

Out among the People

By
Vox

I MUST say more about our pleasant fishing cruise round the historic islands off Port Lincoln in Mr. J. T. Mortlock's yacht Martindale.

Mr. L. Harrington, who was staying with his son at Port Lincoln, joined the party for a few days, and we went on to Taylor's Island, where we found the sweep so plentiful that hooking big ones was like shovelling coals into a hold. Mr. Harry Hatwell caught three rock cods on his line simultaneously, and Rocko Quinn called him "King of the 'Boys of the Village'"; these fish are known to fishermen by the latter name. Like Mr. Hatwell, Dr. McAree and Mr. Scarfe were in their element landing the vigorous sweep as big as soup plates.

Where Did The Rats Come From?

WHILE we were fishing round the adjacent islands, Captain Tapley recalled that, when he was a young man 40 years ago, he landed on Grindal Island, on which were hundreds of Cape Barren geese. He asked, in surprise, what the buggy wheel tracks were, and learnt that these were rat pads.

"The rats suddenly disappeared, and have not been seen since," he told us. "They used to run over everything and everybody at night. Years ago on Hopkins (Snake) Island, now, by the way, leased by Dr. Angus Johnson as a bird sanctuary, we were getting guano out of the caves, and father's partner, Charlie Atkins, left a sheath knife in a cave. Rats ate all the wood off the handle."

How He Fell On The Shark

"HOW did you manage to fall on top of the shark?" I asked Skipper Tapley.

"Oh," he said, "I had harpooned him, and he pulled me overboard at Whaler's Bay, Thistle Island. We got into a big school of salmon. A seal came along, and Ric Simms and I were punching him with the end of the paddle. He got sick of it, and then a 6 ft. shark got over the top of the net. We made a terrific jab at him with the harpoon, and the next minute I was on top of him. I got out of the water in double quick time, and Ric Simms left him in the net. Later Ric went back to finish him and nearly fell in the same way as I did."

Back At Port Lincoln

WE had good snapper fishing off Taylor's Island, where Mr. Scarfe created intense enthusiasm among those aboard the whaler, and the cry of "My word, you've got something good there," came from Mr. Hatwell.

The line was straining and quivering,

good there, came from Mr. Hatwell.

The line was straining and quivering, and presently something resembling the silver sides of a huge sweep appeared near the surface. It was a "tinny"—the top of a petrol tin. Mr. Scarfe and Rocko Quinn scored with their little joke.

When we were anchored in Port Lincoln again, Roy Secker (manager of Yalluna Station) came aboard the Martindale with his wife and two children, and Mrs. Secker and her daughter landed a few fish from the yacht.

I went along the sea front, and ran into Peter Sinclair, but missed seeing Muir McFarlane, who was away looking after the shearing at his property. Peter and I went up to Cecil Doudy's office, and had a chat with him.

In the evening, after we had said good-bye to Mr. Hatwell, who left in the Minnipa, Dr. McAree and Mr. Scarfe played bridge with the Harringtons, and Mr. Mortlock and I went to the pictures. The theatre was crowded, and many people could not get seats. After the excellent season, Port Lincoln appears to be booming.

Homeward Bound

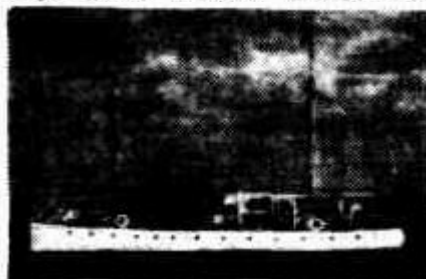
EARLY next morning we left for Thistle Island, towing Mr. Lewis Tapley's cutter. Mr. Tapley is handing over the island to Mr. Chris. Wade, who has installed a wireless telephone there.

Apropos communication between there and Port Lincoln, the skipper of the Martindale told us that his brother used to take a homing pigeon with him on his sail to Port Lincoln, and release it to notify his people that the cutter had cleared Cape Donnington, near Boston Island.

Dropping Mr. Tapley astern at Thistle Island, we waved farewell to him, and headed smartly for Wedge Island, where Mr. Andrew Golley lives alone. Mr. Mortlock and some members of the party went ashore, and Mr. Golley came aboard later, and had a chat.

He said that he gets his mail only once in four months, when the steamer Cape York does a round of the light-houses. Wedge Island is a noted place for quail, but Mr. Golley told us that he has never seen them so scarce as they are this year.

"When Mr. Rymill was here a couple of years ago," he said, "it was a won-



MOTOR YACHT MARTINDALE

derful sight to see 200 to 300 quail in front of you, like a cloud."

Mr. Golley reckons that there are 400 to 500 goats and more than 100 horses, light and medium draughts, and heavy ponies, on Wedge Island.

Mr. Golley went home with a nice parcel of dainties, and we headed off for Pondalowie Bay, where we anchored at 7 p.m.

Walk To Inneston

WE put in another good day's fishing in Pondalowie Bay, and Bob Tietzke prepared palatable snapper and whiting for dinner that night.

Next day Mr. Scarie, Elwyn Scarie, Norman Jolly, Jeff Thrum, and I walked six miles to Inneston, where Miss Marjorie Shepherd, niece of Jim Berry, well known Lock farmer and sportsmen, arranged telephone calls for us.

On the way we noticed many well-bred Red Poll cattle. These, I learnt from Mr. J. A. S. Innes, are descended from the bull that Mr. Fred Scarie imported from the King's herd at Sandringham some years ago.

After we had had a chat with Mr. Innes, who has charge of the big gypsum and salt works there, he kindly offered to send us back to Pondalowie Bay in his car. His 13-year-old son, Jim Innes, was almost hidden behind the wheel, and young Max Baddock accompanied him.

We were so appreciative of the ride that we took the youngsters aboard the Martindale, where they were very enthusiastic over what Mr. Mortlock showed them. They are a pair of bright lads. Jim Innes was home from St. Peter's College boarding school for the holidays.

We waited at the bay for a favorable wind for two more days, and meanwhile Dr. McAree and I did a 13 miles' walk to Inneston and back. The exercise did us good. The doctor never missed his morning and evening skip on the deck.

At Inneston we had lunch with Mrs. Innes, and admired her artistic paintings, ferns, and fine carnations in her garden.

Next morning the anchor was weighed at 4.15 and we had a splendid trip to Edithburgh and across the gulf. We reached the Outer Harbor shortly before 5 o'clock, went ashore, and sent telephone messages, and at 6 p.m. the Martindale tied up at her moorings at Birkenhead.

Thus ended one of the most ideal sea holidays one could wish to have.

