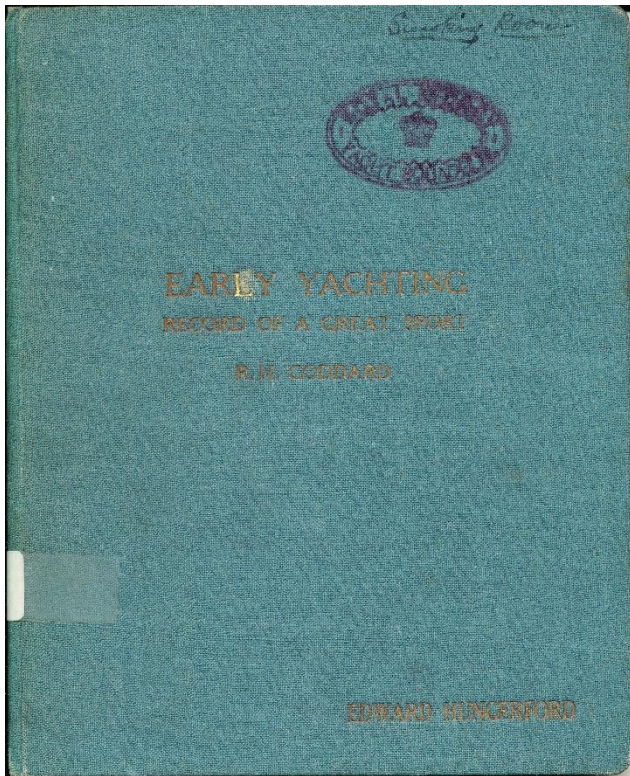


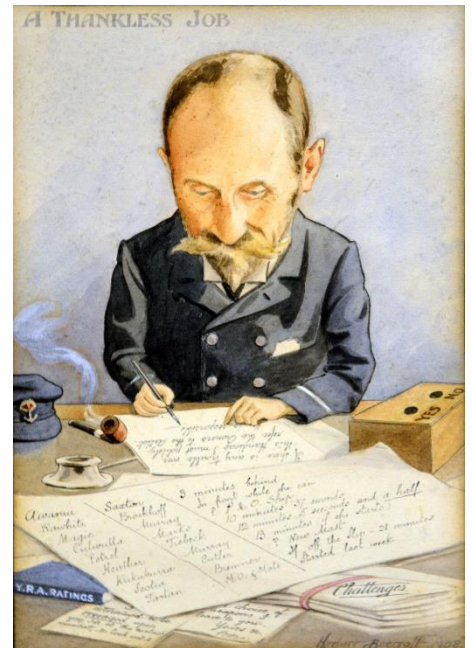
## R. H. Goddard Book

Recently, a slim book was discovered in the Library titled "EARLY YACHTING Record of a Great Sport" by R.H. Goddard.



On the top right-hand side of the front cover was hand-written the words "Smoking Room". It is clear that volumes such as this were available to members, not in a Library but in a Smoking Room, a remnant of a past when such rooms existed in all clubs of repute.

The book was embossed with the name Edward Hungerford on the bottom right-hand corner. Members may recall the Beecroft caricature of Mr. Hungerford who was a bachelor resident of the Club, a member for over 50 years and died in 1956.



I have been able to

date the book to 1936. Roy Hamilton Goddard was a very active member of the Royal Prince Edward Yacht Club and seems to have also been associated with RANSA. A plaque exists in his memory at St. George's Anglican Church in Glenmore Street, Paddington, erected by members of the Naval Officer's Club and RANSA. He also wrote "The Life and Times of James Milson", published in 1955, a copy of which is stored in Archives. He died in 1958.

The first few pages of his essay appeared in the Sydney Morning Herald on Saturday, 23<sup>rd</sup> of February, 1936, but it does not seem to have continued in instalments. While much of the content of the essay is available in Sydney Sails, there are 2 yarns which are worthy of publication. I have copied the relevant pages below for your enjoyment.

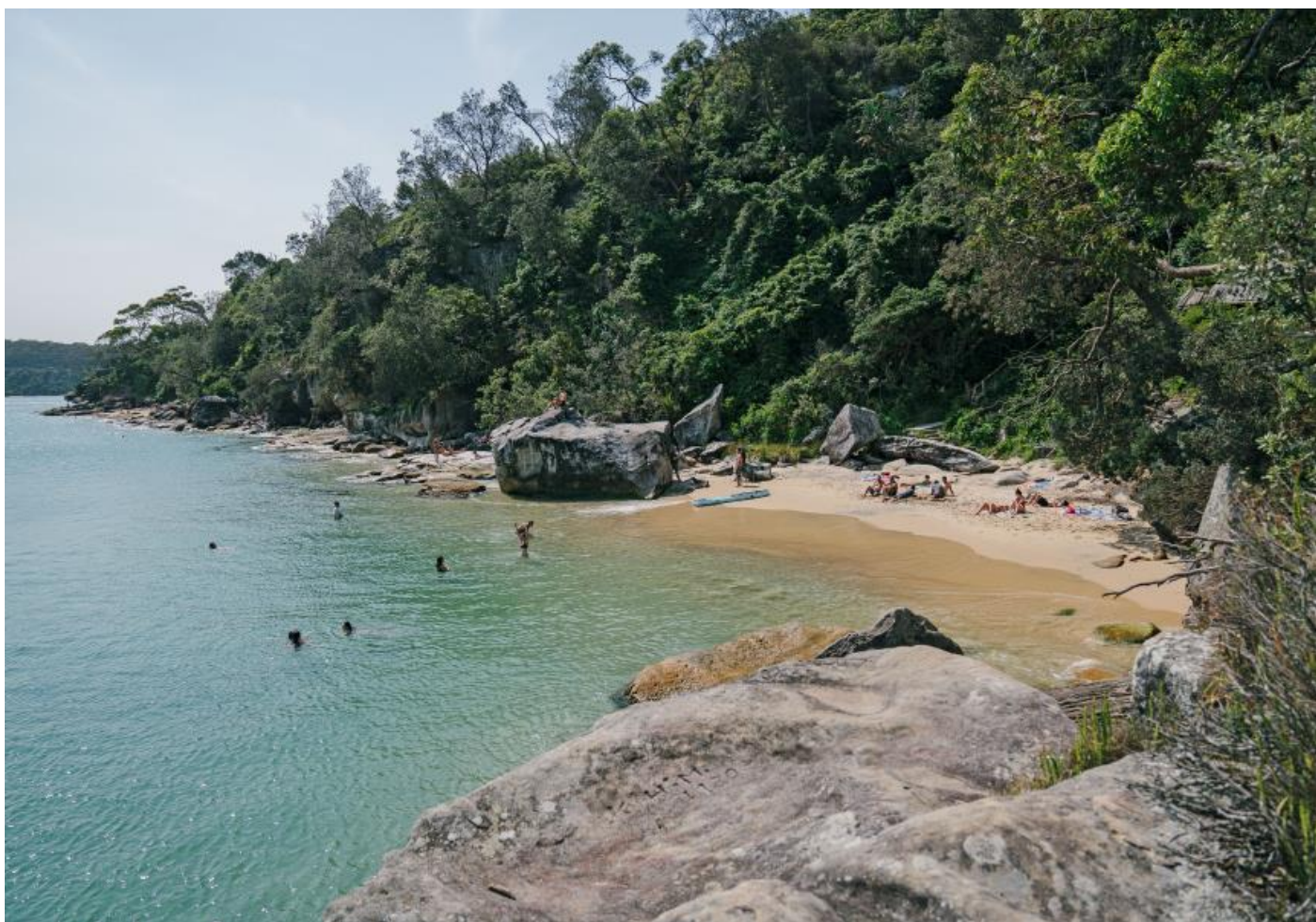
Middle Harbour has always been a favourite resort for the open boats and Sundays would find the Dawn Mimosa, Mia, Triton, Senga, Olive, Nyria, Vailele and their crews, who had raced against each other the day before, on the beautiful stretch of golden sand at Castle Rock discussing the merits of the various boats, playing cricket, handball or swimming in the nude. It was a sacred spot to all yachtsmen until the trams came down to the Spit and brought the Sunday tripper. Each boat was moored or pulled up to the beach at the same spot year in and year out, there were the particular rocks where crews lunched or lazed under an awning. In one corner, the crew of the Tempest had planted buffalo grass forty years ago where the awning was erected each Sunday. At the back of this camp was a delightful spring in the heavy undergrowth of sassafras, lillipilli and Christmas bush which overhung the rocks on the beach.

As time went on habitations began to appear on the other side of Middle Harbour at Mosman, one of these cottages was used as a rest home for nurses in charge of an old nurse. The police received a complaint that boats crews were in the habit of bathing in the nude, and Sergeant Bultitude of the Water Police was accordingly sent down to make enquiries. Sgt. Bultitude related the incident to one of the crew of the Tempest, Captain Jim Ferrier the Harbour Master at the time. He saw the Nurse at the cottage and she said that it was a shocking thing for men to be nude as her boarders being nurses were very perturbed on the subject. Sgt. Bultitude said "Are you sure they are not birds or women on the beach yonder?" "No," she replied, "with our binoculars we can see plainly that they are men". "Well there was nothing to be shocked at in that, because our first parents, Adam and Eve, walked about the Garden of Eden and talked to the Proprietor in the nude, and he was not shocked". The complaint was not proceeded with.

After this incident we were frequently visited by the arm of the Law. The late Laurence Crackenthorpe, the Chess champion, used to walk over from Manly and join our Camp every Sunday. One Sunday morning as we came in towards the beach and thinking of the swim we would shortly be enjoying, our thoughts were rudely shattered. The crew, some of whom had the eyes of hawks, spied a policeman's white helmet behind some rocks in the bush. We decided that he was evidently hiding until we were all in the water and swimming; we therefore took no notice and went in for our swim in our short pants, so that he did not come out of his hiding place. As usual Laurence Crackenthorpe arrived, and we told him that a "cop" was in hiding. "Well, Police or no Police I am going to have my swim as usual in the nude." The officer of the Law then came down out of his hiding-place. He had counted how many were in the water. When he appeared in the open we all began to splash and hide the naked from view. He dived and swam underwater getting behind a rock and then planted himself in the bush. A few minutes later we came out of the water; the Officer was wearing a puzzled look, because we were all wearing short pants. Usual greetings

about the weather were exchanged with him, and he seemed inclined to stay around for some unexplained reason. Alf. Gale asked him to join us at dinner - an invitation which was accepted - an unusual scene - a policeman in uniform and white helmet sitting down to lunch among a group of half-dressed boating men. Whilst the officer appeared to thoroughly enjoy the grilled chops, quaffed down with several cups of lemon-tea, young Deith Goddard slipped up into the bush with Crackenthorp's clothes and lunch. The officer was our guest for about three hours; eventually he departed, not saying a word about his mission. When the coast was clear Cracker came out on the top of a rock above us and informed us all that "he was in favour of the Broken Hill strikers, because they, like him, were sought for by the police."

Another incident that created a good deal of mirth occurred on the visit of an Hungarian Count to Sydney, the Count Tolna de Festetus in his schooner yacht "Tolna" and who visited Middle Harbour. As a southerly wind was blowing the boats were in the lee off Edwards Beach and crews were enjoying their swim as usual. The "Tolna" came in and anchored off the beach and the Count Tolna de Festetus, the Hungarian Consul, Alfred Milson and the Hon. W.J. Trickett came off in the yacht's dinghy for a swim. As they came out of the water a Policeman came out of the bush towards them with his notebook; at last he had caught some of these yachtsmen who had been continually defying the law by bathing in the nude. Visions of promotion in the Force flashed through his mind as he approached them. The Count, a big man with an enormous drop chest and a fierce heavy moustache was the first to be asked for his name and address. He replied, "I am de Count de Tolna". The Constable said "No damned nonsense now; what is your own name?" "I tell you I am de Count de Tolna". The Constable then roared "No nonsense now or I will put the bracelets on you at once". Trickett and Milson then came up and Trickett said, "This is the Count de Tolna and that is his yacht out there". The Constable replied, "And you are the 'Duke of Woolloomooloo', I suppose". "No, Constable, I am the Hon. W.J. Trickett, Member of Parliament for Paddington".



Castle Rock today

Alfred Milson then said who he was. In the meantime the crews of the other boats had gathered round and were convulsed with laughter. Trickett then told the Constable that the Inspector-General of Police was a personal friend of his and he would explain the whole matter to him. The Constable touched his helmet and departed, probably to commune with himself over the multability of human affairs.

John Maclurcan

May, 2023