The cause of the accident has been described by various papers, but the true facts are these.

'Cynthia', with Mr. Ray Norman as skipper and a crew consisting of W. Gahan, Les Boardman (the ex-crack swimmer), B. Ternen, G. Downey, G. Hart, and C. Hayes, Jnr. (son of Charlie Hayes, of Careening Cove), was getting away to a splendid start in the 'A' Class event, when 'Mavis'' forestay fouled the end of 'Cynthia's' boom. The impact brought 'Cynthia's' bumpkin down on to 'June Bird', and as the former was held fore and aft, a squall hit her.

Although the sheethand did his bit, the boom naturally could not fly off and the boat heeled over and filled right up.

She was carrying 27 cwt. of ballast and with her full cargo of brine, she slipped out of sight in a very short time, leaving her crew swimming round in a circle.

All were good swimmers, excepting G. Downey, who could only tread water. Launches cruising in the vicinity were quickly on the scene and assisted in the rescue while 'Triton's' crew picked up three of the swimmers. The scattered crew did not join up till they all met at 'Cynthia's' boatshed after the racing.

The officials in the starting boat quickly placed a buoy over the position where the boat sank, but the 'Hurunui', moored close by, swung over the spot during the night and the guiding mark was missing on Sunday morning.

Dragging operations were hampered by the howling southerly that blew across the harbour at midday.

It was late on Monday evening when the weary draggers got 'fast', but on the diver going down, it was found that the object hooked was a piece of old iron. Next day a wire rope was dragged between two launches, and the sunken boat located.

The diver went down and found 'Cynthia' sitting upright up to her deck in silt. It was found impossible to pass a sling under her and she was hauled to the surface by the bumpkin.

What a sorry wreck she was when she appeared above water. The fine ricker mast was snapped in two places, bumpkin and gaff broken, mainsail and jib torn and all standing gear in a most unholy tangle.

The 'wreck' was towed into Hungry Bay and later on brought to Hayes & Son's yard where willing workers got busy to get Mr. Butler's natty little packet refitted for her Christmas cruise and Pittwater Regatta.

It had been a costly job for the owner, but the redeeming feature was that there was no casualty to report when 'Cynthia' took her dramatic dive."

(Ed. "Cynthia" is not recorded as again racing with the Club.)

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"BROTHERS"
1903 to ?

If you were to tell an old timer that "Brothers" was a typical Goulding boat he would know exactly what you meant. He would know she was a straight-stemmed, beamy, shallow draught boat with a broad tuck and an outboard rudder. She would have a flat bowsprit curved down to a rod bobstay, a low coach-house, a roomy cockpit and might be either a centreboarder or a deep-keeler. And that she had been designed and built in the early part of the twentieth century by Goulding of Balmain.

"Brothers" was launched in 1903. She is 25 ft. by 9 ft. 10 ins. and built of ⅝ in. Huon Pine. She was built for Mr. T. B. Dibbs who had two sons, hence the name.

She started life as a gaff-rigged centreboard sloop and in her early days was no match for her sister ship, "Senga", until her owners replaced her centreboard with a deep keel and added a jackyard topsail. Thereafter, she confounded the critics of the day by sailing away from "Senga" whenever they met. But they had built one fault into her. She carried excessive weather helm and a photograph taken in 1912 shows her being sailed with a handy billy clapped onto her tiller.

The Dibbs family raced her with the S.A.S.C. with some success, winning the Kelly Cup in 1909. She was one of the first boats in Sydney—if not *the* first—to carry a Genoa jib.

In 1906 she was involved in a strange incident though, fortunately, only in name.

The Amateurs received a letter from the Sydney Dinghy Club complaining that on Saturday the 1st of December, whilst one of their capsized dinghies was being towed by a launch, one of the crew of the "Brothers" had leant over the side as they passed and cut the towline!

When the complaint was passed on to Mr. Dibbs he was most indignant. At the time "Brothers" was on her slip in Lavender Bay being prepared for her Christmas cruise. The Sydney Dinghy Club apologised to Mr. Dibbs, but insisted that the towline had been cut, and by a boat flying the S.A.S.C. Burgee. The culprit was never identified.

Had the incident occurred the following year the mistake could not have been made. For by then "Brothers" was wearing the Commodore's Burgee, Mr. Dibbs having been elected to that office in 1907.

After the Great War "Brothers" passed to the ownership of Mr. J. C. Davis, who continued to race her in club events with Jim Langham as skipper. But Mr. Davis was of the school that reckoned half an hour outside was worth a whole day on the harbour and he was responsible for the first S.A.S.C. "outside" race by presenting the "Brothers" Cup for a race to Long Reef and back.

But advancing years and deteriorating health were taking their toll and Mr. Davis relied more and more on Jim to maintain "Brothers" and take him sailing when he felt able to go. By 1938 he realised that his sailing days were finally over and he presented "Brothers" to Jim in gratitude for his years of faithful service, a generous gesture, well deserved. His only condition was that Jim should continue to present the "Brothers" Cup.

By the time World War II was over, and the Amateurs recommenced racing, "Brothers" was beginning to show her age and Jim realised that her serious racing days were over—at least until she had a major overhaul. But Jim, himself, was getting on and he was content to spend his weekends taking out the old-timers. To watch the races on Saturday and to sail to Store Beach on Sunday, where they would enjoy one of Mrs. Langham's bacon-and-egg pies and try manfully to demolish an apple pie which would have fed the entire fleet. Those who still had room would finish up with a cup of tea from the largest enamel teapot in existence, which was always washed up with the rest of the dishes after lunch.

But time moved on and once again Anno Domini was catching up with one of "Brothers'" owners. Jim Langham, in his turn, found that looking after a boat was getting beyond him. Reluctantly, in 1956, he put her up for sale.

She was bought by Ray Hunter, a newcomer to sailing who was buying his first boat, and "Brothers" was removed from the S.A.S.C. Register for the first time in 53 years.

Jim, being an honest man, warned Ray of her faults.

"She's got years of quiet cruising in her as she is," he said. "But unless you are prepared to do a major repair job, DON'T TAKE THE COPPER SHEATHING OFF."

Who does a novice believe? A boatshed proprietor took the copper off and told Ray she was sound.

Ray and a friend, Bill Ferguson, were a mile off the Heads when the leaks, which they had not noticed from the cockpit, flooded the cabin and stopped the engine. An early light Westerly suddenly developed, in the nature of Westerlies, into a tearing, gusting gale. They tried to set a jib, which blew them further out to sea before it disintegrated.

They were twenty miles off the coast, still bailing, when they were sighted by the Scandinavian tanker Bralanta at 10.30 that night.

A line was passed after three attempts and the tow back to Sydney began. The seas by this time were building up, and the tanker towed them much too fast. "Brothers", already waterlogged, was dragged through the crests and the exhausted men were unable to keep pace with the water that poured aboard. Ray admitted later that he was so convinced that they were going to drown that he simply stopped bailing and in a sort of hopeless desperation flashed a torch at the Bralanta. Miraculously the tanker understood and slowed down.

Off the Heads the police launch Osiris took over the tow and beached the sinking yacht at The Spit. Ray and Bill were taken to hospital suffering from exhaustion and exposure—and the reaction from having accepted death and being reprieved.

"Brothers" was pumped out and taken to Tom Joel's shed in Quaker's Hat Bay.

When Ray left hospital, very glad—and somewhat surprised—to be alive, he had had his fill of boating and sold "Brothers" to Tom Joel for a song.

Tom patched her up and for the next three years she lay on his moorings, an unwanted derelict. Until 1961, when she was seen by a Mr. Taylor of Balmain. He bought her, and "Brothers" hit "Skid Row".

He took her to Brooklyn, and she spent the next two years ferrying building materials from one side of the river to the other, then, in 1963, she was given a new lease of life.

Norman Beadle bought her, took her back to Sydney, put her on a Club mooring and re-registered her with the Club with a new number—A11.

For twelve months Norman worked on her. With the assistance of Cliff Gale he modified her keel and cured forever her weather helm. He put her back into racing condition and for two seasons competed in 2nd Division with her gaff rig.

But he was not satisfied with her performance, so for the 1966 season he re-rigged her as a masthead Marconi sloop and from then on she never looked back—except at her competitors. She won the H. S. Lloyd Memorial Trophy the same year.

Norman had done a magnificent job of rejuvenating her and she was a force to be reckoned with until he sold her in 1970.

Once again she was sold outside the Club and for the second time her name was missing from the S.A.S.C. Register.

Her new, and present, owner is Mr. Fred Saunders, a musician who uses her for relaxation and is not a racing man. He keeps her at Lucas's Boatshed, near Gladesville Bridge, and is to be seen sailing most weekends and quite frequently during the week. He keeps her in near perfect condition, so it is reasonable to predict that "Brothers" has many useful years ahead of her yet.

She will be 70 years old in 1973, and there cannot be many boats of her age still sailing in Sydney.

"Brothers"—1903 to ?

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"BROTHERS"—T. B. Dibbs at helm (note handy billy on tiller).

Photo courtesy N. Beadle.

"BROTHERS"—N. Beadle at helm (New Rig).
Photo Photo Patrol.

"GENESTRE" A75

In their last year at school, two ambitious young men, Ken R. King and Neville F. Yule, ordered a 20-ft. open boat from Malcolm Campbell, who built her at his Mosman boatshed. The same shed which the club purchased in 1962 and later demolished.

"Genestre", as she was named, was built on the same midship moulds as the double-ender "Stardust", which Malcolm had also built. Like "Stardust" she was clinker-built, but, unlike her, she was given a tuck stern. She was launched in 1933 and cost her young owners £50.

Ken and Neville joined the club as Junior Members in October of the same year and were allotted the number A75 for their new craft.

They commenced racing with 3rd Division and thus it was that, on Saturday, December 8th, 1933, "Genestre" came to be running across Athol Bight under spinnaker before a 50-knot westerly, and giving her five teenage crew members the thrill of their young lives. Until they reached Bradley's Head.

As they altered course for the next mark their spinnaker fouled and "Genestre" capsized and sank. The five lads were rescued by Walter Rayment in "Snowdrop" and Cliff Gale in "Ranger".

This sinking triggered the motion by Stan Spain, at a later meeting, which altered the rule re "Floative Power" and the carrying of lifejackets.

The morning following the sinking Cliff Gale, Ken King, Malcolm Campbell and Alan Major set out at 5 a.m. in "Ranger" and by 7 o'clock had located the sunken yacht. She was about a mile north of where she had gone down, JUST AS CLIFF HAD PREDICTED.

She was raised, made fast to "Ranger" and towed into Taylor Bay, where they baled her out and straightened up the mess. She was then towed back to Shell Cove.

In a letter to Walter Rayment, Ken wrote, inter alia:
"By 1 o'clock she was on the slips at home, without a single loss or expense apart from a torn jib and some damaged paintwork. However, the first coat of flat white is on, after burning off, so unless something unforeseen happens we will be with you at the starting line next Saturday.
Again, thank you for turning from your course last Saturday, which was very good of you."

"Genestre" did start the following Saturday and was a regular starter until 1938, when Neville Yule found himself committed to other interests and sold his share to Ken.

In 1939 Ken took a new partner, Keith Waterhouse, who had been in "Genestre's" crew since 1937. Keith was Navy, so whenever he was aboard, "Genestre" wore the Burgee of the Royal Naval Sailing Association. It was a burgee which, at that time, was not well known, and it caused a deal of interest and speculation on the Harbour.

The outbreak of World War II put an end to "Genestre's" career with the club. Early in 1940 she was laid up in her Shell Cove shed "for the duration" and Ken never saw her again. On his return at the end of hostilities he could find no trace of her and presumed she had been taken by the Authorities who, for security reasons, impounded all unattended boats on the waterfront in late 1940. He philosophically wrote her off as a "war casualty". It was not until doing a bit of research for this article that he discovered the truth.

Keith Waterhouse, having heard of the Authorities' intentions, had moved her to the Squadron where she lay on the hard for eighteen months before being sold to a gentleman from Lugarno for £100. After the war Ken and Keith went their separate ways—Keith moved to the Northern Territory and went into cattle—and the matter was simply never discussed. Keith had obtained the approval of Ken's father for both the removal and the sale and after telling us the details Ken said:
"I wonder what the old man did with my fifty quid?"

Unlike his partner, Ken did not swallow the anchor after his return to civilian life. He bought an 18-ft. launch called "Bluefin", but found the desire to return to sailing too strong. He sold her and joined the crew of Eric Shelley's "Waimea" and sailed in her for several years, before buying the 28 ft. 6 in. "Peregrine", in partnership with his father-in-law, Stan Gedge. He later became sole owner.

In 1968 Ken became a Life Member, having been in the club for 35 years, and in the same year he sold "Peregrine" and built the 30-ft. motor-sailer "Wondrous". Although essentially a cruising man, Ken has not entirely given up racing. He has one race a year. A match race against Stephen Lloyd, from Hallett's Beach, round Lion Island and back, during the annual Christmas cruise. This year the race was abandoned when Ken, who was leading at the time, retired to go to the assistance of a family party in a disabled runabout, which was in danger of being blown onto the rocks.

Ever since the sinking of "Genestre" in 1933, Ken has sailed with his "weather eye lifting" for people in trouble, and like the late Cliff Gale, he has long since lost count of the number of craft he has towed out of danger.

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BLUEBIRDS

Of the numerous classes of small yachts which have appeared since the Second World War the Bluebird must surely be reckoned as the most successful. From an unobtrusive beginning in 1947 the little chine sloop has become one of the most popular "build-it-yourself" types of design ever produced in this country.

Coming from the board of Sydney Naval Architect Ken Watts, the Bluebird introduced several features which, though neither original nor entirely novel, were certainly departures from standard Australian practice. The result was a surprisingly roomy little yacht—combining appearance with the highly desirable qualities of being both easy and cheap to build.

The original Bluebird was a plywood Bermudan sloop, 22 feet overall, 18 ft. 6 ins. on the waterline, with a beam of 7 ft. 4 ins. and a draft of 3 ft. 10 ins. The keel was either a cast-iron fin or a composite wood-and-lead keel weighing about 1200 lbs.

"TALUA"—Max Helliwell at helm.
The first BLUEBIRD.

Photo courtesy M. Helliwell.

One reason for the wooden boat's popularity was the fact that any amateur with reasonable woodworking ability could build one.

Most of the wooden boats were fitted with a small two-stroke engine which pushed them along at about 5 knots.

Since the introduction of fibreglass the later type of Bluebird is being produced in this material with aluminium spars and outboard motors on stern brackets or in "wells" through the bottom of the hull.

The sail area totals 220 sq. ft. in the mainsail and genoa, with spinnaker limited to 200 sq. ft. It may be set from either jibhead or masthead, and boomed out on a pole not longer than 12 ft.

The accommodation layout is quite ample for a small and shallow hull. There is room for two or three full-length bunks with sitting headroom, and space for a small stove. The cockpit, in some cases self-draining, is capable of seating six people or making up two extra bunks under an awning.

"Talua", the first Bluebird, was commenced in February, 1948 and launched at Rose Bay on the 18th December, 1948. She was amateur built by D. M. (Max) Helliwell, who owned her until 1961. "Talua" is still racing.

The Bluebirds first raced with the 3rd Division of the Amateurs, and amongst the few were "Talua", "Almira" (George Brackenbury), "Ramu" (Neville Stanley) and "Poinciana" (Harry Begg).

As more of these smart little boats appeared on the Harbour, Bill Gale conceived the idea of conducting a race for the class, and in February, 1955 he organised and conducted a race which he styled the Bluebird Championship. He used "Ranger" as the official boat with the start and finish in Taylor Bay. Nine boats turned out, including "Tern" (John O'Donnel) from the R.S.Y.S. and "Cherokee" (Harold Vaughan) from R.P.A. Pittwater. Harold Vaughan's win in "Cherokee" was very popular as he had sailed down from Pittwater to compete.

At a get-together on the beach after the race Bill Gale presented the prizes (which he also donated) and, as this was the first race ever held for Bluebirds as a class, it can be truly said that Bill Gale was the "Father of the Bluebird Class".

Bill's initiative bore fruit when the S.A.S.C. formed a Bluebird Class the next season, and as a follow-on he again held his Championship, donating the prizes as before, but also, on this occasion, having a programme printed.

By the following season the Bluebirds were well established at the S.A.S.C. and a class had started at Middle Harbour; so Bill, content at having got the project under weigh and sailing with a fair wind, quietly bowed out.

The introduction of class racing for Bluebirds was an immediate success and numbers grew rapidly resulting in the formation, on the 29th of October, 1958, of The Bluebird Owners Association. The meeting was convened by H. Begg, I. H. Wrigley, G. Brackenbury, J. L. O'Donnel and Misses P. and J. Warn. Twenty-four owners attended, 15 of whom were Amateur members, and I. H. Wrigley was elected first Chairman.

A constitution was adopted and a set of standards laid down covering sail measurements and material, keel and hull, rudder, spars and rigging and accommodation and crew.

Ken Watts, the designer, was elected Honorary Measurer.

The following season the first Official Annual Championship was held. It was conducted by the S.A.S.C. at the request of the Association on the 18th and 19th of April, 1959 and resulted in a win for Harry Begg in "Poinciana" with "Banyandah" (R. Mayan) second and "Zeehan" (L. Wildman) third. The handicap section was won by "Manu" (H. G. Uther) with "Banyandah" (R. Mayan) second and "Tarni" (J. Clingah) third.

By the end of 1959 the Association came face to face with a problem which every class association has had to contend with sooner or later. The officials were becoming disturbed because—to quote from the minutes: "Several of the new yachts have been examined by Office-Bearers of the Association and it is evident that there are instances where the scantlings laid down in the original Bluebird Plans and Specifications have not been adhered to...". The minutes further stated that "...it is felt that if this trend is allowed to continue, builders may vary the specifications to a degree where adequate strength and other good qualities of the original plan and specification may be seriously disregarded."

The Association took immediate action, and at a meeting in November, 1959, the Constitution was altered to read: "The Hull, its fittings fastenings and construction, is to be built in accordance with the plans drawn up by Ken Watts. The plan, specifications and scantlings are the minimum permissible. Stronger or heavier materials may be used, but lighter or less strong materials may not be used."

This made the Bluebird a restricted class, but not a strict one-design class.

Membership of the Association increased steadily and in 1960 the first application for membership was received from an owner with a fibreglass boat. This resulted in a Notice of Motion at the meeting in August, 1960 to the effect that "Bluebirds of identical design and dimensions built of fibreglass be considered for acceptance in this Association."

This motion was not actually put until the meeting held on the 28th of November, 1961. It was lost.

In accordance with this decision the Amateurs barred fibreglass boats from racing in their Bluebird Division. A decision which, unfortunately, resulted in their ultimately losing the class to the Middle Harbour Yacht Club.

The reason was easily explained. Being unable to race with the S.A.S.C. the fibreglass boats joined the M.H.Y.C. fleet and became so popular that they finally outnumbered the wooden boats and were accepted into the Association. Having the weight of numbers they had no trouble in persuading the Bluebird Association to change its address to C/o M.H.Y.C., with whom they have raced ever since.

It was not, however, until 1964 that their affiliation was changed from the S.A.S.C. to the M.H.Y.C. and until that date the Championships were still conducted by the Amateurs.

Few, if any, restricted classes have had to contend with more changes of constitution, alteration to rules or modification of specifications than has the Bluebird Class. The acceptance of new types of construction, the stepping of masts on deck, the updating of handicaps, the improvement of rudder shape, the positioning of the keel, the positioning and fixing of internal ballast, the limitation on slipping, beaching or careening, the minimum requirements for accommodation and fittings, were just a few of the decisions which had to be taken and covered by changes in the Constitution or contained in appendices. The changes were such, in fact, that they left the original requirements a long way behind and eventually an appendix was introduced stating that "Any yacht built prior to the 1st of January, 1965, which has been accepted for the class, shall continue to be eligible...".

Even the attempt by the Association to acquire the rights to the Bluebird plans and specifications ended in failure after a considerable amount of searching and negotiating had been undertaken by the Association's Honorary Solicitor, Mr. Geoff Hughes. In his report he said that it appeared that Mr. Norman Hudson had purchased them from Ken Watts and sold them to Boat Plans Pty. Ltd. For reasons which he had been unable to ascertain, he understood that Mr. Hudson had retrieved them after a Court action. Mr. Hughes expressed the opinion that there was some doubt as to whether the plans were a registered design or whether, in fact, any rights existed.

To overcome the possible confusion another appendix was added, which read: "The Bluebird Yacht Plan means the set of Plans lodged with the Association and marked for identification by the signatures of the President, W. A. S. Killingworth, the Vice-President, D. A. Noakes, and the Secretary, M. J. Battye and dated the 1st of January, 1965."

It says much for Ken Watts' design that the little Bluebird survived all these vicissitudes and continued to gain in popularity and go on from strength to strength. And through it all the intentions of the Founders of the Association have been rigidly adhered to, namely "...that the rules shall be aimed at restricting the Bluebird Class Yacht within safe and reasonable tolerances as designed, and to permit of either amateur or professional construction."

But it is not only in class racing that the Bluebird has been successful. As a family boat, as a coastal cruising vessel, as a JOG racer, or simply as a "first deep-keel yacht", she has proved her worth.

Long may she continue to be the answer for the man whose enthusiasm is much deeper than his pocket.

* *

ENDEAVOUR 24

One of the most notable changes in yachting in the last decade has been the development and mass acceptance of small "family yachts", designed to give good racing performance and modest cruising accommodation. The forerunner of this type of yacht was the Bluebird, a 22-ft. plywood design. With the advent of fibreglass, more modern designs appeared such as the Endeavour 24, Southerly 23, Hood 23, Marauder 24, and at first, these classes raced in the 4th Division. In 1971, with these fibreglass designs becoming more numerous, the sailing committee adopted a resolution to separate these classes into another division.

At present there are approximately 15 yachts of this type on the club register, and a regular starter in the division is "Thresher", an Endeavour 24, used as an example to illustrate the class. Launched in December, 1968 and fitted out by her owner (Ed. North) in the summer of 1969 she commenced her first season in 1969/70.

Details: L.O.A., 24 ft. 4 ins.; L.W.L., 18 ft. 0 ins.; Beam, 7 ft. 8 ins.; Draught, 3 ft. 6 ins.; Displacement, 1.25 tons.

"Thresher" is a masthead sloop with a mainsail area of 132 sq. ft; No. 1 genoa, 162 sq. ft.; No. 2 genoa, 132 sq. ft.; spinnaker, 350 sq. ft.

Accommodation is four berths (separate toilet) with ample headroom in the cabin. There is a stove, sink and outboard auxiliary.

From the following results she has proved her ability as a racer.

1969/70 Season—16 Entrants:

2nd Point Score; Handicap—five 1sts, three 2nds, four 3rds; Club Races—one 2nd, one 3rd; H. S. Lloyd Memorial Trophy; Winner, Summer Point Score (4th Division); 4th Division Idle Hour Trophy.

1970/71 Season—26 Entrants:

3rd Point Score; Handicap—one 1st, two 2nds; Club Races—one 1st, one 2nd, two 3rds; 2nd in Spring Point Score.

"Thresher" represented the club against Middle Harbour for the Daydream Shield in 1969 and 1970, but was beaten by 10 seconds and 9 seconds respectively, on both occasions.

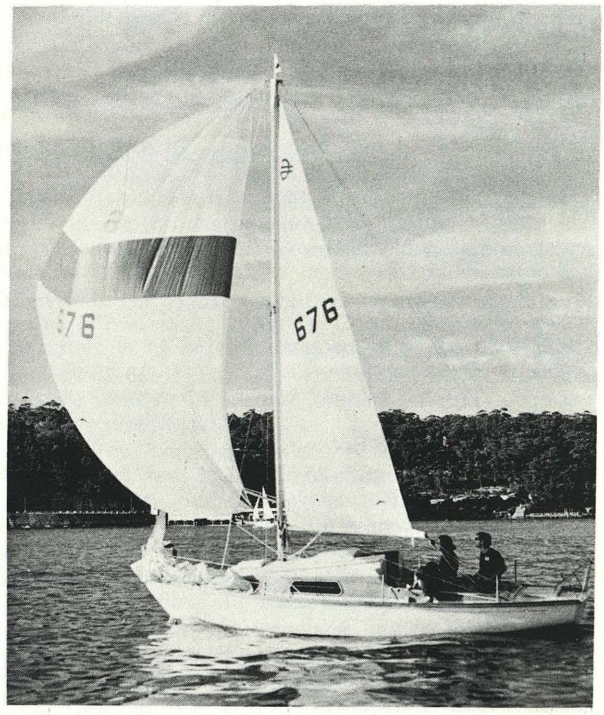
Also competed in the C.Y.C. Winter Point Score, 3rd Division, obtaining one 2nd and four 3rds, to finish 2nd overall out of 35 entrants.

At the time of writing, has competed in 2 short ocean races—the C.Y.C. Winter Race from Sydney Harbour to Lion Island and return, in which she finished 2nd on handicap; the S.A.S.C. Ocean Race, in which she finished 3rd overall.

She now races in the new Endeavour 24—Southerly 23 Division.

"THUNDERBIRD"—F. Wrobel at helm, Peter Benjamin and Andrew Robertson crewing. The first THUNDERBIRD.

Photo Lovell-Simons.



"THRESHER"—Ed North at helm, Eric Brown and Brian Bergin crewing.

Photo courtesy E. North.

26-FT. RACING-CRUISING SLOOP
THUNDERBIRDS

The Thunderbird was born in Seattle, U.S.A., when Ben Seaborn, well-known naval architect, was asked to design a plywood yacht that would be easy and economical for the advanced amateur to build.

It was to be convertible, providing cruising accommodation for at least four. It was to be a safe, dry boat, which would appeal to the dedicated racing man who wanted to move up from centreboarders without getting into a big investment. The first Thunderbird was launched in November, 1958.

Seaborn did a fine job, proven by over 1,000 registered Thunderbirds now sailing throughout the world. Of these, over 100 are in Australia, with some 60 in New South Wales. The popularity of the Thunderbird lies in its unique capabilities as a convertible, offering international competition for the racing man and comfortable cruising for the family man.

The tank-tested hull design gives it a very lively racing performance. It is designed to heel easily, but the deep, hard chines buoy the boat solidly on its best sailing lines, making it exceptionally fast for its size. The hydrofoil fin fixed to the v-bottom gives extraordinary stability in a blow, but at the same time gives remarkable light-weather performance.

Perhaps the finest features of the Thunderbird are the extra large cabin and cockpit. The cabin provides comfortable accommodation for four below decks. It contains a complete galley—stove, sink and icebox and also a head. With the hatch cover raised, the cabin is light and airy and has full 6-ft. headroom. The cockpit is probably the most spacious ever seen on a yacht of this size.

There is no complicated conversion necessary for racing. Racing Thunderbirds go out with full cruising and safety gear. Outboard motor, fuel, stove, cushions—the lot. And the next day, for cruising, all you need is a loaf of bread, a bottle of lunch and the "mate".

Class rules are strictly one design, thus preserving the sale value and keeping the yacht within the reach of men of moderate means. Purchases of sails are restricted to once every second year, slipping is allowed no oftener than once a month. Almost every class rule is designed to keep building and maintenance costs down.

Under power, the Thunderbird can cruise happily all day at 5 knots with a 5-h.p. outboard using about ½ gallon of fuel per hour. An "instant" outboard well has been developed, which allows the outboard to tilt up when not in use, and eliminates lifting the motor from well to stowage and vice-versa before and after racing.

A professionally built sail-away Thunderbird would cost in the vicinity of $6,000; a ready-to-assemble kit would cost considerably less and building direct from the plans should cost no more than the price of a Holden. Its unique, semi-monocoque construction makes it simple for amateur building. The hull derives great strength from the ½ in. plywood skin (which, pound for pound, is stronger than steel) and longitudinal stringers. Because the plywood is cross-laminated it can't fatigue, split or crack.

The class is regulated by the International Thunderbird Class Association in Seattle, U.S.A., working through local fleet organisations. Currently there are 5 chartered fleets in Australia on Port Jackson, Pittwater and Port Phillip, Hobart, and Geelong, Victoria, with new fleets forming in Lake Macquarie, Perth, and Suva. International issues Thunderbird Sail Numbers and Certification that the yacht conforms with class rules and specifications. Measurement is handled by local fleets. Thunderbirds must possess Measurement Certificates to be eligible to race in sanctioned events.

In Sydney, Thunderbirds race as a class with the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club on Port Jackson and Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club on Pittwater, while others race in mixed company with Middle Harbour Yacht Club and Lake Macquarie Yacht Club.

Specifications:

L.O.A.	26 ft.
L.W.L.	20 ft.
Beam	7 ft. 6 ins.
Draught	4 ft. 9 ins.
All-up weight	4,000 lbs. approx.

Sail Areas:

Main sail	201 sq. ft.
Genoa	163 sq. ft.
Spinnaker	380 sq. ft.
Jib	106 sq. ft.

Full detailed plans, instructions and step-by-step photographs of each stage of construction, including class rules and specifications, cost $10.00, plus postage.

S.A.S.C. member, Fred Wrobel, built the first Thunderbird in Australia in December, 1962, christening her "Thunderbird" No. 317. About the same time Bruce Henderson, of R.P.A.Y.C., an airline pilot, took a liking to the Thunderbird in America and asked Wal Shirt, a boat builder at Castle Hill, Sydney, to build "Chinook", No. 311. Wal Shirt then went on to build a further 46. Fred Wrobel also built a further 11.

In August, 1966, Bob Johnson, of San Diego, won the 1st Thunderbird World Championship Regatta on Lake Washington, in Seattle, with 13 points lost—four 1sts, a 2nd and an 8th.

Australian competitors were Bruce Henderson, R.P.A.Y.C., who came 5th with 36 points, Richard Christian, S.A.S.C., 12th, and Toni Redstone, M.H.Y.C., 11th.

In 1968 Toni Redstone, M.H.Y.C., Sydney, captured the second Thunderbird World Title in Coronado Roads, outside San Diego Harbour, without winning a single race—4, 4, 3, 9, 3, 2, 2, a total of 27 points. This was the first time a borrowed boat has won the title, and the runner-up was also in a borrowed boat and this showed just how well Thunderbirds are governed as to restrictions, etc.

In 1970 the 3rd Thunderbird World Championships were held on Sydney Harbour, sponsored by S.A.S.C. and R.S.Y.S. This was the first time a keel-boat World Championship has been held in Australia. It was also the first yachting event in the Bi-Centenary year and the Regatta Patron was Bill Northam, Gold Medallist, Tokyo, 1964.

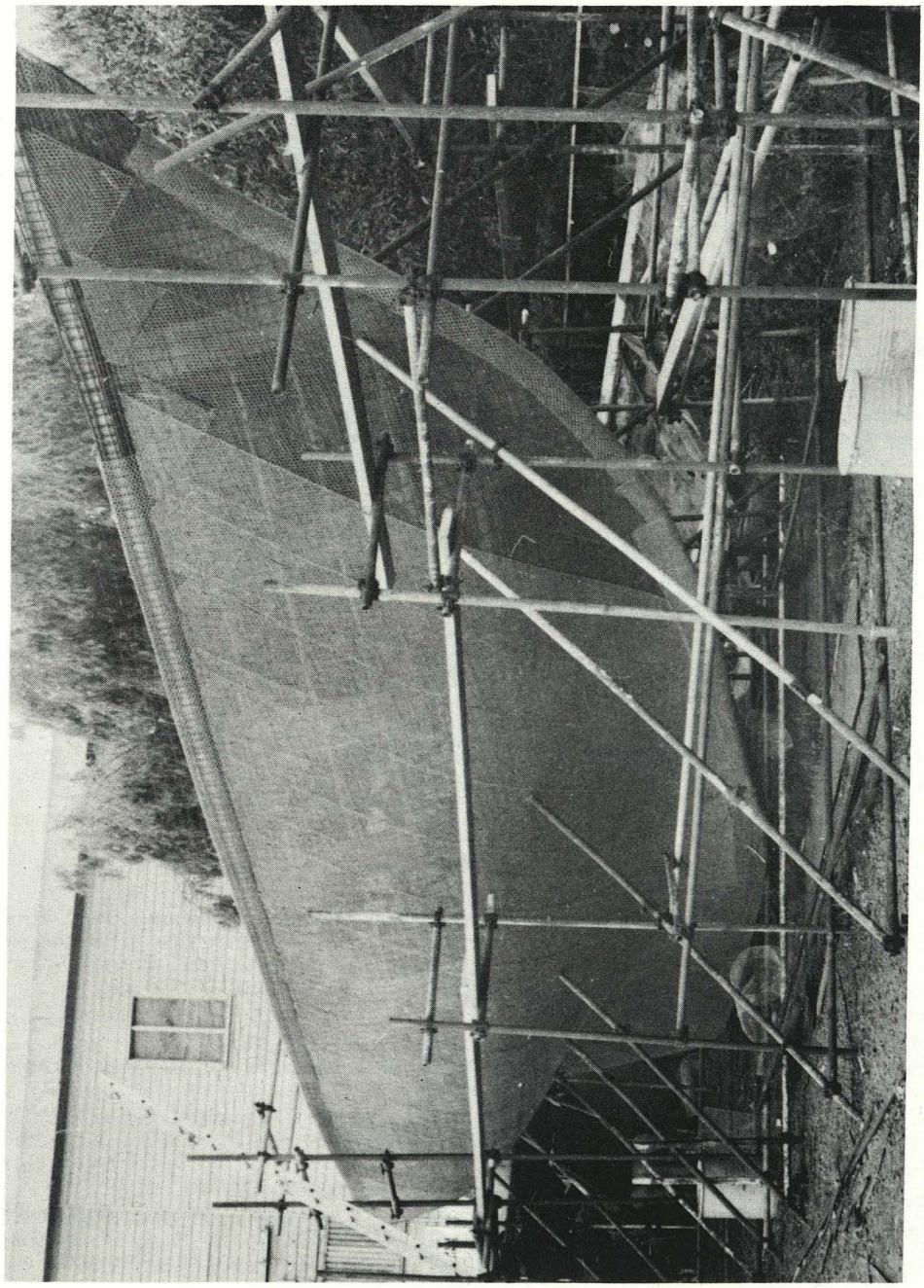
This series was won by S.A.S.C. member, Tony Parkes, in "Moonraker II" 904, with 5 1sts and a 5th; 2nd was S.A.S.C. member, Richard Wilson, and 3rd was Bob Jenson, of San Francisco.

The 1971 New South Wales State Championships, sailed on the offshore Olympic course off Palm Beach, were won by "Moonraker II" 904, with 0 points; 2nd, "Larriken" 325 (H. L. Schneider), with 17.4 points; and 3rd, "Kaldari" 864 (R. Wilson), with 19.7 points.

The World Series, No. 4, was sailed off Victoria, British Columbia, in July, 1971.

"Sunday" 900 (J. Malleson) 19.75 points 1st; "Owl" 642 (B. Grundison) 22.75 2nd; "Moonraker II" 904 (A. Parkes) 23.5 3rd; "Chinook" 224 (A. Redstone) 24.0 4th; thus with four boats covered by 4.5 points, similarity and consistency is proven—43 competitors, sponsored by Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Victoria, British Columbia.

The S.A.S.C. currently has 20 Thunderbirds racing on our programme.



"TARA-IPO" in the 33rd week of building—final layers of chicken wire clipped up ready for plastering.

Photo courtesy R. Norton-Smith.

SOME THOUGHTS ON FERRO-CEMENT AFTER BUILDING A 51-FOOTER

Captain Alan Norton-Smith

"Why cement?" Over the past twelve months this question has been asked of me many times. To have answered fully, would have taken a lot longer than I had time for, because during that period Robyn, my wife, and I were engaged in building our own craft in Ferro-cement.

"Tara-Ipo" is a moderate displacement cruising yacht, traditional in appearance, of 51 ft. Overall; 41 ft. L.W.L.; 14¼ ft. Beam; 7 ft. Draught; and approximately 23½ tons Displacement. She will be rigged similarly to W. A. Robinson's "Varua"—a modified and modernised Brigantine.

Before elaborating on the method that I used, a brief comment or two on the medium in general would be in order. Historically, a version of ferro-cement was used over a century ago, but due, no doubt, to a number of reasons it did not gain favour until 1945. Over the ensuing years there were a number of isolated instances of yachts being built and sailed successfully, until the late 'sixties, when dozens, and even hundreds, of craft were commenced by hopeful amateurs. Several countries, including Australia, have some commercial boat-building yards specialising in the medium. China is even building ferro-cement sampans by the thousands.

Before reinforced concrete can assume the flexible characteristics of ferro-cement, the steel reinforcing content must be raised to 25% or more and concentrated near the surface. In addition, the cement or plaster must be very dense to achieve watertightness. The curing process must be carefully controlled to avoid cracking.

Methods of building, plastering and curing differ so much, that I found that I had to research all sources of information and eventually decide once and for all which one I would adopt and stick to, despite all criticism.

So, on 14th March, 1970, Robyh and I erected, on scaffolding hired for the purpose, the wooden frames or moulds, lined them up both vertically and horizontally then nailed on ribbands, or battens, until we had the shape of the hull and decks. It took two months to reach this stage, including the fitting of the steel backbone (stem, keel, sternpost, etc.).

Using 18 gge. x ¾ in. galvanised "chicken wire" the entire framework was covered with three layers tailored-to-fit, then faired up. The extra time taken to fair up properly was well worthwhile, as I was able to eliminate an ugly hump appearing near the stern. The next stage was to bend and clip some 15,000 of ¼ in. M/S rod in the form of transverse ribs 4 ins. apart and longitudinal stringers 3 ins. apart. Additional rods were clipped at stem, stern, deck edge and coamings to give extra strength where most needed. At this point three special pre-stressing cables (unstressed) were tied at 4-in. intervals over the full length on each side. Also, two specially designed beams were fitted below the foredeck. Before any further work could be done the inside layers of mesh had to be clipped to the transverse rods, using about 20,000 wire clips.

Bulkheads and floors were then made up of ¼-in. rod, the ends of which were bent parallel to the stringers on the outside of the hull. The rods were then covered both sides with 4 layers of mesh and clipped at 4-in. centres.

Eventually, on 20th September, 1970, we were able to start laying on the outer "skin", comprising 3 thicknesses of 18 gge. x ¾ in. and 1 thickness of 19 gge. x ½ in. mesh. By the end of November we had worked 1,800 man-hours, with the aid of friends, and she was ready for plastering—or so we thought. It was decided to plaster the keel to a height of three feet, let it cure for a month to act as a firm foundation for the main job. It took 49 man-hours to do the keel on the 1st December. As the plasterers had some difficulty in "screeding" off, because of dag ends of wire, we spent 260 hours painstakingly going over every square inch of surface pushing in and clipping off, then following up with a rubber mallet to panel-beat the hull as smooth as possible.

Final plastering took place on 16th and 17th January, 1970, and required the services of professionals for 185 man-hours and amateur help for 150 man-hours. To join the new plaster to the old, a compound known as C x B was painted on quite liberally to the edges of the old work and the new plaster applied while the C x B was still wet. After the steel trowel finishing was complete, a form of urethane was painted over the wet surface. This urethane had the effect of a curing compound as well as acting as a key to take the rest of the painting later on.

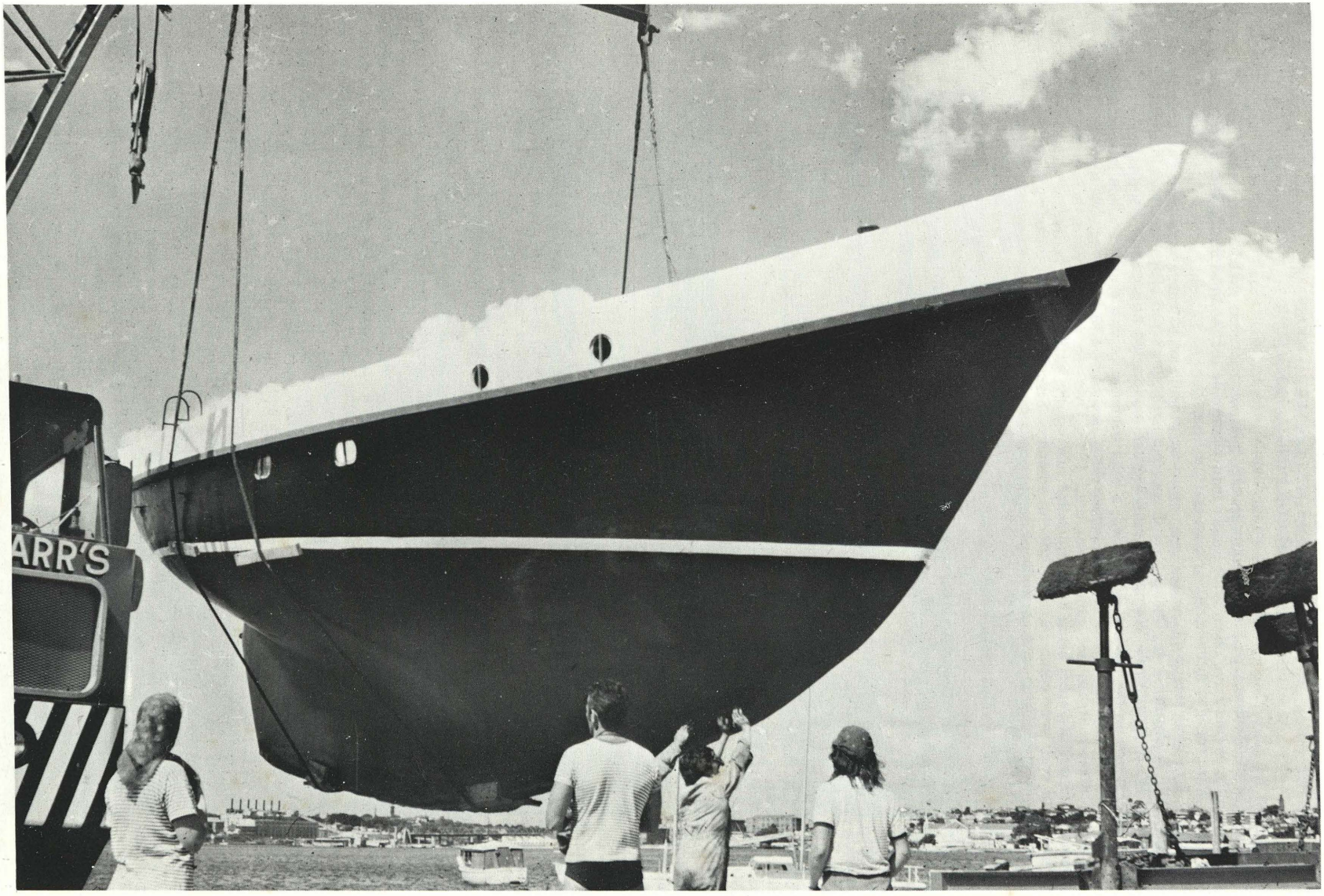
After two weeks all framing was removed completely from inside the hull and a week later painting was commenced. Three undercoats of urethane-based paint and two top-coats were applied by brush, leaving 24 hours between each coat. At this stage no paint was applied to the decks or inside the hull as a fair amount of wear and tear is expected during the fitting-out period.

She was launched at 1010 hours, 25th February, 1971, at Woolwich and after the steel deckhouse skylights and forescuttles were fitted she was towed to our mooring in Mosman Bay.

We occupied the building site for 51 weeks and managed to spend, on the average, 19½ hours per week actually at the site. Man-hours used were: Robyn and myself, 1,974; friends and helpers, 617; professional, 372; totalling 2,963 hours. For this we now have a sound, painted hull with nothing inside or on deck except bollards, skin fittings, bilge pump and anchor, afloat at the correct trim and draught... and fully insured. Total cost to date: say $6,000. Although only 60 ft. or so from the water's edge it cost us nearly $700 to launch her, an item to be remembered.

Obviously, it would be possible to cut some of the costs, but I am certain in my own mind that professional aid should not be skimped. Only time will tell how strong "Tara-Ipo" will ultimately be; however, indications so far point to her being an easily maintained and powerful craft.

I have over 100 photographs and slides and a short 8 mm. movie film covering every facet of her construction, plastering and launching and will keep them so that I can see in later life how energetic I was in my youth. However, I would like to make it clear that I don't set myself up as an expert. I have designed and built a boat using a method of ferro-cement construction which seemed to me the best one.



"TARA-IPO"—Completed hull about to be lowered into her natural element. Left to right: Miss Wendy Rowe, Capt. Jan Jensen, men from Marr's and Robin Norton-Smith.

Photo courtesy R. Norton-Smith.

THE VIEW FROM THE STARTER'S BOAT

Although there have been many members over the years who have given their services in the Starter's Boat so that their fellow members may enjoy their racing, there are two names which stand out—Cuthbert William Robson and William Jack Millard.

Not only did each of these men fill the position of Starter and Judge for a considerable period of time, but their histories were strangely similar. They were associated in private life, they sailed and raced together, they were both made Honorary Life Members for services to the Club and, strangest of all, neither one has ever competed in an S.A.S.C. Club Race.

C. W. Robson joined the Club in 1913, and over the years held office as: Committeeman, Joint Honorary Secretary, Rear-Commodore, Honorary Solicitor, Vice-Commodore, Commodore, Delegate to S.Y.R.A., and, as already stated, Starter and Judge. He owned the yacht "Wyuna", which he sailed with the Middle Harbour Cruising Club, and later with the Middle Harbour Yacht Club.

W. J. Millard was proposed for membership in 1929 by Robbie, with whom he had been sailing since 1924. In 1929 he joined Bob Graham in "Culwulla IV" and stayed with him till 1932 when his job took him to the country. It was not till 1948 that he returned to Sydney and again became a regular hand aboard "Wyuna". After another two year stint in the bush, he came back in 1953 to find that Robbie was full time Starter and Judge, and offered to help.

When Robbie died suddenly in January 1955, Jack Millard took over and carried on. He has been our Starter and Judge ever since.

It is doubtful if anyone who has not spent at least one day in a Starter's Boat could have any idea of the difficulties the Starter has to face—and overcome. To the average racing yachtsman the Starter and his boat are a permanent part of the scenery, and the Starter himself is there for the sole purpose of telling him the time, handing him a copy of the Sailing Instructions (which he has carelessly forgotten), telling him what other boats are off the same mark, and recording the fact that "I've borrowed Joe Blow's spinnaker. The number is A123".

If, because he is checking the time for the next flag, ticking off the boats as they cross—including the bloke who is ten minutes late and on the previous page—and recalling the man who broke the gun, the Starter fails to give his personal attention to the inquirer—complete with smile and the use of first names—he is summarily written off as an "incompetent so-and-so" or at best a "surly b.....".

And at the end of the race the same skipper gets upset because the Starter, who has now become the Finisher, fails to answer immediately when he calls: "How far was 'Alpha' ahead of us?" He has failed to answer because at that moment he was trying to clock in three boats sailing almost in line abreast, with only the sail number of the nearest one visible. The other two are blanketed, and was A's spinnaker pole ahead of B's spinnaker sheet which was let go at the last moment? And one of the three is the first home of No. 4 Division and is entitled to a gun. Ever tried to fire a gun, check three times on a watch, and write the whole lot down at the same time? Jack Millard does. And if he makes a mistake in a photo finish, you can be sure someone will complain and once again call him "an incompetent so-and-so".

To paraphrase Gilbert and Sullivan "A Starter's lot is not a happy one".

When Jack took over in 1955 the Starter's boat was a 20 footer with a temperamental engine, whose driver, Harry, often failed to show up. On these occasions Jack did the whole job on his own and was only once late on the starting line. That was the day when he found the boat half full of water which he had to bail out single-handed, and then arrange for a tow to the line as the engine refused to start. Certainly, in those days, there were no marks to lay, the Starting line—and the Finishing line—being between the boat and the end of the oil wharf on Kurraba Point. And there were only thirty-five starters in two divisions. But even so there would be very few men who, single-handed, would be capable of doing all the things a Starter had to do, without a mistake. There would be even less who would be prepared to try. Willing Starters are few and far between.

Let us take a look at what a Starter has to do to ensure that the Club's races are run successfully.

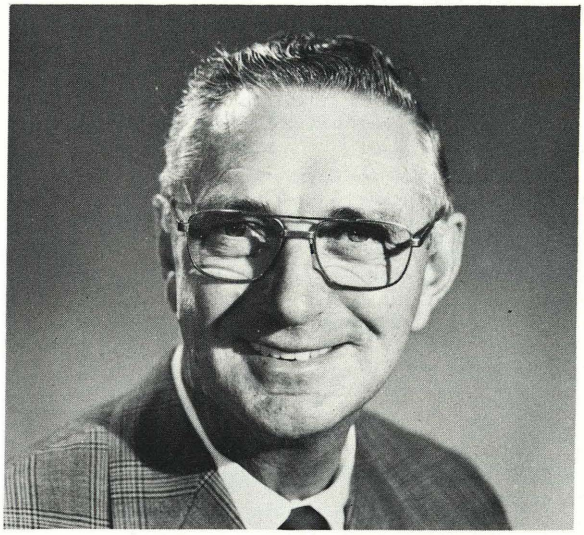
On race days Jack leaves home at 11.30—at the latest. If he is lucky he gets home at 7.30. If conditions of weather—or unforeseen difficulties—hold him up, he may get home at 10 p.m. And then, as often as not, he has to ring the Press (three calls up to 1969 when the establishment of Australian Associated Press made only one call necessary) so that you, the racing man, could see your name in print the next morning.

Before he leaves home he has to be sure that all his paper work is ready. And he must be sure that the gun entrusted to his care is cleaned and sure to work. No one is going to clean or check it for him. He has to load all the gear (flags, buoys, flag marks, ground tackle, gun, loud hailer, etc.) into the boat, lay the marks and be anchored in plenty of time to arrange everything and decide what handicap signal to fly.

With everything ready he has to fire his guns accurately on Eastern Standard Time—to satisfy the meticulous competitor—and then, until the scratch boat has started, he has to raise and lower the minute flags or numeral boards with split second timing, while at the same time ticking off the starters as they cross the line and be prepared to recall the Eager Beaver who breaks the gun or crosses on the wrong flag. While doing this he also has to break out the signal to indicate the Second Time or Third Time through. As time moves on, his job of ticking off becomes more complicated as the late starters cross the line and he has to determine whether the number which is not listed to start at 2.51 is early—and has to be recalled—or late. He also has to contend with the skipper who loudly questions his choice of handicap (another decision few men would like to make) and, as already mentioned, the fellow who wants a programme or announces he has a borrowed spinnaker.

After the scratch boat is on its way the immediate tension is reduced, but he cannot relax until he has checked his bookwork against his memory in case he has failed to tick off somebody he has seen.

Have you ever been the skipper who started and retired, and been reported as having failed to start? Who do you blame? The Starter. You probably started ten minutes late hidden in the middle of a gaggle of boats, and then decided you were too far back anyway and retired without telling anybody. But if you are recorded as a non-starter you tell the world that the "B..... Starter OUGHT TO KEEP HIS EYES OPEN".



W. J. (Jack) Millard, Official Starter since 1955.

Photo Young & Richardson.

The finish is just as hectic. Particularly when a whole flock of boats crosses together. Numbers and times—accurate times—have to be recorded and the concentration needed to cope with the situation has to be experienced to be appreciated. It is further complicated by the necessity to recognise the first to finish in each Division and fire a gun with your left hand while you are writing down numbers and times—which you obtain by looking at your watch—with your right.

Impossible? For the average man, yes. But the Robbies and Jack Millards have done all this single-handed. Not once, but many times. And they have made very few mistakes. We know. We have heard at length about every one. They could not possibly have made any we don't know about.

But eventually the last boat is home and recorded. The skippers and their crews pick up their moorings, break out the grog and resail the race.

But what about the Starter?

He has to get his anchor, pick up the marks, take all the gear ashore, moor his boat, sort the finishing times out into Divisions, re-write the whole programme for both the Press and the Club Records, and phone the papers. If he gets a drink at all it will be late at night after he gets home to a very patient wife.

But can he relax even then? Not on your life.

The phone rings. It is the skipper of "Alpha" wanting to know how far he was behind "Beta". Or Joe Blow asking—very nicely of course—"Don't you think you used the wrong handicap today? After all . . . etc., etc."

Doing all these things in fine weather is bad enough. But what about the days which are so dirty that only the toughest of crews turn out. If there is only one finisher he expects to find the Race Official there to clock him in, and to be told as he crosses the line "I've got to hand it to you, Joe. Bashing round the course in this weather." Joe at least was there from choice. The Starter **had** to be there.

There was one occasion when an Easterly gale was so bad that a Norwegian Freighter broke away from the Shell Cove buoy and was blown over to the dolphins. To get some protection, Jack sheltered under the wharf on Kurraba Point, where he waited until it was obvious that nobody was going to finish. Every single competitor had, with very good reason, run for cover as soon as the gale hit. But Jack was still out there—just in case one boat managed to complete the course.

This sort of selfless dedication is found in very few men. But fortunately they do exist. And they are patient and unflappable. You never hear them grumble or complain. Nothing seems to upset them. No matter what happens they somehow carry on without any panic, and provide a service without which no sailing club could function.

Let's face it. The Commodore can go for a holiday. The Secretary can be out of action with a burst appendix. Any skipper—or any crew member—can decide not to race this Saturday. But can the Starter indulge in any of these luxuries? No, sir. **He has to be there.** Or there would be no races at all. As previously mentioned the Starter and his boat are part of the scenery. The idea of their failing to turn up just does not come into the average skipper's calculations. Of course he'll be there. He's the Starter isn't he?

Yes. He's the Starter. And let none of us ever forget it. He is the centre around which the whole racing programme revolves, and he contributes more to the Club than any other single member. Jack Millard has been doing this job for us for seventeen years. That's right. Seventeen years of every Saturday in the season. Every Saturday, rain or shine, blow or calm.

So next time you cross the finishing line—RAISE YOUR HAT. The Sydney Amateur Sailing Club has the best and most consistent Starter on the harbour.

After a football match it's "Three cheers for the Winners", "three cheers for the Losers", and "three cheers for the Referee." Next time you cross in second place and give "three cheers for 'Alpha' ", follow it with "three cheers for the Starter". It is the least you can do to show your appreciation.

THE AMATEURS ALSO GO TO SEA

Although it is true that the Amateurs is a harbour racing club whose main official function is the running of races round the buoys on Saturday afternoons, it is far from true to say that the interest of its members extends only as far as Sydney Heads.

There have always been members who prefer to sail "outside", and the club recognised this when it inaugurated its two outside races. Races which have now become a tradition. The Merrington Trophy to Long Reef and return, and the Bob Brown Trophy to The Basin.

But for some members this was not enough. The call of the sea was too strong to be satisfied with two short ocean races a year.

It was not enough for Alan McKenzie, who cruised to New Zealand and back in "Kelpie". When the clubhouse was acquired Alan presented the club with the Amateur's Burgee, which he wore on that voyage. It was not enough for Willie and George Clark who, over the years, have cruised in excess of 18,000 nautical miles up and down the East Coast. (See the "Maluka" stories.) It was not enough for Peter Luke, who had cruised over 5,000 miles in "Stardust", before he built "Wayfarer" and became the prime mover in the formation of the Cruising Yacht Club. It was not enough for Maurice de Verteuil, who sailed his 18-ft. "Adeline" to Lord Howe and back, nor for Peter Fletcher, who cruised in "Daydream" to New Zealand and Fiji.

The list could go on and on. Joe Adams, Dick Nossiter, Alan Mackerras, Cliff Gale and many others have cruised extensively, both on the coast and overseas. Grant Chrichton sailed his beautiful Van der Staat yawl up from Tasmania where she was built, and Alan and Robyn Norton-Smith took delivery of their former yacht, "Tantara", in Melbourne and sailed her to Sydney.

There always have been—and there always will be—members who prefer cruising to racing. Over the years they have logged thousands of miles of blue-water sailing, and they are still doing it. Of the current crop, Roger Hopkins is probably the most dedicated. Every long weekend and every holiday Roger goes to sea. In his former ship, the red-hulled yawl, "Gallivanter", he took the Amateur's Burgee into many an anchorage where few, if any, yachts had been before. How many yachts, I wonder, have spent a night at anchor in the open roadstead of Boat Bay under Sugarloaf Point. Or under the lee of Charlotte Head. Or ventured into the tiny man-made harbour of Crowdy Head. The Amateur's Burgee might well be the only one some of these places have seen. In his new ship, the Top Hat "Gadabout", also red-hulled, Roger still goes to sea. He has returned to racing with the Junior Offshore Group, of which he was the Foundation President.

It is not only the cruising Amateur who sails in open water.

Most of the founders of the JOG were Amateurs and the Joggie fleet still includes a lot of 'A' numbers. Ian Ralfe and Warren Anderson, to mention only two, have been racing offshore for years.

Every year there are Amateur members to be found in the crews of the Hobart fleet.

Bruce Cameron made history when he took "Wathara II" to France to compete in the 1967 One Ton Cup, wearing the Amateur's Burgee and with an all-Amateur crew. This team subsequently raced at Cowes and in the Fastnet. (See "Wathara II" One Ton Cup Challenge.)

Ernest Merrington's "Thurloo" had done a number of ocean races before she became the first S.A.S.C. yacht to compete in the Hobart Race in 1960. (See To Hobart in "Thurloo".)

And in 1967 Hobart saw the Burgee of the Commodore of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club proudly flying from the masthead of Nick Cassim's "Lolita" as she lay in Constitution Dock.

Yes, it is true that the Amateurs is a harbour racing club—but The Amateurs Also Go To Sea.

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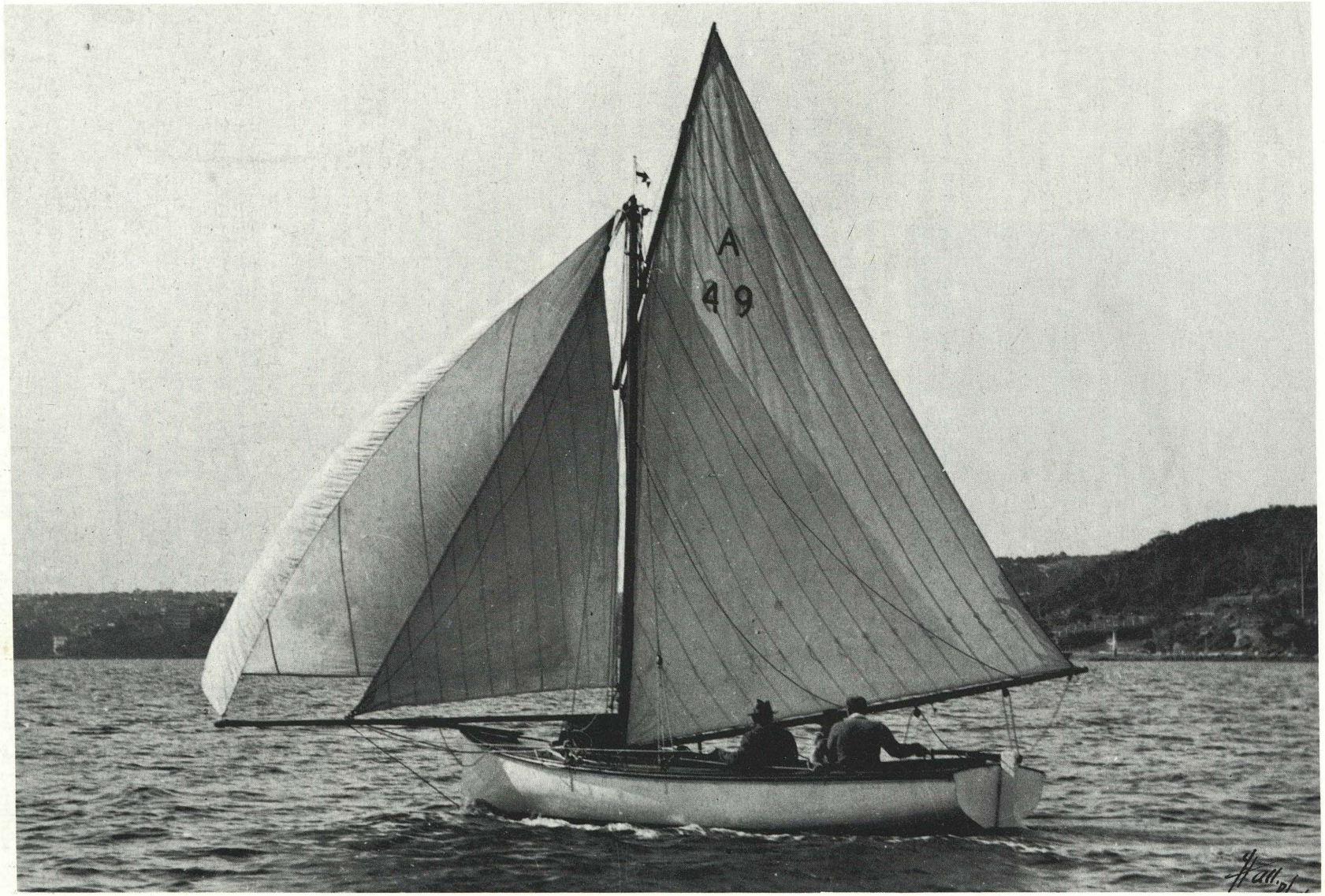
THE "LUCKY" CLARKS

George and William Clark are first-class Australians who have learnt to sail by their own initiative and have weathered some of the worst storms ever. To talk with them is to learn something, as they are quiet, humble and self assuring, and they have the knack of knowing what should be done and when. They refer to themselves as the "Lucky Clarks" because they think they are extremely lucky to be with us, but this must be tempered with the fact that they spent many years in the outback and thus learnt to improvise and also picked up an intuitive instinct which served them in good stead on many occasions.

Their initial contact with sailing was to hear it spoken of by Keith Adams, who managed the adjoining property, and when his friend Cliff Gale came to visit they heard little else. Visiting Sydney in 1929 Cliff took them out in "June Bird" and they liked it—thus, when they packed up and sold their property at Canowindra and came to Sydney to live in 1930, almost the first thing they did was to purchase "Bellbird" and join the S.A.S.C.

"Bellbird"—20-ft. half-decker—they settled in and learnt to sail, and to prove they could, won the Kelly Cup, 1931.

Cruising—this was what George and William had set their minds to and they tried "Bellbird" in this regard by sailing her up to the Myall Lakes, returning without incident. Often in company with other S.A.S.C. boats, they travelled to Broken Bay, Port Hacking and Jervis Bay. Whilst returning from the trip to Jervis Bay they weathered the storm during which the "Malabar" was wrecked. Quite a feat for inexperienced sailors.



"BELLBIRD"—G. and W. Clark and Sep. Stevens.
Photo courtesy D. W. Gale.

Having decided on cruising they sold "Bellbird" in 1932 and commissioned the building of a new boat.

Delivered in 1932, she was christened "Maluka", an aboriginal name (meaning respect and affection) given to Aeneus Gunn by the blacks on Elsie Station. A raised deck, auxiliary cruiser of 28 ft. with a 10-ft. beam and a 5-ft. draught, powered by a Lycombing engine.

To learn to handle her they made trips to and from Broken Bay as often as possible and navigated the Hawkesbury River as far as they could and then prepared for a five-month trip to Cooktown.

Leaving on 22nd April, 1933, they traversed 3,400 nautical miles (making no allowance for detours, tripping or the like) and arrived back in Sydney 21st September. It was their opinion when they left that they had everything for comfort and safety that they needed (refer "Maluka" in Queensland Waters), but before the 1935/1936 cruise, considerable changes were made.

1934—Lord Howe Island. The first attempt was abortive as they sailed away from Sydney on a compass course with Cliff Gale as the third member of the crew. About 100 miles out Cliff was so ill they despaired of him making the distance and decided to return, again on a compass course, and when land came into view, were at a loss to know why so many lights had been turned out. It turned out to be Terrigal, so they finished their holiday in Cattai Creek.

Their second attempt at Lord Howe proved most enjoyable. (Refer "Maluka" at Lord Howe.) For the return trip to Sydney they were joined by Gower Wilson, their host on the Island, who wished to experience, first-hand, the crossing as he intended taking a new motor cruiser back to the Island when building had been completed. Maybe it was intuition, but the Clark Brothers pleaded with Gower to have the cruiser taken over by the "Mirinda". Their warning went unheeded and the cruiser's trip ended in tragedy in 1935, as no trace was ever found of that boat or crew.

On the return trip from Lord Howe they struck a cyclone. Green water broke over the "Maluka"—lightning turned night into day—main down, too dangerous to get the jib off—engine running to keep head to wind—wind almost flattened boat and then jib let go and flapped into ribbons in a few minutes—lucky again.

1935—Throughout the latter part of the year modifications had been carried out to "Maluka". They purchased an 8-ft. collapsible dinghy of the Berthon type, which could be stowed below when necessary. An excellent wireless receiving set installed and a spray cover fitted over the companionway. Lee cloths were fitted to the bunks and settees. With Sep. Stevens as third man, they were all ready to leave 16th December, 1935. A fresh southerly delayed them till afternoon of 17th, and they sheltered in Botany Bay that night.

Refer Loss and Recovery of "Maluka"—an almost fictional story in that it would be difficult to think of, and work out a sequence of events that portrayed endurance, courage, fortitude, despair, hope, gratitude, shrewd intuition, know-how, improvisation and a determination not to be beaten, that would provide better reading.

The factual happening of a 28-ft. boat, and three men in a hurricane—almost turned upside down, shipwrecked, salvaged, repaired and sailed back to Sydney. The Clarks say "lucky again".

It is of interest to note here that the skipper of the "Joseph Conrad" reported in Sydney that it was the worst storm he had ever passed through.

1936—"Maluka" was repaired, deadwood replaced, minor alterations and adjustments made and again they set sail for Hobart with Alva Likely as third member of crew. The trip down was calm and enjoyable; Christmas Dinner at the Bush Inn, New Norfolk, was "fantastic" and after much cruising around they left Tasmania from Edistone Light at 7.30 p.m., 8th January. By midday, 9th January, the wind had freshened from the north-west and at 11.00 p.m. had reached full gale force. Sail had been continually reduced, and they now hove to, with the main double reefed and jib removed. "Maluka" lay comfortably. At 2.40 p.m., 10th January, with the wind and sea moderating, they set course again—visibility bad—wind backed to south-west—and it was quite thrilling to plane down the breaking seas, but the boat behaved wonderfully and never once did she show any sign of broaching.

On the N.S.W. coast they again struck storms and sheltered four days at Eden and one at Jervis Bay. Sailing the entire coast in rough seas.

The southward trip was 5 days 12 hours actual sailing time. Returning in 5 days 14 hours by the log. The total distance sailed was in excess of 1,500 miles.

1937 and 1938 were short trips—Sydney to Wilberforce and return is one of their favourites. This, of course, is well in excess of 100 miles.

1972—"Maluka" owned by Mr. Houston of Abbotsford who uses her as a fishing boat and has installed a large diesel engine.

1939—"Mathana"—35 ft. of solid, well-built yacht. An aboriginal name given by the station blacks of "Kilcummin" to David Hannah, the manager. Meaning, good and true.

Harbour Patrol Duty during the War, and at the cessation of hostilities, was prepared for racing with S.A.S.C., and in a young gale always won. She has never been wet inside and has made many trips to Jervis Bay and Twofold Bay in the south, and Port Stephens in the north, but has not been taken further afield. Sold, 1968.

1965—Elected Life Members.

1970—"Edelweiss"—26 ft., purchased for pleasure and relaxation, for one must remember that both George and William are now over 70 years young and they have cruised over 18,000 nautical miles, having shown the S.A.S.C. Burgee in many places. They must be the pioneers of this Club in long ocean cruising and probably the first to take the Club's Burgee to Northern Queensland.

May they continue to obtain pleasure from "Edelweiss".

Maluka afloat in 1972—Houston—Abbotsford—used as a motorboat for fishing and had a large diesel engine.

QUEENSLAND WATERS IN "MALUKA"

Our trip to North Queensland occupied 5 months, leaving here on the 22nd April, 1933, and arriving back on the 21st September. The actual distance covered was 3,400 nautical miles.

It took some time to equip the "Maluka" before leaving, and we had everything necessary for our comfort and the safety of the ship.

The "Maluka" is 28 ft. x 10 ft. beam, drawing a little over 5 ft. The cabin is very well fitted, and has two 8-ft. settees, and two permanent bunks forward of the mast, with ample locker space, and is powered by a 4-cylinder Lycoming engine, which proved very reliable throughout the trip.

Our gear included two sets of sails, and a balloon-jib (sometimes used as a spinnaker), sea anchor, two patent anchors, with very heavy coir anchor lines. We carried a full set of charts, sailing directions for N.S.W. Coast, and the "Australian Pilot" sailing directions for the Queensland Coast, sextant, patent log, wireless and spirit compass, and towing a 10-ft. dinghy.

We left here on a Saturday afternoon in calm weather, and stopped the night at Broken Bay.

The next day we had the most exciting experience of the trip... We were away at daybreak with a moderate sea, and light southerly, but shortly after leaving Terrigal, where we stopped for breakfast, the wind freshened considerably, and, by the time Norah Head was abeam, the wind reached gale force. It was necessary here to change down to the storm sail, and the boat then rode very comfortably, but the seas were increasing all the time, and breaking. The dinghy now started to give trouble, as it kept racing up on the following seas and falling back with a considerable jar until one painter snapped like a piece of string. We immediately tied another rope on to the remaining painter as close as possible to the dinghy, and eased her away each time she came up on our tuck. As we approached Newcastle, the seas were enormous, and very steep, owing to a strong southerly current, and breaking badly. The approach to Newcastle in southerly weather is very awkward, as it is necessary to come in broadside to the seas, and especially as we found they were breaking right across the entrance, but although the port was closed to shipping we were able to get in safely. We were very fortunate that three of our crew were able to come as far as Newcastle, as they were a great help in handling the boat and saving the dinghy. We found out later that the official record of the wind velocity was 70 miles an hour! I seemed to us like 170!

The behaviour of the "Maluka" through the storm gave us great confidence in her seaworthiness for the remainder of the trip, and she came through with only shipping a couple of buckets of water. It was remarkable that the dinghy did not ship any water to speak of, although at times it seemed that she would be completely swamped. To avoid a recurrence of trouble with the dinghy in a following sea, we made a sea anchor of a cornsack, ready to throw overboard when necessary, and it was frequently in use.

We had three days here, and our next run was to Port Stephens in calm weather, and mostly under engine. When entering this Port, it is necessary to keep on the Northern Headland, as a sand spit runs out more than halfway across the entrance from the south, and seas will break heavily most unexpectedly, even in moderate weather. The coast from here to Brisbane offers very little shelter, except by headlands giving shelter from the south, and even anchored in these places the boat will lie facing the southerly wind, and broadside on to the swell, giving an unpleasant anchorage.

We had a pleasant run up to Coffs Harbour, where we took on fresh supplies. It was fortunate that we did not strike heavy weather here, as we were told that the seas break right across the harbour in S.E. weather.

We expected to make our next stop at the Clarence, but arriving there just on dark, it looked very dangerous with seas breaking right across the entrance, and there are no leading lights, which are only put up by giving notice. That night we stopped under Wooded Bluff, 4 miles to the North, and got away at 2 a.m., owing to a restless night, steering a compass course to clear Evans Reefs, but at daybreak we found the southerly current set us to the east more than we expected. We now took bearings, and made in again towards the coast to escape the strong southerly current. Our next anchorage was at Byron Bay, and then to Danger Point on the Queensland border.

The coast line here is more interesting, being rich dairy country very similar to the south coast, near Kiama.

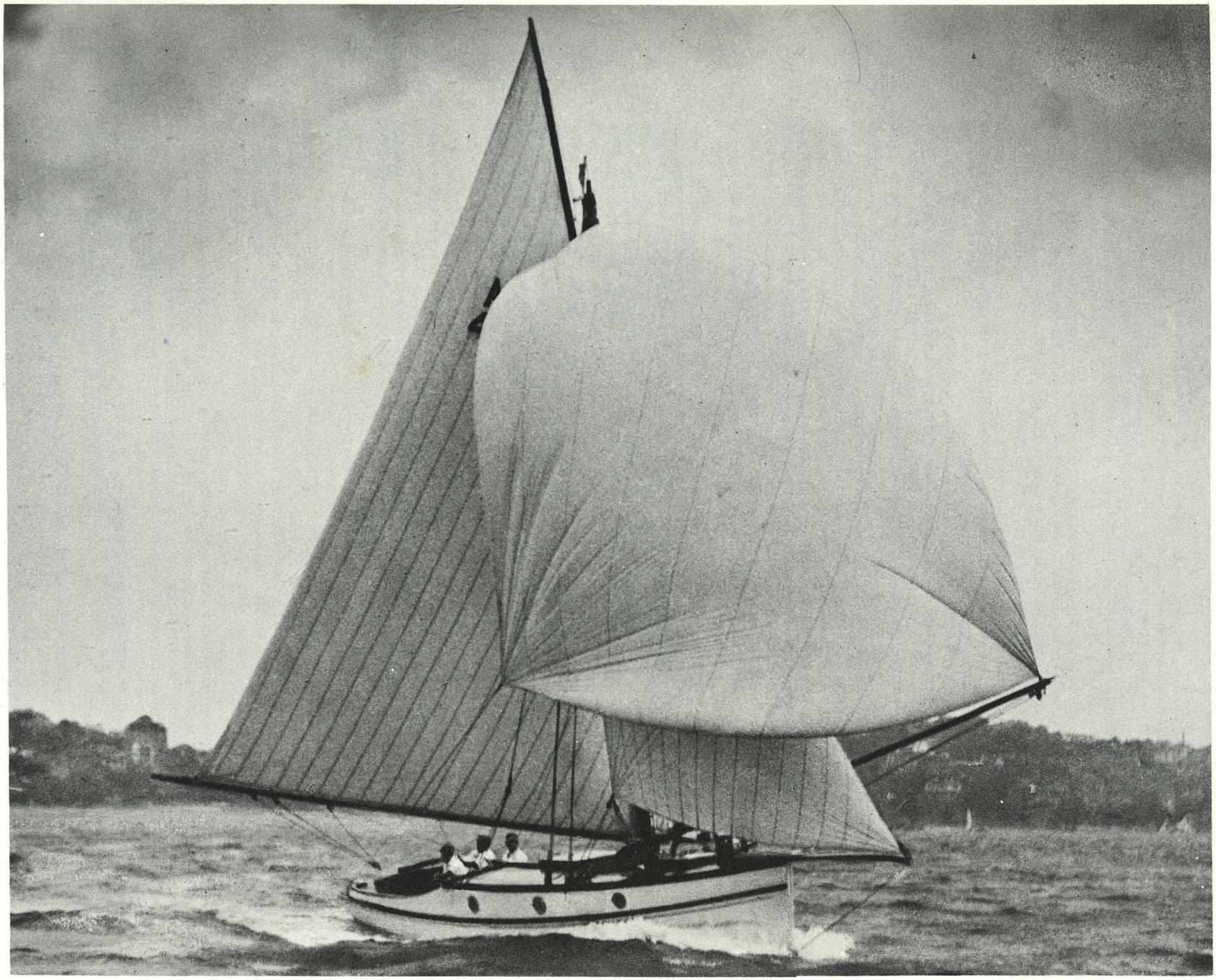
We had a good run until within a few miles of Point Lookout, when the wind freshened to gale force, and we were glad to take shelter under the lee of this headland. The anchorage here is well offshore to the northward, behind Shag Point, about a quarter of an acre in extent, a very exposed anchorage.

The entrance to Moreton Bay by the Southern Passage is about 5 miles from here, but is only navigable to small boats, and with local knowledge. By going through this entrance it cuts off about 50 miles to Brisbane. We were very fortunate in being able to follow a local fishing boat that was going in next morning, as the entrance would be impossible to a stranger. The sand banks go out for miles from the shores, and the seas in these channels rise up very sharply, and seem to be a mass of cross currents with heavy breakers on either side. Going in we took bearings, and noted them on our chart of the the different courses, and these proved very useful, as we were able to navigate it quite easily on our return trip.

Moreton Bay is not a picturesque spot, as the country is very low-lying, and a mass of sand and mud flats, necessitating careful reference to the chart.

Brisbane is 12 miles from Moreton Bay, and it is necessary to keep strictly to the steamer channel, in going up the river, which is well beaconed.

We stopped at Brisbane 6 days, and had a very pleasant time. The Interstate Rowing Regatta was held the day after we arrived, and we had a good view, moored near the finishing line. This gave us a good opportunity to see the type of pleasure craft of this port. They are practically all shallow draught launches of all types and sizes, with auxiliary sails, and their cruising is mostly restricted to Moreton Bay, the sailing being mostly confined to 18-footers and skiffs. Flat-bottomed dinghies, commonly known as "Flatties" are used exclusively on the Queensland Coast.



"MALUKA"—George and William Clark.
Photo courtesy G. & W. Clark.

Our friend Ryder joined us here. He is a country man, and this was to be his first experience of sailing. Fortunately, he was never seasick. We left Brisbane on the 11th May, and had a good run to Double Island Point. There is shelter from the S.E., but it is necessary to anchor a good distance off the shore. From here northward, it was always necessary to take the tides into consideration before anchoring, as you may have ample water under your keel at high water, with the breakers well behind you, but at low water the surf may be breaking well forward of your anchorage. This is an experience the "Quest" and the "Zeela" had when moored here, and the seas broke over both boats during the night—a most anxious and unpleasant experience.

This anchorage is 10 miles south of Wide Bay Bar, which has a reputation of being one of the most dangerous crossings on the Australian Coast. The sand banks are 3 miles off the coast, and the leads are most difficult to pick up. We attempted to cross in the afternoon, but owing to the sun facing us and the thick haze from the surf it was impossible to pick up the leads, and we had to return to our shelter at Double Island Point for the night.

The next morning we were able to pick up the leads, which were most difficult to see under the most favourable conditions, and got into Inskip Point, the entrance to Sandy Straits.

This channel saves a long run round Breaksea Spit, and generally against a very strong current. It is always necessary to obtain local information before crossing these bars, as there are often a series of leads, and these have to be kept open either to one side or the other, as the channel through the sand banks keeps continually shifting, and they are places that you cannot afford to make a mistake in, as you could soon come to grief.

Inskip Point is a picturesque spot, and a great haven for small craft. We had a pleasant stay here and had our first shooting expedition, but only bagging one turkey. The passage through the Sandy Straits is a long, winding channel of over 40 miles, and varying from 3 or 4 miles to a quarter of a mile wide. The channel is beaconed, but it is necessary to have local knowledge to get through.

Our next principal port of call was Gladstone, where we replenished our stores and petrol. We were advised here to secure a longer chain to our anchor, as when anchoring amongst coral the coir rope is likely to chafe through. We were able to purchase about 30 ft. of flexible wire rope, which served the purpose very well right through the trip. We found the patent anchors were very efficient, and were always able to extricate them when moored amongst coral. The Barrier Reef starts here, and is over 100 miles off the coast, but gradually coming into a very narrow channel about Cooktown.

Our first experience of coral was at Mast Head and Heron Islands, about 50 miles from Gladstone. These two islands are reported to have the most beautiful variety of coral along the coast. They can only be seen from a small boat about 6 miles away, and it is necessary to keep a careful compass course to be sure you are picking up the right island, which is important, as these islands are surrounded by reefs often some distance away, and only uncover at low water. These islands offer very precarious anchorages, and are bad places to be caught in in heavy weather. Many of the boats that visit them run over the reefs at high water, and lay aground when the tide recedes.

We anchored at Heron Island between two reefs, in about 60 ft. of water, and it was so transparent that the anchor, and even the bait on the end of the fishing lines, could be seen quite clearly at this depth. We had a long walk over some of the reefs here at low water, but it is quite impossible to describe the beauty of the coral, as it is of all imaginable shapes and colours. It was most fascinating to see all the weird fish in the coral pools when the tide receded. This island was covered with vegetation, principally of pesonia and pandanus and bull oak. In the summer months the place is alive with mutton birds, which nest in burrows in the ground. In walking through the island, we were constantly slipping up to our knees in these burrows.

Our stay here ended with the unpleasant experience of dragging our anchor about 4 a.m. in a black night. Heavy weather sprang up during the night, with rough seas coming in from the west. The anchorage was too deep for good holding, so we decided to make back to the coast. We had a hard plug under engine all day, and arrived at St. Keppel Island—60 miles distance—at 4.30 in the afternoon. These are the most southern islands along the Queensland Coast, being big rugged hills mostly covered with scrub and surrounded by sandy beaches, and offering good shelter in any weather.

Yeppoon was close by, so we took advantage of the calm weather to go ashore, and get fresh supplies, as our next port, Mackay, was 200 miles distant.

We stopped the next night at Point Clinton, which is a good harbour, but a lonely wild place, without habitation, and with many dangerous rocks just covered at low water. From here on we had to watch our navigation most carefully, as we were away from the steamer route, and our course was amongst a series of islands which are surrounded with reefs and off-lying rocks. From here onwards we appreciated the information contained in the "Australian Pilot" sailing directions. It gives the position of every island, and all off-lying dangers.

At Cape Townsend we had excellent shelter for the night, but the country is very wild and rugged. An interesting fact about this locality is that the tides meet here from north and south. To the north the flood tides run south, and south of this point the flood tides run north, and the ebb tides in the opposite direction. Consequently, the rise and fall of tide at full and change is as much as 27 ft., thus necessitating a careful selection for an anchorage.

We had a short run of 20 miles to Marble Islands, where we were made very welcome by the owners, who are sheep farmers. This is a very picturesque and interesting place, the position of the islands forming a winding channel and an excellent anchorage, although the current runs very strongly.

One island consisted of pure ironstone and another quite close was of pure marble. The other islands were well grassed with scattered shady trees, typical of the many islands in this locality. Some have quite a number of goats running on them, put there originally for shipwrecked mariners.

We visited the Percy Islands and the Beverley Group on our way to Mackay. This harbour is practically dry at low water. All the loading for the shipping is done by lightering under the lee of Flat Top Island about 5 or 6 miles from the town.

The run from here to the Whitsunday Passage is most interesting, as you are amongst islands the whole way. St. Bees and Kiswick Islands are each about 5,000 acres in extent, and form a narrow channel nearly two miles long. This is one of the many tourist resorts among the islands, and the people here made us most welcome. We met a very interesting character in Mick Busuttin, who took us out turtle hunting and spearing fish on the reefs. The turtle hunting in the winter months is done from a dinghy. One man stands in the bow with a short 3-pronged spear to which is attached a rope. When the turtle comes to the surface to breathe, and is sufficiently close to the dinghy, the man jumps onto the turtle driving the spear through the shell. While the line runs out he boards the dinghy, and the chase starts. When the turtle is exhausted, the dinghy is now swamped, and the turtle floated into it, and then the dinghy is bailed out. In the summer months the turtles come up on the beaches about 6 or 7 times in the season, and lay up to 200 eggs at a sitting.

Walking over the coral reefs in bare feet offered no difficulty to Mick, but anyone else would have their feet cut to pieces. Although this man had only one eye and one lung, he had no sense of fear with sharks, and often gave exhibitions of diving amongst them and ripping them with a knife from underneath. On many occasions we saw him spearing stingarees, often from a considerable distance. Then holding the fish on the end of the spear he would place the end of the tail between his teeth, and pull off the poisonous barbs with his free hand. These were a few of his many daring feats—a most entertaining fellow!

Mick was equally at home with crocodiles. He was engaged in a fishing business for some time in the Proserpine River with a partner as indifferent to danger as himself. He told us that crocodiles were almost as numerous as the fish in this river, and gave them a good deal of trouble by getting tangled in the nets. He said the only thing to do was to wade out, throw mud in their eyes, and then tie their jaws together, and extricate them from the nets. They got wonderful hauls of fish, but the mosquitoes eventually drove them out of business.

We met quite a number of fishermen on our trip, all real good fellows, and most of them real hard cases. One man in particular was a crab fisherman by the name of Sharkey. This man came aboard one day to give us instructions for the Curtis Channel. He was extremely dirty after tarring wire netting on his traps. He excused himself, but said it was no use washing as he would be just as dirty tomorrow. Judging by Sharkey's appearance, this was an everyday job.

The current in this channel runs at 6 or 7 knots and on one occasion, when we were temporarily anchored in slack water in mid-channel, the anchor fouled round a "nigger head". We were caught with a rising tide, and the more line we let out the tighter it became, as the current had more grip of the heavy coir rope than the boat. The line went down perpendicular, tightening with an enormous strain, and the boat had a bow wave as if travelling at full speed. However, we were fortunate in extricating the line by veering about with the engine at the change of the tide. We had nearly a week here, and then went on to the Whitsunday Group, travelling with a strong southerly, with the spinnaker set, a most enjoyable sail. The "Karoola" passed quite close to us, and many of the passengers gave us a hearty cheer as they passed by.

When visiting Lindeman Island, another tourist resort, about 300 passengers from the "Karoola" came ashore in whale boats. The centre of attraction here was a turtle, which was tethered up with a long rope. The tourists made a bee-line for this unfortunate animal, and practically every passenger had his or her photo taken sitting on it, often sideways and sometimes three at a time. One man thought it a convenient seat to lace up his boots.

We were advised by Mick Busuttin to visit Puritan Bay close by here on the mainland, where we were assured of some good duck shooting. We were to find a lagoon, but owing to the dense tropical vegetation, it was impossible to penetrate through it, and the ducks were not disturbed. We were not so keen in penetrating this bush, as it abounds with a stinging tree, which leaves a very painful sore for several months.

We could have spent a considerable time cruising round the Whitsunday Island had we had the time. It was here we met Major Lee Murray, who has taken up Wise Mole Island, a charming spot, as a tourist resort. He came up here about 18 months ago in the "Day Dream" and uses it now to take tourists round the islands.

Our next port was Bowen, and on our way there we called in at Gloucester Passage, where we met a fisherman. He had come south from Townsville, hoping to get a haul of king fish, which travel north about this time of the year. These fish weigh about 40 to 50 lbs., and travel together in great numbers. They will only bite in calm weather, and are caught on heavy trailing lines using garfish as bait. The fishermen usually trail 4 lines, and when the fish are biting they get a load in a very short time. We had great sport catching these fish on our way south, when we happened to meet this man again at Palm Islands.

He took us out for a day's fishing, and was very amazed at our excitement, and awkwardness in handling these huge fish. When the fish are hauled on board into the cockpit, they are stunned with a mallet, and the hook is knocked out of their mouths. It is certainly exciting sport.

From here to Townsville, we had strong southerly winds, every day, sometimes developing into a strong gale, but we managed to get good anchorages every night. The Barrier Reef closes in appreciably here, and there is no ocean swell, but at the same time it does not offer as much protection as one would expect, as the prevailing S.E. winds sweep up this channel, and when encountering a southerly current the seas are very short and steep. This condition is considerably accentuated off the headlands, where the seas are like a turmoil. These seas do not affect the large steamers, but for a small boat it is particularly unpleasant. It was while passing Bowling Green, which is a low-lying sandy headland with shallow water for several miles offshore, that we had a practical demonstration of how bad these seas can develop, and, although the "Maluka" behaved wonderfully well, this was the only place on the trip that the dinghy shipped any water, and although only a couple of buckets, it made her veer about dangerously when shooting a wave, and we eventually had to pull in under shelter of this headland and bail the water out.

At Townsville we went aboard some of the luggers. There are about 30 or 40 of these boats principally owned by White Companies at Thursday Island. They are skippered by Japanese, with a crew of 16 island boys, and fish for beche-de-mer and trochus shells the whole length of the Barrier Reef. These boats are like small

schooners about 60 ft. long. The beche-de-mer or sea slug is gutted, boiled, sun dried and then smoked with mangrove wood for 24 hours. We asked some of the mission boys if they were afraid of sharks which abound in these waters. They replied that they had no fear as "they believe" their faith was quite sufficient protection. It is necessary for the skipper to be as good a diver as the crew. Otherwise the boys would easily convince the captain that there were no fish to dive for if they felt so inclined.

From Townsville north the route we were taking required very careful navigation, and the charts we had were very old. We obtained new ones in two days by telephoning to Brisbane. This was the most interesting part of the trip, particularly Palm Island, Hinchinbrook, Dunk Island and Merillyan Harbour. Situated on Palm Island is the native settlement of about 1,200 aboriginals. The Superintendent, Mr. Delaney, showed us over the island and explained some of the many difficulties of managing these people. One of their chief vices is gambling, as it often leads to complications and disputes amongst them. The settlement is situated on an extensive flat, with high hills in the background. The place is laid out with avenues of coconut palms, and with the neat officials' quarters and the native dwellings scattered about it gives the whole place a very picturesque setting. We had a very pleasant time here, and saw the natives give an exhibition of spear and boomerang throwing and native dancing. We had good weather to make the crossing to the Hinchinbrook Channel, which is similar to that of Wide Bay Bar. It is necessary to pick up a buoy 3 miles off the entrance, which can be easily missed, and then steer on various sets of leads, which bring you into the channel.

The Colonial Sugar Refining Co. have big interests here, but their steamers have to travel right round the island and come in by the northern entrance. We went up several of the creeks off the channel, hoping to see some crocodiles which are very numerous here, but owing to very dull weather they were well out of sight. We visited a settler on the island, who had his home in a small clearing cut out of the dense jungle. He was growing bananas and other tropical fruits which were growing prolifically. He had many difficulties to contend with, including snakes and pythons which kept taking his fowls, till he caged them up in a small-gauge wire netting house. His children were running about in their bare feet, despite myriads of mosquitoes and sand flies and stinging trees. This man was most hospitable, but we were glad to get away from these pests, which took a particular fancy to us.

We had to travel from the north end of Hinchinbrook to Dunk Island—20 miles—entirely by compass, as we could only see a short distance away, owing to heavy rain squalls. That night the rainfall was 10 inches, and nearly filled the dinghy. It is a very foul locality for reefs, and many of the islands are joined at low water. However, when we sighted the island we were right on our course in a narrow channel, where we could get our bearings to take us round to our anchorage on the north-east of the island. Anchored here was one of the old paddle-wheel Manly boats, used as a floating wharf to receive stores for the island.

This was an exceptionally good anchorage, with 12 ft. of water at low tide, quite close to the beach. Generally, we had to approach our anchorages with caution, and very often, owing to extensive reefs or mud flats, had to lie off as much as half a mile or more from the shore that was to give us ample water at low tide. It is remarkable that all anchorages are north to north-east of the islands. We had no northerly winds the whole time we were in the tropics. Most of the time it blew hard from the south-east, with an occasional calm day or so.

Dunk Island is a very picturesque spot, with dense tropical vegetation, and was the home of the late Banfield, the writer, for many years. The only inhabitants there were two beachcombers, one of whom was a doctor of dentistry, with his family, but both men seemed contented with their lonely lives. One of these men told us that the death adders were very bad on the island, but his idea was as long as you were in sand shoes or bare feet it was quite safe. They did not bite unless you hurt them. Needless to say, we did not take any chances of walking on them. We were shown a photo of this island taken after the visitation of a hurricane. It was easy to recognise the locality, but all that remained standing of the beautiful vegetation were a few stumps.

We beached the "Maluka" here, and gave her a coat of "anti-fouling". It was surprising to see how clean she was after 1,700 miles of travel.

Our next port was Merillyan Harbour, the entrance to which is a narrow gap in a high coastal range. It is a sugar port for Innisfail. It is almost impossible for ships to enter the port on an ebb tide, as the current rushes out through the very narrow entrance up to 10 knots, according to the height of tide. It was a run of 60 miles from here to Cairns, a most enjoyable trip with a good following breeze, under mainsail and spinnaker.

Cairns appeared to us to be the most thriving town of North Queensland, and in fact, there was no sign of depression of trade the whole time we were in Queensland. Cairns is pleasantly situated right on the sea front. This port, like Townsville, has a dredged channel through the mudflats, for shipping, 5 miles out to sea. We were fortunate in having friends here who gave us several long motor drives to places of interest, usually not accessible to the average tourist.

The winter climate at Cairns was very similar to the average summer months of Sydney.

We had a week at Cairns, and although a most interesting and enjoyable time, we were glad to be at sea again.

It was a most delightful sailing once we arrived in the tropics, with the warmer weather and the ever-changing scenes as we sailed along. We always kept up a fair average of speed, and never let the travelling drag. If the wind were not strong enough, we turned on the engine, and kept the boat moving at least 5 or 6 knots. We were very fortunate in having a very reliable engine, and with the exception of a slight defect on our way home it never faltered on the whole trip, sometimes running for over 24 hours at a time without attention.

Our next port of call was Port Douglas, 35 miles north, and with a good following wind averaged 6 knots under sail. This is a small shipping port for the district of Mossman, 14 miles inland, and connected by a 2-ft. gauge railway. Although only a small district, it exports £250,000 worth of sugar each season.

The next day was a short run of 10 miles to Low Island, a small coral island about 3 acres in extent, having a lighthouse as a guide to shipping in a very narrow channel, between the reefs. It was here that the British Scientific Expedition, under Dr. Yonge, was located for 12 months, about 4 years ago. We made ourselves known to the man in charge, who showed us over the lighthouse, which, like all the other stations visited on our way north, was kept spotlessly clean. The lighthouse keeper has two assistants, and when the light is lit at sundown each man takes a 4-hour watch, and the mechanism to drive the machinery has to be wound up every hour. The light burns about 4 gallons of kerosene a night. Many of the lighthouses along the coast have been converted to automatic control, and are only inspected every 6 months. The anchorage here is in a bay formed by a coral reef, and although there is no protection from the wind it is a good shelter from heavy seas.

We met Mr. Moorhouse here, who is still carrying on scientific work. He later joined us on our return trip to Brisbane. He gave us many interesting accounts of marine life on the coral reefs. The most dreaded fish on the reefs and coast is the stone fish. They are mostly about 6 ins. to 1 ft. long, and most ugly specimen with 13 spikes on his back, which stand up in time of danger, and if one happens to walk on them the poison penetrating the flesh very often sends the victim temporarily insane with the pain. This condition usually lasts for two days, and it is sometimes up to 6 months before the patient properly recovers. The usual medical treatment is injections of morphia to relieve the pain. Mr. Moorhouse was stung by one of these fishes, and he cured himself with an onion cut in half and heated on a hot pan and then applied to the wound. Half an hour after this application his foot was almost normal, and he felt no further ill effects.

Speaking of fish, a very interesting specimen we came in contact with was the sucker fish. The ones we saw were about 3 or 4 ft. long, and had a flat surface on the back of the head, about 4 or 5 ins. long, with which they cling to other fish. Several of them were clinging to the underside of our boat coming along, and would dart out each time we threw over any scraps.

The day we left Low Island, it was almost a calm. We had a good run under engine of 35 miles to the Bloomfield River, averaging 7 knots. We anchored about a mile off the entrance, owing to the shallow water on the bar, and rowed about half a mile inside the river, where a mission lugger was anchored. We accepted the offer of one of the black crew to pilot us through the channel, which we crossed safely, although there were only inches to spare under our keel, even on the peak of tide. There are small settlements of blacks here, and the locality was of interest to us, as it was the scene of Idriess' book, "The Men of the Jungle".

That night our pilot invited us to attend a corroboree and conducted us through a dense forest of tall ti-trees, which were partly lit up by fire sticks carried by the blacks, who were going to the corroboree. The natives seemed in a happy mood, and were making weird calls to one another, which echoed through the forest —all a strange and weird scene. The corroboree was conducted in the centre of a group of native huts, the only illumination being a small fire, the smoke of which helped to keep the mosquitoes away from the onlookers. There were only a few performers at the start, but the numbers increased as the night went on. Each dance seemed a repetition of the previous one, and mostly consisted of stamping of feet and clapping of hands, and making a guttural noise like a steam engine under load. The rhythmic time to the dance was kept by an old blackfellow, who yabbered a kind of sing-song while rattling two boomerangs together. The old gins sat round smoking old pipes, and beating their hands on their laps, making a noise like the beating of a drum. We left after an hour or so, but the natives kept up their entertainment till about 3 o'clock in the morning.

The next morning we rowed several miles up this river, winding through mountainous country and bordered on either side by dense tropical growth. Orchids and many beautiful ferns were growing everywhere.

The steamer channel from here to Cooktown gradually narrows down to a little over a mile in width. It was here that Captain Cook ran aground on Endeavour Reef just off this port, and later beached his boat just inside the river, where a monument now stands to his memory. We had decided to make Cooktown our furthest north, as it is the last township south of Thursday Island. We had rather an exciting experience on this part of the cruise, as it blew a full gale with short steep breaking seas. The dinghy kept racing up on our tuck, even in spite of her trailing rope, and we eventually had to turn on the engine to give the boat extra pace in the troughs of waves where the dinghy would overtake us.

On the last part of the run, we had to rely entirely on our sailing directions, as our chart finished 20 miles south of Cooktown. The heavy seas assisted us in showing up the reefs, some of which were beaconed.

We arrived at Cooktown on a Saturday afternoon, and the only sign of life in the main street was a mob of goats. This township had at one time a population of over 30,000, including 25,000 Chinese. It is now practically deserted, with a population of only 300, many of whom are old aged and war pensioners.

On our return trip we had expected to get north-easterlies, but it was not until we reached the N.S.W. coast that we were favoured with these winds, and had a hard punch almost entirely under power against strong south-easterlies.

During the trip we took a number of sights of the Sun, and after a little practice, even in a rough sea, had no difficulty in working out our position, sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes.

Navigating the Queensland Coast we found it most essential to keep a constant check on our position, as a mistake in this respect, even with our draught of 5 feet, could easily lead to serious trouble.

The whole trip was most enjoyable, and full of interest from when we left till we arrived home.

In conclusion, we wish to thank the Royal Queensland Yacht Club for their kind hospitality and helpful information and introductions to people along the coast, which were of great assistance to us. And we feel that this courtesy was extended to us on behalf of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, generally.

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"MALUKA" AT LORD HOWE

The "Maluka" left Sydney at 5 p.m. on the 8th September, the ship's company consisting of W. and G. Clark and Sep. Stevens.

Our route was via Broken Bay, Newcastle, and Port Stephens, the object being to avoid the southerly set and get our sea legs before the long stretch of 360 nautical miles to Lord Howe Island.

The run to Broken Bay was made under mainsail and ballooner, with a light S.E. breeze, in 2½ hours, very pleasant conditions prevailing, and we anchored under the shelter of Barrenjoey at 7.30 p.m.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, we got away at 8 a.m., under power. The weather was overcast and raining with a moderate sea and a light S.E. wind, which later turned to the N.E. The run was made under power, but the sail was set to steady the boat, and we arrived at Newcastle by 4.30 p.m.

A rather exciting experience occurred off Bird Island, when William, while setting the jib, lost his hold, and fell off the end of the bumpkin. He was fortunate in missing the propeller, as the boat passed completely over him. The "Maluka" was immediately put about, and the man overboard was soon picked up, without serious consequences.

At Newcastle an out-haul was fitted to the bumpkin, which obviated the necessity of leaving the deck to set the jib.

It was still raining the next morning, so we spent the day doing odd shopping while waiting for the weather to clear.

On Tuesday, the 11th, we left our moorings at 6 a.m. with a clear sky and calm sea. The wind was very light, so we cruised along slowly under power right through to Port Stephens, dropping anchor at 1 p.m. in Nelson's Bay.

While going up the harbour, we experienced a very strong tide rip of fully five knots, and our progress into our anchorage was consequently very slow.

The following morning, the 12th September, the conditions being favourable, we cleared the Heads at 7.40 a.m., and set our course E.N.E. mag. direct for Lord Howe Island. A moderate N.W. wind, with a slight sea, gave us a good lead under mainsail and balloon jibs. The barometer was falling, and had dropped two points by 5 p.m., by which time we had reduced sail to jib, and double-reefed mainsail.

Shortly after dark, the wind had reached full gale force, and, owing to the boat travelling too fast in the choppy seas, we hove her to and she then rode very comfortably. This was done by bringing the jib to windward, and the mainsail hard down, and lashing the tiller to leeward, the man on watch being well sheltered in the bottom of the cockpit. We lay-to for nine hours and then continued on our course at 2 a.m., when the wind and sea had moderated.

The "Maluka" made good progress all day, with a fresh beam wind. At noon our position was E. 154° 30′, S. 32° 37′, 118 miles from Port Stephens, showing that the southerly current had set us nearly eighteen miles to the south of our course.

The watches were arranged three hours on and six hours off and the watch below found plenty to occupy their time, the day passing very quickly.

At noon on the 14th September, our position was E. 157°, S. 31° 37′ 30″, showing us to be 13 miles north of our course. The day's run was 143 miles, leaving 112 miles to go.

The barometer was now very steady, and the wind having changed to the E.N.E., which was directly against us, we lowered all sail and continued under power.

We expected to sight the island at dawn the following morning, the 15th September, but owing to a bank of clouds on the horizon we could not discern land until 5.30 a.m., when Mount Lidgbird and Mount Gower were just visible, slightly on our starboard bow. By 10 a.m. the wind had veered to the north and we were then able to set sail again, and reach our objective in glorious weather shortly before noon.

The island presented a fine sight, the two mountains nearly 3,000 ft. high, standing out very prominently. As we stood off the western shore, we faced a long bay with a sandy beach of about 5 miles in length, protected from the open sea by a coral reef nearly a mile from the shore.

We cruised off the reef looking for an entrance but could not sight any leads; fortunately, we noticed a sail coming out to meet us, and in due course we were very pleased to meet the skipper, Harold Cluff, who proved to be an old friend of Sep. Stevens. We were piloted through the reef to a mooring specially laid down for visiting yachts, and here we found excellent shelter.

It was an interesting fact that our patent log registered ten miles in excess of the distance from Port Stephens to the island, but only 3 miles less than the actual distance covered.

During the afternoon we went ashore, and found ourselves in a charming and picturesque spot. From where we landed there was little sign of habitation, as the homes of the residents are scattered throughout the island. Many of them are surrounded by beautiful gardens, which are bordered by palms and semi-tropical vegetation. The island itself is really a series of beauty spots.

Our stay was made most enjoyable by the kind hospitality of Gower Wilson. We had great sport on several fishing excursions, and also visited the Admiralty Islands, situated about half a mile on the N.E. end of the island. They are the home of countless nesting sea birds.

We found much to interest us on the island, and our sojourn there seemed all too short.

At 2 p.m., on the 4th October, we reluctantly commenced our return journey.

We had invited our host to accompany us to Sydney, and we were fortunate in having him with us, as conditions proved later. We had a hearty farewell by the many friends we had made during our stay, and passing out through the reef we set our course W.S.W. ¾ S. mag. direct for Sydney.

We soon had a fresh N.N.W. wind, and had a good run till evening, when the wind increased to full gale force, necessitating two reefs in the mainsail. We continued on till just after midnight, when the mainsail was lowered, and to keep the boat under control we started the engine. The wind then became exceptionally strong, accompanied by vivid lightning and heavy rain with a big sea running. About 1 a.m. we experienced an abrupt calm, followed within the space of a few minutes by terrific squalls, and a deluge of rain and lightning in close proximity. The strength of the wind was such as to make any attempt to lower the jib too dangerous. Within a few seconds this sail, although of heavy and strong material, was torn to ribbons. This somewhat relieved the situation, and the boat was brought head into the wind and now rode more comfortably. During this time the rain was driving almost horizontally, with a big sea running. Without the slightest warning, one huge wave broke right over the boat, filling the cockpit and causing her to stagger under the tremendous weight of water. Fortunately, however, it quickly drained away, very little getting below. Although we had encountered many severe gales on our previous cruises, this was the first occasion on which a green sea had come right aboard. The night was pitch black, but was lit frequently by vivid lightning. The wind velocity was now terrific, and the noise of it seemingly drowning the sound of the thunder.

The seriousness of the situation did not appear to us till after the worst of these conditions had abated, but we did not at any time feel apprehensive for the safety of our ship.

Later we put out the sea anchor but the boat would not lie head to wind, apparently the resistance of the deep keel not allowing sufficient drift, and the anchor line drifting loosely with the boat—with the seas on our starboard quarter. To bring the boat head to wind, we raised the boom and rigged the storm jib under it, and on to the horse. This had the desired effect, and the boat then rode comparatively easy.

At 5 a.m. the seas had moderated sufficiently to continue under engine for a few hours, but it was necessary to heave-to again, owing to the size of the seas. The gale continued till 8 a.m. the following morning, the 6th October. The seas were now moderating, and we again set our course, under power, and later under double-reefed mainsail. During the morning, the barometer rose steadily, and we all felt much cheered up.

We took our sights at 8 a.m. and noon, and found that the storm had driven us back to within 80 miles of the island, and our noon position was E. 157° 8′, S. 31° 57′. The weather moderated all the afternoon, and we took advantage of this spell to put things shipshape, as a lot of extra gear had been used during the storm. Conditions in the cabin had been somewhat uncomfortable, and some of our clothing had become saturated. Despite these conditions, we managed to get something hot to eat, whenever we felt inclined, which went a along way towards keeping up the spirit of the crew.

During the evening of the 6th October, the wind had veered to the N.N.W., and by 11 p.m., it was blowing a moderate gale.

The following day, the 7th October, we had a good run under double-reefed sail, with the wind N.N.W. at gale force. At noon our position was E. 154° 55′, S. 32° 36′ six miles north of our course, the day's run being 125 miles.

Towards evening the gale increased, so we lowered away all sail, and continued under engine, the squalls again at times attaining terrific strength.

On the 8th October, the wind veered to the S.S.E. with heavy cross seas. A sight at noon showed us to be 28 miles north of our course at E. 153° 3′, S. 32° 50′. The day's run was 100 miles and 108 miles N.E. mag. of Sydney. We altered course accordingly, which was now a S.W. bearing to North Head, and we continued strictly on this course right through to Sydney Heads.

We arrived at 6 a.m. on Tuesday, 9th October, and noted that the log reading was 2 miles in excess of our estimated position the previous day at noon, an average of 6 knots for the distance.

We tied up at our moorings at 7 a.m., thus concluding a very adventurous, interesting, and most enjoyable voyage.

Before setting out on the cruise, we took the precaution of waterproofing the spark plugs and all high tension wiring on the engine. It was fortunate that we had done so, as on several occasions, water came down the back of the hatchway (which had to be left open for ventilation) and over the engine, which is situated under the companion way; consequently, the engine never faulted at any time, and proved of great service.

The navigation of our craft did not present any difficulties, as we were fortunate in getting a sight of the sun every day. The heavy seas did not interfere with the accuracy of the observations. Certainly, at times it was difficult to get a horizon, as the sights had to be taken when the boat was on the top of a wave. Although we were thrown off our course by cross-currents, on two or three occasions, we made our land falls when and where expected.

The only difficulty experienced was writing out the figures in the cabin with the unsteady motion of the boat. The Mareq Saint-Hilaire method was used in conjunction with latitude sights.

We always took the precaution at night and during heavy weather to see that the man at the tiller was securely tied to the boat with a strong line round the waist, and he never moved out of the cockpit without first giving notice to those below. This precautionary measure saved a man going overboard on at least two occasions.

LOSS AND RECOVERY OF "MALUKA"
16th December, 1935-27th January, 1936

We had been looking forward with keen interest and preparing for some time for our cruise to Hobart. On the 16th December, 1935, the "Maluka" was fully equipped and ready to sail.

From experience of previous cruises the "Maluka" was now equipped with an 8-ft. collapsible dinghy of the "Berthon" type, which proved very seaworthy, and fitted below when necessary. An excellent wireless receiving set was installed and a spray cover was fitted over the companion-way. The latter was most efficient and beneficial. It was made of strong canvas and fitted on diagonal boards on the deck from the runner plates at the side of the bulkhead to the forehead end of the sliding hatchway and on a strong piece of curved cane which came about 18 ins. aft of the companion-way, giving excellent protection and easy access to the cabin.

Another improvement was the fitting of lee cloths to the bunks and settees, which proved a great comfort. These consisted of pieces of strong canvas, 18 ins. high and 3 ft. long, fitted to the outside edge and fastened with cord to the deck beams above when necessary. These gave confidence to the one sleeping on the weather side of the boat and kept the bed-clothes from falling off.

The crew comprised Sep. Stevens and W. and G. Clark, who had proved good companions on a previous trip to Lord Howe Island.

Owing to a fresh southerly blowing on the evening of our projected departure, and our course being almost due south along the coast, we did not leave the harbour till the following afternoon, when the blow had eased down. The sea was still very choppy, and after a couple of hours travelling under engine we put into Botany Bay and had a calm anchorage for the night at La Perouse.

Leaving at daylight next morning, under power and sail, it was not long before a light north-easter set in and the engine was then switched off. By 10 o'clock the wind freshened considerably, and setting a spinnaker, we enjoyed a delightful sail along the coast as far as Jervis Bay, where the breeze fell away to a calm. There were still three hours of daylight and we decided to make for Ulladulla, a small harbour which has a safe entrance and a good shelter.

About 6 p.m. a southerly buster sprang up with heavy rain squalls giving poor visibility and it was then necessary to keep on a compass course for the port. George had been standing by the tiller and later sat down by the compass, which is directly under the tiller. Looking back at the last headland he noticed that the boat was off her course by 15 degrees, and after checking the course with the small spirit compass (used for taking coastal bearings) he noticed that our navigating compass was at fault. This was brought about by a sheath knife George had in his belt, which was resting right against the compass.

We arrived off the entrance to Ulladulla, with a good sea running, at 8 p.m. Visibility was very poor, but we managed to pick up the harbour light at the head of the bay, and with the correct bearing for making an entrance we went in with confidence and were glad to have a good calm anchorage for the night, and felt well satisfied with our day's run of 95 nautical miles.

After a comfortable night's rest we were away again at 6.30 in the morning. The weather was overcast and blowing a light south-easter, which necessitated the use of the motor; we used the sail to steady the boat. We had intended sheltering for the night under the lee of Montague Island, which was in sight at 4.30 p.m., when the wind freshened to a hard blow and was right in our course. It was a hard punch under power to the island, and we arrived there at 6.30, making 67 miles from Ulladulla. The sailing directions indicate a small cove on the N.W. as a good shelter for small craft, but this looked very dangerous, with a rocky bottom of considerably varying depths and appeared to us an impossible anchorage.

While cruising slowly under the lee of the island we took advantage of the shelter to double-reef the mainsail, as it was blowing hard at the time and there was no alternative but to continue on our course all night. The island looked a wild, weather-beaten place, the north end was covered with bird life and small penguins along the shore. We saw several sharks here cruising about in the clear water.

We left here at 8 p.m., when the wind had eased off, and bore away towards the coast again to avoid the reefs to the south; and later set a safe course for the night to keep clear of any outlying dangers along the coast.

Our next port of call was Twofold Bay, a further 70 miles, where we expected to arrive at 8 a.m. next morning, but owing to the southerly backing up the current, and almost a head wind all night, we made very slow progress and did not reach our objective until after midday.

The port is a long, tapering inlet with a small headland at the head of the bay giving excellent shelter in almost any weather. The harbour has a most picturesque setting with a series of white, sandy beaches broken here and there by small headlands; heavily timbered country at the edge of the beaches rising in the background to a series of high mountains.

The cruise so far, of 250 miles, had been very pleasant, having had reasonably good weather enabling us to enjoy regular hot meals and enjoy the beauty of the coastal scenery.

The "Maluka" had now cruised, with exception of a small portion of the Cape York Peninsula, the whole of the eastern coast of the continent and this section was, in our opinion, the most interesting and picturesque. The wireless set gave excellent tone and reception and added considerably to the pleasure of the trip. It was frequently in commission.

While sheltering at Eden a strong gale set in from the south-west with heavy rain, and we were congratulating ourselves that we were not caught in it on our way across the Strait—little realising at the time that we would later be weathering out a very much worse storm.

On Monday, 23rd December, the weather cleared and by midday the wind turned to the north-east with bright sunshine, but the glass was still on the low side at 29.7. However, we thought it good enough to make a start, after getting impatient at being held up, as we were hoping to be in Hobart by Christmas Day.

This weather seemed too good to miss, so after replenishing our stores, water and petrol, we left port at 4 p.m. with the wind veering to the east and later to the south.

With the hope of a more favourable wind the following day, we decided to shelter for the night at a small inlet called Bitangabee, a pretty spot giving good shelter, except from the east and south-east. It is 12 miles south of Eden.

The next morning, Christmas Eve, we were away again at 6.30. The weather was clear and crisp with a light N.N.E. wind and the glass at 29.7, showing a tendency to fall.

Green Cape was abeam at 7.30 and Cape Howe and Gabo by 10 a.m.

The wind was still holding from the north and freshening with rising seas. We were making good progress and enjoying a great sail with prospects of making a quick passage across the Strait.

We set our course S. by W. to bring us about 15 to 20 miles east of Flinders Island. During the afternoon it became very hazy in the far south, gradually developing into a bank of ominous heavy clouds right across the southern horizon. The glass had fallen 2½ points during the day and general indications were for a bad storm. About 6 o'clock we picked up a weather report warning the fishermen of Gippsland to take shelter, as a bad storm was developing there. This was the only weather forecast we had received of the approaching bad weather.

Just on dusk the fresh northerly which had held all day now gave way to a calm and almost immediately after to a strong south-easterly.

We immediately double-reefed the mainsail and changed to a smaller jib, and for safety put the dinghy below and fitted one sliding board in the aperture of the companion-way. This latter precaution was later the means of saving our lives.

Judging by the increasing force of the wind it was obvious that we would have to use every precaution to weather the gale. The "Maluka" was so hard pressed, even with the reduced sail area, that we decided to lower away before it got any worse and we were regretting the absence of our sea-anchor. Keeping the boat head to wind with the engine we were able to lower away safely and furl the sails.

Our last entry in the log was at 5 p.m., when the glass was at 29.4. About 7 p.m. it had fallen to 29.1. Naturally, from now on it was impossible to keep any record in our log, as the movement of the boat was so violent and the seriousness of the situation was very apparent.

We took three-hour watches, and each of us was very glad when relieved, as we were soaked to the skin and numbed with the cold. We took the precaution of roping the helmsman to a cleat at the side of the cockpit in case of accident.

During the night one huge comber caught us broadside on with a terrific crash, turning the boat almost upside down and throwing the inside ballast (of 28-lb. lead ingots) up the side of the boat, a few pieces landing on top of the lockers. The noise of the impact sounded as if the mast had snapped and the side of the boat had been smashed in. However, the only apparent damage was that one lead ingot had smashed through a cedar panel, an inch thick, of one of the lockers. The sea had poured through the small opening in the companion-way while she was listed and, as previously mentioned, had we not taken the precaution of closing the companion-way, we should not be here now to tell the tale, so quickly did the water come through this aperture.

The boat quickly righted herself and we immediately set to the pump and bucket to bail for our lives before another wave caught us, and at the same time pulling the boat away to run before the seas.

When we had pumped her free of water the situation seemed very serious and to make matters worse, we found Sep. had sustained a severe head wound by falling onto the frosted electric light shades on the roof of the cabin, and a very bad cut on the hip, which was bleeding profusely.

We now kept the boat running before the seas with the engine which, fortunately, was functioning perfectly, and she seemed to ride the seas comfortably without any sign of broaching to.

It seemed a miracle that the boat was still afloat. Most of the blankets and clothing was saturated and the cabin in disorder. After attending to Sep. and bandaging him up as best we could under the circumstances and fixing up the ballast, etc., in the cabin, we decided to make back for Eden at Twofold Bay.

Our position, by dead reckoning, was about 100 miles S. by W. of Cape Howe and we set a course N.E. to clear this point by a safe margin.

Dawn on Christmas Day was a contrast to what we had expected when we started the cruise; we had hoped to be in Hobart by this time.

Daylight showed us the full fury of the storm and it seemed wonderful that the little ship should be capable of riding out such enormous seas as were now running. We had weathered many storms on our previous cruises, but our usual conception of a storm did not apply to this raging fury and turmoil. The wind was a continuous roar, whipping up the solid crests of the waves to be sent flying in pursuit of their forerunners; so completely were they torn that they seemed to form a moving jungle of scud, which belonged to neither sea nor sky.

It was very evident from the precipitous nature of the wave that the storm must be running against a strong current.

A remarkable feature of the following seas was that they came, at times, from a south-easterly and a south-westerly direction, when they would form into a peak and come tumbling down in an avalanche of foam. It must have been one of these that caught us during the night.

As Sep. was unable to take his watch, we found it very strenuous taking our turn at the tiller each alternate three hours, as green seas would occasionally come right over the helmsman, filling the cockpit, when a lurch of the boat on the next wave would throw most of it out again. We were saturated to the skin and numbed with the intense cold. Altogether, we spent a very unhappy Christmas Day.

This was the first occasion that green water had broken into the cockpit from following seas, although we had the experience of running under storm sail when the wind had officially been registered up to 70 miles an hour.

We kept on a N.E. course till about noon the following day, 26th December, when we reckoned our position to be well off the New South Wales coast. The storm showed no signs of abating and the wind was still blowing exceptionally hard and raining continuously, making visibility very bad. We still could not find the leak.

We now altered our course to North, and continued on this bearing till the evening. During the afternoon we noticed a small steamer (probably the "Peringa"), of about 2,000 tons, a quarter of a mile on our port quarter, and it did not appear to be steering a direct course. We endeavoured to signal her to ascertain our position, but she bore away to the south and soon disappeared in the haze. Shortly after this we noticed a lighthouse about 2 miles in the same direction. It was only visible for a very short period, but we were uncertain whether it was a reality or a phantom of the mist.

We were now all becoming very exhausted with consistent exposure and the intense cold, having had no sleep and very little food since two days previously.

We decided to steer a north-west course which, we estimated, would bring us in to Eden if the lighthouse we had seen was Green Cape. However, we did not make a land fall for the time we estimated, considering our new position, and concluded the lighthouse must have been a myth.

It was now quite apparent that we had lost our position entirely and could only assume that we were a long way off the New South Wales coast, considering the time of travelling and direction of our course.

The storm showed no signs of abating. The wind kept up an incessant roar and heavy seas were constantly breaking into the cockpit with such force that it seemed to the one at the tiller as if the boat was foundering at times with the weight of water in the cockpit. Fortunately, very little water was getting below directly, although it was necessary to pump at the end of each watch, because of the leak.

The prospects for the night were not very bright, especially as our position was so uncertain. We were very concerned about Seppy, as he had been lying in wet blankets from the start of the storm, and although he was in a weak condition from loss of blood it was reassuring to see him still cheerful. We can only speak in the highest terms of his fortitude and bright and cheerful spirits.

We continued our watches till about 2 a.m. on the 27th, when the storm showed signs of easing off, at least the seas were not breaking so heavily and we thought the "Maluka" would be quite safe drifting for a few hours to allow us to get some rest. This was a most unfortunate mistake, as it transpired. Although we kept an occasional watch from the companion-way, it is doubtful, even if one of us had been on watch, whether the catastrophe which now overtook us could have been avoided, as only a few minutes had transpired since having a look out, when it was impossible to discern the surf and rocks ahead. We felt an unmistakable rise of a ground swell and a few seconds later the surf broke into the cockpit with the rumbling noise of the grounding of the lead keel on the rocks.

Our first thoughts of concern, strangely enough, were more of the apparent loss of the "Maluka" than the safety of our lives. This, however, was of instant reflection as we were now in a very serious situation. It seemed that the boat would soon pound herself to pieces in the next few waves.

The boat kept a fairly vertical position for a while, when she seemed to be gradually dragging over a series of rocks.

The two kapok mattresses and an empty petrol drum were thrown into the cockpit in case of necessity, but we waited, expecting every minute for the boat to be smashed against the side of a rock. It seemed a considerable time before she floated into really shallow water, as she was slowly being forced over a series of gradually shelving rocks, listing more as each wave left her.

The boat did not appear to strike very hard at any time, and we afterwards found that the lead keel had taken practically all the punishment.

It is impossible to describe our feelings of disappointment, at what appeared at the time, to be the absolute loss of the "Maluka", which had always had such care and pride in her upkeep. However, it was a matter now of our lives and it was debatable whether we should leave the boat or wait further developments. It was so dark it was impossible to see more than a couple of yards, even the higher rocks alongside us, and we did not know if the boat was aground on a reef or the mainland. She seemed at rest, at last, with a heavy list to starboard with an occasional wave breaking over, and we took advantage of this opportunity to get the primus stove going and enjoyed a cup of hot tea. It was about 3.30 to 4 a.m., Friday, the 27th December, and this was the first hot drink we had had since the afternoon on Christmas Eve, our only nourishment in the meantime had been an occasional piece of Christmas pudding. As dawn came, to our great relief we could gradually make out the rocks on the starboard and later sand and scrub further back. It was now a matter of getting Seppy safely ashore through about fifty yards of surf, if possible, without injuring his wounds. It was a difficult undertaking over the slippery and jagged rocks. Seppy clung to George's neck with all his power, nearly strangling him, as he had to use both hands and feet to steady himself. However, he got ashore safely and placed Seppy under the lee of some ti-tree bushes. It was still bitterly cold with driving rain and we made a shelter for Sep. with the storm-sail and placed the hurricane lamp beside him, which gave him a little warmth. It was necessary now to obtain some stores and clothing from the boat, as we did not know how far away we were from habitation. This was accomplished by rigging up a "flying-fox" from the boat to some high rocks; and placing our stores and clothing in sail-bags, we managed to get them ashore, dry.

When we returned to Sep. he was in great consternation, as a nest of bulldog ants were crawling round him and he thought he heard wild pigs, so was very glad when we returned. (The ants were real, but we never saw the pigs.) It was essential that we should get assistance as soon as possible, but were in a quandary as to which way to set out, as we could not determine where we were. Visibility was restricted to about a quarter of a mile, and the