

lawyer, Francis Hicks. He was a well-educated and highly intelligent man, physically very strong, and was attracted to the life of a fisherman. He enjoyed designing and building boats, which he sold and passed on to build a new one. Guy Haselgrove asked him to design a hard chine boat in which to sail round the world. The venture was well planned. The Haselgroves had a sawmill at Yankalilla, and marked a stand of blue gum, which they cut and seasoned, including allowing selected timbers to soak in linseed oil for a couple of years. Ron produced a design for them, based on one he read of from England a century previously, the concept being that each section of the hull (regardless of its preciseshape) should be the same area as others. By the time he did that, Guy Haselgrove changed his mind, and the chines were softened to produce the eventual hull form. The stem post and keel pieces were adzed from selected whole pieces of blue gum, cut for the purpose.

Ron told Peter that he spent longer doing the mathematical calculations than in building the boat, which took the astonishingly short time of three months. This was on the beach at Seacliff, in 1932, from which the hull was launched. The Haselgroves then finished her off. Peter (who grew up in Maitland Street, Seacliff near the Hardys and the Haselgroves) described how some years later Ron Hicks built a large boat at Victor Harbor and launched the empty hull from the beach, using a jack and rollers, before moving it to the jetty for installation of the engine, mast and ballast. In due course he took her to Robe to go fishing.

Vamp is immensely strong and wonderfully seakindly, as, for example, lying to a grapnel in the open ocean in fresh conditions. The ribs are set very close together. She was triple-planked in blue gum, with karri stringers 2 3/4 in x 1 3/4 in and 9 in apart, running the whole length. Each was fashioned as a single strip, without butt joints. The deck was of double oregon, and deck beams were 7 in x 3 1/2 in. The mast of laminated oregon was built in 1938 to replace that lost in the *dismasting* by *Nerida*. It was still there when the boat went to Western Australia, so it is now 60 years old.

Ross Hicks worked long hours every day while building the boat, and lost a couple of fingers

from saw accidents. He was paid £250.

Peter Garvie believes the provenance of *Vamp* to be that she was built in 1932. Guy Haselgrove passed her to Colin, but he does not know of Dr Hussey's ownership. She was owned at one time by a man named Hughes, who once had *Ingrid*, and then by Brian Warming. Peter bought her from him on 14 November, 1960, and on 18 May, 1984 sold her to Graham Burnell, son of Dr AW Burnell, sometime general practitioner on Kangaroo Island. It was presumably Graham who sold her to Western Australia.

Peter decked her across the main cabin, installed winches, an icebox with its pumps, and built a 6 ft x 5 ft 6 in wheelhouse at the stern. At that time he altered the steering to conventional form. He fished for crabs and shark, mostly in the South-East. In the off season he sometimes worked for Mac Lawrie, and in this way took part in the construction of Number One Slip at Outer Harbor in about 1960.

It is pleasing to hear that *Vamp* is once again a yacht, and we wish her well, together with all who sail in her. It would be nice if they could bring her back to the Squadron for a visit after all this time.

It has been a fascinating challenge to try to trace this history at short notice, and I am grateful to those who have helped me to do so. If more information becomes available, it will be published in future issues.

SQ



At the reception for new Members and Flag Raising, 2 August 1998. Jennifer Cimicky, David and Kathy Hoskins, Charles Cimicky, and Anna in the Foreground. (Mike Humberidge)

News from *Pied Piper*



A wok would be useful, and an egg-beater, and a grater, and a garlic crusher should be essential! The galley on *Pied Piper* is simple and functional, and it has no garlic crusher.

Wouldn't it be nice to have an aft cabin, to enjoy a single-use rather than multi-purpose space! A private place to sleep, read and store (hang!) several changes of clothes, with make-up and perfumed lotions. Satin sheets would be nice too, and the lightest and fluffiest of doonas.

Di Moncrieff

We left Brisbane late in May, in our 30 ft sloop, *Pied Piper*. Given that we are usually securely anchored for the night by sunset, which occurs about 1800 hours, and that sunrise is at least twelve hours later, we have had plenty of time for uninterrupted contemplation, consideration and discussion.

THOUGHT ONE: COMPROMISE IS OWNING A SMALL BOAT

One is ever tempted to envy those with larger, more sophisticated and (therefore supposedly) more convenient and comfortable vessels, and to play with notions of acquiring same.

We think of the plentiful fresh water from larger tanks. How nice it would be to rinse our nightshirts and towels in fresh water; to rid our plates and cutlery of the patina left by salt water, and to enjoy running fresh water over our bodies rather than the allocation of a cup per person per day for personal hygiene. How convenient it would be to listen to the chink of ice cubes in the evening G&T, to have full power for the lap-top, to have an oven and a pushpit-mounted BBQ. Ian's son visited a couple of weeks ago, and asked for the coffee plunger. We saw one recently on a bigger boat, where the skipper drinks tea from a china pot — of course!

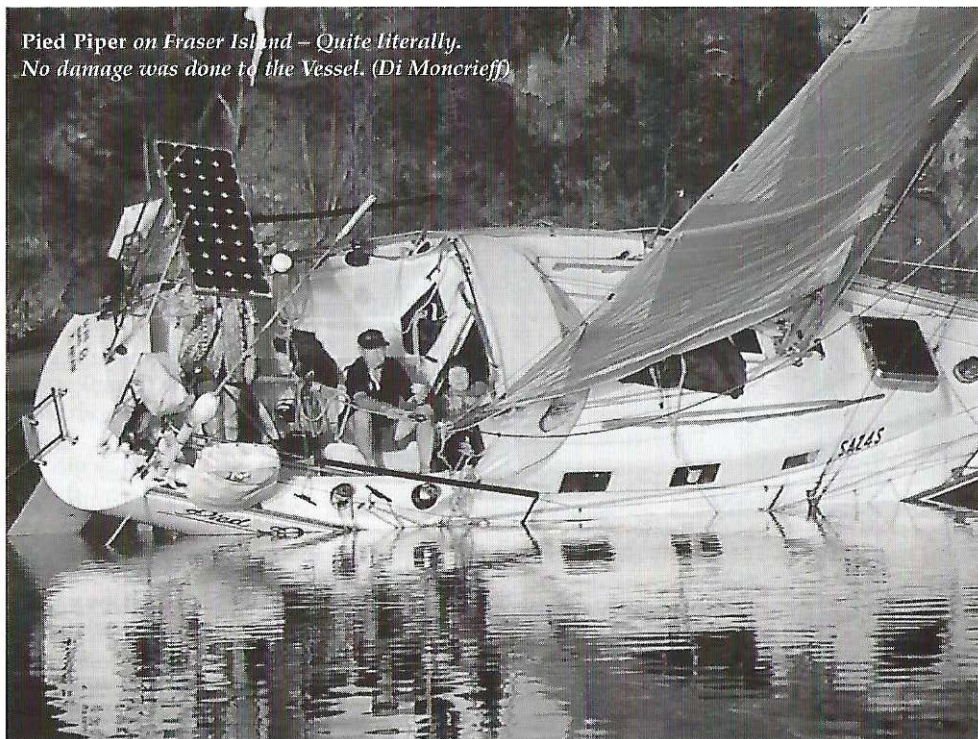
That dream shattered when one from a 'bigger' boat told me that water slapping on the transom makes their aft cabin a sound shell, so they sleep in the saloon.

Space for a fully inflated dinghy on the deck would be excellent. Damn! Why not go the whole hog and install davits, to leave the outboard permanently fixed. It would be so pleasant to step into the said dinghy from the stern 'sugar scoop'. No more pumping the dinghy, handing down the outboard from on high, hoping that I hit and not miss the bobbing, floppy thing. It would be really special to have the luxury of arriving ashore dry.

These comforts are certainly enticing, but we don't want to be disloyal to *Pied Piper*. On a very dark night, when gusts over 25 knots in a following sea hit us on the after quarter, we needed another reef. We were on our way to the reputedly beautiful coral cay of Lady Musgrave Island, 50 odd nm from the port of Bundaberg. So we put the second reef in.

At 30 plus knots, with an increased swell and a short chop, we dropped the main altogether and secured it to the boom. At about 0400 we reduced the headsail further to a mere 'hanky', still making six knots and more. It was an uncomfortable night, and Ian steered all the way

Pied Piper on Fraser Island – Quite literally.
No damage was done to the Vessel. (Di Moncrieff)



by hand. But how glad I was that *Pied Piper* is strong! We could reef and secure the mainsail well within our established routines and physical capabilities. We didn't need another hand. Even though it was a tad uncomfortable going to Lady Musgrave that night, all was manageable with only the two of us, and when we needed our wits about us for our anxious entry into the lagoon we were up to it.

This is through a narrow break in the coral, which we timed for a slack high tide. It was unfortunate to have 20 knots on the beam, but with me standing on the boom to direct Ian at the tiller, *Pied Piper*, as responsive as ever, 'crab-walked' through the passage into the relative safety of the lagoon.

We anchored in this wild place, secure in the knowledge that our boat, her trusty Admiralty anchor and we were up to handling Lady Musgrave in her various moods. It's funny how chinking ice in the G&T never gives me the same feeling!

My single locker contains my clothes for six months, business files and a number of computer ancillaries. This morning I found a pair of shorts and two shirts that haven't been worn. I don't need them or more locker space, any more than an aft cabin. The galley is doing well. [From Di's description of recent meals, obviously in gourmet style! — Ed.] We can store food for up to six weeks.

A shower to follow hot work? Certainly! I plunge into the huge aqua bath of clearest water in which we float and shampoo my hair to give it a delicious shine.

We are convinced that the best things in life have nothing to do with a bigger boat.

THOUGHT TWO: CLUBS AND MOORINGS — NEVER THE TWO SHALL PART

The Queensland coast is scattered with marinas. They are beautiful holes in which to enjoy relief from doubtful weather and rolly anchorages.

They provide fuel, water, laundries and bathrooms and the opportunity to meet fellow yachties. Most marinas seem to be private enterprises, and some have housing estates, with boat brokerages, retail outlets and the like. Slipping and other facilities are usually removed some distance away and are privately owned. Links, physical and otherwise, between local boat clubs are tenuous or non-existent, though their members may for convenience moor their boats in the same marina. A clubhouse, perhaps with hard-standing, is usually some way off, and certainly not in the hub of activity. The emphasis is clearly commercial and on financial flow rather than on the boating community at its core.

Nowhere have we seen a set-up which generates the conviviality we enjoy at RSAYS; and nowhere something so simple as a similar Clubhouse and pontoon. Perhaps the isolation of Adelaide from popular national cruising grounds protects us from purely commercial interests. Whatever it may be that allows our highly valued 'fellowship' (or what I would describe as 'clubby') atmosphere to flourish, the challenge for the Squadron is to value and preserve it; to be increasingly inclusive and encourage a range of yachting classes, activities and age groups.

THOUGHT THREE: HOOKAY FOR THE ABC!

I support the 'Hands off the ABC' campaign, for the very important reason that in the last couple of weeks ABC Radio has been our sole contact with Australian news and views, which are necessary as we wander far from the

mainstream. How remote are these Capricornia islands! The coastal stretch from Rosslyn Bay to Mackay has many islands. According to Captain Cook, they 'lie scattered in the bay in great numbers, and extend out to sea as far as the eye could reach, even from the masthead: these islands vary both in height and circuit from each other: so that, although they are very numerous, no two of them are alike.' [Hawkesworth J. *An Account of the Voyages undertaken by the order of his present Majesty for making Discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere, And successively performed by Commodore Byron, Captain Wallis, Captain Carteret, and Captain Cook, in the Dolphin, the Swallow, and the Endeavour: drawn up from the Journals which were kept by the several Commanders, and from the Papers of Joseph Banks, Esq; London, 1773. III: 123. Copy held at the Squadron.]*

Cook, like the locals today, despaired of the many shoals, strong tidal currents and lack of a natural harbour. For cruising yachtsmen, this is an ideal area to explore, with a certain remoteness while only a few days' sail from modern centres. There is no mobile phone service, and no commercial radio on AM or FM, but there is excellent coast guard coverage by two operators. Thank you, ABC for Rockhampton AM, Radio National and the more parochial Mackay FM station. Each morning we look forward to Rocky ABC chatting at 0640 to the Duty Officer at Rocky Met. They discuss weather patterns and forecasts in layman's terms, and we have learnt how the high and low pressure systems crossing South Australia are of immense interest to agriculturalists and fisherfolk in North Queensland.

SQ

We welcome –

New Members

John Ashworth	Susan Foster	Nigel and Nancy	Gregory Scholl
Joan Brown	Colleen Gibbons	Monteith	Raymond Searle
Julie Butler	Peter Gibbons	Doug Nairn	Julie Siebert
Charles and	Brian Goldsmith	David Norman	Patrick Tedmanson
Jennifer Cimicky	Christina Hatchett	Brian Partridge	Claire Turley
Josiah Davey	David Hoskin	Felix Patrikeeff	Harry and
Julie Dickenson	Don Howard	Jennifer Power	Audrey Wynbergen
David Duell	Michael Jansen	Alan and	
Patrick Engels	Matthew Magarey	Gloria Rowett	