

MARITIME HERITAGE ASSOCIATION JOURNAL

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Maritime Heritage Association, Inc.*

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23 State Street,
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NORIE & WILSON, 156 Minories, London.

FIG. 5.—HANDSOME BRASS BINNACLE AND LIQUID
COMPASS COMBINED.

Height 14 inches.

Price £6.

Nickel Plated extra.



FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.
OCTAGON
TEAK-STAND
BINNACLE,
fitted with Brass
head, same as
FIG. 5, £6.



FIG. 6.

These Binnacles are very suitable for Small Yachts or Steam Launches from 5 to 10 Tons, and are the *smallest Binnacles made* having a 5 inch Card.



The Maritime Heritage Association Journal is the official newsletter of the Maritime Heritage Association of Western Australia, Incorporated.

All of the Association's incoming journals, newsletters, etc. are now archived with *Ray Miller* who may be contacted on 9337 2614, and are available to members on loan. Please note that to access the videos, journals, library books, etc it is necessary to phone ahead on 9335 9477.

(If you have an unwanted collection of magazines of a maritime nature, then perhaps its time to let others enjoy reading it. Contact the Association; we may be interested in archiving the collection.)

Material for publishing or advertising should be directed, preferably typed or on disk, to:
The Editor, 12 Cleopatra Drive, MANDURAH, Western Australia, 6210.

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EDITORIAL

My humble apologies for the absolute mess I made in the March Journal of the illustrations, be they paintings, drawings or photographs, sent to me by members. I was not familiar with the photocopier and the person who would have normally advised me was away. I offer this as an explanation, not as an excuse.

The Annual General Meeting was held on 28 March and all the usual suspects were re-elected to the positions they previously held.

Thanks are due to Jim Hunter, our Honorary Auditor, for once again ensuring that the financial record keeping of the association are correct.

The presence of some MHA members at the Guildford Fair with information on the Association and copies of the journal has resulted in at least two new members. This type of publicity is very worthwhile.

As the end of the Financial Year draws nigh it is time for members to renew their membership in the Association. Fees remain the same, and your attention is drawn to page 19. It is not necessary to cut out the slip, as long as the fee is accompanied by good identification of name, type of membership required and for how long.

One of the other associations I belong to publishes a list of all members' names and addresses in their end of year journal. Do MHA members consider this a good idea?

The third of the members' profiles is that of the Editor/Treasurer, and is on page 16. The profile for the September issue will be that of Brian Lemon, and that for December will be Ray Miller. I will let you know when it is YOUR turn to contribute a profile, well in advance of the time required. Please don't be shy about supplying us with the main incidents in your life.

My thesaurus's suggestions for "incident" include adventure, circumstance, episode, event, fact, happening, matter, occasion and occurrence. However I wouldn't like you to let facts get in the way of a good story!





Presidential Tidings

Tidings: from the Old English Tidung meaning news and information. (Ed.)

Set on a Fair Course

Over the past twelve months, it has been a privilege for me to witness the MHA developing its charter of promoting maritime heritage. The following list outlines some of the activities that have been accomplished with enthusiasm and achievement over the past term:

Hicks Private Maritime Museum

The celebrated 'morning teas' at the Hicks Museum continue to thrive on a singular combination of warm hospitality and a remarkable display of maritime artefacts. Open days at the Hicks Museum, usually attended by fifty to seventy people, are the forum by which our members and their friends gather around the scuttle-butt* to exchange information, ideas or requests - or to simply indulge in good company amidst pleasant surroundings and a very nice morning tea. There were several gatherings over the past year including two special presentation events by our renowned model maker, Brian Lemon. The first of these was the presentation of Brian's 100th model, the Scottish fifie *Reaper*, to master shipwright Bill Leonard. Later in the year, Brian awarded another model to Mr David Nicolson. The Hicks family also hosted our end of the year 'lay-up'.

On behalf of all our members, I extend a heartfelt thankyou to the Hicks family, and to Brian and Irene Lemon, for allowing us to share this remarkable venue.

Fremantle Ports Inner Harbour Community Liaison Group

With Nick Birmingham being called overseas to work on maritime research and construction projects, Ross Shardlow has been attending the quarterly meetings to represent MHA interests. Our main concern this year has been the retention and nurturing of traditional boat building establishments on Victoria Quay. We continue to stress the importance of Fremantle as a working port - while also acknowledging industrial and maritime heritage concerns and values. The proposed development of the 'Commercial Precinct' on Victoria Quay will hold our interest over the next twelve months.

Friendship Sloop

The MHA was called upon to give advice and assistance for the relocation and completion of a partly built Friendship Sloop. Consideration was given to completing the construction as a MHA project. Ray Miller undertook a detailed examination of the vessel

and submitted a comprehensive report that concluded the vessel had suffered considerable deterioration due to exposure and would be 'beyond our resources ... to undertake.' Though unsuitable for our needs, Ray's examination constituted a project within itself and his professional approach and opinion provided a great assistance to the vessel's owners and MHA members alike.

Little Dirk

The MHA continues to liaise with the Carnarvon Heritage Group for the preservation of the Shark Bay cutter *Little Dirk*. Under Ray Miller's supervision, we have provided specifications and drawings for the construction of a cradle that will allow the vessel to be relocated to a permanent site within the Carnarvon Maritime Heritage Precinct. Ray has also advised the CHG on the second phase of the operation, that of stabilising and preserving the timbers.

Note: *Soon after the AGM, we were advised that the CHG have constructed the boat cradle and have successfully relocated Little Dirk to the heritage site - editor.*

Over the last term the MHA has also recorded another vessel when Nick Birmingham, Mike Iggleston and I, lifted the lines off a Carnaby Star that was being worked on in Chris Bowman's shed on Victoria Quay.

City of Cockburn

Ross Shardlow and I attended several meetings with the newly formed *Traditional Sailing Foundation* and the City of Cockburn, concerning the proposed construction of a replica seventy-foot schooner to be named *City of Cockburn*. The MHA was asked to advise on which ship to replicate that might be of historical significance to the Cockburn region. My initial suggestion called on them to consider the schooner/brigantine *Empress*. Ross submitted general arrangement and sail plan drawings and represented the MHA at the launch of the project at the City of Cockburn's Reception Rooms, 23 July 2003. Our involvement to date is purely advisory as we are yet to be convinced on the viability of the project or the sincerity behind the reason for building such a vessel.

MHA Publishing

In our desire to disseminate knowledge and awareness in Maritime Heritage, I proposed in May 2003 that the MHA could produce a series of booklets on Western Australian Maritime History. Since then, many of our



members have been hard at it researching and writing their chosen subjects. Jill and Peter Worsley have made extensive progress on their *Geraldton Coast*, Ron and Ross are working on *H M C S Champion*, and I'm completely immersed in *Whaling on the South Coast*. Of course, Nick Burningham jumped the gun and published his whimsical, and at times irreverent, *Messing About in Earnest* with the Fremantle Art Centre Press. It is not entirely correct to say this book would not have been possible without the MHA - but we do get a mention and certain illustrations in the book were supplied by the MHA.

The Superior Persons Maritime Book Reading Club

We very much regret that Nick Burningham's overseas commitments have resulted in our struggle to maintain the wit and criticism common to these meetings. Never the less, this august and select group continue to be well patronised and represents one of our more popular activities.

MHA Journal

We are indebted to Peter and Jill Worsley who give so much of themselves to fostering the success of the MHA. Not only do they administer the oft-thankless job of Treasurer and Membership Secretary; they produce our scholarly mainstay, the *M H A Journal*. Through their dedication, the Journal continues to develop and grow in style and content, maintaining its position as our most important contribution to Maritime Heritage.

Guildford Heritage Festival

The MHA, in association with the Old Gaffers, attended the Guildford Heritage Festival this year as part of Western Australia's 175th Anniversary celebrations. Mike Iggleston and Brian Lemon are to be commended for liaising and organizing an excellent display of model craft appropriate to the river trade and Guildford's historic role as an inland port. Several 'real' boats were also on display in the river and on the hard-standing. Following the success of the festival, we hope to participate in future events.

Our archives are growing at such a pace under Ray Miller's care that we may soon require a permanent

repository to hold them. I also understand that our website, under Lloyd Johnson's management, will be making some exciting advances over the next twelve months. Special thanks are also extended to our auditor, Mr Jim Hunter, without whom we might soon find ourselves 'all at sea'; and to our Secretary, Ross Shardlow for making his Stateroom available for our meetings.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank all my Committee for their untiring dedication over the past twelve months.

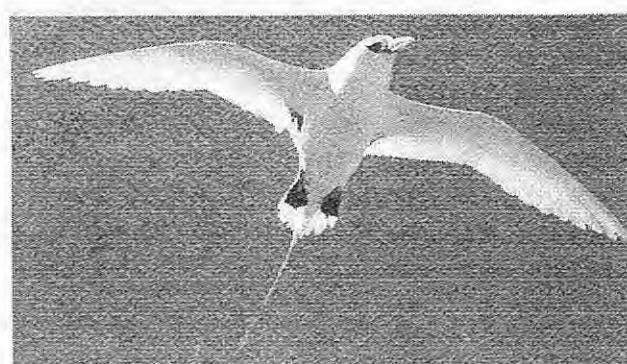
Rod Dickson - President

New Committee for 2004

No positions were contested during the Election of Officers at the 2004 AGM. It was moved that a block nomination be accepted to re-elect the Committee and Office Bearers as it stands:

President	Rod Dickson
Vice President	Nick Burningham
Secretary/Chair	Ross Shardlow
Treasurer	Peter Worsley
Committee	Jill Worsley
	Ray Miller
	Bob Johnson
	Bill Brown
	Ron Richards
	Mike Iggleston
	Brian Lemon
	Mike Reveley
Editor	Peter Worsley
Archives	Ray Miller
Auditor	Jim Hunter

*Scuttle-butt A large butt or cask carried on the deck of a ship containing the drinking water required for the daily use of the ship. The butt had a hole (or 'scuttle') cut into the top of it just large enough to admit a dipper. Other butts were said to have a hole cut into the side of them, about half way up, so that the butt could only be half filled each day to prevent the waste of fresh water. As this became an area where the crew might gather from time to time, the casual exchange of conversation, news and gossip became known as 'scuttle-butt'.





To Captain Bursack onboard Speedwell revenue
Cutter now lying at Fordingbridge

Sir,

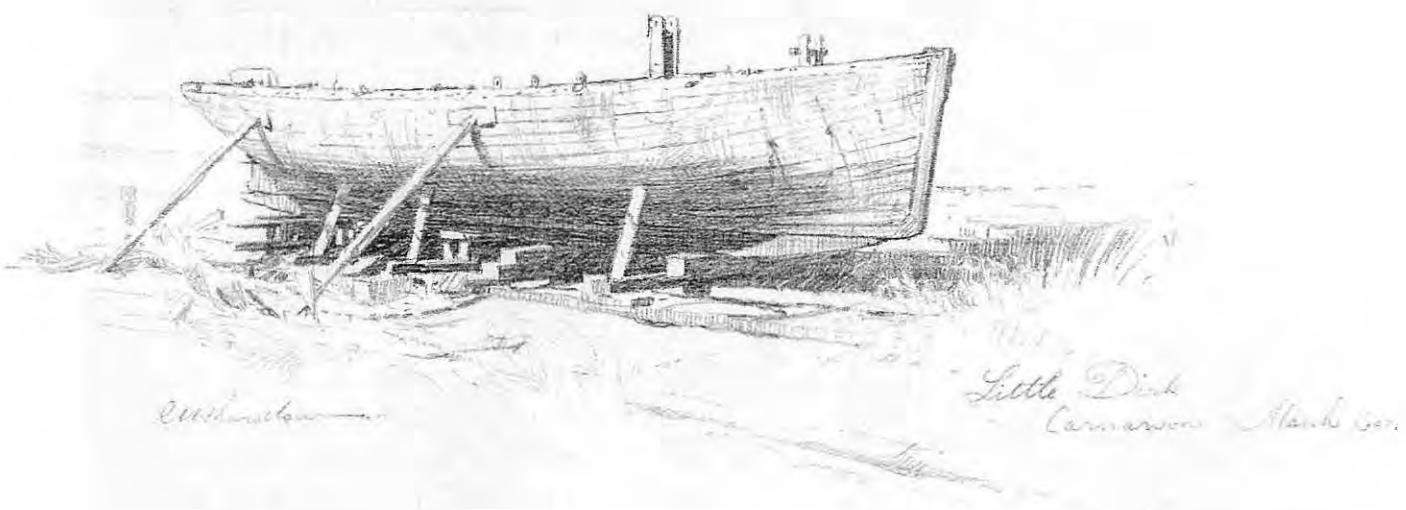
Damn thee

And God Damn thy two Purblind Eyes thou
Buger and thou Death looking son of a
Bitch O that I had bin there (with
my company) for thy sake when thou
tookes them men of Mine on Board the
Speedwell Cutter on Monday 14 Dec^r
I would cross thee and all thy Gang to
Hell wher thou belongest thou Devil
Incarnet, Go Down thou Hell Hound
into the Kennell below & Bathe thy Self
in that Sulpherous Lake that has bin
so Long Prepared for such as thee for it
is time the World was rid of such a
Monster thou art no Man but a
Devil thou fiend O Lucifer I hope
thou will soon fall into Hell like a star
from the Sky; there to lie (unpitied)
& unrelented of any for Ever &
Ever Which God Grant of his Infinite
Mercy Amen

J. Spurier

Fordingbridge Jan^r 32 1700 & fast asleep

Copied from original found in Poole Custom House



Little Dirk – Carnarvon, March 2001
Drawing by Ross Shardlow

The Ditty Bag

An occasional collection of nautical trivia to inform, astound, amuse and inspire.

(The inspiration could take the form of contributions to this page!)



***Becueing.** A method of attaching a line to a small anchor or grapnel, so that in case the anchor should become fixed under some rock, a strong pull will break the seizing (called the stopper), and enable the flukes to be drawn upwards.

King George III had decided to confer the new title of Hydrographer of the Navy upon Captain James Cook on his return from his third voyage. This would have given Cook the honour of being the first Hydrographer. Cook was killed on that voyage so the title was given to Cook's severest and only major critic, Alexander Dalrymple, in 1795. The expenses for the department were £650 of which £500 was Dalrymple's salary.

The last steam tug operating commercially in Australia was the *Yelta* which ceased operations at Port Adelaide in 1980.

The first steamship to arrive from overseas to Australia was also the first to be used for towage. The *Sophia Jane* arrived at Sydney on 17 May 1831 under the command of Captain Biddulph. The paddle steamer towed the sailing ship *Lady Harewood* to sea from Sydney Harbour on 11 June 1831. The Sydney Herald noted:

The ease and rapidity with which she towed the ship created the greatest admiration and applause. This is the first application of steam power to the purpose above mentioned that Australia can boast of and from the important benefit that must come to the colony by the introduction of this valuable discovery we think that the proprietors of such vessels deserve every support that the government of the colony and the community at large can give them.

Barnes and Miller, both of who had worked with

James Watt, built the *Sophia Jane* in the UK in 1826. She had a length on deck of 126 feet, beam of 20 feet with fiddle bow and 50 horsepower engines giving her a speed of 8 knots. There were three cabins, one for gentlemen, one for ladies and one for steerage passengers. There were 16, 11 and 20 bunks respectively in each cabin. The steamer was broken up in 1845 after fourteen years of reliable service along the coast of New South Wales.

From the *Esperance Times* of 24 September 1898:

"All About a Rocket. Mr Cumming, First Mate of the s.s. McGregor when she was on the Esperance mail service, is suing Messrs. Burns Philp & Co. for £6,000 damage. It will be remembered that on one of her trips rockets were fired at Bremer Bay, near Esperance, one night to attract attention of the Postmaster. These were fired from a makeshift Socket. The first fell near the ship, and the second upon the deck, killing one man and wounding Mr Cumming in the leg. Bishop Riley of Perth had a narrow escape."

Sophia Jane is often regarded as being the first steamship in Australian waters. However the river ferry *Surprise* built at Neutral Bay, Sydney, and launched in March 1831 ran trials in May 1831, a few days before *Sophia Jane* arrived from Capetown. *Surprise* was used to carry passengers on the Parramatta River. This answers the question I posed in the Ditty Bag for September 2002.

Voyage 308 of the State Ship *Kybra* in June 1937 was purely a fishing trip! Passengers paid either £20-10-0 or £17-10-0 (depending on when they booked). The vessel spent a week at Shark Bay. It was reported that the fishing was very poor, but the people who were lucky enough to secure berths had a really great party.



Thames Barges

Here is the second part of Jack Gardiner's article on barges.

Next aft came the main hatch with a sailing beam half way. The steel barges could lift theirs by unbolting the ends but the wooden ones it was built in with massive knees at each end. Behind the hatch came the main horse sometimes of wood and sometimes steel. It was held in big wooden chocks at the ends and the wang falls were belayed onto cleats on them. On the river barges the next thing aft was the cabin coach roof with a sliding hatch to the cabin steps. The coasters had a flush deck with a square skylight. The back edge of this was just in front of the wheel. The double-sided compass was mounted in the top so that it was possible to read the compass from down in the cabin as well. It did not need a binnacle light as the cabin light always burned all night. On the port side was the cabin hatch, usually a scuttle. The wheelhouse had an open front but a small return at the sides. Behind it was a kerosene and deck locker to starboard and the toilet to port. The galvanised bucket toilet was not new but the place to use it was unique on the barges.

The bathroom was a bucket of hot water by the stove in the foc'sle. That stove was a big cast iron thing with two ovens between a coal fire, through the winter it was never allowed to go out. The foc'sle was quite big with a gear locker forward of the windlass posts which went right down to the keel. Then there were two bunks on the starboard and one and a big clothes locker to port. The ladder was on the port side of the hold bulkhead with the stove and a table on the rest. There was a carpet made of sugar bags on the floor. Very elegant!

The cabin at the stern had a little lobby at the foot of the ladder with a big fresh water tank behind the steps and a door leading off to the mate's cabin to port. He never slept there, always in the foc'sle where it was warmer. The captain had the cabin on the other side with the lobby door and a fancy tile stove on the for'd bulkhead. The middle of the cabin was taken up by a big U shaped table with built in locker seats, where the coal was kept and a row of lockers across the after end, where food and dry stores were kept. The skipper always sat on the starboard side of the table where he could look up

through the skylight and see the BOB, the house flag which flew at the topmast head to see which way the wind was blowing and also the compass was over his head. There also was a large space under the cabin floor for the future engine room, there was about two tons of coal there. I suppose carried for ballast because I never saw any of it used. All heating and cooking on board was by coal fires and all lighting by kerosene and it was the cooks job every morning to fill and trim all the lamps. There were a lot of them too. Two cabin coach lights and one overhead lamp with two burner wicks. Two in the foc'sle, port and starboard, stern lights and a big riding light used while at anchor. The navigation lamps were bucket sized things and all fitted with glass dioptic lenses, must have cost a fortune. The cabin and foc'sle lights kept alight all night.

The barge dinghy's were heavily built and always had double knees each end of the thwarts. Some had knees under the thwart too. This was because the river barges all had to tow their boats. The coasters had a pair of davits aft and could hoist them out of harms way and I mean that literally. In the docks they were always in the way of lighters and other barges and the lightermen always thought they made good fenders. The call of 'Sailorman shift your boat' usually came much to late to do anything about it. They only ever had one oar in them and were always sculled over the stern. Another thing they all had up forward, the bow thwart was extended for'd right up to the stem. This meant you could pull the boat up and step into her without falling down the hole between the thwart and the stem.

The coasters boats all had to be fitted with tanks and lifeboat gear including two pairs of oars. People must have been a lot more honest in those days because nothing ever went missing even if the boat was left tied up to a pier or jetty. If one went adrift for any reason the river police always seemed to find it and return it either to the barge or the barge yard that owned it. The name was always carved into the transom. The police seemed to have a very good relationship with the sailors and would always give a push or pull to help a barge in



difficulty. It did not seem to happen with lightermen at all. They all seemed to be what may be described as a rough lot. To give an idea of the traffic on the river there was at any time a million tons of cargo afloat. A large quantity of that would be coal for the power stations and gas works, who all had their own colliers, mostly steamers of 1000-1500 tons. Some of which had telescopic masts and swing down funnels, to go up under the bridges to Battersea Power Station and others. The oil ports are down the estuary. There were then three or four big refineries side by side on the Essex shore. They were hit early on in the blitz and from Chatham where we lived for 3 days we could see a huge pall of black smoke. Anyway that has nothing to do with barges although; there were two or three tank barges which used to carry tar from the various gas works to where it was to be used on roads and in chemical works. It is surprising the things that were made out of coal tar. Somebody once told me that aspirin was one of the bi-products but I don't know if that is right. All sorts of dyes certainly were made from coal tar.

The barges themselves were all tarred. Painting the barges side was done sitting on a mud or sand bank with a baby bath full of tar and an old broom, the bottoms were never touched and kept themselves clean by sitting on the mud at the places where they loaded. Very few got worm eaten and those only who had sat afloat for long periods. This happened to a lot of barges which had spent the war on mooring buoys.

The work on board was not hard but the hours could be long sometimes. Winches controlled all the sails and steering was as hard as you made it. The skipper could sail for a long time with just a couple of spokes each way now and again. I never got that good but did improve a lot. Heaving up the anchor was not all that hard, the windlass was very low geared so that it was very slow. I think two turns on the handles for one link of chain in. Otherwise the work on deck was mainly chipping and painting when there was nothing else, certainly nothing very strenuous. The dinghy took two men to hoist, it was quite a big boat, but was lifted one end at a time with a double two sheave block at each end. If short handed the falls could be led to the leeboard winches which had a warping drum as well as the leeboard drum.

I did not do much barge work after the war except when we got back and there was absolutely no accommodation available with all the ex-servicemen all looking for homes. We bought one of Eastwood's brick barges and sailed her round to Rochester making her into a houseboat and living afloat (at high tide) for a couple or three years before exporting ourselves to Oz.

I did work at the London Rochester Trading Company's yard for a time and often did a freight if a skipper needed a mate in a hurry. Then got a job converting barges into barge-yachts. For some reason I always got the job of installing the engines at the yard. I seemed to be repairing barge boats that had been squashed.

We converted barges from a little 60 tonner called *Cereal* to a large coaster called, I think, *Venta*. She was all of 200 tons and had two engines. Between those jobs I worked for the P.L.A. (Port of London Authority) on one of their salvage ships working in the Thames Estuary clearing some of the wrecks out of the channel. Most had time to get into the sides before sinking but some did not and had to be cleared. We had available unlimited explosives to use and set off one bang on a ship that must have had some of her own aboard and the lot went up together. We got a please explain from the oil refinery over on the Essex Shore. It was the best paid job I ever had but I did not last very long because I had to live aboard and Claire was living afloat herself on the houseboat and it was too big a strain. It was the only job I ever had where I signed on as 'diver' not 'shipwright diver' and if I was not diving I was walking round the ship looking for something to do. I put up shelves for the skipper and the cook, patched up the workboat, made some fenders and mats. It was a curious sensation taking a kitbag aboard a ship and not having the sensation of going somewhere. We only moved from wreck to wrick and into Sheerness Dockyard for bunker fuel. The PLA had three salvage ships working full time then. There was the normal diving work as well as the 'wreck raising and dispersal' as it was called, picking up sunken lighters and jetty work etc. I don't suppose any of this is of much interest to anyone else but that was the last time I had anything at all to do with the barges. The PLA's badge was a seahorse universally known as the 'pregnant prawn'.



SOME DETAILS OF VARIOUS TYPES OF BARGES

A BARGE on London River was a sailing barge usually called a SAILORMAN, that also applied to the crew.

A LIGHTER or DUMBO was an open craft about 70 feet long with about a 20 foot beam. Some had hatches and some were tank lighters and there were hundreds of them on the river. A tug was used to move them in strings of 6 in three pairs. Each one had to have a lighterman on board when moving. At one time he had to rely on the tide flow and a big oar to get where he was going, but in my time they were too well paid to drift around and were usually towed.

There were little MOTOR BOATS (always built of steel) working in the docks to move them around, and belonging to the various lighterage companies. The days of a lighterman owning his own craft were long gone, so were the days of wooden lighters. They did not stand the bashing around they got in the docks.

Most of the sailing barges were built of wood, though a few were steel. Of these the four big ones of Everard's were the biggest and I think the newest. They were 95 feet long and about 23 or 25 feet on the beam and the depth was about 10 foot. Loaded with 300 tons in the river and 215 at sea, which gave them a freeboard of exactly 1 foot. Most of the other coasters were of wood and loaded 200 tons at sea. Opinions differed as to which was best, the steel ones did not need pumping so often but they did sweat. This did not affect the cargo because they were all completely sealed (that should be ceiled) with pine planking close fitted. They all had a huge keelson, the wooden ones about 12 inches or more square, and the steel an I bar girder at least 15inches x 6 inches. This was to help the bottoms to stay flat.

The keel was the same size as the bottom planks which were often doubled. The planking was 2 and a half inches to 3 inches thick and was never caulked. The planking was all rabbeted and clamped up with a luting of tar and horse hair. About the only time the bottom was touched would be if she was going into the barge races.

The bottoms were cleaned by sitting on the mud at the loading places which seamed to leave a film of mud all over the bottom. The sides were tarred with 'black varnish' made with a mixture of coal tar, one gallon, white lead, one pound and kerosene, one pint. It dried to a hard satin finish. It was put on from a baby bath with a broom.

While the barge was sitting on a sandbank or mudflat the deck was usually painted grey or green. But where a deck was chronically leaky the last ditch remedy was to tar it and spread a coating of sawdust over it. It trod down so that it became a sort of mat over the whole deck and filled up all the leaky seams. The caulked seams on the sides were stopped in with a filling of tar and cement mixed to a putty consistency.

A new barge was tarred and then the seams stopped with the tar cement mixture. Then the whole sides tarred again and then gone over with a blowlamp so that the tar covering and the stopping all melted into one coating. The final coat was this black varnish. Tar was a bi-product of the various gas works and itself used for many purposes. Making roads was, I suppose, the main one but there were various chemical works in different places which made all sorts of things out of it. Somebody told me once that aspirin was one of them, and all sorts of dyes. The connection with the barges was not only with the maintenance of them but there were 3 or 4 (steel) barges which were built to carry nothing but tar from the various gasworks to the chemical factories. They had heating coils in the holds to warm it so that it could be pumped. That was one specialised trade, but there were others.

The cement combine were an amalgamation of a lot of cement works in Kent and Essex, which made a very high quality cement out of the soft white chalk which underlays the south east corner of England. (The white cliffs of Dover are solid chalk) They had a whole fleet of river barges which did nothing but take cement in paper bags or softwood barrels from the various cement works up to the London Docks to load ships for export. They all had to be certified 'dry'. No leaky decks or under water leaks to wet the cargo.

To be continued...



DUYFKEN'S VOYAGE TO THE NETHERLANDS

Nick Burningham

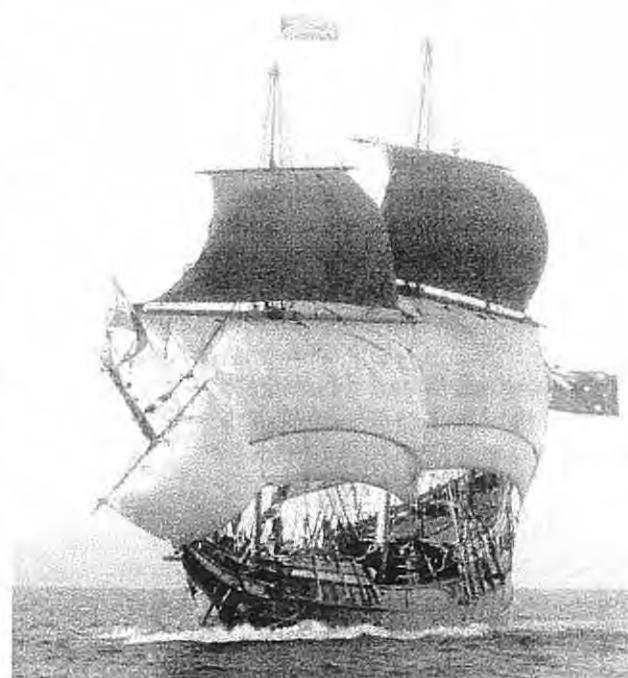
In the *MHA Journal* 11(4) I described the DUYFKEN replica's historic re-enactment voyage from the Spice Islands of Indonesia to the Cape York Peninsula in the year 2000. In late April 2001 I flew to Sydney to join DUYFKEN for another historic voyage.

The original DUYFKEN had, in 1601-2, sailed with a cargo of spices from the East Indies, homeward bound around The Cape, where she was separated from her larger consorts in a fierce storm, and arrived on the Dutch coast two months ahead of those larger ships. Chartered by the Dutch Foundation set up to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the founding of the United Dutch East India Company (VOC) in 1602, the DUYFKEN replica would make a similar voyage to the Netherlands with a few more ports of call and an excursion to Sri Lanka. But first she had to sail to East Indies.

We departed Sydney in thick, wet, autumn weather on 5th May and had a reasonably fast run up the NSW coast, sometimes pressed by massive dark squalls, rolling heavily at times, and testing everyone's sea legs. The weather began to clear as we doubled Cape Byron on the 8th and by midnight of that day we were getting ready to anchor off Coolangatta under a clear, starry, sky with the ENDEAVOUR replica rolling in the long, low swell a few cables away.

The following morning the keenest hands were on deck at first light hurriedly finishing repairs to the maintopsail so that we could rebend it and weigh before 0900 to sail along the coast towards Surfer's in company with ENDEAVOUR while the television helicopters whirled overhead. It was a sparkling morning with a light southwesterly breeze. In those conditions it was no surprise that DUYFKEN was faster on all points of sail, and when the breeze went ahead she was much closer winded, but ENDEAVOUR had a tight schedule while DUYFKEN had two months to get to Jakarta, so ENDEAVOUR had motored well ahead of us by mid-afternoon.

The light conditions continued for some days and for an entire weekend the southerly current held us in sight of the light at the northern end of Frazer Island. It was a week later, approaching the Whitsundays, that we finally picked up a fresh southeasterly. By sunset we had made a spectacular run through the Whitsunday Passage and were heading for Rattray Island. To port was a prawn trawler on a converging course. It closed and altered course and speed to a perfect collision course. We altered course to starboard to let them pass ahead and at the same time skipper Glen Williams spoke them by VHF. Their skipper said he would keep out of our way (he is said to have sounded drunk). His mode of keeping clear was to speed up and cut right under our bow where he powered back and very nearly connected his trawl booms with our spritsail, forcing us off to starboard again. It was as finely calculated a piece of arrogance and stupidity as one could ever expect to see from a



Duyfken with Sri Lanka made topsails half-masted

Photocredit: Michael Redding

Gladstone registered prawn trawler and an interesting contrast to the generous gifts of fish we later received from third-world fishing vessels. He went clear and then circled and followed menacingly in our wake for the next half hour. I would have gladly broken out the pikes, halberds and other instruments of brutality, to hack his nets — if nothing else could be reached — had he come close again. Glen would have been more circumspect no doubt.

The following day, a Sunday, I noted in my journal:

“ . . . washed a few clothes today. The dark coloured Duyfken uniforms do not show dirt and I had thought the shirt I've been wearing for the last fortnight quite clean apart from the pine tar and tallow it had soaked up, but even washing in salt water with very little detergent, I could see that a great deal of dirt came out in each of six rinses.”

On 22nd we reached Port Douglas where we enjoyed a day or two of R & R, modern laundry facilities, and a day or three of re-rope and re-stitching sails. DUYFKEN's hand-stitched canvas sails had seen more than a year's hard work, much of it in the tropics, sometimes in conditions where they could never dry. They were becoming a little fragile and worn and much of the stitching was chaffed.

We sailed again on the 28th and anchored off Horn Island, three days later, after a fast run up the inside of the reef with excellent southeasterlies thrusting us along.

We were unable to clear for Indonesia from Thursday Island because a passport sent to Customs there had gone missing, so my old homeport of Darwin was added to our itinerary. We were all made very welcome and some us were made fairly legless in that relaxed northern port.

From Darwin we cleared for Saumlaki in the Tanimbar Islands. Our reception in Saumlaki was reasonably courteous although we proved a disappointment to the townsfolk. Tanimbar is part of Indonesia's Maluku Province (The Moluccas) torn apart by a civil war incited by men using religion as a tool of evil. Islands where different religious communities have co-existed harmoniously for centuries are now totally partitioned. At Saumlaki the entire Moslem community had fled, though the fine timber-paneled houses built by the Bugis and Butonese traders remain easy to recognise. The beleaguered Christian community at Saumlaki were living in fear of invasion and retribution, and in the hope that the Christian Western World would come to their rescue. DUYFKEN, they hoped and believed, had brought them reinforcements and firearms. But we hadn't: the West is scarcely Christian and certainly not crusading (unless oil is involved). Our only slight help was to employ a bereft refugee from Ambon to make a set of hardwood heaving mallets for \$10 each. With constant rigging maintenance, and lines being frequently unrove and re-rove for tarring, there never seemed to be enough heaving mallets on board.

From the Tanimbars we set off on a long, and sometimes slow, run westward along the arc of the Eastern Archipelago, each day a different set of volcanoes in sight. We saw little local *perahu* shipping, either under sail or under power, compared with my voyages through the archipelago in previous decades, but off the north coast of Flores, a large sloop, probably a timber carrier, approached us silently in the night, running at an impressive speed, and then sheered away on her course for Sulawesi.

It was at Jakarta — the old Batavia, headquarters of the VOC — that our official *Duyfken 2002 Voyage* would commence, and we were not wanted there for the official functions, receptions, press conferences and karaoke with the Governor until the 16th July, so on the 4th we stopped at the delightful Karimun Jawa islands, a couple of days' sail from Jakarta. We anchored off the pretty village of Alang Alang where dozens of brightly painted *perahu beranjang* line the sandy, palm-fringed beach. I borrowed a sailing canoe to go exploring one day and went out fishing on a *perahu beranjang* one night. The "anjang", from which the *beranjang* get their name, are long booms used to raise and lower a complicated form of dip-net. Shoals of fish are attracted using kerosene pressure lanterns, then the lights are gradually dimmed and covered in order to congregate the fish into a smaller and smaller circle of light until the black-dyed net can be gently winched up from below them.

What a contrast — from Alang Alang's bay, backed by fresh jungle clad mountains, to the teaming old port of Batavia where *Duyfken* was much the smallest wooden ship crowded into the fetid canal. The timber-hulled vessels that carry sacks of cement from Jakarta to West Kalimantan, gravel thence to South Kalimantan, and construction timber back to Jakarta retain a standing gaff rig, mainly because motor-sailers enjoy cheaper registration and port fees than fully motorised vessels. The largest can load about 1000 tonnes and in recent years there has been some return to giving them relative small engines and a usefully proportioned ketch rig rather than one token mast up in the bow.

Not only were *Duyfken*'s sails becoming worn, her hemp standing rigging was scheduled for replacement. Most of the rigging was still quite sound — it had been in service for only a couple of years and was regularly dosed with pine tar — but underneath seizures and serving that had been dressed with coal tar it was soft and rotten. You may use coal tar on steel cable rigging, but, as the 19th century texts warn, it must never be allowed anywhere near natural fibre cordage, for it draws out all the protective pine tar and oils, leaving the rope dry, brittle and unprotected when any moisture seeps in. We intended to re-rig while alongside at Batavia, but the new rope we had on order did not turn up in time. When it finally did arrive it was not the tarred rope we required but bright blond untarred hemp, and it was four-stranded too. We rushed the whole consignment of rope round to the gardens of the Dutch Embassy and stretched it all around the trees and flower beds of the garden before starting to step on the mix of pine tar, linseed oil and pine turpentine. The next day we coiled up the half stretched rope, loaded it on board, and headed out to sea. We sailed round the Java shore from Jakarta to Banteng (Bantam) Bay where the original DUYFKEN had taken part in one of the crucial naval battles of history in 1600; and there we anchored off Pulau Panjang. During the next six days we stripped all the running rigging, then all the standing rigging. We cut and set up new shrouds, then new ratlines, tarring down all the time, and then got DUYFKEN ready for sea again. I ran the foremast gang and I regard it as one of the proudest achievements of my life, though, to be honest, I had the invaluable assistance of Steyn Sommers, head rigger from the BATAVIA replica who had joined the crew in Jakarta. But we did the job with no cranes on a jetty or any other outside help, and we did it in six days, a time that seamen in the days of sail would probably not think too slow. And we did a neat job. It can still be done!

We sailed out of Bantam Bay on the 4th August and during the night tacked down Sunda Strait with the help of the tide. The next morning at change of watch I came on deck to find that Glen Williams was taking DUYFKEN right through the blasted caldera of Krakatoa under sail. We were becalmed for a while right in the middle, with the cone of Anak Krakatoa



Perahu beranjang



blowing dust and rocks into the air every fifteen minutes a mile or two away. Spectacular stuff.

We were not particularly lucky with the southeast trades running down our westing from Sunda Strait, in fact we got caught in a little depression spinning off from the inter-tropical convergence zone and spent some days with head winds and calms. On 18th we turned north for the equator and doldrums, the winds getting lighter each day as we ghosted further north. On 24th we lost steerage way and could not get back on course to take advantage of a favourable zephyr because of an adverse swell running from the southwest. So we cobbled together a long sweep with a plywood blade which allowed us to lever DUYFKEN back to her proper heading and get her sailing again.

In the squally equatorial conditions we changed the way the topsails were rigged to a poleacre arrangement that allowed them to be dropped almost instantly into the lee of the lowers. It worked well, even hard on the wind a lowered topsail would lie quietly with its weather lift hooked over the stay, causing no trouble at all. As soon as the squall was passed it could be set immediately

We crossed the line on 28th August with 1st mate Alan Campbell seated on a cannon in the waist a splendid King Neptune. The following day in a very fierce squall from the northwest the topsails were lowered into the lee of the lowers but, because the squall was prolonged, they were hoist back to the lowermast caps for furling which was the end of them. They flogged, heavy with rainwater, and the tabling just tore away with bolt ropes on both leashes. Our sailmaker Nic Gardner repaired them, but the cloth was too weakened by rot and the tabling in way of the earrings tore again when we tried to set the sails. So, we made a slow passage from the line to Galle, Sri Lanka, with no topsails and the breeze from forward of the beam. Nevertheless we sailed with no recourse to the motors until we were in the crowded shipping lane rounding Dondra Head a few miles from Galle.

Our short stay in the historic East Indies port of Galle was all the more pleasant for the hospitality and kindness of an old friend, retired naval commander Somasiri Devendra.

New sails were being hand-sewn for us by Rick Mitchell in Melbourne and each sail was forwarded to our next port of call as it became ready. We expected to get new topsails in Galle but after our Jakarta experience with the rope consignment we couldn't feel confident of delivery, so, almost as soon as we got ashore at Galle we organised the sewing of a pair of topsails, made from Indian tarpaulin, by local sail makers. I arranged that they would be a metre deeper in the hoist than the original topsails. One of the most important discoveries of our year 2000 voyage was that the deep, tapered topsails would set quite well, even hard on the wind, with the yard lowered to halfmast or even to the cap. This meant that the lack of reefing systems on a circa 1600 ship was not the disadvantage it might seem to be. Looking at contemporary pictures of ships I had come to the conclusion that topsails were sometimes cut so deep that the leach could not be hauled taut even if the yard were hoist right to the halliard sheave. The new topsails were not quite that deep but they are big powerful sails and drive DUYFKEN along most effectively. While I'm discussing topsails, a long run-

ning debate concerns the clewing up of sails — should the windward clew or the lee clew be hauled up first when handing sail? Lee clew first is probably regarded as more orthodox but for the 16-17th shape of topsail, weather clew first is definitely better because the sail flogs less.

On leaving Galle we ran away to the southeast almost heading back towards Jakarta, crossing the doldrums again and the equator on September 14th and then crossing our outward course to Sri Lanka some days later, having sailed around in a huge circle as a ship using the trade winds must do if the charterers require a call at Sri Lanka.

South of the equator we picked up the southeast trades again and made a fine run down to Diego Rodrigues where the original DUYFKEN had sent men ashore to investigate in 1600. Since we had twice been in Eastern Indonesia during a civil war, in Jakarta during a tense change of president, and Sri Lanka was still rent by civil war, this was our first experience of an island that was not in the grip of internecine struggle. We were at Rodrigues for a regatta weekend. Some yachts had raced over from Mauritius but the real excitement was the regatta for the local racing *pirogues* — long, sharp, shallow, double-enders that carry a towering scimitar shaped lateen sail and a crew of five or six who all hike out to windward.

The really singular aspect of the rig is the technique for changing tack. My friend Nic and I burst out laughing with surprise when we first saw it. A lateen sail, like a lug sail, ought to be carried on the leeward side of its mast. Some lateen sails are dipped and shifted aft around the mast like a dipping lugsail when changing tack. Some can be shifted aft of the mast like a standing lug; many are shifted forward, over the top of the mast as the vessel gybes or wears round onto the new tack. A Rodrigues *pirogue* is tacked round through the wind until the sail is to windward of its mast, then the sail is dropped. It cannot be shifted aft of the mast because the tack of the sails is permanently made fast in the bow. Instead the mast is quickly lifted out of its step by the forward hand, the sail and spar are shoved to leeward of the mast, the mast rotated through 180° to correct the lead of the halliard and then smartly resteped. Then up goes the sail again. The forward hand is also the halliard hand and he needs to be both nimble and as strong as a wire cable hawse.

The *pirogues* tack through slightly more than 90° and they make little leeway — this is remarkably good windward performance for boats that can sail in knee-deep water and have sails made from light cotton cloth. The flexible bamboo yard bends to flatten the sail and to spill wind from the peak of the sail in gusty conditions. When sailing on the wind, the forward hand, hiking out to windward, scoops up water with a bailer and hurls it high onto the sail's leading edge. The constant wetting tightens the weave of the cloth and smoothes its surface for better airflow. (The tactic is known from the days of sail when sailors used to pour buckets of water down over the sails to improve performance in exigencies such as being chased by pirates or revenue men.) There is more to the sail wetting than just performance on the racing *pirogues*. In strong, gusty, conditions the water flows up the sail to the shivering peak and streams off the tip like a vapour trail: it is



Rodrigues racing pirogue Photocredit: Michael Redding

a spectacular effect and these *pirogues* are as much about style and appearance as any other racing machines.

The racing and the betting is fierce, and large crowds turn out to watch and cheer the races. We witnessed a very spectacular finish. Coming in towards the finishing line on starboard tack, OISEAUX DE MER looked to have a narrow lead, but she wasn't quite laying the line and would need to tack twice more to finish. On port tack, storming up in the smoother water under the shore, SILONDIA was narrowing the gap and needed to tack only once more to finish. There was huge excitement — not to mention huge bets and plenty to drink — on the beach. SILONDIA was coming up fast but OISEAUX had right of way and held her course on starboard tack after she might have gone about, trying to force SILONDIA to give way. SILONDIA's skipper was having none of that and sailing full-tilt SILONDIA rammed OISEAUX about 600mm aft of the stem. OISEAUX was barged round onto port tack while SILONDIA, dropping her sail fell off to starboard tack. This seemed all to OISEAUX's advantage. She shifted her sail and stood away needing only to make one more short tack, probably without bothering to shift the mast and sail, to cross the line. But, right in front of the disbelieving crowd, she caught an extra-heavy gust of wind, swamped and capsized!

SILONDIA went in to cross the line first . . . with a broken stem.

From Rodrigues it was a short tradewind run to Mauritius and there we were very hospitable received. From Port Louis, Mauritius, where we departed on 16th October, we were heading for the Cape of Good Hope. The weather was mostly kind to us as we sailed south of Madagascar and down the east African coast propelled by the Agulhas current, but off the southeast of Africa on 4th November we met a severe depression and cold front. The topsails were already furled when it hit but we were hard pressed under the two courses. It was probably blowing a good 40 knots when the foredeck carried away. With the wind still rising we were wearing round onto port tack to get control of the foresail when the

port mainsheet block strop carried away and then, round on port tack, the foresail's port tack carried away. We ran off before the westerly, probably blowing 55 knots, to furl the courses.

Running under bare poles, and then under spritsail only, the steering was difficult. It required full helm to keep DUYFKEN from rounding up once the wind got on one quarter or the other. After a couple of hours the fight to keep her from rounding up was ended and DUYFKEN was allowed to lie ahull. This she did very well, the high stern keeping her head up into the wind — the stronger the wind blows the more she lies head-to. Though we were drifting to leeward through the water, driven by a fierce storm, the GPS showed that the Agulhas current was still carrying us to the southeast at about three knots against the wind. With the current running strongly against the wind, the seas were extremely steep, nevertheless DUYFKEN rode them well. Waves that appeared to be about to break into the foretop somehow slipped under the bow at the last moment. Since we were hove-to in the middle of a busy shipping lane we kept double lookout, but the truth was that in the squalls no one could look to windward for even a second and to leeward one couldn't see more than a few metres through the icy horizontal driving rain.

The storm passed and we got under way again, then we were becalmed, then beset by more strong wind from dead ahead, but on the 8th the wind went round to the south and in conditions where we would normally furl the topsails we started a race for Capetown before the next depression came through. The wind went round to the east and increased but we held on to all our square sails, storming past Cape Agulhas at maximum speed, surfing down steep seas with the lion figurehead skimming the troughs. She steered beautifully in those circumstances. Every ship that saw us must have thought they'd come upon the Flying Dutchman, and indeed they had!

We put into Simons Town, rather than Cape Town on the other side of the Cape promontory, for we were booked to slip there at the Naval dockyard and repair the battered, peeling anti-foul. With fresh paint we made an easy rounding of the Cape to Cape Town on an overnight sail, and in Cape Town I left the ship to return to Australia — I had originally only been going as far as Jakarta.

DUYFKEN sailed on, visiting Namibia, St Helena, Ascension and the Azores. She weathered another storm after leaving the Azores, a storm in which a larger sailing vessel was abandoned and a big sail-training ship driven back to Vigo, Spain. In order to avoid a further storm and to make her appointment with the Dutch Royal Family at Texel it was necessary to motor in the Western Approaches, the first time on the voyage the engines had been used other than for getting in and out of harbour.

DUYFKEN made good passages, she always sails bravely and willingly, and in general she is a joy to sail. The idea that ships of the 16th century with their deep topsails and high aftercastles were clumsy or difficult to sail can be dismissed.



The Whale Chaser *Cheynes IV*

Brian Lemon writes of the whale chaser presently on show at Whaleworld in Albany.
This article appeared in the Model Shipwright magazine in September 1987.

The idea of building a model of the whale chaser *Cheynes IV* came to me a few years ago after hearing of the proposal for the Jaycees, a local Community Foundation in Albany, WA to take over the restoration of the defunct Cheynes Beach whaling station nearby, which had closed in 1978, and to create there a Whaling Museum. Along with the buildings, etc there were also the three chasers which had been operated by the owning company.

Cheynes IV was the newest of these, having been launched in 1948 as the *W Fearnhead* by A/S Framnaes M/V, Sandefjord, Norway. Later the name was changed to *Wilfred Ferahead*, and the vessel was acquired from her then owners by the Cheynes beach Whaling Company in 1970. The length overall was 45.45m, moulded breadth 9.00m, and maximum draught 5.182m (149.1ft x 29.53ft x 17.0ft); gross tonnage was 530 tons. The steam compound machinery gave a speed of 15 knots. The vessel was of part riveted and part welded construction.

Some two years prior to this I had built from plans a 1/48 (1/4in = 1ft) scale R/C model of a Norwegian whale chaser, supplementing these with some photos of the deck fittings, winch and harpoon gun from the Albany ships for detail. Since the museum model was to be a static one, the hull would not require all the internal details of the earlier R/C model. Nevertheless the hull construction would be basically the same – keel, bulkheads (formers), planking, etc.

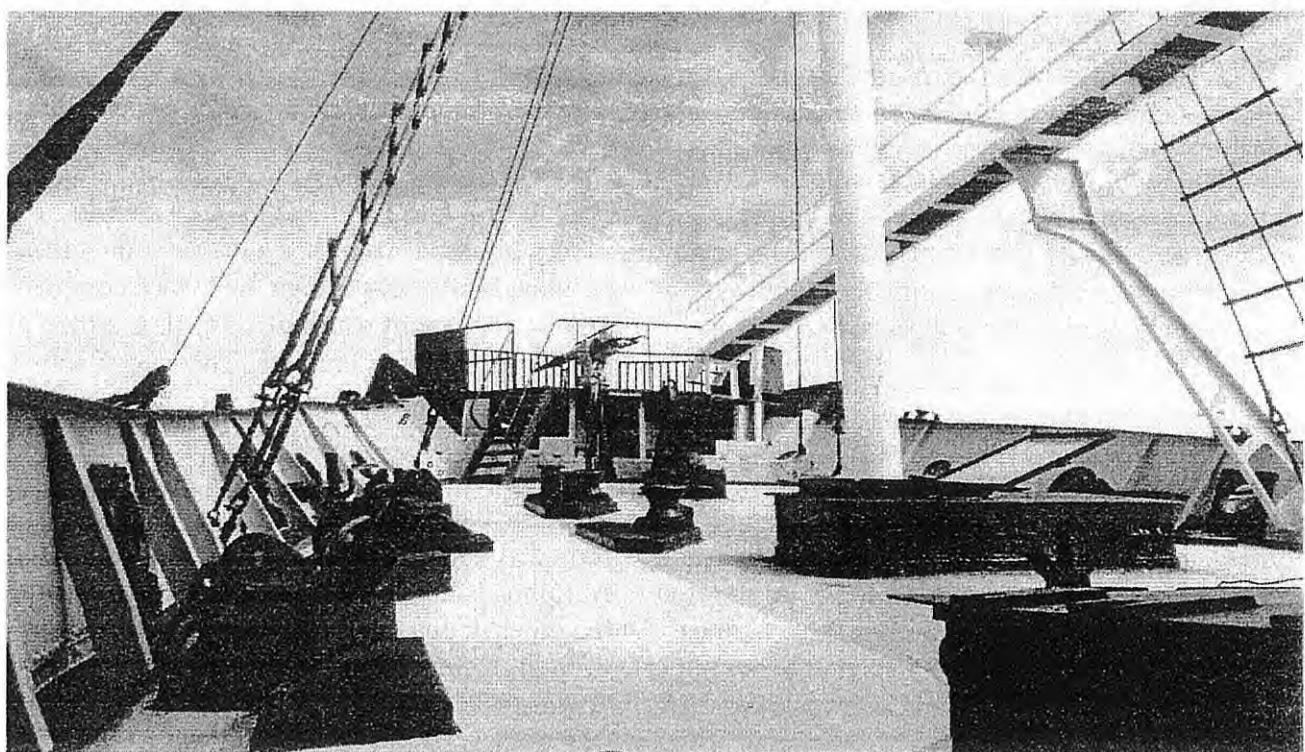
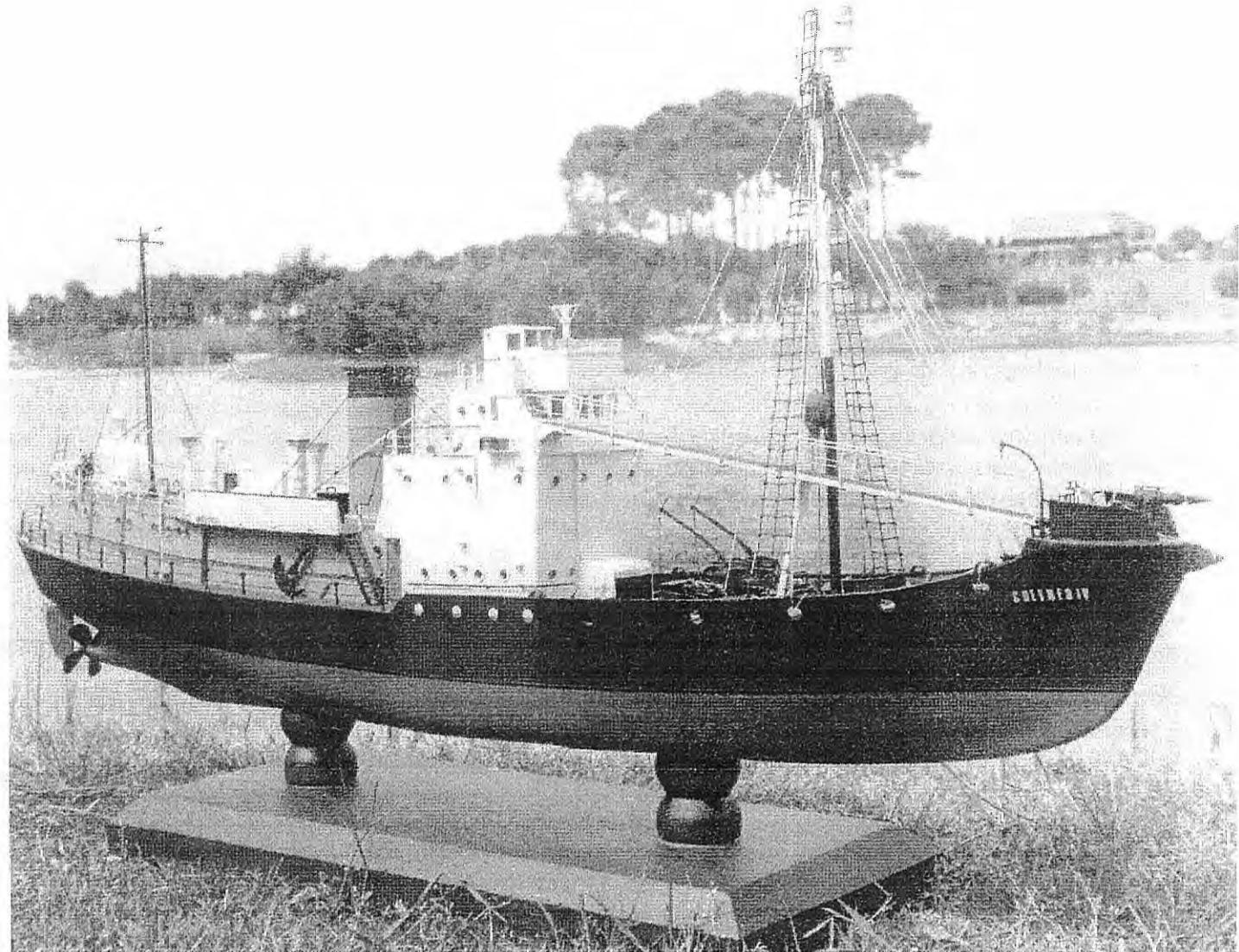
As no plans of the *Cheyne IV* were available, I used the Norwegian plans as a basis on which to start the model, on the assumption that a whale chaser is a whale chaser! The general shape and scale

profile were worked up from information taken from an 8x black and white enlargement of a 35mm colour transparency showing the original vessel at sea. Details were obtained from a series of on-board photographs taken by John Bell. The model was built from different types of wood, brass, and many bits and pieces which were handy. There are 22 formers in the hull, and on each side there are some 40 separate 0.8mm ply sheets of varying sizes and shapes.

Imagination – how to adapt different items of materials, ‘bits and pieces’, etc which are lying around to the required piece of detail – plays a big part in my modelling. Thus, the funnel was formed around a piece of cardboard tube from a ‘gladwrap’ (‘clingfilm’) roll and part of a 35mm film cassette (about seven hours work). The steam winch, designed specially for whale chasers, was soldered up from brass and bits of slot-car gears (about 30hrs work). The main body of the harpoon started life as a cycle (push bike) tyre valve. However, the stand was made by a friend from a beautiful piece of jarrah plank, which he treated to bring out the natural colour and grain of the wood.

Although the model took nearly a year to make, there were delays from time to time while waiting for photographs and other information about colour and so on to come from John Bell who, with his wife, now manages the museum. Without their help the model would have taken much longer, since Albany is some 250 miles from my home. So it was only right that in December 1980 my club, the West Australian Model Boat Club, should invite them to our Annual Trophy and Christmas wind up night, when the model of *Cheynes IV* was presented to the Cheynes Beach Whaling Museum on behalf of the West Australian Model Boat Club.

Opposite: Brian Lemon's model of the *Cheynes IV* with a view of the deck of the real thing below





Much Ado About Nothing Much

The third of the profiles of members of MHA is that of the Editor/Treasurer.

G was born in King Edward Memorial Hospital in Subiaco, which just proves that KEMH has had problems from way back! The greater part of my early life was spent living not far from the Swan River, first at Como then at Nedlands. I spent most of my free time in or near the river and my first boating foray was via a home-made canoe. Those people of around my age may well remember the canoes built from corrugated iron, carefully hammered more or less flat then bent together at each end. The ends were wired together and, on a suitably hot day, a quantity of tar was removed from the edge of the road and used to waterproof the ends, and the numerous nail holes. With a square piece of plywood held in each hand as a paddle I sallied forth on Freshwater Bay. The longest voyage was from White's Beach, not far from Point Resolution, across to Mosman, via the Point Walter Spit. This way-point was essential as it enabled the Captain/Navigator to get out and empty the water from the bilge on both the outward and homeward voyages.

SCUBA was only known through reading the just published *Silent World* by Jacques Cousteau, but about this time I also took up diving. My mask was a wartime gas mask, the sort with a can shaped filter in the front. To this I fastened a short length of hose using the ever present tar from the road. The problem with the mask was that it was fastened to the head with at least six buckles and straps. If water flooded in, which frequently happened, it was a race against time to undo the buckles before drowning. No fins, in fact I don't think they, or any other free diving gear, was obtainable in Perth in 1953. All very primitive but it started an interest that I have never lost.

In my mid to late teens I sailed a little on other people's yachts, particularly Dragons. These included *Philante* owned by Athol Hobbs, and *Maranel*, at that time owned and skippered by Mick Ahearn. However this did not last long. At the ripe old age of 19 I left home and went to New Guinea. In early 1961 the Territory of Papua and New Guinea was still very remote and very exciting. As

a Patrol Officer my job was varied, full of interest and fraught with a little danger at times, enough to keep you alert. The only maritime associations during this period were travelling by government trawler to a group of islands on one patrol, rafting down a river on a bamboo raft and sailing in dugout canoes on a few other patrols.

However after four years I considered that Papua and New Guinea would get independence within ten years (I was spot on) and that, while I was jack of all trades I was really master of none, and would find it hard getting a job back in Australia if I didn't do something soon. So I joined the Army and became a would-be officer at the Army's Officer Training School at Portsea in Victoria. What a change – from hot, steamy tropical jungle to swimming in Port Phillip Bay in full battle-order in mid-July!! A serious injury to my ankle put paid to any Army career and on returning to Western Australia, after a short stint as the pay clerk at the GPO in Forrest place, I headed north to Marble Bar. As a District Officer for the Native Welfare Department at Marble Bar I was responsible for the area from Goldsworthy to Mount Newman, including Jigalong and Nullagine. Also employed at Marble Bar was Jill McGrath. We married in May 1967.

For many years I had been interested in yacht cruising, influenced greatly by two books by Eric Hiscock. In late 1974 while living in South Hedland Jill and I decided to build a yacht. Plans were purchased from Bruce Roberts, then the doyen of home built yacht design, and work commenced. The 34-foot yacht was built of C-flex, a then new form of fibreglass planking. This was strictly spare time building when finances permitted, and it was seven years before *Tevake* hit the water. During the building we had shifted to Geraldton and so had to truck the half finished yacht down. *Tevake* provided a lot of fun and we made trips to the Abrolhos Islands, ran aground and got off, and all the other things that go with a new yacht and a not very competent skipper and crew. I did improve, however, and obtained a Yachtmaster's Certificate



as well as a lot of practical, on the job, learn from your errors, training.

I also obtained a qualification as a SCUBA diver and both Jill and I became members of the Maritime Archaeological Association of Western Australia in the late 1970s. In mid 1981 Jill started the post-graduate Diploma course in Maritime Archaeology and graduated in mid 1982. From 1979, when I got

my diving certificate, I started volunteer work for the Western Australian Maritime Museum. Some of this involved diving on wrecks, inspecting and measuring them, while at other times I took part in Museum wreck excavations and research. The wrecks I dived on include the *Rapid*, *Xantho*, *Mayhill* and others, and culminated in seven weeks spent with

the Museum team in Sri Lanka in 1993.

I had become a Life Member of the Sail Training Association and did a few voyages on the *Leeuwin* as Watch Officer during her early years. I maintain contact by spending periods helping during refits, although I haven't been able to do this for a year or two now.

Meanwhile we had sold *Tevake* and after a short period of being boatless we bought the hull of a Westsail 33. This yacht was a fibreglass replica of the *Eric* yacht designed by William Atkins in 1924, and which he based on the Colin Archer pilot boats of the last half of the 19th century. I designed and built the accommodation and then designed and built the gaff cutter rig. She was fitted with a topmast and topsail and readers are referred to the September and December 1993

MHA journals for the story on how I went about the task. The drawing on the cover of the September 1993 journal shows what she looked like. We sailed *Panthalassa* for a few years, again mainly over to the Abrolhos Islands. However boats displacing over 8 tons are expensive to keep so she was eventually sold. The money from that sale bought our block of land in Mandurah!



The editor looking very travel-weary

The sale of our yacht did not end my association with yachting and I have sailed on other people's yachts to a number of fascinating places. I have sailed along the coast from Geraldton north to Broome on a few occasions, and also on two overseas trips. The first was from Phuket in Thailand to Darwin via Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia and East Timor in 1994-95

and the other from Australia to the Philippines via some fairly remote

eastern Indonesian islands in 1999. Each voyage was of about two months duration and visited the smaller and more out of the way places.

Jill and I had been members of MHA since soon after its inception and in mid 1998 I took over from Chris Buhagiar as editor of the MHA Journal, and this is the 25th journal I have produced. Being editor is both rewarding and, at times, very frustrating. When there is plenty of material there is no problem (only frustrations regarding computers – lack of skill on my part and lack of co-operation on the computer's). When there is little in the way of articles sent in, things become a bit more desperate. However the journal has come out more or less on time and full of words, even if many of them aren't specifically relevant to



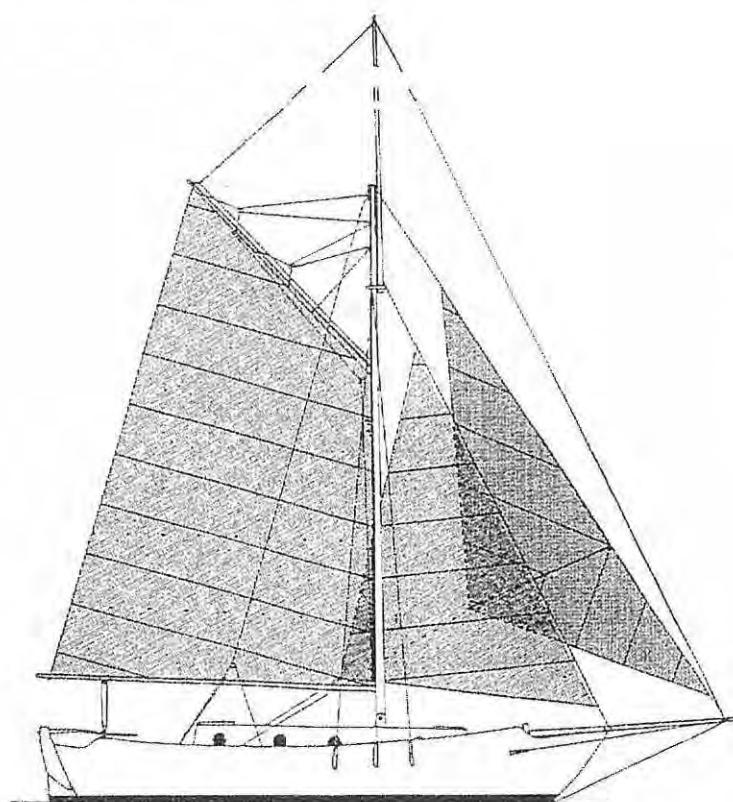
Western Australian maritime heritage.

In 2000 I applied for and was accepted to become a student at the Great Southern Regional College of TAFE in Albany. The course was Certificate IV of Wooden Boatbuilding, and I hired an on-site caravan and spent an academic year at Albany learning how to build 2 dinghies and a 29' whaleboat, plus all the oars, masts and spars. I was lucky enough to win the prize for being top student on the course and my bandsaw is a constant reminder of that luck. As our house in Geraldton was for sale, Jill was obliged to stay there to maintain it and travelled many miles to join me at Albany whenever possible.

Our house in Geraldton eventually sold and we built our new house in Mandurah. After shifting down we contacted the Western Australian Maritime Museum to let them know that our previously spasmodic volunteer work could now be put on a more regular schedule, as we were closer to Fremantle. We were asked to update and expand some research done in 1979 by a friend of ours, David Totty. He had collected information on the wrecks on the mainland between Jurien Bay and Port Gregory. We were to expand that to between the Moore and Murchison Rivers, and add anything else we might find or think relevant. This progresses and is reaching the final stages

with the search for suitable illustrations being now required. Whether the final result is publishable or whether it will remain a Museum Report is very much up in the air. The Museum is not going to publish, as it does not meet their requirements. The research has been interesting and informative and has taken a considerable portion of our time and a lot of travel.

I have, over recent years, travelled outside Australia a little. Firstly to Sri Lanka with the Museum and then to many of the countries of south east Asia, and China. During these backpacking journeys I spend most time away from the bigger cities, staying mainly in small hotels or guest houses and eating the local food. It can be cheap to visit such countries if you live this way, as the only major expense is getting there from Australia. Both Jill and I are very interested in the hill-tribes of the mountainous areas of south east Asia and southern China. During these travels we have obtained a good collection of the beautifully woven and embroidered textiles and some of the silver jewellery made by these people. They form a rather colourful contrast to the maritime side of our lives. Jill and I retain our interest in matters nautical and will continue to follow that interest in the years to come. Who knows where it might lead!



Panthalassa, that Jill and I bought as a bare hull and fitted out ourselves. This illustration appeared on the cover of MHA Journal for September 1993.



MARITIME HERITAGE ASSOCIATION

Our History

The Maritime Heritage Association was formed in 1989 to promote a living and working record of Western Australian maritime heritage, and to foster national and international interest in our maritime heritage for the benefit of the local community and visitors.

Aims

- ◆ To promote, encourage and support the preservation, restoration and knowledge of Western Australian maritime heritage by providing resources and facilities for employment, education and training in all aspects of maritime heritage.
- ◆ To invite and encourage public participation in all these activities.

Membership Entitlements

Ordinary Member

- * Open to anyone.
- * One vote on Annual General Meeting resolutions.
- * Open to stand for election to Committee.
- * Receive quarterly newsletters.

Family Member

- * Open to any two adults and dependent children under 18 years of age.
- * One vote for each adult on Annual General Meeting resolutions.
- * Adults open to stand for election to Committee.
- * Receive quarterly newsletters.

Institutional Member

- * Open to any institution.
- * One vote on Annual General Meeting resolutions.
- * Receive quarterly newsletters.

Associate Member

- * Open to pensioners, students, children under 18, or unemployed persons.
- * Are not entitled to vote on Annual General Meeting resolutions.
- * Receive quarterly newsletters.

Maritime Heritage Association Inc.

Membership Application Form

(Circle appropriate amount)

	1 Year	3 Years	5 Years	
INSTITUTIONAL	\$100	\$275	\$440	NAME.....
FAMILY	\$40	\$110	\$175	ADDRESS.....
ORDINARY	\$30	\$83	\$130
ASSOCIATE	\$10	\$28	\$40	POSTCODE.....

PHONE (H)
(W)

Please forward remittance to:-

Peter Worsley (Treasurer),
12 Cleopatra Drive,
MANDURAH, Western Australia 6210.



QUIZ

Answers to March 2004

1. The Rowley Shoals were named by Philip Parker King on 16 March 1818, and were named after Ableseaman Rowley who first sighted them.
2. The Beaufort Scale of Force 8 (gale) is 34-40 knots, and Force 10 (storm) is 48-55 knots.
3. Carlines are the timbers fitting fore and aft between the deck beams on a wooden vessel. They bind the deck beams together and help support the deck planking.

Questions

1. Most people know of the bells struck to tell the time aboard vessels. When are sixteen bells struck?
2. After whom was Mangles Bay named and when?
3. What are the meanings of the following abbreviations on metric charts?

Wk PD Fl Occ

Correio da Azia

Readers will have heard of the recent discovery by the Fremantle Maritime Museum of the wreck of the Portuguese advice boat *Correio da Azia* near Ningaloo. This vessel was wrecked in 1816 enroute from Lisbon to Macau. The survivors reached eventually Macau and a search party was sent in the brigantine *Emilia* to locate the wreck. This party included the captain and some of the crew of the *Correio da Azia*. The wreck site was located and it was translations of the log of the *Emilia* and a report published in 1818 that aided the recent find. The ultimate pinpointing of the area to be searched resulted from a magnetometer survey carried out by the aerial survey company FUGRO. Anchors from a large mid-19th century ship, as yet to be identified, were also found.

