

Minutes of Monthly General Meeting 11 January 1922

Commodore Sanderson, M Wald, Grieve, WT Harris, Ford, Eimer, Fricker, CJ Thompson, JE Porter, JL Stephens, A Lewis, Tait, Dr Benham, Treasurer & Secretary.

Dr Balance £1431.15.11.

WH Anderson	Manager, Neptune Oil Co, Largs	CS Inkster	A Lewis
Geo C Goudie	Dept Manager, Largs	CS Inkster	JE Osborne
WD Power	Manager, Dixie Motor Co, Mile End	RL Maegraith	E Bradwell
HS Storey	Manager, SA Linseed Oil Co, Malvern	RL Maegraith	E Bradwell

AH Pellew, S Allison, WH Peter and Captain Brown elected Members.

‘Captain JG Arnold wrote, forwarding copy of log of his trip in motor launch *Acacia* from Mannum to Melbourne and Tasmania and back.’ Placed in Library.

[Francis V Sanderson, Commodore]

A report dated 23 June 1923 in the Large Red Book describes in great detail a civic reception for Captain JG Arnold, before he set out on an abortive extended cruise in the first *Four Winds*. This gave her length as 51½ feet, depth 7½ feet and beam 15 feet.

New Four Winds Left Sydney

Word was received at Port Adelaide on Saturday morning that Capt JG Arnold of Mannum was leaving Sydney that day in his new vessel the *Four Winds*.

Capt Arnold, with three others, left Port Adelaide for the South Sea Islands at the beginning of July in his Mannum-built auxiliary *Four Winds*, and after a couple of weeks battling against terrific storms, the boat was driven ashore and wrecked on the south coast of Victoria. In Sydney he saw a boat under construction which took his fancy, purchased her, and is now on his way to his home State in the vessel.

For the sad end of the second <i>Four Winds</i> , see the cutting of 5 January 1928.
--

21 April 1923

Capt Arnold's New Yacht

Last year Capt JG Arnold, the well known Mannum merchant and shipbuilder, went for a sea trip to Tasmania and Victoria in his yacht *Acacia* (writes our Mannum correspondent). On his return the captain decided on a more ambitious voyage round Australia, taking in the islands.

To do this it is necessary to have an easily handled, seaworthy boat. Capt Arnold decided to build his own to his own design in his own yards and under his personal supervision. The plans were prepared, and a start was made last August. Mr P Clausen was engaged to do the building. The work went steadily on until Thursday, when the boat was ready to take the water.

The staunch little vessel, which will be yawl rigged, is built of Australian timber, the hull being of well-seasoned jarrah and the deck and fittings of kauri pine. She measures 51 ft

6 in overall, with a 15 ft beam and a 46 ft 11 in waterline. She has a moulded depth of 4 ft 9 in and a draught of 7 ft 2 in, and her sail area is 1,561 square feet. The vessel will be fitted with a 15 hp petrol engine, built by the Berguis Launch Company of Glasgow. The yacht will have cabin accommodation, including the necessary cook's galley.

Capt Arnold, with his usual thoughtfulness, issued invitations to the launching, and a large company assembled at the shed on Thursday afternoon to witness the ceremony. When everything was ready Capt Arnold asked Nurse Sutherland of the Mannum Hospital to christen the boat. The nurse, in performing the ceremony, wished Capt Arnold and his friends a safe and happy voyage, and named the boat the *Four Winds*. The ropes were then cut, and the beautiful little craft went into the water with scarcely a ripple...

[Sundry congratulatory speeches recorded.]

From the other paper, same date

...Capt Arnold... thanked all the boys [*sic*] for the way in which they had honoured the toast of his health. It was 34 years since he had first come to Mannum. He had started out as a deckhand on Mr Schultz's boat, with the determination to 'get on' and had succeeded. Every young fellow had the same opportunity if he wished to get ahead... He thanked Mr Peter Clausen (the builder) for the good work he had put into the boat...

A beautiful model of the hull of the yacht *The Four Winds* was presented to the skipper on behalf of the [Mannum Rowing] Club on behalf of the club and Mr Clausen. The model, which was of cedar and sugar pine, on a panel of silk oak, will be hung in the cabin of the yacht.

Register Wednesday 31 January 1912

Capt. J. G. Arnold, the popular President of the Mannum Rowing and Athletic Club (which held its second annual regatta on Monday), and one of the best known men connected with the river trade in South Australia, is a native of Gothenburg, Sweden. He may well be said to belong to a nautical family, as seven of his uncles were in charge of vessels trading in different parts of the world. Capt. Arnold secured his deep-sea master's certificate when 21 years of age. During his 15 years of life on the ocean, he visited nearly every country in the five continents in sailing craft or steamers, and about 22 years ago he decided to turn his attention to river navigation in South Australia. He took up residence at Mannum. Capt. Arnold owns the steamboats *Wilcannia*, *Rothbury*, and *Mundoo* among other craft, and also the biggest barge on the river, the *Coorowie*, which was built according to his design at Goolwa recently. Her holding capacity is 8,000 bags of wheat, whereas the previous record was 4,500 bags. For four years he was Chairman of the Blanchetown District Council, and he has taken a prominent part in the affairs of the Mannum Institute, the Agricultural and Horticultural Society, and other local activities. His hospitality to the rowing men from Adelaide who attended this year's regatta was unbounded.

14 June 1923

LONG VOYAGE OF A YACHT

Captain JG Arnold sailed from Mannum on Wednesday morning...

[Two potboiler articles omitted.]

21 June 1923

ADVENTUROUS MARINER

Flying the burgee of the Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron the *Four Winds*, destined to accomplish one of the most remarkable voyages for many years, lies at her moorings in the Port Adelaide harbour.

With that adventurous and rugged Copenhagen deep-sea skipper at her helm, Captain JG Arnold, the plucky little vessel may be relied upon to put up a good fight against weather from all quarters of heaven, for the popular Mannum identity will assuredly communicate to his boat that intrepid, romantic spirit which has brought him through storm and stress to the sunny haven of prosperity.

Sixteen thousand miles will the *Four Winds* sail if all goes well, and what Flinders did so long ago will be done again. It is just a cruise, to take Capt Arnold for six months or more to the old life and away from the placid and formal affairs of the riverside. So one day there flew from his impatience the spectacular idea to sail round Australia, call in at some of the islands at the top of it, and dip down on the home track by way of the nor'-west coast.

And, filling in a little more detail, that is the route the *Four Winds* will follow, when she lifts anchor at Port Adelaide on Saturday — on to Melbourne and Sydney, then Brisbane, Fiji, Java, Sumatra and so on until she bends again towards our far-flung coastline.

I rang up that courteous old Portonian, Capt Lee, and asked for a rough estimate of the distance. He got his charts and compass out and gave it at 16,000 miles, or to London and a third of the way back.

Luck from All quarters

With the cheers of the home town Mannum following him down the river, Capt Arnold in this substantial auxiliary yacht, fashioned to his own designing and built under his very eye, had to get a tug to take him across the lakes, but although drawing 7.2 ft of water, the *Four Winds* got over the bar of the Murray all right.

Ballast was taken in at Victor Harbor, and with plenty of weather about, the vessel showed the stuff she was made of by developing a 10-knot speed on the run to Port Adelaide. With not a detail overlooked, including a deck torch for dark nights among the halyards and a gramophone for the sentimental hours, the crew of four all told ought to have a cruise brimful of happy and picturesque incident.

May the best of luck from north, south, east and west attend the *Four Winds* and her little company in their long companionship with the big seas.

Illegible date: probably 28 June 1923

A Little Boat on a Big Cruise

The night before the *Four Winds* sailed from Port Adelaide, I had the privilege of going aboard to see what manner of boat was this which challenged 16,000 miles of the open sea.

Across the cold, dark water her white hull showed distinctly amid the mosquito fleet of the Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron snug in their winter quarters. One of my companions was Mr CS Inkster, the capable and popular Secretary of the 'Royals', who is among those progressive younger spirits who have founded new traditions for the Squadron.

'*Four Winds* ahoy!' we shouted in approved fashion, and somehow, somewhere appeared a boat with the Commodore (Mr Arthur Rymill) and the 'Rear', Mr EA Johnstone, whose log of the *Chum* had prominence in this column last week.

They had just been paying their official respects to Capt Arnold, and we took over their paddles. What a fine pull-together trio the flag officers of the Yacht Squadron make, the other being the Vice-Commodore, Mr Tom Hardy, who is shortly setting out on the best, and, his many friends hope, the happiest cruise of his life!

An allusion to Tom Hardy's impending marriage to Eileen Ponder.

The 'Royals' are lucky indeed to have them at the head of affairs, a rare balance they make, of genuine aquatic sportsmanship and business acumen. You have only to put in an evening at the clubhouse to feel the fresh breeze that is blowing clean through the old headquarters. And what a happy crowd there is on deck!

Admirable Economy Below

When we climbed over the side of the *Four Winds*, now bowling along somewhere between this port and Melbourne, the welcoming voice of its skipper gave a greeting warmer than anything that could ever come from a bottle. The descent to the cosy cabin revealed what EF Knight calls 'the economy below'. There was plenty of room, but not an inch that was superfluous. Utility came before effect, and yet both were there with admirable compromise.

You understand what Capt Arnold meant when he said that he had watched that boat grow, plank by plank, jarrah up to the covering, 2½ inch kauri on the decks, and the masts poking up to carry 1,561 square feet of canvas.

For eight years or more, Capt Arnold told us, he had been building that boat on the stocks of his imagination. Every piece of attractive timber he had come across he had put to one side for the day when the *Four Winds* would be fashioning in Peter Clausen's hands. And here she was now, the very thing he had planned in his daydreams — compact, trim, natty, with no fastidious grace, but practical from bow to stern on deck and below.

Nothing Missing

The fine eye of the designer was in evidence everywhere. 'The old sea dog', as Commodore Rymill described him at the rollicking little valedictory of the Yacht Squadron, knew exactly what he wanted, and saw that he got it. Everything fitted like a mosaic — the 'dinky' little bunks for five, the water and petrol aft (30 gallons supply of each), the tiny galley, looking like a useful toy, the engine and independent lighting plant,

electric fans, a gramophone to entertain dusky belles in the tropics, but — where are the stores?

Captain Arnold tells you there are four tons on board — but where? Why, underneath those red velvet settees — you are sitting on them!

And not a word, mind you, about the light over the skipper's bunk for reading the books members of the Squadron had thoughtfully sent to him. No such facility for any of the crew — 'I would have a job to get the beggars up on deck,' explained Capt Arnold with a sly wink against the four on the articles of the *Four Winds*. None of them having done any deep-sea travelling (with the exception of Arnold jun, who went across to Tasmania with his father in another little boat) it may be imagined that they have paid Neptune his penalty ere this — but it will all be worth it to participate in that historical trip.

'Aye, Aye, Sir.'

The 'Royals' carried out its bon voyage arrangements well. If the sails of the *Four Winds* depended on the breezy felicitations of those jolly yachtsmen, it would have a great journey around Australia. After a semi-private dinner at the Largs Pier, the Commodore and Rear Commodore brought Captain Arnold and his available crew alongside the festive board of the club headquarters, where Mr Rymill ran up a handsome burgee to the masthead, and set a course that glistened with good wishes.

The skipper's sailing orders were to bring that burgee home again, if only the selvedge were left after the buffeting.

'Aye, Aye, Sir,' responded Captain Arnold with dutiful felicity and the evening ended on as fair a wind (although it piped merrily at times) as any voyager could wish. God speed the *Four Winds*!

5 July 1923

The Yacht *Four Winds*

Dismasted on Victorian Coast

HOPES OF SALVAGING

Some anxiety has been felt regarding the *Four Winds*, which left Port Adelaide last Saturday week on a cruise around Australia via the East Indies and was expected to reach Melbourne in four or five days. On Wednesday the Secretary of the Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron (Mr CS Inkster) stated that he had received authentic information to the effect that the little vessel has been dismasted in very heavy weather, and was beached at Anderson's Inlet on the Victorian coast.

This point is situated near Cape Liptrap, on the western side of Wilson's Promontory. All the crew were well. The message mentioned that it was hoped to salvage the *Four Winds*...

19 July 1923

Romantic Cruise Ended

The *Four Winds* Abandoned

CAPTAIN ARNOLD'S NARROW ESCAPE

The Secretary of the Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron (Mr CS Inkster) was advised on Wednesday that the damage to Capt Arnold's boat, the *Four Winds*, which went ashore at Anderson's Inlet on the Victorian coast recently, was so great that the vessel was likely to become a total loss. Capt Arnold endeavoured to obtain a steamer from Melbourne to carry out salvage work, but the price demanded was £8 an hour, which eventually might have meant an outlay of more than £1,000. The captain was not prepared to incur that expense, and the little craft is likely to be abandoned. Mr Inkster stated that Capt Arnold and his son, who were in Melbourne, intended to make a trip to the South Sea Islands by steamer.

Story of the Brief Voyage

The log covering the brief career of the *Four Winds* has been received from Capt Arnold, who states :—

After leaving Port Adelaide on June 23, [Saturday] we made good headway down the Gulf, and were off Margaret Brock Reef on Monday morning. The wind was from the south-east and dead ahead. We made short tacks all the morning. In the afternoon the wind got up to a fresh gale, so we stood out from the land, and the wind becoming stronger we took a third reef in the mainsail and set the storm jib.

The gale increasing to a storm, we hove to for 24 hours, on the port tack. The boat rode the seas splendidly. On Thursday the weather became finer, so we stood in towards the land. The sea went down, but the wind still being from the south-east, we set the motor going to make headway, and on that day [saw] the steamers *Hexham* and *Dimboola* bound for Port Adelaide. In the afternoon the wind went round to the ENE, and we had a good run to the Otway, which we passed on Friday morning at 8 am. The wind was now going to the north and getting stronger, so that by the evening we were again hove to with three reefs in the mainsail and one in the storm jib. The gale lasted until Sunday morning, and it was very unpleasant, with short choppy seas running, but the boat behaved well.

The weather becoming better, we set sail, and stood in to the land to find out where we had drifted to, and found we had drifted right past Lonsdale, and made land between Wolomai and Liptrap. The glass had been falling all day, and at 4 pm stood at 29. We made out to sea again, as there was no shelter to be had along the coast, and at 8 pm, when I was on deck, the wind shifted round in a very fierce squall to [?from] the south-west.

The Captain Overboard

The mast broke off, fell upon the deck, and took the sail and myself overboard. I was lucky enough to grab some rope, and hung on for what seemed to be hours, but in reality was only about 10 minutes. My son Frank came on deck, found me missing, and, after a lot of trouble, he and Ted Cook got me on board again. The boat, now helpless, was drifting with the storm jib towards the coast. We could not get forward to let the anchor go, because we could not get rid of the gear of the mast and rigging, it being of iron and

steel. It was not long before we got into the breakers, which rolled right over us and threw the boat on to a sandy beach about five miles south of Tarwin Meadows head station.

We launched the dinghy, but the next sea smashed her up, so we put a rope round Ted Cook, and he got ashore and held on to the line until we all landed. The storm was blowing as hard as ever, and the rain [was] pouring down. We were all drenched to the skin and there was no shelter, so we made the best we could of it during the first night, and it was bad enough. We could not even make a fire. It was raining and blowing all night.

Next morning, when the tide was out, we got on board and secured some provisions and a sail for shelter and got a fire going. The storm was still so severe we could not get away from the place, so had to stay another night.

Help Procured

On Tuesday morning three of us went out scouting for a place somewhere, and eventually got to Tarwin Meadows. They at once sent out a trap for Coombs and myself, and it was a relief after two nights and a day in the sandhills without a dry stitch of clothing or a dry place in which to sit down.

At the time of the accident when the mast snapped, we had two reefs in the mainsail and the storm jib set. The mast must have been a good piece of timber, as it snapped off clean as a carrot, and not a splinter in it. My crew (who have never been to sea before) behaved splendidly. There was no panic of any kind, and all did their best in every way.

I am sorry to leave the little boat. She was a good seaboat in every way, but luck was against us this time. There was nothing but contrary winds all the way, and we were only out of oilskins one day during the whole time.

For the total loss of the second <i>Four Winds</i> by fire, see 5 January 1928 below.

The register of Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron for 1925 records *Four Winds*, owner Captain JG Arnold.

5 January 1928

Fire at Sea

LOSS OF THE YACHT *FOUR WINDS*

With his son (Mr George Arnold of Waikerie) and Messrs Bruce Sherar [? Shearer] of Kilkenny and Eric Dowling of Waikerie, Capt Arnold had been to Port Noarlunga and was returning when disaster struck his vessel.

Constable Kroemer of Henley Beach reported the fire at sea to the charge-room officer at Port Adelaide Police Station (Constable EG Smith), and he in turn notified the Port Adelaide harbourmaster (Capt WH Baddams). That was at 1:15 am. Capt Baddams made prompt arrangements to give assistance, and in a very short time after the report had been received he left for the scene of the fire in the Harbours Board launch *Edith*.

When the *Edith* reached the *Four Winds* she was still blazing fiercely. Her masts and deck had gone, and she was alight right down to the water's edge. The fire was seen for miles in all directions. Capt Arnold and the three men accompanying him had abandoned the vessel and were in the dinghy to the windward of the fire, the boat being held to the wreck by a painter as otherwise a strong wind prevailing might have driven the dinghy out to sea.

The burning wreck was off a point between Henley and Grange, and about four or five miles out from the shore. It was seen at once that nothing could be done regarding the burning vessel, which by then was well waterlogged. Capt Arnold and his companions were therefore taken on board the launch, and conveyed to Semaphore Jetty as quickly as possible. On arrival at the jetty, hot tea was provided for the men.

Story of the Outbreak

The party had been to Noarlunga on a pleasure trip, and was returning to the Royal Yacht Squadron's moorings at Outer Harbor. The outbreak seems to have been in the auxiliary oil engine room, but the cause is unknown.

Capt Arnold believes he was the last to go below, and he left everything apparently all right. Leaving Port Noarlunga they ran towards Outer Harbor on the engine until off Glenelg. As they did not wish to reach the Squadron's moorings until daylight, the engine was then shut off and sails were set. They were practically becalmed, and all the men remained on deck.

About 11 o'clock one of the men called out he could hear a crackling noise below. Capt Arnold went below and found the place full of smoke. He took a fire extinguisher and started to spray it, but could not see the seat of the fire on account of the smoke, which eventually forced him to seek relief on deck.

One of the other men took his place, but he too was soon driven back. With an axe the top of the skylight over the engine room was then broken off, and an attempt was made to play the extinguisher through the opening. This apparently had little effect, for shortly afterwards the whole of the engine room burst into flames, which leapt high up through the skylight. One of the men jumped overboard, and for a time all the attention of the others had to be concentrated on getting him back again.

By the time this was accomplished, the fire had gained such a hold of the vessel that it was decided to abandon her. That was about midnight. The flames had such a hold by then that all had to make such a hasty departure from the ship to the dinghy that they had to leave behind all their clothing and effects. They hung on to the wreck in the dinghy until about 2:30 am, when the launch *Edith* arrived and took them on board.

The Wreck Sinks

During Wednesday morning another visit was paid to the wreck by Capt Baddams on the *Edith*, and the members of the Harbors Board, Messrs FA Farquhar (Chairman) and WJP Taylor were present. They found the wreck had sunk, there being at the spot about 22 ft at low water, leaving about 15 ft of water above the vessel. After a float had been put out to mark the spot, the launch returned to Semaphore.

Capt Arnold has been singularly unfortunate, as this is the second vessel of the name he has lost. He is a true sportsman, however, and took his present loss philosophically. It is understood the value of the *Four Winds* was about £3,000 and that she was insured for only about half that amount. The principal dimensions of the boat were:— Length 51 ft, beam 15 ft, draft 8 ft. she was fitted with a four-cylinder Lozier [?] engine and was built by Charles Joel of Sydney about four years ago. The vessel was of 25 tons.

Adventure and Bad Luck

This is the second boat of the name — *Four Winds* — that Capt Arnold has owned. The first was yawl-rigged and had practically the same dimensions as its successor. On June 23, 1923, Capt Arnold set out from Port Adelaide in the original craft with Messrs E Walker, FS Arnold and C Coombs and T Cook as the crew, with the intention of circumnavigating Australia by way of the East Indies. The boat met with disaster during very heavy weather and had to be beached at Anderson's Inlet near Cape Liptrap on the western side of Wilson's Promontory on the Victorian coast. The vessel was lost. At the time it was his intention to continue the undertaking, and he secured the present vessel. The journey, however, was not made.

There are no further references to *Four Winds* or to Captain Arnold.

Advertiser

Friday 29 December 1939

MISS JOYCE MARY NOLTENIUS eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Roy Noltenius of "Burnside" Murray Bridge to Max William Arnold, second son of Captain and the late Mrs. JG Arnold, of "Esmeralda" Mannum.

JG Arnold 1863–1949 Picture from SLSA

Murray Pioneer and Australian River Record

20 May 1915

THE LOCK THAT ISN'T BEING BUILT:

Work in connection with the construction of the first lock at Blanchetown seems a long- time starting. Shearlegs for the flying fox across the river are being erected, and stone is being quarried in a small way from the granite deposit near Mannum, but serious work, so it is said, is hung up pending the arrival of machinery from America. The riverboat ordered from America (though why it couldn't have been built here is hard to tell) is supposed to be coming out in sections, but no-one seems to know when it is likely to get here, and the possibilities are that it would have been ready much earlier if it had been built on the river. The 14 government barges, for which Capt. Arnold had the contract, are finished. They were constructed in seven months, though the contract allowed fifteen. Capt. Arnold had 70 men engaged on this job, and Mannum is a sad place now that it is finished.

Barbara Tink 20131117

I plan try to follow up on the uncles as I haven't investigated the family history of that generation except for his parents. It could be

a challenge as his parents (and most likely their siblings) came from Schleswig-Holstein and his mother left there to travel to Goteborg in 1864, at the height of the war over that area, between Denmark and Germany. JGA was born in Goteborg in 1865, not 1863, according to Swedish records.