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SEACALL

THE UNOFFICIAL LOGBOOK OF THE
CRUISING YACHT CLUB
OF AUSTRALIA.



NO 3 VOLUME 1
OCTOBER 1952



CRUISING YACHT CLUB OF AUSTRALIA
NOTICE OF MONTHLY GENERAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the Monthly General Meeting of the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia will be held at the Club Premises at Rushcutters Bay on Wednesday 15th October at 8 p.m.

- Business: (1) Welcome to new Members, Ian Dyne.
(2) Confirmation of minutes of last meeting.
(3) Talk with films by Max Lawson "Big Game Fishing"

Next Club Fixture: 25th Oct. Broken Bay, R.O.R.C., with penalties and allowances.

OFFICE BEARERS:

Commodore Sverre Berg
Vice-Commodore J. Halliday
Rear-Commodore H.S. Evans
Hon. Treasurer E. Le Brun
Secretary Allan Owens
Club House: Beach Road,
Rushcutters Bay; Tel. FB.2128

Note: Contributions and Editorial matter may be sent to the Secretary or to Greig Neave, 14 Waruda Street, Kirribilli.

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EDITORIAL

With a very fine response to the Commodore's exhortation we find ourselves this month "crowding on sail" and bearing some resemblance to a magazine. It will be appreciated however that to "crack on" as we intend, support from all must be sustained by contribution as well as encouragement; so the cry might well be "ALL HANDS ON DECK".

Soon we hope to produce a printed magazine but the preliminaries require some thought yet and your views are very important.

Do you like the form of this issue? What about a title?

These and a hundred other questions can only be determined by you. Tell us what you want and we will do our best to deliver the goods.

As far as we know we are the only sailing club in this state to produce a monthly magazine and, fully utilised by the members, it can be a valuable instrument in more closely knitting us all together in our common love of the sea and ships. Circumstances may often preclude attendance at a meeting or participation in a club event, but though your magazine all can be kept fully informed of what is transpiring and per medium of the pen even though denied physical participation, be really active members of the Club. The next best thing to sailing ships is talking about them so when you drop that marling spike take up your pen and let's hear from you.

G.G.N.



MARE NOSTRUM

A wind's in the heart of me,
a fire's in my heels,
I am tired of bricks and stone
and rumbling wagon wheels;
I hunger for the sea's edge,
the limits of the land.
Where the wild old Atlantic
is shouting on the sand.

It is a good few years since Masfield wrote these lines, and his wagon wheels have been replaced by treaded tyres, the shriek of motor horns have silenced the clatter of horses' hooves. The noise of the world is on an ever higher strident note, the pace of life is speeding up with mankind getting further away from itself. But those with a wind in their hearts, and a hunger for the sea, escape to where "a lifting foresail foot is yanking at the sheet". Their's is the love of the sea, the beauty of ships, the romance of the humming forefoot as it plays with the laughing bowwave and the wake spreads its delicate brocade astern. To experience the compelling awe and wonder of the Ocean when the elements give battle, or in calm with its gentle tranquility, is to listen to the song of eternity which only those who go down to the sea in ships, know.

For the sea offers much. It is the broad path to adventure, the sesame that opens the portals of escape from drudgery to a life of ardent effort and spirited living where the impress of fresh surroundings, strange conditions, new problems and a life in the free and open air away from the cloying pottyness of man, clears the mind of the claustrophobia of community existence.

There is something wholesome about the sea, at times cruel with an honest to goodness cruelty; but there is also a grandeur, an aloofness, blended with an exacting friendliness. Exacting because one cannot take liberties with the sea, it commands respect and man is always made conscious that he can never become its master. But to those who learn its ways and follow its lure it gives generously of its glory.

That is part of the yachtsman's heritage and as I write these lines
(continued page 2)

South of Macleay Street, down Rushcutter Bay,
That's where the C.Y.C. bought their Club House
The other day
The Commodore told us, the slips were O.K.,
But we couldn't use them, it just wouldn't pay.

Then came the bar trade, down Rushcutter Bay,
There on each Friday night, the boys got tight
And spend their pay,
Reg Campbell, the barman, serves beer on a tray
At a shilling a middy, the bar ought to pay.

How we sighed as we paid our debentures,
Never dreaming we'd get our rebates,
But the turstees must be business magnates,
Because our interest all came true.

Now all you yachtsmen, down Rushcutter Bay,
Lay down your gardening tools, give golf and
billiards right away,
Drag out your Jib topsails, and get under way,
Come out ocean bashing with C.Y.C.A.

P. Luke

...

THE COOK'S PRAYER

"Remember Lord, that when you most harassed me, when you set
pandemonium loose on my appointed task, when you put out my fires,
suffocated me with smoke, poured red hot coals upon my feet, upset
my kettles, scalding me with boiling soup, when not content with
this, you kicked and struck me, knocked me down and rubbed my nose
in all of it, - there, then and always without fail, on time, - I
served hot meals, and good ones."

(Rockwell Kent: "N. by E.")

...

MARE NOSTRUM (concluded)

there flash before me so many splendid moments, days and nights,
sailing the seas. They weren't all just sunny cruises over smiling
seas; but even when the going was tough, the exhilaration of handling
a craft who so valiantly braved the elements and responded to my
efforts to help her in her struggle, made me forget the unpleasantness
the anxiety that inevitably comes to the sailor at times and only
served to accentuate the marvel and joy of a life afloat.

S.B.

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APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP

The following applications for membership have been received:-

Full Membership:

BUNWORTH, John of 185 Haldon Street, Lakemba. Proposed by V. Meyer and H.S. Evans.

CROSSLE, Francis Clements of 78 Bundarrrs Road, Bellevue Hill. Proposed by A.C. Cooper and F.J. Barlow.

ROWNTREE, Cameron Sutcliffe of 491 Chapel Road, Bankstown. Proposed by V. Meyer and S. Berg.

WRIGHT, Warren of 4 Onslow Avenue, Elizabeth Bay. Proposed by R.C. Hobson and F.A. Harris.

Associate Lady Membership:

DAVIDSON (Mrs.) Doris E. of 79 Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill. Proposed by H.S. Evans and V. Meyer.

TULLY (Miss) J. of 74 Roslyn Gardens, Elizabeth Bay. Proposed by V. Meyer and H.S. Evans.

Junior Membership:

ALEXANDER, Nicholas of 15 Targo Road, Ramsgate. Proposed by L. Johnson and J. Colquhoun.

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Navigation classes will commence on Thursday 16th October at 7 p.m. at the Club House. These classes will be held each Thursday until 20th November, a total of six classes. Will all intending participants please bring pencils, note books and a piece of rubber. Books to be provided will be discussed at the first class. The Instructor is our Rear-Commodore, Mr. J. Halliday.

...

There was a young lady called Cholmondeley
Whose figure and face were most colmondeley
By the second of Jolquhoun
She'll be Mrs. Colquhoun
And spell ~~her~~ new name just as rholmondeley.

(No offence or reference to our Club member)

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"WIRRAMINNA"

GREIG NEAVE

Wirraminna first slipped into the water from Ford's yard in Berry Bay in 1918, presumably to the cheers and handclaps of friends and to the pleasure of Mr. Hoskins of Steel Coy fame, to whose order she had been built.

She was then a trim gaff rigged yawl of 6 and 67/100ths. tons, approx. 31'6" OA. x 28' x 9'6" x 6' beautifully built and planked full length selected N.Z. Kauri.

So much I have learned from Cliff Gale veteran Sydney yachtsman. From the proud day of her launching, until I made her acquaintance in March 1952 Wirra had known many masters and tramped a deal of salt water under her forefoot. She is well known to many of the older Sydney yachtsmen and I have met and yarned with several who have sailed up and down the coast in her.

At some time which I have not yet determined Wirra was converted from her original yawl rig to a lofty Bermuda sloop with a 45'0" hollow mast stepped some 8" abaft her original main. I imagine her bowsprit was lengthened at this time to give her a bigger fore triangle but in spite of this she still carries a little too much weather helm particularly in fresh winds and perhaps if the mast had been left in the original position with the C.E. further forward she might have been better. However, a little weather helm is a good thing and I don't love the old girl any the less for it.

As a cruising ship Wirra handles well on all points and I can confidently handle her single handed.

At one time Max Cooley, an Army comrade of mine owned her and I believe raced her with the Sydney Amateurs.

With a straight stem and counter stern Wirra is obviously an old girl but a well defined sheer and low varnished coachhouse give her a good line while her coppered underbody is a delight (to me anyway). The cabin is roomy with two transome berths and is separated from the focsle and galley by louvered cedar doors. There is accommodation for another two in the quarter runs though this would definitely be classed as steerage.

Not yet measured and registered with the club Wirra carries no identification on her sail. Her hull is painted white with a Royal blue sheer line, coachhouse varnished with white roof, Kanimbla blue hatch and slides and decks canvassed and painted light stone. She carries two spreaders and twin jumper stays on the mast and has

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THE UNPAID HAND

I doff my cap to the unsung crew
Who do the things they're told to do;
That hardy, loyal, faithful band -
The toiling throng - the Unpaid Hand.

The unpaid hand in his dungarees,
Rough and ready and aimin' to please,
A-pullin' the sheets and cleatin' 'em fast
So the Sassy Sal won't finish Last.

The unpaid hand who boils and burns
On a windless day, when the buoy turns
Are hell to handle and hard to make
In a sizzling sun on a listless lake.

The unpaid hand in a gale o' wind -
Soaked to the bone - his knuckles skinned -
Settin' the spinnaker - takin' it in -
Hoistin' the genoa - swearin' like sin -
Hikin' to weather to trim the boat -
Bailin' like hell to keep afloat -
Haulin' the backstays - trimmin' the main -
Over'n over'n over again.

And when the races have all been run,
And the boat he crewed on's the boat that won,
And the lucky skipper is steppin' up
To get his flag and the silver cup -
Back in the corner - feelin' grand -
With a nice little bun - sits the Unpaid Hand.

GEORGE CULP

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TAMING THE TASMAN

PETER LUKE.

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A SHORT HISTORY OF OCEAN YACHT RACING IN THE TASMAN

The first yacht race across the open water of the Tasman appears to have been in 1907, when the Geelong Yacht Club organized an event from Port Philip to Tamar Heads. The suggestion came from Fleming Day, editor of Rudder, and he offered a trophy to be known as the Rudder Cup. The four entrants, which were:-

Rambler 51ft.	W. Murphy	R.Y.C.V.	Scr.
Thistle 48ft. 5	E. Newlands	G.Y.C.	56m.15s.
Shamrock 38ft.6½	T.A.Dickson	G.Y.C.	4h.30m.
Ellida 38ft.6	Poole & Cobb	R.S.T.K.Y.C.	4h.41m.15s.

crossed the line at 6 a.m. on December 26th 1907, and met bad weather in the straits. Thistle was first home with an elapsed time of 35½ hours. Rambler arrived next day, but Shamrock saved her time and was placed third. Ellida found conditions so bad that she was hove to on two occasions, and after five days battling, arrived back at Queenscliffe. The bad weather appears to have caused a considerable set back to organized ocean races, because 22 years passed before the R.S.T.K.Y.C. this time planned another race over the same course, under the following conditions:-

"The race to be for Auxiliary cruisers not more than 60 ft. belonging to any organized yacht club in the Commonwealth.

Each entrant must be a bona fide cruising vessel with auxiliary power, and must have a full or approved deck and be of substantial construction. Crew must be amateur corinthian helmsman.

Yachts under 12 tons gross may carry 2 paid hands, and over 12 tons gross, 3 paid hands. All yachts must carry stores and water for 8 days.

Registered club numbers must be carried in a conspicuous place on the mainsail.

anchors, chain or hawsers, side lights, approved type sea anchor complete cruising equipment must be on board, including two compasses. Also, proper lifebelt for each member of the crew and one Kisbie and night life buoy carried in a handy position. Yachts must carry a dinghy not less than 8 feet and a navigator possessing a recognised certificate.

Before starting the committee must be satisfied that each yacht has on board charts, compasses, lead lights, fire extinguisher, sailing directions and log book, which must be kept with hourly entries.

Rules of the R.S.T.K.Y.C. shall apply except where conditions definitely state otherwise. " The entrance fee was £1.1.0.

The start was laid down for the 26th December 1929, and entries were:-

Wanderer	R.S.Y.S.	N. Wallis	1 hr. 20 m.
Sagueray		Hewlitt	4 hr. 15 m.
Oimara		F.I. Bennett	5 hr. 20 m.
Shamrock	G.Y.S.	T.A. Dickson	4 hr. 30 m.
Maysie		Peck	
Phyllis			6 hr. 20 m.

It appears the start was delayed a day possibly on account of the weather, because Wanderer had a strenuous passage from Sydney with head winds of gale force that caused considerable damage to sails and gear. She only arrived in Melbourne on the 25th and had no time to overhaul before the start.

Again the fleet met bad weather at Port Phillip Heads and Saguenay retired early in the race. Oimara finished first at 3.30 a.m. on the 29th, and Shamrock who was second 22 years before, was placed second again finishing at 9.30 a.m. on the 29th. Phyllis completed the course but Maysie and Wanderer were having a bad time. Maysie eventually sought shelter at Flinders, while Wanderer, after 80 hours at sea returned to St. Kilda minus her bowsprit. Determined not to rest on his laurels Mr. F.J. Bennett, owner of Oimara tried to organize a challenge race to New Zealand from Melbourne, but the clubs apparently had had enough worry with the second dose of bad weather and would not take on the responsibility again.

Mr. Bennett left for New Zealand in Oimara on 17th January 1931 and after his arrival, the R.N.Z.Y.S. organized a race from Auckland to Sydney which started on March 14th. Earling Tams, the Norwegian, world girdler in the Teddy was there at the time and entered along with Rangī, a local racing type.

The R.N.Z.Y.S. refused to recognise Rangī's entry, but the Akarana yacht club sponsored her by donating a perpetual challenge cup to be raced for by yachts over 35 feet. The race to start from the home port of the defender and finish at the home port of the defender. Under the system of handicapping used, Oimara was allowed to use her engine and she arrived at Sydney two days ahead of Teddy, but with her time allowance of 96 hrs. Teddy took first place, Rangī arriving 5 days after her.

Rangī's owner only decided to take part about three days before the start and her preparation must have been hectic as amongst other jobs she was slipped and coppered. Teddy was unfortunately wrecked soon after her return to New Zealand.

The next step was the annual race from Sydney to Lake Macquarie which began in 1932. There were nine entrants. These races were a great success each year until the war put an end to them in 1940.

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WATCH BELOW

By 'CAPTAIN TIGER'

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Famous Last words:

"Full speed astern"

"We've got room to pass ahead of him"

"There's plenty of water under us"

Grandfather said: "First the wind and then the rain,
soon we can make way again,
But if the rain's before the wind,
Halyards, sheets and braces mind."

This may be a "bum steer", but an "old salt" advises that the origin of "twist" tobacco derives from the old British custom of issuing leaf tobacco to sailors who then doctored it with molasses etc. etc. and laid it up in a length of hemp to cure hence the "twist". There is no truth in the rumour, however that SVERRE BERG still does this then throws away the tobacco and smokes the hemp.

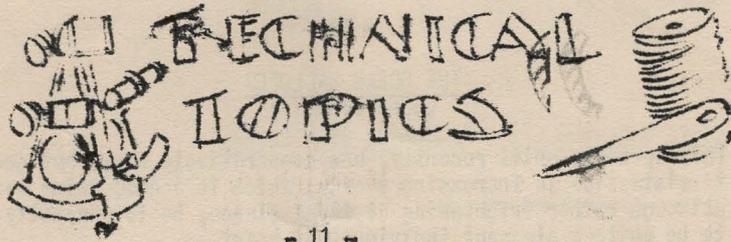
A young V.J. enthusiast was heard over coffee the other A.M. telling an associate that on Saturday 13th September in Lat. 33°49' 42" Long. 151° 17' by account he had encountered a yawl apparently just arrived from the "Goddam Yewnited".

Anyway, he averred, the character at the helm was not speaking English according to B.B.C. and the vessel bore a Red Indian name "MOONEE" or something! Prize for the first correct identification received, one of the special cocktails mentioned in our last issue and a silver mounted clothes brush.

Talking of ship names, a Medico acquaintance of ours not so long ago acquired a somewhat battered old veteran of a cruiser. On our first inspection and enquiry as to the Lady's name, we were informed that it was "ASCITES". Being well mannered and taking a secret pride in our classical education we were well launched into an appreciation of the aptness of the mythological hero and goddess names as ship names when our acquaintance dryly informed us that "ASCITES" is a somewhat distressing dropsical complaint in which the patient is almost constantly waterlogged."

It was indeed an apt name!

Having crossed the line three or four times we are quite jealous of our privilege of spitting to windward but we dips our lid to DON BROWN who having rounded the Horn in sail is one of that select band who has the higher qualification of being permitted to perform a much more satisfying function in the same direction.



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THE BAROMETER

Apart from the compass and perhaps even including it, the barometer is the most valuable instrument to the prudent yachtsman. A regular half hourly check and intelligent interpretation of readings will forewarn the navigator of impending weather changes and allow, except in rare instances, ample time to reef, snug down or run for it.

It is not within the scope of this brief note to delve into the principles and phenomena of atmospheric pressure and its relation to the weather or the corrections required to obtain a true pressure reading, and reference is intended only to the aneroid barometer. This instrument occupying less space and being more immediately sensitive to pressure changes is more familiar to the yachtsman than its mercurial counterpart, and is of more value in indicating immediate changes and for forecasting by a single observer. At this point it may not be amiss to observe that the pretty ship's wheel type of thing so prominently displayed in jewellers shops is useless other than as a desk ornament and a good workmanlike instrument of approved make viz - "Sestrel" is the only type worth considering as a scientific instrument for serious shipboard use. Most aneroid barometers are calibrated in both millibars and inches but it should be particularly noted that the reading itself is meaningless. It is the CHANGE that is important. The headings "Rain, change fair" also may be ignored as worthless and it is surprising to me that even good instruments intended for marine use very often display these headings.

Rapid changes in the barometer may not infallibly indicate sudden marked change in the weather but should always be regarded seriously. As a general rule a rate of fall of 1.5 to 3.5 millibars (.04 to .10 inches) in the hour in the barometer is a sign of approaching winds of gale force (27 to 55 knots). In forecasting a thermometer should be used in conjunction with the barometer. For instance a falling barometer with a rising thermometer could indicate an approaching depression or cyclonic disturbance and warn the prudent seaman to shorten sail or at any rate to be prepared to do so. Admiral Fitzroy's rules as a guide to the use of the barometer in forecasting weather may be of some interest and use to readers and are given hereunder but in any case it is hoped that the foregoing may stimulate some interest in the minds of all Ocean Wallopers and Harbour yachtsmen as well

(continued page 10)

"WIRRAMINNA" (continued)

runners on wire bridles as well as a permanently set up backstay. Auxiliary power comprises a 15 HP. Invincible which drives her at a good 5-6 knots. A roomy self draining cockpit and plenty of room to move about on the half decks and fantail make her a very comfortable family boat. Unfortunately her wardrobe is not as complete as it might be and so far I have set no extras. However as my interest is mainly cruising, and as the regular crew numbers myself and mate only this deficiency has caused no loss of pleasure to date. This season I am going to set a jib topsail after some very encouraging experiments with a Jubilee jib as a topsail towards the end of last season. So there she is! colours: White saltire cross on a blue ground with superimposed square of MacNaughton tartan. When you see us afloat don't laugh, your daughter might be aboard!

THE BAROMETER (Continued)

and elevate the barometer from a pretty piece of polished brass on the bulkhead to its rightful position as the navigators crystal ball.

G.G.N.

BAROMETER RISES

For Southerly wind including from SW by the South to Eastward, for dry or less wet weather, for less wind, or for more than one of these changes: Except in a few occasions when rain comes from the Southward with strong wind.

For change of wind towards any of the above directions, the thermometer FALLS.

A SIMPLE SUMMARY FOR ANY LATITUDE: RISE for COLD DRY OR LESS WIND FALL for WARM WET or MORE WIND. Except wet from the cooler side. Except wet from the cooler side.

Regular fluctuations of the barometer occur due to a phenomenon known as DIURNAL RANGE or DIURNAL TIDE, in which the barometer rises from 0400 hrs. to 1000 hrs., falls from 1000 hrs. until approx. 1600 hrs., rises again to 2200 hrs. and falls to 0400 hrs. This "tide" is most marked in the Tropics, the range being about 3 millibars. Change outside this range should be regarded with suspicion.

In higher Latitudes the fluctuation is much less marked being only 0.8 millibars in Lat. 51.

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THE OCEAN WALLOWER
(Homo Oceanis)

This species, until recently, was comparatively rare, but according to statistics is increasing yearly, which is a good thing because, although rather frightening at first glance, he is generally found to be quite a pleasant individual at heart.

Ashore he can usually be recognised by his rolling gait, which although attributed to his sea legs, is more likely to be due to other causes. Also, at social gatherings he will be bored and indifferent unless he finds another of his kind whereupon they will retire in solemn conclave in complete oblivion of all else around them.

At sea they spend most of their time in a box called a bunk, which is built in the darkest and preferably driest part of the ship. Their waking hours are passed away in a dark cavernous dwelling known as the dog box, where they take turns in holding a long curved piece of wood. They even have the foundations of a form of culture and occasionally converse in a strange language, using words like "slack off the weather lift and harden the main sheet." The one thing that stirs them into activity is the approach of another similar craft. This causes all of them to emerge on deck and throw bundles of ropes and sails around while hurling abuse at their rival. They encourage their own helmsman with advice like "bore it up her, Jack!", and other gentle suggestions.

Their clothing is seen to be of an ancient cut and the headgear is particularly remarkable. Shapelessness and antiquity are the most prized qualities.

Their personal adornment consists of a variety of knives, whistles and spanners worn around either the neck or waist, and like their clothes never removed during a passage. They exist on a diet of tinned food and have a great craving for rum and tobacco. After these brief outings they return to civilization and foregather occasionally at pubs and clubs to compare experiences and hatch out new plots for the future worry of their wives and families. There has been no cure discovered for this, and strangely, none of its victims want to be cured.

...

ENTRY FEES

A member who entered his yacht
Said now if I pay for the lacht
All in one cheque
He + will fall on my neque
With delight and will buy me a pocht.

+ The Secretary and/or Commodore



THE LIBRARY
AND
BOOK REVIEW
LIBRARIAN.

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C.Y.C. LIBRARY BOOKS.

Book No. "Cruising Yachts Designs & Performance" by T. Harrison
Butler A.I.N.A.

When we asked how he began a design the Late Harrison Butler said:
"One begins it in one's bath, or on a sleepless night, that every
time the whole design was clearly in his mind before he put anything
on paper; he could see the curves in his mind's eye."

Beginning with "General Considerations" the chapters follow one
another in logical sequence. The significance of the centres of
gravity and buoyance, and the metacentre having been explained, the
drawing follows: sheer plan half-breadth plan and body plan.
The decideratum is "a balance hull that would said itself to win-
ward and be finger-light on the tiller off the wind."

Last, but not least is a series of selected designs of small cruis-
ing yachts which will be pored over again and again.

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NEW BOOKS

"OFFSHORE", presented by Vic. Meyer.

"SCOTTS LAST EXPEDITION", Volumes 1 and 2 presented by Ed. McGinty.

...

The Secretary, C.Y.C. of A.
Rushcutters Bay.

Dear Sir,

Enclosed please find cheque for £6.6.0 for racing fees for
the season.

In future when referring to those members who have not paid
their annual subscriptions I would like to point out that there is
no Z in lousy and only one R in bastards.

Yours faithfully,
J. MacD. Royle.

...

In case any of you tuneful types were as taken with Burl Ives rendition of "High Barbaree" as we were here are the words, taken from an old volume of sea chanties. The tune is simple and this would be a grand barbecue item for male chorus. Peter Luke might be able to develop a good C.Y.C.A. parody on it too.

"HIGH BARBAREE"

There were two lofty ships from old England came,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
One was the Prince of Luther and the other Prince of Wales,
Cruising down the coast of the High Barbaree.

Aloft there, Aloft our jolly boatswain cries,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
Look ahead, look astern, look aweather and alee,
Looking down the coast of the High Barbaree.

There's nought upon the stern, there's nought upon the lee,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
But there's a lofty ship to windward, and she's sailingfast and free,
Sailing down the coast of the High Barbaree.

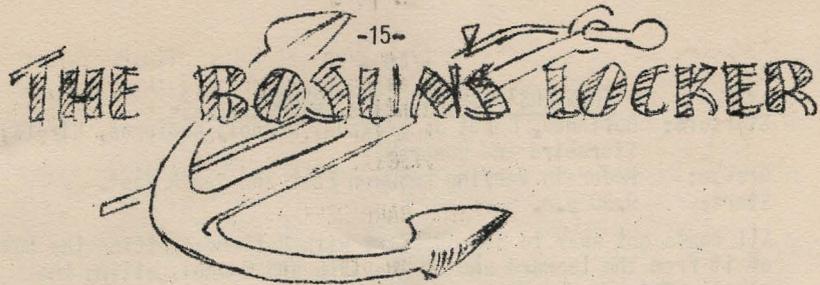
O hail her, O hail her, our gallant captain cried,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
Are you a man of war or a privateer, said he,
Cruising down the coast of the High Barbaree.

O, I am not a man o' war nor privateer, said he,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
But I am a salt sea pirate alooking for my fee,
Cruising down the coast of the High Barbaree.

O, 'twas broadside to broadside a long time we lay,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
Until the Prince of Luther shot the pirate's masts away,
Cruising down the coast of the High Barbaree.

O quarter, O quarter, those pirates then did cry,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
But the quarter that we gave them - we sunk them in the sea,
Cruising down the coast of the High Barbaree.

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BOSUNS LOCKER

Wanted: Lightweight snubnose dinghy about 8 feet. G. Neave.

...

A NEW "DEGULLER"

Gulls seem to think that a moored boat is an invitation to start a new Christmas Island, and various devices have been tried to disabuse them of this notion. With more or less negative results. In the July number of "Yachting" appears a description of a novel "Deguller" which I think might pay dividends.

It is simply a grid made up of light lines stretched between bamboo cross pieces. The lines should be about 12" apart - clovehitched to the crosspieces to cover the full width of the boat. It is suggested the cross pieces be about 5' apart, more or less, dependent on the length of grid required. The grid is suspended over the boat and to keep it level, four cords are tied to the outboard end of the cross pieces and fastened at the deck, loose enough to allow a little play, as a certain amount of swing is required. But it must not be allowed to swing or hang down on a firm surface as the Gulls will then of course just walk all over it. Although the "inventor" does not recommend any specific height, judging from his drawing it would seem that 8"-10" is best. Where the grid is hung across a cabin top whereby the space between the deck and the grid is sufficient for a gull to walk under, thin strips of cloth suspended from the outside ropes will stop this. As no means of constipating gulls are known, the above may be the solution of a very vexed problem. S.B.

...

One night last week suspicious characters were seen lurking around the house of Mr. & Mrs. Mervyn Davoy. They were finally scared off by Jeanette threatening them with a gun. The mystery of the visitation is still unsolved, but we are authorised to state that the rumour, that the suspicious character was our secretary on the hunt for measurement certificates, is wholly untrue.

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FOUNDERS' CUP RACE 3rd OCTOBER, 1952.

Starters: Defiance, Carol J. Horizon, Moonbi, Nocturne, Ripple,
Stormbird and Womerah.

Breeze: Moderate varying between East and South East.

Start: 9.30 p.m.

All boats got away to a good start with Defiance getting the best of it from the leeward end of the line and Moonbi getting the worst. This was no disgrace as very little distance separated first from last.

Good time was made to the Heads, the order through being Defiance, Moonbi, Carol J with the rest of the fleet following close behind.

With a strong beam breeze all yachts made good time to Bird Island the order rounding being Defiance, Carol J, Nocturne, Horizon, Moonbi, Ripple, Stormbird and Womerah. After rounding the island the rain which continued for the rest of the week-end started falling but with a good sailing breeze which kept everybody on their toes as it went round from the East to the South and back again conditions were not unpleasant and everyone enjoyed a quick run to the finish where first across was Defiance at 9.1 a.m.

After defiance came Carol J., Nocturne, Moonbi, Horizon, Ripple Stormbird then Womerah, the winner on corrected time being Moonbi with the time of 8 hours 18.7 minutes, then came Carol J, 8 hours 44.4 minutes and Ripple 8 hours 45.7 minutes. Congratulations must be offered to Hal Evans for winning his second Bird Island race in a row and also to the other place getters.

Opening Day Race

The opening day race and barbecue on 13th September was another great success. The yachts got away in a light Easterly breeze with genoas set. Jasnar started without a dinghy, and set a spinnaker on the run to Fort Denison, so was therefore disqualified. The boats rounded Fort Denison and started the work to Bradley's Head, which sorted out their positions. Crossing the finishing line at Quarantine the places were - White Cloud 1st, (G.A.P. Brenac) Robnie 2nd (H. Watkiss) Margaret Rintoul 3rd, (A.W. Edwards.)

After all yachts had been made shipshape the crews went ashore where there was a large fire already burning. The highlight of the day, was when one of the kegs showered beer everywhere whilst being tapped.

The barbecue concluded at about 10.45 p.m. Some boats returning home, but the majority staying the night.

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Meanwhile, in New Zealand, a young man named Johnny Wray later known as the South Sea Vagabond decided to do some ocean cruising. Lacking capital to purchase or have a yacht built, he set about the task himself. Although often erroneously stated to be modelled after the Teddy, his Ngataki was chine built with a tuck stern. Teddy was built to one of the designs of Colin Archer, an Englishman who settled in Norway in the 80's. About the time Ngataki was finished another world traveller, the Te Repunga arrived in New Zealand from Germany, and under the auspices of the Akarana Yacht Club, these two yachts raced from Auckland to Melbourne. The date was 8th December 1934. Te Repunga had a handicap of 7 days and Ngataki 7 days 17 hours. Te Repunga turned up first at Melbourne on the 28th Dec. and Ngataki 33 hours later. After a stay of about a month in Port Philip, a novel idea occurred to Wray that as they had spent so much time there they would start the race to Hobart from the bar of the R.S.T.K.Y.C. Once again Ngataki and Te Repunga were the only starters and after both crews drank a schooner each they got under weigh. Te Repunga got to Hobart just ahead of a gale which caught Ngataki in Storm Bay. After a hard dusting she reached Hobart seven days out from Melbourne. Another trans Tasman race started on 18th January 1938, and the contestants were Aurora Star, E. Terry and Wayfarer, Messrs. K. & K. Reid. Once again gale conditions prevailed. Aurora Star was hove to for 72 hours and Wayfarer for 120 hours. Both competitors believing the other would be too far ahead, gave up, and Aurora Star made for Sydney while Wayfarer returned to Auckland. During 1944 in Sydney a group of yachtsmen formed the Cruising Yacht Club and following a series of short coastal races organised a race to Hobart which started on December 26th 1945. The starters were:-

Rani	Capt. J. Illingworth	RORC	Wayfare	40'	P. Luke	CYC	
Ambermerle	35'	Colquhoun & Kiel	CYC	Saltair	44'	A. Walker	CYC
Archina II	P. Goldstein	CYC	Mistral	65'	R. Evans	RSYS	
Kathleen	44'	J. Earl	CYC	Horizon	42'	J. Bartlett	CYC
W. Churchill	52'	P. Coverdale	RYCT				

The handicaps were based on the R.O.R.C. rating rule, and time allowance all the yachts being measured before the start.

On the second day out the fleet met a stiff southerly which caused several to take shelter, and Archina II to retire. Considerable public interest developed when an aerial search failed to find Rani and Horizon for some days. However Rani made a dramatic reappearance off Cape Raoul, well in the lead, and won without calling on her time allowance. The Winston Churchill, which sailed from Hobart for the race finished second, but Ambermerle was placed second when the handicaps were adjusted. Kathleen third to finish was placed fourth. The remainder arrived at odd intervals till Sunday 6th January, when the last to finish, Wayfarer, crossed the line.

The increasing interest in this type of yachting is due to the sound organisation of the various clubs concerned, and the satisfaction that is gained by the participants in a good race, well sailed.

