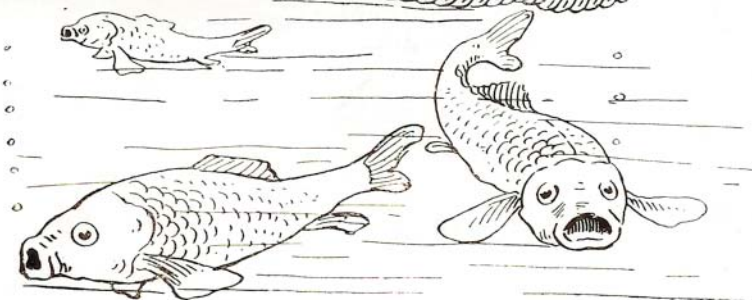




# THISTLE.

L.O.A. - - 48 ft. 5 ins.  
 L.W.L. - - 37 ft. 6 ins.  
 Beam - - 11 ft 3 ins.  
 Draft - - 6 ft  
 Tonnage - - 16.73.



CREW OF THISTLE.



E. NEWLANDS, Owner.

V. HIGGINS.

W. S. DAGG.

DICK EDWARDS.

ALF. FACKRELL.

CAPT. BRENNAN, Navigator.

MRS. NEWLANDS.

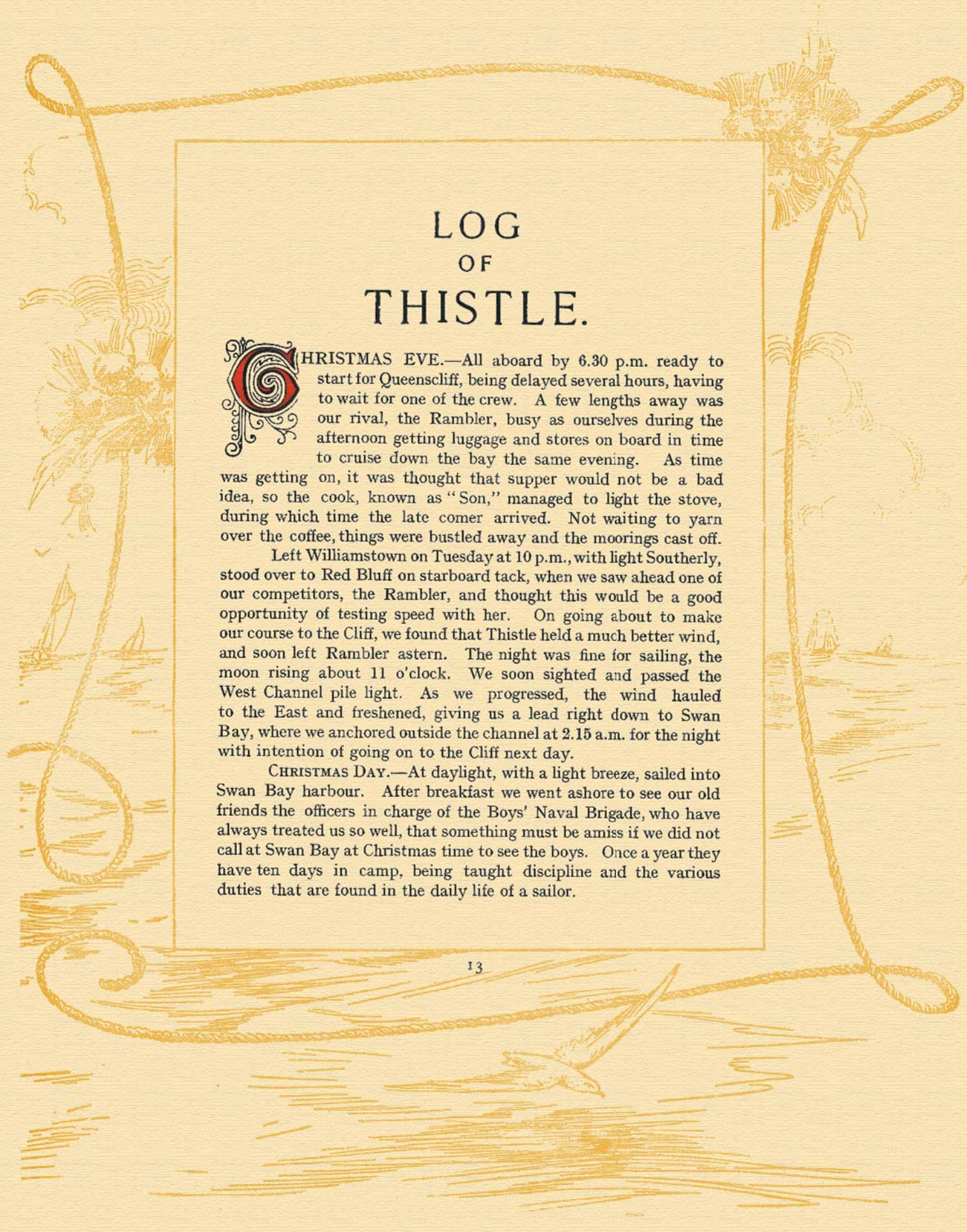
MISS NEWLANDS.

FELIX NEWLANDS, Cabin Boy.

W. L. BAKER.








## LOG OF THISTLE.

**C**HRISTMAS EVE.—All aboard by 6.30 p.m. ready to start for Queenscliff, being delayed several hours, having to wait for one of the crew. A few lengths away was our rival, the Rambler, busy as ourselves during the afternoon getting luggage and stores on board in time to cruise down the bay the same evening. As time was getting on, it was thought that supper would not be a bad idea, so the cook, known as "Son," managed to light the stove, during which time the late comer arrived. Not waiting to yarn over the coffee, things were bustled away and the moorings cast off.

Left Williamstown on Tuesday at 10 p.m., with light Southerly, stood over to Red Bluff on starboard tack, when we saw ahead one of our competitors, the Rambler, and thought this would be a good opportunity of testing speed with her. On going about to make our course to the Cliff, we found that Thistle held a much better wind, and soon left Rambler astern. The night was fine for sailing, the moon rising about 11 o'clock. We soon sighted and passed the West Channel pile light. As we progressed, the wind hauled to the East and freshened, giving us a lead right down to Swan Bay, where we anchored outside the channel at 2.15 a.m. for the night with intention of going on to the Cliff next day.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—At daylight, with a light breeze, sailed into Swan Bay harbour. After breakfast we went ashore to see our old friends the officers in charge of the Boys' Naval Brigade, who have always treated us so well, that something must be amiss if we did not call at Swan Bay at Christmas time to see the boys. Once a year they have ten days in camp, being taught discipline and the various duties that are found in the daily life of a sailor.





One of the conditions of the race being to report at Queenscliff this day for inspection. We had lunch, and made a start with ebb tide, but very little wind. As we were clearing the last pile in the Channel the wind dropped, and tide set us on to the edge of the bank, where we stuck fast for an hour. The Mayflower passed us, but eventually had to drop anchor to avoid grounding. The day was very hot with light air. By 5 o'clock we anchored at Queenscliff, the Rambler arriving a few minutes before under power.

We found a great number of yachts had come down to see the start of the great race so much talked over during last two months. Shamrock had passed us while at Swan Bay, and got to the Cliff early. We were anxious to see the new boat, the last time being on the stocks before launching. The design being a new one here, it gave the critics something to talk about. However, to-morrow would decide a good deal. The Rambler being an untried boat, also the largest, was considered a favourite by some. The Ellida is a well-known battler, and looking at it from a broad view, we considered there was very little between us, and that it would be a matter of judgment as to how we should get there in the fastest time.

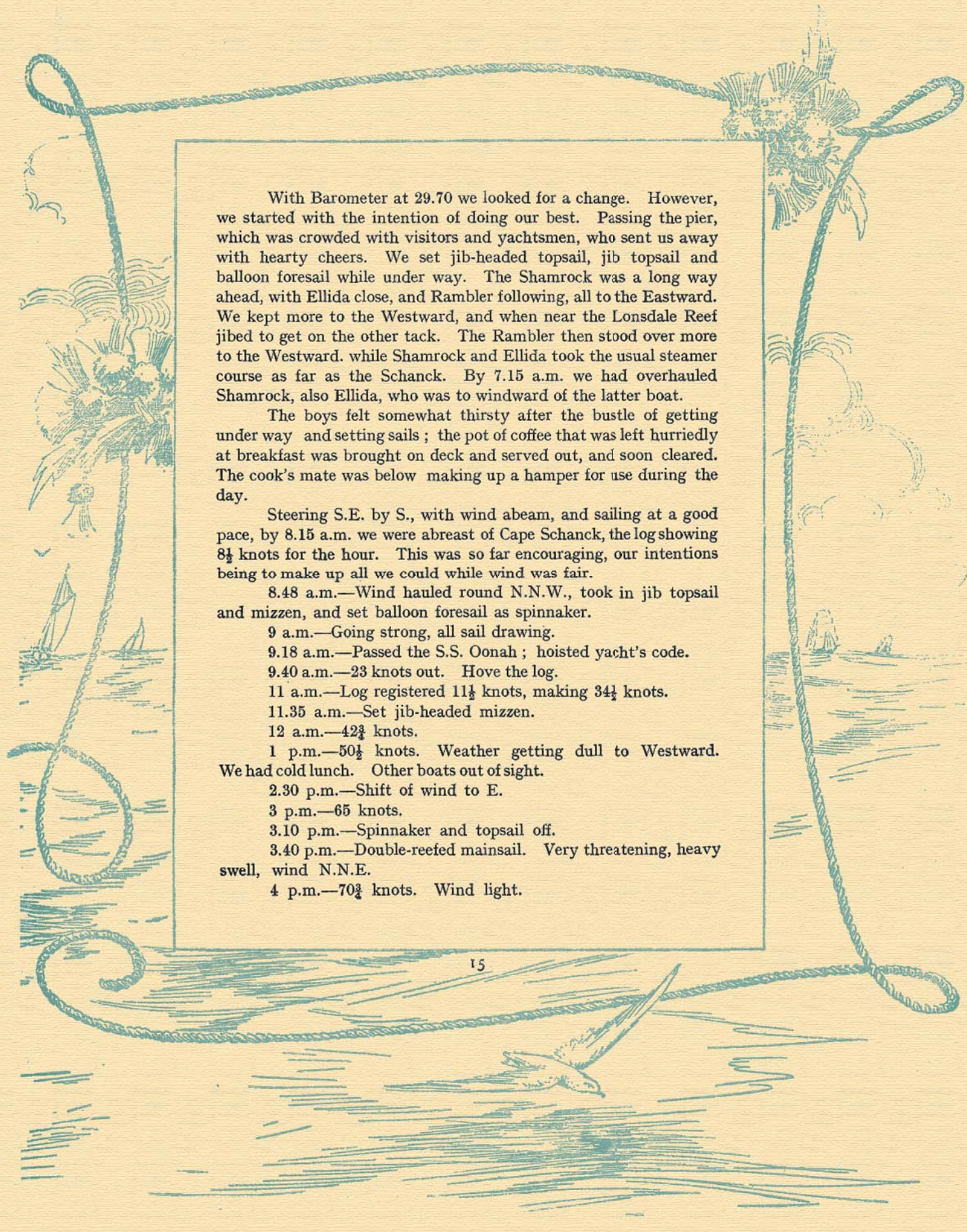
As it was necessary for us to be up early next morning, we turned in at a reasonable hour, with some doubt as to the weather, a strong Northerly blowing, with glass low.

THURSDAY, 27TH DECEMBER.—Turned out at 4.30 a.m. All on board alive with excitement to get started for the big race, being the first of its kind in these waters. Breakfast was the first important item, orders being given by the cook to take as much inside as possible, no knowing when the next hot meal would be served. Needless to say the crew took the hint.

A strong Northerly wind was blowing, and not wishing to set mainsail too long before preparatory gun, were waiting anxiously for the report, and thought it strange that the guns were not punctual. To our surprise we found the other boats had started, we having not heard any gun.

We lost no time in getting under way, some 12 minutes late, which was rather disappointing, the general opinion being that we would have nothing to spare with our handicap.





With Barometer at 29.70 we looked for a change. However, we started with the intention of doing our best. Passing the pier, which was crowded with visitors and yachtsmen, who sent us away with hearty cheers. We set jib-headed topsail, jib topsail and balloon foresail while under way. The Shamrock was a long way ahead, with Ellida close, and Rambler following, all to the Eastward. We kept more to the Westward, and when near the Lonsdale Reef jibed to get on the other tack. The Rambler then stood over more to the Westward, while Shamrock and Ellida took the usual steamer course as far as the Schanck. By 7.15 a.m. we had overhauled Shamrock, also Ellida, who was to windward of the latter boat.

The boys felt somewhat thirsty after the bustle of getting under way and setting sails; the pot of coffee that was left hurriedly at breakfast was brought on deck and served out, and soon cleared. The cook's mate was below making up a hamper for use during the day.

Steering S.E. by S., with wind abeam, and sailing at a good pace, by 8.15 a.m. we were abreast of Cape Schanck, the log showing  $8\frac{1}{2}$  knots for the hour. This was so far encouraging, our intentions being to make up all we could while wind was fair.

8.48 a.m.—Wind hauled round N.N.W., took in jib topsail and mizzen, and set balloon foresail as spinnaker.

9 a.m.—Going strong, all sail drawing.

9.18 a.m.—Passed the S.S. Oonah; hoisted yacht's code.

9.40 a.m.—23 knots out. Hove the log.

11 a.m.—Log registered  $11\frac{1}{2}$  knots, making  $34\frac{1}{2}$  knots.

11.35 a.m.—Set jib-headed mizzen.

12 a.m.— $42\frac{3}{4}$  knots.

1 p.m.— $50\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Weather getting dull to Westward. We had cold lunch. Other boats out of sight.

2.30 p.m.—Shift of wind to E.

3 p.m.—65 knots.

3.10 p.m.—Spinnaker and topsail off.

3.40 p.m.—Double-reefed mainsail. Very threatening, heavy swell, wind N.N.E.

4 p.m.— $70\frac{3}{4}$  knots. Wind light.



4.20 p.m.—Shook out reef and set large spinnaker.

4.50 p.m.—Afternoon tea ; the Skipper having first cup, tasted it, but said nothing and waited for the fun. The others, who drank also, looked round, until a burst of laughter settled it. The cook would have come in for a rough handling if it was not that an important race was being sailed, and no time for pranks. It was then found that the tea had been made with salt water, the cook getting the credit for his joke, which he denied. However, to get the crew in good humour again, fresh tea was made, and were all good friends once more.

5 p.m.— $76\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Looking dark in the West. Glass falling, 29.64.

5.5 p.m.—Took in spinnaker and topsail. Change still brewing. Shortly after a fresh breeze from West.

6 p.m.— $83\frac{1}{2}$  knots.

7 p.m.— $90\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Wind light. Took advantage of weather to get our tea.

8 p.m.— $94\frac{1}{2}$  knots.

9 p.m.—Raining. Hardly steerage way.

10 p.m.— $98\frac{1}{2}$  knots.

11 p.m.—104 knots.

12.15 a.m.—112 knots. Wind strong S.W. Close reefed mainsail ; furlled mizzen.

FRIDAY 1 A.M.— $116\frac{1}{2}$  knots.

2 a.m.—123 knots.

3 a.m.— $130\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Yacht sailing well, taking over very little water.

4 a.m.— $136\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Wind dropped. Table Cape light on weather bow, which can be seen in clear weather 29 miles off ; a very welcome sign. We then knew that our steering was close to our mark.

5 a.m.—143 knots. Set mizzen and shook out reef and changed jib.

6 a.m.— $150\frac{1}{2}$  knots.

7 a.m.— $156\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Hot coffee for all hands ; very much appreciated.



7.25 a.m.—Set jib topsail, balloon foresail, jackyarder, also big mizzen.

8 a.m.—163 knots. Wind light. Cook turned out and made a hot stew, which soon disappeared.

9 a.m.—170 $\frac{1}{4}$  knots. Showery. Headlands very indistinct. Wind S.S.W.

10 a.m.—177 $\frac{1}{2}$  knots.

The cook, although not feeling well, managed to get a hot breakfast ready for us, which was enjoyed by all; the pure ozone being a great appetiser.

11 a.m.—184 knots. Light breeze. Set large spinnaker.

12 a.m.—189 $\frac{3}{4}$  knots. Sighted sail to North; not quite clear if Rambler; misty.

1 p.m.—194 $\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Weather thick, raining. Land difficult to make out.

1.30 p.m.—Wind lightened, and hauled to S.E. Spinnaker off.

2 p.m.—197 $\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Still raining. Prepared cold lunch.

3 p.m.—202 $\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Off Point Sorell.

4 p.m.—206 $\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Badger Head abeam. Wind freshening. Jackyarder off. Barometer 29.40.

4.25 p.m.—Blowing hard. Double reefed mainsail.

5 p.m.—214 $\frac{3}{4}$  knots.


5.15 p.m.—Crossed line between Hebe Reef Buoy and Light-house. Blowing a gale; blinding rain and very cold. After beating up entrance against ebb tide, anchored at Lagoon Bay.

6 p.m.—Pilot Evans came alongside and informed us that the other boats had not arrived, and no sign of them. With wind in same quarter no hope of them getting in that night.

Needless to say we were glad to have arrived safe and sound, without any accident, and winner of the first ocean race; also the fact that two ladies had faced the trip across, and proved themselves good sailors.

The rain and mist continued all night; it was hopeless to go ashore till next day, so we made ourselves comfortable for the night. The cook and stewardess prepared a good hot meal, during which the race was discussed in many ways, with sympathetic thoughts





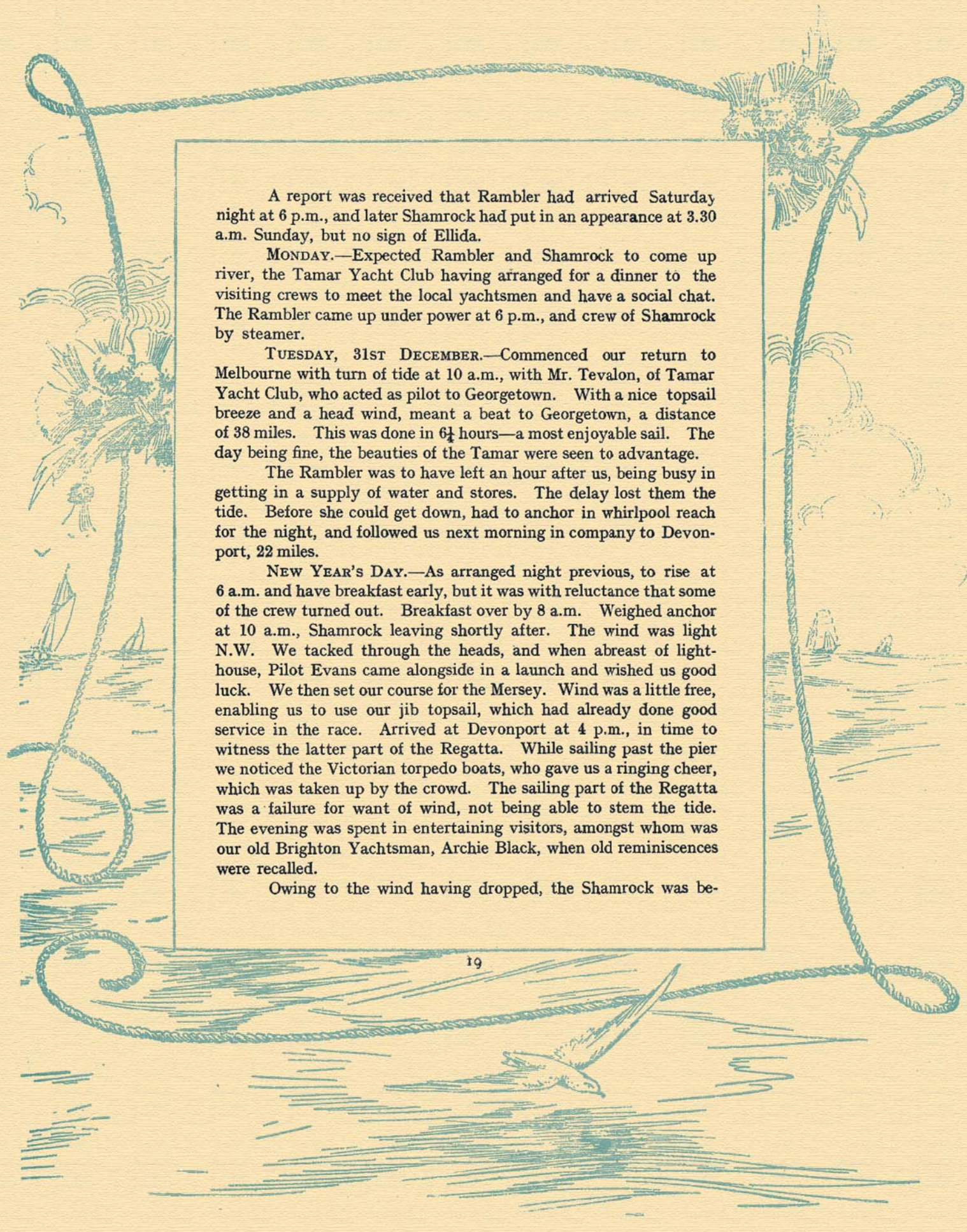
for the boats that had not arrived, as it was likely they would have a worse time than we had. After washing up, it was time to retire, when there was no difficulty in getting off to sleep after the excitement of the previous 35 hours.

SATURDAY.—All up early, No sign of other boats. After breakfast went ashore for a couple of hours to see the small township near the lighthouse. As we were anxious to see all the sights in our limited time, we took advantage of the kind offer of the Tamar Yacht Club, who provided a pilot to take us up the river to Launceston. At 12.30, with all sail set and free, we left Lagoon Bay with Pilot Evans, who escorted us to Georgetown to pick up Mr. Poultney, who then took charge. The day was misty and raining most of the time, nevertheless we could see that it was a beautiful river, with its reaches and coves, which must be a boon to the local yachtsmen. Towards evening the wind lightened so much that about a mile from Launceston it was suggested that the Dinghy be launched and towed, when a good Samaritan in a launch came alongside and towed us into an anchorage. The city is surrounded by high hills, and the lights at night look like planets in the sky,

SUNDAY.—Rose early to get sails dried, which were soaking wet with so much rain. The local rowing club sheds were put at our disposal, being close to our moorings. We soon had sails ashore, and with the bright sun they were soon dry. The yachts are all moored in a snug little spot at the foot of the Cataract Gorge, one of the beautiful sights of Tasmania. The local boats are much smaller than ours, 28 ft. being the limit, owing to the high rise and fall of tide (10 feet).

From early morning the yacht was the centre of attraction, being visited by a great number of residents and yachtsmen ; something like what you read about, where the arrival of a strange vessel being surrounded by canoes wishing us compliments instead of goods. We were presented with flowers and thistles, as a token of interest in and pleasure at our success. The afternoon was spent in visiting the Gorge and grounds close by, which have been laid out in a most beautiful manner, and is one of the principal attractions of Launceston.





A report was received that Rambler had arrived Saturday night at 6 p.m., and later Shamrock had put in an appearance at 3.30 a.m. Sunday, but no sign of Ellida.

MONDAY.—Expected Rambler and Shamrock to come up river, the Tamar Yacht Club having arranged for a dinner to the visiting crews to meet the local yachtsmen and have a social chat. The Rambler came up under power at 6 p.m., and crew of Shamrock by steamer.


TUESDAY, 31ST DECEMBER.—Commenced our return to Melbourne with turn of tide at 10 a.m., with Mr. Tevalon, of Tamar Yacht Club, who acted as pilot to Georgetown. With a nice topsail breeze and a head wind, meant a beat to Georgetown, a distance of 38 miles. This was done in 6½ hours—a most enjoyable sail. The day being fine, the beauties of the Tamar were seen to advantage.

The Rambler was to have left an hour after us, being busy in getting in a supply of water and stores. The delay lost them the tide. Before she could get down, had to anchor in whirlpool reach for the night, and followed us next morning in company to Devonport, 22 miles.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—As arranged night previous, to rise at 6 a.m. and have breakfast early, but it was with reluctance that some of the crew turned out. Breakfast over by 8 a.m. Weighed anchor at 10 a.m., Shamrock leaving shortly after. The wind was light N.W. We tacked through the heads, and when abreast of lighthouse, Pilot Evans came alongside in a launch and wished us good luck. We then set our course for the Mersey. Wind was a little free, enabling us to use our jib topsail, which had already done good service in the race. Arrived at Devonport at 4 p.m., in time to witness the latter part of the Regatta. While sailing past the pier we noticed the Victorian torpedo boats, who gave us a ringing cheer, which was taken up by the crowd. The sailing part of the Regatta was a failure for want of wind, not being able to stem the tide. The evening was spent in entertaining visitors, amongst whom was our old Brighton Yachtsman, Archie Black, when old reminiscences were recalled.

Owing to the wind having dropped, the Shamrock was be-





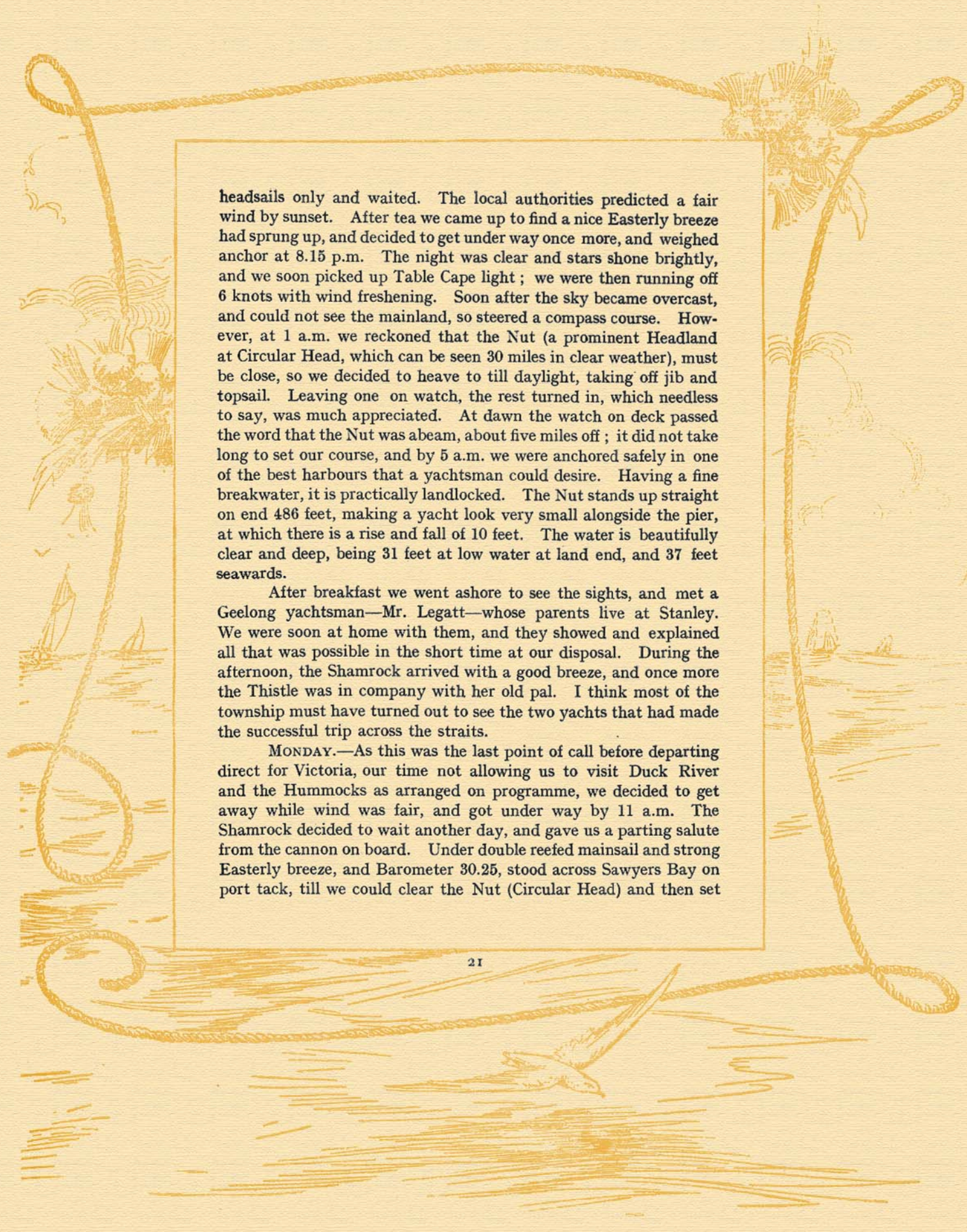
calmed outside some 3 miles, when the Rambler came up and gave her a tow into port. This is one of the advantages of an auxiliary.

TUESDAY.—Our intentions were to get away early next morning for Emu Bay, and were ready by 9 a.m. to catch the tide. When hoisting mainsail the throat haliard plate gave way, and we lost two hours in getting a new one. We were moored in a narrow gut, where on one side the bank is dry at low water. We hauled along the pier and asked a person on the dredge if there was enough water to clear. He said yes; but after we had got started a couple of lengths he called out to go about, and the keel caught the edge of the bank. As the tide is a 10ft. rise and fall, it soon runs out, and before we had time to do anything, it had fallen some inches, and it was hopeless to get away. We then decided to make the best of it, and shored up the boat and waited for the tide to turn, which would be 6 p.m. It caused a lot of curiosity to see the boat high and dry with a list of 45 deg., the crew amused themselves in various ways. The local rowing club kindly lent us a four-oared gig, and piloted us up the river for some miles.

FRIDAY.—We retired early, so as to get away at 5 a.m. next day for Emu Bay, 28 miles. Up punctual; with a light Southerly; set topsail and jib topsail, which carried us on finely, having break-fast under way. We passed Ulverstone at 9.30 a.m. At 10 a.m. the wind came in light from N.W., with no strength, and gradually died out by 11 a.m., and we were becalmed for 4 hours. We passed Penguin, and when off the Round Hill, which is only a few miles from Burnie, the tide turned and drifted us back 3 miles. By this time the wind came from the East, and gradually freshened, arriving at Burnie at 6 p.m. Burnie is an open roadstead, and is a very uncomfortable place to anchor with wind from East, the ocean swell coming right in. We passed the night something after the same style as at Queenscliff with an Easterly.

SATURDAY.—As our time was limited, at 6 a.m. we set all sails, waiting for wind to get us along another stage to Circular Head, some 34 miles. A light air coming up, we weighed anchor, but could not get steerage way, and tried towing with dinghy to clear pier; but it was hopeless, and had no option but to drop anchor again and took off






headsails only and waited. The local authorities predicted a fair wind by sunset. After tea we came up to find a nice Easterly breeze had sprung up, and decided to get under way once more, and weighed anchor at 8.15 p.m. The night was clear and stars shone brightly, and we soon picked up Table Cape light ; we were then running off 6 knots with wind freshening. Soon after the sky became overcast, and could not see the mainland, so steered a compass course. However, at 1 a.m. we reckoned that the Nut (a prominent Headland at Circular Head, which can be seen 30 miles in clear weather), must be close, so we decided to heave to till daylight, taking off jib and topsail. Leaving one on watch, the rest turned in, which needless to say, was much appreciated. At dawn the watch on deck passed the word that the Nut was abeam, about five miles off ; it did not take long to set our course, and by 5 a.m. we were anchored safely in one of the best harbours that a yachtsman could desire. Having a fine breakwater, it is practically landlocked. The Nut stands up straight on end 486 feet, making a yacht look very small alongside the pier, at which there is a rise and fall of 10 feet. The water is beautifully clear and deep, being 31 feet at low water at land end, and 37 feet seawards.

After breakfast we went ashore to see the sights, and met a Geelong yachtsman—Mr. Legatt—whose parents live at Stanley. We were soon at home with them, and they showed and explained all that was possible in the short time at our disposal. During the afternoon, the Shamrock arrived with a good breeze, and once more the Thistle was in company with her old pal. I think most of the township must have turned out to see the two yachts that had made the successful trip across the straits.

MONDAY.—As this was the last point of call before departing direct for Victoria, our time not allowing us to visit Duck River and the Hummocks as arranged on programme, we decided to get away while wind was fair, and got under way by 11 a.m. The Shamrock decided to wait another day, and gave us a parting salute from the cannon on board. Under double reefed mainsail and strong Easterly breeze, and Barometer 30.25, stood across Sawyers Bay on port tack, till we could clear the Nut (Circular Head) and then set





our course for the Hummocks, which could be seen in the distance. About 2 p.m. the wind lightened, so shook out one reef and set jib headed topsail over the single reefed mainsail. The Hummocks were abeam at 2.30 p.m.,  $23\frac{1}{4}$  knots, and passed between the Hunters and the Hummocks (where we noticed the Schooner S.M.H.—setting sail—as we found afterwards—for Melbourne, arriving some 12 hours after us at 3 p.m.). The log registered  $29\frac{1}{4}$  knots, and wind freshening again, took off topsail, and reset the log. 7.30 p.m.,  $30\frac{1}{4}$  knots; 12 midnight, 62 knots.

Laid course N.N.W. for the Heads, with breeze E.S.E., and continued in this course with same wind all day and night, making from 6 to 7 knots an hour. About 5 a.m. Tuesday shook out the remaining reef and set mizzen. Sighted Lorne about 7 a.m. Wind falling light, altered course to N.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E., Glass falling slightly (30.10), with indications of Northerly.

8 a.m., Log 113 knots from the Hummocks 9 a.m., set jib topsail. 10 a.m., wind very light, beam swell causing boom and sails to thrash about and generally unpleasant. Wind continued thus all day, with occasional light puffs from E.S.E. running along the shore. Not enough speed to keep log on top of water, we hauled it aboard—7 p.m. Sighted Lonsdale lighthouse, still no wind, boat pitching and rolling.

12 Midnight—light Northerly and flood tide took us through the heads in good style, arriving off Queenscliff pier at 2 a.m., 39 hours from Stanley. If wind had been same strength right through, would have made the passage across in 25 hours. After a long day, having put in 18 hours in sailing 30 miles, we turned in, and it did not take long before all were asleep.

On turning out later, we found our old friend the North wind, which meant a long beat up the Bay, as the tide was ebbing and wind light. We decided to wait for the turn of tide, and at 12.30 made a start; the wind was light all day. At 9 p.m. we arrived at moorings and a few minutes after a sharp squall came out of the S.W. and cooled the air.