

THE LOG OF THE "LAPWING"

By the Skipper.

On Saturday, March 21st, two other Sulphiders and myself set sail for Sydney in the 22ft. Bluebird class yacht "Lapwing." A fourth member, an outsider, spent most of the trip below decks. We were competing in the Lake Macquarie Yacht Club's Annual Race from Swansea, "Lapwing" being the "baby" in the fleet of seven.

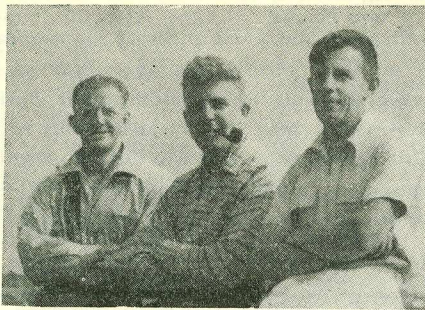
By the amount of gear which cluttered up the cabin, we were set for a world cruise. However, by the time we had reached Swansea Bridge, everything was stowed away in a shipshape manner. Incidentally, we were soundly abused by the motoring public for holding up the traffic while the bridge was being opened for us to slip through.

With the breeze dropping altogether we were towed out to sea, and left to roll in the swell while the rest of the boats came out. Any thoughts that we may have had regarding a swim were quickly dispelled by the sight of a couple of sharks cruising around.

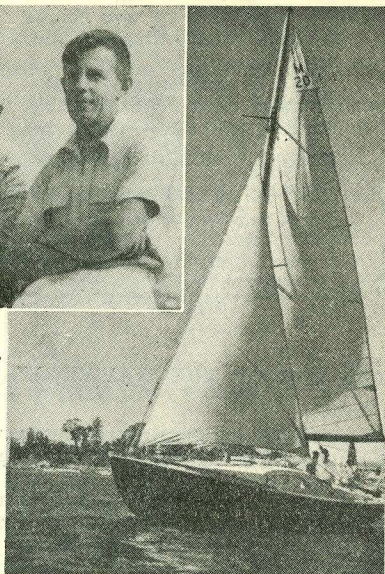
Unfortunately, we had to wait two hours for one of the contestants to sail around from Newcastle. In the meantime, the N.E. wind which had started would have helped us over many miles of the voyage. Finally he arrived at 12.45 p.m., and we were on our way.

Being a trifle cautious, we at first set a small spinnaker, and as a result, were left behind. Realising our mistake, off Norah Head we changed to the big one, this move being successful and resulted in us holding the others besides giving a steadier passage. However, the wind freshened during the afternoon, making "Lapwing" hard to handle, and we were forced to lower canvas at about 4 p.m.

At this stage, the fourth member of our crew disappeared into the cabin and did not venture on deck again until we had reached calm water inside the Heads. A certain member of the



The Crew. L. to R.: Dave Isaacson, Cliff Marshall, and Skipper Ted Carlier.
Right: "The Lapwing."



Drawing Office staff wasn't so good either, but did not succumb to mal de mer until some hours later, when the conversation turned to beer, pies and roast pork.

With the wind increasing, we decided to shorten sail even more, and off Barranjoey changed over to storm mainsail. "Lapwing" had been giving a good imitation of a surfboat most of the afternoon, but after dark she excelled herself, and with wind howling through the rigging, we began to wonder how much further we had to go.

A ring of lights of all colours looked temptingly like Sydney Harbour, so we dragged the cot-case out, as he was the only one of us who had entered the harbour at night-time before. "That's South Head Light," he said, as he collapsed back inside again. Thank goodness we weren't convinced—it was probably "Joe's" Hamburger Shop sign at Manly.

We kept heading south for another half-hour, and at last made out the harbour lights peeping from behind North Head. Then a Manly ferry crossed inside the Heads and we knew

(Continued on next page).