

R. S. A. I. S.

THE CRUISE OF THE "NERIDA"

3rd - 24th February 1934

HARDY, TOM M.

Owner, and otherwise
described as the Master.

ELMER, GEO.

Engineer, etc. etc.

DEMPSTER, G.C.

Cook and sometimes Chef,
but only when dressed
for the part.

WIGAN, L.J.C.

On deck, second engineer
etc. etc.

FORD, NORMAN

Scribe, and on deck.

When, under the hands of R.T. Searles & Sons, "NERIDA" commenced to take shape, it was agreed that five of us, who appeared to be most interested in her coming into being, should make up her crew when she set out on her first voyage. The date of departure was fixed, more or less tentatively, at 3rd February 1934 and strange to relate, all of us were able, finally, to fix this date on which to start our annual leave.

Saturday - 3rd February duly arrived and much stowing of gear and groceries (wet and dry varieties) occupied the greater part of the afternoon, the Master's wife in the meantime trying to win for the umpteenth time the Ladies' Bracelet. She didn't succeed, but her strenuous efforts demanded that she should be fed and so she, accompanied by Mrs. Wigan and Miss Somerville, stayed to dine on porterhouse steak with the usual trimmings. The ladies were finally disposed of and at 9.30 pm the deck became active and at 10.15 "Merida" was outside the Basin ready and prepared to go wherever the wind, and occasionally the engine, were willing to take her. Outside the Revetment Mound at 10.35 pm Wind right ahead and a considerable joggle as the aftermath of the strong Sou'Wester which had been much in evidence throughout the afternoon. It was decided to work down the Eastern side of St. Vincent's Gulf in the hope that the wind would have some East in it, lower down. Short tacks were persisted in down to Glenelg when the wind veered in to the South East; and with a small moon in the Western sky and the seas going down a delightful sail followed.

Sunday - 4th February. The sun rose in an almost cloudless sky and as we approached Backstairs Passage the wind gathered force. At 11.30 am, with Rapid Head abeam, a course was laid for Pt Marsden, distant 26 miles W. by S. "Merida" going well in a calm sea, had Pt Marsden abeam at 3.35 pm: half a mile off shore. Rounded White Point into Bau Bay - then giving the reef on Cape Distaing a wide berth skirted Smith's Bay and Dashwood's Bay, fairly close in and came abreast of Cape Cassini at 6.15 pm. The log was streamed

and we proceeded W. by S. with the idea of having a close up view of the North coast of Kangaroo Island. Sailing conditions perfect - temperature a little on the cool side (after the recent burst of heat) a cloudless sky and excellent visibility. Just as night was falling, or to be more exact at 7.30 pm, we came to anchor in Stokes Bay. The Pilot correctly says "Foul ground," but with the wind off shore and neither the sky nor the barometer saying anything to indicate any other conditions, we were content to rest awhile. The angling experts busy squidding and one large creature was added to the bait supply.

Monday - 5th February. Coffee on the table at 5 am by which time the clean members of the crew had "abluted." Then the anchor was got and before a light wind from the E.S.E. we sailed due West to Cape Dutton, the idea being to explore Snelling's Beach against its probable use in the near future. Another beautiful day with a clear sky and a smooth sea. Snelling's Cove found to be an excellent anchorage with the wind anywhere from S.E. round by S. to S.W. The wind here failed us - under engine and very close inshore, we inspected Western River and then passed on in search of Snug Cove. Saw it but could not reconcile it with what had been described to us, so went on West to Cape Forbin - rounded the corner and having put the position beyond doubt, turned East and checked the distance run on the log. Snug Cove it was. The "outboard" was called into service and Biner and Ford went ashore. They found the cove quite an attractive spot - for photographers - and perhaps reasonably safe in some weathers for a boat with considerable engine power. For sails only, No! The dinghy was put aboard at 12.40 pm and a course was laid N.N.W. for Wedge Island, distant 37 miles N.W. by N. The glass falling, sky overcast and a light rain, suggested the approach of a minor change. It fizzled out however, and we proceeded under power over a sea that filled Masfield's description "like a strip of steel." The Wedge in sight at 3 pm - porpoises playing all around us and a snapshot enthusiast out on the bowsprit exercising his patience in an endeavour to get a picture of the playful creatures. Darkness fell and although

the moon was hidden behind the clouds the visibility was quite good enabling us to keep the Wedge well in sight. Came to anchor at 10.30 pm in 4 fathoms with the fishing cutter "JENNIFER" close by. Under the lee of the Island the water was calm as a mill pond, the Westerly swell noticed on the way across failing to get round the corners.

Tuesday - 6th. The sun rose in a cloudless sky - a faint air blowing from the East. All members of the crew showed a cleanly habit by pouring copious supplies of water over themselves before sun up. Cheers! Early breakfast and then Dempster and Ford went ashore. Hardy, Elmer and Wigan off to North Island, fishing. Rymill's ground on S.E. side opposite a sand patch high on the hill-side (clearly visible from the anchorage) was not tried but several very large fish were obtained on the N.E. side (with Thistle Island just opened up) about 40/50 yards from the shore and almost opposite a prominent sandy patch.

Met Andrew Colley, the sole occupant of the Island, excepting of course his hundred head of horses, a large herd of goats, numbers of pigs, all shapes and sizes and decidedly variegated as to colour, turkeys, fowls, quail (in hundreds) and the usual complement of sea fowl, and one Mr Neilson, alleged to have been marooned by the fishing cutter "Sea Hawk." Mr Neilson (or Nelson) did not appear to be worrying overmuch and his chief needs appeared to be a shave and tobacco. He was plentifully supplied, by the "Merida" crew, with the latter, which makes it difficult to understand the tale told by the Advertiser's special reporter on the "Cape York," that the castaway had had nothing to smoke but tea leaves during his "enforced" sojourn on the Island.

The Wedge is a most interesting island - the West coast about as rugged as one could wish to see. The Eastern side has a most beautiful beach which affords excellent bathing. Quail are present in hundreds and in addition there were observed many spurwing plover (a wise bird that never rises without warning everything in the vicinity that he has been disturbed), one sea eagle, restless fly-

/catchers

catchers, red capped dotterels, sandpipers, ground larks and wrens: also one very prettily marked small lizard of active habit.

Messrs A. Knapman, F. Bromley, H. Mumme and J. Green ex "Jennifer" this day made an early morning call with whiting for breakfast and for a listen to Gracie Fields. In the afternoon the outboard took us to the entrance of West Bay - sloppy conditions prevented us from doing exploratory work, so went ashore again to introduce the Master to the proprietor, the aforesaid Colley. This man, born on the Island, has known no other home. Over it he roams hatless and bootless - and as that curse boxthorn is flourishing, he must have some exciting moments when in pursuit of a goat, which is apparently his main article of diet. Eimer and Ford climbed to the highest point of the Island - 662 feet - from which altitude a splendid view is to be had. The mainland on each side of the Gulf plainly visible. In the N.W. Thistle Island very prominent. In the South the coast of Kangaroo Island from Borda to Cape Cassini and beyond to Pt Maraden. In the middle distance the Althorpes and the Yorke's Peninsula coast from Cape Spencer to Royston Head. Aboard again and at 9.20 pm Chef Dempster put before us one of his waterless cooker efforts. These performances on the part of Dempster bulk so largely in these records as to demand the reminder that hunger is the best sauce after all.

Wednesday. In the night the wind backed into the North and caused a considerable range to set in shore, but beyond a little pitching there was nothing to complain of. Coffee at dawn and just as the sun rose in a sky all scarlet and gold, we left the Wedge with a light North Easter and in the company of thousands of small flies. On clearing North Island quite a nice little breeze came in but it died on us and approaching Thistle Island the engine's aid was invoked. Passing close by Horney Point we looked in on Whalers Bay, which the Northerly range made untenable, skirted the high cliffs, rounded Observatory Point, leaving Black Rock well to starboard and stood across to Taylor Island, leaving Grindal Island to port. Visibility good and as we moved in the direction of our intended anchorage, all

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the Islands of the Group came into view - Williams, Smith Hopkins, Lewis, Little, Grindal, Taylor and all of them dominated by Thistle Island lying right behind us and conjuring up recollections of our reading of the tragic fate that overtook the unfortunate party from the "Investigator" on 22nd February 1802.

Approaching Taylor Island, the wind came in suddenly out of the Nor'west. The jib was taken off and one reef tied down in the mainsail. For the next two hours it blew hard and the wind was extraordinarily hot, suggesting bush fires inland or a day of quite abnormal temperature. There followed an exhilarating beat up the Thorny Passage, with the spray flying, and at 4 pm the anchor was let go at the Southern end of a white beach, with little Taylor bearing "damned near East," which is literally as the skipper put it when appealed to for information as to the position.

Thursday. Barometer 29.80 and still falling. After an oppressively hot night with hardly a movement in the air, we awoke to find a flat calm and a clearing sky. Dempster and Hardy with Ford at the oars (a position he was destined to occupy for the rest of the day, or so it seemed) went in pursuit of sweep. They were found all right, but they were keeping company with too many Rock Cod. After breakfast, a light Easterly set in so the anchor was got and we proceeded to McLaren Point where the skipper betrayed a fondness for a lamentable local habit of substituting "better" names for those figured on the chart. At "Lodge Point" snapper are said to abound so he and Ford (the latter at the oars) went in search of a sunken rock which proved to be as elusive as Potters Rock. Back and forth went the dinghy until there had been worked on an area, many acres in extent, a pattern that would have put a patchwork quilt to shame. At long last, broken ground was found and off it 3 Snapper and 1 large Garnard were fished. But it took time and when the yacht was again boarded one member of the fishing party had earned his beer: and he had it. Then on to Cape Donington, passing between it and Donington Reef (not Snapper Rocks, if you please) and Port Lincoln Harbour. At the entrance to Spalding Cove the "Olivebank" (4 M. Barque) was at

/anchor

anchor, discharging ballast. The engine this day misbehaved itself and after well nigh crippling Eimer and Wigan, decided of its own free will, (if engines possess such a commodity) to go again just to deprive them of the pleasure of dismantling it.

Stopped for the night in Porter Bay, the anchor being dropped a quarter of a mile inside Pt. Kirton. Eimer and Ford (the latter still qualifying for a position as assistant to Charon) set the gill net. Their enterprise produced 20 fine Tommy Roughts - *Arripis Geor-gianus*, native name Wankaldi and for further information see Waite's "Fishes of South Australia." Barometer this night fell to its lowest point during the three weeks cruise - 29.70. Every appearance of a change close at hand.

Friday - 9th February. Change arrived at 5 a.m., with wind of moderate gale force from S.W.; the yacht riding easily to 30 fathoms of chain. Wind died down quickly and by 11 a.m. was blowing fresh from the S.W. All hands ashore after lunch, in search of provisions, a search that brought us into touch with a Greek who emerged from behind a sign that told all and sundry that G. MARCOLOS was prepared to sell Fruit, Vegetables, Sweets, Fish and Chips, Oysters and Dairy Produce. Marcolos, or perhaps it was his deputy, preferred not to sell any eggs because he couldn't "garntee" them. Poking a not too attractive face up to within an inch or so of the Master's nose, he explained in a voice that could be heard very plainly that he couldn't "garntee" the eggs - "you go away, - you break one - you find 'un not fresh - and you say "That - -". And the blanks represent exactly what any one of us would have said in the circumstances.

The sortle on the food supplies necessitated hiring a car to get us and the goods back to the waiting dinghy. Lifted the anchor and went across to Fisherman's Point in Spalding Cove - a beautiful little anchorage in 2½ fathoms of water over sand. Eimer took advantage of the stillness to shatter the tranquillity of the evening by charging the batteries. Gill net set by the Master and Ford - catch Tommies, Mullet, Flathead and Whiting. Chef Dempster

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this night prepared a meal of Stewed Lamb garnished with a wide range of vegetables including Green Peas, Celery, Carrots, Onions etc. etc. - a meal that made such an appeal to all hands that the Master ordered it to be logged. So here it is.

Saturday - 10th February. Rose at daylight. Early breakfast and an early departure for the Islands of Sir Joseph Banks Group. Wind very light from the South East. On arrival at English Island the dinghy put out so that the Master might satisfy a life long ambition by catching some large sweep and a black bream of quite respectable dimensions. Dempster, Elmer and Ford were then allowed to try their skill, but the fish having in mind their experience at the hands and lines of Hardy and Wigan, refused to bite. A landing was made of the Islet to the consternation of some hundreds of nesting Cormorants who deserted their eggs to the joy of the Gulls which immediately invaded the nests. A number of seals, sunning themselves on the rocks, put their safety beyond doubt by taking to the water. The behaviour of these harmless creatures suggested a recent visit from someone who would come under the newspaper description of a "sportsman."

At 5 p.m. the anchor was put over in 2½ fathoms at the Northern end of Spilsby. Went ashore to verify the statement re the offspring of a pair of Chinchilla rabbits which some misguided person had liberated on this island. The information was found to be true as to numbers, but the rabbits are not so tame as was represented. They are there in thousands: Dempster gave a wonderful imitation of a certain gentleman stalking and finally falling on bunny, but when the startled creature was let go just to see if Dempster could repeat the performance, it was found to be quite easy as rabbits suffering from paralysis in the hind quarters are not so spry as they might be.

The new owner, a Mr. Scruby, was moving in: he is used to the island, having been in occupation some 25 years ago, and has a high opinion of it as a fat lamb raising proposition and also for barley growing. He has a job of work ahead of him clearing up after years of neglect and it is to be hoped that he will not have to burn off all the

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growth in order to clear out the rabbits. Just enough cloud in the sky this evening to make a very beautiful sunset.

Sunday - 11th February. Early to rise and to find another calm day in the making. Left with the intention of visiting Dangerous Reef and its bird life and seals, but after several hours of close hauled work we gave up the attempt. The wind fell lighter and lighter: the sky becoming overcast with some lightning in the N. and N.E. The fishing cutter "Gladys" out of Moonta passed us, close enough to exchange greetings. With her surprisingly light and white canvas, under all sail including a jack yard topsail and a water sail, she was going well in the light air. The wind shifted back into its old quarter, so we made for Spalding Cove and Fisherman's Point. Before coming to anchor for the night, we rested awhile at the foot of Stamford Hill (474 feet) which Dempster, Elmer and Ford proceeded to climb. It was from this point that Matthew Flinders, accompanied by Midshipman Franklin (afterwards Sir John Franklin), surveyed the harbor and named it and many of the outstanding features of the landscape. It was noticed with regret that vandals had been at work on the monument. Some of them had gone to the trouble of chiselling on it the names of people who really do not count for much in the scheme of things.

Then to Fisherman's Point for the night and once again the gill net functioned. Dinner (a late one) the joint effort of the Master and Dempster, was such an excellent effort as to merit special mention. And so to bed.

Monday, 12th. An early rising. Coffee on the table at 6 a.m. and taking no thought of breakfast we set out on a second attempt at Dangerous Reef. On clearing Cape Donington we found plenty of wind outside, but dead ahead and a considerable sea. Turned up all hopes of visiting the reef and made down the passage for Taylor Island. A splendid sail with much spray flying and came to an anchor on the S.W. end of Taylor's, with the fishing cutter "Playfair" (named after one of her builders), Walter Westerman and "Uncle" in charge, anchored about

a cable's length to windward. All hands except Chef Dempster (very busy with Mrs. MacLurcan) ashore for a walk and further study of the Islands of the Group, from the height attained by Taylor Island, 227 feet. Two members of the party traversed the full length of the Island on its Western side and returned by the Eastern side. A beautiful seascape.

The Master, a great believer in local knowledge, went on board the "Playfair" and on some pretence or other, prevailed upon her owner to visit "Merida." He came accompanied by his passenger one Mummery, a toothsmith out of Port Lincoln. The chart was produced and much talk about bearings on Marum, Stickney, Roxby, Kirkby and all the other "bys" was indulged in by Westerman and his host while the rest of us did a little quiet drinking. Judging from a remark dropped subsequently by Westerman, visiting yachtsmen apparently do not cultivate the fisherman to any extent. Which is a pity, for a fairly long experience of the men on the cutters has shown them to be, in the main, a splendid lot of fellows, obliging to a degree and ever ready to tell the amateurs as much as they need to know about the locality they happen to be visiting. But we'll spare the Master's blushes, by closing the incident.

After dinner, a MacLurcan curry - (logged it is) the gill net went ashore but the catch consisted mainly of small carpet sharks, who being devoid of backbone are able to contort themselves in a fashion that would make Perry the Frog go greener than ever. They didn't do the net much good.

Tuesday - 13th February. Tea on the table at 6 a.m. and the anchor was hove up. Arrived at that very beautiful spot Memory Cove, where we breakfasted. Then ashore to look upon the tablet which was erected in place of the one made by Flinders to record the loss of John Thistle, the Master, William Taylor, Midshipman, and six men of the "Investigator's" crew, Lewis, Little, Grindal, Hopkins, Smith and Williams.

Flinders in his Journal of a voyage round Australia wrote

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that the party had gone ashore at Memory Cove to search for water. The background of densely clothed hills of considerable height would naturally suggest the presence of water soakages, but the party were unsuccessful in their quest: they were seen to put out into the Thorny Passage but were apparently caught in the tide ripples and capsized. The inscription on the tablet records the disaster in terse seamanlike fashion, as follows:

MEMORY COVE.

H.M.S. Investigator. M. Flinders, Comr.
anchored here February 22nd, 1802.

Mr John Thistle, the Master, Mr. William
Taylor, Mid'n. and six of the crew were most
unfortunately drowned near this place from being
upset in a boat. The wreck of the boat was
found but their bodies were not recovered.

NAUTICI CAVEATE.

Flinders felt the loss of Thistle keenly and expressed his sorrow in unmistakable language - he was apparently one of England's lesser worthies - men who in Newbolt's fine phrases:

"Whether their fame centuries long should ring
They cared not overmuch
But cared greatly to serve God and the King
And keep the Nelson touch.
And fought to build Britain above the tide
Of wars and windy fate;
And passed content, leaving to us the pride
Of Lives obscurely great."

So matter of fact were these "dogs of an elder day" that but for the disaster that befell the men of the "Investigator," the world would have known of Bass only as a member of the boat's crew that sailed and rowed from Port Jackson to Westernport Victoria -

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the wonderful journey that led ultimately to the discovery of the fact that Van Diemen's Land was not a part of the mainland of Australia. But Flinders in his notice of the passing of his Master mentions that he accompanied Mr. Bass on his voyage in the ship's boat and subsequently was one of the eight men who volunteered to man the "Norfolk" when Flinders and Bass set out to put at rest all doubts as to the existence of a strait between the two lands.

Fishing at the cove no good, so after a bathe, sail was made and with the wind fresh in the South East, enough clouds hurrying across to cast a diversity of shadows upon the dark green scrub on the mainland, we passed on to Snug Cove, Thistle Island. A day of glorious sunshine, the water all aglow and considerable surf breaking on every exposed point. The anchorage at Snug Cove is about a mile W.S.W. of Observatory Point with a low rocky point just closing on Cape Catastrophe - the highest point of Thistle Island bearing S.E. The anchorage can be further identified by a lone she-oak on the sandhills backing the beach, just clear of the cliffs marking the Island's highest point.

On landing, Mrs. Tapley was visited and her permission obtained to shoot turkeys. Dempster showed himself to be a great gun: he knocked his first turkey at a distance of at least 20 yards. It was not a "sitter" - the bird was walking at the time, head down, feeding and blissfully unconscious of what was coming his way. Several hares were sighted: they were in Elmer's department and were quite safe, he being unable to distinguish between the respective carrying capacities of a .303 rifle and a choke bore sporting gun. The flies, of a small black and very persistent variety, finally drove us down to the beach and into the water.

The cutters "Jennifer" and "Britannia" anchored close to us - the former with a new party on board - W. Flannagan, Robert Lee, Jack Thompson, Frank Knabe and Phil Levy. Flannagan, Levy and Thompson came on board to find the Master concentrating on the problem "Why does the fat froth?" His passion for exactitude in all things

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save place names, caused him to reject the flippant answer "Because the froth fats." Mystery duly solved and henceforth pepper to be added only when the cooked article is on the plate and not while in is in process of being cooked. This valuable scientific discovery to be included in later editions of Beeton and MacLurcan. The outboard dinghy this night laid the net on Observatory Point, L.J.C. Wigan officiating. A large catch of Tormies resulted. "those as catches em, cleans em," being the rule, Dempster and Wigan were kept busy for quite a while, but they had a fine night for it.

This evening the wind came in fresh from the S.E. and the temperature dropped, appreciably. Very late to bed.

Wednesday - 14th February. At 7 a.m. Dempster ashore to shoot another turkey and if possible a hare. Our gun was reinforced by one from the "Jennifer," Jack Thompson on the trigger. Dempster slaughtered (there is no other word for it) two birds and Thompson one. The hares were quite safe - they were able to move at a respectable pace. Many were sighted, and they'll keep until February 1935.

After breakfast prepared by the Master, who used frothless fat for the first time, the anchor was got and we proceeded to Whaler's Bay. Hove the yacht to with Horney Point just closed on the South Eastern extreimity of the Island and with the most prominent tree on the skyline over Cook's House, snapper the object of our heart's desire. No luck - sharks very busy on anything the moment it was hooked. One cocktail brought to the surface and caressed with a hammer, but he got away. Whilst we were still losing bottoms (hooks and sinkers, I mean) the "Stormy Petrel" sailed in from Wedge Island. On board Messrs. T.C. Angove, R.H. Martin, A.D. Harvey, Pat Evans, Roger Angove and Victor Anderson and Alf Glansford forward. Wind now in the South West with some light rain. The "Jennifer" then arrived and it was observed that Jack Green took her much closer in to Horney Point than we had ventured.

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His passengers were soon fishing and, what was better, catching them, so after Eimer and Ford had been put ashore (Eimer still threatening the hares) the Master accompanied by Dempster and Wigan anchored as close to the "Jennifer" as they dared and they too caught some quite decent trevalli and whiting.

Presents of quail from the "Stormy Petrel" and crayfish and oysters from the "Jennifer" put the chef, Dempster again, in possession of the making of a meal, and it was some dinner indeed. Then A.B. Harvey came aboard and a touching exchange of various compliments took place; a bottle of Martin's Bodega Sherry with compliments responded to by a bottle of Hardy's Liqueur Port: Harvey left, accompanied by Dempster (still in his chef's uniform) he having arrived at a state of mind which positively demanded his attention to social duties. It was early in the morning ere Dempster returned but no one observed or heard his arrival.

Thursday 15th. In the early hours of the morning the wind came in fresh from E.S.E. and with the tide ebbing an uncomfortable swell set in to the Bay. We rolled about for a while - then coffee - then the anchor - and then we left for Snug Cove and breakfast in comfort. The wind against the tide kicked up a quite considerable sea. One only, came aboard - slopped over the coaming of the cockpit and gave the poor old cook a nasty fall. It was not the weight of the water so much as its unexpectedness and coolness as it penetrated his little khaki shirt, that caused him to sit down violently. Then the recovery roll brought his ribs in contact with the cockpit seat and he changed colour visibly. The medical stores were breached, for the first time, and after a stiff brandy the cook recovered so quickly as to justify a suspicion that he'd done it on purpose. And then we remembered his attention to social duties the night before. Truly, there are ways and ways.

Stood well up past Observatory Point and then down the line between Black Rock and Lewis Island until the cliffs on Thistle bore S.E. and shortly after the anchor was down and we were busy on a breakfast - fish caught on the previous afternoon.

/Breakfast

Breakfast over, the anchor was got and through a small but somewhat confused sea we went to Lincoln - easy sailing with the wind a little aft of the beam. A curious effect resulted from a quite distinct range persisting from the S.W. although the wind had been for some hours and was still blowing quite fresh from East of South East - evidently caused by the foul ground and numerous reefs between the islands in Thorny Passage.

On arrival at the Town Jetty, Eimer and Ford went ashore to replenish the bread locker etc., the "Merida," cynosure of all eyes, lying hove to. On return of the shoppers, the headsails were adjusted and there ensued a delightful sail to the head of Proper Bay, the wind all the time hauling round until it was due East.

During the night it rained steadily for some time. We heard next day that the township recorded 60 points and the surrounding district up to 1.25.

Friday, 16th February. Wigan's last day with us, his Leave approaching expiry. Even the heavens were weeping. The projected walk across to Sleaford Bay (named by Flinders after Geo. Bass's birthplace) was a wash out in every sense of the word. A thin driving rain showed no sign of abating and as it was urgently necessary that Wigan should catch the "Winippa" sailing that evening, we up anchor and returned to the township. The "Stozny Petrel" was again close at hand. The Master this day was able to exercise his undoubted flair for entertaining. Messrs. Muir, McFarlane, Peter Mitchell, Puckridge, Town Clerk Sharley, Fisheries Inspector Randell, and Percy Mundy, Critic, came aboard. Much talk on boats ensued, Mundy faulting the "Merida" in one particular - the brass work needed polishing.

All the groceries, drinks, vegetables and meat having been stowed, Wigan was given a hasty meal and left to our general regret, as well as his.

Saturday, 17th. Awoke to find the clouds of yesterday

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dispersed. A humid day and our efforts at drying the clothes wet by yesterday's steady drizzle, were more or less futile. Got a very early start, our intended destination being Revesby, with a call on the snapper at Berlin Rock en route. Wind very light so after clearing Maria Point the engine was started. In fact it was started many times and ran fitfully, when it ran at all, encouraged all the time by Elmer whose language (the day was hot and muggy) rivalled that of "that turned the port light grassy green and the starboard rosy red." No fish was caught at Berlin Bury - we gave them much encouragement but without result. The day's disasters included Dempster's discovery that a Thistle Island Turkey, shot at a cost of 5/- and a cartridge, had gone bad on us. He was thrown overboard near the Berlin Rock at 2 p.m. - a fact worthy of note in view of a later development. With only two hours of daylight available and with no desire to spend some hours amongst the, to us, little known islands and reefs of the Sir Joseph Banks group we turned westward and stood inshore for the anchorage behind Cape Bolingbroke. Found this to be a good spot; but approaching it from seaward some care has to be exercised as a reef with depths as low as 5 feet to 3 feet extends from the Westward of the point for a distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. In addition there is a reef extending for half a mile in a Southerly direction from the point. This night the chef put on Roast Turkey - one of the birds he shot at Thistle Island. On being deprived of its foliage it was found to be about as big as an undersized fowl, but having hung on the rigging for days it was at least tender. The cook moaned like a damned Yankee crooner about his alleged lack of judgement on the matter of vegetables, but the dinner simply shouted for logging. Early to bed.

Sunday. 18th February. Early to rise on a beautiful day. Two cutters which we had observed drifting about on the horizon all the previous day were seen at anchor about a mile South of us - in fact right under the point. The Master, ever avid for local knowledge, suggested a visit to the fishermen, so the dinghy with outboard attached, was called upon for duty. Charlie Olgren of the "Olga" told us enough to satisfy us that the Skipper's extraordinary activity with the prismatic yesterday, was a wise precaution. According to Olgren, on approaching

/Peake

Peake Bay from seaward, Kirkby Island should be kept well open on Bolingbroke and before turning for the anchorage, a distance of at least $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles should be covered. Then a course should be steered for the Rocky Point, at the South end of Peake Bay, for upwards of a mile, before turning East again for the anchorage. Note. These instructions were later discounted by Frank Phillips and then, still later, confirmed by Capt. Kihlberg. Two to one, on the side of caution - or if we include the Master, three to one. Caution has it.

This morning we gave the ship a thorough overhaul and cried aloud "Fetch out your Mundys." Then the anchor was hauled up and a second attempt at Revesby began. Having reversed yesterday's procedure, we rounded the end of the reef and very nearly collided with the turkey, which we had consigned to the deep 21 hours before. Sharks, about which we hear so much, are evidently as few and far between as the snapper.

With a splendid breeze from the South on our beam, we stood across giving Kirkby a wide berth to starboard so as to avoid the Theophany Reef and the foul ground that lies between it and Marum and Partney Islets. Picked up the light tower on Winceby, stood in to the Northern end of Revesby but seeing a cutter, the "Goldetta" at anchor under the small spit on the North Eastern end of Marum, we went across and anchored close by in 3 fathoms. After a walk round Marum we tried for fish but without success: our failure was apparently owing to our lack of decoy lines - a device new to us. In the evening Frank and Len Phillips came aboard and gave much useful information about the Revesby anchorages. In Frank Phillips we found not only a fisherman but an enthusiast on all matters pertaining to boars. He claimed to know all there is to know about the Group - he has been fishing hereabouts for some 10 years and should be able to justify his claim. On hearing of our method of approaching the Bolingbroke anchorage, he said it could be attained without making the passage round the spit, which according to him has sufficient water on it anywhere from a cable length off the rocks to half a mile inshore, to allow a boat of "Merida's" draught to pass over it and so save the best part of 6 miles sailing.

See previously expressed opinion of Charlie Olgren and plump

/for

for "Safety First." These fishermen, many of them with rather shallow draught boats and all of them with a wide local knowledge, can run risks, or appear to do so, that amateurs do well to shun.

Phillips' directions for various anchorages near Revesby are worth recording against possible future visits.

Lusby. Kirkby Island in line with the outermost exposed rock on the reef extending from the N.W. side of Lusby, about 1 cable off shore in 2 fathoms.

Revesby, South Anchorage. Opposite a wide gap near the Southern end of the sandhills, with Kirkby Island bearing 250° magnetic. About 2 cables off shore in $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms.

Revesby, North Anchorage as described in the Pilot.

Marum (In Southerly weather). Off N.E. side of Marum, about 1 cable off shore in 3 fathoms with the small sand spit extending from the N.E. side of the Island, bearing approximately South.

Marum (In Northerly weather). Winceby light just open on the end of the small sand spit extending from the S.E. side of Marum, about 1 cable off shore in 2 fathoms.

Very late sitting, Phillips Bros. not departing until well after midnight. During the night and especially in the early hours of the morning, the wind freshened until it was blowing fairly hard from East of South East; but the anchorage was quite comfortable and bore out all that Phillips had said of it.

Monday, 19th. "Abluting" a bit late this morning, Frank Phillips again on board with an offering of fish for breakfast and also as an excuse to satisfy his curiosity regarding the "Merida's" gear. Breakfast stowed, we up anchor and went across to Revesby South Anchorage, where we came to rest in $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms, about a quarter of a mile off shore.

In addition to the "Goldetta," three cutters, "Ruby," "Olga," and "Elena" were working these grounds. During the afternoon a sail was observed on the horizon - it appeared to be the "Stormy Petrel" making

/from

from the direction of Thistle Island, or perhaps more likely, Dangerous Reef.

A most beautiful day, with a fresh South Easter blowing, and a walk ashore was enjoyed by all hands. Went round the nobby south end of the Island and had a fine view of Marum, Lusby, Kirkby, Sibsey, English, Dalby, Blyth, Hareby, Langton and Roxby Islands, with Spilsby and Boucaut in the far distance. Although we had heard much talk of Adders and Black snakes, saw none. There was abundant evidence of sooty petrels and other members of this bird family, the ground being honeycombed with their burrows. On reaching the high ground, we found it blowing hard from S.E. with considerable surf on every headland and reef. In the evening the net went ashore but very few fish were caught, the conditions being unfavourable. The fishers met the sole occupant of the Island, one Sawyer in charge of 812 sheep and 1 dog. This night the chef fell from grace: he put up a performance that shook our faith in him as a culinary artist and authority on everything pertaining to gastronomies. For three days he had indulged himself in a morning and an evening smell at the meat hung in the rigging: then he pronounced it just right for the waterless cooker. But immediately the heat was applied, abusive language burst forth from two of the crew. The cook quite imperturbed contented himself with the remark that the stink would die down as the cooking progressed. In this view he had the support of the Master. But they were both wrong and when the lid was lifted Eimer and Ford dashed with one accord for the fore-castle, banging the door to behind them. Even here it penetrated every nook and cranny, oozed out through the ports and beat up to windward against the strong breeze that was blowing. But it beat the cook himself. He attempted to eat some of it: his gorge rose and the meat fell - over-board. Of all the woeful smells, this was surely the worst. A very scratchy meal followed, but the beer was still good.

Tuesday 20th. A very early breakfast followed by an inspection from the dinghy of the Lusby and Marum anchorages as recommended by Frank Phillips. Fixed it definitely that the one at Lusby brings the reef on its N.E. end to bear on the southern end of Kirkby with the reef on the N.W. end of Revesby just on the southern point of Winceby.

/The

The Marum northerly weather anchorage, the rocky point on S.E. end of Marum open a little on Kirkby with the light tower on Winceby half way along the small sand and shingle spit on the S.E. side of Marum.

This day we also observed that to approach the Northerly anchorage when coming in from the S.E., you should leave Winceby on the starboard hand but keep to the middle of the Channel between the two Islands; keep well over towards Partney before rounding up to the North of a fairly long sandspit on the seaward end of which a cluster of rocks is uncovered at low water. This spit lies about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the northern extremity of the Island. If it is desired to go on to the Southern anchorage, it is advisable to keep well over towards Partney and Marum before making in towards the remarkable opening in the sandhills, before referred to.

The ketch "Harold" arrived at the North anchorage at mid-day and Captain Kihlberg boarded us, as the result of his remark that he seldom saw such a nice little ship as the "Merida" cruising in these waters. We found our visitor a most entertaining man with 31 years experience of the coast from Esperance Bay W.A. to Cape Otway, Victoria, to talk about, and also some priceless stories of old time happenings at Spilsby, Wedge, Revesby and Snug Cove, Kangaroo Island.

None of us who heard him tell of the snake that played the piano whilst the Zion City preacher was holding forth in John Hirst's house at Snug Cove - of the landing of the stud mare (by Emulation, if you please) on the Wedge and William Golley's subsequent wonderment and continued asking of the animal "Now where the hell did you come from?" - of the mother of nine who was wont to put her numerous progeny to roost in packing cases and having got them to sleep would close down the lids to prevent the snakes getting in with them - of the famous race between "Janet" (Rick Simms and George Porter) and the schooner "Beatrice" from Donington to the Wedge and of the two days and nights argument that followed on the "Beatrice's" win and the challenge to a race from Wedge, round the South Neptune, thence round Liguanea Island and back to the Wedge - the challenge was not accepted - none of us, I repeat, will ever forget the tales or the masterly way in which they were told.

A long walk ashore in the afternoon; all hands prepared to deal out destruction to the snakes and adders with which it is said the Island abounds more or less according to season, but nothing was seen save two harmless sleepy lizards. The "Harold's" net as well as the "Norida's" went ashore this night - the net result 2 whiting, 1 Mackerel, 1 Tommy - no good. Captain Kihlberg and his son Eric on board for the evening and later on all hands adjourned to the "Harold" where an inspection of charts lasted until well on past midnight. A full day indeed.

Wednesday, 21st February. Up at dawn, encouraged thereto by the "Harold's" foghorn making noises like a factory hooter. She under her engines - there being little or no wind - was soon out of sight en route to Tumby Bay. Now began the first stage of our homeward journey. Again a cloudless sky. We left at 7.30 a.m. after breakfast, passing between Winceby and Revesby, under engine, and steered a course, from the N.E. corner of Revesby to Boucaut Island off the Eastern extremity of Spilsby, to avoid the reef and other dangers off Roxby. Revesby's full length from South to North presents a low rounded point 101 feet high, covered as to the top half with a fairly thick scrub of Juniper etc. then a white beach in which can be seen the opening in the sandhills (before referred to in connection with the Southern anchorage), a low dark point scrub covered, a short white beach backed by low scrubby hills, a dark point, then a long white beach the middle of which is backed by slightly higher country scrub covered. This beach terminates in a long dark point behind which on its inner end may be seen the sandhills fronting Morton Bay, the indentation which faces Winceby to the North. Turning from Revesby to the S.W. the following Islands came into view: Dalby, Langton, Blyth (which differs from all the other islands of the group in that it appears to be composed of white sand covered with a low sparse scrub), Haroby, Roxby with Spilsby and Boucaut on the horizon. Still under the engine, passed close to Seal Rock and stood across to Buffalo Reef where according to the late Sir William Bunday, snapper were to be had at a distance of 1 mile with the reef bearing W.S.W. No sooner were the lines down than the Master had a small one on: Eimer followed with another, but the catch stopped there. About sun-down a light breeze

came in, but dead ahead. As the sky reddened behind the disappearing sun a queer mirage effect was seen - the Islands of the group, all of a dark blue colour and strangely distorted as to shape, came up above the horizon as if to give us a farewell look.

The first tack carried us well within range of the Corny Point Light, with that on the Wedge still in sight. Coming about on to the port tack we soon picked up Althorpe Light. In the early hours of the morning a wheat ship under full sail passed quite close by - a dim light was shown by her in response to an electric torch flashed on to the "Merida's" mainsail.

"Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing; only a signal shown,"

but the quotation should stop here, as there was no "Distant voice in the darkness." We learned at the Althorpe this afternoon that a ship had passed out about daybreak and had long since disappeared behind Cape Borda.

Once again in a wonderful three weeks, the sun came up in a cloudless sky. His arrival signalled a flat calm, so Eimer was robbed of two hours of his watch below, he being the only one capable of talking suitably to the engine. Under power we went to within 3 miles of Emnes Reef, then the Master changed his mind and we turned back for Pondalowie Bay and breakfast. Entering this bay from the South, you keep Althorpe Island well open on Reef Head and Royston Head to the North, well in view, so as to avoid the reefs and foul ground on the South corner of the South Island. Steering due north on this line you proceed until a high sandhill with a large windswept opening to the North of it bears 105 degrees Magnetic: you can then sail straight in leaving South Island about a cables length to starboard. The anchorage for southerly weather is about half way along South Island at a distance of approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ cables in $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 fathoms of water.

This is a very beautiful bay and when South Island has been rounded, it appears to be completely land locked. The two narrow entrances lie between South and Middle Island and Middle and North Island but from the Southern anchorage Middle and North Islands close

one on the other, giving the appearance above referred to.

As we "steamed in" we passed first "Vamp" then "Stormy Petrel" both outward bound and going home.

Left Pondalowie at 11 a.m. and just as we cleared the entrance the B.H.P. Co's steamer "Iron Knob" passed us, bound for Newcastle with iron ore. "Chugged" on across a sea with not a ripple on it and at 2 a.m. anchored at Althorpe Island about 100 yards east of the jetty. Quickly made acquaintance with the head-keeper, one Martin, and then the Master and Dempster equipped with rods and reels left for the Pinnacles to catch sweep, Elmer and Ford electing to climb to the top for the sake of the view to be had from the Light Tower. And the view was worth-while, which is a good deal more than could be said of the fishing. We found the Island simply riddled by Mutton Birds, present literally in thousands.

The two assistant keepers, Mackrell and Starr on board the "Merida" at the Skipper's invitation, but little was learned from them. Since the almost universal installation of "wireless", lighthouses have practically ceased to function as signal stations and the sole occupation of the keepers is to see that the light burns brightly.

SPERO LUCEM CLARIORUM

says the tablet on the Cape St. Alban's Light Tower.

Quite recently Mrs Martin, wife of the head-keeper, was in urgent need of medical assistance - a steamer passing close to the Island was signalled by flags, but no notice was taken. Either the signal was not seen (which appears unlikely for what is more natural when approaching a light house than to have a look at it) or "commercialism" run mad, demanded that a time table should be adhered to, though it meant that some poor unfortunate should suffer. After some days anxious waiting, assistance was procured and the sick woman was still seriously ill in hospital in Adelaide when the story was told to us.

After dinner (another excellent Dempster effort) we got under way at 8.15 bound for Troubridge 48 miles distant. Wind light from the S.E., and with sheets eased up the "Merida" moved along nicely. Just before midnight, however, it died right away: for an hour or so we

/banged

banged about, and then in it came again from the same quarter. At 1.15 a.m. "Minippa" passed close at hand, en route to Port Lincoln.

Just before daybreak, the wind increased - came in good from a little east of S.E. and the yacht started to make up for lost time. After 3 hours splendid sailing it eased again and becoming lighter and lighter, it was not until 8.20 that we had the Marion Buoy abeam. Against a strong ebb tide and with an ever failing wind we made slow progress - it took us until 9.20 to reach Troubridge. Then as we poked our noses round the shoal, we saw "Vamp" - again leaving an anchorage as we approached her. She stood straight across whilst we proceeded to Pt. Vincent where we anchored at 4 p.m. having taken $19\frac{3}{4}$ hours to sail 72 miles. Dempster and Ford ashore for provisions, Eimer charging the batteries and the Master resting his eyes: they were suffering a bit as the result of several days of Prismatic Itch (Plottitis). There had been a grass fire near Vincent and the fire-fighters were found in force fighting the battle over again and quenching the inner fires with copious libations. We helped them to their and our satisfaction. The stores including fish (bought, this time, not caught) were got on board. Dempster went his hardest in the preparation of dinner and nearly achieved his masterpiece. Then to bed.

Saturday, 24th February. All good things must come to an end. After breakfast we tied down one reef, just in case there was wind outside. A distinct change had come in during the night and a sharp rise in the barometer suggested that the wind would increase as the day drew on. This prediction was not borne out, the breeze remaining steady for the journey across. Rounded the Spit at 11.58 a.m., so the cook, Dempster, said, but if he were correct, then the "Merida" sailed as never before or the Orontes Pile Light is not positioned as shown on the chart. This was put to Dempster but he resented the suggestion that he couldn't tell the time and the topic was not persevered with.

Passed the light on the revetment mound, 4 hours 10 minutes out. - A mile and a half of anchored boats confronted us, the occasion being the Australian Motor Boat Championship, so we too anchored just in time to see McEvoy's "Cettien" win the second heat. As soon as the local champion, "Tortoise" had shown that she would race no more, by falling

/to

to pieces during the third heat, we lifted the anchor for the last time and went under power to the morrings. And so ended "Werida's" first cruise - .

First is written deliberately and with all due deference to the ladies who went in her to Kangaroo Island during the 1933 Christmas holidays. That journey was merely something in the nature of a preliminary canter - a trying out of gear - a sail stretching trial against the long looked forward to 3rd February 1934.

NOTE

The whole of the "country" traversed by the "Merida" was discovered by Captain Matthew Flinders during the voyage of the "Investigator" in 1802. That Flinders looked upon this discovery as his most important work is suggested by the care he bestowed upon the naming of its most prominent features. Everywhere one finds him recalling names of people associated with the voyage, people who had befriended him, members of his crew and above all place names peculiar to Lincolnshire, the county of his birth - names of places in which he had wandered during his youth and during his infrequent visits to his home folk after he had adopted a sailor's life as his profession.

The appellation Kangaroo Island explains itself - Pt. Marsden at the Island's North Eastern extremity commemorates Jas. Marsden, assistant to Sir Evan Nepean, Secretary to the Navy. The Gambier group after Admiral Lord Gambier comprises Wedge Island "from its shape" and North Island. Reference has already been made to the disaster near Cape Catastrophe and the subsequent naming of the Islands in the Thorny Passage to preserve the memory of the men who were drowned in the wreck of the ship's boat.

Attention should be called however to Waterhouse Bay on Thistle Island, named after Captain Henry Waterhouse who was in command of the "Reliance" under Hunter when the latter sailed to take up his appointment as Governor of New South Wales in succession to the First Governor, Phillip. With Waterhouse sailed George Bass as surgeon, Matthew Flinders as Midshipman and Samuel Ward Flinders as a volunteer. Bass later married Waterhouse's sister Elizabeth and Flinders with his customary appreciation of the opposite, put Sleaford Bay close by. It was at Aswarby a suburb of Sleaford that Bass was born but the proximity of Sleaford Bay to Cape Catastrophe was surely accidental as Bass did not disappear until he set out on his last voyage in February 1803.

Approaching the Port Lincoln Harbor; Cape Donington, after Flinders' birthplace, Port Lincoln after the chief town in Flinders' native county, Boston Island after the chief market town in Lincolnshire, Bicker Island, Stamford, Hill, Spalding Cove, Surfleet Point, Grantham

/Island

Island, Kirton Point, all Lincolnshire names of places familiar to Flinders. Proceeding northward we come to Louth Bay and Island and Point Bolingbroke, both Lincolnshire names.

Sir Joseph Banks group was named after the Patron of the voyage. him who had accompanied Captain Jas. Cook in the "Endeavour". Of the Islands comprising the group, Langton, Lusby, Kirkby, Roxby, Sibsey, Winceby and Hareby are all after villages in Lincolnshire. Dalby after his friend Revd. M. Tyler's parish, Marum after the residence of Mr Stephenson, Sir Joseph Banks' agent. Spilsby after the town where the Franklins lived. Partney after the village where Miss Chappell lived and where Flinders was married to her. Revesby after Revesby Abbey, Sir Joseph Banks' Lincolnshire seat. Spencer's Gulf and Cape after Earl Spencer, first Lord of the Admiralty at the time the "Investigator" was commissioned. Yorke's Peninsula after Hon. C.P. Yorke, afterwards Lord Hardwick, of the Admiralty, Althorpe Islands after Lord Spencer's eldest son, Troubridge, Hill and Shoal after Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, one of Nelson's most famous fighting men. St. Vincent's Gulf after Admiral Lord St. Vincent and Cape Jervis after the Admiral's family name.