

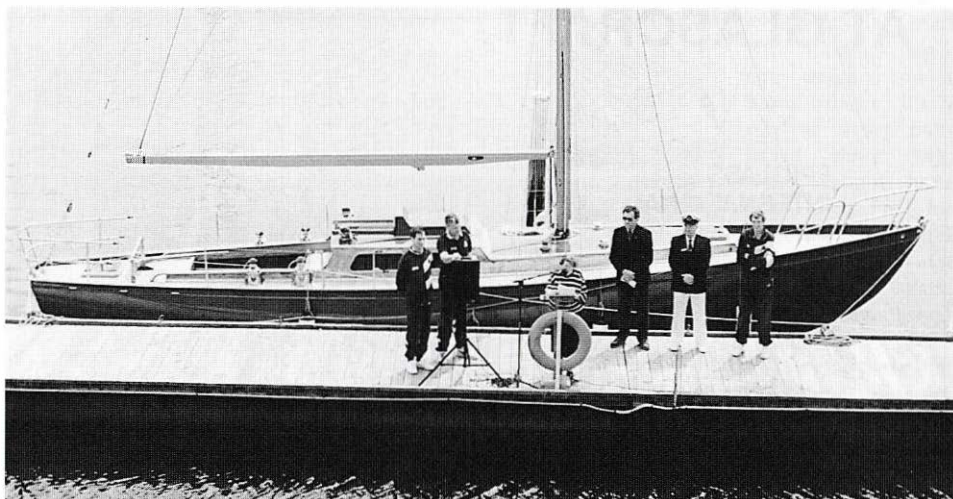
called Public Enemy Number One. Norm Howard was a very experienced and cautious seaman, who raced hard but refused to take foolhardy risks. He also showed those aboard his expectations of behaviour and courtesy, thereby adding another dimension to what they learned from him.

Inevitably, as Norman aged he found sailing a strain and he took up other interests, including travel to exotic places. He was a lifelong photographer on still and movie film, and some of his huge collection has been given to the historical component of the SA Film Corporation. Maintenance of the yacht grew beyond him, and she lay looking sadly neglected until he died in 1991. *Southern Myth* was bequeathed to his old school, St Peter's College. She was subsequently sold to Norman's sister Hilary (Mrs Barclay), who was determined that *Southern Myth* would not leave the Squadron. As though in sympathy with her master, the gallant old vessel slowly sank at her moorings. It seemed that she was a total loss, destined to be scrapped for salvage.

Hilary could not contemplate that. She provided funds to commence the restoration of the *Myth*, to which some of the former crew con-

tributed. On 6 November, the day after Opening Day, *Southern Myth* formally returned to the pool in her former glory, with the intention of entering her in the Vintage Division of the Fiftieth Anniversary Sydney-Hobart Race. Thereafter she will be used for a purpose which would be very dear to Norman's heart — as a training vessel for young people to follow those hundreds who gained so much from sailing with him. About 150 former crew members came to see Sir James Hardy (sometime *Myth* man) rededicate the vessel. He, Gerry Hargrave, Keith Flint, Peter Riddell and Andrew Sage spoke of their times with Norm, while his film, converted to video, was playing in the background. Hilary then spoke simply and movingly before presenting the Commodore with a print of the picture on our cover. The Squadron has a copy of my history, *The Repat: A Biography of Repatriation General Hospital (Daw Park) and a History of Repatriation Services in South Australia*. In that you will find the story of how Hilary Howard faced with cheerful courage the grave and prolonged consequences of her war service. The same strength of character sustained her through the restoration of the *Myth*. The Squadron owes a great debt to her for the commitment and generosity which have made it all possible.

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The rededication of Southern Myth, 6 November 1994

Once in a lifetime

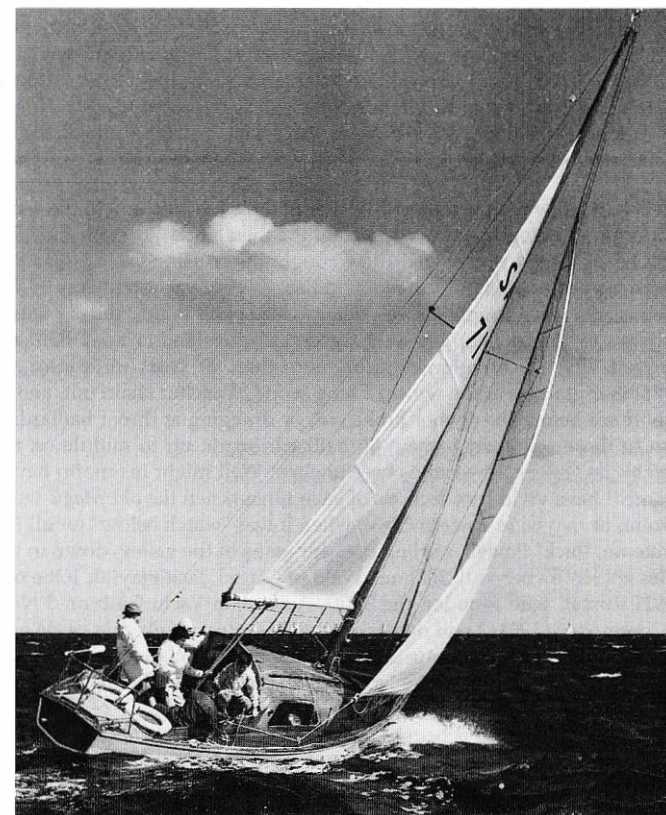
Peter Last

Past Commodore Sir Henry Bunday's book, *Reminiscences of twenty-five years' Yachting in Australia: an Essay on Manly Sports, a Cruise on Shore &c, &c* (together with) *Notes of a Voyage to China and Japan*, which was presented by the late Ian Dow, has an interesting account of one of his unique experiences.

"We had left Black Point [to return to Port Adelaide] for some time when the wind fell away to a dead calm. We were probably about six miles from land. Looking to the southward, where we expected the sea breeze, I thought I saw it coming feather white. "Stand by the halliards," was the caution, with a view of reducing sail. The man I had with me took a good long look, and said, "It's not wind, sir, it's porpoises!" Along they came, covering an enormous expanse of water, and springing into the air to a great height, causing a turmoil almost beyond belief — heading directly for where we were lying, almost motionless. As they approached nearer the man said, "By Jove, sir, they are not porpoises, they are black fish." (a species of small whale); and so it turned out. I do not think I have seen anything of its kind so grand. Unless one has witnessed such a sight they would not credit the vast distance these huge unwieldy fish will spring out of the water. I confess that their size and numbers made me a little anxious, for I thought that if one should spring up a short distance away from us, and fall on the cutter we should all probably go to Davy Jones' locker, and I was not at all

sorry when the enormous school passed us. I should think the smallest fish amongst them would weigh at least half a ton, and they were travelling to the north at great speed. This incident occurred nearly twenty years ago, but its unusual nature has caused me to remember it with great distinctness." [The book was published in 1888.]

We had a closely similar experience in *Kareelah* on Tuesday 15 January 1974, about eight miles south of Althorpe Island. On a lovely summer's day we had left Pondolowie bound for Hawk's Nest in somewhat fickle conditions. Anne (aged thirteen) wrote in her diary, "During one of the fresh sails we saw some sea creatures up ahead. It turned out to be a few dolphins. Steadily they



Kareelah at Port Vincent, 1968 (Bryan Price)

increased in numbers. Suddenly they started to come in from every direction as far as we could see. They were several deep and hundreds wide. We counted 200, and there were many more than that. Then they started doing tricks — jumping well over seven feet and falling in again with enormous splashes which soaked us through standing up at the bow. Gradually they died away."

These weren't the familiar dolphins of the gulfs, but larger and blacker. Dr John Ling, a noted cetacophile, says that they would have been pilot whales or false killer whales. They were the "black whales" hunted almost to extinction

by the South Australian Company and other whalers (by whaler and from the shore) in the early days of the Province of South Australia. In the clear water we could see ranks of them extending down to considerable depths, effortlessly keeping pace with the little yacht, and often turning on their sides to regard us. Going below their squeaks were quite loud, such as we had never heard before or since. We were entranced for about an hour, rejoicing in their apparent pleasure, as though they were giving us our own Marine Land show. We and our children were left with a vivid memory to carry all our lives of a wonderful and apparently quite unusual phenomenon.



WG Randall was a prominent Member of the Squadron and in the early years of the century was our Honorary Photographer (as he was of the then larger Port Adelaide Sailing Club). He was Inspector of Oyster Fisheries, and in 1910 he bought the cruising yacht *Utiakah*. "He will use her in connection with his duties." He published a popular series of yachting yarns in *The Saturday Journal* in 1924. His comments were sought on the death of Magnus Wald, and he was quoted, 'Magnus Wald (Mag always to old friends) has discharged port dues and crossed the bar, "outward bound". Mag and myself were yachting friends for more than 40 years. A bright, genial, lovable fellow he was. Whether grafting at the winch, a long scope of anchor chain out, and *Magic* dipping bowsprit into a short sea before the anchor broke out, or dragging at throat halliards of her heavy mainsail, tailing on to those outrageous chain jib halliards, again up to middle on the beach hauling a fish net at night, he was just the same cheerful chap. Well might his motto have been *semper idem*: always the same. I have vivid recollections of such times when the old *Magic* would be lying at anchor at Black Point, or maybe in Eastern Cove, when it was "watch below" for all hands. There would be that old veteran, "Jack" Powell, rattling pots and pans in the galley, down in the cabin would be Mag, Willie Russell [co-owner with Magnus Wald of *Magic*], Jack Playfair [One of the seven men, together with WH Russell who founded the South Australian Yacht Club on 5 November 1869] and Will Fisher [Commodore 1901-2 and owner of *Reverie*, a deck of playing cards on the table, one of the company giving forth concertina music, and a blue fog of tobacco smoke one could scarcely cut with a bait knife. Alas, this quartet have "gone west". One of the penalties attached to outliving one's friends is a sense of loneliness, something missing. Still there comes a gleam of brightness in the remembrance of the old couplet, "It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all".'

WG Randall was succeeded as Inspector of Oyster Fisheries by his son WD Randall. In turn his son, Jack Randall of Port Lincoln is well known as a yachtsman and photographer. Jack called his Black Soo *Utiakah*. He wrote, "A lot of my early years were spent aboard *Tarpeena* (ex *Utiakah*). She was later owned by one of the Moonta Bay Simms family and was at Port Pirie in the late 1940s."

Letters to the Editor

PMB 182
Kingscote 5223
6 October 1994

One of our members with much more experience of Sultana Passage than I has drawn my attention to a possible error in the directions for that Passage in my book, *Anchoring and Anchorages in South Australia*. He said that if you steer directly from the Edithburgh jetty towards the beacon half-a-mile or so south-east of Sultana Point you will run aground a few hundred metres south of the jetty on the bank that shelters the Edithburgh anchorage.

Anthea and I investigated this claim on our way home to American River on Monday 3 October after the cruise held on the long weekend. Starting from a point fifty metres off the end of the jetty (to clear the fishing lines!) the least depth we found between there and Sultana Point was four metres. We were very careful to keep on the transit line towards the beacon. We did not investigate the depth of water inshore from this shallowest point, but I doubt if we would have run aground had we started from close to the jetty. It may be, however, that to be safe a bias to the east through this part of the passage would be prudent. When Sultana Point is abeam a course is set directly towards the green entrance buoy. We found the coordinates of this buoy by our GPS to be the same as the chart.

James Cowell

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I remember well the storm described on page 44 of the last issue of *Squadron Quarterly*. My father's *Enchantress* was on the slip. [This was the Black Soo, not the subsequent larger vessel with the same name. — Ed.] Our fibreglass dinghy had been modified to sit over the coach roof. I had been told to see if it fitted.

I and a helper had hauled it up and fitted it on the foredeck, when we saw the most awesome sight approaching. This was an absolutely straight line of black clouds from, I think, the SW. As it approached one could see the clouds above and behind the straight leading edge swirling round viciously. We retreated to the ground, and awaited what was coming with some trepidation. My recollection of the first gust was that it was 80 knots, but I might be exaggerating slightly. [I'm sure you are not! — Ed.] I do remember that the whole surface of the pool was just flying spume, to a height of about ten feet.

I recall the boat *Southern Cross* returning some time later with a very hacked up mast. The dinghy I had on *Enchantress'* foredeck was blown clean off and landed on the slipway. It was quite a heavy moulded fibreglass dinghy — not what you would expect the wind to pick up.

I have always remembered that day, and hoped that I would not be at sea when something like that passed.

John Muirhead

New By-Law OH 37

Speed Limit: Vessels must travel and be manoeuvred at safe speeds within the pool, having due regard to pontoons, piles and other craft. No vessel shall exceed three (3) knots within the confines of the pool.