

Nouvelle, découverte par le Capn Baudin. This gross error is usually attributed to Baudin himself, but he was dead before it was committed. It is wrong and unfair to blame him for it. Although the other de Freycinet brother took part in the Encounter, Louis met Flinders in Sydney. His action was inexcusable. As described in *Squadron Quarterly* for September 1993, de Freycinet later commanded the *Uranie* expedition of 1818. He

had as much reason as did Flinders to regret his ineptitude in picking the wrong politics for his eponyms. That too is another story.

Information on Baudin is taken from Miss Christine Cornell's translation of his *Journal*. The quotations from Flinders are from his great work in two volumes and from parts of his Fair Log, published by HM Cooper.



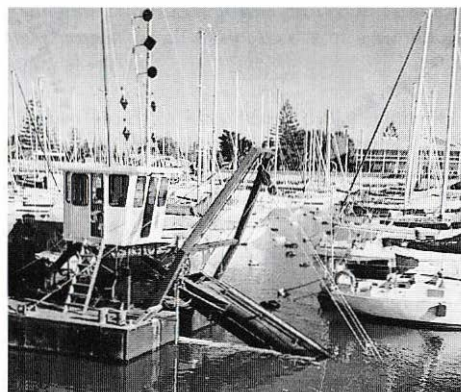
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Snapper versus schnapper

"The correct spelling of the name of this well known Australian fish often gives rise to controversy, but reference to the New South Wales Fisheries Report for 1923 shows that the records of the New South Wales Chief Secretary's Department for 1827 refer to the fish as Snapper. Other early accounts also use this spelling. So far as can be seen, the correct, and in this case the easier, spelling is Snapper."

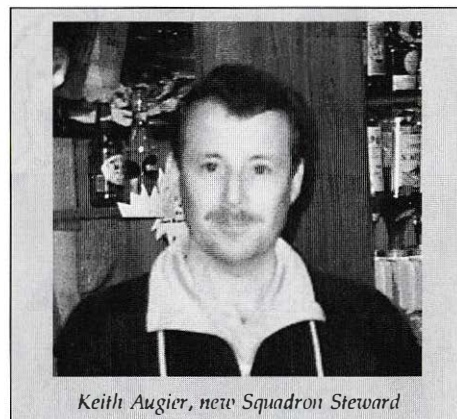
[*The Australian Motor Boat and Yachting Monthly*, 1925; 1 (No 6, October): 17.]

The data base of Macquarie Dictionary has 80 examples of *snapper* (earliest 1799) and 10 examples of *schnapper* (earliest 1893). The latter spelling is taken from the German and came to this country after the British usage was long established. The first citation of *snapper* (for a fish) in *Oxford English Dictionary* is from William Dampier in 1697, followed by Captain Cook in

1772. *Schnapper* is defined as "a name which has been given independently in various parts of the world to many different fishes, [including] a valuable sparoid food-fish (*Chrysophrys guttulatus* or *C. auratus*), abundant upon the coasts of South Australia and New Zealand." The earliest citation with this spelling is from 1850 and refers to Port Phillip. EJ Banfield in *Confessions of a Beachcomber* (1908) referred to drifting about amongst the turtles of Dunk Island to catch schnapper. Sir Henry Bunday used *snapper*. (*Reminiscences of Twenty-Five Years' Yachting in Australia: An Essay on Manly Sports, A Cruise on Shore, &C., &C.: Notes of a Voyage to China and Japan*. By W.H. Bunday, For Four Years Vice-Commodore and Ten Years Commodore of the South Australian Yacht Club. Adelaide: Published by E.S. Wigg & Son, 12 Rundle Street. 1888: 17 and *passim*.) It seems, therefore, that either spelling can be used, but *snapper* is probably older and better.



Dredging the North Bank, July 1995



Keith Augier, new Squadron Steward

Letters to the Editor

79 Watson Avenue
Toorak Gardens 5065
26 June 1995

Dear Dr Last,

My son Richard handed me the *Quarterly*, and I was so pleased to read Jack Wood's memories, and that someone else admired TM Hardy and my father Norman Ford. The article revived many happy memories of halcyon days - as many as possible spent in *Anyudah*, as passenger and crew.

However, I must correct an error. My father sold *Anyudah* to Mark Tostevin, a young man whom he admired, and it was Tostevin, with Ford's blessing, who installed an engine. For years we had been lobbying for one. Getting on and off the moorings was frequently a nightmare for the crew, and a sideshow for people on the pontoon.

Mark Tostevin sold the boat some years later to Doug Verco.

My father stayed friendly with Doug Verco until his death, and in any case would never have made an exhibition of himself over an engine, and certainly not on the hydroplane wharf! I know all the world's a stage, but this really does stretch the imagination.

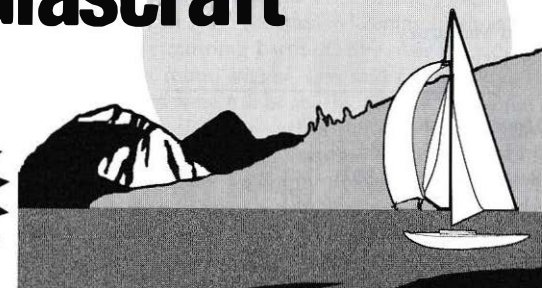
Yours faithfully,
René Colebatch

I apologise to Mrs Colebatch and to other members of the Ford family if my account caused them concern. There undoubtedly was a serious and very public altercation between Norman Ford and Doug Verco that day. The tide was low, and Norman Ford stood well above us for the conversation. Doug was in the cockpit, and I was with another crew member on the foredeck as involuntary witnesses. Very likely there were other issues, but my sole memory after more than forty years is that the engine was a topic.

I am grateful for additional information on the provenance of *Anyudah*. For many years Harry

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and Edna Cook used her nearly every week, thereby keeping this notable and classical vessel in the eye of the Squadron. I don't know for how many years we rounded her every Opening Day on our way to salute the Governor and the Commodore. (See *Squadron Quarterly* for December 1992.)

Norman Ford was a major personality of his generation, and was sometime Treasurer of the Squadron. I don't think that he held Flag rank. He certainly deserves to be long remembered. Older Members always spoke of him with great respect and affection. He was known for his wide knowledge of flag and other protocols. I would be dismayed should there be an implication that I sought to tarnish his posthumous reputation.

Peter Last
Editor

Port Vincent Sailing Club
Marine Parade
Port Vincent

I am writing to express the appreciation of the Club members who sailed at Easter with the RSAYS fleet. Also for the trophies provided. There may be an increase in numbers next year if we decide to repeat the exercise, going by the enthusiasm of the skippers and crews of this year's event.

David McBurney
Secretary

10 Swann Street
Port Lincoln SA 5606
Telephone (086) 82 3971
17 July 1995

I will be caretaking Neptune Island shortly, and was given your name and address by Mike Dillon, who thought you had shown an interest in sailing in that area.

May I just point out that Dr Deborah Jordan has written an article in the latest *The Cruising Helmsman* about conditions in that area, particularly for those interested in actually

coming ashore on South Neptune. Do you realise that there is quite a comfortable guest house? I will probably charge about \$20 a night per person, and if I have enough supplies add a decent meal or two.

But I know that I would always welcome a guest for the day, especially if they bring mail, food and newspapers. I will be alone and more than likely quite desperate for a little company.

If all goes well, I shall be there next week.

Maybe you could tell the other sailors about my offer and position? I would appreciate that.

Hoping to see you one day,

Marlis Burdon

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Hamilton HM DX
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Cables: Yachts Bermuda

Dear Mr Wilkinson,

On behalf of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, thank you for the presentation of your burgee, which was recently received. It has been added to our ever-growing display of burgees from all over the world and which are hanging in good company in our club.

On behalf of my fellow Flag Officers and Members, congratulations on your 125th Anniversary.

We shall be happy to extend Honorary Membership to your members who may be visiting Bermuda. This is accomplished by a short letter of introduction (or fax) on your Club letterhead, signed by one of your Officers. The period of this hospitality is usually two weeks.

Yours sincerely,

Brian W Billings
Commodore

Wyuna the King Maker

Keith Adams

Way back about 1965 the Adams family decided to build a small cruising yacht. We wrote to the United Kingdom for the drawings of the *Yachting Monthly* 26, a DIY plywood bilge keel sloop. This had been sailed successfully by one owner-builder from Singapore to the United Kingdom, and various long sea trips were made by others. It drew 2 ft 6 in, and was thus suitable to moor in the Patawalonga and float over the sand bar at high water. At that time we lived nearby on the North Esplanade. It had a long shallow lead keel and heavy steel plate bilge plate keels. So she was quite a stiff little boat going to weather.



David Binks in the prototype Binksdink at about the time he built Wyuna (Bryan Price)

We gave the drawings to David Binks. With clever use of epoxy and fibreglass he rounded the boxy looking chines and cabin top to build a good-looking sloop of 26 ft. We fitted a 16 hp Arona two-cylinder diesel, which was ideal. We christened her *Wyuna*, which is Aboriginal for clear water.

I enjoyed sailing out of the Pat at high water early in the morning; using the lead; catching a few fish; and returning about tea-time. We

watched the tide tables carefully, as otherwise we could be stuck outside the sandbar overnight.

In 1967 we planned a maiden family cruise over Christmas and New Year to Kangaroo Island and Port Lincoln. Armed with Colin Haselgrove's excellent *Notes on Cruising in South Australian Waters* we set sail. The crew were Ruth and myself; Michael (aged 17) and his school friend Steven Wicks; Susan, aged 15; and Victoria, who was 11. Simon, who was 13, was away with scouts in Queensland. There was also the family cat. This used a sandbox, which had to be emptied and de-odorised at every landfall. It lived on snook.

We sailed via Port Vincent, Sultana Passage and Kingscote to Pelican Lagoon, and enjoyed fossicking in the shallow waters there. Overnight we moored at Sunset Corner, a mile or so up American River. Here we met *Tanui*, owned and skippered by Magnus Cormack, at that time President of the Senate. Also aboard were Len Wigan, with whom I had sailed a few times in *Nymphaea*, and two others whose names I cannot recall. Len kindly rowed across in the dinghy to ferry our entire family (less the cat) aboard *Tanui*. We found her to be a roomy, comfortable and seaworthy sloop of older vintage with a well-stocked wine and soft drink cellar, for old and young alike. The yarns got bigger and bigger as the evening progressed. I told Len that I believed in keeping fit. First thing in the morning I would dive over the side and swim round *Wyuna*. Len said I was crazy! The waters were full of sharks, and he would never dream of doing such a thing. When he was a young lad in these waters he and his cronies would place an empty five gallon drum on the deck; tie a stout rope to it with a sharp hook and stinking meat; and leave it over the side for the night. On a 'Clang! Clang!' across the deck, they would rush up and hope to catch a shark. How many they actually caught we never discovered.

We sailed to Kingscote to stock up for our trip and attended Christmas morning service in the lovely little church there. In an old Volksie kindly lent by the Island agent we had Christmas dinner at Seal Bay. What could be better!