

hours and a 50 knot south-westerly gale to buck nearly to Tasman Island. By that time there was literally nothing dry on the ship, we had torn most of our canvas and I had a fractured kneecap. Then we were becalmed in sight of Tasman Island but as two of our faster competitors were becalmed there with us it wasn't so bad in spite of the freezing cold that always seems to strike around those parts. In fact we had visions of line honours because we were in the first three boats. However we fell by the wayside in fluky conditions in Storm Bay and finally finished third to take out the Tattersalls Cup for 1st on handicap by a comfortable margin. That was in *Nerida*, a solid 45' cruising yawl designed and built for the late Tom Hardy in 1935 and as the two boats that beat us in by a narrow margin were designed by crack American naval architects and built specially for the race, we were quite happy with the result. What won the race for us, apart from the luck of the draw, was that 24 hour run of well over two hundred miles in the very strong northerly. We carried our big spinnaker until it split and then put it back on again after repairing it while other boats were sailing more prudently under reduced canvas. I will never forget the thrill of surf-riding in that 14-ton boat with the bow waves high above us on either side and those Bass Strait rollers lumping up astern.

What always amazes me at the finish of the Race is the reception in Hobart. The end of the first race I sailed in *Nerida* in 1948 illustrates the point. We finished at around 3 am on a drizzly bleak morning, so the novelty should have worn off, but there were something like 40 or 50 cars near the finishing line with horns blaring and the occupants cheering madly. When we came through the swing bridge into Constitution Dock where the race yachts tie up there were a couple of hundred people waving and cheering. That at 3 o'clock on a miserably cold morning! There was one little man with an attache case in his hand waiting for us to dock who asked if he might come aboard. He did so and then very politely welcomed us to Hobart, asking whether we would please do him the favour of accepting a small token of welcome. He opened the attache case, handed us three bottles of Cascade and before we could recover from our astonishment, stepped ashore never to

be seen again. We didn't even find out his name! That was true hospitality and needless to say, we enjoyed it thoroughly there and then.

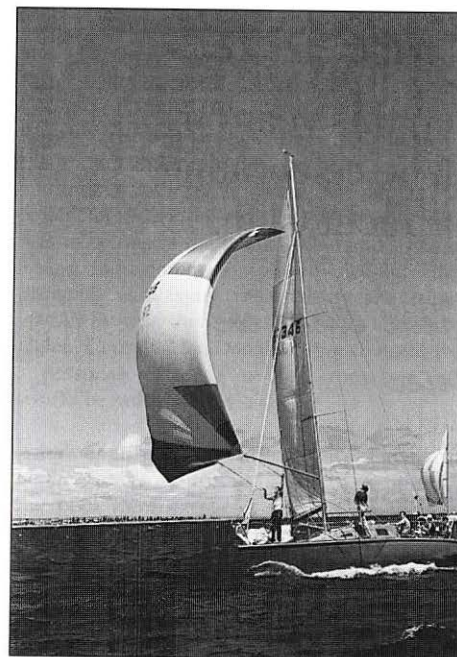
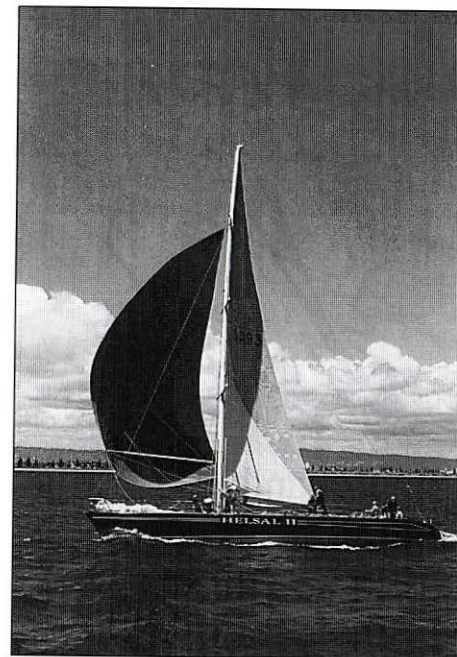
One usually stays for five or six days in Hobart before leaving for the long hike back to Adelaide and these days are not really a rest cure. The finish of the race is one of the events of the year to boat-conscious Hobart. By the way it is the only city in Australia where I have seen more newspaper space devoted to yachting than to horse racing!

[The first South Australian owners to compete in the Sydney-Hobart Race were the Livingstone brothers, who put *Kurrawa III* in the second race of 1946. She was placed last of the eleven who finished, with eight retirements. They persisted in later years, without great success. The first boat to compete from our pool was *Seevogel* (Wesley Harris) who came second in 1948. Colin Haselgrove won the race with *Nerida* in 1950 and was second in *Cooroyba* in 1955. The only other local winner was Jim Taylor in *Ingrid* in 1952. Colin Haselgrove is notable in the Squadron's history as one of the truly great yachtsmen of his generation; as the author of his celebrated *Cruising Notes*; and as our only member to achieve cartographic immortality with his name on our charts. More of that another time — Ed.]

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Simburst



Above left: *Helsall II*
Above right: *Outsidedge*
Left: *Enchantress*
Above: *Vicki J IV*