

# MARITIME HERITAGE ASSOCIATION JOURNAL

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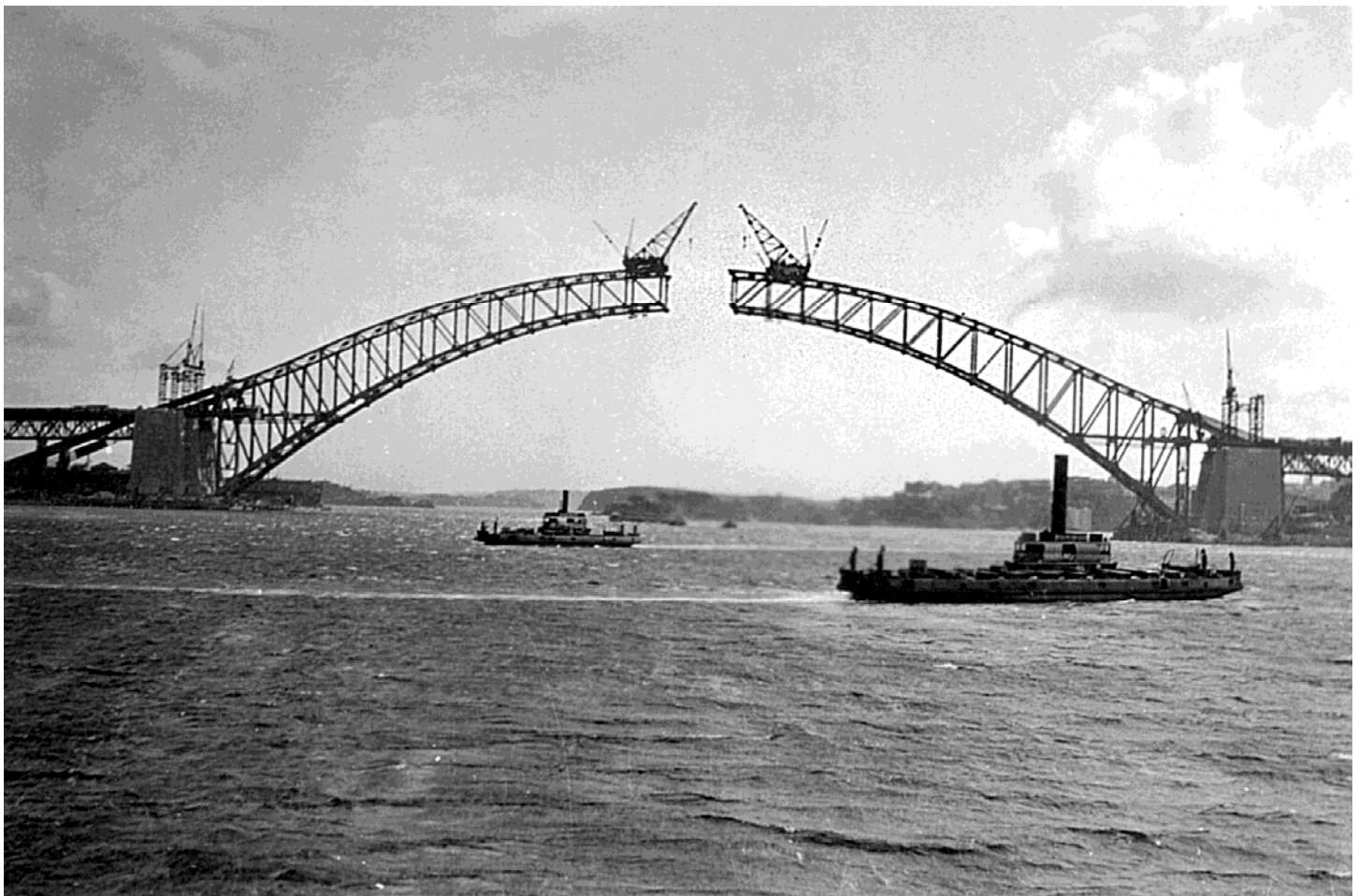
Website: [www.maritimeheritage.org.au](http://www.maritimeheritage.org.au)

*A quarterly publication of the  
Maritime Heritage Association, Inc.*

**C/o: The Secretary (Ross Shardlow),  
23 State Street,  
Victoria Park, W.A. 6100.**



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*In honour of the Sydney Harbour Bridge's recent 75th birthday!*



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 Ross Shardlow who may be contacted on 9361 0170, and are available to members on loan. Please note that to access the videos, journals, library books, etc it is necessary to phone ahead.

(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.)

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## EDITORIAL

The Annual general Meeting held on 25 March proved a great success and, as can be seen by the President's Report on pages 3 and 4, the Association can be justifiably proud of the amount of work undertaken during the last 12 months. Great credit should be given to Ross Shardlow for his tireless efforts on behalf of MHA with regard to the Maritime Heritage aspects of the Fremantle Ports area, with particular emphasis on his sterling work on the town site of Clarence.

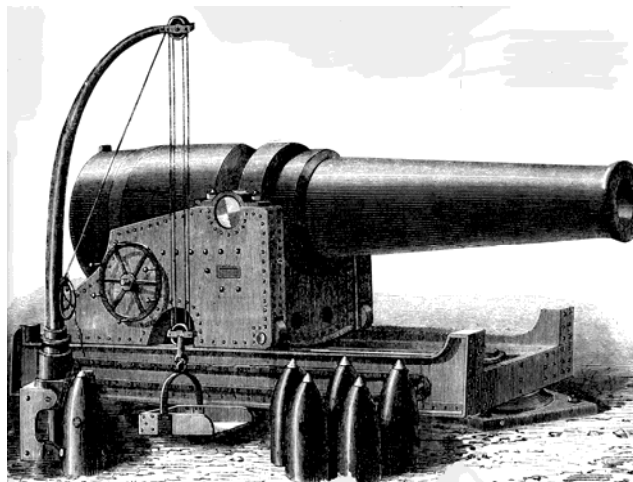
Ross is now President for the next 12 months, and our thanks go to Brian Lemon for upholding the position during 2006. The various positions have been filled as follows:

President	Ross Shardlow
Senior Vice President	Brian Lemon
Treasurer	Bob Johnson
Secretary	Barbara Shardlow
Editor/Vice President	Peter Worsley
Vice President	Nick Burningham

Vice President  
Committee  
Committee  
Committee  
Committee

Geoff Shellam  
Molly Coy  
Mike Igglesden  
Geoff Vickridge  
Jill Worsley

Members are reminded that membership fees for the coming 12 months become due from 1 July.



## Things They Would Rather Have Not Said

H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* Feb 4, 1847, we are sinking.

**Some of the crew of HMS *Rattlesnake*, February 1847**

(Note found in a bottle floating near the survey vessel HMS *Rattlesnake*, hove-to in the South Atlantic while depths soundings were being taken, 4 February 1847. As a practical joke it misfired; Captain Owen Stanley ordered that the perpetrators be each given 36 lashes.)



# Presidential Tidings

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

## President's Annual Report: 2006 - 2007.

It was as well that we shuffled the Executive to accommodate extra duties for the lobby group, as we have been as vigorous in that quarter as anticipated. Indeed, it has been an active year across the board and I am grateful to Committee for the support and dedication that made it possible to achieve our goals.

### Maritime Heritage Precinct

Ross Shardlow attended four meetings of the *Fremantle Ports Inner Harbour Community Liaison Group* to monitor matters of waterfront development and to promote the maritime heritage of the area. The Proposed Commercial Precinct for Victoria Quay was foremost in our interest. The MHA responded with a full report offering *conditional* support but strongly advocated a height restriction on the proposed buildings. We also responded to the *Draft Recommendation Report on a Preferred Option for the Fremantle Ports Outer Harbour Project*, alerting Fremantle Ports that the historic site of Clarence Town had *not* been included in their heritage assessments. Subsequently, Fremantle Ports asked Ross to submit a *Report on the Site of Clarence Town*, the interim findings of which were presented to Fremantle Ports in November. We also submitted recommendations for the proposed Ferry Terminal and C-Shed reconstruction on Victoria Quay.

### Fremantle Slipways

In September, the MHA appointed a sub-committee under the chair of Professor Geoff Shellam to promote and develop a Maritime Heritage Precinct for Victoria Quay. The sub-committee incorporates members from the former Slipway Precinct Group who have joined the MHA to better effect a common determination to develop the precinct. Professor Shellam has already delivered several presentations to interest groups including Fremantle Ports, WA Museum, Fremantle Chamber of Commerce, Fremantle City Council and State Government representatives. In November, Professor Shellam delivered a paper on *A Maritime Heritage Precinct for Fremantle* at the Australia ICOMOS National Conference.

### MHA Boatyards

Yard Superintendent Barry Hicks is to be commended for his diligence, alacrity and expertise in restoring and re-rigging our 32-foot naval cutter *Albatross* to presentation condition. At her 60<sup>th</sup> birthday and mast raising ceremony, held at Kenwick Yard in September, Group Leader Lance Poore of the 1<sup>st</sup> Fremantle Sea Scouts

presented *Albatross's* original admiralty anchor to our Association.

### New Acquisitions

During the year we acquired sufficient craft (should the mood take us) to form our own heritage rowing club. We now have the Racing Eight *KR Parkes*, the Racing Four *VS Millington* and the delightful *Giles* single scull. The four and eight were both built by acclaimed boat-builder Bill Ninham and were donated by the Fremantle Rowing Club. Mr Gavin Giles generously donated the single scull. These beautiful craft are now on display at HM Museum.

### The Hicks Maritime Museum

Five functions were held over the past twelve months (not counting several private showings) confirming this remarkable establishment is as revered and appreciated as ever. Emulating that other maritime notoriety, Nelson, we fear Barry may have become rather "one-eyed" with his determination to achieve excellence. Questioned on the matter he gave the curious reply, "I see no ships".

### Events

The Jazz and Wooden Boat Festival at Claisebrook Cove went exceedingly well. The MHA actively participated with boats on the hard and in the water backed by an excellent display of maritime models, paintings and books - all enthusiastically received. We look forward to working with the East Perth Redevelopment Authority for a similar event this year.

The delegation sent to the Australian Wooden Boat Festival in Hobart (Ray Miller, Mike Igglesden and Malcolm Hay) reported that Western Australia was admirably represented with the *Endeavour*, *Duyfken*, a dinghy from Wooden Boat Works and Brian Phillips working a pit-saw.

Ross Shardlow gave a presentation on *The (Lost) Site of Clarence Town* at HM Museum. The well attended meeting included delegates from Fremantle Ports, WA Museum, Department of Planning and Infrastructure and Main Roads.

### MHA Journal

Again, we are extremely grateful for the uncomplaining dedication of Peter and Jill Worsley for the excellence of our quarterly Journal that, through new design and layout, is looking better than ever. It is gratifying to learn that several of our new members joined our Association expressly to receive the Journal.



### Marine Arts

Earlier in the year, Ray Miller presented his superb model of the Kunmunya Mission Lugger *Watt Leggatt* to HM Museum. Ray is now reconstructing in miniature, *Watt Leggatt II*, the mission workboat he designed in the 1950s. Brian Lemon produced a fine model of the three masted topsail schooner *Kathleen & May* and is now well advanced on a Lochfyne Skiff. Nick Burningham produced a model of *Catalpa* for the *Escape Fremantle to Freedom* exhibition held at the Old Fremantle Prison. Always the opportunist, Nick included himself as part of the exhibit. Sadly, there has been very little maritime painting produced over the past twelve months though a retrospective exhibition of marine art was put on display at the Jazz and Wooden Boat Festival.

### MHA Publishing

Peter and Jill Worsley's *A Windswept Coast* is complete and might have been published by now were it not for the want of the foreword from one of our officer bearers. Hesperian Press has published Rod Dickson's outstanding 644-page work of research *On the South Coast of New Holland from 1800-1888*. Brian Lemon's article on the building of his *Albatross* model was published in *Model Shipwright*.

### Australian Register of Historic Vessels

First started in the early years of our Association as a *Register of Western Australian Watercraft*, this project has been revived and placed in the charge of Molly and Alan Coy. Over the past twelve months, the MHA has been assisting the ANMM with the establishment of an Australian Register that has included the entry of our work on *Little Dirk* in the trial database programme. Though an application for funding to assist us with this project proved unsuccessful, the Register is likely to continue as an important MHA project by contributing

Western Australian entries for the Australian Register.

### The Superior Persons' Maritime Reading Club

We are immensely pleased to welcome Mr Burningham back to the chair to instill some sensibility and order into this otherwise erudite group. Six meetings were accommodated over the past year though the apparent gratification may be due, in part, to the incorporation of the "tope and tipple appreciation society".

### Membership

I am pleased to report that our membership is now fifty-five, well up on the forty of last year - a fact we put down almost entirely to Doris's cooking. Our volunteer "Friends of Maritime Heritage" remains capped at sixty, that figure being regulated by Doris's "twelve-dozen-lashings".

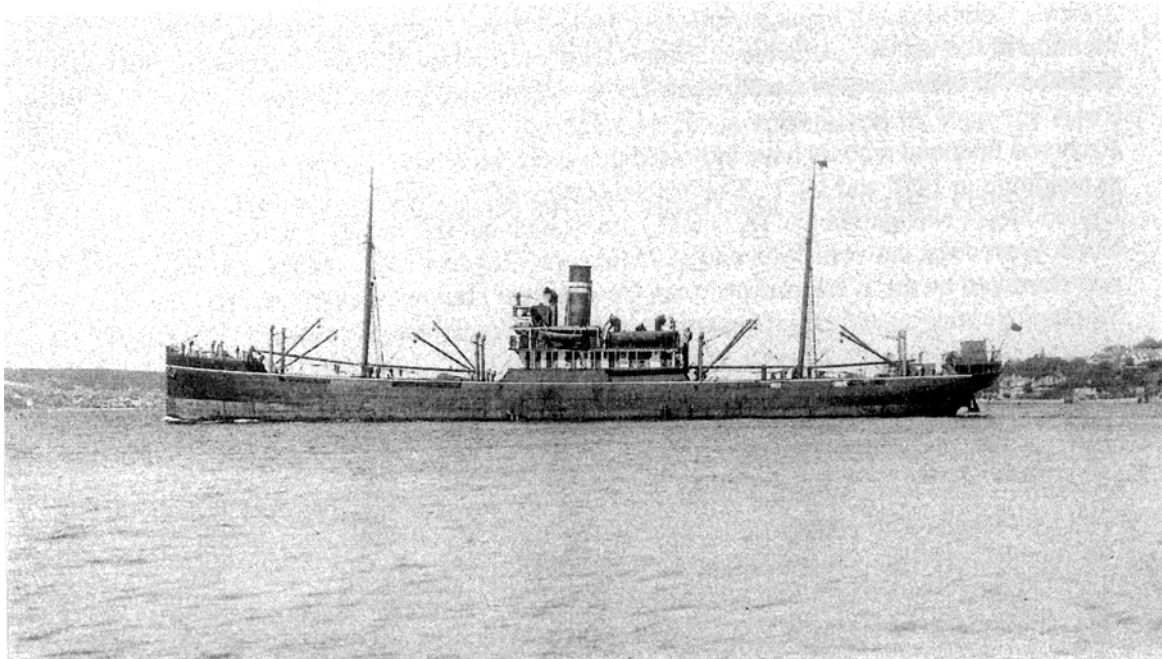
### Conclusion

Eight Committee meetings, seven social events, three Heritage Reports, seven sub-committee meetings, numerous heritage inquiries and a grant application have kept Committee gainfully employed in a prodigious task of work, well executed and gratefully appreciated by the President.

Special thanks are extended to Bob and Linda Johnson for hosting our Christmas function and for Bob's expertise in keeping our bookwork and accounts in order. Thanks also to our auditor Mr Jim Hunter, whose services we gratefully value for ensuing all is squared away.

Jill and Peter Worsley we particularly appreciate, not just for their cheerful support and industry, but for their warm hospitality and thoughtfulness in inviting us to again hold our AGM at their home.

**Brian Lemon - President**



*Moira*



# Ships of the State Shipping Service

Another in the series by Jeff Thompson of the Fremantle Branch of the World Ship Society

## No.10?? *Moira* Official Number 94190

The question as to whether the *S.S. Moira* was ever a part of the State Shipping Service was asked in the "Stateships Journal" Vol. 24 No. 3 - December 1991 ; and again in the April 1992 issue of this Newsletter. It is believed that the question has remained unanswered. As part of the research into the series "Ships of The State Shipping Service" the question will be raised again "Was the S.S. *Moira* part of our History ?"

Whilst researching the material relating to the rescue of the German ship *Kormoran* survivors, the then Marketing Manager Domestic Trade, Kevin Lang, came across some material which had indicated that the State Shipping Service had chartered the *Moira*. Retired senior management were consulted and they could not recall any mention of the vessel. Amateur maritime historian Richard McKenna was asked the question but before any substantive answer he unfortunately passed away.

Archived financial records have indicated that there were both income and expenditure in 1920 and 1921 . The official history of the owners, The Australasian United Steam Navigation Co. (A.U.S.N.), indicated that the vessel operated along the North West coast between 1908 and 1925 (except 1915 and 1922-24) and that the ship was chartered by the Western Australian Government, but not mentioning the State Shipping Service specifically. Apparently there is no other records available that have shown that the *Moira* ever was a part of the Service .

However, during calendar year 1921 {financial years 1920-21 and 1921-22} there were no State Shipping Service vessels operating on the North West coastal run. The *Kwinana* was severely damaged by an onboard fire starting on 25 December 1920 near Shark Bay and returned to Fremantle from Carnarvon arriving on 28 March and later scrapped. The *Bambra* was in Melbourne undergoing repairs and alterations and would not return to Fremantle until early 1922. The *Kangaroo* was

under refit in Southampton during 1921, whilst the *Eucla* was operating along the South coast. Therefore to maintain a Government shipping service to the residents of the North West, a ship would need to be chartered to meet their needs and have continuity of service.

*Moira* would seem to be the ship that could come to the rescue . It had an Australian crew which were familiar with the tough conditions of operating along the North West coast as well as being of a comparable size to the vessels that she was replacing. Did in fact the government of the day negotiate a time charter for the *Moira* that did not involve The State Shipping Service (hence no obvious knowledge or records) but did indeed provide a shipping service that virtually replaced the State Shipping Service during this period of need. Confirmation of this or any other information relating to the *Moira* question would be appreciated.

The *Moira* was delivered to the Australasian United Steam Navigation Co on the 5 June 1901 by the builders, W, Denny & Bros, Dumbarton, Scotland (Yard No. 642). Of 2,184 gross registered tons, 3,292 deadweight tons, 91.6 metres length, 12.7 metres in breadth, with a coal fired triple expansion engine of 1,400 indicated horse power to give a service speed of 10 knots. She was also fitted for a schooner rig sail.

In February 1926 the *Moira* was sold to Toyo Kaiun K.K., Japan, and renamed *Toyei Maru*. In 1928 she was sold to Oginurno K.K. and renamed *Toel Maru*. On 1 August 1944 the vessel was torpedoed and sunk by *U.S.S. Tambor* off Kyukyu Islands.

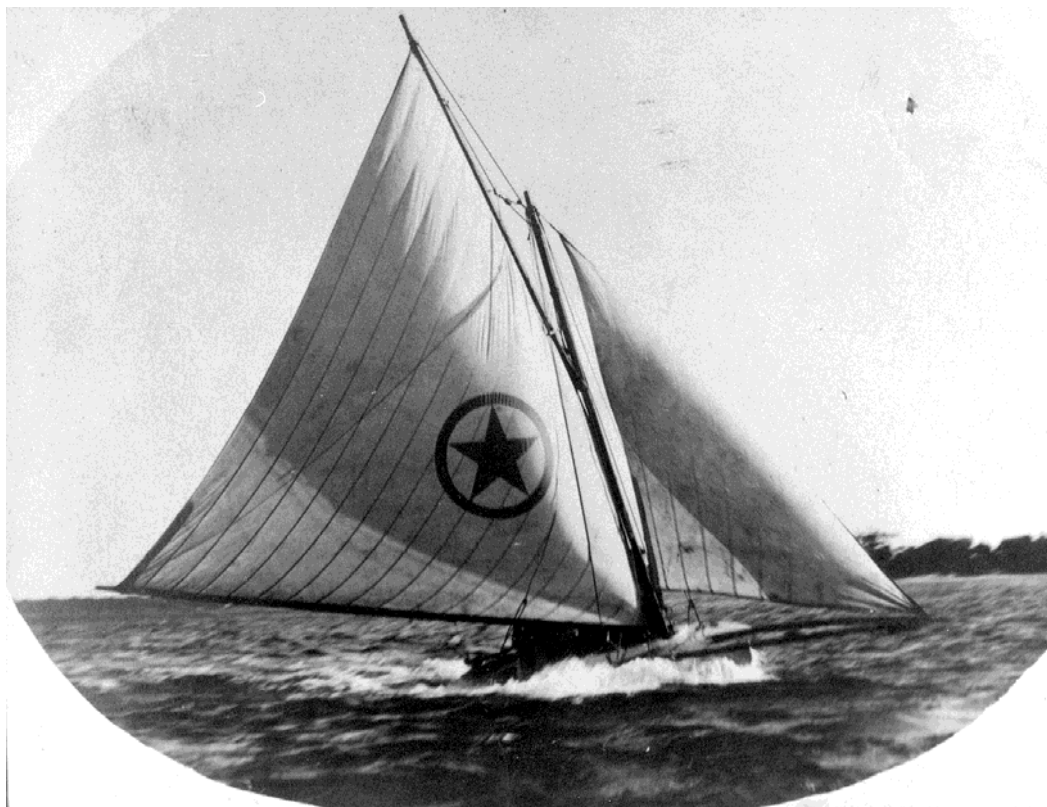
A sister ship *Mildura* was also employed in the North West coastal cattle trade but was wrecked near North West Cape on the 12 March 1907.

See photograph opposite



# Early Swan River Yachts

Two more yachts from about 1906



*Jonah*



*Iona*



# Designers & Other Memories

Some memories by Jack Gardiner.

Dave Hilliard was not one of the designers that we built any boats off. Fred Shepherd was one. We built a 70 ft ketch of his, and Harrison Butler was another. We built a little 3 or 4 ton boat of his. The difference between those two was amazing. The first always would stop and answer questions or even just talk. He came down every or most Saturdays to watch the construction but never, as far as I know, said anything about it. The foreman, Jack Young, was the most knowledgeable shipwright I ever came across and would not let anything go past him that was not 100% right.

Harrison Butler once, when we were laying off his boat, came down and asked Jack if he had allowed the plank thickness on the moulds. Jack told him that he had not only allowed the plank thickness but included the paint too, and was told not to be impertinent. I think H.B. was a doctor by trade, but in any case Jack had forgotten more about boatbuilding than he ever would know. I never met his daughter, but by all accounts she was worse than he was. She designed some boats too. He had what he called the Metacentric Shelf Theory, and any boat that did not conform to it could only sail backwards. He had analysed the shape of a lot of ships to see if they were built to suit his theory and he wrote a book about it\*. I remember the *Victory*, which was an outstanding sailer, passed his test which proved his theory. But don't ask me what a metacentric shelf is. I know what a metacentric height is, but don't see what the connection with the inner wale which carries the deck beams is.

It was old Fred Shepherd who told me "You have never seen a fish with a transom". He died a few years ago at the ripe old age of 90 odd. Jack Young was 75 when I knew him, but have never been back to find out how he got on. I do know he was in charge of building M.T.B.s and other naval craft all through the war. I expect Dave Hilliard was too, and was possibly the one who started the scheme of giving every builder and woodworking shop a small part of the said M.T.B.s to make one No. 1 frames, one wheelhouse windows, one stringers, and so forth then the builders had nothing but to assemble ready made parts. I was not

there but it sounds boring. The big wooden shed with the slipway was burnt down sometime during the war. It was fitted out with every convenience for building large (125ft) boats. The big slipway outside the shed could take 250 tons, with a hand winch to haul, however the hand part had been replaced with a 5 HP electric motor in my time. But the hand parts were still there. Starting with a 3 crank at 60° on each side which was turned by 12 men, 2 to each crank. The last gear was about 8 ft in diameter and half sunk into a pit. The hauling parts were chain with links 1" thick and about 9" long, arranged two and one with 1" bolts connecting. In the lowest gear it took somewhere near 100 turns on the crank to fetch one link. Most of the links had been souvenired for ballast by my time. The slip was still in use for big steam and sailing yachts. One yacht *Mermerus* had been built for one of the Russian grand dukes and was 125 ft long and drew 15 ft. She even had brass cannon on board (worked with a shell like a shotgun) for saluting, but had grass growing in her decks while she had been laid up in a mud berth. Was topsail schooner rigged. We apprentices used to borrow her keys to look around down below. All teak and mahogany panelling with wooden baths, I remember, and gold leaf on the pillars. Most of the portable things aboard had already gone by the time we got there, but old Jack would have skinned us if anything else had disappeared. She was built of steel and the hull was in remarkably good condition. We never stopped to wonder why some people had that sort of money while we apprentices were getting 10 or 15 shillings a week, £3.0.0 when out of our time, and buy your own tools. The ones you could not make or the blacksmith be persuaded to make for you. Or why Lord Runciman, the shipping magnate, once recommended any one building a yacht should build not less than 600 tons.

\*Editor's note: The book referred to by Jack is: *Cruising Yachts: Design and Performance* by T. Harrison Butler, a distinguished ophthalmic surgeon, and amateur naval architect. He died in 1945, but surviving small Harrison Butler yachts are still sought after in Britain.



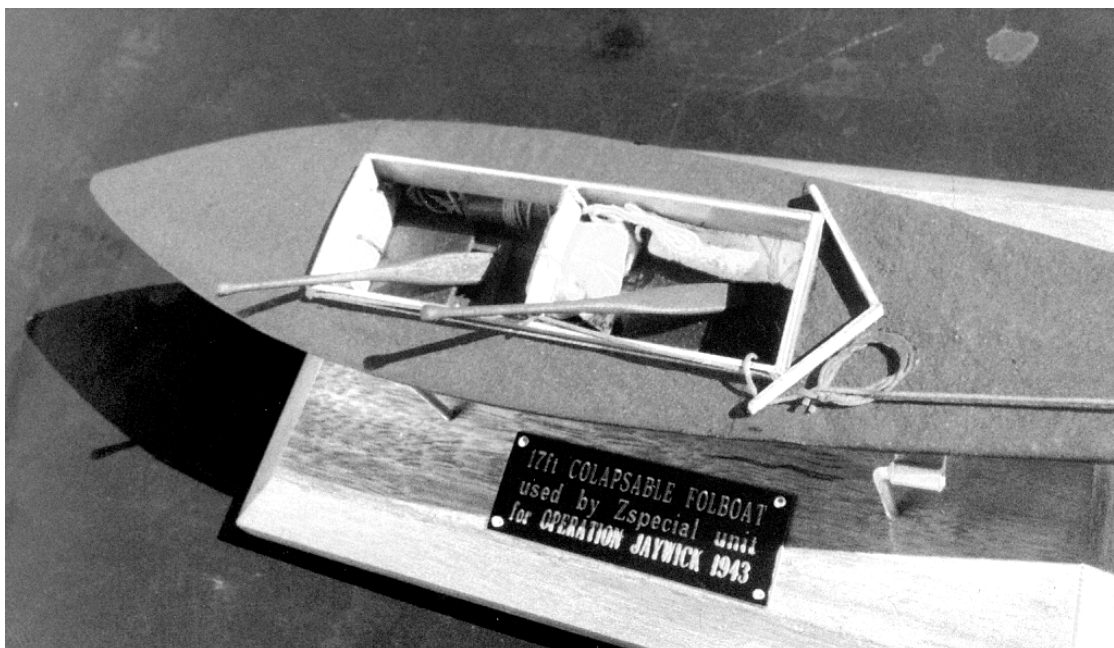
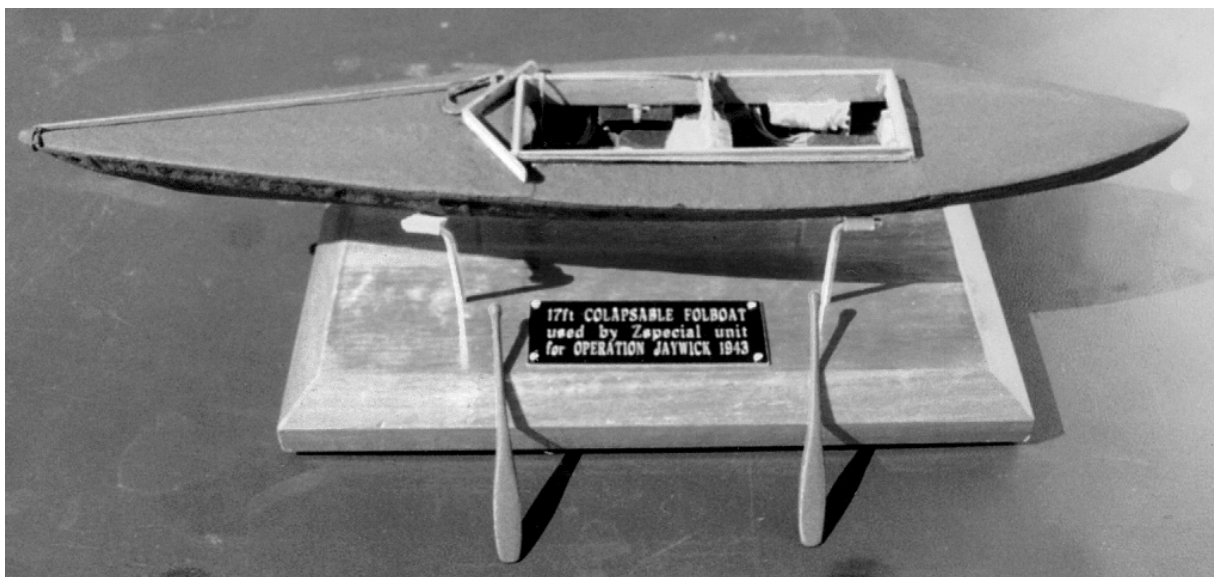


**An article and photographs by Brian Lemon in reply to the “Can You Help?” article in the December 2006 journal.**

A little follow up on the article “Can You Help?” in the December 2006 journal regarding the folding kayak. The 12 ft Folboats were used for training by the commandos of Operation Jaywick in north Queensland. They were 2-man type. When Krait arrived at Exmouth to take on supplies, and also for some repairs, they also took charge of three 17 ft 3-man Folboats that had arrived from England. They altered these to take a crew of two, which gave them more room for gear and supplies. They also

used single bladed paddles. Each of the three Folboats with two crew, food and water supplies plus magnetic mines weighed about 6 cwt.

The two photos are of one of these 17 ft Folboats that I made in conjunction with the model of the Krait. The information on these Folboats was provided to me by Arthur Jones, who at the time was the only survivor of the six commandos who were on Operation Jaywick.







# The Voyage of the *Mystery*

An article by Mike Reveley on a little-known small boat voyage to Australia.

Much has been written on the emigration of Cornish miners during the last century to the United States, and other mining settlements abroad. It seems, however, less widely recognised that many other classes of workers – fishermen, agricultural labourers, tradesmen – also joined the great exodus overseas. This group of emigrants did not, in the main, join the colonies of miners, but dispersed among the general population of their adopted countries, and so have been lost to view to Cornish historians.

Many interesting tales, nonetheless, could be told of this latter group of expatriates. One of the best of them concerns the voyage made by seven Cornish fishermen from Penzance to Melbourne in a 16 ton fishing boat called *Mystery* during 1854-55. It was a journey made without any of the publicity attending the recent adventures of Round-The-World yachtsmen, and in an ordinary fishing boat having neither radio nor any of the sophisticated navigational aids available today.

One must regard it as a truly heroic exploit, yet those men who took part in the voyage would probably have been surprised to hear it described in those terms.

It so happens that one of them – P.C. Mathews – wrote a tantalisingly brief account of their odyssey in 1874, in order to correct a garbled version of it which a Penzance newspaper gave in an obituary notice of another member of the crew, Charles Boase, of Newlyn. Plainly written as the story is, it requires the exercise of no great imagination to appreciate the sterling qualities of the men and the boat which made the remarkable voyage.

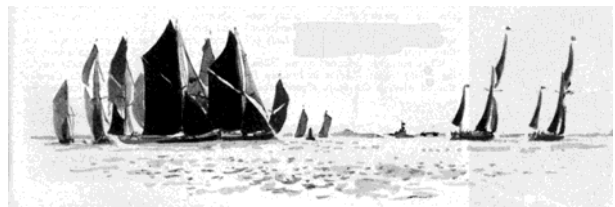
*We left Mount's Bay on the morning of the 18<sup>th</sup> of November 1845, with a crew of seven men – Richard Nicholls, Job Kelyack, Richard Babcock, William Babcock, Lewis Lewis, Charles Boase and myself. Our cargo consisted principally of provisions and water. On March 14<sup>th</sup> 1855 we cast anchor in Hobson's Bay, Melbourne, thus accomplishing the voyage in 115 days, including seven day's stoppage at the Cape of Good Hope, where we put in for a*

*supply of water. We were eight days from England to Madeira, and on the 35<sup>th</sup> day out we made the island of Trinidad. On the morning of the 17<sup>th</sup> of January 1855 we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, being 59 days out. On January 24<sup>th</sup> at 6 p.m. we got underway from Cape Town and proceeded on our voyage with H.M. Mails on board. Nothing interfered with our progress until February 18<sup>th</sup>, in Lat 40.5 south Long 82.5 east, where we encountered a very heavy gale which necessitated our riding to a raft for nine or ten hours. Riding to a raft is a system adopted for safety. Ships heave to under such circumstances. On February 23<sup>rd</sup> another heavy gale visited us in Lat 39.57 south Long 98 east. We again rode to a raft for four or five hours. On 5<sup>th</sup> March we met another very heavy gale in Lat 40 south Long 129.19 east which compelled us to ride to a raft for 12 to 14 hours. The weather was pretty favourable after that date until we got to our destination.*

The *Mystery* was 33 feet long and 11 feet 6 inches beam. It is said that before setting out on their voyage the fishermen decked her as she had previously been an open boat.

On arriving at Melbourne they sold her and found various kinds of employment for themselves. Of the seven, five eventually returned to their native home land. Of the two who remained in that state, Lewis Lewis died in Castlemaine, whilst Mathews settled in Melbourne. Nicholls, the captain, after making many other voyages, and on the point of starting from London on another, was knocked down by a dray and killed.

Reference:  
Noall, Cyril, *Tales of the Cornish Fishermen*.





## MESSING ABOUT IN OTHER PEOPLE'S BOATS

### Part 3 of Nick Burningham's times under Sail

Once I'd recovered from the malaria, I got a job working twelve hour night shifts in a factory extruding plastic drainpipes. It was the middle of an English winter. Whether I worked day shift or night shift it was dark when I arrived at the factory, it was dark when I went home twelve hours later, and usually it was raining too. Staying in England was not an attractive prospect.

In April '76 I booked the cheapest way of returning to Australia, the Jet-Ship to Perth. Flying in a crowded 707 to Singapore and then voyaging down to Perth on a Russian liner on which I was told the passengers would be packed like sardines in a can. I was looking forward to the voyage. A friend had told me that anyone who was not prone to seasickness could get a lot to eat and drink, and have plenty of fun. He said the Russian galley always served spaghetti bolognese with lashings of redolent parmesan-like cheese when the sea got up. Parmesan cheese is delicious stuff but it does smell a little like vomit and reliably prevents anyone feeling slightly queasy from eating. Sadly, I never got to experience a Soviet cruise liner. In Singapore we were put in a hotel, quite smart but slightly marred by the noisy construction of a much larger hotel about six inches away from my window. We were told the propeller had fallen off the ship. After a couple of days we were flown down to Perth on a comfortable Cathay Pacific flight.

From Perth I got a job at Dampier in the Pilbarra region of Western Australia, working for Hamersley Mines, saving up funds to go to Indonesia again. I became an inept Balling Plant Operator.

Vast volumes of iron ore are exported from Dampier. It is loaded into huge bulk carriers as ragged lumps of rock, carried on long conveyor belts across a causeway; a constant flow of rocky rubble as irregular in size as the asteroid belt. But some smelters require a more digestible form of ore. To serve those delicate smelters the iron ore is first pulverised in enormous rotating drums full of iron rods. That powdered ore is conveyed to towering silos, and under those silos is the balling plant where the powder is mixed with water to make mud and rolled into uniform sized balls which then go to an oven where they are metamorphosed back into rock — little, regular-sized balls of rock — the ideal food for low-tech smelters.

Rolling the little mud balls is a tricky business. You don't do it by hand. The powdered rock is poured onto enormous clockwise-rotating discs, inclined at about 35°. When the disc has a good thick coating of powder or dust, water sprays are turned on over the left, uphill-rotating side of the disc. If the correct flow of water, delivered as droplets of the right size, is sprayed onto the right

amount of dust and the disc is rotating at the right speed, little balls of mud form around the droplets and start rolling downslope against the rotation of the disc, picking up moisture and mud, like snowballs, increasing in size, until they reach the required diameter and weight and roll at sufficient speed to escape the gyre of the disc. They fall onto a conveyor belt and proceed directly to the oven.

There were, at the Hamersley plant, six balling discs, run by two balling plant operators. If a balling plant operator got the volume or rate of dust supply wrong, the water flow, or the speed of rotation wrong, one produced a horrible slurry, or filled the whole place with thick clouds of choking dust. By trial and frequent error, I learned that a good operator could, by small adjustments, keep his discs running beautifully and still have time to spare to help me recover the way my discs were running before total disaster overtook us all.

After producing a few million misshapen iron-ore balls I left Dampier and flew to Bali by way of Darwin. It was not my intention to buy another perahu, but just to do some traveling and informal research on the traditional sailing craft. I wanted to improve my Indonesian, learn more about perahu and perahu sailors, and see a bit more of Southeast Asia.

Returning to Benoa was difficult. I felt shamed by my failure with ANTARTIKA and I wasn't looking forward to recounting what had happened. But I needn't have worried: to some extent the failure of the ANTARTIKA voyage was already known, or at least rumoured in Benoa. Kerig was tremendously welcoming, as always. Ketut Kawi was warm too, but his father, Pak Kendri, didn't entirely believe that we'd got as far as Sumba, which was as far as he'd ever sailed. He tested my knowledge: Can you see Sumba from Sumbawa if the weather is clear? he asked. I didn't know, it had been hazy when we were there and we hadn't seen Sumba until we were well across Sumba Strait. Pak Kendri remained dubious. I still don't know the correct answer but I suppose that you can see the mountains of Sumba from the southern end of Sape Strait in clear weather.

Kerig asked me if I had met To-ni? Who was To-ni? To-ni and his wife had bought a perahu and were going to sail to Singapore. Later in the day I saw someone who was probably Tony and introduced myself. I was delighted to find that he had heard about me from Kerig and Ketut and that what he had been told was not at all to my discredit. He and his partner, whose name I've forgotten (Tony might be wrong too) had bought a nice double-ended perahu which I now recognise as hav-



ing been a lambo-soppe, probably built by Bajo from Kendari or the Buton region of southeastern Sulawesi. They had sensibly made only minor changes to the hull and rig. The sails were newly made, and, like us, they had used the tetron cloth called *Famatex 6000*. SINAR MATOLA (the name means "Luminence of Matola", Matola being the name of a village) had a gabled cabin roof that came right down to the rail, an excellent arrangement in terms of windage and internal space. (Windage is the problem of the wind acting on everything other than the sails, tending to drive the vessel sideways [leeway] or astern.) They'd done a very simple internal fit out and were preparing to sail in a week or two. I asked to join them and they happily agreed. Just before we sailed, we were joined by another Nick who was rather older than the rest of us, and was a traveling hashish dealer doing a bit sailing before returning to India or wherever he bought the stuff.

Before I sailed away on SINAR MATOLA Kerig started teaching me to sail a Balinese jukung. Jukungs are large, double-outrigger canoes with a form of boomed lateen rig. Kerig had just had a fine new one built. Jukungs are very fast and seaworthy. Lombok and Badung Straits, where they are used as fishing vessels, are treacherous waters because of the unusually strong currents that swirl through there. Even when conditions are not particularly bad, the jukungs have to be seaworthy to survive in the straits, and have to be swift enough, even when the breeze is light, to always get back to shelter before the maelstrom that occurs around low tide.

Basic jukung handling is not difficult but it is quite different from sailing a western vessel. Setting

#### Technical Stuff

For control of the sail (in the Bena jukung rig) there are only the sheet on the boom and the vang controlling the yard or upper spar. The yard's heel can slide fore and aft in a trough in the bow. The yard can be stood vertically with the vang eased when running before the wind or you can tie the heel to the mast to stand the yard vertically when sailing in light winds. The yard is stood vertically even when going to windward in very light winds.

Like most lateen rigs, the jukung's sail has to be shifted to the new lee-side of the mast when changing tack. Usually the jukung wears round to the new tack before the wind, and the sail streams round forward of the mast with the sheets completely loosed. If you are on port tack and want to change to starboard tack you put the helm up and start easing the sheets immediately. As the wind comes aft of the beam you start to ease out the vang and let the sheets go slack. The vang should be eased until the spar stands vertically but not left slack. It should be made fast with the spar vertical. In a good breeze you just throw the sheets forward as the stern passes through the eye of the wind. If the wind is light and the upper spar doesn't want to stand forward of the mast you quickly jerk in the sheet as the stern goes through the wind to fill the sail so that spar is pulled forward of the mast. It should then fall back on the new lee-side of the mast if you've timed things correctly. As soon as the stern has passed through the wind and the spar has fallen around the masthead the vang is immediately hauled right in till the spar rakes back over the stern and encourages the jukung to round up into the wind nimbly. The sheet, which you have thrown around the mast is retrieved by snagging it with the paddle handle or a bamboo boat-hook in some jukungs. If a jukung gets in irons it will not pay off and gather way; it has to be paddled energetically to get it going again. If the rudder is lifted out of the water a jukung will lie almost head-to wind which is very useful if, for example, the sheet has parted and you need to bend a new sheet.



up a jukung ready to go sailing has to be learned carefully and must be done with attention to detail. The outriggers must be very securely attached — any sloppiness could be disastrous. You have to know how to fit the rudder. The sail is set by stropping the yard to the short mast's head before leaving the beach. It is almost impossible to do it afloat. (This applies to the rig used at Bena and adjacent villages. Elsewhere in Bali, from Kusamba north-eastwards, the sail is rigged differently and can be set and lowered at sea.)

Securely lashing the ten metre bamboo outriggers to the outrigger booms is a trick requiring practice, but the real art of jukung sailing is the art of not being in the wrong part of Badung or Lombok strait at the wrong state of the tide, and learning the parts of the strait where you should never be at any state of the tide.

Having mastered the basics of jukung handling under Kerig's tuition, I was sent on the passage across Badung Strait to Nusa Lambongan as a passenger with a young relative of Kerig, another



Wayan whose full name I have forgotten. He showed me how to leave Benoa two or two-and-a-half hours before full tide, head north along the Bali shore past Sanur, then keep heading towards the hills behind Kusamba, watching the current carefully. If the current is still south-going you bring your bow only slightly across the current and when you have been drawn about halfway across the strait by the current you change course towards the southern end of Lambongan and sail right up under the south side of the island. You must not be tempted to head for your destination on the western side of Lambongan, always go to the south end of the island first and then follow the coast close in shore. Often this means paddling vigorously against the current when you get becalmed under the lee of the island but it is the correct way to go.

Eventually I was allowed to sail a jukung across on my own. The appointed day turned out to be a windy day with a lot of east in the wind and I didn't follow the sailing instructions as fully as I should have done. Partly because the sheet carried away (snapped) and the jukung sagged to leeward some way before I remembered to take the rudder up to effect repairs. Also I tried to sail too direct a course because I wasn't enjoying myself at all. I made considerable use of my big fisherman's straw hat for bailing out before I got under the shelter of Lambongan and when I reached the beach everyone said "We wondered who that was sailing too far north today."

I stayed at the house of the village headman, Pak Tarsin, a very likeable rogue (later well known as "Tarzan the ape man" when tourism to Lambongan took off). He kept a big male macaque monkey on a chain in his yard. Everyone was instructed to keep well away from it for it was a mad fierce brute. Occasionally at night an unwary dog would wander too close and in a few terrible seconds of howling and terror would be dismembered and mauled to death. Lambongan was a wild place in those days. I remember a cock fight where the cocks both jumped high in the air flapping madly and came down into the crowd. Two men were slashed by the razor-sharp knives strapped to the cocks' spurs, one of them quite badly.

Lying on the beach on the eastern side of the island there were a pair of lateen rigged perahu janggolan that had been built on Lambongan, both about 15m long. They were perhaps the most elegant perahu I ever saw.

From Lambongan I sailed over to Kusamba on the mainland of Bali and stayed the night in the village. There was a barong dance and wayang kulit (shadow puppets) that lasted till just before dawn. I had been offered a room to sleep in, but in the end I dozed with many other young men at the banjar — the village meeting place which is a large, roofed-



over, tiled dias without walls. I didn't get much sleep.

The next day I sailed the short hop up the coast to Padang Baai where I based myself for a few days, staying at the losmen where I could get more sleep and protection from mosquitoes. From Padang Baai I explored the coast northeast to Ujung. The currents on that part of the coast are less savage and sailing is more relaxing. At Padang Baai a few of an older type of jukung still existed. At Benoa and neighbouring villages, all the large sea-going jukungs were jukung pelasan with the bows carved to resemble the head of Gajah Mina, a mythical elephant fish. The older type had a relatively plain bow but was elegant. There were only a few still in use. I talked to the owner of one. His jukung was well maintained and exceptionally well-built, but, he told me, he would soon have to replace it — it's time was passed. Why was that?

"I don't catch enough fish. Although I fish at the same times as the other men, and use the same fishing gear, and I have been fishing for many years, this design is no longer effective (tidak laku lagi)".

There can be no rational explanation why the style of a jukung's bow should effect the number of fish caught — the lines that catch the fish trail well behind the jukung. The fisherman did not offer an explanation, but, empirically he and all the other fishermen were convinced. Style, decoration and aesthetics are very important to the Balinese. A thing must be proper and beautiful externally to be good within.

After a few days recreational sailing from Padang Baai I had to face up to sailing the torrent back, down-current, to Benoa. I always discussed my route carefully with local fishermen before setting out and considerably improved my understanding of those difficult straits — knowledge which was very useful in the following years when sailing engineless vessels to and from Benoa.

Once, in 1977, I asked Kerig if I could borrow his jukung the next day to go over to Lambongan with



a friend. He was happy to agree but looked really shocked the next day when I arrived with a girlfriend. Perhaps he thought it would be unlucky to take a female on a jukung, but he didn't protest. We had an easy sail to Lambongan and an equally easy sail back two days later. Dear old Kerig was obviously very relieved to see us return safely.

On SINAR MATOLA, we intended to sail west round Uluwatu, the southern tip of Bali, and up through Bali Strait. Like most of the straits in the Sunda Archipelago which connect the Indian Ocean with the South China Sea, Bali Strait has a strong south-going current during the southeast monsoon and has tidal currents that can be fierce, though not as bad as Lombok and Badung straits. We asked the advice of Benoa sailors about making the passage through the Strait. Their advice was that we should either sail across to the Java shore well before reaching the narrow part of the Strait, or alternatively, hug the Bali shore to stay out of the current.

We left Benoa early in the morning and enjoyed an easy rounding of Uluwatu, then set course for Bali Strait running before a reasonably fresh breeze.



*A lambo soppe similar to SINAR MATOLA*

During the night, off Negara, we got entangled in a long, untended, drift net and had some difficulty getting it cleared from the rudder. The next morning, as we approached the Strait with the Bali shore close on board, we watched a Javanese lete rigged (Indonesian lateen) perahu stand out for the Java shore. She was being swept well to the south by the current and was obviously experiencing fairly large and steep seas out in the tide race. We decided to stay on the Bali shore. As we approached the narrowest part of the Strait, we sailed parallel to the fringing reef and very close to it, which kept us in a narrow band of almost smooth water. Less than a hundred metres further out we could see the current sweeping south and the large swell from the Indian Ocean standing up to create big overfalls. We had a strengthening wind from almost dead astern: the reef was to starboard and we had the mainsail out to starboard while the spare jib was

poled out to port as a flat spinnaker. This meant that there was no risk of "SINAR MATOLA" yawing towards the reef in gusts, but it also meant that if we got our bow across the current, yawing in gusts of wind, we slid away from the shore, and it was difficult to get back in towards the shore again without sailing by the lee and risking an accidental gybe. An accidental gybe would have meant, at the least, a broken boom, and probably yawing out of control straight at the reef. A controlled gybe is very difficult for a small crew to execute in strong winds because of the lambo's long boom, the need to swap the running backstays while keeping the mainsail sheeted midships, and the great difficulty steering while the mainsail is sheeted flat. On a perahu lambo, the main boom is nearly as long as the hull whereas a modern yacht typically has a boom less than half the length of the hull and cruising yachts have no running backstays.

As we approached a low headland, the corridor of smooth water between the reef and the tide race drew narrower and narrower, the wind seemed to increase and back to the east. In each gust we yawed slightly to port and slid a little closer to the tide race.

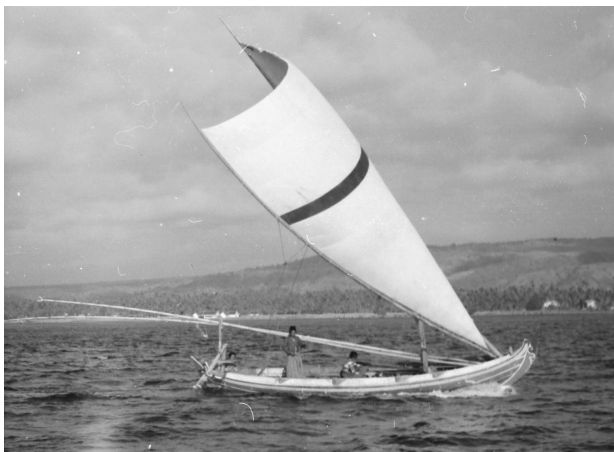
A lete rigged perahu, which the Balinese sailors were familiar with, would have had no problem because the lete sail is easily gybed over the mast without affecting the steering; but we were in trouble.

We should have dropped the mainsail but before we collected ourselves to do anything we were on the edge of the tide race surfing down the front of an appallingly steep wave. With two of us pushing on the tiller and with our feet braced against the gunwale, we just prevented SINAR MATOLA from broaching, but it was obvious that we would break the pintles or the tiller if we continued trying to keep her running before the wind in the tide race. On the third wave we let her broach and come round beam on to the seas. I expected her to be rolled over on her beam ends or completely capsized, and I calculated that the loose ballast of rocks and sandbags would shift. It seemed likely to me that she was going to capsize and founder very quickly. With the possibility of ballast flying around I decided the bowsprit was going to be the safest place to watch what happened, and I made my way down the length of vessel and out on to the bowsprit in about three leaps.

From the end of the bowsprit I watched what happened. SINAR MATOLA was picked up by the next overfall and lay over until her mast seemed to be almost horizontal, but the breaking crest of the wave was hurling her to leeward so fast that inertia held the ballast in the bilge until the wave passed under her and she righted herself. That is what seemed to happen, certainly none of the ballast shifted. With the loose sheeted mainsail flogging,



and the spare jib aback and caught around the forestay, SINAR MATOLA was making very little headway, but she was pointed away from the reef and it seemed that she was not going to capsize. When a couple more waves had passed under her I was able to act as if my dash out to the end of the bowsprit had been triggered by a need for action, rather than an instinct for survival, and I called for the spare jib's halliard to be let go so that I could get it down. Once we had got the spare jib down and the sails trimmed we fairly quickly cleared the worst of the tide race. Laughing with hysteria we sailed over to Banyuwangi where the Javanese *lete lete* lay quietly at anchor, waiting for the tide to ease. We too anchored and waited for the *lete lete*'s crew to give us the cue when to weigh anchor and sail. During the afternoon we made a fairly easy passage through the Strait, hugging the Java shore when the tide went against us, and at dusk we anchored again as the breeze died away to a calm.



*The Javanese lete lete*

I left SINAR MATOLA a few days later at Pasir Putih, East Java, because my Indonesian visa needed extending. I arranged to meet SINAR MATOLA a little further up the coast at Besuki the following day and caught a bus to Surabaya at dawn intending to go to the Imigrasi offices there. Nothing was done in a hurry at the Surabaya Imigrasi offices, unless one paid a bribe which I preferred not to do. I spent much of the day sitting at a little coffee stall in a back street just down the road from the offices and there I met an old man who I believe was the last Rabbi of Surabaya. He was originally from Armenia and had left as a young man, presumably during the terrible genocide and displacement of 1918, but I knew nothing of that tragic history then. He said there remained about two dozen Jews in Surabaya and a slightly larger number in the hill town of Malang. After he had taken his leave, the lady who ran the stall told me he was a very kind and courteous man living in true poverty. And they knew something about poverty in Surabaya in 1976.

It took a day longer than anticipated to extend my visa and when I got to Besuki SINAR MATOLA wasn't there. Her owners (whose names I apologise for forgetting) with various other persons as crew sailed her up the coast of Java, through Billiton Strait to Singapore, and finally to Thailand where I believe they left her because their funds had long ago run out. I am told she fell to pieces on a beach somewhere in Thailand. She was a lovely little *perahu*, fast, seaworthy and manoeuvrable; delightfully comfortable and inviting, like a sea-going gipsy caravan.

Besuki, where I arrived in the late afternoon to find SINAR MATOLA not there, was a fascinating little port in those days. Beautifully painted and ornamented *perahu kacik* brought passengers and cargoes over from Madura and on the beach were *perahu mayang* even more extravagantly ornamented.



*Perahu kacik*

I was invited to stay the night by a shopkeeper who had a small shop and house beside the harbour. He and his wife cleared one of their two bedrooms for me. They were very hospitable but it was not a comfortable night. I was kept awake by the heat, the mosquitoes and the fantasy that the incredibly beautiful daughter of the household would come creeping into my room.





# A New Form Of Steam Engine

We have come a long way from the steam engines of 150 years ago, such as that from the *Xantho*. Steam has never disappeared as a method of propulsion. Many of the fastest ships, including warships and nuclear submarines use steam turbines. There is however a new form of steam engine in the offing. An article appeared in the *New Scientist* magazine of 11 February 2003 under the title “Steam fires underwater jet engine”. It appears that an Australian engineer, Alan Burns, has invented a new type of steam engine which has then been developed by Pursuit Dynamics in Hertfordshire, UK. The magazine describes the method of working as follows:

*The Pursuit Marine Drive produces thrust by using the energy from high-pressure steam to draw in water through an intake at the front and expel it at high speed through the rear. The steam emerges at high speed from a rearward-facing ring-shaped nozzle into a cone shaped chamber, where it mixes with the water. Shock waves created as the steam condenses are focused by the chamber to blast water out of the back.*

*A crucial element of the design is that water flowing into the engine draws in air through a vent ahead of the steam*

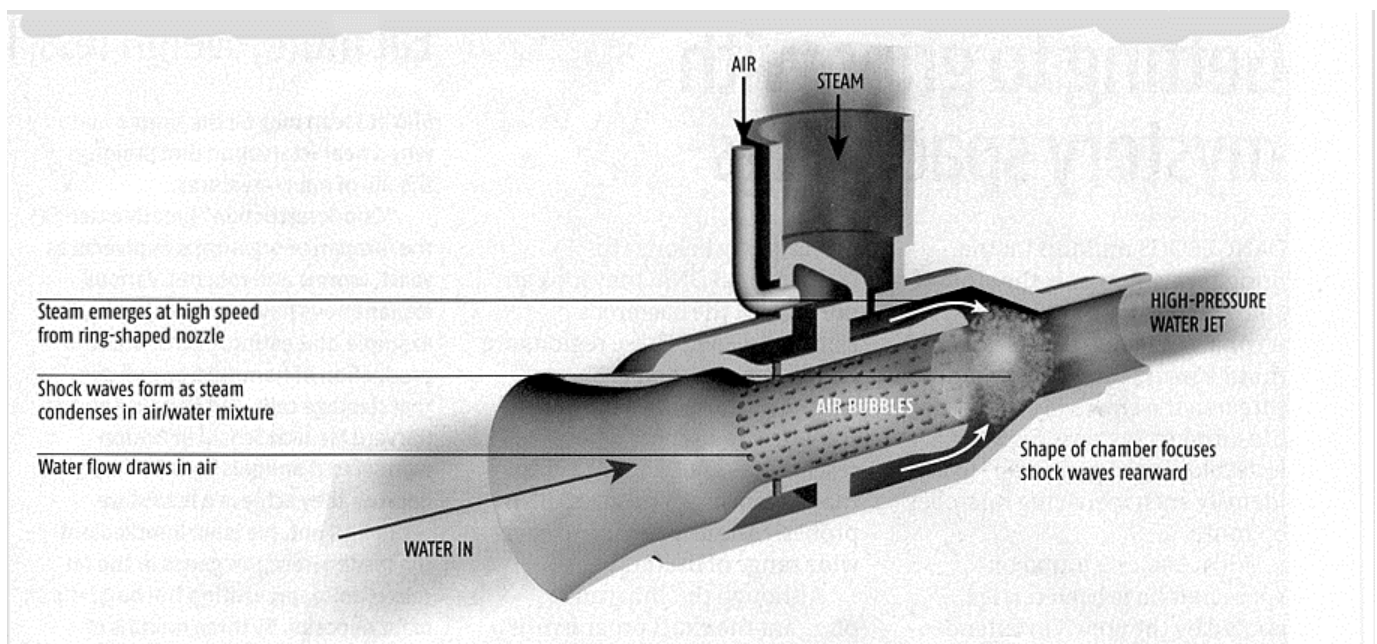
*jet. The air bubbles change the way the steam mixes with the water, and this significantly increases the engine's efficiency.*

*Steam for the drive is generated in a small boiler burning diesel or petrol.*

The magazine writer was shown an engine only 8 inches (20cm) long and saw it develop 30 horsepower (22Kw) in a test tank. It is claimed that it can be scaled up to 300 horsepower.

The benefits of this engine are many; there are no moving internal parts and no propeller, it can cope with seaweed or rope being sucked into it and it does not leak oil. The expelled water is only 3°-4°C warmer than the water it draws in. It can also be used as an extremely robust pump capable of shifting water, sewerage or oil. In another demonstration the company's chief technical officer shoved large quantities of lard and cardboard into the inlet and the pump never faltered, just macerated it all and spat it out the back. The company was not going into production, but intended to licence others to manufacture the engine.

Has anyone heard of this engine and whether any company has or intends to manufacture it?





# 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!)*



The patent log was invented by a man named Foxon, and first tried in 1773 by Captain Constantine Phipps during a voyage to the Arctic. The log consists of a braided line that has on the outboard end a torpedo shaped rotor with fins set at an angle. This rotor spins as it is pulled through the water and the spin is transferred by the line to a registering device on the taffrail or deck of the vessel. James Cook used one on board the *Resolution* during his second famous voyage from 1772-1775.

The word “chronometer” was coined by Jeremy Thacker of Beverley, Yorkshire, in 1714. His “chronometer” consisting of a clock in a vacuum and set in gimbals was, however, not successful.

The first successful escape from a submarine occurred on 1 February 1851. The *Brandtaucher*, a 27-foot long submarine displacing nearly 39 tons, designed and built by Wilhelm Bauer in Kiel, Germany, sank in 54 feet of water on its first test. After more than five hours on the bottom Bauer opened valves to allow water to enter the submarine. The build up of pressure eventually blew open the hatch just as the water reached Bauer’s chin, and he and his two crewmen shot to the surface, alive.

The ‘M’ class submarines, of which only three were built, were very odd vessels. Laid down in 1916, only one was commissioned before the end of World War I, the other two in 1920. They were fitted with a 12” gun in a housing forward of the conning tower. The gun was fired, using the sub’s periscope and a bead sight on the gun muzzle, with the sub at a depth of 12-20 feet. The submarine had to surface to reload. The guns and mounts each weighed 58 tons and had come from the sunken battleship *Formidable*. They were not a success.

The US submarine *Seal*, a Salmon class boat, sank the Japanese freighter, *Boston Maru* (3,500 tons)

near Palau Islands, Philippines, on 16 November 1942, without firing a shot. The *Seal* unintentionally surfaced under the freighter and the sub’s periscope punctured a hole in the *Boston Maru*, sinking her.

In 1843 George Rewel ran a ferry service from Perth to Fremantle, daily Monday to Saturday. The cost was 3/- for passengers and 15/- per ton of cargo. The boat left Perth at 7.00am and returned the same day.

Bald Head, on the southern side of the entrance to King George’s Sound at Albany, was so named by George Vancouver on 27 September 1791 because of its “smoothe [sic] appearance and being destitute of verdure”.

The colonial vessel *Helena Mena*, owned by John Henry Monger and George Shenton, was named after their respective daughters, Helena Aurora Monger and Annie Willelmena Shenton.

The barque *Parmelia* (117’ 6” x 29’ 0½” x 20’, 443 <sup>33</sup>/<sub>94</sub> tons) which brought James Stirling to Western Australia in 1829 was destroyed by fire on 3 May 1839 while under going a refit at Cremyll in Cornwall.

Captain Pemberton Walcott (1834-1883) was 40 years of age before he decided to give up his life as a grazier and obtain his Master Mariner’s certificate. His first position using this qualification was as master of the government cutter *Pearl*. He became Justice of the Peace, Inspector of Pearl Fisheries, Sub-Collector of Revenue and an Officer of Customs. His final command was as master of the Revenue Cutter *Gertrude*, and he died of dysentery on board that vessel at 4.30am on 14 July 1883. Other sources state his death may have been caused by eating food laced with ground up bamboo, which acts like glass.



# Book Review

## HMS Marlborough Will Enter Harbour

By  
Nicholas Monserrat

### A book review by Geoff Vickridge

This little known novella by the author of 'The Cruel Sea' was first published in 1947, four years before his proclaimed landmark publication. Of only 92 pages, it is clearly Monserrat's literary prototype and his first step toward writing a major novel about the war in the North Atlantic.

On New Year's Eve in 1942, the sloop HMS *Marlborough* was torpedoed under the fo'c'sle mess when she was 500 miles from the Clyde on an independent passage from Iceland. Suffering a significant loss to the eight officers and 130 men of the ship's company, it is a tale of how the commanding officer and a handful of survivors, many of them injured, brought *Marlborough* safely back despite the considerable odds they faced and a vessel that was barely able to stay afloat.

It's a tale of grit and determination, written by a man who endured and lived with the rigours of war in the North Atlantic Ocean. True it is that there is an element of 'Boys Own Adventure' in the narrative but there are enough examples of autobiographical accounts of naval wartime accounts to know that Monserrat is writing from his life's experiences.

At the point when the U-boat responsible for the initial attack surfaces to finish off HMS *Marlborough*, the commanding officer, who loves her, was on the point of ordering his ship's company to abandon the vessel. The first shell hitting *Marlborough* was the catalyst he needed to stand and fight and save the ship. Further damage was sustained by the sloop and more members of *Marlborough's* ship's company were lost but the submarine was sunk.

As Monserrat wrote, "They were on their own now, and the only danger was from the sea. His loved *Marlborough* had survived so much, had produced such a brilliant last minute counter-stroke, that he could not leave her now." Without

the ability to communicate and a damaged compass, the epic passage to safety began with the ship getting underway, albeit on one engine. In the best traditions of the Navy, survivors stepped into the breach and performed heroic deeds under adverse conditions.

It is in his description of the ship, the men who sailed in her and their environment that Monserrat excels. The power of his words in portraying seemingly simple acts is compelling.

All that remained of his ship's company stood in a rough square on the quarter-deck: at their feet the nineteen bodies, in their canvas shrouds, seemed like some sinister carpet from which they could not take their eyes. There were altogether too many of them: barely did the living outnumber the dead, and if the men caught in the fo'c'sle were reckoned, the living were only curious survivals of a vanished time . . . That pause in the service, when he said 'We do now commit their bodies to the deep', and then waited, as the burial party got to work and the nineteen bodies made their successive splashes, their long dive – that pause seemed to be lasting forever.

The men in their stained sea-boots and duffle-coats stood silent, their hair ruffled, watching the bodies go: flanking him, the doctor and the Chief completed the square of witnesses. The rough canvases scraped the deck as they were dragged across; the bodies splashed and vanished; the ship rolled, and all their feet shifted automatically to meet it; a seaman coughed; the silence under the cold sky was oppressive and somehow futile. He himself, with an appalling clarity of feeling, was conscious of cruel loss. These had been his own men: to see



them ‘discharged dead’ in this perfunctory wholesale fashion only deepened the sense of personal bereavement which was in his face and his voice as he took up reading again.

*Marlborough* encountered a gale which the remnants of her ship’s company suffered for five days. Unable to take any sights, the commanding officer could only use dead reckoning in an effort to navigate his ship to safety. During the morning watch on 14 January, the coxswain reported, ‘There’s a light dead ahead, sir.’ The emotion of the moment after enduring so much was all consuming. The moment was electric. As Nicholas Monserrat wrote, ‘They were men in a moment of triumph and of weakness, as vulnerable as young children, as unstable, as near to ecstasy or to weeping in the same breath. They were

men in entrancement.’

The ship had been steering 15° off course and missed Scotland. She was heading towards the north coast of Ireland. With tugs from Londonderry approaching, the commanding officer ordered the message to be made for transmission by signal lamp; ‘HMS *Marlborough*’ will enter harbour.” The simplicity of the words of the traditional naval signal is poignant. It matches the signal made by the sloop HMS *Amethyst* after her mad dash down river after being trapped for 104 days in the Yangste Kiang by communist Chinese forces. As the ship exited the mouth of the mighty river, she signalled to C-in-C Far East Station, ‘Have rejoined the Fleet south of Woo Sung. No damage or casualties. God Save the King.’

## Fire!

**Fire, probably one of the most dreaded incidents aboard wooden sailing ships, could be caused in many different ways. Here is one of those ways.**

The emigrant ship *John Melhuish*, with 240 aboard, was bound from London to Sydney when, on 11 December 1852 at latitude 39.11 South, longitude 19.57 East, when the following incident took place. This report from a Welsh newspaper, the *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald* of 18 June 1853.

*On that day the chief mate was seen to go down into the hold with a naked candle, and in about ten minutes afterwards the passengers were startled by his rushing up from the main hatchway enveloped in blue flame, with consternation and fear depicted on his face, exclaiming “The ship’s on fire! the ship’s on fire!” One of the passengers suspecting that the mate had been tapping a brandy cask and had let the spirit escape and ignite, lost no time in stripping off his coat and waistcoat, and with some water he*

*succeeded in partly extinguishing the flames. Perceiving, however, that the fire was being spread by the spirit, which was escaping in large quantities from a hole in the brandy cask, he jumped down and put his thumb into the hole; but the hole being large and rough, the brandy continued to flow and burn, and the blue flame ran up his arm and set fire to his hair and clothes. Fortunately, at this juncture Captain Jenkins jumped down to his assistance, and the two succeeded in quenching the fire.*

On arrival in Australia the passengers presented Captain Jenkins and the quick thinking passenger, Mr. Hayward, with gold watches as a token of gratitude in saving the ship. The unnamed chief mate who, by the light of a candle, had been unlawfully trying to tap a cask of brandy in the hold, was handed over to the authorities.



# 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)

	<b>1 Year</b>	<b>3 Years</b>	<b>5 Years</b>
INSTITUTIONAL	\$100	\$275	\$440
FAMILY	\$40	\$110	\$175
ORDINARY	\$30	\$83	\$130
ASSOCIATE	\$10	\$28	\$40

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

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PHONE (H) .....(W).....

*Please forward remittance to:-*  
Bob Johnson (Treasurer),  
4 Cunningham Street,  
APPLECROSS Western Australia 6153.



# QUIZ

## Answers to March

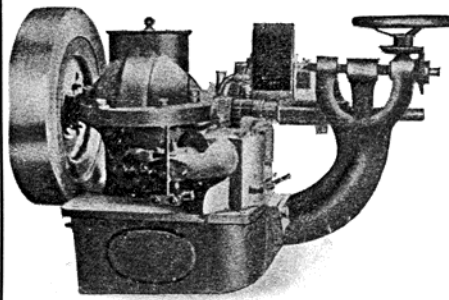
1. Woolding is the strengthening of a mast or spar by winding a piece of rope around it. It is used where a spar has been fished or where a mast is made up of a number of pieces of timber.
2. Exmouth Gulf was named by Philip Parker King aboard the cutter *Mermaid* in February 1818 after Admiral Sir Edward Pellew, Viscount Exmouth (1757-1833), who was Commander in Chief at Plymouth at that time.
3. Eleanor Rocks lie about 6 cables north-north-eastward of the head of the North Mole at Fremantle.

## Questions

1. In relation to a gaff-rigged vessel, what is a clapper or tumbler?
2. What is a spurling pipe?
3. What was the name of the first vessel to bring adult convicts to Western Australia in 1850?

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* **FOUND!** \*  
 \* **One square-handled small** \*  
 \* **spreading knife left behind** \*  
 \* **after the AGM.** \*  
 \* **To whom does it belong?** \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

— SEAL —



**PARAFFIN MOTORS**

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Holland.	Ceylon.	Egypt.	Newfoundland.	New Zealand.
Russia.	Seychelles.	Zanzibar.	Brit. Guinea.	Brit. New Guinea.
Gibraltar.	St. Settlements.	O. R. Colony.		Fiji Islands.
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