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Your article in the last issue of the *Squadron Quarterly* interested me greatly, as it was aboard *Ardale*, that I first sailed as a young sea scout at Outer Harbor in 1942. She was owned at that time by the Reverend Arnold Morallée, the Anglican priest at St George's Church Goodwood. He had little trouble in finding crew to sail on Saturdays, as he was a leader in the Sea Scout Group. There was always a willing and enthusiastic response when the offer to go sailing was made by him. Enclosed is a photo of her with a gaff rig, which was later changed to Bermudan. I am not sure when this was done, and by whom she was rerigged. Alan Cotton was a later owner.

Max G Holbrook (Who is beneath one of the sea scout caps)

[*Ardale* next passed to Dr Neil Wigg. David Judell was persuaded to remember one of his experiences on her.]

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I would be kidding if I said I could remember much of the voyage to KI on *Ardale*. The crew was [Dr] Neil Wigg, David Wigg, [Dr] Sid Forgan and myself. I think it must have been Christmas 1946, as I seem to remember I was sixteen. As I recall, it was a pretty rough passage, leaving late afternoon and not arriving at American River until well into the next day. Young David and Sid were both very sick, and Sid also had the shits, which when deposited in a bucket in *Ardale's* tiny wet cabin was not too good.

I can't remember what broke or why I must have climbed the mast, but if the story is still around it must have been one of my heroic nautical feats. It was my first 'long' sailing voyage. I should be able to remember more, but I do remember best the great time I had staying at Horry Radcliffe's (the one-armed fisherman). Especially Mrs Horry's cooking and learning how to roll smokes one-handed from Horry; meeting other Islanders, such as Curly Dempster and his little dog Radio Rex; the other fishing families; and the mainland visitors like the Litchfields and the von Doussas.

I know I had a great time on Kangaroo Island, and as a result never missed one or more visits there for the next 37 years.

I can't remember sailing the *Ardale* back to the Squadron, but perhaps I did, as I can't remember catching the *Karatla* either!

David Judell



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Your mention of the restricted 21 *Ardale* in the recent issue of *Squadron Quarterly* has prompted a few recollections. I bought her in partnership with John Jackson for about £30 in 1962, when I was a medical student. We found her somewhat abandoned at No 3 Dock at the Port, the then site of the Small Boat Club. Her live-in owner had died. We recognised her as a 21 and sailed her round to the Yacht Squadron. I bought John out a year or two later when he became engaged.

Our first Opening Day with 35 school friends was such a success that most of them have continued to come every year since then, now as crew on *Cabaret*. We had our 32nd Anniversary of continuous attendance this year, and won first prize. On that first Opening Day, to the delight of the onlookers, our past Treasurer [and Life Member] Patrick Hill and four young ladies wearing multiple layers of petticoats as was the fashion, displaying great dignity, gently subsided beneath the waves en route to the pontoon. The dinghy, which had lead seams, stayed on the bottom. Observers remarked that the ladies looked much like water lilies floating in the pool.

I stripped the vessel back, varnished the cabin sides, polished the ports, laid a new canvas deck with red lead and replaced the cotton main with a fancy new second hand Dragon sail. I had a Wickham-Martin roller-furler, which I hauled out to the end of the bowsprit to set the Yankee flying.

Although we never sailed nearly as well as Jamie Cowell's *Fife*, we motored better with our petrol 5 hp Simplex engine. I must admit that, with our graceful overhanging stem and bowsprit, compared with *Fife's* Forster Cup rule cheating spoon bow, I always thought we looked prettier.

The eyebrows of the late Jack Williams were definitely raised when I carried my two-week old daughter Annabel on board in a carry basket and tied it to the mast. My two daughters spent every weekend and holidays afloat from that age, while we cruised local anchorages about the Gulf and Kangaroo Island. Many were the snapper that flapped on to the deck at the Orontes Bank at dawn, and tuna that were hauled over the stern on passage.

After about five years I sold *Ardale* to John Jarvis in order to purchase *Wyruna*. He took her to the Port and completely refurbished her at considerable expense; and then sold her several years later. I believe she now lies at the Small Boat Club.

Alan Cotton

[*Ardale* also won the Kintore Cup in four consecutive seasons, 1928-31.]



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Bruce and I very much enjoy reading *Squadron Quarterly*. We were particularly interested in the piece about the Forster Cup and the Albert Gold Cup. You might, therefore, be interested in the enclosed photograph of the Albert Gold Cup, which was taken at Christmas 1994. This shows the cup being presented to our son Peter and his crew Chris Warmer by the current World President of the International Flying Dutchman Association, Dr Ian McCrossin. You are possibly not aware that the Albert Gold Cup has for some years been presented to the winning crew of the first heat of the Australian Flying Dutchman National Championship. Peter and Chris won it in 1994.

The trophy, because of its 'gold' value, has been locked away in a display case in the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron. It took quite a bit of talk and 'under-cover' work to persuade them to release it for a couple of weeks, so that it could be in Adelaide this year for the Flying Dutchman National and World Championships. Apparently its intrinsic value was not realised for many years. It was at various times left in the boot of a car, on someone's mantelshef, etc, until it was eventually taken to be repaired and its value realised.

Nancy Higgins