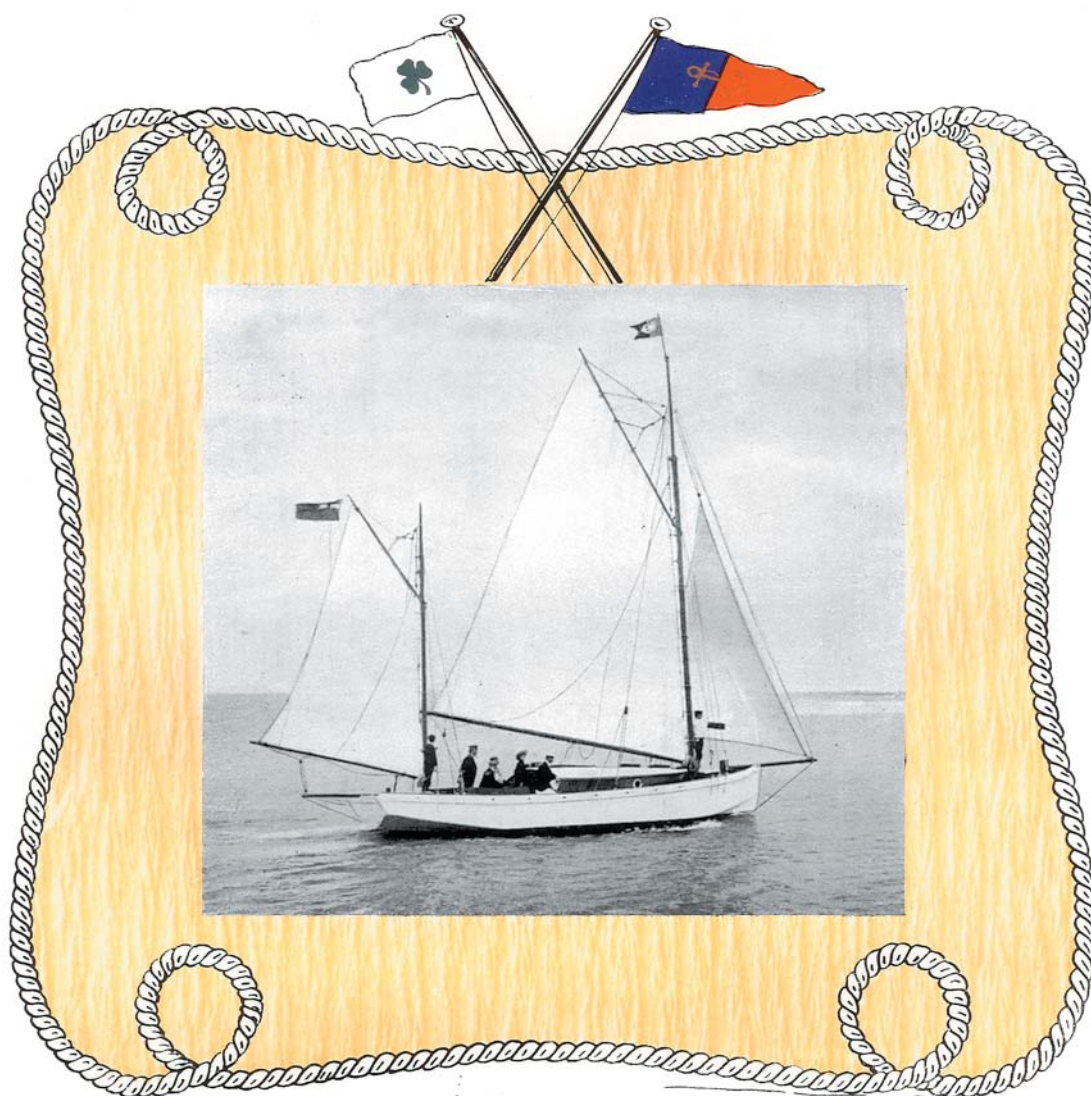


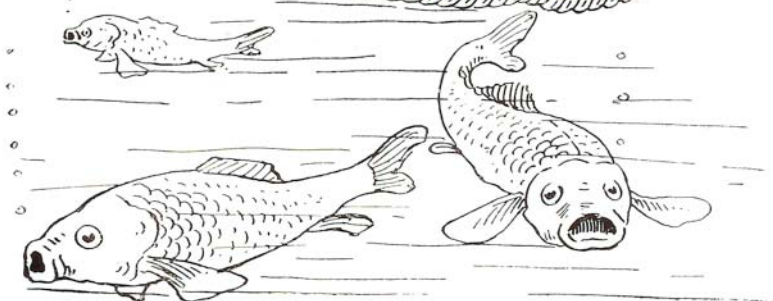


1. Cataract Gorge.
2. On Board Thistle.
3. Thistle Drying Out.
4. Shamrock.
5. On Board Thistle.
6. View Launceston.
7. Thistle and Cataract Gorge.
8. On the Tamar River.
9. From the Foretop.
10. Cataract Gorge.
11. Cook's Pal.



SHAMROCK.

L.O.A. - - 38½ ft.
 L.W.L. - - 31 ft.
 Beam - - 12 ft.
 Draft - - 4 ft.
 Tonnage - 15



CREW OF SHAMROCK.



J. R. McPHERSON, Captain and Navigator.

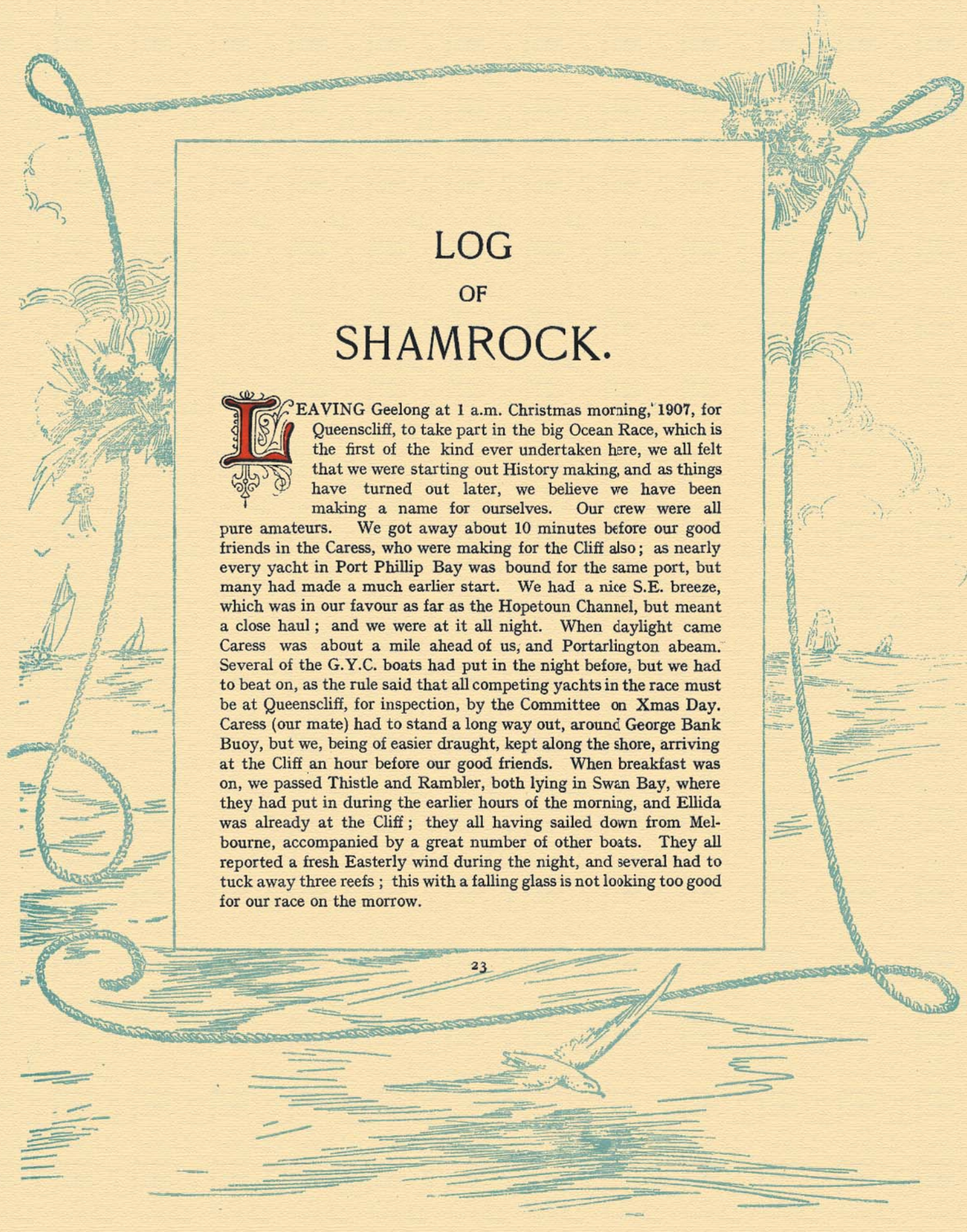
T. A. DICKSON, Owner and Mate.

VICTOR WIGGS.

WALTER WIGGS.

W. L. WILSON.

W. E. DICKSON.

A decorative border in a light blue-green ink. It features a thick rope that forms a rectangular frame with ornate loops at the corners. On the left side, there are stylized flowers and leaves. On the right side, there is a small bird perched on a branch. At the bottom, a seagull is shown in flight over a body of water represented by horizontal lines.

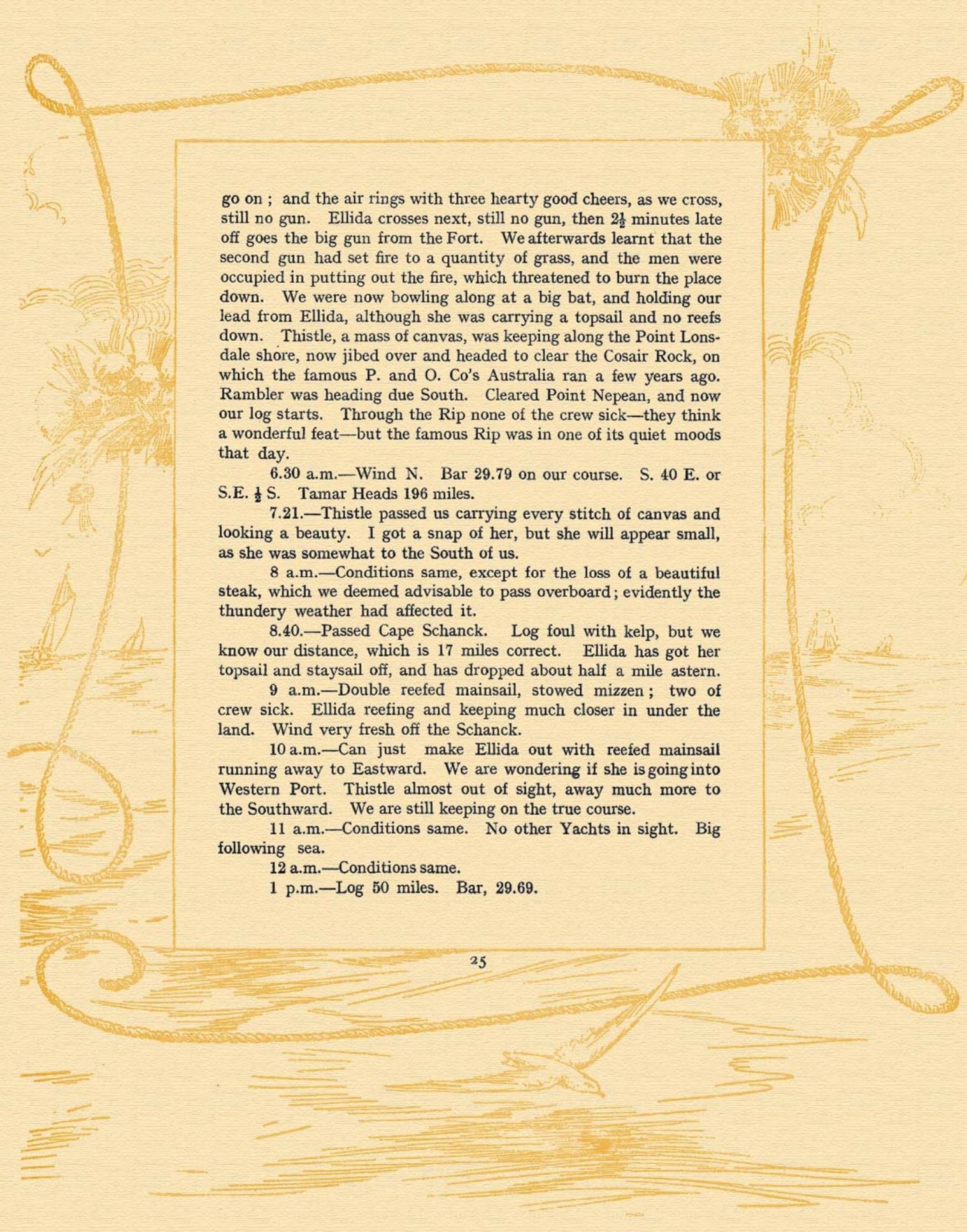
LOG OF SHAMROCK.

LEAVING Geelong at 1 a.m. Christmas morning, '1907, for Queenscliff, to take part in the big Ocean Race, which is the first of the kind ever undertaken here, we all felt that we were starting out History making, and as things have turned out later, we believe we have been making a name for ourselves. Our crew were all pure amateurs. We got away about 10 minutes before our good friends in the Caress, who were making for the Cliff also; as nearly every yacht in Port Phillip Bay was bound for the same port, but many had made a much earlier start. We had a nice S.E. breeze, which was in our favour as far as the Hopetoun Channel, but meant a close haul; and we were at it all night. When daylight came Caress was about a mile ahead of us, and Portarlington abeam. Several of the G.Y.C. boats had put in the night before, but we had to beat on, as the rule said that all competing yachts in the race must be at Queenscliff, for inspection, by the Committee on Xmas Day. Caress (our mate) had to stand a long way out, around George Bank Buoy, but we, being of easier draught, kept along the shore, arriving at the Cliff an hour before our good friends. When breakfast was on, we passed Thistle and Rambler, both lying in Swan Bay, where they had put in during the earlier hours of the morning, and Ellida was already at the Cliff; they all having sailed down from Melbourne, accompanied by a great number of other boats. They all reported a fresh Easterly wind during the night, and several had to tuck away three reefs; this with a falling glass is not looking too good for our race on the morrow.

XMAS DAY AT QUEENSLIFF.—Arrived here 9 a.m., wind had now died quite out, and sweltering hot. Our new ship "Shamrock," on the lines of the Big Sea Bird, is coming in for a good deal of criticism at the hands of all the local boating men and the fishermen. Some who have an eye for a good wholesome sea-going ship are delighted, and are warm in their expressions, but others who judge a yacht by her long beautiful overhangs and graceful spars, think she will arrive at Tamar Heads when her competitors are thinking of returning home; but we who made the trip and faced the "music" were thankful that we had not gone to sea in one of those "real pictures" as they are often called. The heat all day has been most trying, and Thistle and Rambler did not arrive in until late in the afternoon, when a dozen or more yachts also arrived from the various clubs around Port Phillip Bay. Amongst the Burgees I see Brighton, St. Kilda, Port Melbourne, Hobson's Bay, and Geelong, and with one exception not a Royal Burgee amongst the lot. This, to me, seems a poor spirit from the senior club of Victoria, but, however, this is not a social event but it's bigger game we're after.

Just as the Committee of the G.Y.C. have completed their inspection, a heavy thunder storm burst over us, followed by a strong North wind. This is somewhat unusual, as our Northerlies always come up in the morning or early day. After tea and a crowd of visitors, we turned in, with great expectations for the morrow; as we will have to make an early start getting things ready. Wind during the night strong North.

BOXING DAY, 26TH DECEMBER, 1907.—Up at 3.45 a.m. Breakfast served. Two solid hours' work getting everything secure ; one reef in mizzen, 2nd jib, and full mainsail. Bar. 29.85 fresh Northerly. First Gun, 5.45, set watch and get under weigh. Second Gun, 5.55, correct by watch, start to run down for line, which I judge we will cross about 10 seconds after starting gun. Ellida is also under weigh, but Thistle and Rambler are just hauling up sails. A photo man in a motor boat is running us very close, but I know what he is after, and have no time to waste on him. A hundred feet off the line and gun not gone, 50 and no sign of the gun. We run along the line for half a minute or so when Committee on pier wave us to



go on ; and the air rings with three hearty good cheers, as we cross, still no gun. Ellida crosses next, still no gun, then $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes late off goes the big gun from the Fort. We afterwards learnt that the second gun had set fire to a quantity of grass, and the men were occupied in putting out the fire, which threatened to burn the place down. We were now bowling along at a big bat, and holding our lead from Ellida, although she was carrying a topsail and no reefs down. Thistle, a mass of canvas, was keeping along the Point Lonsdale shore, now jibed over and headed to clear the Cosair Rock, on which the famous P. and O. Co's Australia ran a few years ago. Rambler was heading due South. Cleared Point Nepean, and now our log starts. Through the Rip none of the crew sick—they think a wonderful feat—but the famous Rip was in one of its quiet moods that day.

6.30 a.m.—Wind N. Bar 29.79 on our course. S. 40 E. or S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. Tamar Heads 196 miles.

7.21.—Thistle passed us carrying every stitch of canvas and looking a beauty. I got a snap of her, but she will appear small, as she was somewhat to the South of us.

8 a.m.—Conditions same, except for the loss of a beautiful steak, which we deemed advisable to pass overboard; evidently the thundery weather had affected it.

8.40.—Passed Cape Schanck. Log foul with kelp, but we know our distance, which is 17 miles correct. Ellida has got her topsail and staysail off, and has dropped about half a mile astern.


9 a.m.—Double reefed mainsail, stowed mizzen; two of crew sick. Ellida reefing and keeping much closer in under the land. Wind very fresh off the Schanck.

10 a.m.—Can just make Ellida out with reefed mainsail running away to Eastward. We are wondering if she is going into Western Port. Thistle almost out of sight, away much more to the Southward. We are still keeping on the true course.

11 a.m.—Conditions same. No other Yachts in sight. Big following sea.

12 a.m.—Conditions same.

1 p.m.—Log 50 miles. Bar, 29.69.



2 p.m.—Conditions same, only wind lighter.

3 p.m.—Log 62 miles.

4 p.m.—Wind North, freshening again. Sky very overcast. Double reefed mainsail and second jib. Yacht running beautifully and steering easily with big following sea. Course, S.E., half S. Afternoon tea served. Spirits of the crew good, but the majority have stopped singing sea songs and got very quiet.

5 p.m.—Conditions much the same. Wind fresh. We have not sighted anything since leaving the other yachts and the Schanck. Big cross swell travelling from N.E.

6 p.m.—Life lines rigged. Experienced mariner sick. Sky very overcast; expect a thunderstorm. Bar. 29.59.

6.10 p.m.—Heavy shift to W. and S.W. Mainsail stowed. Set second jib and reefed mizzen. Heavy rain. Bar. 29.63.

7 p.m.—Raining heavily. Wind lighter. Set second jib, three reefed mainsail, and one reef mizzen. Bar. 29.67. Wind W.

7.40 p.m.—Log 89½ miles. Wind gone down. Still raining.

10 p.m.—Wind S.W., fresh.

11.30 p.m.—Log 104¾ miles. Hove to. Head S. by W. Yacht riding well. One of the crew says hit on head with block when heaving to, but I cannot find much of a lump or bruise. Sighted steamer about a mile to weather. Supposed "Loorgana," which corresponds with our position.

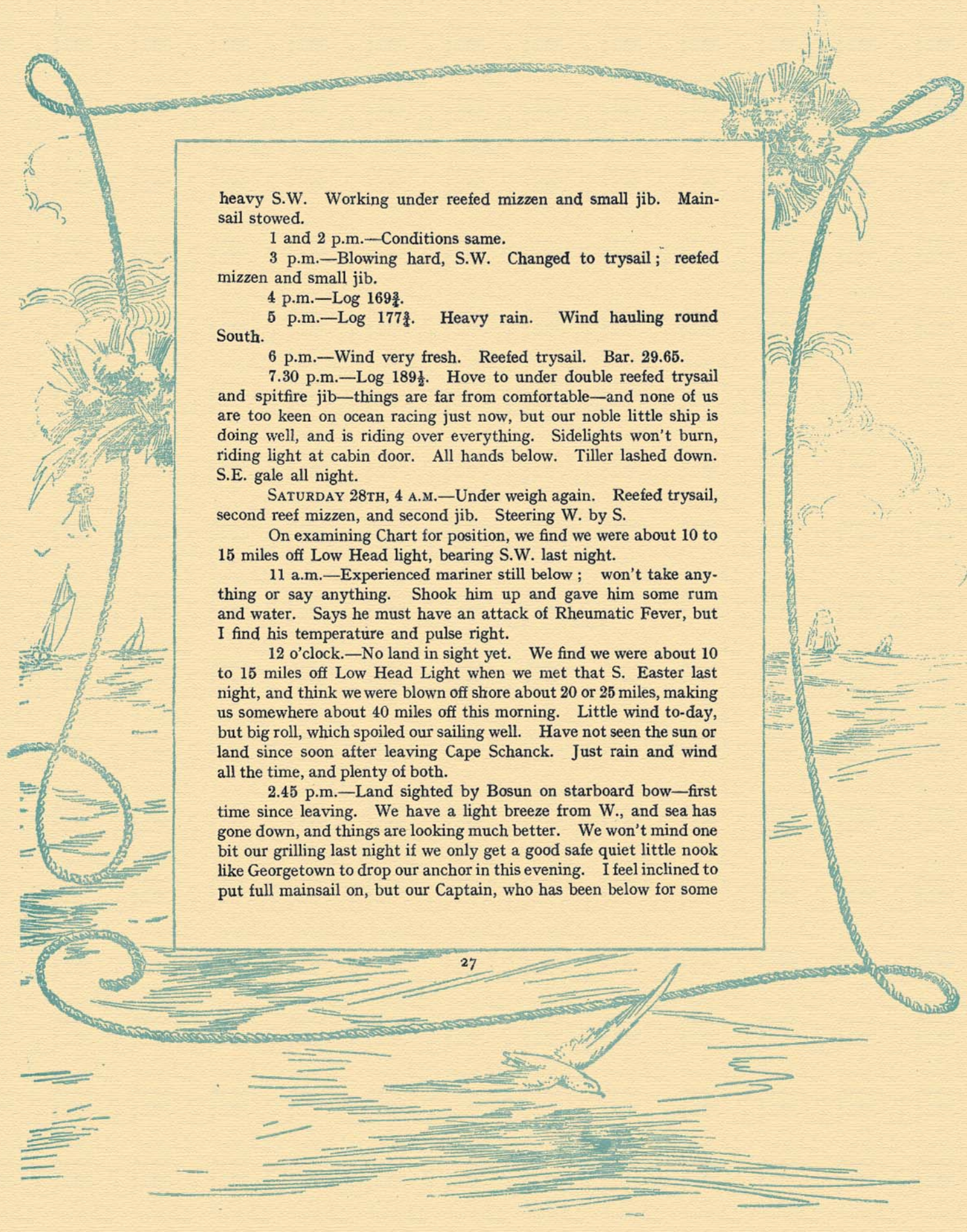
FRIDAY, 27TH DECEMBER, 4 A.M.—Under weigh again. Close hauled with three reefs in mainsail, one in mizzen and second jib—this we know means we are quite out of the race, as we cannot be anything like up to our course. Log 115¾; estimate 10 miles for leeway.

8 a.m.—Raining heavily all the morning. Should have a couple of reefs out of mainsail, but with exception of Captain and Mate our crew are very much knocked up—all asleep just now except the two already mentioned. However, I will say when the call comes they always turn out willingly.

9 a.m.—Shook out one reef.

10.30 a.m.—Log 139. Sea very rough. Close hauled. Raining hard.

12 o'clock.—Log 148. Raining hard. Sea rough, blowing



heavy S.W. Working under reefed mizzen and small jib. Main-sail stowed.

1 and 2 p.m.—Conditions same.

3 p.m.—Blowing hard, S.W. Changed to trysail; reefed mizzen and small jib.

4 p.m.—Log 169 $\frac{3}{4}$.

5 p.m.—Log 177 $\frac{3}{4}$. Heavy rain. Wind hauling round South.

6 p.m.—Wind very fresh. Reefed trysail. Bar. 29.65.

7.30 p.m.—Log 189 $\frac{1}{2}$. Hove to under double reefed trysail and spitfire jib—things are far from comfortable—and none of us are too keen on ocean racing just now, but our noble little ship is doing well, and is riding over everything. Sidelights won't burn, riding light at cabin door. All hands below. Tiller lashed down. S.E. gale all night.


SATURDAY 28TH, 4 A.M.—Under weigh again. Reefed trysail, second reef mizzen, and second jib. Steering W. by S.

On examining Chart for position, we find we were about 10 to 15 miles off Low Head light, bearing S.W. last night.

11 a.m.—Experienced mariner still below; won't take anything or say anything. Shook him up and gave him some rum and water. Says he must have an attack of Rheumatic Fever, but I find his temperature and pulse right.

12 o'clock.—No land in sight yet. We find we were about 10 to 15 miles off Low Head Light when we met that S. Easter last night, and think we were blown off shore about 20 or 25 miles, making us somewhere about 40 miles off this morning. Little wind to-day, but big roll, which spoiled our sailing well. Have not seen the sun or land since soon after leaving Cape Schanck. Just rain and wind all the time, and plenty of both.

2.45 p.m.—Land sighted by Bosun on starboard bow—first time since leaving. We have a light breeze from W., and sea has gone down, and things are looking much better. We won't mind one bit our grilling last night if we only get a good safe quiet little nook like Georgetown to drop our anchor in this evening. I feel inclined to put full mainsail on, but our Captain, who has been below for some



time, has been watching the glass, which has dropped to 29.25, says something is coming. Our spirits are good, but when we look at the glass. Oh My!



3 p.m.—Cook has got our little shipmate stove going, and has a panful of bacon and eggs under way—the smell is most encouraging. Poor old mariner still seems bad. Just had our first glimpse of sunlight since leaving Cape Schanck, but there are some very suspicious looking big clouds about, which may mean further rain. It surely can't blow any more.

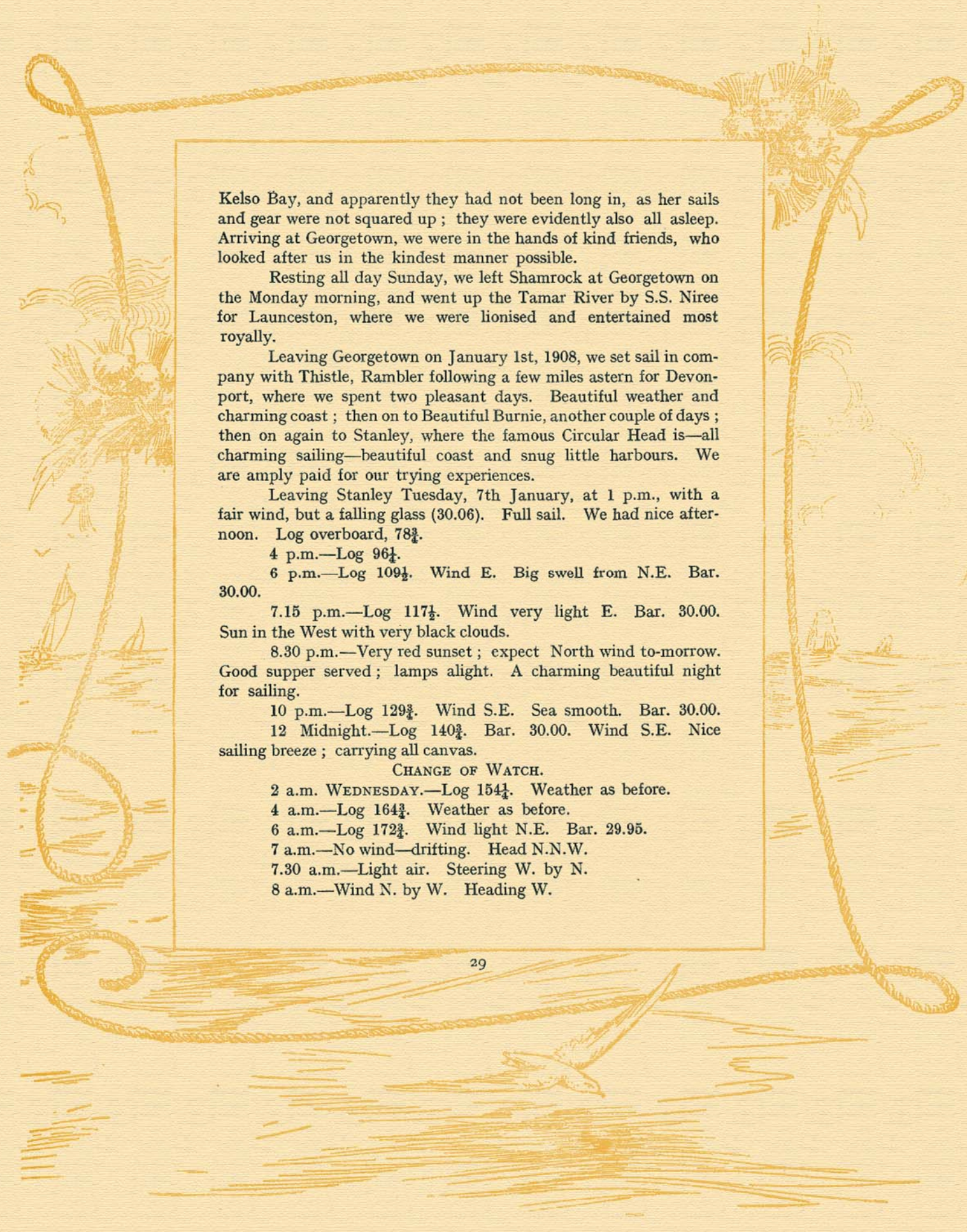
4.30. p.m.—Had a real good meal, and I am pleased with our shipmate stove—warm plates and warm food. Getting our clothes dry—our galley looks like a miniature laundry now—but all this come in at the right time when you are cold, wet and hungry.

5.55 p.m.—Log 273. Coast about eight miles distant. Glass 29.10. What ever can this mean?

6.30 p.m.—First of heavy Westerly coming. We cannot exactly locate our position, but conclude we are about 10 or 12 miles to Westward of Low Head, and about eight miles off shore.

Taken in mizzen, shifted to spitfire jib, and reefed trysail; hove to heading North. It is impossible for me to describe what a bad time we had when we could carry nothing but third jib abaft the mast. At about 9 p.m. we decided to swamp our dinghy and lie to it, as a sea anchor, which proved very effectual. We had been using a small sea anchor before, but it was not large enough to hold us head to wind. After hours of this kind of thing, I picked up the Low Head Light, and the flash being very indistinct we at first thought it was the Mersey Light, it being fixed. However, when we got the leading lights it did not take us long to settle where we were, and a little later, when we were running for them, we heard the Bell Buoy, which soon removed any doubts. We crossed in at 3.30 a.m. Sunday, but as we had not enough sail on at the time, and the tide seemed to be setting us towards the Light House, we stood out again and got the reefed mainsail on and worked in at 4.30 a.m. The gale having almost died out at least down to an ordinary sailing breeze; but the size of the sea was something appalling. Getting inside, our Log read 292½ miles. We passed Rambler anchored in





Kelso Bay, and apparently they had not been long in, as her sails and gear were not squared up ; they were evidently also all asleep. Arriving at Georgetown, we were in the hands of kind friends, who looked after us in the kindest manner possible.

Resting all day Sunday, we left Shamrock at Georgetown on the Monday morning, and went up the Tamar River by S.S. Niree for Launceston, where we were lionised and entertained most royally.

Leaving Georgetown on January 1st, 1908, we set sail in company with Thistle, Rambler following a few miles astern for Devonport, where we spent two pleasant days. Beautiful weather and charming coast ; then on to Beautiful Burnie, another couple of days ; then on again to Stanley, where the famous Circular Head is—all charming sailing—beautiful coast and snug little harbours. We are amply paid for our trying experiences.

Leaving Stanley Tuesday, 7th January, at 1 p.m., with a fair wind, but a falling glass (30.06). Full sail. We had nice afternoon. Log overboard, 78 $\frac{1}{2}$.

4 p.m.—Log 96 $\frac{1}{2}$.

6 p.m.—Log 109 $\frac{1}{2}$. Wind E. Big swell from N.E. Bar. 30.00.

7.15 p.m.—Log 117 $\frac{1}{2}$. Wind very light E. Bar. 30.00. Sun in the West with very black clouds.

8.30 p.m.—Very red sunset ; expect North wind to-morrow. Good supper served ; lamps alight. A charming beautiful night for sailing.

10 p.m.—Log 129 $\frac{1}{2}$. Wind S.E. Sea smooth. Bar. 30.00.

12 Midnight.—Log 140 $\frac{3}{4}$. Bar. 30.00. Wind S.E. Nice sailing breeze ; carrying all canvas.

CHANGE OF WATCH.

2 a.m. WEDNESDAY.—Log 154 $\frac{1}{2}$. Weather as before.


4 a.m.—Log 164 $\frac{1}{2}$. Weather as before.

6 a.m.—Log 172 $\frac{1}{2}$. Wind light N.E. Bar. 29.95.

7 a.m.—No wind—drifting. Head N.N.W.

7.30 a.m.—Light air. Steering W. by N.

8 a.m.—Wind N. by W. Heading W.



10 a.m.—Log 186. Wind fresh, N. by W. Stayed ship. Steering N.E. by N.

12 o'clock.—Log 192½. Steering N.E.

1 p.m.—Wind shifted to N.E. Steering N.W. calm, Light.

3.30 p.m.—Log 200½. Wind E., light. Bar. 29.90.

5.30 p.m.—Log 208. Wind E., light. Bar. 29.88.

7.30 p.m.—Log 218½. Wind E.N.E., nice breeze. Bar. 29.85.

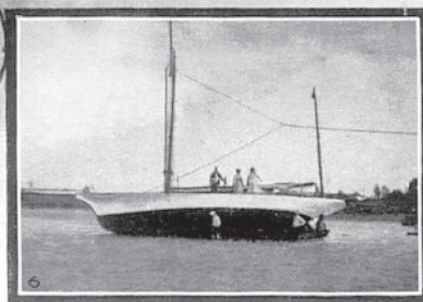
Sighted Cape Schanck; within about an hour got the Light, and gave three hearty cheers for our navigator. Running for Western Port, but at 9.30 p.m., Log 230, we were threatened with heavy squall from W. to N.W., so stowed mainsail and shifted to No. 3 jib, with reefed mizzen; hove to heading W.

10 p.m.—Fresh puff from W. Ship's head S.W.

11 p.m.—Set four reefed mainsail, heading W.S.W. Schanck light bearing N. by W., distant about 10 miles. Clear night, but squally. Glass rising from 29.80 to 29.92. Lay hove to all night. Several steamers passed between us and the light. At daylight got a light N.E. breeze, and started to work up to the Schanck at 6 a.m. Wind shifted to West with a heavy rain squall, thence several of the same until reaching West Head, but when we saw one coming we just dropped our mainsail and ran under mizzen and jib, giving her the full sail in between—beauty of the Yawl Rig. Anchored at Flinders 9 a.m.

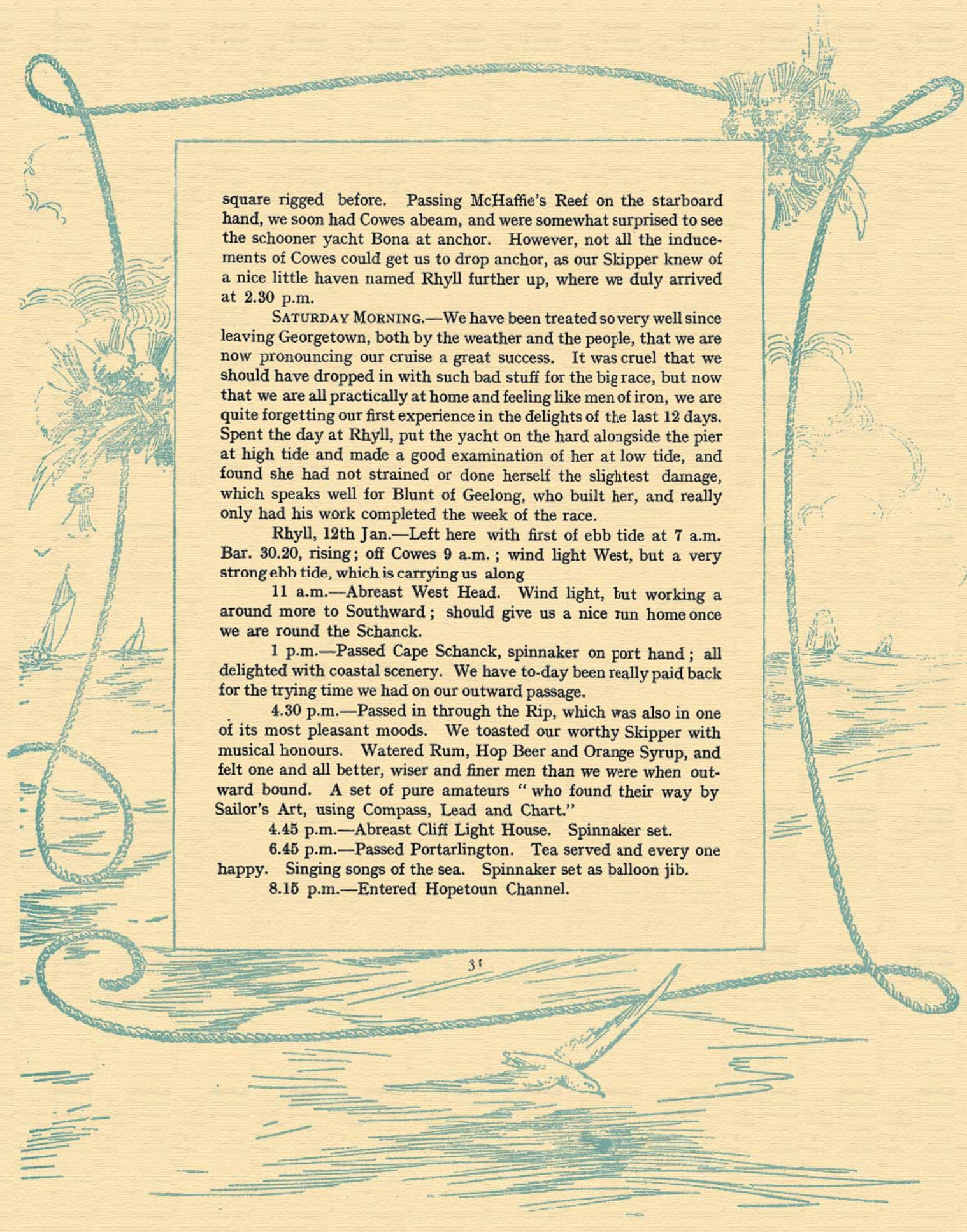
10 a.m.—A good breakfast served, and ashore to send telegrams.

FRIDAY, 10TH JANUARY, 11.30 A.M.—Anchor weighed and square sail set for our first trial; and headed over to E. side of Western Port Heads, near Cat Bay. Good sized swell coming in with fresh S.W. wind, but our good "new" ship has been built for work of this sort, and takes to it as kindly as though she had years of experience at the game. A great success our square sail has turned out to be, and will make a valuable addition when cruising; with one exception none of us have ever sailed in a square rigged ship before, and it was rather funny when orders were given to haul taut the weather main brace—take a pull on the main tack—all of which was carried out to the satisfaction of our mariner who had been



1. Shamrock and Thistle at Stanley.
2. Thistle high and dry.
3. Calm Weather—Thistle.

4. Pilot Station, Low Head.
5. Shamrock.
6. A List to Starboard.



square rigged before. Passing McHaffie's Reef on the starboard hand, we soon had Cowes abeam, and were somewhat surprised to see the schooner yacht Bona at anchor. However, not all the inducements of Cowes could get us to drop anchor, as our Skipper knew of a nice little haven named Rhyll further up, where we duly arrived at 2.30 p.m.

SATURDAY MORNING.—We have been treated so very well since leaving Georgetown, both by the weather and the people, that we are now pronouncing our cruise a great success. It was cruel that we should have dropped in with such bad stuff for the big race, but now that we are all practically at home and feeling like men of iron, we are quite forgetting our first experience in the delights of the last 12 days. Spent the day at Rhyll, put the yacht on the hard alongside the pier at high tide and made a good examination of her at low tide, and found she had not strained or done herself the slightest damage, which speaks well for Blunt of Geelong, who built her, and really only had his work completed the week of the race.

Rhyll, 12th Jan.—Left here with first of ebb tide at 7 a.m. Bar. 30.20, rising; off Cowes 9 a.m.; wind light West, but a very strong ebb tide, which is carrying us along

11 a.m.—Abreast West Head. Wind light, but working a around more to Southward; should give us a nice run home once we are round the Schanck.

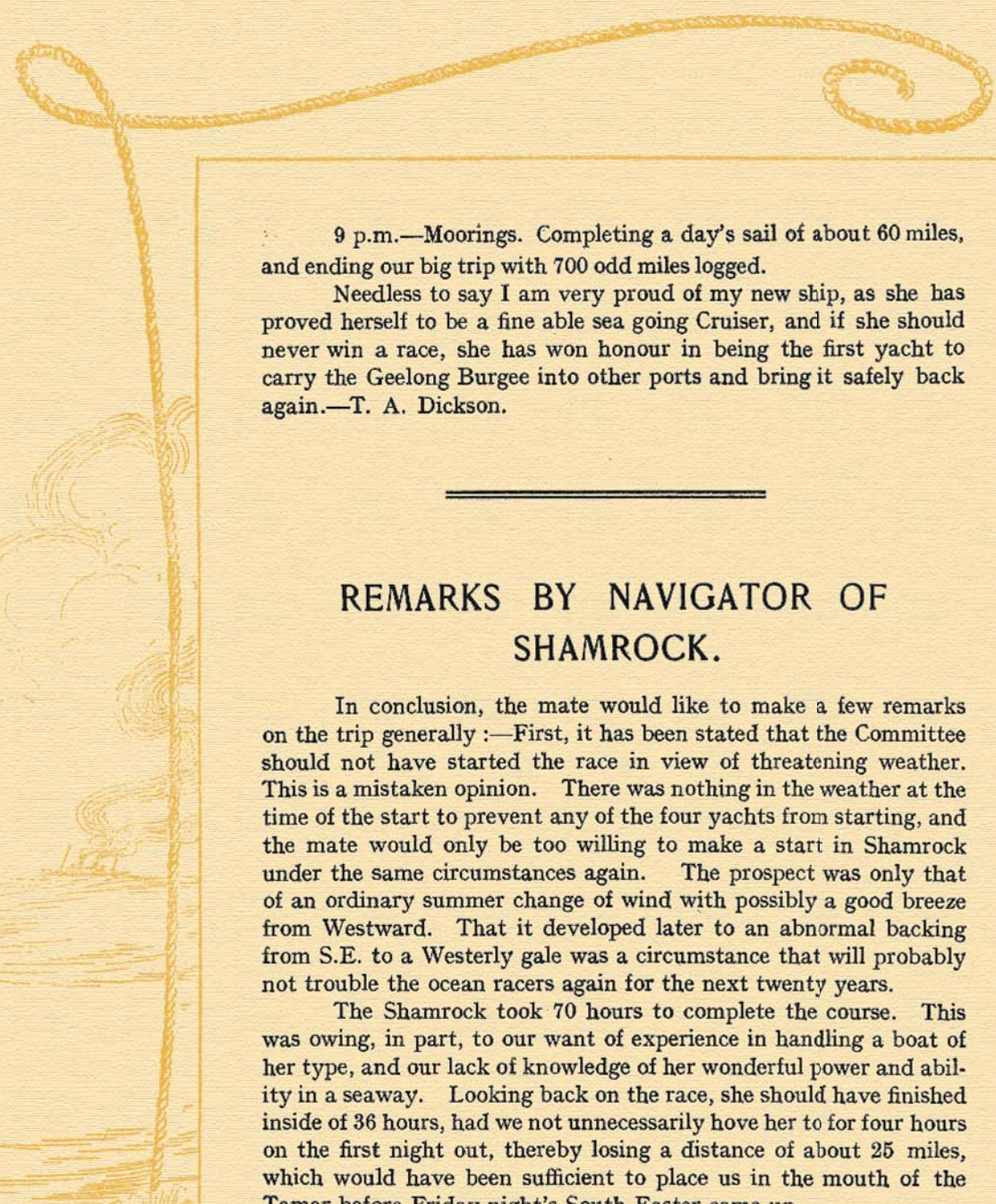
1 p.m.—Passed Cape Schanck, spinnaker on port hand; all delighted with coastal scenery. We have to-day been really paid back for the trying time we had on our outward passage.

4.30 p.m.—Passed in through the Rip, which was also in one of its most pleasant moods. We toasted our worthy Skipper with musical honours. Watered Rum, Hop Beer and Orange Syrup, and felt one and all better, wiser and finer men than we were when outward bound. A set of pure amateurs "who found their way by Sailor's Art, using Compass, Lead and Chart."

4.45 p.m.—Abreast Cliff Light House. Spinnaker set.

6.45 p.m.—Passed Portarlinton. Tea served and every one happy. Singing songs of the sea. Spinnaker set as balloon jib.

8.15 p.m.—Entered Hopetoun Channel.

A decorative border made of a thick rope, with a large loop at the top left and a smaller loop at the top right. The rope runs vertically down the left side and horizontally across the bottom, framing the text.

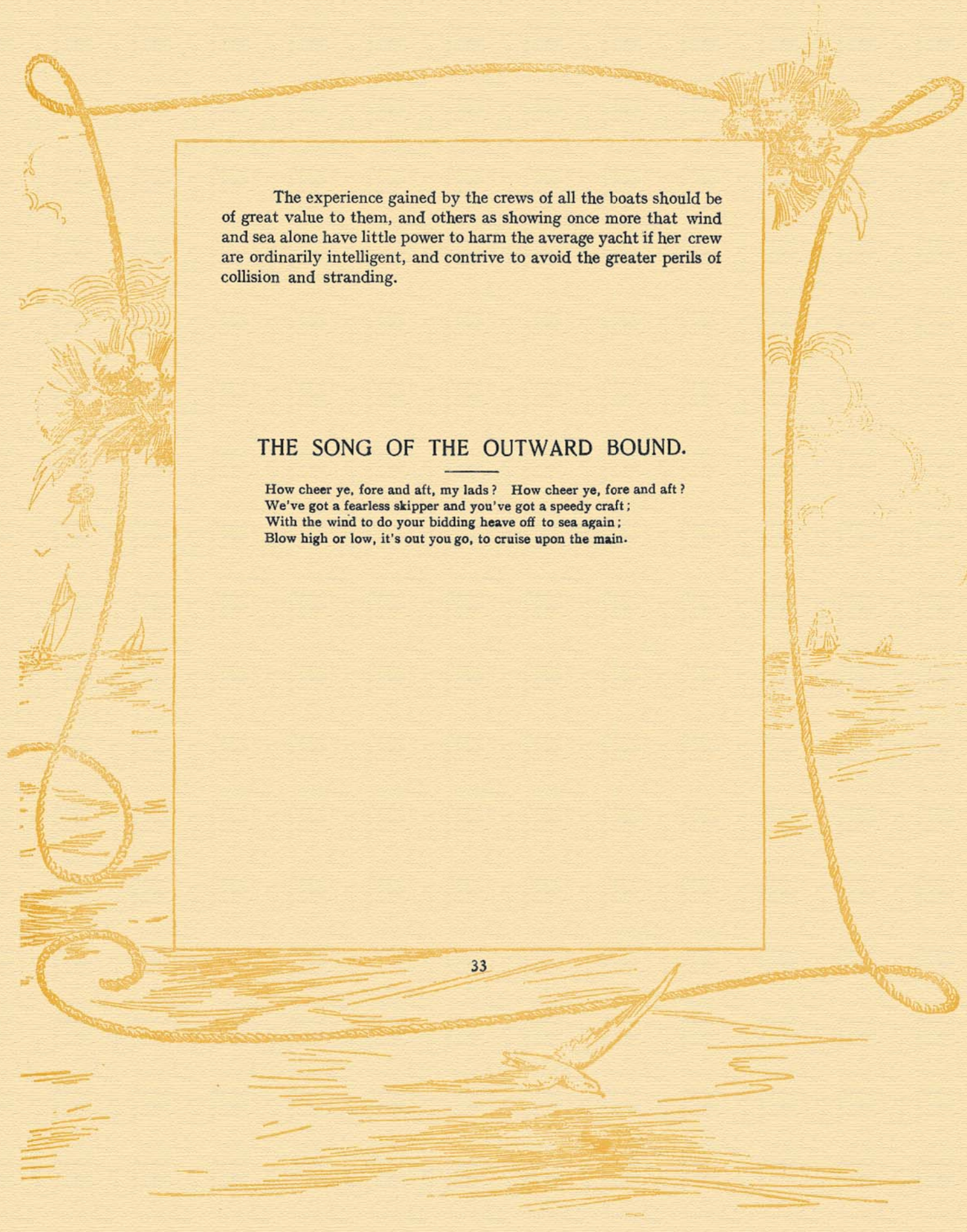
9 p.m.—Moorings. Completing a day's sail of about 60 miles, and ending our big trip with 700 odd miles logged.

Needless to say I am very proud of my new ship, as she has proved herself to be a fine able sea going Cruiser, and if she should never win a race, she has won honour in being the first yacht to carry the Geelong Burgee into other ports and bring it safely back again.—T. A. Dickson.

REMARKS BY NAVIGATOR OF SHAMROCK.

In conclusion, the mate would like to make a few remarks on the trip generally :—First, it has been stated that the Committee should not have started the race in view of threatening weather. This is a mistaken opinion. There was nothing in the weather at the time of the start to prevent any of the four yachts from starting, and the mate would only be too willing to make a start in Shamrock under the same circumstances again. The prospect was only that of an ordinary summer change of wind with possibly a good breeze from Westward. That it developed later to an abnormal backing from S.E. to a Westerly gale was a circumstance that will probably not trouble the ocean racers again for the next twenty years.

The Shamrock took 70 hours to complete the course. This was owing, in part, to our want of experience in handling a boat of her type, and our lack of knowledge of her wonderful power and ability in a seaway. Looking back on the race, she should have finished inside of 36 hours, had we not unnecessarily hove her to for four hours on the first night out, thereby losing a distance of about 25 miles, which would have been sufficient to place us in the mouth of the Tamar before Friday night's South Easter came up.



The experience gained by the crews of all the boats should be of great value to them, and others as showing once more that wind and sea alone have little power to harm the average yacht if her crew are ordinarily intelligent, and contrive to avoid the greater perils of collision and stranding.

THE SONG OF THE OUTWARD BOUND.

How cheer ye, fore and aft, my lads? How cheer ye, fore and aft?
We've got a fearless skipper and you've got a speedy craft;
With the wind to do your bidding heave off to sea again;
Blow high or low, it's out you go, to cruise upon the main.