

sailor only, and then adorned with spots of red or white paint, which was kept by the Mate and only obtained once he had been dodged. Our Mate was the same as all others at that time—he was paid £9 a month and would lay down his life to safeguard the shipowner's stores. The shipowner got away with it very cheaply.

We passed several islands and although we never saw them we knew they were there because we could see birds flying some distance from the ship. Now and then we could see fish playing under our bow and on one occasion, when there was little wind, two of us went out on the jib boom and caught, with hook and line, a barracuda, a short plump fish weighing up to 14 lbs. After struggling to get it into our sack we persuaded the cook to boil it for us, but, hungry as we were, it was extremely tough and impossible to eat.

All this time we were doing our best to clean and paint the ship ready for our Australian destination. The word around there that we were in the Bass Strait, although as usual the land was too far away to be seen. A full gale was blowing in the right direction and later in the day we edged northward and to our amazement saw, as daylight grew, LAND; yes, real solid land, which, according to rumour, was Cape Howe. We kept altering our course northward and now and then caught occasional glimpses of land in the distance until at long last we saw Sydney Heads.

All was excitement. Flags were hoisted and everything prepared but unfortunately, as so often happens, the wind first fell away then blew from the North (the wrong direction) and we spend four whole days messing about before we reached the entrance to Port Jackson. A tug came out and led us in on tow, and thus we entered what is probably the finest harbour in the world.

We anchored, unbent the sails, and stayed at anchor for a whole week, enjoying the peace of it all and eating fresh meat brought to us from the land. As I was sitting on the main yard, about forty feet above the deck, helping to unbent the mainsail, I looked around and, young as I was, could not help admiring the beauty of it all—small islands here and there covered with verdure, houses with red roofs, white ferry boats with stern wheels dashing about all over the place and a profusion of sailing boats, all adding beauty to what was already a wonderful sight.

At last we were ordered to go to a wharf to unload, and so, with a tug ahead of us, went to a part called Pyrmont to a wharf known as Daltons wharf, which was, as near as I can judge, immediately under what is now the mighty Sydney bridge.

The ship's rail was about level with the wharf, a wooden structure, and as it was the dinner hour I decided to take a stroll. After a journey that had taken 105 days and covered a distance of 13,000 miles, I cared not that I was neither clean nor well dressed—all that mattered now was that I was on dry land.

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*Just as we were on the point of going to press, the following letter came to hand from our Superintendent Engineer in Durban:—*

Dear Editor,

s.s. "Rovuma"

A close association with the Union-Castle Coaster *Rovuma* until 1949, when she was sold to the Colonial Steamship Company of Mauritius, induces me, if I may be permitted the space, to follow up the article which appeared in the October issue of *The Review* concerning the little vessel's sea-going career of thirty-six years which ended under the name *Boundary* owned by African Coasters.

The photograph, which was taken when I came across the remains being systematically cut up, and down to tank top level, in the graving dock at Durban, may be of particular interest to a number of present-day Masters and Chief Engineer Officers who saw service in the *Rovuma*.

The two boilers which can be seen in position were, I understand, sold, and these will doubtless provide steam in some shore establishment for years to come.

A week after this picture was taken the dock bottom was clear and all that was left of the vessel was a heap of scrap metal at the dock side.

Yours faithfully,

R. M. MURRAY.

