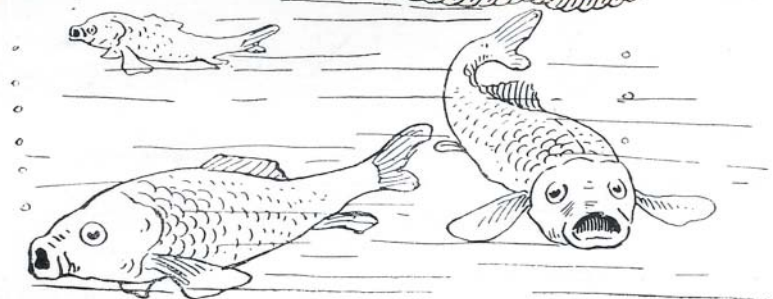


ELLIDA.
 L.O.A. - - 38 ft.
 L.W.L. - - 32 ft.
 Beam - - - 8 ft.
 Draft - - - 7 ft.
 Tonnage - - 12



CREW OF ELLIDA.



C. B. POOLE, Master.

H. RYAN.

REV. T. J. REDHEAD.

HAMISH RUSSELL.

W. M. TIMMS.




ELLIDA.

ELLIDA, the property of Messrs. Poole and Cobb, of the St. Kilda Yacht Club, is a yacht well known to Victorian yachtsmen. Built in 1894 by Mr. J. McPherson and other amateurs, she is of 12 tons displacement, 32 feet L.W.L., eight feet beam, and seven feet draught. Leaving St. Kilda at 10.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 24th

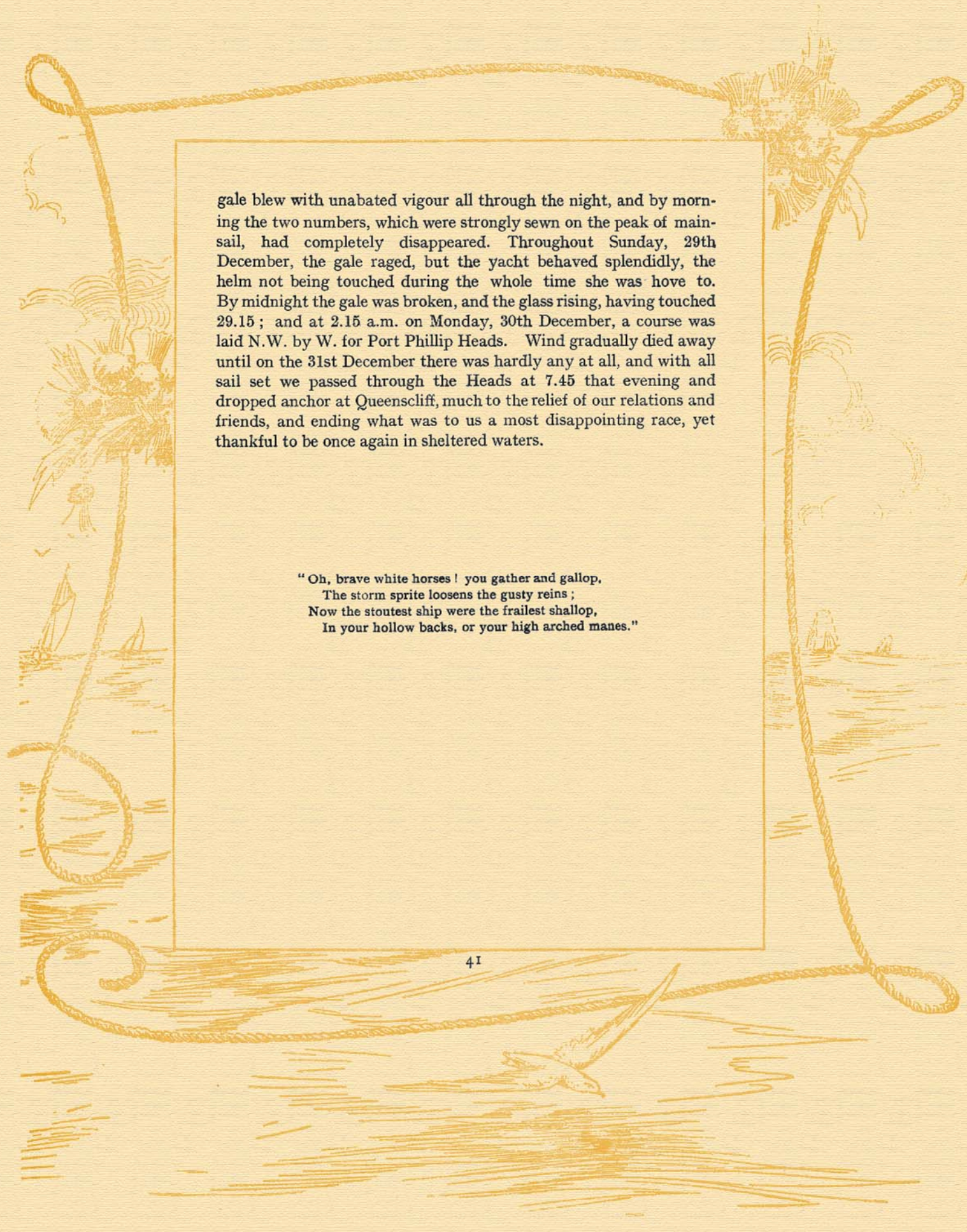
December, she proceeded under easy sail to the West Channel Pile Light, which was passed at daylight the next morning, anchor being dropped at Queenscliff at 6 a.m., where she was inspected by the Committee, and passed as satisfactory. All hands had an easy day, and the Xmas dinner was voted a great success.

Turned in at 11.30 with an eye to getting a good sleep before the battle, but, alas, at 2 o'clock all hands were on deck, paying out more chain and standing by, as the yacht Caress had dragged anchor almost on top of us. To bed again in half an hour; but the Skipper had all hands up again at 4 to make sail and have breakfast, the last meal we were to have in comfort for some days, as we afterwards learnt. At the start we were second boat over the line, and with full sail and fresh North wind, roared along at a great bat. Anticipating that the change (which our glass told us must soon be along) would stay W., or at the most S.W., the yacht was kept in the direct course to Low Head, viz., S.E., $\frac{1}{2}$ S. As the day wore on the wind increased to half a gale, and first topsail then staysail and mizzen came off, then second reef in mainsail; later on the whole lot were set again, and by 4.30 we had logged 74 knots, then the trouble began, the threatened change came with heavy rain and hard wind from the S.W. Quarter of an hour of hard work saw the boat again snug, and on her course under two reefed mainsail and second jib. At 8 p.m. wind fell to nothing, and the watch had a pleasant $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours



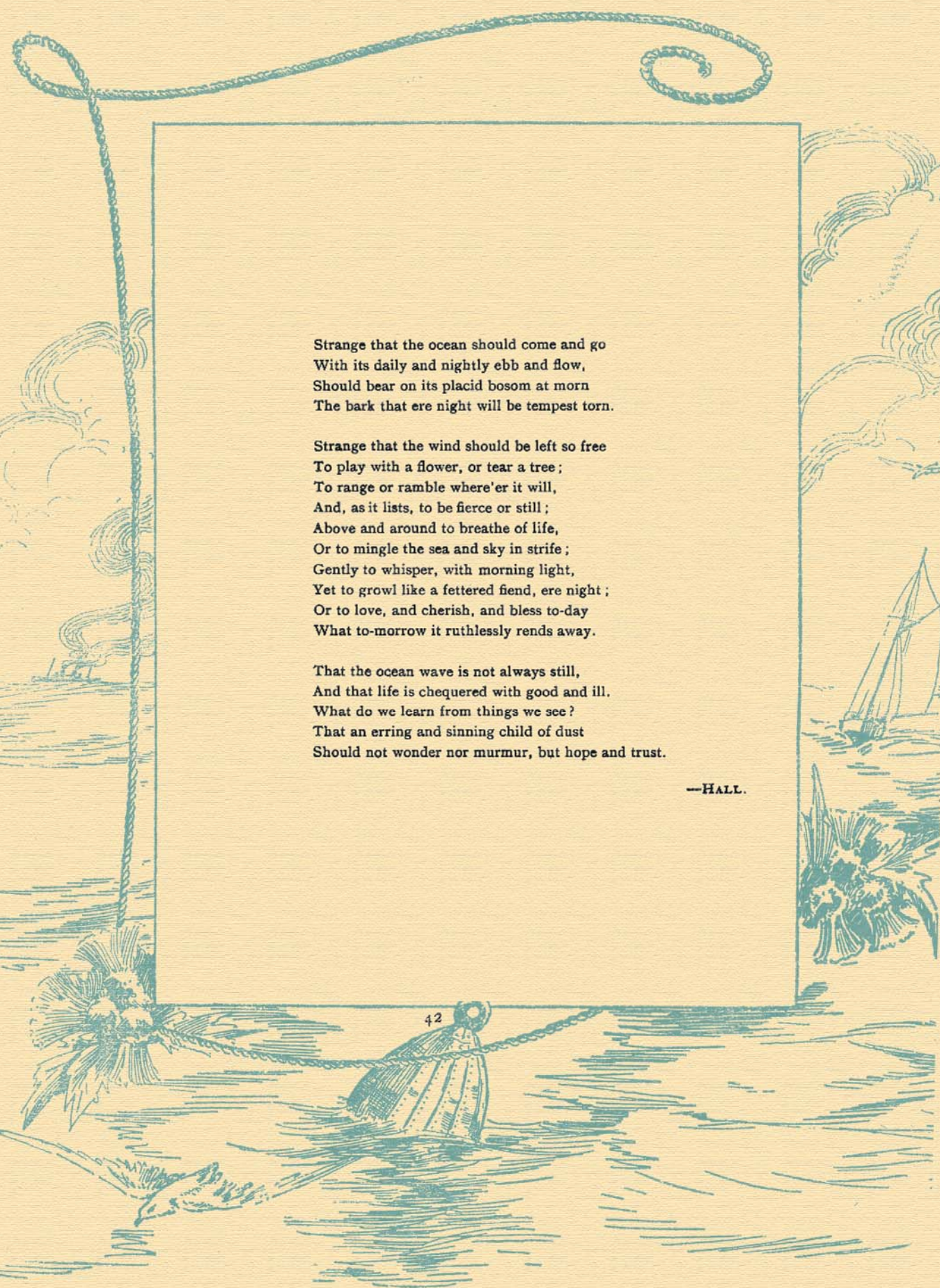
of doldrums in the still pouring rain ; then the wind came again, this time from the S.S.W., and soon developed into a moderate gale ; still raining and very cold. Wind and sea gradually got worse, and at 1.15 on the morning of the 27th December all hands were once again on deck to take in the third reef in the mainsail and change No. 2 for spitfire jib. This was the first time that the boat had been under 3 reefs since she was altered to a yawl, and we here found what a great advantage the yawl rig was over the cutter in such awful weather. The yacht was still laying her course, although only five points off the wind, and the weather conditions throughout all that day were as miserable as could be, rain and sleet incessant, the boat with still plenty of sail on fighting her way through the tumbling broken seas in such a manner as made cooking out of the question, and comfort a luxury long ago forgotten. Nobody had any dry clothes, and as soon as the four short hours below were up, it was put on your wet clothes again and crawl on deck to do another four hours' freeze. Our thermometer now stood at 46 degrees, and the aneroid at 29.40. At 5.30 p.m. the yacht was hove to on the port tack, it not being deemed safe to drive her any longer against the increasing wind and sea. According to the reckoning, Low Head then lay S.E. by S., distant 41 miles. This was the nearest the vessel got to her intended destination ; hove to all night, weather conditions still the same, and glass still falling. At midday, 28th December, the boat was again got under way, but this time the course was for Cape Woolami, the Skipper intending to shelter there if the rain eased sufficiently for us to see our way in.

2.30 p.m.—The gale redoubled itself and blew with great violence from the same quarter, S.S.W.; had to heave to. Made a sea anchor in order to ease the boat, and set reefed mizzen to help the anchor ; ten minutes later mizzen bumpkin carried away by the force of the wind, and a few minutes afterwards the line on sea anchor parted, so we had to heave to again under three reefed mainsail with throat lowered—an awful wind ; all adjourned to cabin, as nothing could be done on deck. Got storm trysail ready in case mainsail went, and after getting a little warmth, Ryan and Redhead went forward and set the storm jib to weather, which made her lay easier. The



gale blew with unabated vigour all through the night, and by morning the two numbers, which were strongly sewn on the peak of main-sail, had completely disappeared. Throughout Sunday, 29th December, the gale raged, but the yacht behaved splendidly, the helm not being touched during the whole time she was hove to. By midnight the gale was broken, and the glass rising, having touched 29.15; and at 2.15 a.m. on Monday, 30th December, a course was laid N.W. by W. for Port Phillip Heads. Wind gradually died away until on the 31st December there was hardly any at all, and with all sail set we passed through the Heads at 7.45 that evening and dropped anchor at Queenscliff, much to the relief of our relations and friends, and ending what was to us a most disappointing race, yet thankful to be once again in sheltered waters.

"Oh, brave white horses! you gather and gallop,
The storm sprite loosens the gusty reins;
Now the stoutest ship were the frailest shallop,
In your hollow backs, or your high arched manes."



Strange that the ocean should come and go
With its daily and nightly ebb and flow,
Should bear on its placid bosom at morn
The bark that ere night will be tempest torn.

Strange that the wind should be left so free
To play with a flower, or tear a tree ;
To range or ramble where'er it will,
And, as it lists, to be fierce or still ;
Above and around to breathe of life,
Or to mingle the sea and sky in strife ;
Gently to whisper, with morning light,
Yet to growl like a fettered fiend, ere night ;
Or to love, and cherish, and bless to-day
What to-morrow it ruthlessly rends away.

That the ocean wave is not always still,
And that life is chequered with good and ill.
What do we learn from things we see ?
That an erring and sinning child of dust
Should not wonder nor murmur, but hope and trust.

—HALL.