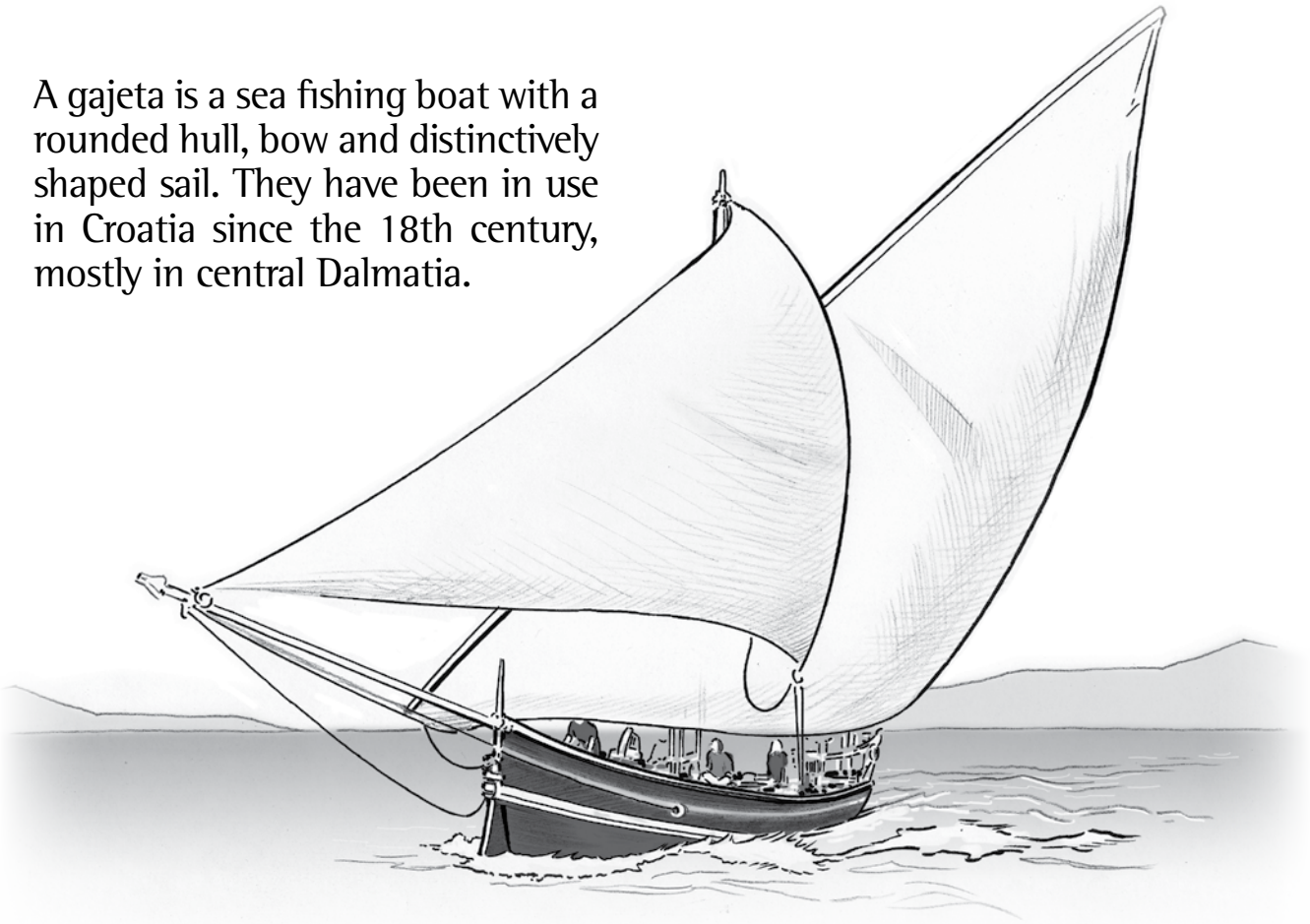
A trabakul is a type of Adriatic Sea sailing coaster. The name comes from the word trabacca, which means a tent, which resembles the vessels sails.



The Bowline knot is very useful. It makes a good eye for mooring and is easy to undo.



A gajeta is a sea fishing boat with a rounded hull, bow and distinctively shaped sail. They have been in use in Croatia since the 18th century, mostly in central Dalmatia.



Seafarers should always be quick to respond to distress flares. Orange distress flares carry the same meaning as red flares; but are designed to be used in daylight, as they are easier to see than red flares due to the billowing clouds of orange smoke that are made.



A Good Luck Charm

1984 – Spencer Gulf, South Australia

There's an art to cooking prawns on deck during a storm.

One of the many fisherman and classic characters I've worked on deck with, *The Real McCoy* from an old fishing village, was clever in many ways – but also a bit naive.

He knew the weather, he knew the sea and he was a master net mender. But there were some things this old salt just didn't quite get.

One thing was how he would always worry that the electric cooker was a conductor so a lightning bolt could sizzle him during a storm.

To calm him, I always reassured him that he had nothing to worry about as long as he was wearing rubber boots to insulate himself. However, I added that he should probably also wear a rubber glove on his head under his beanie just in case for further protection.

He never asked me to explain the science, but he took it on. From that day it was usual to see the fingers of a green rubber glove protruding from his beanie during a storm, and a knowing smile on his face.

Ultimately, I don't think he ever actually believed me, but he loved the story. And so it became a humorous tradition and a good luck charm to protect him.

That image always makes me laugh in the face of a storm.

Lesò Meso

3 pieces of gravy beef
3 pieces of osso bucco
3 carrots
1 parsnip
1 swede
1 turnip
2 onions quartered
2 tomatoes
2 potatoes – peeled and quartered
3 stalks of celery including leaves
salt, pepper

Method:

1. Half fill a stockpot with water.
2. Wash meat in cold water and place into stockpot with all peeled vegetables.
3. Simmer for one and a half hours until the meat is tender.
4. Skim the top of the water when required.
5. Add salt and pepper to taste.
6. Remove meat and vegetables and place on a serving plate.
7. Pour stock into a separate pot. This will later be used for soup.

Soup

1. Place boiled tomatoes, celery and onions through a sieve.
2. Add one teaspoon of tomato paste.
3. Add noodles with salt and pepper to taste.
4. When noodles are al dente, serve soup with crusty bread.

The Entrepreneur

1926 - 1929

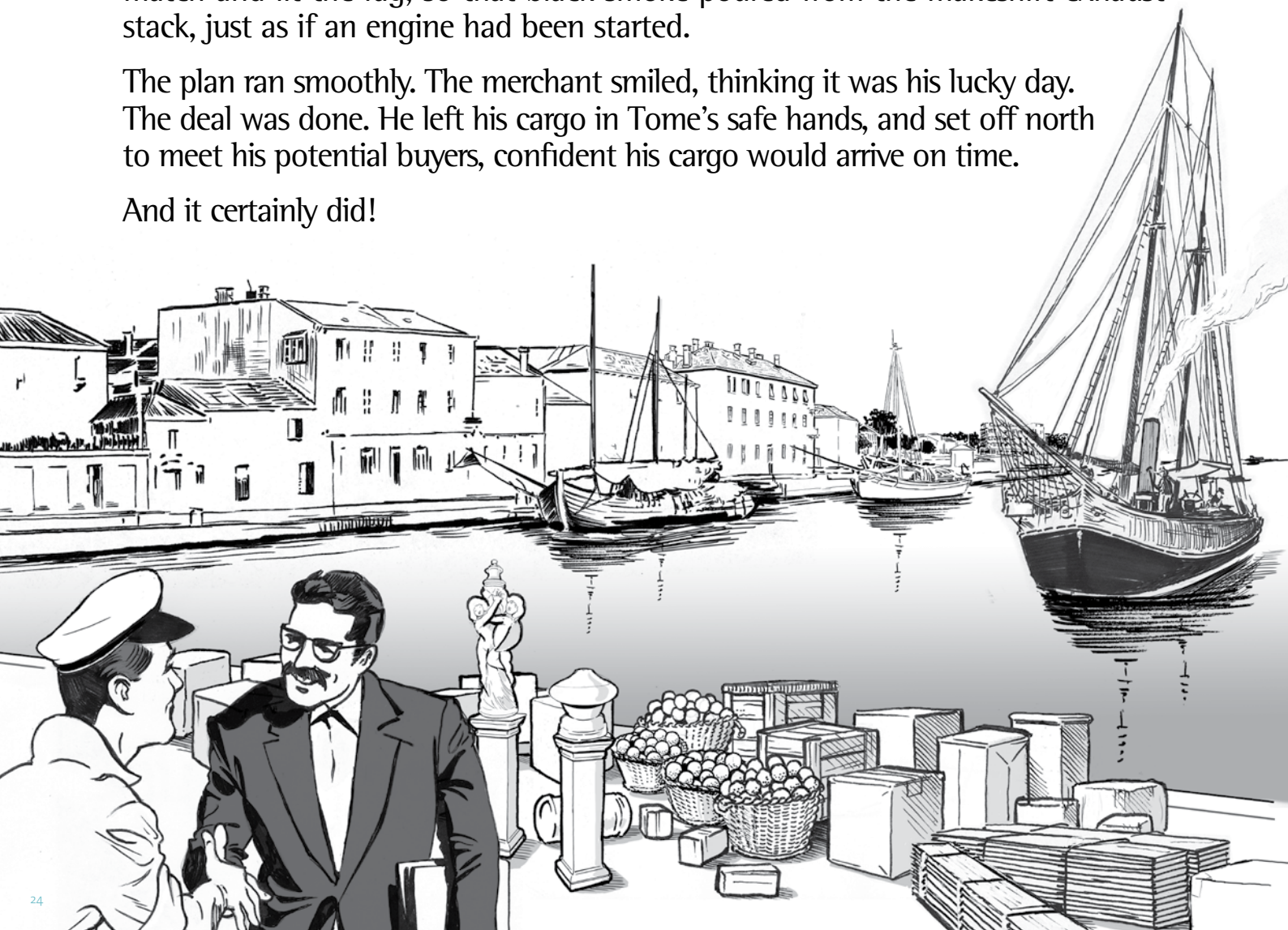
Growing up in a small trading village, as a young man Tome not only learned his boat handling skills and the safe loading and unloading of cargo, he also learned the trade routes, the wheeling and dealing, and the tricks of the trade. The competition was tough, and when talking to merchants, you had to be quick and use your wits, if you were to win a prize cargo.

One day, alongside the loading wharf in Sibenik, a passing merchant was looking for a suitable boat to take his load of fine timbers and ornamental castings to a trading post in the north. Tome had heard whispers that the man was not interested in a sailing boat - he was in a hurry, and wanted to talk to the captain of a power driven vessel. Tome's entrepreneurial mind fired up. Before approaching the man, he gave his crew some instructions, of which the last few were: "When you see me talking to the merchant, and you see me take my notebook out of my pocket and tap the tip of my cap, you go and start the engine".

In the early days, Tome's boat had no engine. Instead, he had instructed his crewmen to quickly fix the smoke stack from the barbeque to the stern of the boat, and pack it with an oily rag. When the crew saw the sign, they struck a match and lit the rag, so that black smoke poured from the makeshift exhaust stack, just as if an engine had been started.

The plan ran smoothly. The merchant smiled, thinking it was his lucky day. The deal was done. He left his cargo in Tome's safe hands, and set off north to meet his potential buyers, confident his cargo would arrive on time.

And it certainly did!



Sarma

1 pickled cabbage head
200 g minced pork
200 g prime beef mince
3 kransky sausages (plain)
3 bacon bones
1 small tin crushed tomatoes
1 cup rice
1 tsp chopped parsley
1 tsp oregano
Salt and pepper
1 egg
1/2 fresh cabbage
1 bottle tomato puree

Method:

Filling:

Mix together mince, tomato, oregano, parsley, salt, pepper, egg and rice.

Rolls:

Separate pickled cabbage leaves.

Rinse in warm water.

Fill leaf with dessertspoon of filling.

Wrap and secure with toothpick.

Repeat this process.

Cooking:

Line a large saucepan with sliced fresh cabbage.

Place cabbage rolls on top with sliced kransky and bacon bones.

Pour over puree and water until rolls are covered.

Bring to boil, and then simmer for two hours.

Stir occasionally.

Rest for fifteen minutes.

Serve with mashed potatoes.

Can be frozen.

On the Northern Run, the typical local Sarma – known as Arambasici – does not include rice, the meat is diced rather than minced, and is spiced with lemon, cinnamon, cloves and muscat nuts. Sarma in Dalmacija is cooked in a pot with dried pork, prosciutto or sausages.

Respect the Cook

1975 – Great Australian Bight, South Australia

On a pitching and rolling, cramped and confined fishing boat with a team of hungry blokes. On the job day and night and home cooking is waves away. Here, there is respect for the sea, those around you and the food that powers the crew. Watch the sea. Hold your place. Give your shipmates their space. Respect the cook.

It's a fine day, mid-summer tuna fishing season, on the grounds east of the gateway to the Great Australian Bite. Between Rocky Island and the Cabbage Patch, a gun tuna boat skipper lands his boat on a lively patch of Southern Blue Fin. The school of fish are spotted mid- morning by a keen eyed spotter high in the crows-nest.

It's been a good days poleing with about forty tonne of big fish in the hold. The hydraulic poleing machines do a lot of the work but it's the burly crew that really sweat it out, poleing the pulsating fish and chumming sardines to keep the patch of tuna frenzied and feeding – and then clearing the fish off the deck down into freezing brine spray in the hold.

As the fish are cleared there are cries of "Hoopala Hoopala!" (A local version of the old whalers' cry, "There she blows!"), and the crew pole more tuna onto the deck.

Then the frenzy ends. The day's poleing is done and the deck is cleared and scrubbed. Poles are stowed and waders and jackets are washed and hung to dry. The crew sits on deck, relaxed, laughing and reflecting on both the successes and mishaps of the day.

From the galley wafts the smell of the well-deserved late lunch bubbling away in the pot. Its a tradional European bean and pasta dish (Fazol i Manestra) flavoured with bacon bones and pork trotters. The tough, old and seasoned cook has been around. Like all cooks he is tough and sensible with an all-important sentimental streak. He enjoys teaching the crew new tricks and sharing a story or two.

The cook had been poling and chumming all day but had left the deck early to prepare lunch in the galley. A waft of the rich and simmering soup rides the salted air and is sucked into the excited nostrils of the Skipper. The Skipper shoots a look at the source of the delicious smell. He is still so excited about his prize catch that he momentarily forgets that, while cooking, the Cook is boss and the galley and food belongs to him.

He sneaks around the side of the boat between the bulwark and the galley, peeps into the open port-hole and sees the cook facing away toward the back deck and his hungry patrons still chatting and waiting for the cook to ring the bell and ladle the soup.

The skipper sees the pot full of hocks and beans. It is so close he can hear the bubbling sauce. He can't wait any longer. He slips his hand through the open porthole and plucks a saucy trotter from the pot. From the corner of his eye, the cook notes a reflection flicker onto the galley door. He turns to see the skipper about to sink his teeth into the forbidden treat.

The cook, who up until now has been whistling merrily along with the pot, experiences a mood swing. His eyes flash with shock, disbelief then anger. 'You no respect the cook! I show you no respect the cook!' He shouts. He slowly pulls on his oven gloves as the skipper watches frozen and powerless. The cook picks up the pot, glares at the skipper then runs onto the deck past the startled crew and tips it over the side into the sea. "You want to catch some of my food you can go jump in the sea with some sharks and catch how much you want". The cook storms back into the galley and the deck is silent.

Someone mutters, "Toast for dinner."

Fazol i Manestra

300g borlotti or red beans

3 pieces of smoked ribs

2 smoked pork hocks

200g penne pasta

1 diced onion

1 diced or grated carrot

1 tbs tomato paste

A small amount of parsley (finely chopped)

Salt and pepper to taste

Method:

Soak beans overnight.

In a large saucepan, place ribs and hocks and bring to the boil for half an hour. Drain and repeat the process.

Add fresh water and cover ribs and hocks. Drain the beans and add to the saucepan along with the carrot. Cook for one hour. Add more water if needed.

Check to see if meat is cooked and add pasta, parsley, salt and pepper.

Cook until pasta is ready and soup has thickened.

A Smile and a Song

1954

After sailing down the coast with a load of timber and tobacco, Tome moored the boat in a sheltered marina below the towering and magnificent stone block walls of Dubrovnik. Tome ventured into the market to pick up some fish for that night's pot, leaving Davor crouched in the dinghy bailing water. Davor was approached by a flustered looking woman and her young daughter. The woman, seeing the dinghy's oars in place, explained how they had missed their boat ride to the nearby island of Lockrum and offered to pay Davor if he would row them to their destination. Davor, with time on his hands and seeking entertainment, considered this a reasonable request. It seemed an easy way to make some money and would help relieve the boredom.

"Ok," said Davor. "Climb aboard."

The woman climbed onboard. The dinghy rocked and lurched and Davor suddenly realized that maybe this was not such a good idea. Davor had not realized just how heavy a woman he had invited on board. She was enormous. "How will I explain to Tome if we sink?" thought Davor. They rocked and rolled as Davor rowed to the island as carefully as he could. When the dinghy finally nudged up onto the sandy beach and the dangerous cargo was delivered, there was a sigh of relief. With a smile and a song, he rowed back to the boat. Tome was none the wiser.



Brudet (Fish Stew)

8 pieces of Snapper (or firm fish of choice)
8 Spencer Gulf King prawns – deveined and peeled
6 medium squid cleaned and chopped
4 blue swimmer crabs cleaned and halved
8 potatoes peeled and thinly sliced
2 medium tins of whole peeled tomatoes
3 onions diced
1 handful of chopped parsley
Salt and pepper to taste
Half a cup of vinegar
Half a cup of good white wine
A good splash of olive oil

Method:

1. Fry the onions till soft and translucent in the olive oil – use a large heavy pot with a lid.
2. Add a layer of peeled tomatoes.
3. Add a layer of sliced potatoes.
4. Add a layer of sea food and chopped parsley.
5. Repeat steps 2 to 4 two more times - reserving the crabs for the last layer.
6. Add white wine and vinegar.
7. Simmer on the stove for 45 minutes with the lid on.

Mum's Pasta Sauce

1 kilo gravy beef (cubed)	2 large tins of crushed tomato
2 beef osso bucco	1 cup of water
4 onions (finely chopped)	1 teaspoon of brown sugar
1 red capsicum (finely chopped)	Salt and pepper
Parsley	Oregano and basil (2 teaspoons each)
1 cup of red wine	Olive oil to cover the bottom of pan

Method:

Sauté the onion, capsicum and parsley.

Add meat and brown.

Pour in wine and water, then let simmer for half an hour with lid on.

Stir regularly, add water if required.

Stir in tinned tomatoes.

Cook on low heat for 50 minutes.

Add salt, pepper, sugar, basil and oregano.

Serve with your choice of pasta.

Galley Salad

6 medium ripe tomatoes
3 cucumbers
1 red onion
3 white shallots
Half a cup of olive oil
Quarter a cup of vinegar
Salt to taste
Freshly ground pepper

Method:

1. Wash tomatoes and cut into wedges.
2. Peel and slice the cucumbers.
3. Drop into a salad bowl.
4. Peel, wash and chop the onions and shallots.
5. Add the salt, pepper, vinegar and oil.
6. Toss gently and serve.

Fig salad

8 figs quartered
125 grams of Goats Cheese
1 lime
A splash of balsamic vinegar
Olive oil

Method:

1. Arrange the figs on a plate.
2. Mix the juice of the lime, the oil and vinegar.
3. Drizzle over the figs.
4. Crumble the cheese over the figs.

Cabbage Salad

1 large cabbage
Olive oil
Vinegar
Salt
Pepper

Method:

1. Chop the cabbage in half and then finely chop the cabbage – wafer thin.
2. Place in bowl and pour over olive oil and then vinegar.
3. Salt and pepper to taste.

Double Cooked Spinach

1 bunch spinach
2 potatoes
3 cloves garlic
A good splash of olive oil

Method:

1. Wash spinach, peel and cube potatoes.
2. Boil spinach and potatoes.
3. Drain.
4. Chop up garlic, cook in olive oil.
5. Add spinach and potatoes and stir into garlic and olive oil.
6. Finish with salt, pepper and an extra splash of olive oil.

One of my favourite songs to play on the ukulele is 'Večeras Je Naša Fešta' meaning 'Tonight is our Festival.'

During the summertime, along the Adriatic coast, each town holds a festival to honour their patron saint. I love the story that Davor tells of one summer when Tome got a job transporting a carousel to these coastal towns during the festival season. The carousel was to be loaded in Zadar and transported across a narrow straight to Tome's home island of Pašman, and other islands in the beautiful Zadar archipelago. Transporting a carousel by sea is not easy work. Through Davor's young eyes, the magical machine seemed huge and complicated. Assisting in this work were the carousel owners, a local husband and wife team and their assistant. This carnival crew would unload and erect the carousel in each festival town. The contraption would spin lovers, thrill-seekers and screaming children for two days before it was packed up and delivered to the next town.

Davor loved to see the carousel being built, and then, when it was powered into life, he laughed with joy at the sounds of the put-tut-tut of the single cylinder engine and the noisy meshing of cogs and gears. These sounds would mix with the rhythms of singing and dancing, and all around would be the delicious smells of village food - lamb on the spit, sardines on hot coals, wood oven pot roast, corn on the cob, pancakes and to top it off - fireworks!



Peka

1 shoulder of veal – cut into pieces
8 potatoes peeled and halved
6 onions peeled and halved
Salt
Pepper
Paprika
2 bay leaves
Olive oil

Method:

1. Rub the veal pieces with salt, pepper and paprika and olive oil.
2. Arrange all ingredients in a large baking pan.
3. Place the bell lid on, cook for two hours wood oven style with hot coals surrounding the pan and on the lid.

One of the most popular meals in Croatia's Dalmatia region is Peka – a blend of vegetables and meat drizzled with olive oil, sprinkled with herbs, and then baked to perfection under a bell like dome.

Fritule

3 cups of SR flour
3 eggs
1/4 cup vanilla sugar
1 grated lemon peel
1 grated orange Peel
1 grated apple
2 tspns of Rakija/Vodka
2 tspns of Rum
3/4 cup of sultanas
Approx 1 cup of milk

Mix together with a wooden spoon until air bubbles appear and the mixture is thicker and elastic (not runny).

Spoon dough into hot oil, roll fritule in oil until even caramel colour, remove fritule from oil and place on paper towel, when ready to serve sprinkle with icing sugar.

A Toaster on the Seafloor

1990 – Spencer Gulf, South Australia

Keep an eye on the sea, no swearing in the galley, restrict the use of modal verbs and reset the toaster to zero once your toast is done. These are strict codes of practice on board my boat. New crew and visitors alike are reminded of these fundamental rules. The conditions of toaster use seem trite to new hands, until they learn the history of the rule and understand the place a toaster holds in the rich folklore of the boat.

One night, while trawling, the crew busy on deck, sorting and packing prawns from the previous shot's haul, I climbed down from the wheelhouse and entered the galley to prepare my dawn breakfast of coffee and toast. I slotted the last two slices of my favourite sourdough into the toaster and climbed back up to the wheelhouse to check the controls.

Lost in concentration, I was reminded of my breakfast by the smell of burning toast and steeping coffee. In my early days as skipper, I could be nervous, short tempered and rash. I was embarrassed and angry about my failure to check the toaster's settings so soon after training the crew.

Although I suspected that I had been the victim of the boat's practical joker, my temper flared. A sharp right jab slammed the toaster into the wall. White light flashed and black smoke streamed from the toaster. I had tripped the vessel's main circuit breaker. The crew working on the deck were plunged into the semi darkness of a grey dawn as all the power went down. Confusion. I met the engineer half way to the engine room.

'The power's out, what happened?' He asked.

'There's been some sort of electrical overload,' I replied. 'Go and check the main circuit breaker.' As the engineer scampered off, I seized the opportunity to hide the evidence of my rage. Quickly, I made my way to the galley, seized the crushed toaster and ran it to the deck where I hurled it into the sea. Now I could calmly explain that I had cleverly traced the source of the power failure to the faulty toaster and disposed of it in the heavy wears bin. Nobody would know the difference.

With the power restored and the crew back on their regular duties, the incident was soon forgotten. After trawling the nets for another twenty minutes, the winches were activated and a nice haul of gulf prawns flowed softly from the cod end of the net onto the sorting table. Then the starboard side was hauled and emptied in the same manner, but from this side, there was a strange metallic sound and then a rattling ding. A shiny object was dangling from the tray.

'What's that shiny dented box holding two blackened squares?' The truth behind the blackout had surfaced with the toaster. I held a stern, serious face as the crew rolled with laughter.

Toast!

Vegemite on Toast

Cheese on Toast

French Toast

Baked Beans on Toast

Prawn Toast

Tomatoes on Toast

Jam on Toast

Dry White Toast

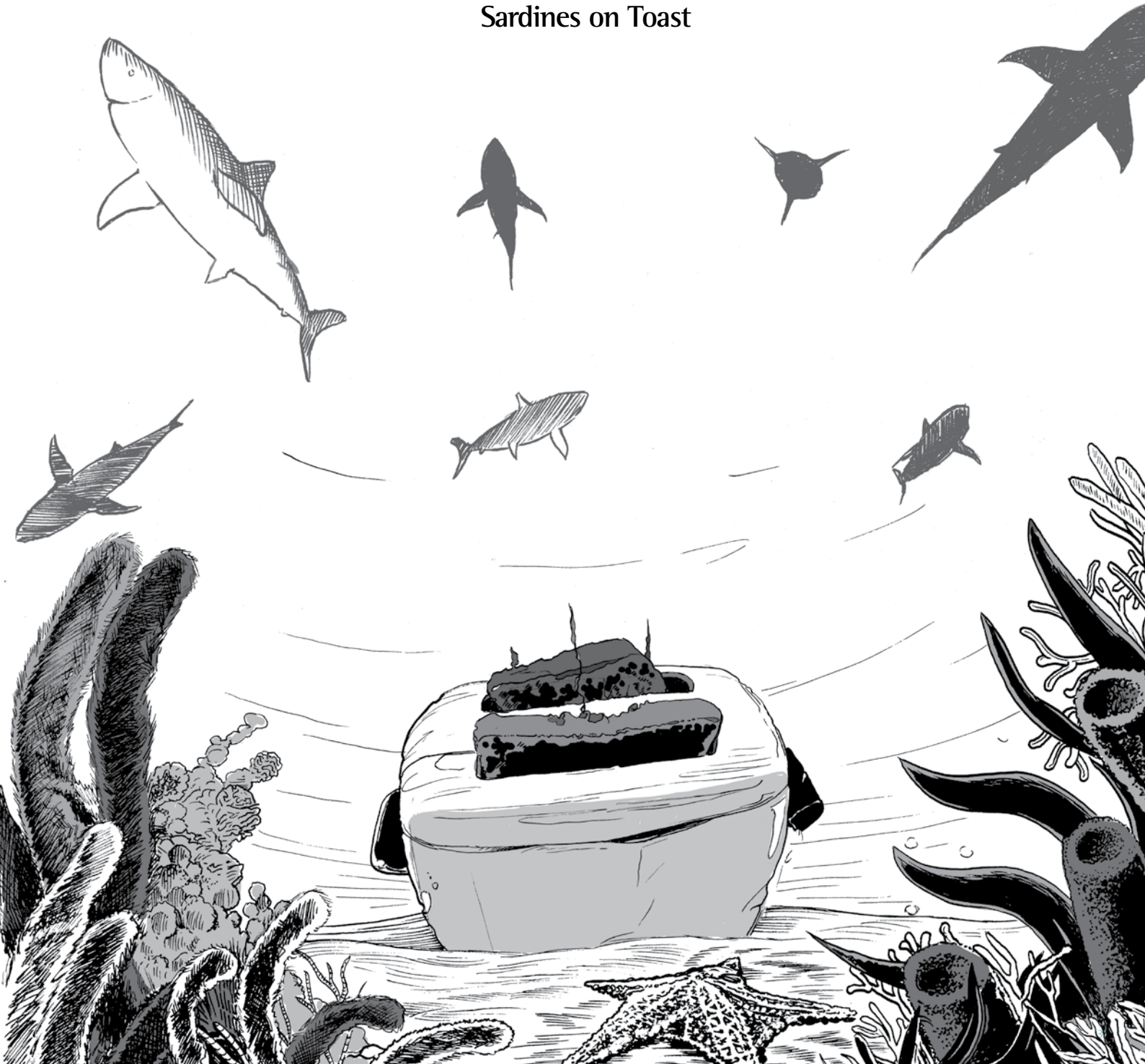
Marmalade on Toast

Toast Fingers

Raisin Toast

Toasted Sandwich

Sardines on Toast



Biography

Peter Tudorovic was born and grew up in Adelaide, Australia. He attended Rostrevor College and went on to study fishing technology and operations at the Australian Maritime College.

Peter's early life and view of the world around him was shaped by a rich tapestry of people and events. Storytelling was a mainstay and he was drawn in by these tales from the Australian outback and cities. However, his driving passion always returned him to the sea.

Skippering his family's seasonal prawn trawler for most of his career enabled him to pursue adventures similar to those he had been hearing about his whole life. His pursuits include finding interesting pubs, bike riding, playing the ukelele and... finding more interesting pubs.

This lifelong passion for stories gave Peter the inspiration for the book "The Cargo Run". His father's colourful stories about life as a deckhand on the family cargo boat along the Dalmatian coastline serve as the backbone of the book. These days Peter's time is divided between the boat wheelhouse while out catching a prize cargo of wild king prawns and then spending parts of the off season in Croatia. He enjoys retracing "The Cargo Run" by boat, taking time out in some of the most beautiful Dalmatian ports along the way.

"Homer's Odyssey is about a long, much-diverted voyage home from Troy to Ithaca. Odysseus' homecoming and the setting to rights of his household and land is where the odyssey ends. However, Tennyson, in his poem 'Ulysses', wrote:

*I am part of all that I have met;
Yet all the experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untavell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move
– Ulysses by Tennyson*

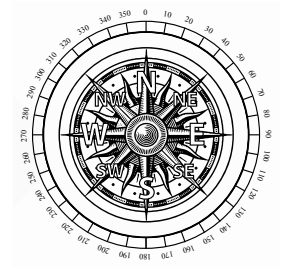
The poem suggests that a homecoming, and living happily ever after, is not really the end of the story. Tennyson was not the first to have wondered whether if, once you have tasted the excitement of travel, you can ever truly go home again. Yet it is always home I dream of when I'm away, and it gives me that comfortable feeling of being where I love to be..."

– Rick Stein's Seafood Odyssey

Dalmatian cuisine embodies the ideal of elegance in simplicity. Focus on allowing the natural quality and nutritional value of ingredients to shine. The simplicity and economy of approach is I believe the cornerstone of its charm. You will notice however that exact measurements for many ingredients are simply not given. Those who find this an impassable obstacle should perhaps not be trusted to prepare food since they cannot trust themselves.

– Dalmatian Cooking
by John J. Goddard

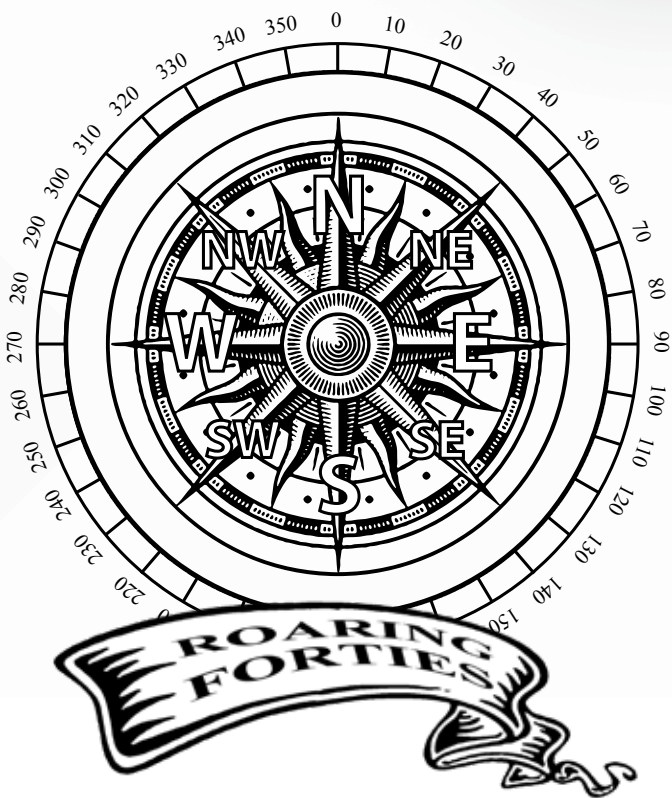
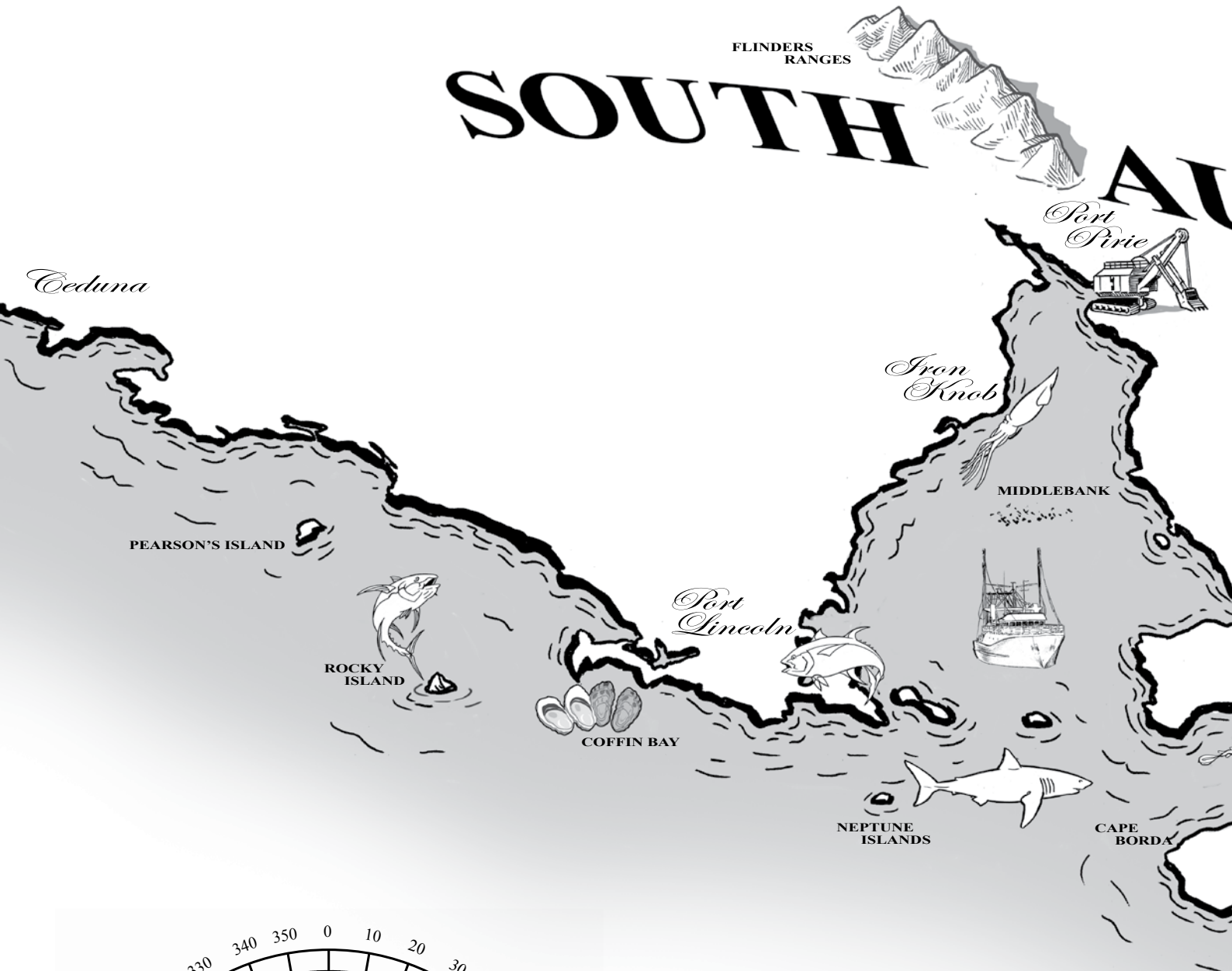
Peter's cooking is often described as clumsy but dignified...



Roaring Forties

The traditional name for the steady blast of westerly winds (prevailing westerlies) over land and ocean – but mostly the ocean – 40-50° South latitude. (There are similar winds in the north but more land to get in the way and slow them down). Further south still lie the 'furious fifties' and the 'screaming sixties'. The waters in this zone are routinely excited by cyclones born along the polar front.

These winds played a major role in the exploration of our region centuries ago. Many of the landfalls and shipwrecks on the coast of Western Australia were the result of sailors riding the winds east and leaving it too late to turn north for the Spice Islands.



AUSTRALIA

