

add the cost of a survey to a premium, many owners prefer to arrange their own. Rumour from Sydney is that the Australian Yachting Federation is considering annual rig inspections for racing vessels. From the floor, Jim Boucaut explained that the AYF requirement was to reduce rigging failure and so to assist in reducing premiums. Inspections are to be carried out by registered riggers. Assuming that this will extend to South Australia in due course, inquiries should be made about registration of riggers here.

Before undertaking blue water sailing, (more than 200 km from the Australian coastline) owners should check on the availability and cost of insurance. If the vessel and its crew (more than two) pass the 'survey', insurance should not be a problem with the one or two Insurers who

offer such cover. But the cost will add significantly to the budget.

LOCKER SEARCH

No insurance contract is valid if it is in any way illegal. The Squadron is bound by the law and the regulations of the Department of Labour and Industry, for example, to store no more than a certain quantity of a particular substance. If it stores more, it may be in violation of the DLI regulations, and does run the risk of having no insurance. In these days of consumerism, a matter unknown to the Officers and Management could perhaps be overlooked and a claim paid. The owner of the locker, however, could be discomfited if the insurance company were to look for some sort of recovery. Knowing of an inspection some time ago, as indicated at the meeting a referral was passed to the Office. **SQ**

Letters to the Editor

Nepean Yachts
314 Bayview Road
Rosebud Vic 3939

12 December 1995

Your article in the last issue "Racing to Port Lincoln" brought back many fond memories for me: memories both cruising and sailing my own boats. I would question, however, your date of 1969 for sailing the race backwards. I moved from Victoria to Adelaide in January 1970. That year I crewed for Allan Behrens in *Caravelle*. I flew across to Lincoln on the Friday night, and the race commenced at 0800 off the end of the Lincoln jetty. As you stated in your article, it was light airs. Of the twenty odd trips I have done, it was one of the most pleasant.

We took out Line Honours, and as we sailed in on a beautiful afternoon, the first boat to give us three rousing cheers was *Kareelah* — Peter and Jenny Last.

Ralph Phillips

Ralph is quite correct that the backwards race was in 1970, because the Centenary Opening Day was in

November 1969. The cheering must have been on another occasion, however, because we were far behind aboard *Sanantha* with David Judell. *Kareelah* lay forlornly alone at her moorings in the pool. — Ed.

62 Eton Street
Malvern 5061

29 January 1996

As one of *Seevogel's* crew returning from the inaugural race to Port Lincoln in 1950, I was interested to see the cover photograph in the last issue of *Seevogel* and *Norallie* in Whaler's Bay. Prior to our departure to Port Adelaide we were told that there were a few stores for Thistle Island. This advice was a bit astray. The "few stores" turned out to be a truckload, including two cases containing, I think, stationary engines. One of these cases is visible in the photograph.

Fortunately we had aboard Captain Bertie Buck, retired Master of the *Minippa*, who took charge of loading and stowing what was in fact a substantial deck cargo. This was a difficult enough problem from the Town Jetty in Port Lincoln, but a much bigger one in Whaler's Bay.

The unloading was again supervised by Captain Buck, who rigged a derrick to load the two dinghies rafted together. The whole operation was completed successfully with the aid of Bill Wade and the young ones in the crew.

The reward for this day's enterprise was a turkey dinner provided by the Wade family for the whole crew.

David Phillips

[David also told a tale of Mike Farachy dealing with a recalcitrant engine at sea, which was beyond even his celebrated automotive skills. After stripping it down as far as taking the cylinder head off, they were obliged to row ashore.]

1/14 Kestrel Place
Port Lincoln SA 5606

I was looking through log books from the time that I owned *Justina*. In between some of the pages was the accompanying poem, written by David Jones. He was one of our crew and one-time farmer. The sea was a relatively new experience for him at this time, and on each occasion that we sailed to a Squadron Opening Day he scribbled a number of poems. This particular one, I feel, would have applied to many an apprentice yachting, and sums up the dreadful feeling of mal de mer.

Jasper Smith

Malde Mer

I'm sitting feeling very pale,
I think I'm not too well.
The wind is howling through the sail,
The sea is rough as hell.

Things are crashing down below
And sliding 'cross the floor.
I should attend to them, I know,
But I can do no more.

I wonder why I took this trip
To suffer in this way;
There's no way I can leave the ship,
So here I'll have to stay.

My finger tips are tingling now,
My hands are feeling wet,
I think I'm sweating on the brow:
I'm in a big cold sweat.

Oh, God! I'm feeling awfully ill,
I'm yawning now and then.
This bloody ship, it won't keep still.
I'm gone, I know — but when?

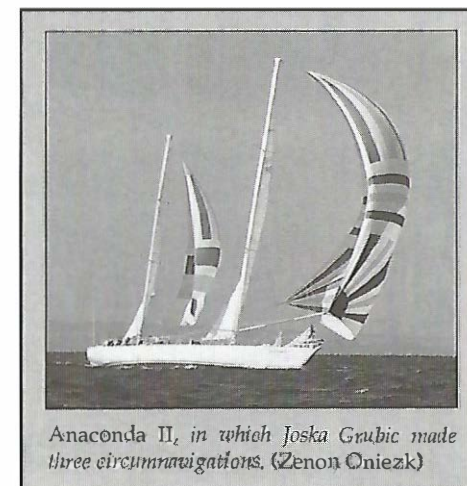
Oh, captain, captain, heed my plea,
'cause I'm very ill.
Take me from this raging sea
To somewhere very still.

I wish that I could go ashore,
Escape my dreadful plight
Of feeling awful sick and poor
And sailing through the night.

I try to think of good old days:
The company, the wine,
The food that's done in many ways,
The weather when it's fine.

And later on the time comes, when
The bad times are forgot,
If e'er I'm asked to sail again,
I'll say, "Of course — why not?"

The Ship's Bard — David Whitlock (yet to become a sailor) Jones



Anaconda II, in which Joska Grubic made three circumnavigations. (Zenon Oniezk)