

Elbow to Whangarei.
per good Ship Theologos.
alias "Taranaki" Crew
Brian Heary - Cow Cockie
Maurice - Automotive Electrician
John Walters - Carrot puller
L.O.H. - nicknamed by Snowy
Butterland - Blue waterfowl
Departed Elbow 500 hrs Friday
5th March 1955. arrived Waikato
At 630 hrs circled inside
bar but too frightened to go over
to anchored inside for night.
Sat morning - bar worse
so fish inside all day.
Captain Ray Hull - mighty
big game fisherman &
Pood & guts waddy
forward a...

in M.S. Bonito bringing
weather maps & reports
to see us off. They give
us one big watermelon
only - delicious.
High water 700 hrs we
prepare dinghies with
buoyancy ties & circle
the bar. Nearly decide
"no" but see likely
chance between crackers
& have a go. No turning
back now. Luck is out
got mixed up amongst
a dozen beauties
First one too straight
into. Up up up &
head first down "bash"

Next one a bit on
starboard bow - Beautiful
easy, lovely - exciting
worth the risk for the
thrill. She just rides
& rolls & screws over
them like a seagull
riding a wave. Another
& another & another no
end to them. Can't make
headway. Each one
pushing us back & helping
us in position for the
next to continue the
onslaught. Some
walls of green water
some starting to
curl. Some just

Over at last. All hands
exhilarated to the teeth.
An interesting spectacle
to the Bonito we are
sure. We are at sea
Everyone in high spirits
Not for long. A course
is set to clear Manakau
Hds. This takes us well
off shore & with Easterly
wind seas increase.

We set watches to
steer the ship. ~~from~~
~~Two~~ Two hrs on & 4
off for Brian John & Maurice
Why should the Captain
steer anyway when he's
got a good crew.

Brian hands over to John
at 8 bells & now we see
some fun. Steering a ship -
a lively ship in & good
swell with a cross wind
making a very confused sea
is different to pulling coasts
- John writes his
name all over the
ocean. ~~John~~ ^{He} has
to steer a compass

course the make
matters worse & that
needle flies round
in all directions like
a bucking horse. Poor
John. We leave him to
it & go aft & enjoy the
joke for awhile. Brian
becomes strangely quiet.
~~I jump~~ & soon lies down
on my bunk. I go &
get a bucket &
unobtrusively put it
near him. Return to the
wheelhouse to coach
John in the art sticking
to a buckjumper.
John soon asks me

for a bucket & heads
for his bunk & the
companionship of his
stomach which is full
of beer & Tomatoes & high
living from a luxury
life in the river.

A most fortunate
incident happens.
Brian staggers out to the
cockpit to feed the fish
& on return sits on my
bunk & gazes dejectedly
around. There is a
hole under the steps up
to the wheelhouse
& he notices some
fuel leaking by

The side of the motor
he sings out to me
& gives the information
I am busy emptying
John's full bucket
& a few other jobs
Mauve is at the wheel
fighting an awful
feeling off like a hero
I know she leads fuel
a bit but anyway I
better investigate & behold
it is oil-lubricating
oil, & a lot in the
bridge. This is serious
I stop the motor very
quickly. get a trouble
lamp & investigate

A broken oil line from
the block to gear box. No
spare copper pipe, No
solderless nipples. A
slight oversight. A
slight slip in detail of
organization. Of course
Ces should have told
me that such a thing
is likely to happen seeing
he is an engineer of
such great ability &
extensive experience
& knowing full well that
metals get tired just
like man's stomach,
get sick.
After all Ces did

did the motor up & we can't help feel that an engineer of his calibre should be able to see into the metal or at least be able to tell by the look of it when it is tired.

Anyway recriminations won't help us now. Maurice is hors de combat. Poor old Les is all alone in a greasy oily ship turning somersaults in a devilish sea.

There's not much room round this engine for pot-bellied men

If Rayball could see us now he would say "How would you be?"

to crawl but it must be done & in due time it is done. I manage to coax the sleeve off the broken end & after a lot of filing & emery papering & swearing & emptying sundry buckets of what-not in between times I get the old sleeve fitted again & duly coupled up & we are under power once more & the satisfaction of overcoming such a measure detail is quite enjoyable

It only took an hour or so & we are abreast of Mamakian ~~old~~ light. The tide set has carried us many miles in our journey. We now find a shipmate with courage & tenacity of the highest order. John comes to light & demands to steer so we take it in hourly spells for the rest of the night. He stands at the wheel in an attitude never to be forgotten, his feet out six feet apart and neck & shoulders bent over the wheel

and peering into the compass hands grasping the spokes of the wheel ~~one~~ ^{two} on each side, the greatest example of determination I have ever seen. A real he-man putting every ounce of strength & concentration into the job. I simply must get an hour's sleep so I leave him to it. The set has turned the other way. Our progress is painfully slow. The Mamakian light just went ~~shift~~ ^{shift}. We are heading too far out but have

Kaipara barrels in mind
Daylight comes & we
are a good 30 miles
out & not too sure
where the Kaipara is
behind or still in front.
Set a course to get in
under the lee of the
land. Study the Coast
line & our Charts &
identify the Kaipara
inside us. A long
punch against wind
& sea to make a
landfall but there at
last & smooth water
How lovely. Edge
right in & within
 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile & soon come

along to Gints Gully
easily recognizable
from memory of our visit
for Taharoa a year or
so ago with Frank, Elsie
Fred & Stella. Stop the
motor. I go on the air
& work Tauranga &
some of the trawlers out
here. Hear about all
the swordies caught at
Tauranga that day.
Brian & Maurice coming
back to life. They
will soon be seasoned
sailormen. We get
our ^{lines} ~~lines~~ over the side
& pull up a Schaffer

John is the boy for fish
Does he love it?
We amble along. Sun
goes down. - moon
comes up. We've got
the sun in the morning
& the moon at night.
The west Coast is like
a mill pond in here
It's too good to go to bed
Is this the Tasman.
The Captain is not so stuck
up now & decides to do
a turn at the wheel. Brian
takes her till midnight on
8 bells to use the nautical
term & Maurie till 2 am
on 4 bells. The only

trouble is we haven't
got a bell to ring
these bells on. What
a ship. I came on after
Maurie as I expect
to be off Hokkanga soon
after & I haven't seen it
from the sea for 30 years.
The night is super
Not a breath of wind
Not a ripple on the water
There is the Hokkanga
Old memories revive
It's good to be off here
again. but a little
Sad to think my old
ship mate & watch
mate - Vic Sayers -

lost years ago with
his crew on the Scow
"Haere" & our good
old ship "Isabella de
Fraine" - her bones
lie over there in the
sand on the north side
of the bar. Capsized
on the bar & lost
all of the seven crew.
The old Skipper of my
day wouldn't have
lost her. What a great
sailorman & gentleman
he was.

Well John is awake
to an hour too soon for
duty. We pump the

fuel tank full again &
he takes over & at 8 bells
won't give over to Brian
as he enjoys it. Past
Reef point now & we
stop for breakfast but
John is more intent
on getting his line over
than eating his fried
schnapper. Maurice
seems to be the cook
on our way again
Heading for Maria
Maria. Wind still
Easterly gradual
freshening & giving
us a good lift on
the Starboard

quarters as we are
now several miles
off shore.
A few miles from Maria
come across some birds
marking as put out the
Spinners soon have
some Kahawai & they are full
of whitebait. We contemplate
catching a good few to get
the whitebait made fit to eat.
What is to be our anchorage
for the night. Would prefer
to go round the top in
daylight. We go close
in on South side of Maria
in a small bay.
Not much room & rocks

& reefs around but we
decide to stay. Very
sheltered & no current.
John pulls up a big blue
Cod as we dine. Little Kings
Watchers are out to guard
the ship. I come on at
4.30 p.m. & at 5 decide to
get under way. Soon
come to Maria & can
hardly get around for a
terrific tide rip. Keep
blugging & eventually tide
turns but wind freshens
from ahead & with tide
against the swell a heavy
sea rises.
Arrive off North Cape

about midday. This
is really big stuff
now. The crew are not
too keen. The further we
go the worse it gets.
Now apparent unable
to reach any anchorage
down the east coast before
dark so spin her
around & run back
in the lee of North Cape.
What a lovely sea boat.
Well tried out now.
This is beautiful. Calm
waters again. We all
go ashore. John after
crabs etc. & Brian, Harry
& I climb to the top

of North Cape & island on
the most westerly part
of N. I. 792 feet high.
What a sight. Cape Reinga
to the Westward. Cape Brett
80 miles South East.
All hands have a good
night's sleep & next morning
are heading back towards
Cape Reinga & explore the
Western Coast. Go into
Opunui Bay & inside
a reef school fish abound.
We trawl for over an
hour & have great fun.
Harry gets a big fish.
Go out a bit after
4 put on travelling

on the big rod & go
on the drift. In
hour later away she
goes. John & I argue
who takes the chair
& he wins so I land
a nice little mako
after $\approx$ 38 minutes.
We are all very happy
& make back for our
sheltered bay.

Wednesday ~~Thursday~~
Surfing is the attraction
for us three & John goes
after Crayfish.

We have surfed on
the East Coast &
surfed on the west

Coast but Tom's handling
bag on the East Coast
is very hard on the boat.
We climb rocky headlands
& these have led to heavy
boys lead me down
vertical cliffs that
Hillary could not
negotiate. John
nearly catches one Cray
fish. This morning

when setting off (The other
two have gone off) I say
to John, "I think we'll
take 2 bottles of beer ashore
for lunch & a tin of
sausage." John says "Yes
good idea so I

go to dig out 2 bottles
& when I get back John
says "I think it might
be better if we drink
one bottle of beer now
& take two bottles ashore."
He is sure a wag.

Easterly weather persists.
No hope of continuing trip.
Why worry. Having great
fun here. The radio is
a boon. Can work
Tawanga anytime.

Thursday - Weather worse.
Acres of Kakawai come
in all around our ship.
We can't resist. Up
anchors & catch

thirty in no time.

Put me on the big
rod & go on the drift.
Don't have long to
wait. Maurice in the
Chair. A two hr job.
Over 1400 lb mako
have drifted well
out into the big seas
by the time we land
him. Return home
once more after

another great day.
Our appetites getting
longer & thicker getting
shorter & Easterly
persists. The Pacific
& all the shelter of
the East Coast

Give us the West Coast
any day
Friday dawns no
change. Crayfishing
it is. Brian & Maurice
So off to get an old drum
to make a pot. John
& I stay aboard &
drink gin. What
a life. Still have
one large loaf & 1 lb
butter left & plenty
spuds. We live
on Kahawai roe
last night. It tastes
2 full frying pans of
them to satisfy all.
We play 500 every

night but may be so
more as Brian & I beat
them 6 games to nil last
night & their tails are
well down.

Saturday dawns with high
Easterlies as usual - when
will it finish. It is
gradually working more
Northerly which will be bad
for this anchorage. We
stand watches every night
to keep an eye on weather
& ships. Can't catch any
Crayfish. This afternoon
a ship comes in sight.
She is coming along
the top bearing to

the swell. She heads
into our bay. She
must know we are out
of bread & butter. She
comes along & drops
anchor half a mile
off. We up anchor &
go over. It is the Matthew
Flinders. Can we edge
a bit of bread? Sorry
we haven't got any
ourselves they shout their
reply. We don't bother to
offer them half our
last mouldy loaf.
We return - the wind is
more Northerly still
& spend an uncomfortable
night as a few

waves are molesting
our peaceful nook.
Sunday morning decide
to poke our nose out
& try the seas as this
is a favourable wind
if the seas not too big.
The tide is setting along
the top with the swell
& ~~the~~ the seas are
easy - we make
good time & are soon
round heading for
Whangaroa. Get round
towards Parengarenga
& out of the tide rip
& it's beautiful
visibility limited

but a fair wind & a
good swell under our
port quarter & we bowl
along in fine style -
Great to be at sea again.
I set a compass course
for the boys & ~~go~~ go to
sleep on deck. We get
well down the Coast &
search for Ntanguara
Read the book up & study
the maps. We know
it is a hard entrance
to find & decide must
have missed it. Shall
we go back. Visibility
getting worse & have
come through some awful
seas in the last hour

or so. Decide to sleep
going & try to reach Russel
Crack on 1500 rows
only 2 hrs daylight left
& misty rain starting
Only $\frac{1}{2}$ hr left - Try
to pick up Beacon light
into Russel & decide.
what we see is only a
house - We must get
an anchorage now &
quickly too so dive
into a likely looking
bay - Duck round a
corner at one end of
beach & land in a
small estuary.
Maurie up for the

bow casting the lead
line. Eight feet - six
feet - four feet - 2 feet.
We touch & have to back
off. Can't see 20 yds
now. Get out the
search light - a narrow
channel near the bank.
Ease her along beside
the rocks. Grate grate
underneath but the
water is dead smooth
in here. Search up
stream with the light
& find a lot of
yachts & launches
anchored so head
up there & drop the
hook over

Kearns enjoy it all
but John rubs his
chest to get his ticks
going again.
Anyway were here but
where are we. We pore
over maps & study
the book & give it up.
& have a game of cards.
Maurie swims ashore
in the morning to look
for bread and information
re locality. The Taipa
river in Doubtless bay.
It should be called
Doubtful bay.
Mongamui is only
a few miles on

so we up anchor & put to sea. Just get out & down comes the rain - We can't see where we're going or where we've just come from but sneak along the Coast & in we go. Our navigating is improving & there is certainly room for improvement. I feel a big mug to be 30 or 40 miles out in the Calculatrans yesterday. I kidded myself all day. What a good turn of speed the old

pal was doing with the swell lurching her along. I reckon even old Ces could do as good as that. Will taste him next trip. When we were coming along nearly to Russell last night we were so sorry to have passed Whangaroa that we decided to go back tomorrow, but some consolation now we don't have to. Well Mangonui here we are. We tie up to the wharfe & make for

to the pub & the landing
& the general store. We
look for a billiard table,
but only find a dust
board. Can't put to sea
raining heavily all day
& a navigator like blue
rather than a very
clear day to find Whangara.
We put out 2 bow lines
& 2 stern lines & lie here
for the night. If it's worth
£30 to go to Mayor Island
for this trip is
worth £300. We are great
company together - Never a
dull moment - Plenty of
adventure - Plenty of
sail flying - Plenty of
fish to catch - Plenty of
bread to eat (sometimes)
Plenty of sailing

of plenty of navigating
experience. Oh yes & plenty
of ships today coming through
the door on to our boards.
Tuesday - On to Whangara
Quite easy to find this time
because it's there to find.
Take a sweep right
up the harbour & back
to a bay near the
entrance. What a
beautiful harbour & what
a wonderful day we have.
Bright sunshine - we
anchor in a little rock
& get all our wet
bedding & clothes out
& look for a fresh water
creek. What a bath
in fresh water. Find

a pool with punga
ferns overhead. A
super bathroom. A
peach tree near by with
plenty of ripe peaches
on. Go after coconuts
after. Change in the
weather. Southerly
at last. Nice dry
blankets & beds tonight.
Get all batteries
charged up today too.
On towards Russell in
the morning. Pull in at
the Cavalli Islands
& have lunch in
a sheltered
bay.

Arrive about 4 P.M.
after a nice trip.
Go across to Pahiia
after to see the Radio
operator there who we were
in touch with from North Cape.
A few repairs to engine
next morning & get away
11 A.M. Easterly weather
again & huge swell at
Cape Brett. We troll
for swordfish but no
strikes.
Peter flies over us
as we circle
round at Peirey
Island.

Scanned with CamScanner

✓ we give him a wave
Quite a thrill. Big
seas this side. We
go into Whangamumu
and inspect the remains
of the old whaling station
very interesting. Quite
a few ripe figs on a tree
+ plenty oysters so we
eat a copious supply of
both, + depart for
Whangamumu. Arrive at
dusk in a good little
bay. Decide to do
Poor Knight's next day
+ get away
early

Arrange for crew to
pull up anchor at 6 AM
All too lazy so pull
it up myself. + Start
motor. John has left
his nylon line out all
night + when the heavy
engine start he shoots
up through wheel
house + out through
cabin to save his line. We
tease him all day. It
was sure funny.
Light rain falling
+ wind increases
from S.E. Too dirty
to go to Poor Knight
so slog down
the coast

Tough going. Tinteraka
at last. Thoroughly
exhausted + fed up.
Cook a feed + have a sleep
till 2 P.M. Wind has gone
more South. We go out
to have a look + it is
not bad going. A bit
of a joggle off Bream
Head but get into
Taurimura at 6.45.
The voyage is virtually
completed. We celebrate
with some bottles of
beer, + discuss
the high lights of
the trip.

The weather was not
kind to us on the whole
+ we have been through
some heavy seas but it
has been a most
interesting experience to
all of us + no doubt will
be long remembered as such.
We are most grateful
to Pacific Radio + especially
Tauranga radio for their
courtesy + companionship
+ time they devoted to us
on the air. Our radio
has exceeded expectations
+ was a great comfort
to us + a most useful
means of keeping touch
with home.

~~In about a week~~
just one more tribute
to the crew. If the
weather was dull the
crew were always
bright & happy & real
good company. Capable
company too & a
pleasure to be shipmates
with.

Now the unexpected
what a welcome
awaits us at Oerahi
We have been round
the world it ~~seems~~
seems & are heroes
A

we're welcome as the Sunshine
We're welcomed just like Kings
By Korry this was one time
We really had a fling.