

Cruising Down the East Coast

From Auckland to Wellington in the Argo

A Great Sail and a Great Ship

The C class keel yacht Argo, which was recently purchased by a syndicate of Wellington yachtsmen from Mr. F. Peters at Otahuhu, Auckland, left Auckland on the Thursday afternoon, the 25th March, 1937, in charge of Mr. A. R. Clarke, who had with him as crew Mr. G. McLeod and Mr. J. Wilson.

After a stop at Napier for some days, the yacht reached Wellington on April 15th, 1937, after an interesting and exciting trip in which at one stage it was necessary to heave-to, and another they were becalmed for two days. The log of the voyage down has been handed over to us by the owners, and we can assure readers and we find it an interesting cruise. The log reads as follows:

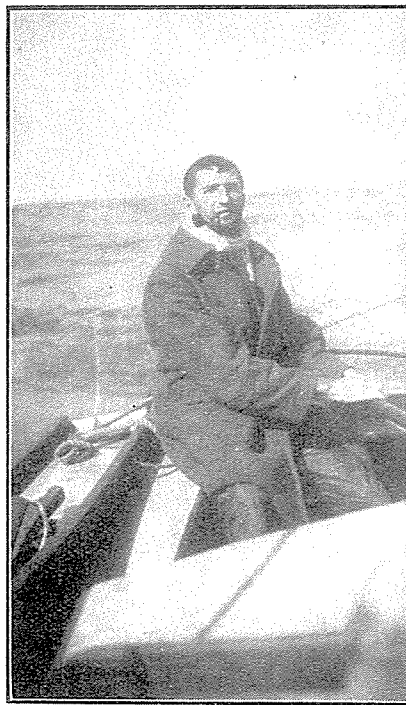
March 25th: Left moorings at 14.30. Flat calm. Bar. 29.98. Falling fast. Drifted to Matiatia. Various catspaws from N. right around clock W. S.E. and back again. Finally settled down in E. just as we made port. Dropped anchor at midnight—00.00 and into bunk—tired.

March 26th: Up in a cold drizzling day at 08.00—back in bunk. Up again at 10.00. Did various jobs about ship. Lost block overboard—it fell out of strop. B—! Dived without success. $4\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms here. Had visitors. Borrowed a block off "Twilight." 20.00. Fresh easterly blowing with rain. Two picks out. Barometer steady at 29.96. Took main off and bent on larger trysail amongst other jobs. Still waiting for the hurricane. (This was the hurricane which damaged Norfolk Island considerably. It did not reach New Zealand, but unsettled the weather.—Editor).

March 27th: 08.00. Barometer 29.96. Moderate easterly gale. Raining hard — squally. Snug here.

March 27th: Later. B— of a day. Barometer 29.98. Steady rain. Squally. Blew very hard during night.

March 28th: Still same weather. Pouring with rain. Weather report bad. Bar. at noon 29.90. Raining steadily. Bar at 16.00 29.88. Bar. at 00.00 29.90. Hell's teeth! Why doesn't it clear!



The Skipper of the Argo during her voyage down the coast

March 29th: Dull. Fresh breeze from N.E. Most ships close reefed. Weather report B.A., but we are clearing out. Rigged new backstay runner. Erected compass on standard. Bar. 29.98. 14.-30. Bar 29.9. Sunshine at last. Left anchorage at 3 p.m. 1500 with one tuck. At entrance of bay shook tuck out. Breeze petering out. Bit of a roll knocking us back — slow progress. Lively ship. Too lively for Zouch,

who sold out. Later Mc. did so, too. Not so hot when we're still in the harbour. Between the light breeze, which wandered from E. to W. and back, and the making tide, we went back and forth between Matiatia and Station Bay (Motu Tapu) for six solid hours. Set watches four hours on eight off, night time. General in the day. Ship watches herself sailing without even Manilla Mike's attention. I spent nearly all my watch dozing below, going on deck hourly except when making the passage between the reefs. Turned in after a brew of cocoa at 00.00. Slept like a log.

March 30th: Damn-all breeze to-day. Lovely and fine, with light airs N.-N.E. Bright sun. Took small main off and put big on, also jib. Slow progress. Passed Watchman at 12.30. Set spinnaker. Big swell. Wind light N. Bar. 29.98. Vis. excellent. Scud was passing swiftly overhead and low last night. Visibility was poor with wet mist. Breeze freshened somewhat and we bowled along with spinnaker. Later about 16.30 spinnaker sheet parted. Rigged another. 17.30, flat calm, big roll, ship lively—she is a lively lady to be sure. Heavy cloud to W. Bar. 29.92. Cuvier light on port bow about three miles. Zouch a cot-case. All hands went bathing about 14.00. Towed astern on line. Good! The calms will drive me mad. Wallop, crash, bang — blocks, booms, etc. Hell! Streamed log reading 62 $\frac{1}{2}$. The first time we passed Cuvier 20.00 the light N.W. air would drop and the tide took us back three times. Big swell. Were treated to a nasty but spectacular sunset. Piles of pink and red cumulus to the E. while westward heavy rain-laden nimbus dropped slowly south, hanging to the hills, giving some

a volcanic effect. A dark puff or two from N.W. under such conditions caused us to hand the spinnaker, but nothing came of the promised wind. Took main off to stop the frightful racket at 9 p.m. (21.00) and hoisted spinnaker as leader. Not enough wind to fill even it. No use. Lights burning brightly, and so to bed. Up every so often to see all O.K. Could hear surge at Cuvier Island. Place lousy with steamers.

March 31st: Hot, almost windless day. Set main and spinnaker as leader after a scrambled egg breakfast. Bar. 30.06. Wind, light N.W. Big b—swell. Bright sun. Log not worth reading yet. Many nautilus about. We think a swim is indicated—as is a breeze. Worried about Zouch, who is still sick, and brings up a little blood. May have to drop him somewhere if he does not improve. Spinnaker halliards parted last night on my watch. I was below dozing and didn't hear a thing. Left it down. Writing awkwardly because of roll. 16.00. Nice light breeze. Now doing about four knots. Bright sun. Swell dying. Zouch getting perky. Set spinnaker. Breeze freshened from N.W. until we bowled along at about six knots. Lovely ship. At last asleep. Passed about five miles W. of Aldemans. Was going to carry spinnaker all night but at 20.00 when I was doing a job forward whilst the ship steered herself, the sheet parted. Took spinnaker in. Jibed. Set course E. Mayor Island bearing S.W. about seven miles. Log 97½. Mc., who was asleep when sheet parted, was on the job immediately. Good man. Breeze died during the night. Another issue of boom banging and damnable racket.

April 1st: We are the fools, for there is a very light easterly and the usual but diminishing swell. Took compass out of binnacle where it is of no use to man, woman or child. Couldn't read it in daylight because of foggy glass, couldn't take bearings off it, and shadows concealed the lubbers line at night. Re-set it in standard. 10.00. Bar. 30.11. Wind light E. Sea smooth.

Heavy clouds to E. with promise of wind and rain. Log, 10½ (total since steamed 48 miles). Won't register in drifts. Mayor Island about 20 miles astern. School dismissed. Been adjusting sextant, working out tidal time differences, etc. 11.50. Altered course E.S.E. Log, 15. Full sail. Drizzling. Visibility about four miles. Cleared about noon and fell a glassy calm. All hands swimming around ship at once. Inspected good crop of barnacles on deadwood. Beautiful clear blue water, can follow the perpendicular log line for fathoms. Took all sail off to check slam-



Sydney Yacht's World Cruise

The yacht *Sirius*, with a crew comprising the owner, Mr. Har- to Mr. Nossiter, but the other which left Sydney on July 17th, 1935, returned on May 21st, 1937, having completed a voyage of 30,000 miles round the world.

The *Sirius*, which is an auxiliary yacht of 30½ tons gross, reached Raratonga at the beginning of April of this year. Mr. Nossiter, who is a well-known Australian yachtsman, had the *Sirius* built at Sydney specially for the cruise. The crew originally numbered three in addition to Mr. Rossiter, but the other member left the party at Colombo on the voyage to England, which was made by way of the Dutch East Indies, Ceylon, Suez Canal and the Mediterranean.



ming. At 20.00 light N.E. made up so set sail. At last ship asleep. I had 20.00 to 00.00 watch (8 to 12). It took me half-an-hour to teach "Manilla Mike" his job and then I turned in.

April 2nd: Tiller not touched till 11.00 to-day, 2nd, when we put spinnaker on in the failing breeze. Bar. 30.14. Too high. Bright sun. Swell from N.E. Log 63 at eight this morning. Total 100½ miles. Where are the promised secondary depressions and their breezes? All hands had

a swim. Dreamy, boastful voice from bunk this morning, "I stood two watches." No medals! We all slept like logs with occasional visits on deck for "look see." Up at 9, breakfast at 10. Gentlemen, huh? 12.45. Breeze freshened a bit. Bowling along. Log, 80 (total 116½). Spinnaker drawing well ahead. High land just visible ahead. Cape Runaway vicinity, I think. On chart now for a change. Crew need shaving. Zouch not too strong yet. 16.45. Ominous clouds astern. Plenty of rain, I think. Log, 100¾. Making the four-hour run of 20¾ miles total 147¼). Took spinnaker off at 18.00 and turned in. Still tramping along. Decided to do sail drill. Took main and jib off. Put on small main. Breeze then eased off—temporarily.

April 3rd: Went on watch 00.00 to find fresh N.N.W. Inclined to be squally. Seas making up fast. Course E. by N. Enjoyed my trick despite a dollop or two. 08.00. Bar. 30.04. Sea rough. Course E. Log, 92 (total 219). Visibility N.B.G. 24-hour run. 130 miles not too bad. The noon to noon should be better. We've lost N.Z. Perhaps it has sunk. Should have sighted East Cape, but haven't. Altered course to S.E. in hopes of seeing it, but on log we're past and out to sea. Had no opportunity of checking deviation so far, which must be great. Can't beat sea room, anyhow. Raining, rough sea. Bar. 30.04. Visibility rotten. Log, 10 (total 229). Day's run, 130 miles. Took 12 to 4 watch (1200 to 1600). Rain squalls with a watery sun between. Heavy clouds to S.W. Dirt about. Made 24 miles in watch. Saw large shark. Surprising lack of bird life. Several Dirty Dicks, one albatross, two stormy petrels and one Mother Carey's chicken. Well off shore. N.E. breeze. Freshening. Am going too close to reef. Bar. 29.94. "The bottom, he fall out." Went about and put all tucks in. The squall, a dirty line one, was on us before we finished. Got soaked with rain, which beat the sea to a sullen mood. Still big, however. Altered course S.S.W. Pep went out of wind after the

first effort. Now rolling badly. Took main off to prevent the boom jerking the stick out of her at 18.00. Lashed tiller and all turned in.

April 4th: S.E. gale worked up in night. Damn cold. Sea very rough and breaking. Ship riding like a lamb, only occasional snarl-ers jumping aboard. Comfy in cabin. We're all to damn lazy to get up for anything. Zouch still a cot-case. Bar. 30.14! Sun trying to shine. Log 75 (total 294). 12.00. Blowing harder than ever. Sea a magnificent, awe--inspiring sight, about twenty feet the highest. Wind straked and breaking. Took several photographs. Several huge albatross and Dirty Dicks. Clouds stationary. Might blow itself out. Whole ocean to ourselves. We are under stay-sail only, heading roughly S.W., and I should say about 20-30 miles off shore. Visibility fair, but no chance of shooting sun, or even getting a rough idea where he lives. Zouch right out to it, and Mc. a case again. Log 85 (total 304). Have put small tanned trisail on. Hove-to on port tack. Blow the hair off a dog's back. Sea in a hell of a mess. Table leaving its moorings—stove won't go. Put preventer tackle on weather backstay. The mast jumping too much. No signs of weather abating. Hell of a damp mess below—clothes, towels, oilies, etc. The crew helped to put trisail on, otherwise cot-cases. Huge school of porpoises gambolled about; ten and more abreast leaping clear of water. Writing an art. Eating. I have hopes for. The rum is good. Bar. high, 30.24. I think the works must be shaken out. Rum. (Good). Sea high. Mast too high. Slides. (Bad). "He who goes to sea for pleasure, would go to hell for a pastime." Never will I go to sea without storm oil. again! Salt on face thick. I sure want my beard harvested. High whistling note in rigging during the peak of squalls. Ordinarily a constant wail. Sounds just like Wellington. Kapai, sea room! Should make landfall to-morrow morning in vicinity of Gable End Fore-

land.

April 5th: Blew hard squalls during the night but gradually eased off as did the sea. Damn cold. Cabin in hell of a mess with wet clothes and sails. Still have-to, but will ease her off after a meal is cooked. Land about 12 miles to leeward, vicinity of Tokomaru Bay—about 20 miles out, is my guess. Bar. 30.34. (I don't believe it!) Slept all standing last night, as per usual, but kept oilies on, too. Ship behaved well, considering. Cockpit lockers drain into the bilge—rotten idea. Log 48 (total 367). Course S.W. Hospital ship "Argo" calling.



Mystery of the Sea

A famous sea mystery was again probed before Lloyd's underwriters on Wednesday, May 19th, when a barge captain, Arthur Cocker, of Hull, claimed salvage money for the Marie Celeste. Cocker was a member of the boarding party from the ship Kentishman, of which he was cabin boy. He claimed to be the only living man possessing a first-hand connection with the mystery, and declare that he intends to produce hitherto undisclosed documents taken from the Marie Celeste's cabin.

Cocker's theory is that a member of the Marie Celeste's company went berserk and killed two or three members of the crew, after which he was himself killed. The remainder of the crew in a panic took to the boats.



Having cooked breakfast, in fact, all meals for three days, I put the ship about and will now wash up. The others are in bed. They did, however, partake of a little nourishment to-day. Zouch has been absolutely flat out for nearly the trip and has wonderful ideas as to how to get to Napier quickly, including the idea of asking of a tow from some passing ship!! Breeze lightening. Will have to put on small main soon. Jib badly torn at foot. I've re-lashed, but it will have to stay on the bowsprit for I'm not going on the

spar to undo the shackle. Course E. Sea moderate, but confused. Scattered clouds—intermittent sunshine—cold. 15.30. Took off storm trisail and bent close reefed small main. At last making some headway. Breeze fresh again. Bar. 30.34. Slogging down coast. Will stand off during night watches. 17.00. Went about. Course E. Log 73 (total 292). Sea short, confused. Will stand-out all night.

April 6th: Hove-to all night from 20.00. Probably lost all we gained in day's sailing. Blew like hell. Cold. Bar 30.42 (liar). Wind S.E. Eased off a bit 08.00. Went about and let her head off. Log 13 (total 432). Placing us about 45 miles due E. of Anaura Bay. Probably further N. because of leeway. Bread is trying to vie with crew in growing whiskers. No show, however. If we don't thrash the ship we'll be like the Ancient Mariner standing off and on the coast for the rest of our lives. Put full rag on at 09.00. Now we move, even if it is a bit wet. It's a joy to feel her alive again. With luck will lay Napier, though there is about 120 miles between us. Noon. Log 30 (total 449). Wind S.E. Sea moderate. Course S. Bar. 34.44. Many albatross and a shark have passed this morning. 16.00. Wind S.E., waxes and wanes. Sea, same wet. Course S.S.W. or full and by. Bar. 34.44. I think the h.p. cylinder must have blown. Damn cold. Log 43 (total 462). Going on watch now. Place lousy with albatross. Course W.S.W. Portland to Port Ahuriri. 20.00 Log 60 (total 479).

April 7th: 04.00. Damn cold. Log 87 (506). 12.00. Log 28 (total 547). Bar. 30.24 (apparently it still works). Sea moderate. Visibility good. Day's run, 98 miles. Wind fresh N.E. Been on watch eight hours. As soon as I could got bearings of Mahia Peninsula. Altered course S.W. Set spinnaker. Man - handled crew. Broke two belaying pins out of rail. Two hours later spinnaker boom guy parted so we took it in. Breeze fluffed out. Backed through to N.E. taking

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The Pericles

The Pericles was one of the last sailing ships to be built for the passenger trade to Australia. She was an out-and-out iron clipper, with very sharp lines and, like all the Aberdeen White Star sailing ships, was the product of Hood, of Aberdeen. She cost £31,500, and was fitted with all the latest improvements, such as a donkey engine, steam condenser, and steam windlass.

The maiden passage of the Pericles to Australia was only beaten by one ship, and that was the famous clipper Cutty Sark, which did the run in two days less time. During this passage, in 1879, the Pericles was accompanied by her rival, Brilliant, also on her maiden voyage, and the two ships made the closest race of their struggle for supremacy. Pericles got away first, but unfortunately went ashore outside Plymouth, and after being floated safely had to be returned to port, go into dock, and discharge cargo. She left Plymouth the second time on August 9th. Meanwhile the Brilliant had sailed from London, and thus it happened that the two ships took their departure at the same time from the Lizard. In the run to the Line the Pericles had the best of it, and crossed the Equator on September 25th, with a lead of two days. The Brilliant lost another day in the South Atlantic, the Cape Meridian being crossed by the Pericles on October 17th, and by the Brilliant on October 20th.

Running the easting down, both ships made splendid time. up the coast the Brilliant gained steadily, but she could not quite overhaul the Pericles, which anchored in Sydney Harbour on October 14th, 76 days out from the Lizard. The Brilliant arrived out the 15th, a bare twenty-four behind. In 1904 she was sold to the Norwegians and put into the timber trade. The Pericles was one of those lucky ships that were rarely in trouble, and never on the overdue list. When the war broke out the old ship

continued her steady voyaging, and not only escaped the submarines, but made a great deal of money for her new owners. Towards the last she was disguised under the name of Sjurso. In the autumn of 1923 she was sold for what she would fetch, towed to Keil and broken up.

Down the East Coast

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its time. Lovely sailing breeze. Bright sun. Close hauled for Napier. Slog up coast, slog into port. Should get there about 7 or 8 o'clock to-night. At least three dozen albatross sailing about together this morning. Nearly sailed over a parked deputation of them. Lovely sailing breeze last night. Sea stiff with phosphorus. We carved a bejewelled path, most fascinating to watch. Those mysterious, large, luminous blobs about, too. Am convinced they have life.

Crew perking up a bit now that Port is within cooee. No?. Zouch, not to be outdone, has just dashed on deck to sell out. What a party. Both complain of lack of sleep and both sleep at least 15 hours a day! Lots to do when we get in. Every spare rope in ship no good. The two spinnaker sheets parted. Were the backstay runners replaced in Matiatia. The guy a spare halliard unrove for that purpose. The spinnaker halliards went too on the night of 30th March.

Have towed spinner all the way without even a strike. Bread finished. On to hard tack. Eggs finished about the 1st. Have had handy billie on backstays every night since rebending the small main. Complete Antarctic rig for night watches. Heavy woolen singlet, shirt, waistcoat, D.B. coat, towel (scarf), pants, oily dittoes. British warm and oil-skin coat over all. Shoes (canvas), socks! Even then it's hard to keep warm. The new staysail made by Jack Searle has not yet been down, and it's like a charm. Took photos of the hirsute gang. I've a great mat. How these boys work when steak and eggs are almost in sight. They've put the spinnaker on as a leader. Still 15

to 20 miles to go. Tallest member of crew has vowed he'll kiss the earth as soon as he lands, and ride a full day in the first tram he sees! Log 72 (total 591). 16.00. Breeze freshened from N.E. Took in leader. Wind lightening up. Doing 5 knots. Marine Parade with its illuminated trees and marvellous fountain of ever-changing colours, a wonderful sight. Wish the Port was as well lighted. Just past the breakwater the blasted wind dropped leaving us half a mile to go in with only a steepening ground swell to help us along. We slowly approached the entrance to the Inner Harbour (Port Ahuriri) and I found myself in rather a predicament. A tug with barge in tow was making for the narrow entrance too, but was obvious we'd get there first. Question. Should I anchor and give him precedence? Would he stop and pass us a line if we did? But to anchor meant we'd lose all way, and face head to sea, and therefore, could we get way on again without any wind?

Carried on. Nervous strain entering channel under circumstances—no wind, big surge (two lighters and the dredge broke away about the same time), 6 ft. depth (low tide), and tide was at half about 9 ft. over bar but 3 ft. drops in the troughs! Got in and managed to give the tug and lighter enough room. Tight fit, though. We must have had about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch under keel. Tied up alongside Kotunui at 9.45 (21.45). Ashore for steak and eggs, etc., in a big way.

(To be continued).

PHONE 46-582 ESTIMATES

P. VOS

Yachts, Boatbuilder and
Designer

— Patent Slip —

HAMER STREET
Western Reclamation
AUCKLAND O1

Brokers' Activities

Boats Change Hands

An unusual type of motor cruiser is being constructed at the yards of Messrs. Lidgard Brothers for Mr. P. B. White. The vessel is 34ft. in length and has a beam of 9ft. 6in. It has a flare bow and a streamlined stern—the first of its kind built in Auckland. Two cabins and a wheel-house are provided, also a galley and other conveniences. The Gray engine will be of 90 horse-power.

Messrs. White and Rickerby, of Bayswater, have placed an order with Messrs. Lidgard Brothers for a 14ft. T class boat.

The keel yacht *Revel*, lately owned by Mr. W. Carmichael, of Whangarei, has been purchased by Mr. W. P. Baker, of Auckland. The *Revel* has arrived from the northern port and will be moored in Mechanics' Bay. Messrs. J. and S. Carter, Whangarei, have purchased the 35ft. launch *Whatti*, formerly owned by Messrs. Reynolds Brothers, Whangarei.

The 32ft. launch *Lady Helen*, formerly owned by Mr. L. A. Marquet, has been sold by Mr. A. Donovan to Mr. A. E. Fuller, of Russell. The vessel had a good run up the coast. The *Lady Helen* is to undergo alterations and will in future be employed in the big-game fishing activities in the Bay of Islands.

The 30ft. keel yacht *Reliance*, built by Messrs. Tercel Brothers for Mr. R. D. Neil, has been sold by Mr. A. Donovan to Mr. A. T. Grandison.

Mr. A. Donovan, of Messrs. D. F. McGarry & Co. of Auckland, advise that they have recently sold the undermentioned boats:—

31ft. launch *Kiwi* from Mr. Downing to A. A. Jones.

18ft. launch *Wee Mite* from C. Shelley to W. G. Strange, Tauranga.

32ft. launch *Aranui* from W. J. Stevens, Tauranga, to Mrs. Russell, of Auckland.

36ft. launch *Jean* from J. L. Schiscska to Read & Manthell, Wellington.

36ft. keeler *Rambler* from B. S. Woolacott to J. L. Schiscska.

32ft. launch *Lady Helen* from L. A. Marquet to Fuller Bros., Russell.

31ft. auxiliary keel yacht *Reliance* from R. D. Neal to A. T. Grandison.

31ft. keel yacht (auxiliary) *Medina* from B. S. Woolacott to S. B. Atkinson.

22ft. mullet boat *Wailale* from L. Gardener to A. Neill.

18ft. speed boat from Lidstrum Bros. to A. Monds, Frankton Junction.

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A N.Z. Yachtsman Overseas

Visiting Yacht Clubs of the World

Mr. C. J. Reid, rear-commodore Hutt Valley Motor-boat Club, is at present making a tour of the world, a few of the places that he has visited being England, Scotland, of which he made an extensive tour by car. Leaving London he toured through France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Austria. When visiting Belgium he acted as delegate to the International Power Boat Conference,* representing Auckland. He will complete his tour visiting U.S.A.

Mr. Reid's office as rear-commodore of the Hutt Valley Motor Boat Club is unique on account of his father being commodore. Mr. Reid, sen., and the late Mrs. Reid were the donors of the Idle Along Challenge Shield, and were both keen supporters of yachting. Mr. C. J. Reid took every opportunity of visiting yacht clubs in every country he visited, by whom he was given a hearty welcome. While at Geneva he met several members of the League of Nations whom are closely interested in yachting and motor boats.

The Argo's Log

A Correction or Two

Mr. A. R. Clarke, who wrote the log of the *Argo*, published in our last two numbers, has dropped me a line to point out that one or two errors crept into the text, through mistranslations on the part of the typist who copied the original log, and states on said typist's behalf there are a lot of words in that book that she couldn't even copy even if she—er—understood them. The main difficulty lay in deciphering the text. Imagine yourselves trying to write, pad on knee, whilst being driven at high speed over a rutted road in a model T Ford. Something of the same motion, with a pinch of salt, occurs in a small lead-keeled ship on a troubled sea, so we shall let the girl off.

He adds on his own behalf that he is not in the habit of heaving a ship to 20 miles off a lee shore, in fact, he was well out of sight of land at the time, easily 60-70 miles off shore. Also he says his crew roared with laughter when told of their skipper's brutal manhandling of them. This sentence should have read "HAM-HANDED crew broke two belaying pins out of pin rail." Both want to know when the next trip is coming off. Quien sabe?

He indignantly denies any report to the effect that he was dizzy after leaving Napier, and says the brisk breeze was steady from the nor-east, even though he'll plead guilty to suffering from such delusions as bowing masts, non-existent mates and voices, during the night watches of the first night out from Napier. This through sheer tiredness, for he confesses that he managed to get about six hours sleep during his visit to the gay town. He recommends yachtsmen to cruise there, especially from Auckland—good sailing and fishing en route, and a change from the usual Christmas cruise. The inner harbour gives perfect shelter, though an engine is an advantage, especially if one arrives at night.