

CORRESPONDENCE ...

Chris stocked the island with sheep and a few cattle and (more important to us) turkeys. Unfortunately he did not have enough capital to develop it properly and freight was a killer as has since been found on K.I.

Andrew Golly had been raising remounts for the Indian army on Wedge Island for many years and a feature of both Wedge and Thistle Island was the annual arrival of many thousands of quail which apparently used the islands as a staging camp on their migration from China. The horses on Wedge did not graze closely and left plenty of cover and the barley on both islands was harvested with a stripper, leaving long standing straw at the quail period providing ideal cover for them. The few hundred that we visiting yachtsmen shot every year had no bearing at all on the quail stocks but within five years of changing over from horses and barley to sheep, quail were virtually never seen on the islands again.

Just one rather amusing anecdote to finish off. We had been invited to dinner by the Wades, as usually happend when we visited Thistle loaded down with stores from Lincoln or to pick up Chris to take him back to Adelaide.

Someone happend to comment on the rather peculiar colour of the bread and Mrs. Wade said "Oh, I always put a bit of Cobalt nitrate in when I'm making the bread. If the sheep need it to prevent them getting "coasty", surely we must"! I think maybe it was too late!

Colin

VESSEL CHANGES, ADMISSIONS, DEPARTURES, ETC.

"Hecate"	W.J. Tedmanson. Commodore's new 3/4 Ton Class.
"Sapriste"	R. Baker. Dragon Class. Fibreglass hull.
"Quasar"	B. Sutherland & R.G. Brown. Voortrecker Class. Mooring allocated.
"Lysander"	Motor Cruiser. Mooring allocated.
"Nijong"	Sold. Gone to Port Lincoln.
"Koa-Atea"	Sold. Going out of pool.

THE ULTIMATE OUTBOARD

We come now to a piece of equipment which still brings anger to our hearts and, we hope, some venom to our pen. Perhaps in self-defense against suit, we should say, "The outboard motor mentioned in this book is purely fictitious and any resemblance to outboard motors living or dead is coincidental". We shall call this contraption, for the sake of secrecy, a Hansen Sea-Cow - a dazzling little piece of machinery, all aluminum paint and touched here and there with spots of red. The Sea-Cow was built to sell, to dazzle the eyes, to splutter its way into the unwary heart. We took it along for the skiff. It was intended that it should push us ashore and back, should drive our boat into estuaries and along the borders of little coves. But we had not reckoned with one thing. Recently, industrial civilization has reached its peak of reality and has lunged forward into something that approaches mysticism. In the Sea-Cow factory where steel fingers tighten screws, bend and mold, measure and divide, some curious mathematick has occurred. And that secret so long sought has accidentally been found. Life has been created. The machine is at last stirred. A soul and a malignant mind have been born. Our Hansen Sea-Cow was not only a living thing but a mean, irritable, contemptible,