

On the front cover of this edition we have featured CHUM, a 13.7 metre, 6 berth motor vessel built in 1923 by Searles for the Squadron's then Rear Commodore, Mr E A Johnstone.

She eventually found her way to Morgan on the River Murray where she spent many years. Her owner at the time, Mr Tom Warnes, subsequently took her out through the mouth and across to Port Lincoln when he moved to the area in the early 60's. After a few years, she was bought by Mr Ken Welfare, and in 1978 she was sold to Mr Jim McDonald, who in the latter years of his ownership, moored her at Coffin Bay.

For many years she was the largest recreational vessel in the Port Lincoln area and she was capable of 8-9 knots. She performed many official functions for the Port Lincoln Yacht Club and the local Sea Cadets.

Just over 2 years ago, she was purchased by Mr and Mrs I Raggart and taken by low loader back to the River Murray. She has been extensively renovated and she now lies at the River Glen Marina south of Swanport (off Jervois Road).



CHUM photographed at River Glen Marina earlier this year.

We arrived in South Africa on 13th January, and decided that we could stay 5 weeks and still catch the end of summer for the southern ocean passage from Cape Town to Oz. Once tied up in Hout Bay to a floating pontoon, EXPEDITUS remained there and we chose to do our sight seeing on land. There was a 24 hour ferry service ashore from the pontoon which was great as we did not have to bother with the dinghy, and it gave greater security. Hout Bay itself is just south of Cape Town and a very pretty area surrounded by mountains and cliffs. We arrived at night and it felt quite a narrow entrance between the headlands as we crept in, but in reality it was about a mile wide.

We got to know the 15 miles into Cape Town very well, always managing to hitch a lift in and get a bus back. What a scenic ride it was too, with mountains, cliffs and wonderful views of coves and beaches. During our first week we had the usual spring clean that is necessary after a passage. We did the washing at the pontoon as there was no convenient laundrette, and we also did a few more maintenance chores on EXPEDITUS. There was always something to do.

We enjoyed our trips to Cape Town, visiting botanical gardens, museum, art gallery and various shops as well as collecting tourist information about Kruger Park and other areas. We donated a most unusual flying fish that we had found in the South Atlantic to the head of the marine biology section at the museum. The fish had a barbel on its lower jaw that extended the length of its body, and it appears to be an Indian Ocean species at first investigation. The world expert in flying fish is in Moscow and should have more to say about it. Needless to say we did much socialising with other yachties at Hout Bay, attending the sailpast on Opening Day for the yacht club (which entailed much water bombing!), barbecues (called braai in South Africa) and visiting some wineries in the Stellenbosch area.

Having put out all our fenders and about a mile of mooring lines (Hout Bay can get very strong easterlies which reach up to 120 knots funnelling through the mountains) we caught a bus to Cape Town and then the overnight coach to Johannesburg via Kimberly. We had the first couple of hours in daylight for the trip through the mountains out of Cape Town, the night crossing the barren Karoo area, and daylight again from Kimberly to Jo'burg. Unfortunately we didn't get to see the big hole at Kimberly, but it was at least interesting to see the place Gay's father got his wings and after which his house is named. Here we tried out our new camera, bought second hand in Cape Town to replace the one damaged by salt water in the Canaries.

In Jo'burg we were met by Jenny, whom we had first met aboard MARANATA in the Azores and also at Madiera. Jenny is an ex ballerina with the Pretoria Ballet, and as she wasn't working, was able to play tour guide for us for a few days. We visited the zoo to see the famous white lions, but they were sleeping and we missed them; the Voertrekker monument, Gold Reef City Mine, Houses of Parliament, various museums, etc. It was fascinating to see the quartz vein from which gold was extracted. One would never guess that there would be gold in it. Great also to hold a 12.5 kg bar of gold in your hands. If only

From Jo'burg we hired a small car, debating where to turn it in, and how to get back to Cape Town. As it was, we ended up keeping the car and driving all the way back. We proceeded east and north from Jo'burg, going through the northern Drakensburg Mountains which were very scenic, before entering the Kruger National Park half way up its western side at Orpen. It was a 50 km drive from Orpen to Satara, our campsite for the night, and that drive alone made the decision to come to Kruger worth the expense. We saw zebra, giraffe, wilderbeeste, warthog, baboons, impala and other animals on the first

leg, making the campsite just before gates closed at 6.30 pm. You are fined if late into the camp which is fenced off from the animals. Altogether we spent 5 days in the park, going north first then down south. The park is 370000 sq kms, so it takes a while to get around as the speed limit is 50 kph on bitumen and 40 kph on dirt roads. Camp gates open at 5.30 am and much more game was visible at this time, although it would have been even better to get out earlier. Some of the "organised" bus tours went spotlighting before dawn, apparently quite successfully. Our luck held and we saw elephants (very very close!!), cape buffalo, hippos, vervet monkeys, waterbuck, kudu, and quite a bit of smaller life including jackal, hyena, tortoises, a few unidentified small creatures (civet cat?) and a lot of bird life. Our hippo photos showed little more than eyes and ears above the water. We had a doubtful lion sighting. It seems that Kenya is the place for them!

On entering the Park we had been warned to look out for snakes, and sure enough, a puff adder (nasty devils as they wait to be stepped on and don't run) was found in the cooking hut at one camp. Camps were extremely well run, with excellent clean amenities blocks and abundant boiling water at all hours of the day. Generally we pitched our tent in the shade of a tree, but even late at night you could feel the heat radiating up from the ground.

On leaving Kruger we detoured around Swaziland, having heard too many tales of people being falsely accused of speeding and having to pay on the spot fines or go to jail. We couldn't risk unnecessary delays or costs at this stage. For the same reasons we also by-passed Transkei and Ciskei, who were also waring with each other in a minor way. We passed through Hluhluwe Game Reserve and saw vervet monkeys and a rhino (very distant) and carried on to meet Robyn, an Australian doctor working at a black hospital in Zululand at

Ngwelezana near Empangenni. It was quite interesting to be shown around the childrens/babies ward where she worked and see first hand cases of malnutrition (marasmus, kwashiorkor) as well as tetanus (caused by cattle dung rubbed on navels at birth by a witchdoctor as an initiation right), and other illnesses. An American colleague of Robyn's had just completed a round the world sailing trip and returned to work at the same hospital, so we shot the breeze with him and reminisced over mutual sailing friends. Gay found it hard to resist the cute little black babies!

We took Robyn down to visit a friend of her's near Durban and ended up staying a couple of days ourselves, visiting a local flea market, Zulu markets, and swimming with a crowd of friends north of Durban. With time running short we did over 1000 km in 1 day to get around Transkei and Ciskei, and then down to Port Elizabeth. It was fun looking at some of the small country towns, passing through another reserve, and picking up (judiciously) a few hitch-hikers, although many of them only spoke Afrikaans and their native dialect. We had some rewarding conversations with those who spoke English.

The Garden Route from Port Elizabeth to Cape Town is very scenic, and we enjoyed popping into some of the beautiful bays and rivers along the coast. It was raining "cats and dogs" some of the time, but still enjoyable, although we didn't undertake some of the hikes we had wanted to.

Back in Cape Town, we held on to the car for a couple more days, visiting the Cape Point Game Reserve and looking at the Cape of Good Hope from land side, and also visiting Table Mountain. The cable car ride to the top was exciting and the view was tremendous. The car was also handy to use for our last minute shopping spree. A few more days getting shipshape and

socialising, and we then were on our way, leaving in company with another yacht on their first passage to Saint Helena. We kept company with them for about 10 miles (feeling sorry for the wife and daughter who were both seasick) and we then headed off to the WSW as there was a strong southerly blowing. We ended up going west for 1 day, south for 3 days and then turned east. We were both seasick on the second day! Too much socialising. The effect of the Agulhas Current was most noticeable, causing waves to break and toss all over the place with hardly any wind, so we were glad to make the detour south to miss the worst of it.

After that it was a fairly ordinary trip, although slower than we would have liked. Our reluctance to push the boat fast at the start of a long passage kept our average speed down. As far as wildlife goes, we saw some big whales close up and the usual array of birds were always with us, including albatross, petrels, shearwaters, prions and the occasional tern and skua. On one occasion we had some very peculiar weather and we think that we were passed over by the eye of a disintegrating cyclone. We experienced an absolutely terrific lightning storm with hundreds of flashes together, with many flashes of fork lightning going horizontally between clouds. A perfect circle of blue sky then approached which was surrounded by the blackest skies we've seen, and the wind died. The waves jumped straight up and down with the swells in many directions, but fortunately the wind was not very strong. It was an impressive and awe inspiring feeling to witness it.

The balance of the trip to Australia was moderately calm with 10 days of head winds and about 5 of calms, but no severe gales. We arrived in Port Lincoln to meet Mike's parents, sister and fiancée, and then sailed on to Adelaide via Kangaroo Island, where we visited friends. We returned to Adelaide, 8½ years after we left, having circumnavigated the world via Cape Horn and crossed the Atlantic 5 times.

MIKE & GAY LEWIS