

# MARITIME HERITAGE ASSOCIATION JOURNAL

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

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**Its amazing what you can do with a few Lego blocks!**

**This aircraft carrier is 22' (6.7 m) long, and its size was based on the height of the little Lego figures being taken as 6' (1.83 m).**



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.)

Material for publishing or advertising should be directed, preferably typed or on disk, to:  
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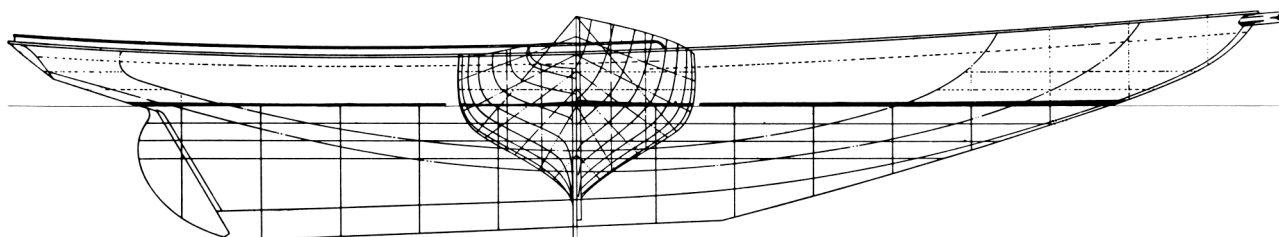
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The MHA is affiliated with the Royal Western Australian Historical Society (Incorporated)

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## Notice!

The MHA windup will be held at  
**Hicks' Museum, 49 Lacey Street, Cannington**  
At 10.00 am  
On Sunday 20 November 2011



## Things They Would Rather Have Not Said

"... hopelessly impracticable."

James Kelly, master of the Hull fishing smack *Zenith*, 1877

Said by Kelly to William Purdey, owner of the paddle-tug *Messenger*, when Purdey considered converting his tug for use as an inshore fishing trawler. So successful was Purdey's conversion that within twelve months 53 tugs from that area of the UK alone had been converted and were employed as steam trawlers.

## PRESIDENT'S REPORT, 2010 –2011



Immediate past president Geoff Vickridge opened his President's report to last year's AGM by announcing his not standing for re-election and suggesting that the MHA "should set a goal and put our resources and determination to work to raise funds sufficient to display our 32-foot cutter." I am very happy to say that we have done as Geoff suggested and have been granted nearly \$15,000 by the Lotteries Commission. With the \$7,500 previously granted by the Finding Sydney Foundation, we have the funds for a trailer, a viewing platform, and interpretive displays.

The committee are to be applauded and congratulated for pushing this project to a point where successful completion is in sight. Indeed the construction of the trailer is already in progress. Our plan is that the inaugural display of the cutter will take place on 11th November and will commemorate the 70th anniversary of HMAS SYDNEY's sailing from Fremantle to meet her fate in battle with the raider KORMORAN.

Julie Taylor has taken a leading role in preparing the successful Lotteries grant application. Many thanks Julie.

Of course, the fabrication of the trailer, viewing platform and interpretive display will not be the end of the story. It is essential that ALBATROSS is actually exhibited at as many appropriate locations as possible. The new committee will have to be fully engaged by that undertaking. Also, ALBATROSS could benefit from further restoration -- a set of oars, a complete rig, replacement of a missing plank in the garboard strake are some of the projects we hope to take on. A step along that path is Tom Saggars' generous donation of boat nails, roves, etc. for ALBATROSS restoration. Ross has sorted the miscellaneous bucket loads of boat bits ready for convenient use.

Our *Journal's* high standards have been maintained by editor Peter Worsley. Peter has been editor for thirteen years now and continues to improve the *Journal*. Thanks to Julie's connection with *Par Excellence* printing is now of better quality.

Our end of year get-together was hosted by Barry and Doris Hicks at the Hick's splendid museum, as is customary (though there have been end of year social functions at other locations). This year our get-together was held in association with the Old

Gaffers. Our thanks to Barry and Doris, and to Brian and Irene Lemon who, as always, assisted the Hicks with the arrangements.

Another aim expressed by Geoff Vickridge at last years AGM was the finding of a new venue for our committee meetings. We are grateful to the LEEUWIN Foundation which as provided the venue for quite a few years, but the lack of kitchen and toilet facilities at Leeuwin's offices is a disadvantage. In February we had a meeting at the Pilot's Cottage on Arthur Head thanks to the Fremantle Society which has a temporary lease. It is hoped that the Society's application for a Lotteries grant to fit-out the outbuildings of Samson House as a permanent venue for meetings will be successful. We have written in support of that application.

The Sail Training ship LEEUWIN has a new jibboom after several years of sailing around with a splinted jibboom which is said to have looked more secure on starboard tack than port tack. The new jibboom has been made from a spare spar reserved for such an exigencies, the work done by Robin Hicks to design and specifications provided by Ross Shardlow.

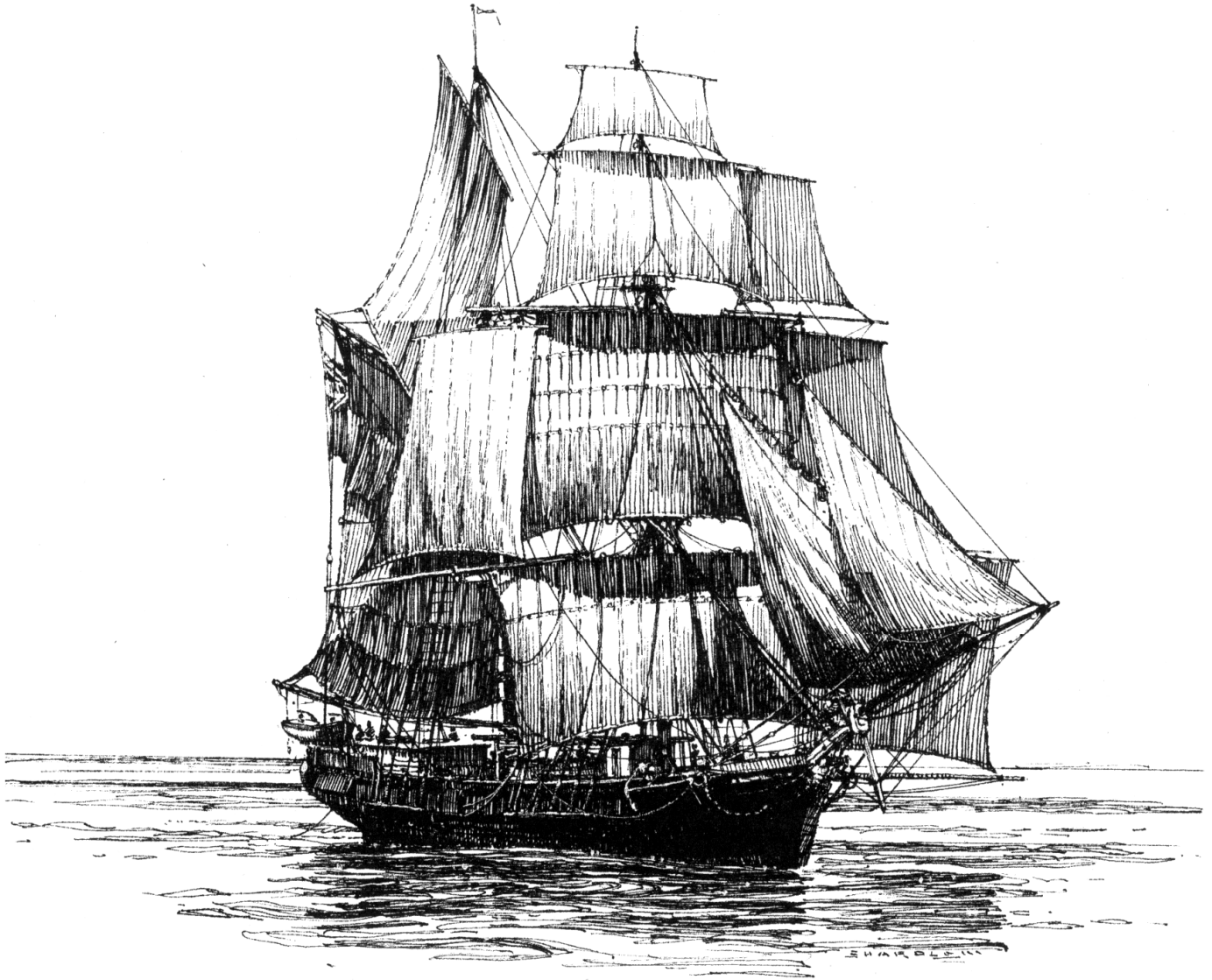
Bob Johnson has continued to serve as treasurer with efficiency and expertise. He has also been studying the legal responsibilities and requirements of administering an incorporated association such as the MHA. Thus it is that constitution is being updated to a state of the art document.

Not only that, Bob as web master has updated our website and moved it to a new and more reliable ISP.

Leigh Smith took over from me as secretary at the last AGM and has acquitted himself of the secretary's duties in a thoroughly professional and competent manner.

All-in-all, this has been a successful year for the MHA. I'd like to take most of the credit, but since I've made ten overseas trips in the last twelve months my main contribution has been keeping out of the way.

Nick Burningham



## *Chearful*

It is my pleasure to reproduce one of Ross Shardlow's great drawings.

This one appeared on the cover of the December 2003 Journal.

The brigantine *Chearful* was of 124 tons with a length of 70' 6", and was built in Leith, Scotland. It made two trips to Western Australia in 1843. On 25 September it departed Sydney for San Francisco via Tahiti and Honolulu with 86 passengers, including 11 women and 2 children. Understandably they ran short of provisions before they reached Tahiti. However, the *Chearful* reached San Francisco on 20 February 1850, 148 days out from Sydney. It was subsequently sold at San Francisco.

The shortest distance between Sydney and San Francisco via Tahiti and Honolulu is 7,515 nautical miles:

Sydney to Tahiti	3,060 miles
Tahiti to Honolulu	2,360 miles
Honolulu to San Francisco	2,095 miles

But of course a sailing ship will cover a much greater distance than this.



# 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!)



Not all 19<sup>th</sup> century sea voyages suffered from the common conception of poor food and bad water. This is the menu for 14 September 1859 on the s.s. *Pera*, a P & O ship sailing across the Mediterranean Sea:

## Mutton Broth

Roast fillet of veal, Stewed ducks & peas, Roast beef, Boiled mutton, Roast turkey, Ham, Boiled fowls, Roast mutton, Sea pies, Roast goose, Compot de pigeons, Corned pork, Beef pies, Stewed ox tongue & vegetables, Roast fowls, Curry & rice, Stewed breast veal & peas.

## Second Course

Fruit tarts, Apple Charlotte, Almond pudding, Plum pudding, Cheese cakes, Coconut pudding, Sandwich pastry, Jam puffs, Steamed quinces, Jam tartlets, Stewed nectarines, Fancy Pastry.

To this add any quantity of Port Sherry Madeira Claret and Soda Water also Stout also any amount of Spirits you please

The distance a ship has to sail to from Fremantle to Liverpool is 9,486 miles via the Suez Canal and 10,767 miles via the Cape of Good Hope.

*When Captain Robert Fitz Roy was looking for a naturalist to accompany him on his voyage on the Beagle, he almost turned down Charles Darwin. For Fitz Roy, Darwin's nose was too short, which suggested that his candidate lacked the stamina for the lengthy journey ( Pearl, S., About Faces: Physiognomy in Nineteenth-Century Britain). How history may have been different because of the length of one person's nose!*

1860—The Australian Steam Navigation Company launched the first Australian built iron-hulled vessel, *Ballarat* (130 tons), at Pyrmont. Assembled from frames and plates shipped from England in the *Yarra Yarra* the steamer was fitted

with engines from the *Raven*, wrecked earlier on the Macleay River bar.

**Puddening.** Chafing gear; old rope, canvas, rope yarns, etc., made up to the required shape on stays, shrouds, etc., to prevent chafing of the sails.

George Trevor Butcher was harbour Master at Albany from 1867 to 1900. He arrived in WA in 180 as Chief Officer of the barque *Tientsin*. After a brief spell as a pilot and then Acting Harbour Master at Fremantle he took up his duties in Albany, where he carried out until his death. His son, Samuel George Butcher, was also a pilot and a Harbour Master. His postings were at Geraldton, and 13 years at Albany.

*Reference: Albany Advertiser, 12 April 1934: 3g*

In 1824 the monthly rate of pay for a surgeon in the Royal Navy was £12.5.4. This was the same rate as a chaplain. A Master on a 1st Rate ship received £13.0.8, and on a sloop £7.13.4.

When shrouds were placed on the masts of a sailing vessel there was a set order to their placement.. The shrouds were in pairs, normally made by doubling the rope and seizing a loop in the middle. This loop was put over the mast. The order of placement was the foremost pair on the starboard side; then the forward pair on the port; then the second pair to starboard, then the second pair to port, and so on until all the shrouds for that mast were complete. If there was an odd number of shrouds on each side then a shroud could either be taken round the mast and seized back on itself, or seized to its opposite number in two places to form a loop.

**Fid.** A bolt of wood or iron which fixes the heel of a topmast or bowsprit.



# Where The Bloody Hell Am I?

Rod Dickson once more shares some of the fruits of his extensive research into maritime matters in Western Australia.

While browsing and copying the marine information from Hamelin Bay Police Journals I came across the name of a barque that brought back some memories.

The name of the barque was the *Anitra*, the same as the name of the ill-fated French yacht that ended her career at Rottneest Island during the 1979 race from Plymouth, England, to Fremantle.

According to the Hamelin Bay Police Journals, the barque *Anitra* arrived at Hamelin Bay from Capetown, to load a cargo of jarrah on 25 August 1896. She remained in port until 27 September when she sailed for Port Natal in South Africa. That was all the entry said, and nothing more would have been known of the vessels and her travels, except that I have now moved further up the coast and am transcribing the maritime information from the Carnarvon Police Station Journals.

I was most surprised to come across the same vessel and even more surprised at finding out what the *Anitra* was doing at Carnarvon. Fortunately Water Police Constable Evenson of the Carnarvon Station was able to give an explanation of the event. Following are the transcripts of the Carnarvon Station entries for August 1896.

*12. The Barque Anitra arrived at 12.30 pm direct from Capetown, South Africa.*

*12. W.P.C. Evenson & Native Assistant left the Station at 1 pm to visit the barque Anitra and the s.s. Australind and returned to the station at 5.30 pm.*

*12. REPORT – W.P.C. Evenson reports that on boarding the barque Anitra, Captain Simonsen, Master of the said barque, informed him that he had received orders and instructions from the Owners of the vessel through the Agents in Capetown to sail from Capetown for Hamelin Pool to load with timber, but when informed by W.P.C. Evenson that there was no timber at Hamelin Pool, Captain Simonsen then stated that the Own-*

*ers must have made a mistake in directing him to sail to Hamelin Pool, instead of Hamelin Harbour at Cape Leeuwin.*

[*Anitra*, Captain Simonsen, Wooden barque, 593 tons. Built during 1894 at Risor, Norway. Registered at Porsgrund, Norway. Owned by J. Jeremiassens, Porsgrund, Norway. Dimensions – 151.0x33.0x16.4 feet. Signal letters – HPWK]

Just another strange story in our State's maritime history and something to ponder upon. Who made the mistake? The Owners in Norway, the Agents in Capetown, or was it the Captain himself that laid out the course for his destination? It was a story that amused me greatly, and then it happened again!

Carnarvon Police Station Occurrence Book, Vol. 9.

*November 1897*

*18. REPORT – A Strange Barque passed by Carnarvon Roads at 3.30 pm flying a flag on the foretop about 9 miles south of Carnarvon.*

*19. W.P.C. Evenson & Native Assistant left the Station at 4 am in the Police Cutter to visit the strange barque that anchored near Carnarvon the previous day. Returned to the Station at 2 pm and reported having boarded the abovementioned barque, which is the Norwegian barque Alpha, bound from Capetown, South Africa to Hamelin Harbour to load a cargo of Jarrah.*

*But owing to their being Two Hamelin Ports in Western Australia and the Shipping Directory not being correct, mistakes are frequently made of the two places by vessels bound for this port.*

*W.P.C. Evenson also reports Piloting the Alpha into a safe anchorage and then brought the Captain ashore to communicate with Messrs Davies & Co., of Hamelin Bay, near Cape Leeuwin, where the Alpha is supposed to receive her cargo of timber.*

*Alpha, (barque)*

*20. The barque Alpha sailed at 5 am bound for*



*Hamelin Bay.*

Hamelin Bay Police Occurrence Book, Vol. 1.

*Arrived.* 5/12/1897  
*Name* Alpha, (barque)  
*Port from* Zanzibar  
*Port to* Port Natal  
*Reason* loading timber  
*Date leaving* 5/1/1898

From the above statement it would appear that there is some confusion arising from the similarity between Hamlin Bay and Hamlin Pool in the Shipping Directory. This volume lists all the ports of the world giving their latitude and longitude, lights, navigational dangers, and etc. As mentioned before, whose error was it, the agent's, owner's or Master.

## Andrew Jackson Higgins

### A short article about a remarkable man who designed some remarkable boats.

In 1939 Andrew Jackson Higgins owned a small boat building business in New Orleans employing less than a hundred workers. He built shallow draft boats for prospectors and trappers in the Louisiana swamps. When America entered World War II Higgins went to the Navy and tried to convince them that he could build better landing craft than they could. His idea of wooden landing craft was considered crazy. He therefore launched into crusade to get the Navy to accept that his boats were as good as, or better, than theirs. He built prototypes using his own money and lobbied the top Navy officers and politicians. Eventually Senator Harry Truman forced a head-to-head competition, and Higgins' boats won hands down.

He also designed MTBs. There were two de-

signs—a 78 ft and a scaled down 70 ft version. The 70-foot design had a beam of 17.85 ft with a draft of 5.74 ft. It was powered by three 1,350 Packard 4M petrol engines.

Then it turned out that Higgins was not only a gifted boat designer/builder but also a mass-production genius. By 1944 he had eight yards employing 25,000 staff who built over 20,000 landing craft and torpedo boats. When he ran out of room at one yard, he closed off a city street and started building boats out there.

General Eisenhower stated that without the Higgins' boats D-Day might never have been possible. General Holland Smith, US Marines, said, "Where the hell would the amphibious forces have been without you and your boats."



*Two 78 ft Higgins PT boats on patrol. There was also a 70 ft design, capable in 1943 of doing 47 knots.*



# The Story of *Dolly*

A brief article by Brian Lemon on the old steam launch *Dolly*, with photographs by Brian of his superb model.

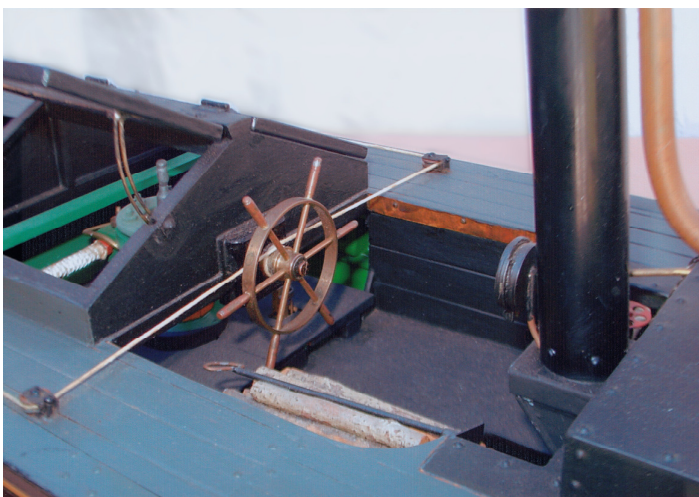


It is believed that *Dolly* was built in about 1850 for Alfred Fildes who lived in Sawrey on the west shore of Windemere. About 1894 she was purchased by Mr Bowness and transported to Ullswater. During one of the great frosts of 1895 *Dolly* sank and stayed 'sunk' for over 60 years. In the early nineteen sixties she was discovered in about 40 feet of water by an underwater club. *Dolly* was eventually taken to the former Sunderland flying boat slipway at Calgarth where she was launched in the waters at Windemere. As a point of interest *Dolly* was towed the last two miles to Rayrigg Hall by the little eighteen foot steamer *Lady Elizabeth*. *Dolly*

was ultimately restored and is recognized by the Guinness Book of Records as the oldest mechanically driven (steam) boat in the world still operating with its original engine.

#### Specifications:

Builder:	Unknown
Length:	41ft
Beam:	6ft 6in
Hull:	Pine on oak, carvel built
Boiler:	Scotch wetback return tube
Engine:	Single cylinder, bore 7in, stroke 7in
Speed:	5 mph







# Ships of the State Shipping Service

By Jeff Thompson, World Ship Society, Fremantle.

## No. 24 *Marra* Official Number: 196730

To overcome a shortage of cargo lifting capacity, in particular cement to the developing North West, the *Marra* was chartered for 12 months from the Adelaide Steamship Company. Having come off charter to the Union Steam Ship Co. of New Zealand.

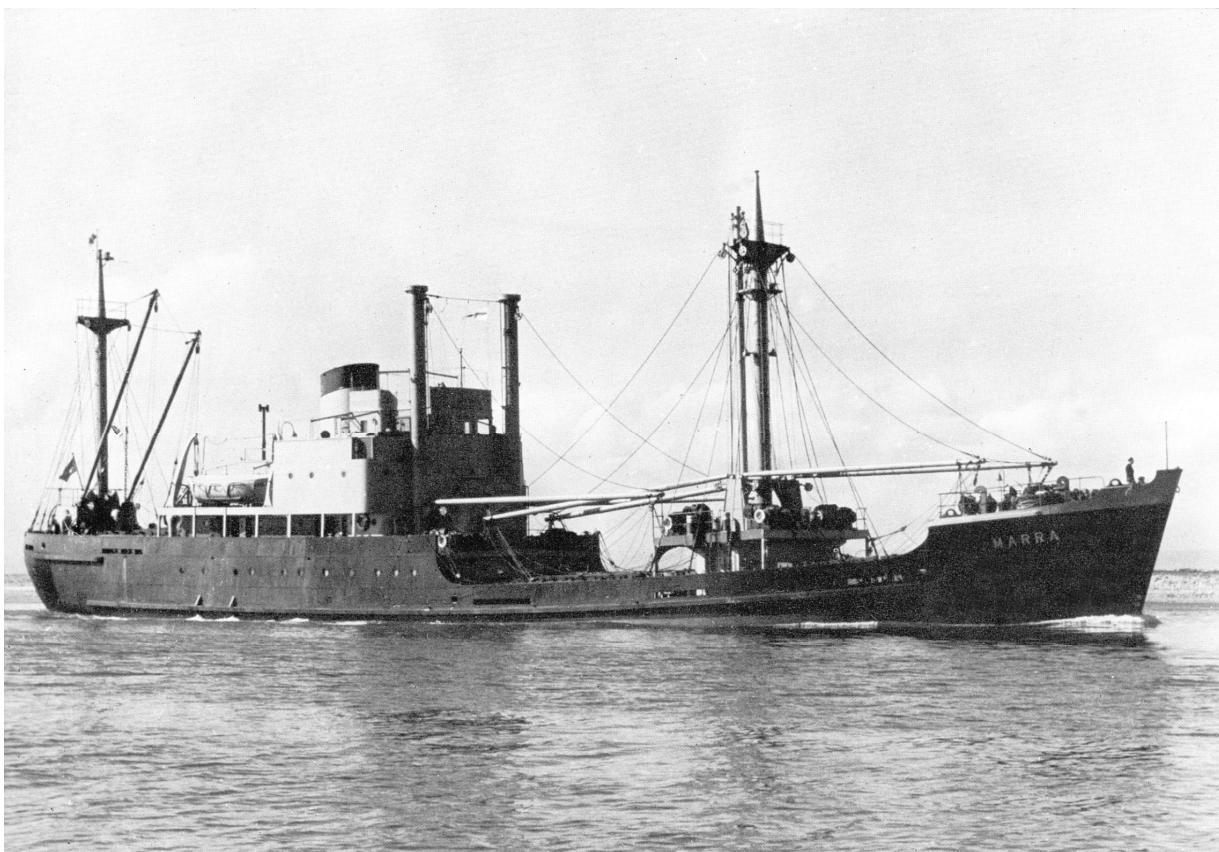
The *Marra* was built for the Adelaide Steamship Company by the Ardrassan Dry Dock and Engineering Company, Ardrassan, Scotland, being delivered in January 1955. She was 1,396 Gross registered tons, 1,400 deadweight, 71.07 metres overall length, 11.43 breadth with a draught of 5.13 metres. A single British Polar 7 cylinder M47M diesel motor of 1,120 bhp gave a service speed of 11 knots.

On the 4<sup>th</sup> August 1964 the *Marra* arrived at Fremantle on bare boat charter for 12 months to the State Shipping Service, sailing 2 days later for the North West. She was returned to her

owners in May 1965.

On the 19<sup>th</sup> May 1965 the *Marra* was delivered to the Department of Army upon purchase by the Commonwealth Government and renamed *John Monash* with the Pennant Number AS 3051. The *John Monash* was now operated by Army personnel for cargo services to Papua and New Guinea and the occasional voyage to Vietnam. By 1975 these requirements were no longer needed and the vessel was sold to Crescent Ship Owners (Pte) Ltd of Singapore, and renamed *Asian Queen*. On 25<sup>th</sup> March 1976 the ship left Newcastle, N.S.W., for Singapore with a load of coal.

In 1980 the vessel was sold to Arabian Shipping Lines and renamed *Arabian Victory*, Panamanian flag. During 1981 the ship was renamed *Sea Rose 1*, Panamanian flag. On 14<sup>th</sup> May 1984 demolition commenced at Gadini Beach, Karachi, after being sold to Shaheen Enterprises.





# EDWARD BACK

## The First Fremantle Full-Time Pilot

by Geoff Vickridge

The 18 September 1846 issue of the *Government Gazette* recorded the appointment of 29 year-old, Edward Back as the first full-time pilot for Fremantle. Several months before, the Superintendent of the Rottneest Establishment was directed to build a boathouse big enough for a whale boat to be used by the pilot and his crew.

In a letter dated 30 August 1848, the Harbour Master Daniel Scott gave Captain Back specific instructions as to his duties and living conditions and those of his wife and six children in the house that was formerly occupied by the Moral Protector, Francis Fraser Armstrong [Cottage K]:

Two rooms for yourself and one room for your men.

You are on no account to allow the small boat to remain on the beach without one of the boys remaining by her and the boys must sleep on the boat every night, hoisting in the dingy [sic].

You will be supplied with hooks and lines for fishing for the Establishment on Rottneest and all fish caught you will hand over to Mr Vincent the Superintendent, keeping sufficient for your own use. During the time you are out on the fishing ground you must keep your eye on the flagstaff on the lighthouse.

Mr Armstrong has instructions for hoisting a ball on the gaff whenever a ship heaves in sight. A ship approaching to the northward of the island a black ball will be hoisted and the southwards a white ball. Should you be so close to the land as not be able to see the flagstaff Mr Vincent will make you a signal on a flagstaff either on the North extremity of the island or on the South. On a gun being fired at Fremantle and a ball being hoisted on the

flagstaff you will come over immediately to take out any vessel requiring your services.

You will also be most particular in seeing that your mooring chain is properly secured and locked by taking the end round the mast before you quit the boat keeping the key in your possession.

Sufficient wood will be found you upon your applying to the Superintendent. The garden in use by Mr Armstrong you will take possession of and a native will be found to fetch what water and fuel you may require.

It is also the Governor's express wish that you go out fishing every morning by eight o'clock, weather permitting and that you never occupy such a position as will prevent your observing any vessel that might be in the offing.

Perhaps not unreasonably, Back complained that he and his family could not live in two rooms and pointed out that he would not be able to hear a gun or see the Fremantle signal. He suggested that two fires be lit on 'Jail Hill' (Arthur Head) instead. There is no record of a reply but Francis Armstrong was relegated to the living quarters forming part of the incomplete lighthouse and instructed by the Harbour Master that the Governor wanted him to always keep "...one of your black men on the lookout – and teach them what coloured ball to hoist and when."

Three men formed the first pilot boat crew, William Saunders, Henry Blake and James Bradley, the latter two being boys transported to the Colony from Parkhurst prison. The uniforms they wore were modelled on those of the Royal Navy; in winter, navy blue with gilt buttons and caps whereas in summer they wore white with straw hats.



Back seemed to attract trouble. In December 1848, eight aboriginal convicts escaped from the island in the pilot boat, which was later found on the mainland. Two months later he sank the pilot boat, an undecked lugger, while attempting to pass through the channel between Natural Jetty and Phillip Rock. The Harbour Master Daniel Scott wrote to Back:

I am requested to inform you that it is the intention of His Excellency the Governor to make you pay the expenses connected with the loss of the pilot boat amounting at the present to the sum of £25/1/2, with probable addition of a further sum of £20 for the repairs of the boat. His Excellency has come to this determination as he is fully satisfied that the accident was entirely owing to neglect. I also have to inform you that this amount will be stopped from salary in sums of two pounds per month.

He wrote the Governor Captain Charles Fitzgerald seeking clemency but the response through Scott would not have given him much comfort. Scott responded:

In answer to your letter to His Excellency the Governor respecting releasing you of the debt incurred by the loss of the pilot boat. His Excellency informed me to state in lieu of stopping £2 per month from your salary he has reduced it to seventy five pounds per annum. I must further state that it will be your duty to regain His Excellency's goodwill towards you. I beg, in receiving a sailing boat again in charge, that you will not at-

tempt beating into Phillip's Channel, whether by night or day.

On another occasion, the Governor also directed Back to fish every day, weather permitting, something which he disliked and for which he was regularly in trouble, either for not going out or returning with an insufficient catch. Regarding this matter, Scott wrote to Back in the following terms:

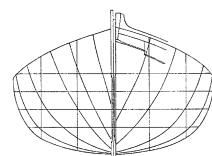
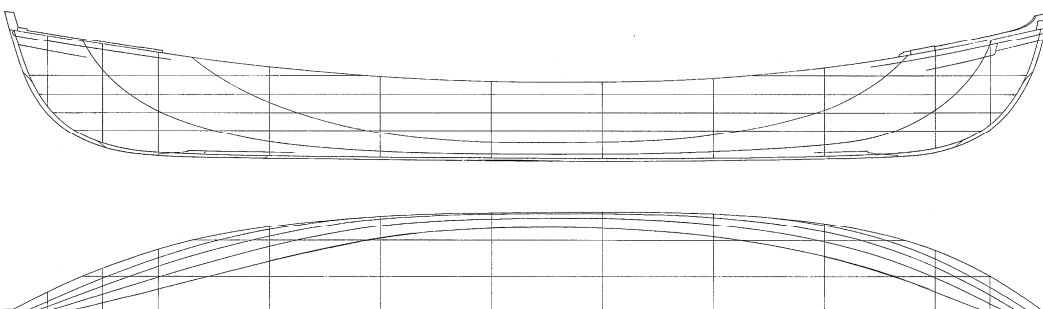
I am requested by His Excellency the Governor to say that he has looked over Mr. Vincent's log book and finds you do not go out fishing so often as you ought to do, and is much disappointed at so little fish being caught by you. I am desired to say that you must go out every day with your crew at eight o'clock a.m. and not return till two p.m., wind and weather permitting – unless you should be successful in getting a big haul sooner.

In December 1851 the Governor directed that Back and his crew were not allowed to land in Fremantle more than once a month; nor were they permitted to sell fish when they did land. The Harbour Master wrote to the Colonial Secretary's Office stating that Back had said that '...he would not be made a prisoner by the Governor, intimating that he would land when he considered it necessary.'

Back was suspended three times between 1851 and 1855 and in 1856 lost another boat for which he was dismissed but later reinstated. He was finally dismissed in 1857 and replaced by William Jackson. Edward Back died at Fremantle on 26 June 1886, aged 69 years.

PILOT WHALEBOAT  
FOR THE  
ROTTNEST STATION  
Based on a whaleboat built for the Station by William H. Edwards in 1853.  
SHEET 1 - LINES & BODY PLAN  
Drawn by R.H. Shardlow August 1999

*The lines of the Rottneest  
Island Pilot Boat  
Drawing: Ross Shardlow*





## A HOLIDAY FROM BUILDING A RAFT IN VIETNAM

### Part 19 of Nick Burningham's rambling reminiscences in which he spends the Tet Holiday in Hanoi

18th January We started the morning delivering Tet presents in the offices of Khiem and Sou, and saying final farewells to the raft builders and carpenters.

We departed from Sam Son in the usual beaten-up Russian jeep at 0920. We had an extra passenger with us: his presence was never explained but we took him to Thai Binh, a very considerable detour. Through pleasant country at first, then through flat, grey, muddy country. Truc tells me that the distance to Hanoi via Thai Bahn is the same as the normal route but Blind Freddy could see that it was not true.

Arrived at Hanoi at 1600. Booked into the Bac Nam Hotel which is not a bad place if the hot water is working.

My work at Sam Son has come to a halt, but my research goes on. I bought a bottle of domestic champagne. I intend to do a survey of all the domestic champagnes, and perhaps a few of the imported communist bubbliques.

Here is my assessment of Champagne Saigon: the plastic "cork" of this bottle is wired on, but the wire is in dangerously corroded condition and should not be touched without first getting a tetanus inoculation. The wiring is superfluous anyway: the stuff is virtually flat. The nose is dominated by vinegar or glacial acetic acid fumes. And it has a surprising compound of flavours. The vinegar comes first, then a sweet, savoury, sherry type taste, then gradually the acetic acid reasserts itself to catch at the back of your throat. All this for just 16,000 Dong (A\$ 2.20) — Champagne Saigon. Perhaps, tomorrow I will experiment with the Hanoi variety which is slightly more expensive.

Inspecting the label I find that I have drunk the Champagne exactly one month after the date it was bottled. The condition of the wire and complete destruction of the silver foil on the neck show that the detection of acetic acid, or some other corrosive acid, is correct.

Whilst out shopping in the main down-town covered market I found a stall with drawing equipment — compasses, stencils, French curves, etc. Some potentially useful stuff and all very reasonably priced. Unfortunately the stall seemed to be unstaffed, there was a girl there, but she refused to serve me or anyone else.

As I write this, I pour myself another tumbler of Champagne Saigon and discover to my horror that it is a litre bottle which I am trying to drink. It does have some beneficial effects: glasses in Vietnam are always clouded by a film of lime from the hard water (or something worse) if they are not unequivocally dirty. Here in the Bac Nam the glasses are not exactly crystal clear — except the one I am now drinking from. Champagne

Saigon has dissolved the crud, leaving the glass cleaner than the day it left the factory. It is so clean and clear that it appears to be a chimera from another world in these soiled surroundings.

19th January Up at six and on the road before 0630. Today we are going to inspect the sailmaker's work in Quang Ninh Province. He will make the sails and all the spars for *Hsu Fu*.

It is still dark when I leave the hotel. "Do you mind if I give my colleague a ride to his home village?" asks Truc as he ushers me to the clapped out wreck of a jeep he has hired.

"As long as it's not in Thanh Hoa." I reply.

I climb into the front seat and turn round to say hello to whoever is riding with us. Smiling back from the darkness I see about a dozen eyes and scores of teeth. As it turned out, no detour was involved in taking this family to their home village.

The journey to the sailmaker's necessitates three river crossings by car ferry/berge — very time consuming. Truc tried to use his Party Card to jump the queue at the first ferry but the result was just a heated argument followed by a long petulant wait. The journey of no more than 100km takes five hours.

The sailmaker has finished the sails but not yet started on the spars. There is still plenty of time. We agree on mast heel diameters of 180mm, 160mm and 120mm. [The sail-and-spar maker tried to change these after I had built the tabernacles.] Four stays on the mizzen and four shrouds plus four running stays each for the fore and main masts. Halliards will be rove through dumb sheaves [sheaves were fitted]. Each stay and shroud will have a reaving heart at its lower end. I request a little extra stitching of the bolt ropes which are only stitched every 100–150mm.

Truc urges me to ask the sailmaker more questions, but what should I ask. I have the details of the masts and the standing rigging, I can see the sails and it is agreed that the details of the running rigging will be as they normally are on the local fishing junks. We get to some rather fatuous discussions. I was not really sure what the purpose of this trip, though I was glad of the opportunity to explain the need for some extra standing rigging. Truc orders 3000 lengths of rattan to supplement the bamboo skin lashing material at Sam Son which will clearly not be enough.

We left again at 1330. The rattling Russian jeep took us to the second car ferry which is on the road to Hanoi, but left us there to take Mr Bing, the Party Official from Quang Ninh, home to Hong Gai. Before the parting of



the ways, Truc translated the text of the drawings I had done to show the steel cradle needed for transporting the raft to Hong Kong, but Truc and Bing will not write the translation on to the drawings: they are clearly trying to avoid taking any responsibility.

Truc and I negotiated a lift in a mini-bus already full of tourists. A mixed bunch: a young Australian couple, Swiss, French, German, Dutch and an Italian couple.

We eventually got back to Hanoi after 1900. Travelling after dark is very dangerous. At anytime driving here consists of a serious of egregious breaches of the most basic road rules. At night, many vehicles, including huge lumbering trucks, have no lights at all. Our mini-bus had headlights trained into the sky ahead of us to spot UFOs. Back in Hanoi, Truc gave me 500 000 Dong but did not want any dollars in exchange, which is curious in view of his previous need for all the dollars I was holding.

20th January I go to register with the Australian Embassy. A completely worthless exercise. I fill in a form which seems to require no details about where I am working in Vietnam, and then I am required to sign a section saying that I have read a notice about conditions of registry which, in fact, I was never shown. I ask about malaria in Thanh Hoa Province and I am told to go to the Ministry of Health. They give me nothing — no card with emergency phone numbers. What is the point of registering with them?

Truc returns \$100 from the “float” which he took on 17th. I make it clear that the money belongs to the project/Tim and that it is available if needed. He says that the \$500 that I have is not enough, that he is borrowing from his company (!) and that he prefers all borrowings to be from the same source for book keeping purposes (quite understandable). But this is not really rational since the use of the \$500 which I hold would not constitute borrowing. It is as close to an explanation as I am likely to get.

The weather today is cold and misty. The air is filled with dirty moisture that is somewhere between drizzle, mud and mist. I fear for my lungs which are long accustomed to warm, dry air.

For dinner I ate pork sate, spring rolls and fried rice. and could not sleep all night, my pulse racing — a reaction to a huge over-dose of MSG. When finally I fell asleep at dawn I had the most disturbing dreams. This journal is turning into a neurotic catalogue of minor ailments and whines.

21st January No duties today. I walk first to the south of the city then up to the northern “Old Quarter”. Both areas are bustling with Tet shoppers. The north is particularly bright with colourful goods and good humored shoppers and vendors.

Back to my health: I am developing bronchitis or something similar and the smoggy streets of Hanoi are doing me no good, the air is constantly thick with smoke from large strings of firecrackers being set off everywhere. I retire to my room feeling drawn. The Hotel management kindly provide an electric heater. It didn't work very well but it took the damp chill out of the room and I could breath better. Posted a letter to Smadar and bought some antibiotics and decongestants in the afternoon. In a letter I described the heater which had about two inches of loosely wound heating element as so inefficient it would be quite safe to take to bed.

22nd January Vietnamese New Years Eve. I wake with gurgling lungs and down a couple of antibiotics for breakfast. Again I wandered through the Old Quarter taking in the bustling street-market scenes. Then I widened my gyre north and west to the huge open-air markets that sell nothing but the Tet equivalent of Christmas trees: this market is a one day per year affair. There must be tens of thousands of little cumquat bushes for sale.

Returning to the Hotel I decided to buy one of the square rice cakes that are a Tet speciality for lunch. It was very rich, containing mung bean paste and pork fat. I managed to eat a quarter of it.

After lunch I worked on my manuscript for a while and then went out to buy the fire crackers that I must take to Truc's family who have kindly invited me to Tet dinner.

As I prepare to leave for the dinner, in the late afternoon, the manageress of the Hotel presents me with another Tet rice cake.

Dinner with Truc and his wife's family: pork brawn, cold roast pork, cold fried potatoes, and warm spring rolls which were frozen and came from Saigon — Saigon spring rolls are widely regarded as superior to northern ones. After that, a very large serve of very filling rice cake. Dinner is eaten quickly and by eight most of the guests have eaten and taken their leave. I had imagined that I would be there till midnight, passing pleasantries through Truc and sipping beer. But instead I am presented another rice cake, a bean cake and some candied fruit to take with me. Very kind indeed. In return I have only a roll of fire-crackers, a carton of Dunhill and three small plastic and kangaroo-fur koala bears (made in Taiwan) which I arrange in the Christmas tree.

The night is mad with fire-crackers: big, loud, crackers. But Truc says most people are saving their best ones for midnight.

What should I do till midnight?

I wandered out around the lake in the middle of the city distributing small value bank notes (all the notes are small value by western standards). Eventually I am recognised as the “chap building the raft” by Ian



Simmons, 1st secretary from the British Embassy. We chat and watch the fireworks over three beers until 1100 when I need to go somewhere and have a piss, and probably he does too.

I go back to the Hotel, I should have gone out again later to see the explosions at midnight but I went to bed with gurgling lungs. As midnight approaches there is a constant roar of large firecrackers and the thuds of even bigger explosions both near and far. It sounds like a bombing raid, as Truc said it would.

23rd January I wake a little after dawn and the roar of the firecrackers sounds like torrential rain, except for the more distinct explosions which seem to come from the stair-well of the Hotel. Rice cake for breakfast.

After a morning shower I again have to look outside to check that it is not pouring with rain because of the roar of the firecrackers.

This morning I walk in a gyre widened to the west and then the north, through the colossal and inhumansurrounds of the Ho Chi Minh Mausoleum and Museum. But the area I walked through to reach the Ho Chi Minh memorial is a more spacious and genteel part than I have seen before. North of the memorial I skirt the end of the Truc Bach Lake and then turn south through the Old Quarter. In the Old Quarter, the fire brigade are in action. No extra smoke is evident through the miasma of firecracker smoke but the fire brigade are sedulously pumping someone's house full of water while a very brave man climbs through the tangled web attached to the nearby power pole to disconnect the house.

After a lunch of rice cake, I phone Smadar: US\$ 18 for a five minute call!

In the afternoon I sit in the coffee shop for a while then return to the Hotel and read. At about five I felt peckish so I ate a slab of rice cake, and now I have no appetite for dinner. . .

Which was just as well. When I did wander out for soup the streets were dead and the only restaurant open was the Dan Chu, which is terrible.

At the coffee shop for a beer I met a strange and intensely intellectual Italian, a former mathematics lecturer who is embarking on a course in Hanoi after a decade of wandering the Orient in search of enlightenment. I think he is planning to formulate the mathematical expression of "Om". He has interesting things to say about Marx's ideas having their origins in Epicureanism, which he regards as having been a garbled version of Buddhism.

24th January A quick snack of rice cake and then off to brunch at Truc's apartment. I intended to take some flowers as a gift so I searched the streets looking for a flower seller. Eventually I found a few dahlias and headed towards Truc's street . . . which I found blocked

with flower sellers. A very pleasant traditional brunch started with a slug of snake wine followed by beer, fried rice cake and various nibbles. Truc's one room flat is better arranged, neater and cleaner than most; and it contains a television, radio cassette player, and a fridge. It is on the first floor and is reached through a cave-like passage and then by a near vertical ascent of slimy, dripping, wall, by twisting past projecting masonry and pipes. Clearly the furniture was got in by some other route. I stay until 1130 when my bladder urges departure. Truc frankly warns me that it is better not to sample the communal facilities.

The roar of firecrackers has diminished somewhat. Fire engines are still hurtling back and forth. Apparently we still have fourteen days of firecrackers to go.

The weather is milder today, though still cool. My lungs are gurgling less. During the afternoon a pale, wintry sun peeps out. I walk to the old Temple of Learning Museum where a ceremony is taking place. A number of women are done up like extras from "The Last Emperor", they sing a nasal pibroch accompanied by a horribly amplified rebab (fiddle) and occasional drum passages. A man reads a commentary, or narrates, or something, through a much louder amplifier. In the middle of all this, two party officials, done up in Russian gear to look like the late Comrade Gromyko, stand smoking cigarettes. The temple and grounds are very pleasant and would be tranquil on another occasion. From there I walk south through the cramped residential area to the west of the Central Railway Station. It is not as poor and squalid as I thought it might be, though I would not like to attempt to earn a living selling the inhabitants jacuzzis or ride-on lawn mowers. Then I walk back to the "Paris end" of Hanoi where I stay, by a circuitous route. Next I go round to the coffee bar (Actually the Cafe Kemly) for a beer.

In the evening I take dinner at the only place open: the Dan Chu, which is a big ugly old communist Hotel built for Russian tourists.

Bored with sitting on my own, I impose myself on a blond, about 30ish, who is also wistfully sitting alone. Dobra is a Czech who studied Vietnamese language and culture in University and spent a year here as a student ten years ago. She has returned hoping to find some opportunity because her knowledge of Vietnamese is no longer useful at home. She also speaks English, German and Japanese but can only get unsatisfactory work in a travel agency in the Czech Republic. She is very depressed by what she finds here. The water and electricity supplies have improved [thanks to Swedish aid] but nothing else has been developed at all and little has been maintained. She will try Saigon.

What a terrible thing it is that there are so many highly educated and energetic people, in so many countries,



who are desperate just to earn a living from week to week.

25th January At the hotel after a breakfast of rice cake, I am visited by Truc and his young nephew Trung, who is a student of English at French college. Trung will be my guide today and practice his English. We went first to the History Museum where I intended to make more accurate drawings of the bronze-age watercraft shown on Dong Son drums; but the Museum had not yet reopened after Tet. Trung offers to show me the temple of culture and learning. I did not mention that I was there yesterday. At the temple we watch a kind of choreographed chess match with human pieces — young women on one side, young men on the other. A narrator sings and battle drums beat continuously. Trung says it is not a competition and there will be no winner or loser; but each move is commented on excitedly by many of the spectators. The moves of each side are marshalled by very intense men. Trung is not interested. At the end I cannot be sure whether there was in fact a victor, or Trung was correct.

We go to the Uncle Ho Mausoleum and the Uncle Ho Museum which are both closed. Then we looked through the gates of the grounds of Uncle Ho's former house — also closed. But we were ushered in and given a tour of the grounds and the outside of various buildings. Ho lived and worked, much of the time, in a simple elevated wooden bungalow built in the grounds of the official residence — it is very much like a Darwin house of the 1950s, but very elegantly finished. We went to the West Lake where I enquired about hiring a rowing boat. Trung was very nervous about the idea and it turned out that the queue was much too long.

Trung asked me some difficult questions about English usage and grammar: the distinction between could, would and should, etc. and speak, say, tell, talk. At the temple where he paid Dong 500 and I paid Dong 6000 to enter, I pointed out that Vietnam is still very cheap for foreigners. But later I observed that some Hotels are not very good value. He asked:

“Because they are not modern?”

“No,” I said, “because they are not very clean.”

He nodded and looked thoughtful: “But all the houses in Vietnam is worse.” he said.

Uncle Ho's house was spotless, but, of course, he doesn't do much to make it dirty these days. After our guided tour I felt obliged to buy \$3 worth of trinkets from the souvenir shop.

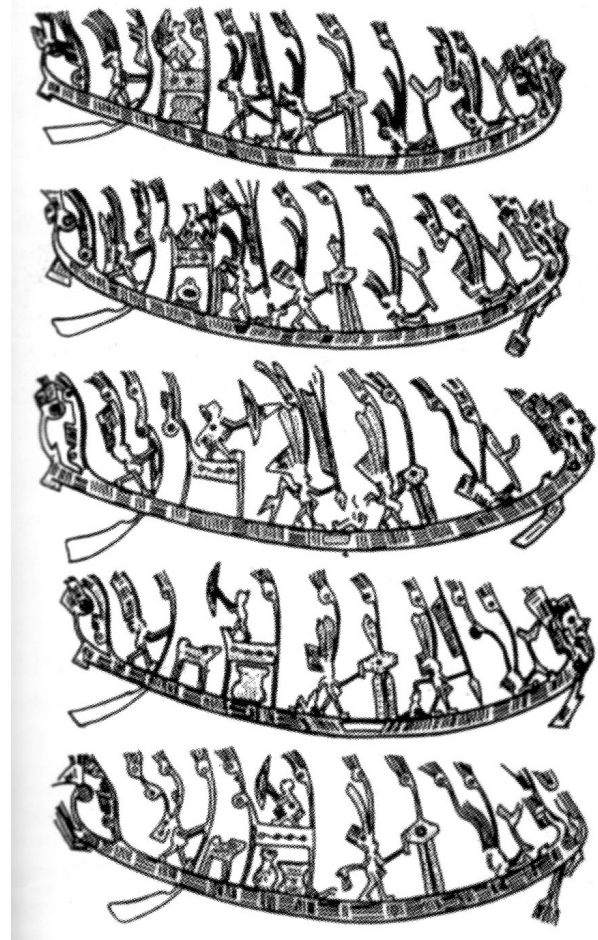
In the evening I had a very pleasant dinner with Ian Simmons at the Piano Bar which is a restaurant and has no bar. It is a pleasant restaurant — pretty close to clean and with a French atmosphere. We have soup, main course, creme caramel, coffee and three beers each, all

for U\$14. Ian mentions that the Ambassador is keen to meet Tim next time he is in Hanoi.

The weather is milder still, and my lungs are more or less OK.

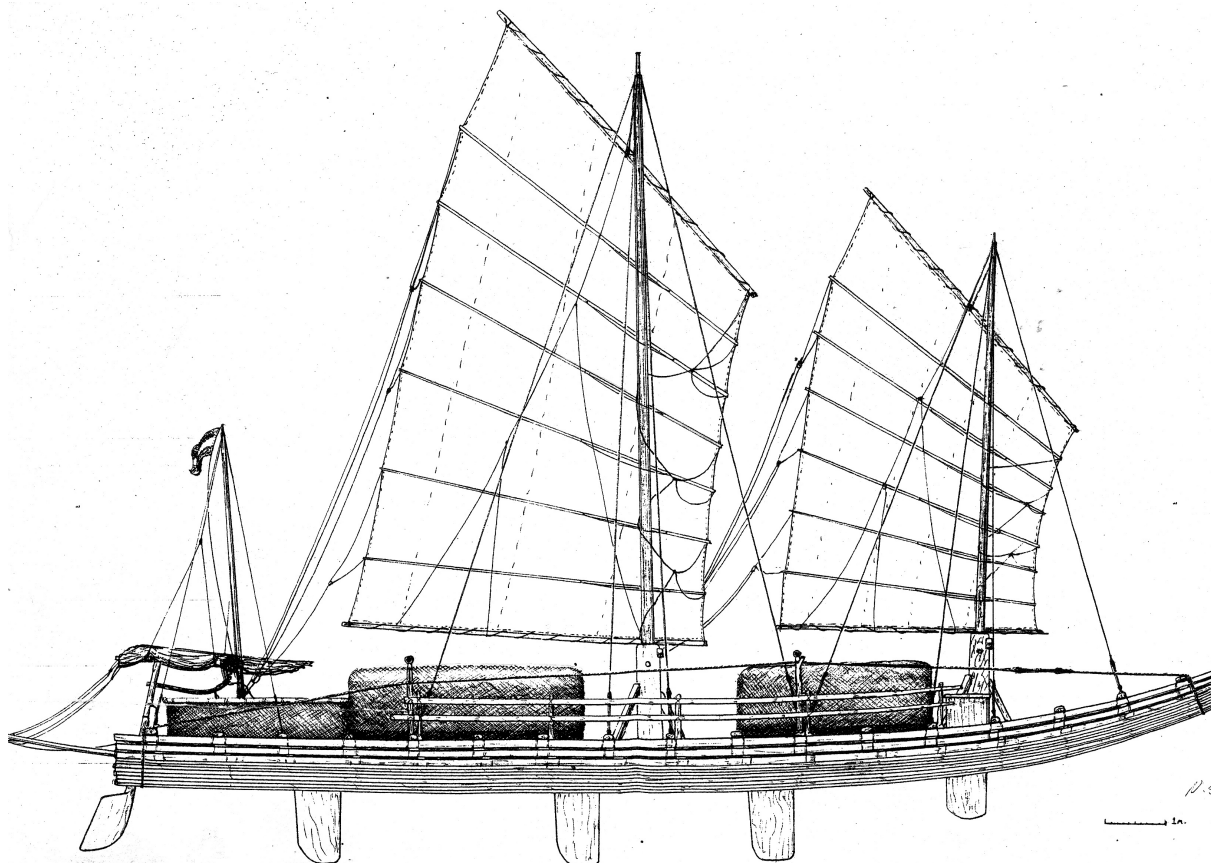
26th January After a breakfast of rice cake I type a fax to Tim and then go, accompanied by Trung, to the History Museum where I spend a couple of hours sketching Dong Son boats.

For lunch I take rice cake and sweet apricot “wine”, and after lunch we go to the National Art Gallery which actually has better Dong Son drums showing ships, and also better interpretive displays on the material culture shown by the friezes on the drums. There are some attractive pieces in the Gallery and some fine “Minority People” textiles. There is also plenty of heavy Russian Socialist-style ugliness.



*Dong Son vessels on bronze drums*

At about 3:30 we moved on to the Ho Chi Min Museum. The History Museum and the Art Gallery are both somewhat shabby, but they are housed in fine and dignified old colonial buildings. The Ho Chi Minh Museum, on the other hand, is a prodigy of perspex and chrome, housed in a marble and glass ziggurat. I had learned that Uncle Ho never married, so I searched



*My design for the raft Hsu Fu which differed significantly from Colin Mudie's because of the nature of the available materials.*

carefully through the early photographs of Ho in Paris pretending to look for an *amoureux*. I suspect that it is a futile search but I mask my true suspicions about Ho from young Trung. Trung is amused by the search but prefers to look at Ho's unnaturally large eyes which Trung says are "intelligent eyes". Ho stares intensely from the photographs through huge dilated eyes: I suspect drugs but say nothing about that either. Between 1935 and 45, Ho aged tremendously and lost most of his hair.

We saw only a small portion of the monstrous Ho Museum before we were herded out onto the street, a good half hour before official closing time — Trung remarks that some people who work there are very lazy.

On the way back we discuss finding him a little Aussie pen-pal; dating; and the marriageability of the Great Marxist leaders. Lenin did not marry. I forgot to ask about Castro but I don't think I've seen a picture of Mrs Castro.

After a full day of cultural edification (and Australia Day too) I repair to a little "Beer Garden" that serves draught beer sucked straight from the barrel and siphoned into your glass. The beer is rather flat and watery, but authentic and amazingly cheap. While I am at the Beer

Garden, a tall, fuzzy Negro (or Moluccan?) comes jogging in with a small milk churn which he gets filled with beer, and then jives out into the traffic again, dancing like a basketball player. Beer **garden** is not a wholly accurate description of the place, but it is not a beer house because it has no walls. It is right beside the opera house, so it can't be too downmarket. However, later I returned to the Beer Garden with Peter the America for a pre-dinner drink and we found that there were dozens of large rats scurrying all over the place and swimming in the slops bucket. We only stayed for one beer and then went for dinner at the Dan Chu — still the only place open.

27th January I spent most of the day working quietly on the "Lambo" manuscript. Today is the last day in the big city. I intended to eat dinner at the fairly up-market Lotus which re-opened today, but found it booked out. I ate at the Bac Nam which has also reopened its restaurant.





# Read The Fine Print!

A tale of confusion and caution by Rod Dickson; and can anyone answer his plea?

In 1894, I was a Baker with my own business in High Street, Fremantle and due to unusual circumstances I was running short of an important ingredient in my fancy recipes, Baking Powder.

The local suppliers were also short on supplies and I had to resort to suppliers in Melbourne. I sent an order via the telegraph to J.F. McKenzie & Co., stressing the urgency of the order. The order was filled and the ten cases were delivered to the docks at Port Melbourne to be transhipped by the first steamer, which happened to be the S.S. *Bothwell Castle*. This was the only way to transport the goods as there was no rail or roads connecting W.A. to the Eastern States.

The ship sailed from Port Phillip Bay on the August 24, 1894, and arrived in Albany on August 31. After one day in the southern port she sailed direct for Fremantle where she arrived on September 2, 1894.

I received my consignment shortly after and set my staff to baking. With little to do I sat in my chair in the office and idly picked up the delivery account from the shippers, McIlwraith, McEacharn & Co. Limited. I noticed the printing on the back and slowly read from the top of the page. I read with utter disbelief!!

For a businessman or importer bringing goods from interstate to Fremantle during the 1890's, one of the shipping companies operating on the route from Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide to Fremantle, was the old established firm of McIlwraith, McEacharn & Co. Ltd. For importers buying and bringing goods from the Eastern States for sale in the local emporiums they had to use the coastal ships as there were no roads or rails crossing the continent. Consequently they were at the mercy of the shipping companies as to the terms and conditions of the carriage of their goods.

Following are some of the conditions imposed on importers shipping goods from Melbourne to Fremantle in August 1894.

SHIPPER'S RECEIPT.  
**McILWRAITH, McEACHARN & CO.,**  
 LIMITED,  
 MELBOURNE, 24. 8. 1894

Received, subject to the terms, conditions and exceptions endorsed on the back hereof, from *J. F. McKenzie & Co.* to be warehoused until shipment and forwarded per *Bothwell Castle* or any other Steamer to *Fremantle*  
 Consigned to *J. J. Simpson & Son*  
 Freight Payable at *Fremantle*  
 The within goods are shipped and received subject to the exceptions and Stipulations on back of attached receipt.

MARKS AND NOS.	NO. OF PKGS.	DESCRIPTION OF PACKAGES.
<i>S + S F</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>Cases Bak Pdw</i>

Freight, £ : :  
 Wharfage, £ : :  
 Charges, £ : :  
 For McIlwraith, McEacharn & Co., Ltd.,  
*[Signature]*

## The Terms, Conditions and Exceptions upon which the Company receive Goods to be Warehoused and Forwarded are as Follows:

1. Marks, Weights, Measures, Contents, Quality and Condition unknown.
2. The Company may charge freight, by weight measurement, or value, and may before or after delivery, re-measure, re-weigh, or re-value, and charge additional freight accordingly.
3. Not responsible for the Act of God, the Queen's Enemies, Restraint of Princes, Rulers or Peoples Revolutions, Riots or Ementes, Strikes, Lockouts, or Stoppages of Labour from whatever Cause. Pirates, Robbers, or Thieves, whether on board or not, Barratry of Master and Mariners, Collision, Stranding, Straining, Explosion, Loss or Damage from Vermin,



Stains, Rust, Hook-marks or Injury from Hooks, Sweating, Fermentation, Putrefaction, Wastage, Drainage, Leakage, Chafage, Breakage, Ullage, Shrinking, Evaporation, Rain, Spray, Coal or Coal-Dust, Frost, Thaw, Dew, Inherent Deterioration, Decay, Jettison, Accidents, Contact with or Smell or Evaporation, or Taint from other Goods, Heat of Holds, Change of Character, Effects of Climate, Bad Stowage, Defective Ventilation, Insufficiency of Strength or Size, and Reasonable Wear and Tear of Packages, Inaccuracy, Indistinctness, Illegibility or Obliteration of Marks, Numbers, Brands or Addresses, or Description of Goods, Injury to Wrappers, Matting or Bags, however caused; Broken Cords, Bands or Hoops, nor for Slack Bags, unless they bear external Evidence of having been Broken or Opened; Nor for any loss of or Damage to Goods under any Circumstances Whatever, Capable of being Insured against.

4. Not responsible for fire at any time or in any place, nor from heat, spontaneous combustion, nor for the condition of re-packed or re-exported goods, for Tea Chests, packages of Glass Articles; Liquids; Chinaware; Earthenware; Terra-Cotta or Plasterware; Stoves; Grates; Cast-Iron work, or other Fragile or Perishable articles, nor for accidents to or defects latent or otherwise in Hull; Tackle; Winches; Cranes; Windlass; Steering gear; Electric Machinery; wires; Boilers; or Machinery or their Appurtenances; Steam; Bursting; Leakage of Pipes; other Perils of the Seas; Rivers; Harbours; Canals and Steam Navigation; or, Land Transit of whatever nature or kind; Heeling Over; Up-setting; Submerging or Sinking of Ship in Harbour; River or Sea or the Entry or Admission of water into the Vessel by any cause, or for any purpose; Loss or damage caused by heavy weather or the pitching or rolling of the Vessel; nor for any negligence of the Shipowner's Servants or of any Pilot; nor for the enforcement by any Government of the Laws relating to Customs. The Steamer to have liberty to deviate from any advertised route in any manner and for any purpose whatever; to touch and stay at Ports; discharge; receive and wait for Goods; Mails or Passengers; take in Coal or Supplies; sail with or without a Pilot - Tow and assist Vessels in all situations and perform salvage services to Vessels and Cargo without being deemed a deviation; to proceed under sail or in tow of any Vessel; transship; land or store goods on shore or afloat; reshipe by any Vessel either Steam or Sail, and forward same to Destination, at ship's expense; but at Merchant's Risk.

5. Not responsible for loss of or damage to goods lying on wharves or in warehouses awaiting shipment; nor for any loss or damage to cargo after discharge from the ship's tackles. The Company reserves the right to deliver to any lighter. The entire risk of all lighterage or railage for transit of goods or treasures to

or from the Steamers shall be borne by owners of same; notwithstanding any custom to the contrary, or that the cost of such transit may be defrayed by ship. Disclaimer - The Company Expressly Exempts itself from loss or damage by Fire to cargo or goods stored awaiting shipment or orders; or after arrival at Port of Consignment, stored pending delivery or otherwise howsoever; or whether any warehousing or other charges be paid or payable on same or not in any stores or warehouses or on any wharves of their own or in use by the Company.

6. Not responsible for overcarriage of cargo from whatever cause, but will remedy same at owner's risk.

7. If any cargo of an inflammable, damaging or dangerous nature is shipped without being previously declared and specially arranged for, it is liable to be thrown overboard, and the loss will be upon the owners of such cargo, as well as any loss or damage caused by such shipment, either to persons, ship or cargo.

8. All Cargo on deck is carried at shipper's risk. Fruit trees; shrubs; meat; game; oysters; fish; vegetables and all kinds of perishable property to be carried on deck or below at the shippers risk. Freight upon deck cargo, unless otherwise specially arranged, must be paid previous to shipment.

9. Not accountable for Gold; Silver; Bullion; Specie; Watches; Clocks; Jewellery; Precious Stones; Silk Goods; Quinine; Precious Metals; Opium; Bank Notes; Bonds or Securities for Money; Paintings; Sculptures or other works of art; or any property of special value. An untrue and incorrect declaration of the contents and value of goods shall release the Company from all responsibility.

10. Room at Ports of Transshipment is not guaranteed.

11. Not liable for incorrect delivery, nor responsible for marks or numbers of Hides or Skins nor for the absence of such particulars of any other description of cargo.

12. The steamer may repair insufficient packages at cost of the goods and not be liable for pilferage from such packages.

13. Not responsible for cargo missed; lost; damaged or destroyed unless claimed for in writing, at port of destination, within seven days from the date same was or should have been landed; and any claim for loss of or damage to any cargo shall be restricted to the cash value of the same, at date at port of discharge; provided such value does not exceed the cash value at



date at port of shipment, with actual freight, insurance; duty, if any and shipping charges added.

14. Live Animals, and everything of a Zoological nature are shipped under and subject to the following terms in addition to such of the terms hereinbefore contained are applicable. The Company will not be responsible for the death, damage or loss of any animal or animals while in their charge, or otherwise or from any cause, default, whether willful, gross or otherwise, nor will they be responsible for any loss arising from Suffocation or other causes occurring to live animals, or from kicking, plunging or viciousness of same in transit; nor from any damage arising from shipping or landing, or while in the possession of the owner, Master or Agent, before or after the voyage from whatever cause they may remain in such possession. Water for the animals, during the voyage, provided by the Company, but not fodder. Animals not removed within two hours after arrival at Port of Discharge, may be sent to Livery or agisted at the cost and absolute risk of the Owner or Consignees, and expenses on shore pending transshipment are to be borne by the Owners or Consignees. The Company are at liberty to transship at their discretion. Freight on any kind of livestock to be prepaid and in every instance according to the number shipped.

15. All Quarantine expenses and risks to be borne by Consignees. In case of Quarantine the goods may be discharged into Quarantine Vessel, (Hulk or other

vessel) as required for the vessel's dispatch.

16. Should Quarantine, Blockade, Interdict, weather, or any other circumstance prevent discharge at the Ports of Call, or if the entering of or discharging in the Ports be considered by the Master unsafe from any cause, or if the Authorities of the Port refused to allow the cargo to be discharged, the Master may land the cargo at any other Port, or bring it on to the ships destination and in either case the cargo shall be at the risk of the owners thereof. Should cargo be taken on to Port of Delivery by same or other ship, it shall be liable for freight at the current rate from the Port at which it is landed to the original Port of Delivery.

17. Not responsible for advance in or delays after advertised date of sailing, either through the performance of the Company's mail contracts or any other cause whatsoever.

Having read all the above and considered the rules and regulations, if their is a legal - minded knowledgeable reader amongst the Maritime History Set, can you please elucidate me as to just what I can possibly claim or not claim as the case may be, if my consignment of Baking Powder arrives in a damaged condition, or fails to arrive!

Thank you.

# Important Notice

**Please note that membership fees become due on 1 July**

## Maritime Heritage Association Inc. Membership Fees

	<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



# QUIZ

## Answers to March

1. Yes, Darwin did spend time in Western Australia. He arrived in Albany on 6 March 1836 on board the *Beagle*. Darwin's comment: *We stayed there eight days; and we did not during our voyage pass a more dull and uninteresting time.*
2. The four known VOC ships wrecked on this coast belonged to the following Chambers of the *Verenigde Oostindische Compagnie*:- *Batavia* (1629)-Amsterdam, *Vergulde Draeck* (1656)-Amsterdam, *Zuytdorp* (1712) - Zeeland, *Zeewijk* (1727)-Zeeland.
3. The *City of Adelaide* was built at Sunderland, UK, and launched on 7 May 1864.

## Quiz

1. What is meant by mousing a hook?
2. What is the difference between a seaplane and a flying boat?
3. In March 1827 James Stirling arrived off the Swan River. This was his first visit. In what ship did he arrive?



## Maritime Heritage Association Inc.

46 Sandgate Street, South Perth, Western Australia, 6151.

