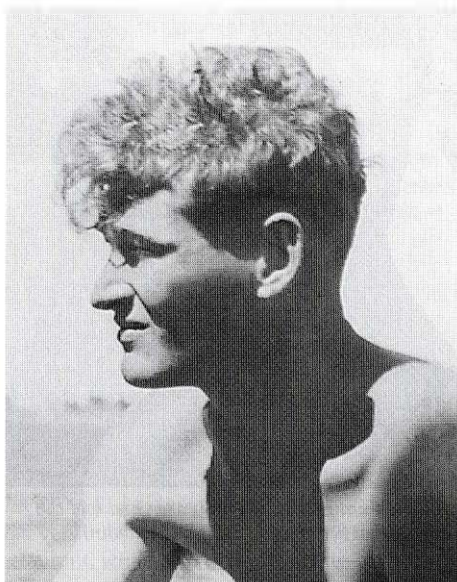


Into Tranquil Waters – Donald Hownslow Fraser



13 January 1932–17 October 1998

Pt. Lincoln born and Adelaide bred, Don Fraser, like Ratty, was happiest mucking around in boats. From a Cadet Dinghy, *Venture* at Largs in 1949-50 Don bought *Alma*, a Jubilee at the Squadron. In league with Clem Perrelle, John Wray, Chook Smith, Mark Tostevin, Colin Smith and others, Don sailed on the 'Grid'. This was past Commodore Jim Taylor's 1952 Sydney-Hobart winning Colin Archer ketch *Ingrid*. Then Don sailed with Joshka Grubic on *Marina* for a short time before he was transferred with Boral to Geelong. Next he went to Newcastle as Manager of Boral, where he had a Black Soo on Lake Macquarie. With his beloved Dianne and daughters Deb, Angela and Louise they had great sailing times on the Lake.

Brother Colin (*Spoonbill*) recalls being the only violin playing for 'ard hand rendering 'Night and Day' at the start of the return Gulf race from Port Vincent in about 1955 on *Alma*. Those were the days of sleeping on the wheat stacks on the wharf

and wondering why your back was as sore as your head in the morning. Watching through the window of the service station to see the town generator being closed down each night by an alarm clock attached to a rat trap connected to the stop switch was always an intriguing display of ingenuity and a Heath Robinson contraption. Although *Alma's* engine was a Chapman Pup, when unsuccessful attempts were made to start it then a whole host of far more descriptive names emerged, which worsened in direct proportion to the time taken to fire up!

About ten years ago Don sold up, bought a Roberts 45 ft ketch and cruised from Southport down the east coast to Newcastle, where he moored in Port Stephens until she was reluctantly sold. The Frasers recently bought a house at Port Stephens so that Don could be back near the sea. However, an unknown heart condition caught him in his usual full flight of life before they could sell their property out from Newcastle and move. This full of fun, warm, jovial and friendly yachting will be greatly missed by his old mates.

Don's quest for the sea and boats comes out in his poem 'Some day I'm Gunna Buy another Boat'.

SOME DAY I'M GUNNA BUY ANOTHER BOAT

Someday soon I'm gunna buy another boat.
It's that basic instinct, that need to be afloat,
That simple urge, that twisted torture of your sail
It's always at your heart, it's that ultimate goal.

You have to tell all 'cos it's really a mission
It's your aim, your desire and your every ambition
To give up fat job then sell up Great Hall,
Get rid of that car, for that boat cash all.

I'm definitely gunna buy a cruising yacht!

You have to tell all, you have to tell 'Her'
In moments of quiet as she leans to your purr,
You cuddle up closely stretch close to her throat,
Then blurt it out gruffly, 'Gotta buy 'nuther boat.'
A return to your youth, a quest for that flame.

A boat is a hope, but the sea's still the same.
No matter how old, every man's still a boy,
No matter how sick you'd still force a ploy.

You read every advert and yacht books galore,
You scout every boatshed but still you're ashore.
You go with another, but with all its flaws
It's just not the same, its gotta be yours.

You assess every asset, count every account;
You try every method to stretch the amount.
Just when you think that that boat will do,
Then up comes another that really is true.

You buy every ticket in Lotto each week,
You curse custom duties and taxes that seek
To limit those dreams of your boat far away —
Of Hong Kong, Manila, Macao and Taipeh.

You go to the wharf where the Yachties tie up:
Any excuse to go by, look around and chat up.
Each boat you assess and compare
with your dream:
Never just right — too big, fat, ugly or lean

You think of her comfort with galley just right,
Great big aft cabin and donk with some might;
A rig you could handle, an anchor winch too,
Gunwales and bulwarks and lines that are true.

That boat of my dreams, can there be one
To measure up perfectly and not cost a ton?
Surely I'll reach it, I really can't fail
In this quest, in this striving to own my own sail.

Don Fraser (1932–1998)

SQ

Alexander Richard Malone

1908 – 1999

He never liked his Christian names and all the world knew his craggy face and cheerful personality as Paddy.

In 1939 the Malone family moved to Brighton, where Paddy and his younger brother bought a cadet dinghy called *Sayonara* and joined Brighton and Seacliff Yacht Club.

On the outbreak of war the Secretary of B&SYC, Hugh Phillips, departed to join the Royal Navy, and the Treasurer, Keith Paterson, joined the Air Force. Paddy became Secretary/Treasurer until Japan entered the war at the end of 1941. By then there weren't many members left.

Paddy joined the RAN as an AB in the Naval Auxiliary Patrol (NAP). He was placed in the yacht *Para*, in which they followed a routine of 24 hours on and 24 hours off. His skipper was 'Jimmy' Wilde (or Wyld), who was a delightful chap to work for. Not that it was at all hard. They chugged out into the gulf by day, and at night often made fast to one of the beacons in the Port River. *Para* carried depth charges, but could not

move away quickly enough to use them in safety. If they had tried, they probably would have blown themselves up.

Seeking more action, Paddy and Keith Collison transferred to *Martindale*. The skipper was Reg Webb, owner of *Beth*, who was a good seaman but not as congenial as 'Jimmy' had been. They went up the east coast to Cairns and across the Coral Sea to Milne Bay. Paddy was gunner of the twin 0.5" machine guns on the foredeck. At this time a couple of similar small boats went missing, either by bad weather or through enemy action. Paddy fired his guns a couple of times in practice, but saw no action then or subsequently.

From Milne Bay they were sent to the D'Entrecasteaux and Trobriand Islands, where the natives were bright people. Norm Howard was in the area. He acquired a reputation for being something of a trader, taking stores from the American bases to sell to the islanders.

Paddy was not aboard *Martindale* when she went to the Philippines, including transporting General McArthur on one occasion. Towards the end of the war he came home on a RN troopship

and was in Adelaide waiting to be demobilised when the war ended in August 1945.

In partnership with his old cadet dinghy friend Geoff Arnold he bought an old 25-foot fishing boat which used to lie off Brighton beach. They removed the stout well and built a proper cabin for it. It was a very beamy boat (8-10 feet) with a draught of less than two feet. It rolled badly, but did not leak. They could not afford lead, which was in short supply anyway. At a spot beside the Port Adelaide Sailing Club they dipped cast-iron furnace links in hot tar to constitute internal ballast, and packed in as much as they could. Paddy participated in only one cruise as far as Edithburgh. Taking out the well had removed the principal strengthening element in a boat which was otherwise lightly built, although the mast and rigging were relatively massive.

His next acquisition was a "somewhat rough" Jubilee called *Hebe*, the name which he gave to some of his later boats. He chose the name because it was short and easy to recognise when shouted, not from the classical association. [Hebe was cup-bearer to the Gods on Mount Olympus. She was the goddess of youth, with the power of restoring the aged to youth and beauty.] Sometime before 1954 Paddy bought a better Jubilee from Melbourne, in which he competed in the national titles.



Sea Hawk lifted after three months on the bottom and dropped by a crane. (Rick Stutchbery)

At Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron his first boat was *Liat*, the Black Soo built by Graham Brown, and sailed by him with great success, usually single-handed. From this he moved to *Kareelah*, which he was obliged to relinquish when he had difficulty with maintenance. For years he came to Saturday lunches at the Squadron with his cronies, until he felt that he was becoming out of touch with a new generation of Members. He maintained his involvement with B&SYC, which was close to his home. After his death *The Advertiser* published an anonymous poem.

PADDY'S REEF

No monument needed
For Paddy Malone.
It's out in the sea,
A big lump of stone.
All sailors from Seadiff to the CYC
Reflect with fondness and steer to the lee.
A good spot to fish or a bit of a dive,
It remains for ever to keep Paddy alive.
His mates from the 'Cliff the green flash set,
Watch 'til sun and sea have finally met.
We watch every sunset in full belief,
Then look to the buoy on Paddy's Reef.

We extend our sympathy to his son Patrick, also known as Paddy, and to his daughter-in-law and four grand-daughters.

SQ

Quarterdeck

We again express our thanks to David Wright for his map to illustrate the article by Anthony Gates.

We report with regret the recent death of Mrs Jean Germein and express our condolences to her son Colin and other members of her family.

In our issue of March 1996: 24-27 we published what we called the Natural History of *Sea Hawk*, an old wooden vessel once owned by past Commodore Henry Rymill. Since then her frames 'let go' and she sank at her mooring. Max Holbrook saw her on the hard at the Small Boat Club last October, where Rick Stutchbery has almost finishing restoring her. It has been a very large job. In keeping with her character, she is to be fitted with a Clae engine.

Sea Hawk is to be formally launched in March, and Squadron Members are welcome to attend. At the time of going to press, a date was not finalised, so those interested should contact the Small Boat Club for details.

We will all long remember the tragic loss of life in the most recent Sydney-Hobart Race. There

was dramatic footage of very courageous rescuers dangling from helicopters and *Helsal II* pretending she was a submerging submarine, only to surface again. Our notable old stalwarts, past Commodores and Life Members Keith Flint and Jim Howell were both aboard her.

As we go to press, safety at sea is again topical with the misfortune of French sailor Isabelle Autissier, whose rescue in the Australian area of operations at great cost two years ago became controversial over the cost involved. On 16 February 1999 her yacht *PRB* capsized 1,900 nautical miles west of Cape Horn at about 55° S 127° W, putting her in the centre of an intense low producing fierce 35 to 45 knot winds and 25 ft seas.

She activated her EPIRB and GPIRB, and fellow competitor Giovanni Soldoni turned *Fila* back in heavy conditions to rescue her 24 hours later. He travelled 200 nm SE, at times in winds of 35 knots in seas to match! Throughout, thanks to the miracles of modern electronic technology, both were closely in touch with Race Headquarters by E-mail and voice communication, but not directly with each other. Mercifully they had only 25 knots SW when he threw a hammer on to the capsized hull to rouse her. Transfer via her life raft was uneventful.



Sea Hawk partially restored. (Max Holbrook)