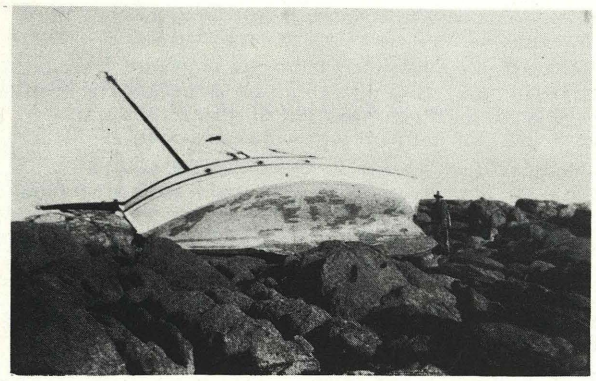
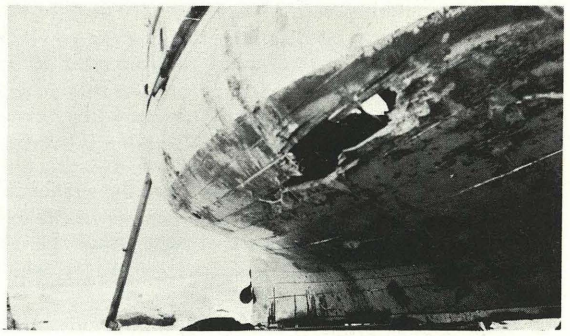


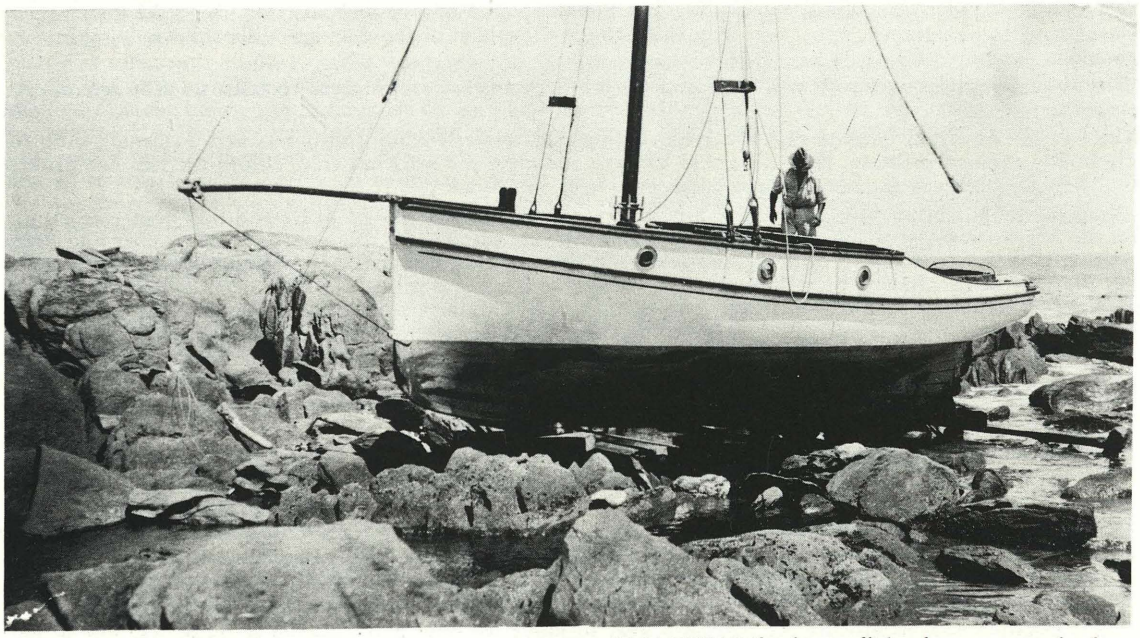
"MALUKA" ashore on Cape Conran.

*Photo courtesy G. & W. Clark.*



"MALUKA"—hole in starboard side.

*Photo courtesy G. & W. Clark.*



"MALUKA" (keel cut off) back on an even keel.

*Photo courtesy G. & W. Clark.*

coast appeared to be setting west to east. We could not credit that we were ashore, except along the New South Wales coast. After consulting the charts we were still no wiser.

It was then decided that Willie should stay with Sep. and that George should set out to get assistance. It seemed an unenviable expedition, as dense ti-tree scrub lay inland and only sand hills could be seen along the coast. He provided himself with some cake and biscuits and the small spirit compass, but in what direction to start was very debatable. A long walk seemed inevitable, but he decided not to return without assistance.

It was surely good fortune (intuition) that led him through the scrub to a camp about a quarter of a mile away. A man and his wife and brother were spending their Christmas holidays in this lonely spot, and it was a great relief to us all that help was so near at hand.

We soon had Sep. under cover beside a big fire, and now out of danger, and after a meal of some hot soup we were all in very much better spirits.

These people proved to be Bob Steed, his wife and brother Jack, and we will ever have a deep sense of gratitude towards them. They told us we had landed at Cape Conran on the Victorian coast, some twelve miles from Marlo, the nearest township, and about 90 miles west of Cape Howe. At the time we could not credit this information, even taking into consideration the most abnormal adverse currents. We had steered a course to clear Gabo Island by at least fifty miles eastward and found ourselves 150 miles S.W. of our estimated position.

This was a shock to our navigation, as on our previous cruises we had always been very accurate on our course, both by dead reckoning and by observation.

Our first consideration was to obtain a conveyance to get our patient into Marlo, where he could have medical care, and with this object in view, George and Bob Steed set out to walk the twelve miles to Marlo. The walk, however, proved too strenuous for George in his exhausted condition, but Bob Steed eventually got through and returned that evening with a dray and two draught horses.

The track to Marlo was through low-lying ti-tree country and for half the distance was under water after the abnormal rains, the district having received over 20 ins. during the two previous days.

The next morning we made Sep. as comfortable as possible on a spring mattress in the dray, and George and William accompanied him with the driver to the township.

The morning cleared with bright sunshine. It was hard going for the horses and we travelled very slowly, the water often coming over the hub of the wheels. This locality has a reputation of being infested with black snakes, mosquitoes and flies. The last mentioned turned up in myriads and tormented us the whole way.

On arriving at the Hotel at Marlo, a member of the Royal Life Saving Society of Victoria, who happened to be staying there, took over the care of Seppy until the doctor arrived in the afternoon.

Marlo is situated at the mouth of the Snowy River, which was in heavy flood, cutting off communication by road to Orbost, a distance of twelve miles.

We eventually arranged for a doctor to be brought down from Orbost by launch.

Our patient now being under medical care, George and William arranged to return to the boat with a faint hope of salvaging her.

After a refreshing bath and a hot meal we were able to hire some saddle horses, and returned to the camp that evening carrying a good supply of fresh provisions and a few tools.

The next morning, the 29th December, we surveyed the possibilities of refloating the "Maluka". She was lying with a heavy list on her starboard side, about four lengths from a small channel where there was sufficient water to float her at high tide. Between, however, lay big, uneven rocks and the task with the facilities available appeared to be almost impossible. There was a small hole in her side (48 ins. x 12 ins.) which would have to be patched, but it was impossible to see the extent of the damage while she was lying in this position.

We talked the matter over with Bob Steed and his brother and they volunteered to assist us in an attempt to refloat her.

The weather now had become fine and calm, with a light easterly wind and it was very evident, owing to the boat's exposed position, that we would have to complete the work quickly, before the weather broke. Our first problem was to raise the boat on an even keel, but how?

Along the shore, about three-quarters of a mile, a considerable quantity of driftwood had been washed up on the beach, amongst which was some bridge decking very suitable for our purpose. This timber had been portion of a bridge that had been washed down the Snowy River during the 1934 flood. It was heavy work for the four of us carrying these logs over the rocks and sand and it took the best part of the day getting three of them alongside the boat. Using one of these unwieldy logs as a lever and with a guy with tackle from the masthead, we managed to raise the boat about a foot, when it became apparent that it would be impossible to raise her any further by this means. We now decided to cut off the two feet of deadwood and lead keel. This proved to be an awkward task, as we had to cut a gap in the wood between the 16 1-in. bolts to enable us to use a hack-saw to cut through the fastenings. This work was accomplished quickly and effectively, only by the fact that our friends were both skilled axemen.

As the deadwood was removed, sleepers were placed under the keel to take the weight. Continuing with our lever, and the tackle on the mast, the boat was eventually raised to a vertical position and held there by using the runners as guys on either side.

Luckily, there was a coil of heavy galvanised fencing wire at the camp, left there by a fisherman for making crayfish pots, and we used this wire instead of rope on the end of the guys to prevent friction by the waves at high tide. The prospects of a successful salvage were now more hopeful, but we realised that calm weather was such an important factor, and that the completion of the work would have to be done quickly.

It was essential now to procure the necessary gear to move the boat and material to patch the hole in her side, also to get other help as the Steed Brothers had to return to their work.

With this object in view, George decided to walk to Marlo. It proved a painful journey, as his feet were covered with festering sores from cuts from the rocks. However, he was able to get through that night, and on arrival there secured the services of two good men, one Fred Joiner, who proved an excellent man for the job. When it was explained to him what gear was required, he immediately set to work and finally secured all that was necessary for the work in hand. They returned to Cape Conran that evening with a horse and dray. George brought out many letters and telegrams from our friends in Sydney, which were very encouraging and inspired us to further effort. We also had the good news that Sep. was progressing favourably at the hospital in Orbost.

The following morning we set to work patching the hole in the boat. This was done by nailing some lining boards over the hole to give support to a canvas patch tacked closely round the edges and waterproofed by tar, and this patch subsequently proved absolutely water-tight.

It was most fortunate that the weather had remained calm up to this time, but a heavy bank of clouds was forming to the S.W., indicating that a change would shortly break from that direction.

The boat was now ready for launching, and it was most essential that we should have to float her without delay.

All the loose fittings, gear and ballast had been removed from the boat to lighten her as much as possible. George had managed to get the engine in running order. The only damage it had sustained, although it had been completely submerged when we first went ashore, was a broken distributor head and rotor. These were successfully patched with string and wire, and fresh oil was put in the sump.

It was necessary to move the boat back about four lengths where she would float at high tide. To do this we attached one end of the forest devil to a rock, well out in the surf, with six strands of heavy fencing wire, the other end was secured to the boat in a similar way, using bagging to protect the bow. It was in the afternoon of the 2nd January we first attempted to move her, but we had many reverses and delays, as the strain on the gear was too severe and kept breaking, and our prospects of salvage were not very hopeful, as by nightfall, she had only been moved a few feet. This was due to the keel resting on pieces of softwood. It was now decided to renew our efforts at daylight, when we would have a receding tide in our favour. The weather conditions gave us a good deal of anxiety at this time, as the heavy bank of clouds had reappeared to the south-west and we knew if the weather should break, all our efforts would have been in vain. During the night we could hear the ominous breakers on the rocks, sounding as if a heavy swell had set in. The next morning, the 3rd January, just a week after the "Maluka" had gone ashore, we were on the scene of operations at daylight. We now replaced the supports under the keel with hardwood, and using plenty of grease we were able to move the boat without undue strain on our gear.

By midday we had moved the "Maluka" to a position where the high tide would float her. To keep her upright we relied entirely on the guys to the mast, which had to be frequently moved and carefully watched to prevent any undue strain. Our greatest difficulty was in packing a solid foundation for the sleepers on the uneven rocks over which she moved.

To keep the boat from bumping with the rising tide we filled her with water up to the base of the engine. We also placed out anchor lines on either side of the narrow channel in which we intended to hold her, in order to put on the propeller and rudder, as these would have been subject to damage in her present position. About 2 p.m. the critical time had arrived when she started to lift to the surf. Quick action was now necessary and each man concentrated on his particular job. The water was quickly pumped out of the bilge, the guys freed, and with all straining on the anchor lines we brought her head to sea in the channel. The propeller was screwed on and the engine was started, but it was impossible to fix the rudder in place, as the surge was too great. By using the gaff as a rudder it was a very joyous moment when we realised the "Maluka" was really steaming out to sea under her own power. We had intended replacing some of the ballast, but found that the boat was sufficiently stable to make the journey to Marlo without it and after replacing the rudder in position, we set out without further delay. Usually the entrance to the Snowy River is unnavigable, except to very shallow-draught boats, but the recent floods had scoured a deep channel and we experienced no difficulty in crossing it. Our entry into Marlo caused much excitement. We heard much cheering and ringing of bells. Our return with the boat was quite unexpected, as news had been circulated that the salvage of the "Maluka" was an impossibility. We certainly received a hearty reception and many congratulations, which we certainly felt we deserved, as within half an hour of dropping our pick the weather, which had been threatening from the south-west, broke with full force and we were indeed lucky to be in shelter.

There was still a good deal of work to be done to the boat before she would be safe for her return journey to Sydney; all the gear, lead keel and ballast were still out at Cape Conran. At first we had difficulty in arranging for the transportation of this gear, owing to the boggy state of the road, but finally located a man with a Ford lorry, who volunteered to bring it into Marlo. This man had spent years carting rail sleepers out of the forest country and he proved to be a skilled driver. Half the track was still under water and it was only through his extensive experience that he was able to get through.

He brought all the gear and ballast back in one load, but had to go out a second time to bring in the lead keel.

Viewing the scene of our recent mishap, it was very evident that the last storm would have pounded the "Maluka" to pieces had she been there as the heavy sleepers which we used for her launching had washed several hundred yards over the rocks.

Fortunately, on the occasion of the second journey, we had plenty of assistance, as several men volunteered to come out for the excursion and it required all their help and a good deal of ingenuity, as we had to slide the lead on sleepers across the rocks to where it could be loaded on to the lorry. It was seven o'clock at night when this was accomplished, and almost midnight when we arrived at Marlo, after being bogged innumerable times on the road.

We had been able to make arrangements to have the boat slipped and made sufficiently seaworthy for her return home. Seppy was now out of hospital, and was impatient to be at sea again. It took about two weeks to effect the necessary repairs and get the lead keel bolted back on the boat. Our friend, Fred Joiner, had been of great assistance to us in our many difficulties. We invited him to accompany us back to Sydney, and were very glad that he was able to accept the invitation, as we felt that an extra hand would not be amiss should we encounter bad weather again.

The "Maluka's" visit to Marlo had created a wide interest and it was surprising to us the number of visitors who came across to the ship while she was being repaired. The "Maluka" was all ready for sea again on the 22nd January, and we made arrangements to leave the next morning at 4.30 to cross the bar on the flood tide, and despite her early departure quite a number of the town folk were up to see us off.

Our return trip to Sydney was uneventful and it was as well that we had calm to moderate weather with light head winds all the way. The boat although quite stable was very quick in her movements, owing to the loss of her deadwood keel.

Only one exciting incident occurred on the trip home, and that occurred while entering Twofold Bay, about midnight. We were on a perfectly safe bearing to enter the harbour, when suddenly the surface of the water for about fifty yards on our port side became white with phosphorescence, at the same time, water from the calm sea splashed into the cockpit. It seemed for a few seconds that we must be on the rocks again. The tiller was pushed hard down to avoid a catastrophe. However, it proved to be a school of fish, which quickly vanished with the porpoises in their wake.

The entire trip of nearly 400 miles was made under power, sometimes with the sail to steady the ship, averaging six knots for the journey.

We arrived in Sydney on the 27th January, feeling well satisfied to have brought our ship safely home.

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## "HOANA"
### There Should be More Boats Like Her

Perhaps that heading should read "There should be more boats like *Them*" because there are two "Hoana's", both built by J. Hayes & Sons of Careening Cove, both built off the same lines though one is two feet longer than the other, and both built for Lex Buckle. This duplication has caused a great deal of confusion among Sydney yachtsmen and it came about in the following way.

The first "Hoana", which was thirty feet long, was built for Lex Buckle in 1920 and three years later was driven ashore in Sirius Cove. One side was almost torn out and the Insurance Company declared her a total loss and paid Lex her full value. He took the remains back to Hayes and ordered a new boat to be built from her lines. Hayes, however, reckoned he could rebuild her and accepted the wreck as part payment on the new boat.

When the timber for the new "Hoana" arrived Hayes told Lex it was long enough to build a thirty-two foot boat and Lex agreed to the original plan being drawn out another two feet.

The work on building the new boat and the repairs to the old one went ahead together with the result that both "Hoanas"—the 30 footer and the 32 footer—were completed at the same time and both were launched in 1924.

Frank Hayes kept the 30 footer and used her as a family pleasure boat. He did not race her. But Lex Buckle joined the Amateurs as soon as the 32 footer was launched and was allocated the number A5.

After sailing her for a year or so he complained to Cliff Gale that she was not as fast nor as good as the 30-ft. "Hoana" and asked his advice. As a result Cliff modified her rudder, keel and rigging and had her sailing off scratch in no time.

Lex raced her until 1931 when he sold her to R. C. Hughes. She remained in the Club and continued winning Trophies and Point Scores, first with Oscar Backhouse at the helm and later under the command of R. E. Hughes.

In 1941 she was sold to Mr. T. Biuffre who took her out of the Club. He was not a racing man but maintained her in the same immaculate condition as had her former owners.

During her years with the Club—1924 to 1941—she had won two Gold Medals, the Scotland Island Trophy, the Tempest Trophy, the Brothers Cup, the Buckle Trophy for the Anniversary Regatta, and had scored one second, two thirds, one fourth and one sixth in Point Scores.

In 1947 she was purchased by the Brisbane sailmaker, George Pickers, and left Sydney for the Northern Capital. She has never returned, though many a Sydneysider is still not sure which "Hoana" remained on the Amateurs' register.

This confusion was the result of the purchase of the 30-ft. "Hoana" by J. D. MacLurcan, who registered her with the Club in the same year that the 32 footer went north. He was allotted the number A44, but sold her the same year to Harry West who joined the Club and was allotted the number A64. This continuity of the name "Hoana", with a succession of new owners and new numbers was enough to confuse anybody.

"HOANA"—32 foot. Lex Buckle at helm, William Clark, George Clark, Eric Gale and Charlie Russell to leeward.

*Photo courtesy Ian Buckle.*

But let it be clearly understood. From 1947 onwards the "Hoana" on the Club's register was the original 30-ft. boat. And it is her career with which we are concerned.

Being a sailmaker, Harry West altered her rigging and sail plan and won races and trophies.

In 1950 Keith Brown bought her and her successful career continued. Over eight years he also won races and trophies. He won the Gold Medal for her class, and for the first time the name "Hoana" appeared on the Kelly Cup.

"Hoana's" record between 1947 and 1958 was impressive. The Kelly Cup, two Gold Medals, the F. C. Agar Trophy, third in the Huntley's Point Regatta, five fourths, one fifth and one ninth in Point Score races.

She left the Club in 1958 when Keith sold her to Mr. H. E. Cooke, but a year later she returned to the fold under the ownership of Joe and Anne Adams. This time she was allotted the number A30.

Although Joe and Anne were not racing folks, they, nevertheless, took "Hoana" on to her greatest glory. In November 1963 they sailed "Hoana" quietly out of Sydney Harbour, wearing the Club Burgee which had been presented to them at the meeting on 13.11.63, and took her right around the world. They spent the first twelve months cruising in New Zealand waters and then returned to Sydney for a final fitting out before leaving in September 1965 to cruise the Barrier Reef on the first leg of their world cruise. The third member of the crew was a Siamese cat named Pooh Bear which they had signed on in Whangarei.

For the next three years "Hoana" proved that she was just as able at sea as she had been in the Harbour, but from here on we will let Joe tell the story of their voyage in his own words:

"We sailed up the coast, day sailing from one anchorage to the next, calling in at all the bar harbour ports, rivers and harbours between Sydney and Southport, arriving there on 8th November. We then sailed up the channels behind Moreton and Stradbroke Islands to Brisbane—then on to Mooloolaba, over Wide Bay bar and (again sailing channels) behind Great Sandy Island up to Bundaberg and Gladstone.

On 27th February 1966 we went through the Narrows and so on up the coast, island hopping all the way to the Whitsunday Passage. We stayed around this area exploring all the bays and anchorages and enjoying ourselves immensely, till the end of April. Then one day Anne was idly looking at the atlas when she said 'There sure are a lot of Greek islands sprinkled around the Aegean. Looks like a beaut place for sailing'—and a couple of days later we were on our way to Townsville. There we sent to Sydney a long list of charts to be forwarded on to Cooktown and took on a large load of provisions (including cases of cat food)—enough to keep us going to the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean. Of course we intended to replenish our supplies of fresh fruit and vegetables along the way.

We left Townsville on 11th May, again stopping at all the anchorages up the coast. The days were extremely pleasant—up early to sail our 30-40 miles, anchoring again during the early afternoon, ashore to explore, a quiet night and then off again next morning. The trade was a fairly constant 15-20 knots and to our never-ceasing amazement was the same direction day after day. Actually we took some time to get used to the trade, being used to Sydney's changing weather pattern—we just kept laughing and laughing—'who'd sail anywhere but the tropics!!!'

In Cooktown we collected our charts and spent some days looking around the town and neighbouring countryside. We liked this area very much—the land was of good farming type, the climate just great and all so quiet and peaceful.

So we wended our way to Thursday Island where we arrived on 1st June. The navigation up the Reef after Townsville is pretty tricky—have to keep strictly to the channels and these are not well marked—mostly there are just radar beacons on sticks about 6 ft. above water level. This is great, of course, for ships but very difficult for yachts, who have no radar—only binoculars. However by keeping the navigation up to the minute, there is no real danger but it was a full time job for the two of us—sure pity the single-hander in these waters.

Thursday Island is a busy place—yachts passing through, others anchored semi-permanently while their owners work ashore and colourful and well-kept luggers constantly coming and going. The wind really blows through the anchorage and the tide is also quite strong—this makes it quite a journey to shore in the dinghy. While at Thursday Island we wanted to slip 'Hoana' so went along to the many large slipways—however not one of them would take us—they had vacancies but the eternal cry was 'don't take yachts up—too tricky'. So next best thing was to tie her up to poles and dry out. We did this at neighbouring Horn Island and, because of the peculiar tide pattern, had 24 hours to do the job. At Horn Island we topped up our water tanks, then back to Thursday Island for fresh fruit, vegetables and bread. We were now ready in all respects so left Thursday Island on 8th June bound for Christmas Island.

The 2,200 mile passage was delightful—every day was warm and sunny, the breeze aft and 'Hoana' scooted along. There were lots of things to keep us interested—birds, fish, porpoises, etc. One tern even came aboard for a lift and stayed 4 days with us—he had to live on deck while we kept Pooh below. It was on this trip that we made our best day's run of the whole voyage—176 miles noon to noon. We made Flying Fish Cove on Christmas Island on 27th June. By this time we were using a great combination of sails—on moderate days we used the twin spinnakers, on lighter days the main and one twin, other times one twin and our large spinnaker. We found it easy, with one rig or another, to keep 'Hoana' sailing well and self-steering while all we had to do was eat, sleep, read and soak up the sun. Navigation here was a breeze only having things like sandbanks to avoid in the Arafura Sea well out of sight of land—it did seem most odd to change course in the middle of nowhere to avoid 'sandbank—dries 6 ft.'

We stayed at Christmas Island for 4 days and stocked up on fresh food and water again. We found the people there delightful—Australians, Chinese and Malay. Our next stop was to be Cocos Island and we found that many of the Malays on Christmas had relatives there. So we joined the long line of yachts who carry the mail between the two islands.

Our passage to Cocos was fast and furious. Immediately after we left Christmas we had to reduce sail and from then on we kept on reducing and reducing sail—the wind was still aft but blowing up to 35-40 knots all the while. We eventually had to heave to for 6 hours the evening before we arrived as we didn't want to approach the atoll during the night. At dawn next morning we closed with the island, sailing through the pass and on up to anchor off the beach at Direction Island. We had made the 550 mile passage in 4 days averaging 5.7 knots. This was pretty fast considering that for 2 days we carried only our 60 sq. ft. staysail.

We stayed at Cocos for 10 days enjoying the blue waters and sunny days fishing, walking and sailing our dinghy on the lagoon. We left there on 16th July bound for Diego Garcia in the Chagos Archipelago. The day we left was perfect for sailing. We put on the twins and sailed out of the lagoon, changed course slightly and were on our way. This weather was only to last for 18 hours and then it was back to the overcast skies, heavy winds and big seas. By noon the next day it was blowing 30 knots and more and this was to continue for the next 8 days. We mostly used our tiny staysail sheeted hard to the centreline and ran on downwind like this, still averaging 100 miles a day. The wind then eased a little and we found we were running too slowly for the seas and took one very large wave over the quarter which broke through the washboards and inundated the chart table and Joe's bunk and, of course, Joe. It took us 2 days to dry everything out—even with our heater going (in the tropics!!!) and using the iron to dry the books page by page. We had, by then, devised a method of using the twins reefed, so put them on and were once again on our way. On the 12th day out, the wind eased off to something like 20 knots and finally dropped off to 6-12 knots for our last day at sea. We made Diego Garcia lagoon 14 days out from Cocos averaging 100 miles per day.

We anchored in a small bay in the lagoon and that evening an open fishing boat came alongside and invited us down to the village—for tomorrow was the wedding day of the plantation manager's daughter. Early next morning we sailed to the village—a delightful sail to windward on the smooth blue water with a 10 knot breeze and on all sides the swaying coconut palms—this was the kind of sailing to dream about. When we had anchored we had many visitors as the area near the jetty was a hive of industry. It seemed we were lucky enough to arrive, not only for the wedding, but the bi-annual ship was in and loading copra. We were invited to the ship for lunch and later the manager came to give us a formal invitation to the wedding. That evening there was great festivity with the island population, the ship's crew and passengers and the two of us all attending the wedding and party afterwards. We stayed there for 6 days enjoying the hospitality of the island and the ship. Then Joe went up the mast to check the rigging as we intended to leave next day. To his surprise and horror, he found the port lower shroud (1 x 19 S.S. as is all our rig) holding by one strand only. We replaced it with a spare galvanised wire shroud and then began the long and tiring task of taking off every piece of rigging and inspecting the S.S. thimbles—these we found were all cracked due to the work hardening of the metal as the thimbles constantly moved on the shroud pins. There was nothing we could do about replacing them, as the island had no facilities for boats—so we bushed all the thimbles with drilled out bronze nuts and hoped this would take the load and wear till we could make a real job of the rigging. We had by then been at Diego Garcia for 2 weeks—a very pleasant lay-over—and left for the Seychelles on 13th August, once again carrying the mail.

Make, the main island in the Seychelles, was 1,050 miles away and we had a very pleasant 10 day sail to reach it. Winds were light being from 8-12 knots and the seas smooth. 'Hoana' mooched along looking after herself quite nicely.

There were quite a few yachts at the wharf at Port Victoria from various countries—one being 'Robyne Lee' from Melbourne. A few days later a Danish friend of ours arrived—we had last seen him in New Zealand and he had made his way singlehanded in his 23-ft. yacht "Tiki"—so there was a joyful reunion.

We enjoyed Make and the local people were quite friendly. We couldn't get over the way they looked after their houses—though built of scrap wood and corrugated iron, they were spotless, even the yards being swept clean of every leaf. The scenery was dynamic—tall mountains and waterfalls and heavy tropical growth—it was our first tropical 'high' island and although the atolls were delightful, this took our breath away.

The favourable season was drawing to a close so after a stay of only 10 days we left Make on 4th September heading for Aden 1,450 miles off. For the first 7 days we had light breezes and carried full sail, even our large spinnaker for much of the time. We had expected some help from the current but it appeared we were too late for it and even encountered some adverse current. In these waters we saw more flying fish than we thought existed—they would fly out of the waves in enormous schools—one such school landed on deck and we were literally knee deep in fish—oh joy for Pooh Bear.

The winds began to freshen and we reduced sail to the twin spinnakers and later even had to reef them. As we approached Cape Guardafui the water temperature dropped quite a lot (due to submarine fresh water springs) and we began to feel cool. When the wind increased to 30 knots and came abeam we felt positively cold, resorting for the first time in many months to long trousers, jumpers and oilskins. We rounded the Cape with winds gusting to 40 knots but immediately we rounded the point, the wind dropped right away and the sea was calm. Up went the full main and large spinnaker and we ghosted along the shore in 2-5 knot breezes. We also began to see much shipping as it converged on the Cape leading to or from Aden and the Suez Canal. From here to Aden we had light winds from flat calm to 12 knots and we carried the spinnaker all the way. We finally arrived in Aden on 18th September. It seems we made it just before the wind really let up as 'Robyne Lee' (a 40 footer), who left Make only 2 days after us, took 23 days to Aden and 'Tiki' who left with 'Robyne Lee' took 31 days.

In Aden we were loaned a mooring off the R.A.F. sailing club and were made honorary members for our stay. Everyone, in all branches of the services, made us feel very welcome and showed us great hospitality and friendship. Joe even got to skippering one of their dinghies in a race and came in first. Aden was a very restless town with lots of areas out of bounds to Europeans and all bases, shops and houses protected 24 hours a day by armed soldiers. All the same we met some charming Arabs and found the Arabian shopkeepers very helpful. From Make we'd sent a letter home asking for another spinnaker to be sent to us at

Aden as ours was showing signs of wear—so we had to stay in Aden almost a month waiting for the ship to arrive. We found the heat to be very trying as it was well over 100° every day and the nights not much cooler. However, we were able to get 'Hoana' looking very shipshape with all maintenance up to date. We were able to antifoul her between tides and so we were well prepared for our sail to Suez.

We left Aden on 12th October 1966 with no fixed plan of attack on the Red Sea—we'd decided to play it by ear and make the most of every mile we sailed. This plan actually worked out very well. We had following winds almost to Port Sudan, then 2 days of absolute flat, sweltering calm and then came the headwinds. They kicked up quite a chop but 'Hoana' sailed through it very well and on good days we were able to make 50-60 miles on our course after sailing 100-120 miles through the water. After many tacks we made Tawila Island (1,170 miles from Aden and at the beginning of the Gulf of Suez) on 30th October. We stayed at Tawila for 2 days as it had a perfectly sheltered harbour and we felt we'd earned a rest. The final 150 miles to Suez took us 6 days as we sailed only during the day and had very light headwinds. The shipping was phenomenal and only left us a narrow channel to sail in—we didn't want to risk trying to cut across the bows of a ship travelling at 20+ knots.

And so to Suez. We arrived there late in the afternoon and made arrangements to stay next day (more fresh food needed) and begin our passage through the canal on 11th November. This we did and had to anchor for the night in Great Bitter Lake. Next morning we motored to Ismailiya and tied up at the yacht club. The following morning we took on a new pilot and made our way to Port Said. There we let the pilot off and went straight to sea headed for Famagusta in Cyprus, 260 miles away. For this trip we had extremely light winds and smooth seas. Our only problem being that it was getting quite cool with winter approaching. We arrived in Famagusta on 17th November and were instantly delighted with the harbour and town—the markets were a joy to behold and the people very pleasant and helpful. There we heard of a small, well sheltered yacht harbour at Kyrenia on the north coast so on November 22nd we headed out to go and have a look at it. We arrived there on 24th November and, after seeing the Harbour Master, tied stern on to the shore quay. We were to stay in that same berth for 5 months, the whole winter being spent in perfect shelter. The local townspeople were delightful and we made many friends—Greeks, Turks, Israeli and British. While in Kyrenia we ordered lots of gear for 'Hoana' from England including 'Norseman' fittings for all our rigging—we put these on without any bother and they have proved to be great—since then we haven't had an ounce of rigging trouble—it seems to us that S.S. wire is trouble (and maintenance) free as long as you don't bend it around thimbles and the like.

On 12th April 1967 we regretfully left Kyrenia heading for the Greek islands. First we called at the small island of Kastellorizon which is barely inhabited since it was heavily bombed during World War II. Then on to Rhodes. However we ran into a gale on the way and so called in at the Turkish port of Fethiyc. This is a large bay with many sheltered bays, inlets and islands. The snow capped mountains come down to meet the 2 mile wide coastal plain and the trees and grasses are so green it's unbelievable—truly a tremendous sight. Next we went on to Rhodes, Simi, Yiali, Astipalia, Ios, Kimolos, Milos and Kithera. We loved the Greek islands and people, although the islands themselves were barren and rocky and life was very hard for the islanders. It was like stepping back 1,000 years. The sailing was not what we expected, either having a flat calm or half a gale. However, there was always a sheltered anchorage close at hand and the sea never really got to be much more than a heavy chop so we had no worries.

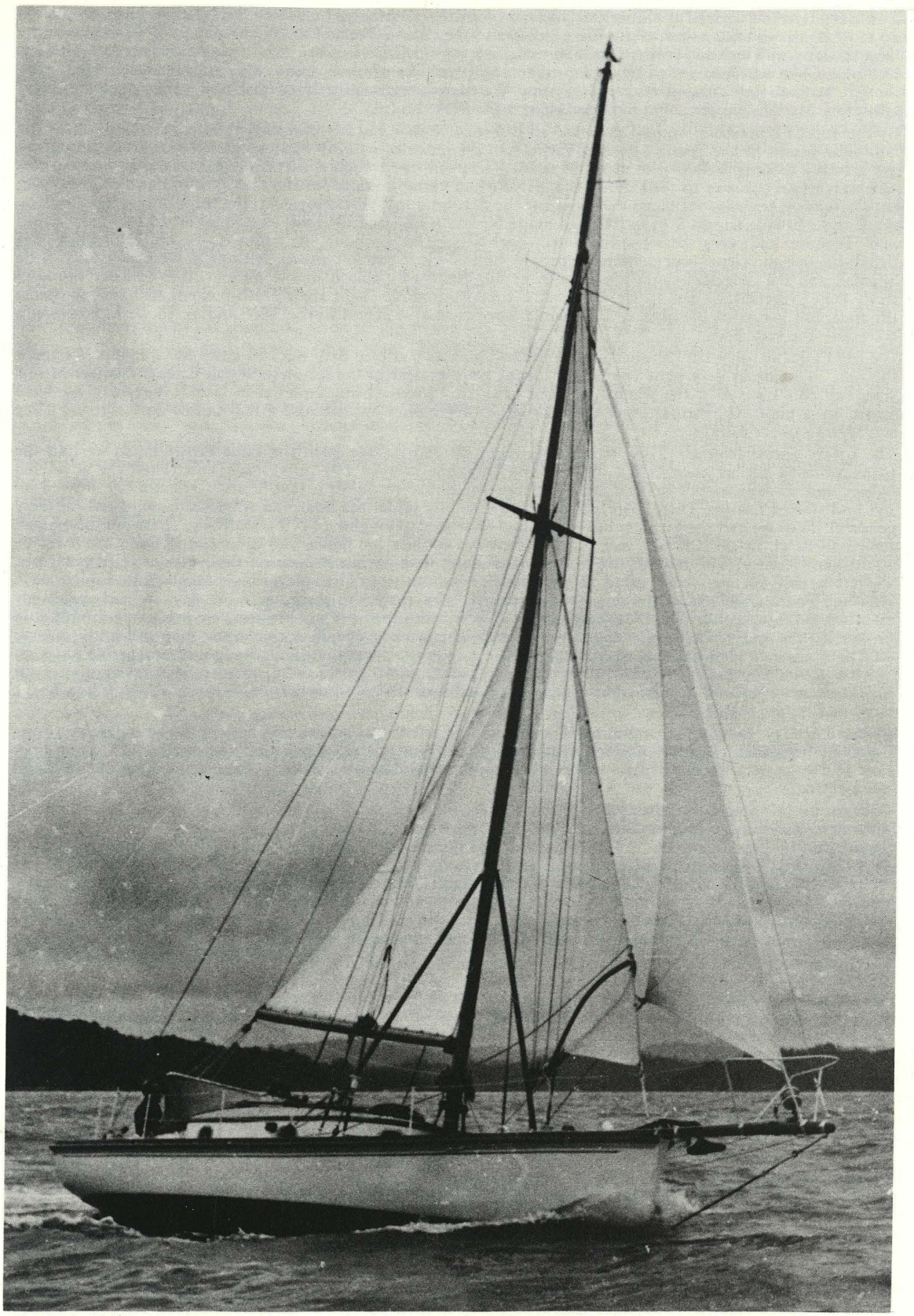
On 20th May we left the Greek islands on our way to Malta. It wasn't that we were tired of the islands but there was not a good yacht slip to be found anywhere and we hadn't antifouled since Aden—hadn't been on a slip since Sydney and we felt it was time we did. We knew Malta had slips and so we went there. Again we had very light headwinds all the way, arriving in Marsamxett harbour on 28th May. The six-day Israel-Egypt conflict was by now coming to a head and we were rather pleased that we'd come west.

We made enquiries about slipping and were horrified to get a quote of £100 sterling for slip hire and labour and paint and we could do no work ourselves. So we decided to scout around for something else. In our travels we met 'Robyne Lee' again—she was in the same position as us and after a few days we made arrangements to jointly hire a mobile crane and be hauled out in the small fishing harbour of Marsaxlokk. We would be stood up in the kerb of the main road and, when we were ready, lifted over the stone quay and back in the water. This was all accomplished with no troubles. The two Aussie yachts became a 'tourist' attraction and for the 3 weeks we were there we had a constant crowd of onlookers. Here we decided to strip the Muntz metal sheathing off, burned off the topsides and did a whole repaint and putty job from keel to deck. The weather was perfect for the whole time and we were pleased with our efforts. The total cost of crane hire and 2 lifts each was £16 for each boat—the kerbside being free.

By 15th July we were once again ready for sea and left for Port Mahon in the Balearic Islands just off the Spanish coast. This was a distance of only 550 miles but we did not arrive till July 24th—the Mediterranean was proving to be an area of westerly winds which were almost non-existent. All the same we enjoyed ourselves lazing around on deck with no cares—after all we were sailing on smooth seas in the sunshine and with all the comforts of home.

We stayed in Port Mahon for 6 days—it was a mail stop for us so we were kept pretty busy writing to all and sundry—friends at home and friends we'd met along the way. We also sent to England for some more equipment to be sent to us in Gibraltar.

Again we faced light headwinds to and along the Spanish coast, so we decided to call in at Malaga. This was a delightful town, but boy, what a polluted harbour—the oil, garbage and driftwood made a solid mat on top of the water. With quite a swell running into the harbour we rolled our gunwales in and within a couple of hours 'Hoana's' beautiful topsides were filthy. After a stay of 36 hours we gladly left, faced with the task of a real clean-up job on topsides and dinghy—our fouled docking lines we dropped overside when we got into deep water.



"HOANA"—30 foot. J. Adams at helm and Ann Adams crew, taken in Fethiye Harbour, Turkey, April, 1967.

*Photo Eric Williams.*

Two days later we arrived in Gibraltar, anchoring off the airstrip and close to the Marina. Here we picked up more charts to take us on to the West Indies and the Pacific. We met many cruising yachts and had many long sessions with various crews. One afternoon we were delighted to see 'Waltzing Matilda' come into the anchorage. She was then owned by an American cavalry officer whose boating experience seemed limited, even though he had just crossed from the States. We were very sad to hear that the same gentleman lost 'Waltzing Matilda' on his subsequent passage to the West Indies.

By the end of September we had gathered all our gear and foodstuffs and sailed part of the way out of the Gibraltan Straits to the Spanish port of Tarifa. On the morning of 25th September we were lucky enough to get a heavy easterly wind—just what we needed to push us through the Straits against the eternal current and start us on our way to the Canary Islands. We had variable winds for the first 3 days, but then came into the Portuguese trades—out came the twins for the first time in a year. However, the trade stayed light and we made the 770 mile trip in 8 days. We had made for the island of La Palma, as we had heard that Las Palmas and Tenerife had very heavy oil-polluted harbours. The harbour of Santa Cruz on La Palma was delightful—clean, clear water, friendly people and a great market place. Although we spoke very little Spanish and the islanders spoke no English at all, Anne was able to make clear to them all our needs in fresh fruit, vegetables, bread, etc. Next day they had all brought their fresh-picked, half-ripe to green produce, hot loaves of bread, etc. This would have to last us across to the West Indies, so we wanted—and received—the very best.

We left La Palma on 11th October on our longest non-stop trip to date—2,750 miles to Granada. We spent the first 24 hours in very light winds and calms, getting clear of the lee of these tall Canary Islands; at one stage we could see 4 of the islands, the tall peak of Tenerife being covered in cloud. Next day we were joined by a pilot fish, then another came along with 4 babies and we had a real family to escort us. They stayed with us for 8 days.

The breeze varied from 5-12 knots and was from aft and the sea from the same direction, so we had the twins working for us nicely. We loped along, making around 100 miles each day. Then the wind fell lighter and we had to put up the main and big spinnaker till, after a few hours' flat calm, we stowed all sail and started fishing. There were small tuna swimming under the boat and whales cruising past—all very peaceful. Then we had the greatest fun of all time—a school of kingfish (4-5 lb.) started to chase our lures as we pulled them in. In no time we had 7 fish—some we cooked for lunch and dinner, and Pooh ate it till he could hardly move. The rest we sliced thinly and hung it on string all around the boat—it dried perfectly, and from then on we had a good supply of dried fish to use as we pleased—it reconstituted quite well, although Pooh never waited for this—just crunched away at the dry pieces. For 2½ days we had absolutely no wind, but the sea was like a tabletop, so we suffered no inconvenience; in fact, we made hay catching up on small jobs and painting the dinghy and oars. The wind gradually came back, but still nothing over 12 knots. On our 13th day out we were passed by a freighter from London, who stayed and spoke to us for quite a while. We discovered later that he had reported us to Lloyds who, in turn, sent telegrams to our folks saying we were O.K. The light winds continued, but we began to get lots of squalls, which had heavy wind and rain in them.

By the 20th day the wind increased to 18 knots and we made our best run of the trip—118 miles. We were, however, beginning to worry about the crop of goose barnacles appearing on the rudder and around the bow and stern—if we collected too many of these they would slow us down. Except for these, the hull was quite clean.

The stronger breeze only lasted 3 days and then we were back to the 5-10 knot stuff. As we passed 40 miles to the south of Barbados we were visited by bosun birds and gannets, and the next morning, at dawn, we could see Granada ahead. As we rounded the southern point we dropped the trusty twins and got up our fore and aft sails and began the 8-mile beat to St. George's Harbour. We dropped anchor by the main wharf on 8th November, 28 days out from La Palma, after a very pleasant sail. Later that day we moved into the yacht lagoon and so met up with the local yachts and charter yachts. We were the first yacht to make the crossing that season. However, a week or so later the cruising boats began to arrive in droves, until the lagoon was almost filled to capacity. One of the most interesting yachts to us was 'Carronade', sailed by Andy Wall, Bob Nance and Des Kearns. She had left from Sydney and made her way to Granada via the Pacific, Cape Horn and South America.

We stayed in Granada and the other West Indian islands for the next 8 months. We found it very interesting from the boating point of view, as the number and variety of yachts we saw was colossal—boats like 'Bluenose', 'America', 'Ondine II', 'Kialoa', 'Flicka', to name a few. On the other extreme were 18-ft. cruising yachts and 100-ft., 100-year-old Danish schooners. The only motor yacht was a 50-ft. game-fishing boat—truly the land of the sailboat. Even the West Indian trading schooners work under sail, only the smallest minority having engines at all.

All the islands are beautiful with many, many anchorages; the trade blows constantly and we almost froze on the rare days when the temperature fell to 75°F.—what a sailing paradise.

Then to interrupt this idyllic existence we heard that Joe's Dad had been ill for some time, so we decided to head for home. By now it was July and exactly the wrong season to be heading to Panama and across the Pacific, but we thought we'd give it a try. Only trouble was that we knew we'd have to cross the Pacific in a hurry to get to Sydney before the cyclone season began in the islands.

We took a goodly load of supplies. Sadly, we left out the cat food as our shipmate Pooh had contracted kidney trouble and, even though he had the best of attention from the local vets and doctors, we could not save him.

We left St. George's Harbour, Granada, on 18th July 1968, just 2 hours before 'Robyne Lee' (she had been in the West Indies since January), but she intended to take her time sailing the South American north coast to Panama and the Galapagos Islands and stay over in Tahiti for the cyclone season before proceeding to Sydney.

We had a good breeze when we left, but after 6 hours it began to freshen. The next 5 days we scooted along with winds around 20 knots. Then the wind and sea really began to build up, the sky became perpetually overcast (difficult for taking sights) and we had to reef the twins till they were only about 60 sq. ft. each. On 26th July we had 30-35 knot winds pushing us, visibility in haze and light rain was down to 1 mile or so, and we were coming into heavy shipping. But worst of all was the adverse current. We estimated it to be running up to 4 knots at times and in that 24-hour period we gained only 18 miles towards Panama, although sailing well. Another nasty thing was the fact that the current was bringing with it large trees and logs. These were being rolled over and over hardly showing above the surface at one minute, then rolling up a 20-ft. branch. The bad part of this was that there were so many of them and we really thought we'd never get through them without hitting one and doing goodness-knows-what damage.

On the evening of 29th July we picked up the lighthouse off Cristobal, joined the long line of shipping and finally anchored in the harbour, just inside the breakwall, at 11 p.m. We'd done the 1,100 miles in 11½ days, and we were glad this passage was over—it had been rather harrowing.

Next morning we were cleared by health and customs, and measured for 'Canal Tonnage'—then motored to a berth at the yacht club. The port was filthy with oil, so we soaked some common soap in water till it was mushy and then smeared it over the topsides for 18 ins. above the waterline. Our hope was that it would hold the oil on top of the soap and when we got to sea again it would all wash off (and to our joy it worked!).

The next 3 days were spent buying extra stores, doing little jobs on 'Hoana' and meeting the boating people who came down to the club. We also arranged for 2 U.S. Army boys to help us with our lines through the Canal. On the morning of 2nd August the boys and pilot arrived and we motored up harbour to take our place in the queue. We went through the up-locks behind a freighter and had no problems at all in the centre of the lock—sure, 'Hoana' bobbed about some in the swirling water, but that was all you could call it. We then motored and sailed through Gatun Lake, having a picnic lunch on deck. The down-locks were also uneventful and we arrived in Balboa at 8 p.m. We let the pilot and boys off at the pilot station and then proceeded out of the harbour and dropped anchor off the breakwall. We were up early next day, clearing away the masses of lines and washing the soap off the topsides—then hoisted sail—next stop the Marquesas, 4,000 miles to the west.

The area around Panama abounds with sea life—fish, turtles, porpoises, whales—you name it—we saw it.

We left Balboa with a light breeze aft and we drifted along for 36 hours, clearing Panama Bay and heading S.W. The wind then swung around and, from here on, we were hard on the wind for 1,215 miles. Luckily, the wind was steady in direction and blew around 12-15 knots so the sea remained slight and we were able to make good progress. At last the wind freed off and we reached off, gaining some southing which we felt we could do with. At this time we lost our first log rotator, evidently to a large fish, so Joe began manufacturing wooden rotators with sinkers in the hollowed-out centre, and copper fins. We thought we should keep our spare factory-made rotator for areas where we might need very accurate readings. However, the wooden ones (we had 4 of them) proved so accurate, after fin adjustment, that we never did use the 'factory' model.

On 24th August, our 22nd day at sea, we crossed the equator again and for the first time in 2 years were in the Southern Hemisphere. We still hadn't made the trade winds and were reaching our way towards the Marquesas. All this time we were keeping up on maintenance, making little fittings, writing letters to post in Nuka Hiva, doing laundry, cooking scones, cakes, toffees, etc., and generally enjoying ourselves. 'Hoana', of course, had been sailing herself all the way.

We gave shouts of glee on 27th August—after 25 days at sea and 2,300 miles we at last had the wind aft. It freshened to 20 knots, so up with the twins. We made our way directly on course—sometimes the wind dropped to 6 knots, but mostly was about 12—evidently, we were still too far north to be in the full trade. This was borne out when, on 8th September, the wind came so far around that we had to take off the twins and put up the fore-and-aft rig again—then it lightened off for 24 hours. Next day the wind was back in the east and we put on the twins again.

At dawn on our 38th day at sea we sighted Va Huka and at lunchtime dropped anchor off the beach in Dhane Bay. A small ship was anchored in the bay loading copra and taking on many children who were off to school on another island, after a vacation at home. We spoke to many of the local people, who came out to fish in the evening, and they seemed a happy, carefree crowd.

Next morning we sailed on to Nuka Hiva and anchored in Taiohae Bay for clearance. We were still, at last, after our longest passage—4,185 miles, which we sailed in 39 days—quite pleasing when considering the hard bash we had at the beginning of the trip.

We were cleared, with very little fuss and bother, by the local gendarme who was a charming Tahitian. We stayed on for 4 days, enjoying the beautiful scenery, going for walks and chatting (in broken French on our part) with the friendly people. We were also fortunate in that the crop of goose barnacles we had collected were eaten off by small red crabs, so saving us a job. There were 3 other cruising yachts at Nuka Hiva (one British and 2 U.S.) and a Korean fishing boat; they gave us a 6-ft. tuna, the smallest they had. We were also able to stock up on fresh fruit—limes, pawpaws, grapefruit, bananas and breadfruit.

On the morning of 16th September, 1968, we cleared for Tahiti, leaving behind a charming and beautiful port. At sunset we lost Nuka Hiva and Ua Pou into the mist. We had with us a 12 knot breeze and sunny skies—all very pleasant, except for the occasional squall with its rain and heavy wind. In the afternoon of the fifth day we had covered 500 miles and were just off Ahē, in the Tuamotus. It was a beaut day, but we hove to in the lee of the island. You see, we didn't want to leave on our next leg till 9 p.m. If we had just kept going we'd have been coming up to the next row of atolls in the dark, and as the islands are only visible from 6 miles off during the day, at night you are right on top of them, virtually on the reef, before you see anything.

After a quiet day we slept till woken by the alarm, then went on deck and put up the twins. At 7.30 a.m. we took an early sight which put us in a good position for passing between 2 islands. Just before noon we sighted Arutua and changed course for Tahiti. Next day the wind fell very light and by 9 a.m. we were almost becalmed. These light conditions continued for another 2 days, making our progress very slow. Nevertheless, at dawn on 25th September, both Tahiti and Moorea were in view and at 11 a.m. we motored through Papeete Pass and tied stern to the quay with a crowd of other yachts. This was a passage of 770 miles, which we did in 9 days. We were cleared courteously and efficiently and then spent the rest of the day talking to the various yachties. They were all staying at Tahiti for the cyclone season and would not begin to sail west again till the following March or April.

The following day we had a walk round Papeete, liking the outlying districts, but not so much the town. People were happy and friendly and seemed to really enjoy their life. Late in the afternoon, after going to the markets, we cleared with customs, as the next day we wanted to leave for Moorea and, subsequently, Rarotonga.

Early next morning we left for Moorea, heading for Papetoi Bay and Robinsons Cove. After a good sail we anchored in the cove about lunch time. We did not, however, have the cove to ourselves—there were 3 other yachts—1 French, 1 U.S. and another with an American and his Japanese wife. We stayed anchored here for 4 days—it was a fabulous spot—the tall craggy mountains, white beaches, very green tropical growth and clear, blue water made it breathtaking. We spent our time doing small jobs, swimming and walking. We actually walked round into Paopao Bay, which was also very beautiful, and in the other direction to the small village where we bought eggs and 12 small loaves of delicious bread.

On 2nd October we reluctantly left Moorea and began our trip to Rarotonga in the Cook Islands, 630 miles away. The beginning of our trip was remarkable for its lack of wind, for the cyclone season was on its way and the trade becoming fickle. On 4th October the wind came in from the S.W. (directly on our course) and blew very hard with equally heavy rain, so we hove to for 3 hours till the squall passed over. We were on the wind for the next 3 days in overcast weather. It wasn't till the morning of 8th October that we put on the twins again. On our 9th day, just as the sun went down, we sighted Rarotonga on the horizon. At dawn we were off the eastern tip of the island and were in the harbour and tied up to the wharf by 9.30 a.m. The officials here were also very courteous and efficient—indeed, they delighted in telling us of the conveniences available to us—like water on tap, showers across the dock, market place and town a short walk down the road, etc., etc. We were visited by the crews of the 3 other yachts (1 U.S., 2 N.Z.) in the harbour. Most notable of these was 'Tally Ho', owned by a Kiwi, Jim Londen. She had been built in the early 1920's in U.K. and had actually won the 2nd Fastnet race. Unfortunately, Jim had run her aground in the Henvey Islands (north of Rarotonga) and she had been filled up with oil drums for the tow to Avatiu Harbour, where she was propped up on the beach with her port side almost all ground away. Jim hadn't yet decided what to do with her, but she was a true beauty—a 45-ft. pilot cutter with 2-in. teak planking and the original gaff rig. Sadly, Jim had had to take to the interior with an axe to get the oil drums inside, but even so, we could see she'd been real class.

We were also visited by Father George, the Catholic priest for the island, who had a scrap book with every yacht that calls in, filling out a page or two—where they've come from, where they're going, description and photograph of the yacht—a very interesting catalogue. We also hired a small motorbike and took a trip, going right round Rarotonga. The people were the friendliest we'd ever met—always smiling. They brought to the yachts a never-ending supply of bananas, pawpaws and other fruits.

We decided to leave early on the 19th October. We knew it was market day on the 18th—we got a large supply of fresh fruit and vegetables and canned goods as we intended to make Sydney (3,000 miles away) our next stop. The U.S. pilot charts showed no cyclones in October, and only a few in November, so we hoped to be lucky enough to miss one. We made good time for the first 1½ days in sunny weather, but then the sky clouded over and the wind lightened for a day or so. However, on our 4th day the wind freshened and the sea got up and we made our best day's run for the trip—120 miles. These heavy winds (up to 30 knots) continued and we made good progress, although it wasn't pleasant, as it was cooler and drizzly rain most of the time. We passed well to the south of Tonga, but close by Ata Island to miss Pelorus Reef. We then came into an area of lighter winds and smoother seas, but the barometer began falling, and the sky remained grey. On 1st November we crossed the 180th meridian and came once more into east longitude. This also completed our longitudinal circumnavigation, as we had been on 180° on our trip to New Zealand —however, we still had 1,700 miles to go to Sydney. The next day the wind freshened and continued to do so till it was blowing from S.E. at 35 knots. The barometer began to fall quickly—in fact, it fell so alarmingly that we began to record the reading very ½ hour—and it fell and fell. The seas became quite rough and we double-reefed the twins. It became impossible to get sights, so we just had to go on dead reckoning.

By now we were reading up the pilot book on 'how to avoid tropical revolving storms', but quickly realised that at our speed (as compared to a liner) there was nothing we could do except sit and take what was thrown at us. The wind screamed in the rigging, the barometer continued its steady fall and the skies had opened up, so there was absolutely no visibility in the driving rain and spume. During a pause in the rain we dashed on deck, took off the reefed twins and hove to under our tiny 60 sq. ft. staysail. Soon after the wind increased to heaven-knows-what speed—we'd been in 70 knots before, but this was much, much heavier. 'Hoana' was riding the huge swells beam on—on top of the crests being slammed so violently we had the lee deck and coach house side completely buried in the sea—while in the troughs we were out of the wind completely. Quote from the log: 'Heavy heavy rain continuous—lightning and thunder—heavy wind making sea smoke—how we wish it all to hell.'

The barometer had dropped, all told, from a tropical norm of 1,025 millibars to 1,007 (a total of 18 mb.)—and the pilot book says if it drops 4 mb. look out... so...!!

The worst of the cyclone lasted only 3 hours. The wind then eased to 45 knots, but the sea stayed up. It was the 5th November before we could make sail again and even so it was with a much-reefed main and the staysail —and on the wind. We now found that our burgee had flapped to pieces in the cyclone.

The wind gradually eased off to 5 knots and came back to S.E.—and the sea calmed down and on 8th November we put up the twins again. However, it didn't last and in 2 days' time we were back on the wind and worse yet, had come into an adverse current, in which we were losing 30 miles every 24 hours. We had some very poor runs from November 11th-15th, due to very light winds and the current and only made 175 miles in 4 days. The pattern of the wind now became monotonously bad for us—heavy from W. and S.W., then periods of complete calm, then back to W.S.W.—our rhumb line course being 250° magnetic, we couldn't get near it. We were now picking up, clearly, Sydney A.B.C. on our radio and we learned of Sydney and surrounding areas having disastrous bushfires. On 20th November we passed 40 miles to the north of Lord Howe Island. We could just make it out, as by now visibility was being affected by the bushfire smoke and we had soot and burned leaves dropping on the deck. This smoke haze affected our navigation, too—while we could see the sun as a round, red blob, we could not be sure of the horizon. The westerly wind now increased to 40 knots and while on deck reefing the main we fell off a wave and tore the sail from the leech to the foot. Fortunately, it was low down and we were able to roll it onto the boom and continue on. However, we now had only 2/3 of our main to use—though, as it turned out, that was all we'd need from now on.

We had real sail drill in the days to follow—sometimes hove to, sometimes going to windward in moderately heavy winds and other times running with the twins in light airs. On our 34th day at sea we had only 232 miles to go, but it was to be a very hard-fought-for distance. The wind was now and then so light we were using main and spinnaker, while at other times we were making to weather slowly under trisail and staysail. Our day's runs now began to look ridiculous—we had hit an offshoot of the coastal current, and after observing it closely for some time, estimated it to be running between 2 and 4 knots. Our daily runs for the next 4 days were 18 miles, 19, 11, 42. Then in the morning of 26th November we crossed over a 'tide line' with all kinds of flotsam and jetsam about. On taking our next sight we had made such progress that we knew we were clear of the current and the strong westerly winds were not so difficult to contend with without it. At noon on 28th November, 1968, we had to go only 44 miles to Sydney and, fortunately, had a moderate northerly wind to carry us in. At 7 p.m. the haze lifted somewhat and the first thing we saw of the coast was the harbour bridge silhouetted on the dusk sky line. The weather forecast was for a southerly buster, and sure enough it came in just as we passed through the heads. We blew into North Harbour with it, anchored and hoisted our quarantine flag and then went to bed till dawn. We then sailed down to Watsons Bay, where we were cleared by health and customs, and then back to our old mooring in North Harbour. We'd been at sea 39½ days to cover 3,000 miles—a slow trip and one we were glad to see finished—it was the hardest trip of our whole voyage. We had been 4½ months from Granada to Sydney, and of that time we'd spent only 3 weeks in port.

So we were back home. Father had rallied and was well for 6 months, but deteriorated and passed away early in 1970. We'd covered 30,000 miles in 3 years and 2 months, and were well satisfied with ourselves. With 'Hoana' we were thoroughly delighted—she had proved herself to be a fantastic sea boat, even though only 30-ft. long and 50 years old.

In our whole voyage we used our motor only to go through the Suez and Panama Canals and entering some of the harbours—in the 3 years we were away we used only 42 gallons of petrol—20 of these in the 2 canals, so you can see we really sailed all the way.

Now, in 1972, we are still living aboard 'Hoana' and cannot see ourselves selling her in the near or distant future. We have owned her 12 years, and hope to keep the 'old girl' in her tip-top condition for many years (and, we hope, many more miles) to come.

We flew the 'presentation' burgee in all ports that we visited and many times answered the question as to the club it represented."

Rodger Gale has informed us that there never were any lines drawn up for "Hoana's" building, so while she was on the slip in 1970 a full set of lines were taken off the hull and set on paper, so that there can now be more boats like her.

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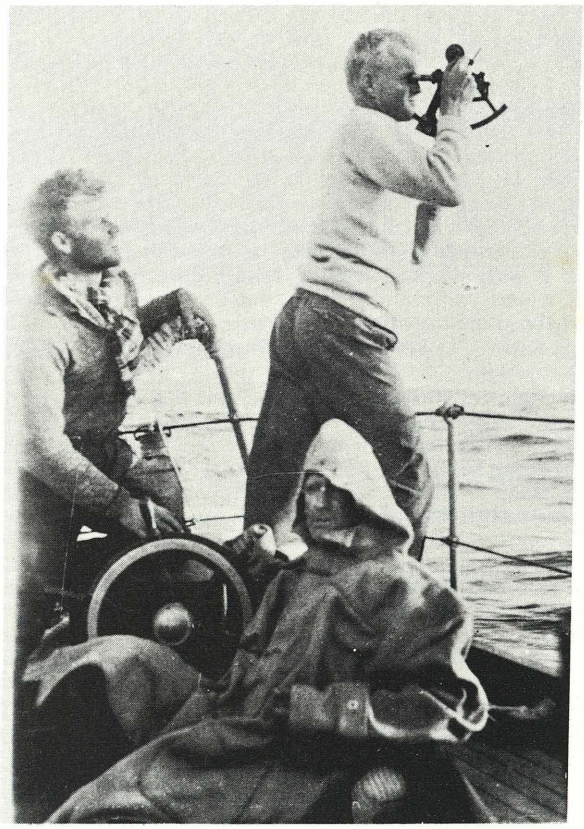

Dick Nossiter taking sun shot on deck of "SIRIUS" watched by his brother Harold, with father Harold at the helm. In the Red Sea (unusual low temperature).

*Photo courtesy R. Nossiter.*

## THE CRUISE OF THE "SIRIUS"
by Dick Nossiter

The "Sirius" was designed by Naval Architect J. D. Thistlethwaite and built by J. Hayes & Sons, of Careening Cove, for Harold Nossiter. She was rigged as a staysail schooner, as, under this rig, sail can be reduced by stages and a number of combinations of sail can be carried.

The keel was laid in February 1934 and just 12 months later the yacht was launched. Below waterline the planking was of West Australian jarrah, owing to the toredo resisting qualities, whilst above water she was planked with N.Z. kauri. "Sirius" was 53′ 6″ O.A., 44′ 7″ L.W.L. with a breadth of 13′ 6″. The yacht was built for a purpose—namely to circumnavigate the globe, and to be able to withstand any sea.

One Friday in July 1935, my father retired from business and on the following Sunday the "Sirius" set sail for the U.K. On board were my father, my brother Harold aged 27 and myself as navigator. Another crew member, Clive Russell, was subsequently disembarked at Colombo.

As a young man of 25 years I was privileged to see many out of the way places on the voyage to England and back. The first port of call was Rabaul in New Britain. From here the yacht cruised along the northern coast of New Guinea calling at odd places where curious natives visited the yacht and in one bay we dropped anchor and became alarmed when about 30 New Guineans with bows and arrows crowded the decks. But they were all very friendly and seemed fascinated with the yacht's gear. The Celebes Islands, Borneo, Indonesia and Malaya were visited and on Komodo, one of the Indonesian Islands, we searched for the Komodo dragon, but found only tracks in the sand. However I was able to shoot a deer, and all enjoyed a feast of venison as a welcome change in our diet.

We sailed across the Bay of Bengal to Colombo where we picked up the North East monsoon and experienced some great sailing to Aden. From Aden we entered the Red Sea, well known for its extreme heat, but we found it cold and wet and broke out our cold weather gear.

We passed through the Suez Canal and into the Mediterranean, where gale followed gale until we anchored in Candia, Crete. I was fascinated with the ruins of Knossos, which date back to 3,000 B.C., and in villages on other parts of the island I saw flour milled by a stone driven by a windmill—a method many hundreds of years old. We ate the heavy bread made from the flour and drank raw fresh wine.

After leaving Crete we ran into head winds and more gales and after calling at some of the Greek Islands in the Aegean Sea and Piraeus, arrived at Malta. From Malta to Gibraltar gales were again encountered and eventually the yacht arrived in England, where she was anchored at Cowes.

After a stay of approximately four months in England during which time we were made honorary members of the Royal Yacht Squadron and enjoyed much sailing at Cowes, the yacht left for the return voyage to Australia.

The Atlantic crossing was made via Madeira and Trinidad, then through the Panama Canal and out into the Pacific. The voyage from then on was made in the most pleasant and perfect conditions. The Trade Winds started after leaving the Galapagos Islands and following this we sailed day and night sometimes for weeks at a time with a spinnaker or reaching jib set. On one occasion we arrived at an island with growth on the topsides having sailed on the one tack for three weeks.

Our first call in the Pacific was Cocos Island, where we searched for treasure said to be stripped from the churches and mint of the once fabulously wealthy city of Lima, the capital of Peru. From there we explored the fascinating and unusual Galapagos Islands that teem with all kinds of marine life and where we lived on lobsters, turtle soup, turtle eggs, wild pigs and an abundance of fruit. Henry Morgan the pirate once had his headquarters here and there was an old plantation running wild said to have been planted by him. We were able to observe the strange bird and animal life that Charles Darwin remarked on and which contributed to his theory of evolution.

We sailed through the Marquesas Islands and accidentally landed on an island used as a leper settlement and where the kindly Polynesians brought us fresh fruit and coconuts.

Whilst crossing the Pacific we lived mainly on fresh fruit, bread, yams, fish and, for meat, shot an occasional wild pig or goat that abound on some of the islands. Sometimes at sea, flying fish would hit the sails or deck erections in flight and there would be fish for breakfast! It was an ideal existence and the long stretches between ports were never boring. During the day sailing was perfect and the nights were full of beauty. We sailed through the coral atolls of the Tuamotu Archipelago to Tahiti, thence to Rarotonga and Tonga, arriving in Sydney, May 1937, having logged 28,000 miles during the voyage around the world.

A week before reaching Sydney, the "Sirius" encountered a southerly gale off the Queensland coast, which kept her hove to for five days, this being the worst weather experienced during the whole voyage. Although a number of yachts preceded her, "Sirius" was the first Australian yacht to sail round the world. Her compass which once guided a sailing ship now rests in the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron.

After six years' service in the Navy overseas, I still felt the need for sailing and an occasional trip to sea. I purchased "Scotia", a 26′ sloop and made some voyages up the N.S.W. coast, later racing her in the 2nd Division, Sydney Amateurs. I also sailed to Hobart in the yachting classic on several occasions as navigator on the "Fortuna" and "Alcheringa".

My sailing plans for the future are uncertain and at the moment my time is fully occupied. Who knows, perhaps someday I may follow in my father's footsteps. I would dearly love to sail some of those seas again.

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## CRUISE OF THE "SEA ROVER"—NORTH 1924

**Crew: Tom, Mick, Punch and the Skipper**

(W. L. Dendy presented a prize for the best Log submitted by a Club Boat in the 1923-24, 1924-25 seasons. The log reproduced here is the one submitted by himself, not to be entered in the competition, but as an example. The crew was actually Tom Sorrell, H. V. Hartley, A. Dendy and W. L. Dendy. Ed.)

The first thing for the owner of a boat to do, when having in mind the taking of a holiday is to try and work in his leave so as it will fit in with some of the other members of his crew. The writer has when possible made 3 or 4 hands at the outside, the complement for a cruise—and 4 is just a nice number—it evens up, and makes the work on the boat easy—is not too many to provide and cook for, and when using tinned stuff, especially fruit, etc., a tin just goes around nicely without having to open a second one.

In the case of this cruise, we were lucky, the four of us being able to obtain leave at the same time, and to get away together, which makes all the difference, as there is nothing like having a crew that knows the boat, and also the eccentricities of a Skipper. All Skippers are not alike, some will say "please," others will top you off with the tiller—if that is not the truth, then ask Nick Johnson, who used to sail the 22-footer "Effie".

The second thing to do is to start (after you have decided on the day you will sail) and make up a list of the gear, stores, etc., which you will require for the trip. I have commenced to jot down on a piece of paper what I reckon will be wanted, some 5 or 6 weeks ahead, and add to it as the days go by, with the result, that when the day comes to buy and ship your stuff, you know exactly what you want, and then as it is put on board, you just mark off each item. If that is done there is no such thing as hearing the cry that the prickers for the primus, or a spare rowlock for the dinghy have been forgotten.

After shipping all our stores and gear, including a spare anchor, we dropped the buoy rope at 5 bells in the afternoon watch, all hands keen, and looking forward to having a splendid trip. Barometer 30.10. Wind light S.E.

Going down the Harbour, we started to stow everything in its place. There is nothing like having a place for everything, and to keep it there. A boat with 18 lockers like the "Sea Rover" is like a man with 12 pockets in his clothes. Unless you know where things are stowed, it means a waste of time looking in each place for it—just for instance, if you lose a pin out of a shackle, which happens now and then, or if you break one, you want to know exactly where the spares are kept, and to put your hand on another, perhaps in the dark, and quick and lively.

Talking about "shackles," I always make it a rule to keep on board a duplicate of every shackle that is used in my rigging—you can have the best of gear in a boat, but you never can tell what's under the galvanizing on a shackle, and there is always a risk with a new one.

I remember quite well in the old days, the "Aoma" losing a race for the Gasgoine Cup, through a new shackle on the bobstay carrying away—certainly it was a "bow" shaped one, which are the weakest, while the "D" shape are the strongest and best to use, the pull in the latter case being a direct one.

We cleared the Heads about 7.45 p.m. when the Skipper said "now boys, let's fix things up; Tom, what's it to be?—will you cook, wash up, get the tucker out for each meal, or keep the boat clean—wash down decks, etc.?" Tom said, "I'm for getting the tucker out and drying up, Skipper." Mick says "put me down for washing up"—Punch says, "I'll look after the engine and clean up generally," which left the Skipper as usual to do the cooking—so here we were, a man for each job, no palming off all the work on to somebody else, and letting the willing chap do the lot. On this trip, everything in that direction worked pleasantly and without a hitch, and with no arguments.

Before going further, I might mention that I always made it a rule to buy all stores for a trip myself—not like some crews that I know of—that is, one is commissioned to bring the meat, another bread, and perhaps a third tinned stuff, etc., and so on. If it's left to one, there is less risk of anything being forgotten, especially as has already been mentioned, if a store list is prepared.

We sailed along the coast with just a nice weight in the wind, and still S.E. The Skipper here gave orders for the halyards to be coiled up neatly and everything fixed up for the night, and it was made a rule that when we were going to be at sea at night, and before sunset, all ropes had to be coiled up and ready to be let go, at a moment's notice.

As we passed Bluefish, Mick said, "what do you tip for the weather tomorrow Skipper?" The Skipper said, "well, the scud overhead is working from the N.E. and that points to a N-Easter tomorrow." Just as he made that forecast a school of porpoises came into sight, and were travelling south, which he remarked was a good sign that the wind was going to come from the opposite direction. On being further questioned, the Skipper said that it was a well-known fact amongst fishermen that porpoises always travelled in an opposite direction (and especially before sunset) to where the wind was going to come from the next day. Another sign of a North-Easter coming, was the heavy dew which fell during the night, the decks and cabin top being very wet, just the same as if the boat had been hosed down. If there had been dew just like bubbles then it would have been a sign of a southerly wind. The Skipper remarked that it was not generally known that there were two kinds of dew, but he said there are, "the wet all over," was for a North-Easter, and the "beady" or "bubbly" for a Southerly.

Later in the evening as we were sailing along, the Skipper gave orders for the jib and lug halyards to be eased up a shade, and on being asked what was the reason for doing it, he said that the sails had been set, and the halyards sweated up, when the ropes were warm and dry—now with the damp night air, they would harden up, so by easing up the halyards, the extra strain caused by the night air would be taken off the luff ropes. We also took just the least bit of a pull on the topping lift, so as to take the weight of the boom off the sail, which was also getting damp and heavy with the dew.

We arrived off Barrenjoey about midnight, and as we were all tired after the day's work of getting the boat ready, and besides being in no hurry, we decided to drop the pick just around the corner of the Headland off Station Beach, which we did, and all turned in.

At 1 bell, 4.30 a.m., the Skipper poked his old bald pate out, and seeing it was a fine clear morning, pulled all hands out, and after serving out a dose of rum and milk (which he will tell you is a certain cure for seasickness, and all other ills) gave orders for the pick to be lifted, and as there was not a breath of wind, the engine was called on, and we steamed as far as Terrigal. We took a turn around the Reef and into the Basin, just to let the crew have a look at the place.

In a Southerly wind, Terrigal is a nice quiet spot in which to anchor, but in a hard North-Easter and at high water, it's not the best place in the world, as the swell comes in over the Reef, and the boat rocks and rolls most uncomfortably. It also cannot be classed as a good holding ground, and I would advise yachtsmen to always use a common type of anchor with a couple of fathoms of chain on the coir, if staying there for any length of time.

We continued on our course, still making use of the engine, and, after passing Tuggerah Reef, where it is always advisable to give a wide berth, especially in bad weather, as there is a nasty "Bummie" which breaks and rolls over the Reef with a roar, we then came to Norah Head with its fine Lighthouse standing back from the Headland. The Skipper kept wide of the point, so as to clear the big rock which is some distance from the land on the northern end. We ran over to the old Metal Wharf, where there is a good anchorage, and safe in any weather from the South, and also where a good landing can be made. We then continued our journey and passed in between Bird Island and the mainland. Just then Punch said, "What's that haze away to the north and the dark streak coming away from it?" This eventually turned out to be the Skipper's North-Easter, and sure enough in a few minutes it was with us. The crew got orders to hoist the No. 1 lug—the North-Easter never blew more than 20 miles per hour during the day, and we had a glorious sail and worked past Catherine Hill Bay, Red Head, and right up to Newcastle. As the tide was strong ebb, we started the engine and steamed past the Pilot Station on the Port Hand, and berthed alongside the wharf, a bit ahead of where the Newcastle and Hunter River boats tie up. It was now about

2 bells, and after cleaning up, the Skipper said that he would sooner stand the crew a blow out ashore, than cook a feed on board, so after making themselves pretty (you know, something like you see them doing the block up and down the Corso at Manly on a Saturday night) we made for Way's Cafe in Hunter Street, where a slap up meal, served by nice, young obliging ladies, at a moderate cost was obtained. The crew "did" the Pictures after tea, and all hands joined the ship again at about 6 bells, all tired, and turning in, feeling thoroughly satisfied with the day's run. The next morning, Sunday, the crew were yanked out at 2 bells, and after being compelled to guzzle a dose of "Nelson's Blood" mixed in with the "Juice of the Cow", breakfast was stowed, after which the cruise was continued to Port Stephens. We used the engine to go to sea, and when clear of the entrance, No. 1 lug was once more hoisted, the wind being again North-East, and light. Good progress was made along the Stockton Beach, the North-Easter freshening all the time, before we got to Morna Point, in fact we must have been 5 or 6 miles to leeward of it, the North-Easter came in so hard, and the sea made so quickly, that we changed lugs, the big one being dowsed and the small No. 2 sent up in its place. This operation only took a few minutes, which is one of the many advantages of the lug rig—let one rope go and the mainsail is on deck—unhook the travellers off the mast and boom, and the sail is off, dump it down below, hook the other sail on, and up she goes, and you are under weigh again in no time. Just think of the difference with a gaff sail —peak and throat halyards—double lifts—sail laced to mast, etc.

We had a hard belt to Point Stephen, which place the Skipper gave a wide berth. It was a dead lee shore, and you cannot get him to cut corners, he always believes in having a bit up his sleeve, just in case of accidents. The entry into Port Stephens cannot be called difficult—there are leading lights ashore for night time but we just acted on what the Skipper was told some years ago by the Mate of a Tug, which was to just keep close to the rocks on the southern shore, and you couldn't go wrong, anyway that's all we did, and had no trouble.

We dropped the pick in Nelson's Bay at about 3 bells, went ashore and sampled the "Ginger Beer" at the old Sea Breeze, sent telegrams to our good folk at home, bought some fresh meat, etc., and went on board again. In honour of our safe arrival and a good trip, the Skipper served out a slap up feed, and afterwards when things were cleaned up, we pushed off for Tea Gardens, which is just about a mile or a mile and a quarter from Nelson's Bay. The entrance to the river is easily made, it being marked with beacons and the channel is well marked all the way to Tea Gardens. We dropped anchor just a little way past the wharves and went ashore, and at once picked up our Pilot, Jess Motum, who is one of a band of brothers who net the lakes for fish—but more of the Motum Brothers later.

The next morning (Monday) we commenced what proved to be the best part of the whole trip. We of course had to use the engine, and it's no use anybody attempting to navigate the Myall Lakes in a boat without one. The "Sea Rover" was now in charge of the Pilot, and the Skipper just sat back and enjoyed himself with the rest of the crew.

To try and describe the beauties of the cruise up the rivers and lakes would be absolutely impossible. The former winds in and out for miles and miles, with hundreds of Staghorns, Tree Ferns, etc., on each side, the scenery being grand. We camped the first night at a place called "Tamboi", which is just at the entrance to the first lake. We tied the boat up alongside the bank of the river, and her mast looked strange as it soared up amongst the tree tops. We made a fire and boiled the billy, and grilled some fish ashore for tea, and didn't they go good! If there is anything better than grilled whiting just out of the water, then this crew is out to sample it.

The next morning we crossed the lake and entered the Myall River, and we then steamed for hour after hour, the scenery all the while being astonishingly beautiful. To tell of our week's stay in the lakes would take a ream of paper, and as this Log is limited to words, we will just have to finish off by saying that we visited numerous beauty spots, including Bungwahl, Bulahdelah and Mungo Brush. At the latter place we put in a couple of fine days, and it is only a walk of a few minutes across to 20 mile beach, where we got some fine hauls of bream, using pippies for bait, which were to be obtained in thousands along the beach. We also had some splendid shooting—shooting, why the Black and Red Duck, Coot and Teal were there in thousands, and we had several dishes of them boiled and grilled.

We then put in two days and nights with the Lake fishermen, the Motum Brothers, and space must be found to give a short account of our experiences.

In the first place, the nets that are used are simply astonishing, in one haul they scrape over something like 600 acres of water, in fact, you would think that after a few shoots of the nets, that there would not be a scale left in the Lakes. It took 3 boats to carry the net and ropes, and it took three hours to shoot it. After the net was shot and breakfast was being stowed, we asked how many fish they expected to catch. The fishermen said, "Oh, perhaps 6, 60 or 600 bushels". They never know what luck they are going to have. As I said, we stayed a couple of days with these chaps, and took good stock of how they worked the nets. In the first place, the end lines are over 4,000 feet long, and the nets 4,800 feet long, and are hauled in with winches, either fastened to trees on the bank, or to the bottom of the boats. They use second end poles, and thus wind it in, in lengths, or in other words, fleet it in. It took something like 8 hours to land the net and it's dashed hard toil winding it in, fathom after fathom—we know, because the crew gave a hand. The fishermen told us that it sometimes takes over 10 hours to land the net, and in winter, often takes from 16 to 20 hours.

The haul we helped to land filled one of the big boats to the thwarts with lovely big black bream, perch, flathead, whiting and mullet, which were afterwards iced and packed into big boxes on board the carrier boat, for shipment from "Tamboi" to Newcastle. There were simply thousands of eels, which were just flicked out of the net as they bailed out the fish. The fishermen told us that at one time they used to kill all the eels they caught, but they have got so bad, and they catch so many in each haul, that it takes up too much of their time, so now they just tip them out and let them go.

After our two days were up with the fishermen, we said goodbye to Jess, our worthy pilot, and returned to Nelson's Bay. We stayed there a day and walked out to the big lighthouse on Port Stephen, had dinner at the "Sea Breeze" and generally had a good day ashore. We got away at 1 bell the next morning, using the engine until just off the far end of Stockton Beach, where we had the good luck to meet with our old friend, the North-Easter, and setting all sail, including spinnaker, we made a fast run to our good spot, the Basin, where we arrived just at sunset. We fastened on to "Revonah's" buoy, had tea, and all turned in, thoroughly pleased and satisfied in every way with the trip north.

After tea the next day, and when all the gear had been stowed, the crew were lounging about, having a smoke, when the conversation turned to matters in relation to weather signs, etc., and after a while, it was put to the Skipper to repeat some parts of the lecture he gave to the members of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club at one of its monthly meetings. This the Skipper readily consented to do. All hands filled their pipes and listened, and this is a part of what they heard:—

"Well", said the Skipper, "I have already told you about the porpoises, dew, clouds travelling, etc., so will commence by saying, that sea gulls will sometimes also tell you of a change approaching. If, for instance, you see them flying high and slowly, or all flocked together, under the weather shore, it's a good sign of bad weather. I remember a little saying about birds flying high, it's:—

"When the birds fly high,
Let all your Kites fly."

You might also have noticed some time or other that when we are experiencing bad weather outside the Heads at Sydney, there are nearly always a lot of gannets in the harbour, which as a rule come inside before the approach of bad weather. Then for changes from the south. If you see fire in the water at night, or especially (and this is really good) if you notice the lights flickering on the southern shore of Sydney Harbour, it's an almost certain sign of a change. Then again if you see a hot quiet day, a common or garden horse stinger flying about, it's a good tip, or if you hear the surf roaring on the ocean beaches at night—these are all good and sure signs of a southerly change coming. About the surf roaring on the ocean beaches—I can remember quite well on several occasions, when I've been sitting ashore here on the old seat outside of poor old "Peggy's" cottage, and been yarning to old Sam, and he has said "When are you going back to Sydney" and I've said, "tomorrow Sam", he would say in his own way (which was so well-known to us all), "well you will have a .?.?.?. wet trip", and on being asked why, he would say, "Hear the .?.?.?. roar on the Ocean Beach", and sure enough the next day, there would be a southerly wind. Talking about winds, this might be handy to remember:—

"When the wind shifts against the sun
Trust it not—for back t'will run."

I was going to say something about the weather glass, but you chaps have been knocking about a good spell now, and should know just as much about it as I do. But do you know this one?

"With a low and falling glass,
Soundly sleeps the careless arse,
With high, and rising,
Soundly sleeps the 'wise-un!"

Of course you will all know that if with a falling glass it comes in wet with little or no wind, that that is the time to look out for squalls and a change of wind, with 10 chances to 1 of having bad weather for some days, but that on the other hand if the wind does change and comes in hard without rain first, you can take it for certain that there is no bad weather about, and that the change is only a spasm, that is even if the glass has fallen. Here, just listen to this: It's a good old Shellback's rhyme and will tell you better what I'm getting at:

"With the rain before the wind,
Your topsail halyard you must mind,
But with the wind before the rain,
Your topsail you can hoist again.

You can go nap on that being right every time." The Skipper then went on to say that it's always a good idea when you are away cruising, to have a look at the sky before turning in, and that if we saw a red cloud effect, to just remember it, and if when we climbed out the next morning it was dull and grey looking, then a bet could be made that it was going to be fine weather. But if on the other hand, it was the opposite, that was, evening cloud dull and grey, and next morning there was red in the sky, then there would be a chance of something doing, and a weather eye should be kept for a change of wind. He then put it into verse this way:

"The evening red and the morning grey,
Are sure signs of a fine bright day,
But the evening grey and the morning red,
Makes the old sailor shake his head."

"Talking about clouds once more. If you see them coming along overhead, and travelling fast, and sort of rolling over, then it's time to have a look around and see if everything is O.K. In fact, it would do no harm to shorten sail and be ready for anything that came along.

It's a certainty something nasty is going to happen. But if you see the clouds rolling up slowly, you need not worry, although they might look as black as ink, and heavy, there will be no squalls. There may be just a change of wind, with a bit of weight in it, but nothing to be frightened of!"

He said, "just store this up in our chain lockers:

"If the clouds are gathering thick and fast,
Look out sharp for sail and mast,
But if they lag upon the road,
Keep your flying kites abroad."

The Skipper here said that it was time to close down and turn in, but went on to say that it might be handy to remember, that if at any time we saw a ring around the moon, that it's generally a sign of rain coming, and that the further the ring was from the moon, so further off was the rain. The Skipper next day caught the Chief Officer spitting over the weather side, or to wind'ard, and promptly logged him, and cut off his issue of "Nelson's Blood", and told him that he had to be at sea for 20 years before being allowed to spit to wind'ard, and said you could not pay an old shellback a bigger compliment than to call him "Old spit to wind'ard".

We put in 3 splendid days fishing down off the "Maitland's" boilers and off Terrigal, caught a heap of fish, and then made sail for home and work again. After a good trip we picked up our moorings just at 2 bells midday, put the "William" on to boil, had a feed, and then set to and landed all our gear. We then cleaned up, and put the covers on, and thus ended a beautiful trip, instructive and interesting—a trip that can be recommended to every yachtsman with a boat that does not draw say more than 4 feet, and has a good engine.

During the cruise, the crew carried a resolution, that when the "Sea Rover" was laid up for the worst of the winter months, we would give her a good overhaul, and try and win the prize to be given for the best kept boat, etc., in the Sydney Amateurs. It was agreed that the topsides should be burnt off, and generally make a good job of her. In the first week in July, we started by lifting the mast, ballast, centreboard and engine out, with a crane, and then pulled the yacht out of the water, hosed her thoroughly out, covered her over, and then spent our week-ends at football matches, etc. We did not do anythin

suggested that we put a little drop of varnish in the paint we had mixed for the decks, but this suggestion was turned down by the Skipper, who told him that if you put varnish into paint and used it on a hot day, you would see all the brush marks, as the varnish would dry out first. After we had cut the waterline and given the bottom a coat of British Anti Fouling Paint, we turned our attention to the centreboard, and as it was rough and wanted painting, we rubbed it down with lumps of sandstone, keeping it wet all the time. After we got it nice and clean and smooth, we gave it 4 coats of red lead, one after the other, with a light rub down between each coat, and then we gave it 2 coats of British Anti Fouling Paint, and it was fit and ready for its work.

The spars were next. We got half a dozen ordinary Cabinet Makers' scrapers, about 4 or 5 inches long, and with these we had all the old varnish off the spars in no time. One was a ricker, and as the crack in it had opened during the season, we mixed half a pint of linseed oil with a quarter of a pound of beeswax, and half a pound of resin into a paste like putty by heating the oil, and dissolving the resin and beeswax, then stirred in 3 ounces of turps. We let it get cold and then worked it up like putty and filled up the crack. This made a good job, it stuck to the wood, gradually got hard, but never got quite hard.

After we rubbed down the spars, we gave them 3 coats of varnish, the first coat was made up of 2 parts of varnish to 1 of turps. We again used Rylards' Varnish, and of course we gave the spars a light rub down between each coat of varnish with No. 1½ sandpaper. The mast, after it was cleaned off, was given a good coat of raw oil before putting on the first coat of varnish. Our next job was to make our hatch cover water-tight. This we did by spreading it out and wetting it down with fresh water. We used a big ordinary paint brush to put the water on. We next got our paint mixed up the colour we wanted it and put it over a fire and boiled it up. We had it bubbling just like water on the boil, then painted over the wet canvas with the hot paint. We gave it 2 coats and the result was that we could fold up the cover as many times as we liked, used it as often as we liked, but with never a sign of cracking, and it was absolutely waterproof. With that job finished, and after the main rigging had been given 2 coats of lead colour paint, we scraped and cleaned off the blocks, which we gave 3 coats of varnish, knocked out the pins, and gave the patent sheaves some white vaseline to make them run easily, and our work was finished. We then put our varnish brushes into a tin of raw oil and turps, mixed in equal quantities, to stop them from going hard. The paint brushes we cleaned out with benzine (cheaper than turps) and then knocked off, perfectly satisfied that our work would stand sticky-beaking by the worst rubberneck around Sydney Harbour.

**P.S. and FINIS:**

Our work was not a case of "Love's Labour Lost", as the crew of the "Sea Rover" duly won (for the second season in succession) the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club's Competition and Trophies for General Proficiency, and for being the Best Kept Boat, during the Season just closed.

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## BROKEN BAY THE HARD WAY

In the spring of 1936 I, J. MacD. Royle purchased my first boat, the old "Womerah", from the late Lytton Wright, who, in his turn, had bought her from Botany Bay, where she was originally built by Fisher, over 60 years before to take passengers (who plied the oars) from La Perouse to Kurnell.

I had previously done a bit of sailing in a syndicate-owned 18-footer, and also in a friend's 16-ft. Port Jackson skiff, and had had a season or two in Dick Windeyer's "Blue Bird".

You can imagine my delight and excitement, at last, to own a boat of my own, and I at once joined the Sydney Amateurs.

Christmas was approaching and nothing was looked forward to so much by myself and my crew as the Christmas trip to Broken Bay.

In order that there should be no mistake or slip-up, we brought old "Womerah" round to Hunter Bay, Balmoral, over two weeks before Christmas.

The next Saturday morning we were up bright and early, and were all aboard about 5.30. Sails up and everything stowed by six. Then we were off!

But, were we?

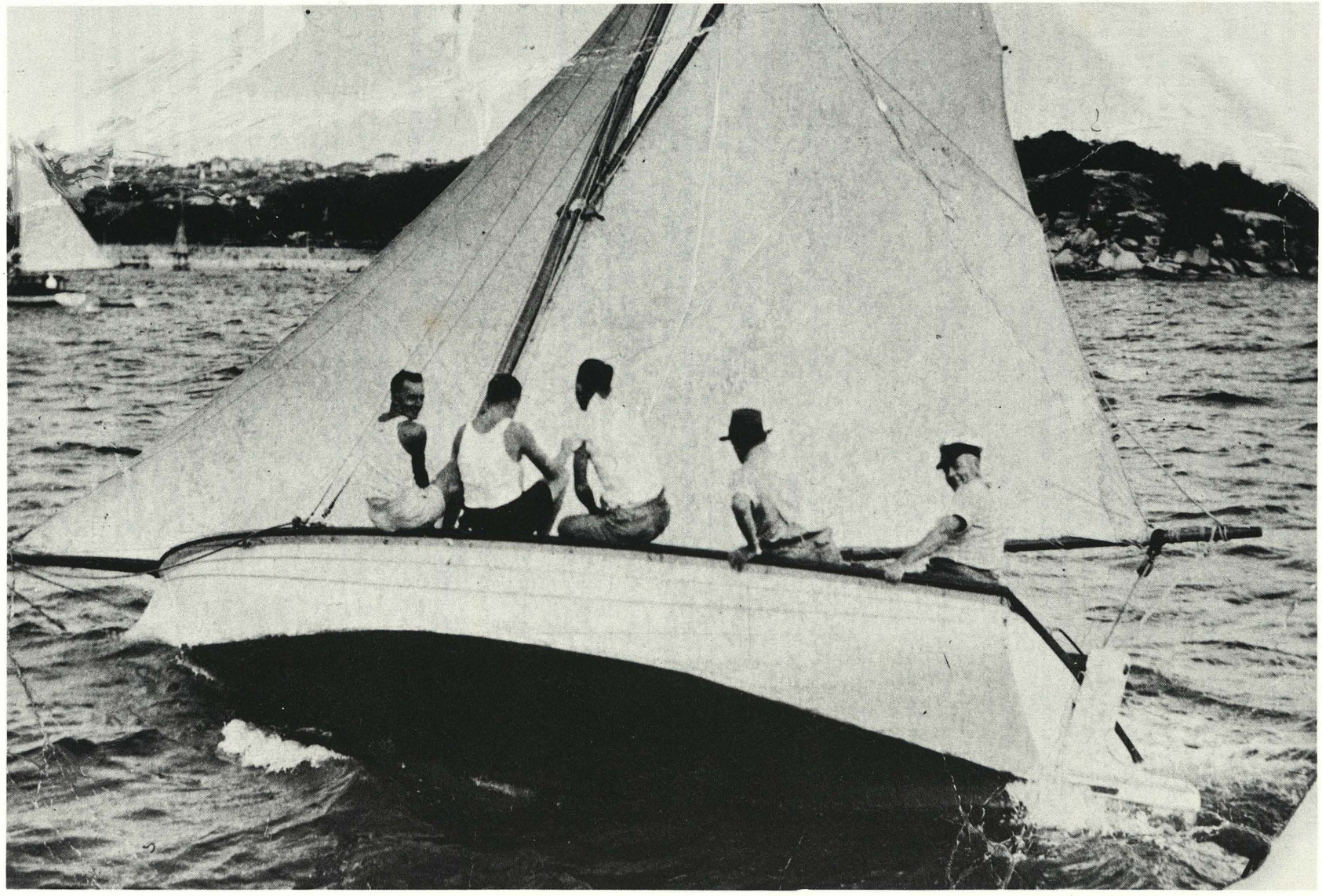
Almost a dead calm. The early morning light westerly, about which I had heard so much, failed to eventuate. We thought if we got away from the shore a bit we might catch something, so one of the stalwarts boarded the dinghy and towed "Womerah" out near Middle Head.

Finally, we struck a bit of a current and arrived off South Reef at 8 a.m.—2½ hours after starting. At 9 a.m. we were off the Sow and Pigs, and at 10 a.m. we were back at South Reef, ready for the open sea.

However, it was not to be, and by 11 a.m. we were back off Camp Cove Beach, where I rowed ashore and rang home to tell my daughter not to drive to Newport to meet me.

Things improved a little then, and we finally cleared the Heads at midday. The breeze came away very lightly from the north-east and we made fair progress, being off Dee Why at about 4 p.m.

The wind then rose strongly and a storm developed, and we were forced to lower away and run under jib to Fairy Bower. We snugged "Womerah" down for the night and persuaded one of the crew to sleep on board while the rest of us went home to sleep the night.



"WOMERAH" with J. MacD. Royle at helm, Jim Dempsey, Seaton Bremner, Dick Dillon and Ken Lloyd crewing.

*Photo courtesy J. MacD. Royle.*

Undeterred by our previous bad day, we set off again next day.

The light westerly promised by so many of my friends again failed, and we drifted out of the Bower and then the fun started. For the next 3 hours or so we took turns in the dinghy to tow the old boat to keep her out of the breakers.

We must have been off Curl Curl when a very light nor'easter set in. Had we had up our racing sail, we might have made some progress, but with the small cruising sail and towing a dinghy, it was hopeless.

However, about 3 o'clock a storm, similar to that which caught us the day before, suddenly sprang up and we finished up back at our mooring in Mosman Bay, a very disappointed crew.

Next day, Monday, I met some old sailing men who assured me the safest way of getting there was to get one of the small steamers running to Broken Bay to take her up.

I accordingly rang the shipping office and, after giving them the dimensions of my boat, they said they would take her up for 30/-. I accepted and said I would be round next afternoon.

I went down to Mr. Colley's Boatshed at Mosman, and he got out his work boat and towed "Womerah" round. We left her canvas cover on and I was in ordinary business clothes.

We got to Darling Harbour alright, but the steamer office was not quite ready to receive us, so Mr. Colley and I repaired to the nearest local, where we had a few pints of "Tiger" juice. At least the bottle had a picture of a tiger on it.

We returned to the wharf and I went to the office and produced my thirty bob.

The clerk said, "Nix, 3 quid, please."

I replied "Nothing doing," and so back to Mosman.

Well off we went, with me looking over my shoulder all the time to see if they were only bluffing, but not so.

Thus ended our third attempt.

The following day I felt quite resigned to waiting till the weekend when, about 9.30 a.m., I received a telephone call from old Mr. Colley to say there was a nice little slant from the south, and if I could get a crew, I could not fail to make "the Bay" in about 4 hours.

Not so easy on a Tuesday morning, but I got an S.P. bookie who had a flat over us and a couple of spare hands from somewhere, and we set out about midday. I was able to explain to the S.P. bookie how to keep the boat straight by pushing or pulling the tiller while I went forward to set the spinnaker.

I then went to sleep.

On waking, we were about 3 miles out from Mona Vale in a dead calm. Not even a ripple on the ocean and the sails flapping, but to make matters worse, a terrific storm was brewing—lightning and thunder, but so far no wind or rain.

We had no food and only a demijohn of water, and I was not as happy as I had been previously.

All I could decide to do was to lower away the main and go under jib whichever way the wind blew.

A little later, we saw a small wisp of smoke in the distance which, on inspection, proved to be coming more or less in our direction. We took turns in the dinghy towing "Womerah" to try to intercept the oncoming steamer.

Getting close enough to hail her, and as the skipper said it looked a bad storm coming, we asked him if he would tow us back to Sydney.

He readily agreed, and heaved us a long tow rope, which we wrapped round the base of the mast.

Not only were we happy to be rescued, but the trip down, travelling, I suppose, 10 or 12 knots with no noise of an engine, was most delightful.

We passed Bradley's Head at about 6, and the skipper was good enough to tow us right up to the old Cremorne Wharf, in Mosman Bay, before casting us adrift.

What a splendid fellow was the skipper of the "Erringhi", but little did he know that I was the bloke and this was the boat he had had an argument with the day before. Without the cover on and I in my usual rig-out, who could blame him for not recognising me and the boat of the day before. However, I sent a nice letter of thanks, but did not refer in any way to our previous meeting.

Thus ended the fourth day.

It was getting near Christmas, and "Womerah" still at her original moorings in Mosman Bay!

I must have told the story of our frustrated efforts to someone, probably Bill Baverstock, who must have passed it on to Cliff Gale, for the next day, Thursday, I got a ring from Cliff. Up till then, I had only seen Cliff at S.A.S.C. meetings, and did not know him well, at all.

To my surprise, he told me that he had heard of my frustrated efforts and he said that anyone who tried as hard as I had needed a bit of encouragement, and he offered to tow "Womerah" up to Broken Bay the next day, Friday. Good old Cliff! I was overjoyed, and what an opportunity of taking down all our camping gear instead of sending it by truck.

Next morning, I was down bright and early and what my wife did not give me to take up was nobody's business. Two tents, one fly, trestle, table, 5 collapsible bunks, boards for benches, rugs for the floor, pots, pans, grid-irons, ice chest, billycans, spuds, onions and everything else necessary for a complete camping holiday, including blankets, sheets and mosquito nets.

After about four car trips to Mosman Wharf, I loaded it all on board and stowed it carefully, and for fear of spray, I replaced the cover over the boom and kept all the dunnage dry.

It was a beautiful day, but with a brisk nor-easter, and Cliff Gale in his "Ranger" came into Mosman about midday and took "Womerah" in tow. All went well down the harbour, and we put into Watson's Bay Wharf to fill up "Ranger's" petrol tanks.

Before leaving, Cliff had asked me whether I should stuff up the centreboard case, but I assured him we had had a long tow with 4 on board, by the "Erringhi", and not a drop had come aboard.

So off we went. I noticed Cliff continually glancing over his shoulder at "Womerah", and when near Long Reef, he said he felt sure "Womerah" was much lower in the water and was towing more heavily. I drifted back in Cliff's dinghy and went aboard over the tuck and ducked under the cover to find about 1 foot of water and the ocean just beginning to trickle over the top of the case.

This was an emergency to be treated instantly.

I ripped off my sweater and by means of a ½-in. iron bar (taken down to build a grate for a stove) forced the sweater down the case. Not enough! Next went my singlet and then my pants. These were well rammed in and only a trickle of water was showing.

I got busy with the little pump. It was one of these 3-in. cylinder affairs and exhausted into the centreboard case. A small re-arrangement of the sweater was necessary to prevent the blockage of the water I was pumping.

Up and down 200 times with the right hand, up and down 200 times with the left. Change again to the right, back again to the left.

After about half an hour, old "Womerah" was more or less dry, except for what water was seeping from the blankets, carpets, bread and other dunnage, while I was about exhausted.

I flaked out on top of the cargo under the cover and was soon well and truly asleep. I don't know how long I slept, but was awakened by the feel of a lack of motion and a series of hoarse cries. When I came to, I found that Cliff had slowed up and was calling to me. As he had heard nothing from me for over an hour, he was afraid I had gone overboard.

I crawled to the stern of the boat and raised myself upright and Cliff saw me appear at the stern of the boat, stark naked.

He then invited me on "Ranger" again and I was thankful to be fitted out in one of his sweaters and a pair of slacks. We were then about off Whale Beach and we looked back to see the dinghy about ¼ mile astern. in my haste getting aboard, I had fumbled the knot and the dinghy had come adrift.

Picking up the dinghy presented no difficulties, thank goodness, and about dusk we rounded Barrenjoey and made our way to Newport. Cliff found me a mooring with one of his friends at a boatshed, and I was able to go ashore and ring home to say to come and collect me.

I prefer to pass over the unloading of "Womerah" and hanging out of sails, blankets and other material, as it came as a sort of anti-climax to the rest of the trip.

However, here we were, safe and sound, Broken Bay at last, and in time for Christmas and the 1936 Pittwater Regatta.

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In a publication entitled "The Story of the Olympics in Mexico" published in 1968 by special arrangement with The Australian Olympic Federation, amongst various articles is the following on page 37 accompanied by a large smiling photo of Bill Northam.

## "THE INSTANT YACHTSMAN"

In 1952, one of Sydney's best-known yachtsmen, John Royle, was cruising in Broken Bay on his yacht Womerah II. One of the people aboard was his friend Bill Northam, a man popular in sporting circles as a racing car driver.

It was Bill's first sailing trip and his enthusiasm was so great that John invited him to sail the following day. A fresh nor'easter was blowing when Northam came aboard next morning, but soon after the start John said: "Take the tiller, Bill. See what you can do with her." Northam did so and astonished everyone aboard. No-one could believe he was not an experienced helmsman.

Later that day Northam put "Womerah", still under sail, alongside a landing without scratching the paint.

"How long has this sport been going", he asked Royle.

"It's great. I'll take it up myself."

He was as good as his word. Within a few weeks he bought a fast little cruiser called "Gymea". She was soon among the first three boats in the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club's second division. But Northam had an eye on more ambitious contests.

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## EARLY OCEAN RACING

Four recorded, notable ocean races took place in the early years of the Club, and they are repeated here, having been extracted from The Sydney Morning Herald and The Australian Boating Annual.

### 31st JANUARY, 1874
### "KINGFISHER" v. "SEA BREEZE"

"The merits of these two pleasure boats had long been the subject of discussion in aquatic circles, the respective partisans of either boat being confident of success and eager to try conclusions. The course agreed upon was from the lightship round a flagboat off Barrenjoey Head and back again. A good start was effected at 10.15 a.m. by the umpire, W. D. Gilchrist, who accompanied the race in his yacht, "Peri", the two boats getting away on very even terms. The "Kingfisher" had established a 50-yd. lead at South Reef and passed North Head at 10.30 a.m. From here to the flagboat they had a fair run before the moderate east south-easterly. The "Sea Breeze" set a squaresail, but "Kingfisher" continued to increase her lead. Off Curl Curl the wind dropped a little and "Kingfisher" set a spinnaker and shortly after "Sea Breeze" countered by setting a watersail on her starboard side. Long Reef was passed by the leader at 11.12 a.m. and about 3 minutes later by the second boat. "Kingfisher" then set a squaresail and gradually drew away to have a lead of 4 minutes at the south head of Broken Bay and they then both shortened sail to round the flagboat, "Kingfisher" at 12.39 p.m. and "Sea Breeze" at 12.43 p.m.

The wind had now freshened to a stiff breeze from the south-east and the boats stood out to sea for several miles, the "Sea Breeze" sailing so much closer than her opponent that by the time they went about at 2.30 p.m. she was upward of half a mile to windward and had more than regained her disadvantage at the flagboat. About 3.00 p.m. the breeze freshened perceptibly and as the boats approached the land a heavy, lumpy sea was experienced.

Off Long Reef the "Kingfisher", which by this time was some distance to leeward, gave up the contest, and was observed to put about and run for Broken Bay.

The "Sea Breeze" continued her course and after three more tacks succeeded in weathering North Head and passing the lightship at 5.38 p.m. She was declared the winner of the £100 stake.

The successful boat made excellent weather of it, and was most ably handled throughout. Anyone who saw the conditions of wind and wave under which the match was sailed, while according all credit to the crew of the "Sea Breeze" and the seagoing qualities of their boat, will admit that every possible effort was made aboard the loser, and that she was by no means dishonoured.

The yacht "Alick" went the greater part of the distance and worked home comfortably under reduced canvas. Mr. Fairfax's new yacht, "Magic", went to Barrenjoey, rounded astern of "Sea Breeze" and stood out to sea under whole lower sail, until about 3.00 p.m., when her bobstay carried away in a squall and compelled her to reduce canvas. Though rather lightly ballasted for such weather, she did admirably, and proved a magnificent sea boat, making North Head on the second tack, and getting to her moorings at Double Bay about 6.30 p.m".

("Kingfisher" was owned and sailed in the above race by C. F. Bransby; "Sea Breeze" was skippered to the best of my knowledge by F. Rae, but proof is lacking, and ownership at this stage unknown. Ed.)

### 15th MAY, 1875
### "KINGFISHER" v. "SEA SPRAY"

"This was a race for £50 a side over the same course as before, with "Kingfisher" sailed by "Podge" Newton, and "Sea Spray" sailed by Richardson.

The boats set off in a westerly gale, both getting away well and remaining side by side down the harbour, with "Kingfisher" having established a slight lead at North Head.

The mark boat off Broken Bay was rounded at 1.04 p.m. by "Kingfisher" who then had a lead of 1 minute and 4 seconds on "Sea Spray".

On the return journey, about half way back to North Head, "Sea Spray" carried away her rudder pintles and had to be towed home. At the time of the accident she was one quarter mile astern. "Kingfisher" completed the course, finishing at 4.30 p.m., but in going down the harbour, after the race, with a fresh hand at the helm, she capsized near Garden Island and sank."

### DECEMBER, 1876
### "KINGFISHER" v. "SEA BREEZE"

"This match was also for £50 a side over the same course as before.

The race was sailed in a hard north-east blow, the "Kingfisher" being sailed by Billy Macdonald (of "Chance" fame) and he brought her out under a racing mainsail, but retired after rounding the mark at Broken Bay.

"Sea Breeze" completed the course and thus won the stakes. T. Marshall owned her at this stage."

### 2nd MARCH, 1878
### "CARLOTTA" v. "LOTTIE"

"This was an event which had long been looked forward to by lovers of aquatic sports. "Carlotta", owned by S. H. Hyam, and "Lottie" owned by R. Moodie. The weather was, on the whole, all that could be desired; the wind at starting, blew very light, it is true, but soon afterwards, on getting outside the Heads, it freshened and gradually improved as the day progressed.

The course was from Fort Macquarie to a flagboat moored off Barrenjoey, Broken Bay and return, a distance of about 40 miles.

The stakes, £110—"Carlotta" was backed to win £60 against £50 on "Lottie", and it is believed that a large sum of money, irrespective of the stakes, depended upon the event.

Two steamers, "The Prince of Wales" and "Mystery", accompanied the race throughout, and they were afterwards joined by several others, but none of them carried a large number of passengers.

Captain Bloomfield acted as Starter and Umpire and from "The Prince of Wales" started the race at exactly 9.00 a.m. The wind was then very light north-west and tide quarter ebb. Both boats started with squaresails and topsails and were over 30 minutes getting to Bradley's Head, where "Carlotta", after being astern, forged ahead. The breeze freshened from the east north-east for a few minutes and then faded altogether.

For some time they drifted with the tide and then the breeze began to puff from the north-west and then from the south-west and then it settled into the east. Both stood to Watson's Bay and then to North Head and when they cleared the Heads, "Carlotta" had established a lead of half a mile. The two then weathered Blue Fish, and as the wind now freshened, stood into Curl Curl, where "Carlotta" removed her topsail.

Both then worked for Long Reef and "Carlotta" again hoisted her topsail. When off the Reef "Lottie" got an easterly slant and nearly caught "Carlotta". The wind, however, fell off quickly. "Carlotta", however, had gone about and found a freshening wind and was making fast for Broken Bay. She appeared to have it all her own way and opened up a big lead on her opponent.

Fetching Barrenjoey she went about and made a short tack to the rounding mark and at 2.25 p.m. turned for home and setting her balloon jib only ran straight back to the Heads.

"Lottie" rounded at 2.31 p.m. (6 minutes behind) set a balloon jib, squaresail and watersail, but failed to gain on the leader.

At about 4.00 p.m., four miles from the Heads, "Carlotta" had a lead of 1½ miles and "Lottie's" squaresail was then of benefit, as she closed the distance, but the final result had been decided.

"Carlotta" rounded North Head at 4.35 p.m. and passed the red buoy off Fort Macquarie at 5.08 p.m. and at this moment "Lottie" was abreast Fort Denison and crossed the finishing line at 5.14 p.m.; thus the difference in time was exactly the same at Broken Bay and the finish.

The scene inside the port was exceedingly lively. Not only were there many steamers returning from following the race and from waiting at the Heads to follow up the harbour, but there could not have been less than fifty sailing boats of all descriptions—from the graceful "Magic" or "Mistral" to the veriest tub that could be kept afloat by bailing. A large crowd were on the heights at Watson's Bay and little dots of people showed along the shore all the way to the finish, where an immense number had assembled opposite the line.

Altogether the day had been most propitious and could not have been better if "made to order". The only thing to be regretted was that after affording such a capital day's sport, both boats could not win."

## DECEMBER, 1898

"S. Hordern Junior represented the Club at a Regatta in Auckland, New Zealand under the auspices of the North Shore Natives Association and secured a tie for second place in the Intercolonial One-Raters Championship and won two other races in "Bronzewing IV", which he took with him."

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## "WATHARA II" ONE TON CUP CHALLENGE

The first participation by a S.A.S.C. Yacht in international ocean racing occurred in 1967, when Bruce Cameron's "Wathara II", sail No. A2, competed in the "One Ton Cup" at Le Havre, France and subsequently at Cowes and in the Fastnet Race.

The "One Ton Cup" is a trophy which dates from 1895, when it was founded for the "One Ton" class of yacht. Subsequently, the trophy was transferred to the 6-metre class and finally, the founders of the Cup, the "Cercle de la Voile de Paris", issued new conditions for the Cup in 1965 for competition between yachts of up to 22-ft. rating R.O.R.C.

The driving force behind this change and the tireless champion of this new form of no handicap ocean racing has been M. Jean Peytel, of the "Cercle de la Voile de Paris".

The first One Ton Cup competition was held in 1965 and initiated a very rapid development of this size of ocean-racing yacht within the R.O.R.C. measurement rule, with new yachts mostly following the now familiar separate rudder, decreased lateral plane configuration. The great success of these One Ton Cup yachts in R.O.R.C. racing in turn led to a more rapid development in other new yachts designed to the R.O.R.C. rule.

The One Ton Cup rules have now been amended again and the new limit to size is a rating of 27 ft. 6 ins., I.O.R.

In 1966 Bruce Cameron of the S.A.S.C. ordered a One Ton Cup yacht from Swanson Bros. of Sydney. Ron Swanson had just returned from competing in the One Ton Cup of 1966 at Copenhagen with "Salome".

The yacht "Wathara II" was to become the first of the very popular Swanson 36 class, of which many were built. In fact the mould for the fibreglass 36's was taken off "Wathara's" hull.

"Wathara II" was launched in April, 1967, leaving only a few weeks in which to complete and tune her before the shipping date in May.

She was "christened" at the Clubhouse and had another bottle of champagne been opened she would have floated in.


"WATHARA II"—B. Cameron at helm, One Ton Cup Challenger.

*Photo R. W. Crane.*


"WATHARA II" crew—left to right: Cliff Mecham, Tony Furse, Frank Likely, Bill Lawler, Bruce Cameron and Grant Crichton.

*Photo QANTAS.*

Since the One Ton Cup is for competition between yacht clubs, the S.A.S.C. submitted the challenge on behalf of Bruce Cameron.

Meanwhile a committee was formed to organise the challenge and to raise money to help defray the cost of shipping "Wathara II" to France and return. The committee consisted of Tony Furse, Chairman; Bruce Cameron; Jim Middleton, Secretary; Ian Ralfe, Transport; and members of "Wathara's" crew.

Representatives of this committee also joined with members of a committee from Middle Harbour Yacht Club, which had also challenged on behalf of Peter Hill with "Maria Van Dieman", to form a joint One Ton Cup Committee.

The committee was most successful in its fund-raising and after numerous functions, was able to hand to Bruce Cameron a cheque for $2,000, which covered a considerable part of the shipping costs.

The wives of the committee and crew organised a fantastically successful "Night in Le Havre", for which not only was everyone grateful, but they enjoyed themselves so much they are still waiting for same to be repeated.

There was time for "Wathara II" to compete in only two short ocean races before leaving—the 90-mile Tom Thumb Island race and the 20-mile Port Hacking race. "Wathara II" was 2nd overall in one and 2nd in her division in the other. This was very encouraging, considering the lack of time for tuning.

Shipping was arranged with the French line "Messageries Maritimes" on the ship "Marquisien" and "Wathara II" was sailed to Newcastle and loaded aboard on May 26th.

It was arranged that the crew would fly to Holland, take delivery of "Wathara II" and sail her to Le Havre, arriving on July 4th, leaving 2 weeks for rigging and tuning before the first One Ton Cup race on 19th July.

However, it was not to prove so easy! As "Marquisien" was approaching Aden, the Arab-Israel conflict erupted and the Suez Canal was closed.

"Marquisien" now had to sail south around the Cape of Good Hope, and since she had to first call at Genoa in Italy, before proceeding to the English Channel, it was clear that "Wathara II" could not arrive at Le Havre in time for the first race if left aboard "Marquisien".

So, although the prospect was extremely gloomy, Bruce Cameron flew to France, followed within a few days by his crew, determined to achieve the seemingly impossible.

At first it was arranged to trans-ship "Wathara II" at Dakar to another ship sailing direct to Le Havre, but a dock strike at Dakar prevented this.

There remained but one possibility. If the "Marquisien" could be diverted to Marseilles on the French Mediterranean coast, "Wathara II" could be road-freighted across France and just about make it. But the diversion and road transport was extremely costly and, without any certainty that the yacht would even then be in time, it seemed that defeat must be accepted.

Then, at the last moment a member of the regatta committee, an executive of Total Oil Co., offered his company's help with the cost.

So, off to Marseilles. The ship was ordered to divert to Marseilles and transport was arranged from there to Le Havre, some 400 miles.

All that remained was to obtain a travel permit for the truck and yacht. To Bruce's dismay this was refused, since no heavy transport was allowed to travel over the "Bastille Day" long weekend. The only traffic allowed on the roads were private vehicles and military convoys. So, once again our French friends came to the rescue and next morning "Wathara II" left for Le Havre with an escort of military police on motor-cycles—a military convoy!!

After a highly eventful trip by a most roundabout route (600 miles) to avoid the busy expressways, "Wathara II" arrived in Le Havre on the evening of the 16th July. The crew worked all night and she was ready to sail by the afternoon of the 17th, with just one clear day for tuning and final measuring.

The One Ton Cup series consisted of two races of approximately 30 miles off Le Havre and one race of 300 miles in the English Channel from Le Havre to Cherbourg to Royal Sovereign light ship—around a buoy off the Normandy beaches and return to Le Havre. Conditions were extremely light, with winds rarely above 5 knots during the whole series. Yachts with larger sail areas were better suited and "Wathara II" finished a disappointing 16th out of 21. However, the last 30-mile race turned on a reasonable breeze and "Wathara II" was placed 8th in this race.

The outstanding features of the regatta were the attention to detail and faultless administration of the French officials and to "Wathara II's" crew, the kindness and hospitality of the French yachtsmen and people of Le Havre.

The saga of "Wathara II's" chequered journey to Le Havre had established a very special relationship between the crew and many people in Le Havre, whose determined and persistent efforts to ensure her arrival far exceeded what might be regarded as normal assistance and co-operation. Consequently, departure was a rather sad event, but like most events of any significance in France, it was arranged over a memorable French luncheon, after which "Wathara II's" crew, in highly relaxed condition, sailed out of Le Havre for the 100-mile channel crossing to Cowes, Isle of Wight, for Cowes Week and the Fastnet.

The Fastnet race attracted about 150 starters and again light conditions generally prevailed, except for one night in the Irish Sea on the way out to Fastnet Rock, when "Wathara II" broke her boom in a brief force 8 blow. Repairs were made the next morning and "Wathara II" continued on to be placed 6th in her division.

It just remained to sail from Plymouth back to Cowes and then on to Le Havre where "Wathara II" was left to be loaded aboard a ship for home.

Overall it was a great adventure, frustrating at times, but well worthwhile and wonderful to see the S.A.S.C. burgee flying in such illustrious company.

The crew in the One Ton Cup series consisted of:

Bruce Cameron—owner and skipper,
Bill Lawler—navigator,
Grant Crichton,
Cliff Mecham,
Tony Furse,
Frank Likely.

For the Fastnet race, as above, with Nick Cassim substituted for Tony Furse.

## "COLLAROY" STRUCK BY "LIGHTNING"

(An extract from the N.S.W. 18 ft. Sailing League News Sheet)

**Invitation Scratch Race for Yachtsmen**

Sunday 29th November 1936

**Entries**

| | |
|---|---|
| "Minnawatta" | Stan Spain |
| "Alruth" | Jack Hordern |
| "Cornstalk" | Jack Milson |
| "Dee Why" | Oscar Backhouse |
| "Scot Too" | Harry Lloyd |
| "Lightning" | Cliff Gale |
| "Burrawong" | R. Pritchard |
| "The Mistake" | Percy Arnott |
| "Jean" | Dr. Keith Kirkland |
| "All British" | Chas. Trebeck |
| "Collaroy" | Jack Backhouse |
| "Australia" | Dave Brockhoff |

### YACHTSMEN GIVE FINE DISPLAY

"Lightning" struck for the first time in her racing career last Sunday under the skilful guidance of Cliff Gale, who is usually found at the tiller of a staunch cruiser.

This was the first victory for "Lightning" and incidentally the second win in succession for owner Stan Sheldon.

The yachtsmen handled the lively modern type craft in excellent style though "Burrawong" in charge of R. Pritchard found the squalls out of Rose Bay a bit too severe and she toppled over just prior to reaching Shark Island the first time.

Jack Hordern, who had won the S.A.S.C. Club Race on Saturday with his cruiser "Monsoon" had "Alruth" in the fighting line all the time until an extra spiteful puff caused the spinnaker to blow bubbles in the air, kick back and throw Jack and his crew in the water. "Alruth" was third at the time and being driven hard in chase of "Collaroy" and "Lightning".

On the run to Chowder Bay, Charlie Trebeck gave the patrons some thrills when "All British" refused to behave at the gybe at Clark Island and things were very unsettled for a time.

The highlight of the race was the great fight put up by "Collaroy" which had entered on the triangle section of the course 1 min. 40 secs. behind the leader "Lightning".

Racing under spinnaker to Chowder Head "Collaroy" had brought the leader back a trifle but once they hauled a wind the second boat began to eat right into it and there was intense excitement as the crowd eagerly awaited the meeting of the pair while working along Shark Island.

"Lightning" had gone right across to Steel Point and still had a handy lead as she rounded the Totem Pole.

For'ard hand Bung Swinbourne shot the Ballooner on smoothly enough but there were moans of anguish and shouts of '"Collaroy's" got him' as the extra was seen to fly out of control into the air. Skipper Gale smartly lifted, while the Balloon tack, let fly by one of the crew as he jumped for the rail in a squall, was recovered, and there were many sighs of relief as the Red Flash began to go into smooth action again.

Smasher Barnett had "Collaroy's" kite drawing as she cleared the pole and the craft flew up on her rival until barely 20 secs. separated the pair.

A feature of the race down to the Sow & Pigs Light with the fresh breeze from south-south-east was the astounding speed shown under Ballooner by "Lightning" which opened up a lead of 1 min. 27 secs. from "Dee Why", "Alruth", "All British", "Scot Too", "Collaroy", "Australia", "Cornstalk", "The Mistake", "Jean", "Minnawatta" (which missed the mark).

"The Mistake" and "Collaroy" did fine on the work and at Clark Island "Lightning" led from "Collaroy", "Alruth", "The Mistake", "Dee Why" and others.

The leading pair opened up a big gap when "Alruth" upset.

**JUDGE'S PLACINGS**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1st "Lightning" | Cliff Gale |
| 2nd "Collaroy" | Jack Backhouse |
| 3rd "The Mistake" | Percy Arnott |
| 4th "Dee Why" | Oscar Backhouse |

Won by 25 secs. with 4 mins. 25 secs. between second and third.

Now that is the official report of that famous race but it does not convey the entire story—Stan Sheldon owned two boats, "Collaroy" and "Lightning"—"Collaroy" was the crack boat of the fleet but "Lightning" had never won a race. At the Club after the race Stan bought Cliff a beer but was bemoaning the fact that he had lost a small fortune as he had bet on "Collaroy" and had placed more bets as the race progressed. Cliff convinced him that "Lightning" was a fantastic boat and he then commenced to take more interest in her and she did indeed become a champion 18-footer.

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## NORTHCOTT AFLOAT

This now annual occasion was established in 1965 to afford pupils from the Northcott School for Crippled Children the opportunity of experiencing the delight of sailing on Sydney Harbour.

An average of 80 pupils have each year been driven by the members of the Parramatta Rotary Club to embarkation points around the Harbour and, accompanied by Northcott Staff, conveyed under sail or motor to the Clubhouse where they are entertained by the ladies and members of the Club to lunch, fishing expeditions and speedboat rides.

A day that is forever remembered by the children and increasingly appreciated by the Directors of Northcott School, the parents of the children and participating yachtsmen.

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## REPRODUCED FROM FRONT PAGE "THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD" 2ND MARCH 1964

### 16 WOMEN MAKE BIG HIT ROUND BUOY

Sixteen racing yachts, all skippered by women, were involved in a collision off Bradley's Head, yesterday.

The collision was the largest in Australian sailing history, yachting authorities said last night.

Damage to the boats is estimated at hundreds of pounds.

The collision occurred while the yachts were rounding the last buoy of the nine mile annual lady skippers' race held by Sydney Amateur Sailing Club.

The wind had been moderate during the main part of the race, but at the time of the collision had dropped away considerably.

About 23 boats ranging from 20 to 35 feet in length from three divisions were competing in the race, which started at Athol Bight at about 11 a.m. The collision occurred just after 2 p.m.

Lou D'Alpuget, whose daughter, Blanche, was sailing his boat Cherub in the race, told of the collision last night.

"All boats were approaching the buoy running before the wind, most of them on a starboard tack," Mr. D'Alpuget said.

"As the boats reached the buoy, the windward yachts called to those to the leeward for buoy room.

"Many of the yachts had become bunched over the last leg of the race and a fishing boat moored only 20 feet from the buoy made it hard for some of the boats to manoeuvre.

"Many of the women skippers and their crews failed to grasp the situation and the boats jammed into a phalanx and collided. Several boats became locked against each other.

"Crews struggled frantically to fend boats off and to keep their booms out of the rigging of yachts alongside them.

"Some yachts were completely out of control for more than 30 seconds.

"Although most damage was superficial, some boats had torn topsides, splintered capping rails and scored paintwork.

"My own boat had about £60 worth of damage.

"In my 35 years of sailing, I have never seen anything like this before."

Cliff Gale, owner of Ranger, sister ship to Cherub, who has been sailing on Sydney Harbour for 74 years, said, "More keel boats were involved in this collision than in any other in the history of Australian sailing."

Mr. Jim Middleton, secretary of Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, who was on board another yacht, Eventide, said no one knew the fishing boat was moored near the buoy.

**Locked for Three Minutes**

"The fishing boat made it impossible for buoy room to be given," he said. "The boats crashed together and were locked for about three minutes. Confusion reigned."

**Owner Towed Behind Boat**

"George Brackenbury, owner of the yacht Carinya, was thrown overboard when another boat collided with Carinya, and was towed behind his boat clinging to the mainsheet with only his woman skipper on the boat."

"I have never seen anything like it before. After five minutes everything was sorted out and the boats made their way to the finishing line."

"Many boats will have to be completely repainted."

"I think it was purely circumstance and the wind which caused the collision, but had the wind been stronger serious damage could have been caused."

Race officials received no protests, Mr. Middleton said.