

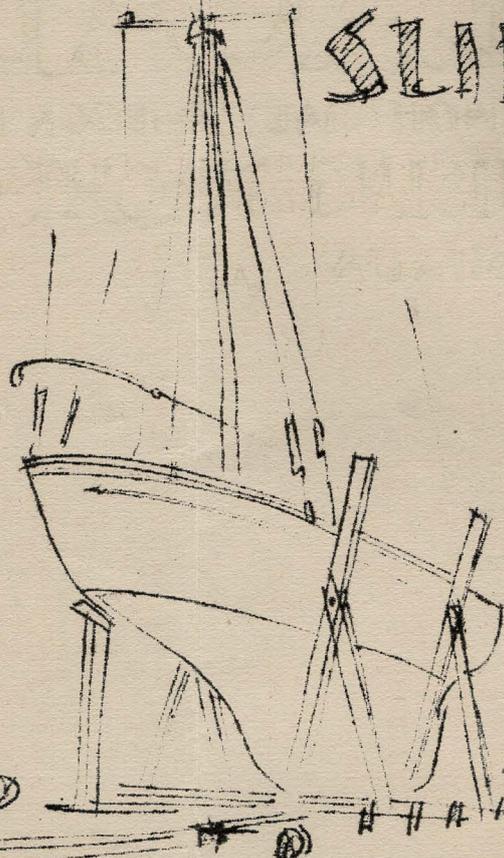
# SEACALL

THE UNOFFICIAL LOGBOOK OF THE  
CRUISING YACHT CLUB  
OF AUSTRALIA.



NO1 VOLUME 2  
JANUARY 1953.

WHEN NEXT YOU  
SLIP



SLIP

INTO YOUR OWN YARD,  
BUSBY CUTLER YACHT SERVICE

PHONE D. ALLNORTH MGR.  
FB. 2128.

# GIVE IT A NAME



## 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, 21st of January at 8 p.m.

Business: Welcome to new members  
Confirmation of minutes of last Meeting.

Random sketches of the 52-53 Sydney-Hobart race by returned members (if any)  
General re-union and Gabfest.

### NEXT CLUB FIXTURE:

Pat Cooper Memorial Trophy. Bird Is. - Sydney via Lion Is. R.O.R.C. Yachts 23' and over designed L.W.L. 28th February.

### NOMINATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP:

The following nomination for membership in the club has been received and is eligible for submission to the Committee pursuant to Rule 5.

CARR, JOHN of Arthur and Raleigh Streets, Dover Heights. Coy. Director. Proposed by Earl Le Brun and R. Campbell.

### OFFICE BEARERS:

Commodore	Sverre Berg
Vice Commodore	J. Halliday
Rear Commodore	H.S. Evans
Hon. Treasurer	E. Le Brun
Secretary	D. Allworth

Club House: Beach Road, Rushcutters Bay. Tel. FB2128

Note: Contributions and editorial matter may be sent to the Secretary or to the Editor Greig Neave, 14 Waruda Street, KIRRIBILLI.

## EDITORIAL

With the log streamed, watches set and on course for the passage of 1953, now is a good time for us to consider the voyage ahead of us.

For those of us whose available time and or the limitations of our craft prevent participation in most of the offshore events, there is a fine and full winter program. Let us resolve then to "be in it" and keep the old girl in commission throughout the year. As well as being the easiest way of keeping the ship in trim we'll see more of each other, have more fun and keep the pennant where it should be right at the fore.

The Commodore earlier mentioned Club cruises for the non-racers and it is not too early to start thinking more about this. What about an Easter Club cruise say to Broken Bay? Even an occasional weekend get together in the harbour could be a lot of fun; a quiet grog, a singsong, signalling practise for those so inclined or even working bees; but in company. What do you think?

We should like in this first issue of the new year to congratulate our CYC ships and crews who put up such a fine performance in the Sydney-Hobart race and to thank Station 2SM and Qantas for their magnificent co-operation in the news coverage of this event.

G.G.N.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEA

Junior

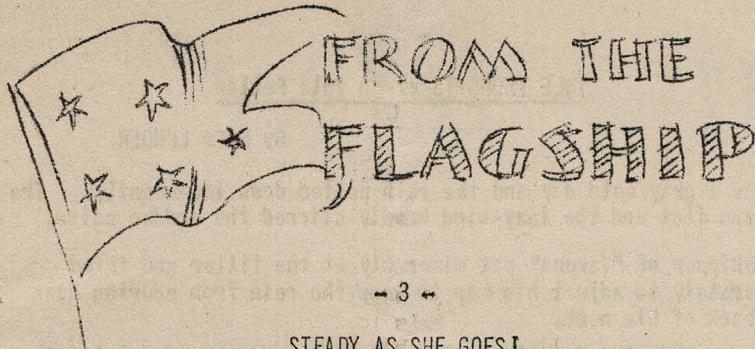
This bloody ship's a bloody cuss,  
Too bloody small for bloody us,  
We'd rather have the bloody "Luss"  
Damn.

It's bloody wet, and bloody cold  
And skipper, he's just bloody sold,  
On staying in his bloody "hold"  
Damn.

It's bloody hungry that I be,  
My bloody dinner's hit the lee,  
And no one cares for bloody me,  
Damn.

Best bloody place is bloody bed,  
With blanket over bloody head  
And then they think your bloody dead. Damn.

.....



- 3 -

STEADY AS SHE GOES!

With the start of the New Year I join with my Flag Officers in wishing all members good sailing and continued happy associations in the Cruising Yacht Club.

Our year has started well with another successful Sydney-Hobart Ocean race in which our competing members have demonstrated a standard of seamanship and sportsmanship worthy of our sea traditions and for the organisation of which our Club can feel justifiably proud.

Nelson is recorded as having resolved early in his career never to lose an hour or waste a wind and without the same grim purpose a similar resolve on our part never to waste a wind could be a good New Year resolution. We have a good program for the ensuing year which it is hoped will attract all craft on the register in the use of the wind while many of the hours will be spent in the good companionship of the Clubhouse and the "Watch Below".

So! keep her full and bye sailor and steady as she goes!

SVERRE BERG  
Commodore.

.....

IDLE THOUGHTS of an Idle Fellow

By FRED LENDER

It was a gray cold day and the rain pelted down incessantly. The sea was flat and the lazy wind hardly stirred the sodden sails.

The skipper of "Varuna" sat miserably at the tiller and tried desperately to adjust his cap to keep the rain from pouring down the back of his neck.

The crew had already retreated below decks and were indulging in a medicinal tot of rum.

"You don't have to be crazy to go sailing but by gosh it helps" exploded the skipper as an extra large drizzle trickled down his spine. "Come topsides, one of you lubbers and take over this tiller".

This command went unheeded but someone passed out a double rum and murmured "Try this one for size and you won't feel so badly about things".

This was sound practical advice and about four or five rums later the skipper was heard proclaiming what a glorious day it had turned out to be. By the time the mooring had been reached the last of the rum had disappeared, together with all odd drops of assorted liquids of a drinkable nature.

"Lucky to still have oil in the sump I suppose" complained the skipper as he surveyed the wreckage.

It was then that someone had an inspiration.

"Say Jerry what about going over to that Club you were talking about".

"Jolly good idea" said Jerry, "Let's go"

The Club in question was not a sailing club and our motley array of yachting jackets and sou'westers seemed to cause some surprise and more than one disapproving eye was turned in our direction.

However the steward served us, although somewhat reluctantly.

Having thus made contact the drinks began to flow freely as the "shouts" went around the table in a clockwise direction as befits the southern hemisphere.

As our party grew more hilarious the surrounding tables became quieter and quieter until the silence was oppressive.

"It looks as if they'll be asking for your resignation Jerry" remarked one of us.

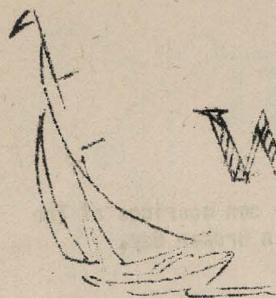
"Who! Me!" said Jerry in some astonishment, "I'm not a member Brian is."

"Not me" said Brian "I thought Jerry was".

This seemed the appropriate time to make a strategic retreat and we rather pride ourselves that although we retired somewhat unsteadily at least we did so gracefully.

Wet days always were our downfall.

....



# WHAT SHIP

- 5 -

"WOMERAH"

J. Mac.D. Royle

Womerah was designed in 1928 by J.W. Pickering of Sydney for the late S.W. Macpherson of Mosman, and was built by Robinson of Balmain, finally taking the water in 1930 under the name of Floodtide.

The following are some of the particulars of her design:-

L.O.A.	27'6"
L.W.L.	24'0"
Beam	9'0"
Draught	5'0"

The keel and stem are of Australian spotted gum while the hull is of New Zealand Kauri with Indian teak decking. She is powered with a  $7\frac{1}{2}$  H.P. Kelvin two cylinder sleeve valve engine.

She is sheathed in monel metal and all fittings are of the same material including a self draining cockpit.

She has one mast and old fashioned gaff mainsails. The sails, both large and small, were made in 1930 by Ratsey & Laphorn of Cowes, Isle of Wight, and the cost of both mainsails, two jibs and a topsail are shown on the invoice as £79 including "packing in bags in a zinc lined case and delivering to docks in London"!! Freight to Sydney, customs duty, wharfage and other charges amounted to another £17/17/10, making a total of £96/17/10. These sails are still in use as Womerah's racing and cruising sails.

After Mr. Macpherson took delivery of her, she was used very little under sail and was lying for years in Broken Bay. As she was then, she had no fittings or furnishings whatever, except two large chests, one on either side, that could be used as bunks.

On Mr. Macpherson's death the trustees sold her to J. Mac.D. Royle, then owner of the Sydney Amateur 22 ft. half decker Womerah. Mr. Royle immediately set about putting her in order and obtained the services of Mr. Tim Chambers.

Within a few months she was fitted with five bunks, ice chest, small battery charging electric light set, Blue Ray gas and two tanks holding forty gallons of water, and is now one of the most comfortable cruising yachts of her size in Sydney. Of recent years since her owner has been building a house at the Basin, she has done little racing but occasionally takes part in some of the C.Y.C. races and annual regattas. Her greatest bid to fame is the winning of the Sydney-Basin race generally held in October three

(contd. page 6)

"What Ship" continued -

times out of four starts. She lies at her own moorings at The Basin and is used now mostly for cruising in Broken Bay.

.....

14/103 Kirribilli Av.  
Kirribilli.  
12/12/52.

The Editor,  
Seacall,  
Dear Sir,

I am afraid I must correct a remark of Mr. Berg in his letter dated 20.11.52, published in the recent issue of Seacall. I quote "one might for instance mention the number of bushwalkers who have to be rescued ever so often". In the time I have been following the sport (10 years) I have never yet heard of a bushwalker being lost or in need of rescue, although I have read of quite a few "Hikers" in strife. A bushwalker is never lost - only delayed.

The difference between the two?

To Quote Paddy Pallin : A hiker is a person who goes into the bush with a string bag in one hand and a member of the opposite sex in the other.

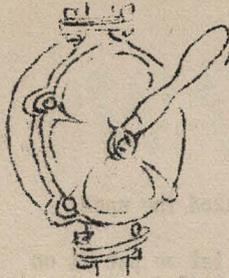
Yours sincerely,  
Junior K. Jenkin

.....

#### THE LOST WEEK-END

I had twelve bottles of whisky in my cellar, and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink, "or else". So I said I would, and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle, and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle, poured it all down the sink except one glass, which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle, and emptied that down the sink except one glassful, which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next, and drank one sink out of it, and poured the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass, and poured the cork down the bottle, and drank the glass. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drank, and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the bottles, corks, and glasses with the other, which were 29. To be sure, I counted them again when they come by, and I had 74. And as the house came by, I counted them again, and finally I had the houses, bottles, corks, and glasses counted, except for one house and one bottle, which I drank.

J.D. O'Connell



# THE PUMP

ON D' BEACH.

- 7 -

I am not a mechanically minded person and know nothing about what makes things go round and round or up and down. So when I wanted a new pump for "Myrtle", I sought information and advice from people who were supposed to know. As a result, I bought from a reputable firm, a metal, semirotary pump.

I didn't like the old Vortex, it was too much like hard work squatting on the cabin floor to turn the handle. It was an efficient contraption, no doubt; but the lift was too much for it, and it certainly required more brawn than I felt inclined to expend on the ejection of a little bilge water. I had visions of sitting in the cockpit, playing with the handle of a semirotary which would empty the bilge in the twinkling of an eye. Not that my boat makes any water, no yacht does according to her owner. She is perfectly dry at ordinary times; but when her decks and topsides have been exposed to the hot sun in Weedchoppers Bay for a couple of weeks, and I sail her slap-dash into a black noreaster or a southerly buster, I am not surprised when some of the Ocean finds its way into the bilge. And of course an efficient pump is an essential item on board any yacht.

I took the pump down to Bob, the boat shed proprietor, who declared it a good pump, rather to my surprise. Bob is invariably rather scathing about anything he didn't pick himself.

We went on board to find the best position for it, and decided to fit it on the inside of the after cockpit bulkhead, with the spindle coming through to take the handle.

"I want a good installation, Bob", I said. "I want to feel I can depend on this pump, that all I need do is just to jiggle the handle and she spouts water like a drunken Moby Dick".

"You may have to prime her", said he, - to which I reminded him the pump was self-priming, it had a one way valve in the intake pipe.

"May be" he said, "but I have never yet found one that was foolproof".

"It's got to be foolproof", I retorted. "The pump on 'Abigail' never requires priming, and she hasn't even a checkvalve".

So I left him, fondly believing the pump would be in next day. When I went on board three days later there was no sign of the pump. I sped ashore, wanting to know why.

"I want to see you" he forestalled me. "That pump of yours won't go in where you told me to put it".

(continued page 8)

The Pump Continued

"Where I told you to put it", I queried, "You picked the spot yourself after crawling all over the boat".

"Oh well, I can't get it in there. You'd better let me put it on the port side. It will be just as handy and will fit in nicely there".

So I agreed to his suggestion and asked him to be sure to make a job of it - next day.

When I came down again, the boat was still pumpless and on asking why, was told he couldn't fit it on the port side because the exhaust pipe was in the way.

"A much better place would be on the after cockpit bulkhead. That's the place for it", he told me.

"But Heavens, man", I said. "That's where she was going in the first place, but you told me she wouldn't fit there".

"Oh yes, she will. I've had a good look round, and if I chip a notch for the intake in the bearer, she'll fit snugly".

"You're sure this time, I hope, because I must have that pump ready and working before the big race".

"She will be in tomorrow".

But "tomorrow" saw no progress, he had been too busy, had had to go to town, next day he would do it first thing. I came back a week later and found the pump still on his work bench.

"I'll do it right now", he said, gathered up his tools, called his sidekick and we all went on board.

A good start was made that night, and the job was finally completed the following week.

"Got to prime her the first time", he said. So we primed her and she worked. But when I tried the following day, there was nothing doing. I jiggled the handle slowly, I jiggled it quickly to and fro, but she wouldn't even produce a belch. On investigation we found the hose leading up from the bilge had slid off the intake pipe. Bob had omitted to clip it on. After fixing this, everything was jake.

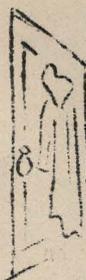
But not the following Saturday when I took "Myrtle" out for her weekend. My wife tells me I spat blood and rusty nails and blue smoke seemed to hover over my head. I certainly was on the war-path when I stalked friend Bob on my return.

"I told you" he said, "She will need priming before she works".

"But it is a self-priming pump. I bought her as such complete with that one-way valve".

"No damned good, I've never met one that works without priming. The only thing to do is to fit an extension to the intake, coil it round the pump, that'll keep her permanently primed. He did that during the war, and it's the only way those bastards will work".

(continued page 10)



# WATCH BELOW

BY CAPTAIN'S TIGER

- 9 -

With the boys away in the Apple Isle, we're a bit short on gossip this month but next month we'll probably have to apply for an increased quota of newsprint.

The final hours before the big event were quiet in the clubhouse. A few crew members were busy dashing off their last letters, Xmas Greetings etc. and one or two bidding farewell to "Truly, truly fair" on the blower. Most crews were bedded down early and there was that expectant hush over the bay. Mick Markey, owner skipper of the "Stormy Weather" lent an air of drama as he paced the dock, scanned the cliffs and assisted by the Commodore sought news of his overdue vessel. She was located the following day at Uliadulla where she had been forced to shelter and so unfortunately missed the race.

The start was a brave sight and with a spanking breeze from the North East (the weather boys were right after all) was probably the most impressive yet. Moonbi's after gun turret caused a lot of speculation. What did you do with the rest of the bomber Hal?

Kurrewa III raised a special cheer from the ex Water Transport boys who remembered her as the Army vessel Tani skippered by the same Ron Robertson who handled her so beautifully on Boxing Day. Had the race been a heavy weather one Kurrewa and Ron would have taken a lot of beating.

The Tiger sincerely hopes no one observed his backstay flapping and bobstay hanging, off the Sow and Pigs and the subsequent panic stations until the main was furled and the run home under jib commenced. Some of you may like to know that the bare chested salt hailing you was Chas. Godschalk who crewed in Wanderer in the Tasman race of 1929 described by Peter Luke in the October issue of Seacall.

Peter Luke is preparing Wayfarer for a voyage to Lord Howe Island in February which brings to mind the Commodore's suggestion of an annual trophy for the most outstanding cruise by a CYC ship.

The beer tasted better somehow on Friday night the ninth January. Could be that the charming and efficient service by Miss Chambers wrought the change. We hope that this is going to be a permanent feature. It's not that we object to Dave Gordon giving us Sherry and ginger ale for rum and ditto or M'Ginty's adam's apple, it's just WE HATE MEN!

.....

### The Pump Continued

Further explanations followed, more measurements were taken, and I told him to go ahead.

"When can you have it done? It must be ready for the race".

"I'll see Mac, the plumber tomorrow, and if I go on my bended knees and beg him to do it, and if he consents to come round to the pub for a couple, I might get a pipe in a week's time. But it won't take long to fit."

The week went by and the best part of the next before the short piece of bent piping turned up. By this time, a dull despair of frustration had settled on me and I even lacked the necessary pep to egg Bob on.

However, a week before the race he had it fixed. Once more we primed the pump for its premiere and she worked perfectly. She repeated the performance three four times that afternoon, and I really felt that now we were ready.

Yet, when I wanted to show her off to my crew on our shake-down cruise, she resolutely refused to come to life. Some of my crew are not as ignorant of mechanics as I am, but all their efforts were unavailing. And, of course, we couldn't prime her on account of the intake-coil.

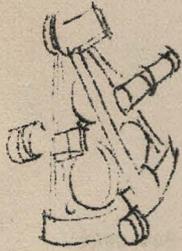
Bob didn't know what to say when I tackled him. He seemed completely nonplussed and repeated that during the war, all pumps worked fine without priming once they had this coil fitted. He promised to look into it at once and fix it. Of course he did nothing of the sort until I literally dragged him on board. He looked, checked up on all connections, swore, and went ashore for a stirrup pump. With this he primed the semirotary, and it pumped water with great gusto.

"That's no good to me", I told him. "I'm not going to clutter up my boat with stirrup pumps to prime the pump. I've agreed to all your suggestions, have given you a free hand and as I am footing the bill, I expect you to fix the darned thing, and quick".

With this strong speech off my chest I left him to it, hoping that it would have the desired effect.

It brought forth another suggestion. Said Bob: "I don't see why the bloody thing doesn't stay primed. I'm damned if I do. But as you want to make absolutely sure, the only thing is to put another check-valve in the bilge end of the hose. That'll prevent the water running out of the pipe when you stop pumping and she stays primed".

He explained it all in detail, and as I was now really anxious about getting "Myrtle" ready in time, once more I gave him the green light to go ahead. (continued page 12)



# TECHNICAL TOPICS



- 11 -

The most annoying troubles very often have the simplest solutions. A 15 HP. Invincible engine had been overhauled and when reinstalled, nearly broke the Owner's heart and back trying to start it.

Timing, spark, plugs, fuel supply were checked, re-checked and checked again but not a sign of a kick would she give. Eventually the owner decided to pass the whole thing over to the shed proprietor and duly recited his tale of woe.

"How's the compression?" asked "Sheddie"

"Seems the same as always, never was much anyway" was the reply.

"My bet is that the cylinder walls are dry and that the gas is forcing its way down past the rings and you are not getting a combustible mixture" said old wiseacre, "Squirt some oil into each cylinder head and leave it for an hour or so then try" was his advice.

Sceptically the owner did so and hey presto! she fired; not much, because the plugs immediately oiled up, but after cleaning plugs and firing a couple of revs four or five times, the old girl picked it up and ran like a clock. Simple eh!

Sheddie also advanced a more or less obscure reason for difficult starting and this is too much water passing from the manifold into the exhaust pipe. The remedy is to disconnect the hose and let it run into the bilge until the engine starts. If the condition is chronic a two way cock can be fitted at the entry to the exhaust pipe and the circulating water diverted into the bilge or overside until the engine is running when the cock can be turned and the water fed into the exhaust pipe as normally before the pipe becomes too hot.

A good deal of trouble can be occasioned in cases where the exhaust discharges at or below the water line unless some method of preventing siphonage can be incorporated. With the engine and pipe cooling after running, sea water can be drawn back up the pipe and many an engine has been flooded this way.

Most sailing men regard the "Donk" as an unnecessary and not very desirable evil which may or may not perform when required and as a concomitant of this attitude of course and consequent neglect, the brute seldom does perform as and when needed. A little regular attention and a small amount of know how however will usually achieve results with even the oldest and sloppiest "coffee grinder" and it is handy to be able to get home for a date when old "Huey" lets you down and idly slatting sails and swinging boom begin to fray the temper.

.....

The Pump Continued

"Mac will probably have one to fit".

Sure enough, next day brought a check valve, but when Bob went to fit it, it was found to be broken.

"Got a new one", was my dictum.

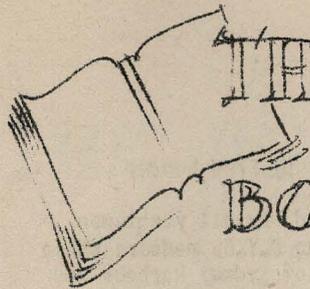
But we started in the race without it. The pump was useless to us, it was just so much junk, and to me an eyesore. On our return, three weeks later, Bob put in the new check valve. Yes, it worked the first time, after priming with a stirrup pump, and several times the same day. But it hasn't worked since.

There it is. A brand new, metal, self-priming semirotary pump, with an extra pipecoil fitted to make it stay primed, the check valve at the end of the hose in the bilge to stop the water running back through the pipe, but the pump is useless. That pump haunts my dreams. Every time I am out in the boat, I hopefully work the handle on the off chance of the pump having decided to mend its ways. No such luck. She is as dry as Pitt Street on a Sunday morning.

In the meantime, I have to bail the water. It makes me cussed and the wife tells me it is bad for my blood pressure.

And I have a strong suspicion that Bob is hovering on the sidelines somewhere with a fresh suggestion, some more gadgets to be fitted and paid for, "sure to fix it".

.....



# THE LIBRARY AND BOOK REVIEW

- 13 -

The earlier flow of donations to the Club Library having slowed down we have no recent acquisitions to record. Before leaving for Hobart, Ron Hobson did his best to "acquire" a Basil Lubbock classic of the Clipper ships that Dave Gordon carelessly left on a table but although Ron did manage to stamp the book with the Club stamp, Dave is still strenuously resisting.

"The steep Atlantick Stream" by Robert Harling. Though not in the Club library, members are recommended to this very fine work by an unusually gifted and sensitive author who is also an enthusiastic "amateur sailor" and who has given us an earlier volume of that title.

Those who have read Monserratt's "Cruel Sea" will enjoy this canvas of the same scene viewed by another artist who has achieved a perfect composition and harmony in subdued tints.

Throughout the book there is hardly a shot fired in anger yet the stark drama of the war at sea and life in a Corvette is as forcibly borne in on the reader as in the most action packed passages of "Cruel Sea.

When the book is put down one is left with the sense of having served with Harling and known his shipmates as one's own.

Published 1946 by Chatto and Windus - London.

.....

FLAG ETIQUETTE

by Fred Lender

Correct flag etiquette should be understood by all yachtsmen and it is perhaps particularly important to C.Y.C. members whose cruises take them far beyond the confines of Sydney Harbour and constantly bring them before the somewhat critical eyes of yacht clubs in other ports.

The principal flags with which yachtsmen will be concerned are the Burgee and the Ensign.

It is of interest to note that these flags are "worn" not "flown". A yacht when it is cruising, should be wearing the Burgee of its club at its principal masthead.

The Ensign will be worn at a flagstaff at the stern or on the backstay.

There are three types of Ensign, the White Ensign, the Blue Ensign, and the Red Ensign.

The white Ensign will be of little concern to the average yachtsman for it is the flag of Her Majesty's Fleet and so far as the writer is aware the Royal Yacht Squadron of England is the only Club whose members can obtain permission to wear such Ensign.

Numerous Yacht Clubs have been granted the privilege to wear the Blue Ensign. The Clubs which possess this right are set out in the Navy List.

The Royal Warrant which grants the privilege to the Club may permit the Blue Ensign to be worn either undefaced or defaced. A "defaced" Ensign is one which bears in the fly, near the outer edge, a device or heraldic symbol.

The device or symbol is generally indicative of the design on the Club's Burgee.

It is considered a greater privilege to have the right to wear an undefaced Ensign.

It may be mentioned, that the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron is empowered to wear an undefaced Blue Ensign, while the Royal Motor Yacht Club, for instance, has only the right to wear a Blue Ensign defaced with the Club's Crown and Cross.

Although a Club has the privilege of wearing the Blue Ensign this does not automatically confer a similar right on its members.

A personal application by individual members must be made for permission to wear the Blue Ensign. This permission is granted by Admiralty Warrant.

In order to obtain such Admiralty Warrant the Club member must be a British subject, his yacht must be registered in accordance with the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Act of 1894 and it must be used solely for pleasure and not for profit.

Getting the Admiralty Warrant is a matter of considerable difficulty so only a comparatively small number of yachts have obtained

(continued page 16)

# THE BOSUN'S LOCKER



- 15 -

The purpose of this page is to allow members to make known their wants such as sale or exchange of gear and equipment. Crew members wanted or berths sought if notified here will be circulated throughout the Club membership and we hope more often than not will produce the desired result.

Requests for information on any aspect will also be dealt with to the possible advantage of the whole Club so please use this service.

Member seeks a Bermudan mainsail approx. 42 feet on the luff and jib approx. 15 feet on the foot, condition reasonable. Particulars and price to the Secretary please.

Can any member advise where flap valves may be obtained for a No.1 "Billabong" semi rotary pump?

.....

Flag Etiquette continued

the privilege of wearing the Blue Ensign.

The Red Ensign is the flag of the British Merchant Fleet. An Admiralty Warrant is not necessary before wearing a Red Ensign but technically a vessel should be registered under the Merchant Shipping Act before doing so.

This however has never been enforced in the case of Yachts used for pleasure purposes so it may be accepted that such yachts may safely wear the Red Ensign.

A Yacht entering a foreign port should always wear an Ensign. An Ensign should not be worn unless the Club's Burgee is also worn.

The Burgee and Ensign should only be worn when the owner is aboard and in command of the Vessel.

A temporary absence ashore will not necessitate lowering the flags. When engaged in a race, a yacht will hoist a racing flag in place of its Burgee and accordingly in such circumstances an Ensign cannot be worn.

In harbour flags are hoisted at 8 o'clock in the morning and are hauled down at sunset.

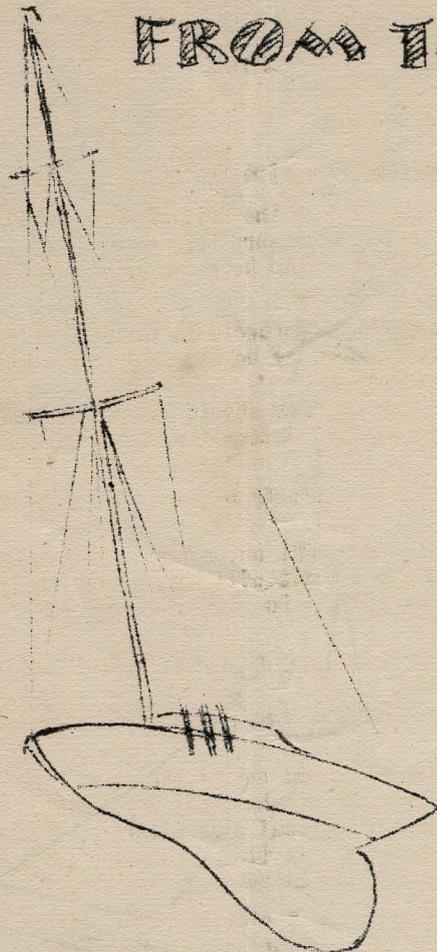
The time should be taken from the senior officer present at the anchorage.

Unless a flag-officer is aboard one of the craft, the time will be taken from the flagstaff of the local yacht club. If there is neither a Flag Officer or a local club within sight, then each yacht will go by its own ship's time. However if Naval Craft are in the vicinity the time should be taken by them.

Flags may be hoisted prior to 8 o'clock in the morning if the vessel is entering or leaving port before that time.

\*\*\*\*\*

FROM TRUCK



TO KEEL

W. KOPSEN & CO. PTY. LTD

CAN SUIT YOU WITH  
QUALITY GEAR

OPEN AN ACCOUNT

PROMPT DELIVERY TO YOUR YARD

PHONE BX6331

