

# MARITIME HERITAGE ASSOCIATION JOURNAL

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

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*A 1919 photograph of the Shamrock sailing off the Mill Point Jetty*



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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## **\*\* Important Notice \*\***

### **It is now time for your membership renewal**

#### **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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*Please forward remittance to:-*

Bob Johnson (Treasurer),

46 Sandgate Street,

SOUTH PERTH Western Australia 6151.

## **Things They Would Rather Have Not Said**

Don't worry dear, it will all be over by Christmas.

**Mike Igglesden's father talking to his mother, 2 September 1939.**



## MARITIME HERITAGE ASSOCIATION INC.

### PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT, 2013.

IT IS AN HONOUR AND PLEASURE to present this report to the AGM in person. Last year my report was read for me by Geoff Shellam, I believe, for I was in Java finishing a replica of a Fuzhou junk for a Singapore client.

Once again I am reporting on a year when I was often elsewhere so the achievements which I report were made possible by my non-interference more than my active participation.

Last year I reported that the condition of the cutter ALBATROSS had deteriorated in the years since the trailer and display was first proposed. There was genuine concern that the fabric of ALBATROSS, the timber and the fastenings, would not withstand frequent and prolonged towing. We were starting to seek a long-term home for the historic vessel. That search has been a significant concern in the subsequent twelve months. Unfortunately we wasted much time pursuing the possibility that ALBATROSS could return to the old Naval Stores Building on Cantonment Hill, Fremantle. Fremantle City's Mayor and Deputy Mayor both evinced considerable enthusiasm for the idea. It has obvious merit for a whole range of reasons, but the City lets the building to a car dealership for storage of cars imported through the port of Fremantle on a short-term lease. Institutional cupidity and laziness make the City disinclined to relinquish that easy income, but not brave enough to explicitly reject our proposal, or so it seems to me having heard nothing from the Mayor or his deputy for about six months.

We have discussed a permanent home for ALBATROSS with the Batavia Coast Maritime Heritage Association, Augusta who showed considerable interest, Albany, The Army Museum in Fremantle, Dardanup Heritage Park and Carnarvon Heritage Group. The Committee selected Carnarvon's

proposal as the most appropriate for several reasons. Most cogently the display of the 32' naval cutter along with the lifeboat from the German raider KORMORAN honours the intention that ALBATROSS be a war memorial commemorating the terrible battle of KORMORAN and HMAS SYDNEY II. That intention underlies the funding we received from the Finding Sydney Foundation.

This divesting ourselves of a major physical asset symbolises the current direction of the Association. The committee has decided that we should accept that we have moved away from the hands-on promotion of Maritime Heritage that was probably best exemplified by Wooden Boat Works and that we should play to our current strengths in promoting and publishing Maritime Heritage's more cerebral aspects through research and publication.

*The MHA Journal* continues to be a publication that delivers this organisation prestige and much justifiable pride. Many thanks to Julie Taylor and Par Excellence who continue printing and binding the *Journal*, and to our editor Peter Worsley. Peter is much more than a volunteer editor as I observed last year. This year has seen the publication of Jill and Peter's latest book of Maritime History and Archaeology *Capes of Sunset*. The MHA was pleased to support the funding of the printing, we have nominated it for the Frank Broeze Prize, and it was with great pleasure I presented a copy of the book to Barry Hicks at an MHA function at the Hicks' Museum in November. Barry, although impressively sturdy and vigorous, retired from working as a professional rigger at the end of January this year. We trust Barry enjoyed his retirement right up until he ended it in March to assist Robin with a new order of rope nets and ladders.



Due to a distribution problem, the *MHA Journal* Volume 23, 4 was published online. This seems to have occasioned a number of new membership applications, some from interstate. We will continue to publish online since this seems to attract people to sign-up to receive hard-copies rather than persuade people that they don't need to subscribe for hard-copies.

Former MHA President Rod Dickson's latest publications, *Maritime Matters, Vol I - 7*, have been published by Hesperian Press in association with the MHA. Further volumes, including those covering the Fremantle and Rockingham areas are scheduled for publication in collaboration with Hesperian. As a token of our appreciation of Hesperian Press's generous advancement of the MHA's activities in publication, we have invited Peter Bridge, the principal and director of Hesperian Press to accept Honorary Lifetime Membership of our Association. An invitation which Peter Bridge has graciously accepted.

Our thanks to Barry and Doris Hicks for hosting both the end of year gathering at their splendid museum, and a very well attended mid-year function; and to Brian and Irene Lemon who, as always, assisted the Hicks with the arrangements.

Another highlight of the year for me as the re-launching of the motor-yacht KIEWA, 100 years after she was first launched from the Lawrence's yard. The re-launching was the culmination of several years of thorough and meticulous restoration by MHA member Ron Lindsay and his small team.

This has been another year in which much of what has been achieved, has been achieved in my absence. My thanks to the committee for all their efforts. As secretary Leigh, and as Treasurer Bob, have particularly demanding duties. Furthermore Bob is director of digital communications.

MHA committee meetings are still without a permanent venue. Barbara and Ross Shardlow have hosted meetings in the splendidly appointed Staterooms, but the Staterooms are about to be decommissioned due to problems with vermin. As a matter of some urgency the next committee must seek a new home.

Thanks to Jill and Peter for hosting this AGM.

Nick Burningham

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## **Become a Published Author See Your Name in Print**

Members present at the AGM held on 7 April decided that the Association should publish a series of small A5 size booklets on maritime topics. Interested members may submit an article to the committee for peer review. If considered appropriate, a sub-committee of editor, layout and printing designer and a publications specialist would have the booklet printed and copies distributed to appropriate sales outlets. The project at this stage is an experimental one, but it was considered that probably five books could be published initially to gauge the market.

Some suggested topics include: Aboriginal fish-

ing; hulks; trepang fishing vessels and voyages; development of luggers; how to build a whale-boat; Albany and the WW I troop convoys; preserving food on ships; history and techniques of loading timber onto ships; the fastest boats in the West; loading and unloading stock; Western Australian collections of model boats & ships; WA timbers used in boat and ship building; famous WA boat builders; etc., etc., the list is endless. If you have an interest in a particular maritime subject why not do some research, write an article and send it to the editor for presentation to the committee.

*(More details available on request).*





# 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!)*



Harry Leishman of 'Springmount', Nanarup near Albany, bought a piano. As it was being brought ashore from one of Armstrong & Waters tugs the dinghy was swamped. The piano was raised, but those who believe in ghosts claim that it is still there, and on still nights can be heard playing with the aid of fish on the keyboard.

Whale Head Rock, north-east of the entrance to Princess Royal Harbour at Albany, was so named because the whales on their annual migration north used to make the rock a scrubbing place to rid themselves of barnacles and other vermin.

In March 1896 the steamer *Rob Roy* brought some pigs to Esperance. When offloaded onto the jetty the pigs happily trotted towards the shore. However, when reaching the shore end:

*...they simultaneously gave one significant sniff and hurried back to the steamer at a galloping pace. It was quite evident that their olfactory nerves were severely assaulted at the prospect of being located in town under the present conditions of the health regulations in Esperance (Esperance Chronicle, 9 April 1896 quoted in Dickson, 2012).*

On 27 April 1829 the *Challenger* (Captain Fremantle) struck what is now called Challenger Rock. His diary entry states:

*Never since I have been at sea have I witnessed anything to equal the carelessness and stupidity of the Master; he placed a buoy on a rock and then steered for the buoy and ran the ship immediately on it. The Master deserves to be hanged immediately.*

If you are researching the early French explorations in Western Australia you should note that a French league is not three miles. It equals 3,666 yards, 2.08 statute miles, 3.35 kilometres or 1.81 nautical miles.

George Vancouver took possession of much of the south coast of WA on 29 September 1791. Many of the names he gave to features such as King George Sound, Princess Royal Harbour, Michaelmas Island and Breaksea Island, remain. However, one name does not. According to one of his lieutenants, Peter Puget, Vancouver originally called the coast 'New Cornwall'. There is no mention of this in Vancouver's *A Voyage of Discovery...*, so we depend only on Puget's report.

The first auxiliary powered survey ship in Australasian waters was HMS *Acheron*. This barque-rigged 722-ton paddle steamer was commanded by Captain John Lort Stokes of *Beagle* fame, and surveyed New Zealand and parts of the east coast of Australia from 1847 to 1854.

The Abrolhos map entitled *Houtman's Abrolhos near the W. Coast of New Holland from Van Keulen* was published by A. Dalrymple according to an Act of Parliament in August 1782. It was part of a set of plans and charts, some of which were purchased by and others issued to John Septimus Roe in 1828.

Edward John Eyre met Captain Rossiter of the *Mississippi* at Rossiter Bay in 1841, during his epic overland journey from Fowlers Bay to Albany. At Eyre's request Rossiter had his blacksmith make new horseshoes from old harpoons and lances for Eyre's horses, and it was most likely these new horseshoes (plus the food given to them) which enabled Eyre and Wylie to eventually reach Albany.

Lt Edmund Lockyer after returning from King George Sound to Sydney on the *Amity* took up land near Golbourn. In 1852 he was appointed Sergeant-at-Arms to the new NSW Legislative Council, and in 1856 became Usher of the Black Rod.

## Captain Alexander Smith Nick Burningham



I RECENTLY VISITED MY FRIENDS Amanda and Marc in White Gum Valley to view their new home extension, but I was more taken by a large watercolour of a barque with a main skysail yard in the old part of the house.

The ship portrayed was *CADZOW FOREST*, which had been Amanda's great grandfather's ship, he had been her skipper. And it was painted by H. Percival — "One of the most skillful and prolific of the later Liverpool ship portraitists working in watercolour, although there is evidence to show that he later worked in London. He specialised in painting windjammers in heavy seas, under shortened sail. He signed his works H. Percival, with the date in ink, in a cursive script" - Finch, Roger. *The Pierhead Painters : Naive Ship Portrait Painters, 1750-1950*. (London, Barrie & Jenkins, 1983)

The date of the painting is 1889, a fairly late date for a moderate-sized barque to retain a main skysail.

*CADZOW FOREST* was built with an iron hull by Russell & Co. on the Clyde, launched in 1878 for J. Pollock & Co. of Glasgow. Amanda's great grandfather Alexander Smith was her first skipper and very likely she was his first command. He was born on 6th February 1851, so he was twenty-seven when *CADZOW FOREST* was a handsome new main skysail-yarder of 1116 GRT.

A few years later she was sold to J.C. King, also of Glasgow. Alexander Smith stayed with the ship. She was no clipper, her co-efficient of underdeck tonnage was 0.673, but Captain Smith took her out to Sydney in 90 days in 1892 despite experiencing some very heavy weather. Two years later he left her to take command of a better known ship *CARRADALE*. The first mate J. McInnes took over *CADZOW FOREST* and was with her in January 1896 when she was lost with all hands and a pilot on the bar at the mouth of the Columbia River.

It was largely through Captain Smith's exertions that *CARRADALE* became a well-known ship. She was a four-mast barque, launched in 1889 by A. Stephens & Co, for J.A. Roxburgh's "Dale" line. Basil Lubbock devoted several pages to her career in volume II of *The Last of the Windjammers*. He wrote "Whilst she was commanded by Alexander Smith she put up some astonishing records for a full built ship."

Smith took *CARRADALE* from Barry, Wales to Nagasaki in 119 days in 1897. He went by way of Sunda Strait and Bangka Strait.

Taking a big square-rigger through Bangka Strait was quite something. It is a long and narrow strait between Sumatera and Pulau Bangka. They used to say there was a risk of the bowsprit knocking monkeys out of the trees when tacking there. Most skippers would have gone the long way round, east of Australia and the Philippines, or at least through Ombai Strait west of Timor.

*CARRADALE* was sailed right into Nagasaki anchorage without taking a tug.

From Nagasaki Smith went over to Portland, Oregon. He left Portland in early December with only one certified officer, the 2nd mate having done a runner just before they sailed. They encountered terrible weather as soon as they got clear of the land. The cargo shifted and, while they were trying to rectify that, a large spare spar broke loose. The mate, the

only qualified officer, was badly injured trying to secure the loose spar and was not able to stand watch for the rest of the voyage back to Britain. The weather continued extremely bad for ten days during which captain Smith scarcely left the deck.

In 1899 *CARRADALE* was 99 days from the West Coast of South America to the English Channel with a cargo of nitrates, by way of Cape Horn, which was a good passage. Unfortunately they then spent ten days tacking up the channel against a stiff easterly. Many skippers would have taken a tow once they'd reached The Channel, even if the wind was favourable.

Alexander Smith left *CARRADALE* in 1912. I suspect he was a staunch, parsimonious skipper who worked hard to get the best out of his ship and to save the owner's money. He must have gone to sea in the late 1860s when the Clyde-built tea clippers (and Aberdeen's *THERMOPYLAE*) were at the zenith of their fame and raced every inch of the way from China to London. Perhaps he was an apprentice in one of those clippers, learning his art under one of the great skippers who got every last inch of speed out of their ship for every minute of the voyage, and never saw their ship as a clumsy or dangerous machine. That he was allowed to retain a main skysail on *CADZOW FOREST* suggests his employers thought him worth the extra expense.



*Carradale leaving Sydney*



# Saving History

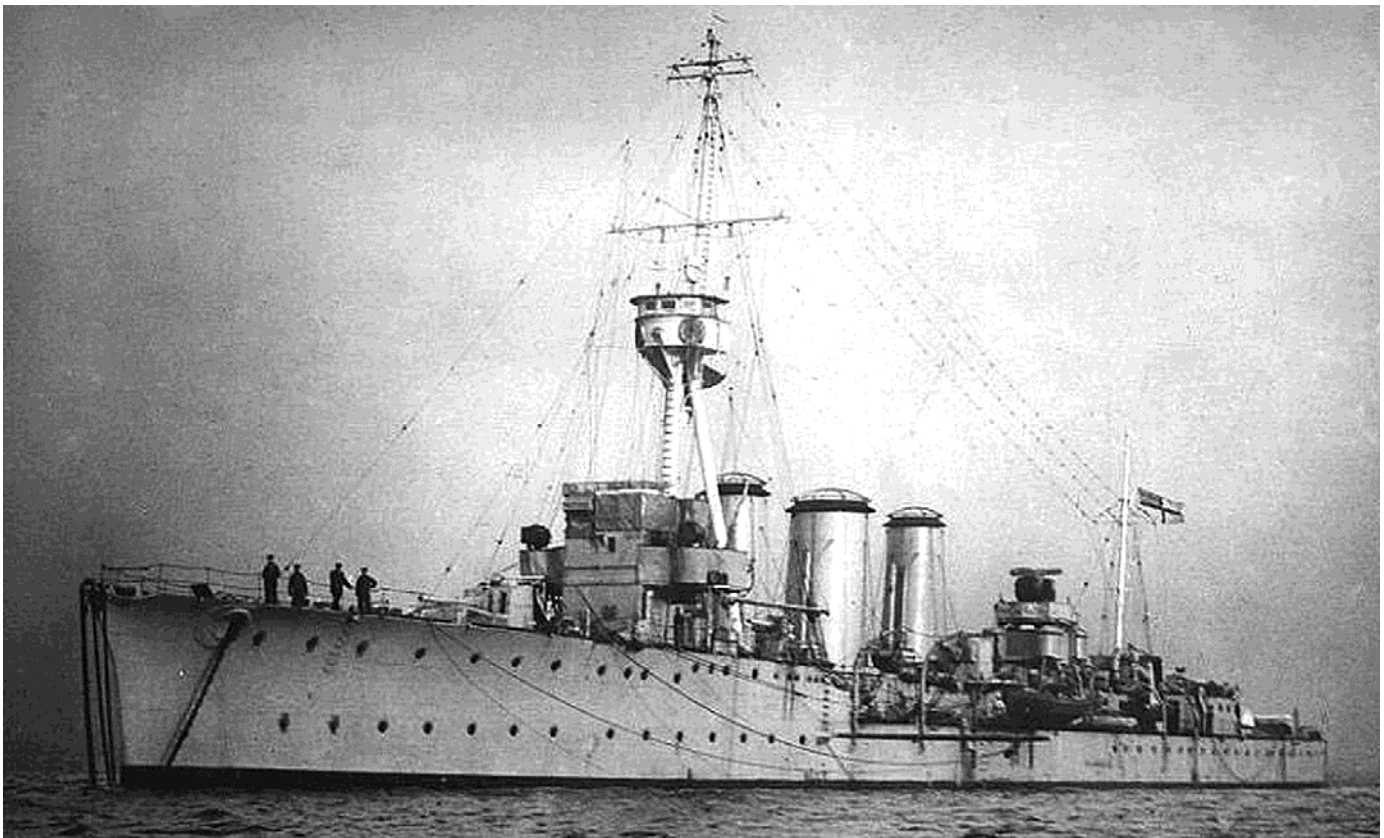
The last surviving warship from the Battle of Jutland is to become an exhibit at the National Museum of the Royal Navy (NMRN). The C-class light cruiser HMS *Caroline* has been in Belfast since 1924 as the headquarters of the Ulster Division of the Royal Naval Reserve. The cruiser was decommissioned in March 2011, and has now been handed over to the museum. However, HMS *Caroline* will remain in Alexandra Dock, Belfast, and not be part of the NMRN which is in Portsmouth. The cruiser will complement the *Titanic* exhibitions which are also at the docks in Belfast.

The keel for HMS *Caroline* was laid down on 28 January 1914, and it was launched nine months later on 29 September. This is a record for the building time of a significant warship. The following are some of the cruiser's particulars:

Length: 446 ft  
Beam: 41.4 ft  
Draught: 16 ft  
Displacement: 4,219 tons loaded  
Engines: 4 Parsons turbines – 40,000 SHP  
Speed: 28.5 knots

Armament: 4 x 6 inch guns  
8 x QF 4 inch  
1 x 6 pdr  
4 x 21 inch torpedo tubes  
The 4 inch and 6 pdr were later replaced by 2 3 inch anti-aircraft guns.  
Complement: 325

HMS *Caroline* is important because it is the last surviving warship from the greatest naval engagement of World War I, the Battle of Jutland on 31 May 1916. During the battle the cruiser was under the command of Captain H.R. Crooke. It is also the second oldest ship in the Royal Navy. The Parsons turbines are the last surviving examples of these engines, which first appeared in the famous *Turbinia* in 1894.







# The Wave

A tale of adventure from Mike Igglesden's youth.

Yes it was puppy love. Yes it was love at first sight. And although this was a one-sided love affair, it strengthened and blossomed into a passionate obsession over the ensuing two years. Her indifference to his attentions spurred on his devotion to such a degree that life for this 17-year-old boy would have become meaningless without her.

The restoration of his very old 16-foot ship's boat was now almost complete. The launching and berthing in the Dover Harbour Tidal Basin had been accomplished, not without incident, and her life of adventure was now to commence. Her mast was yet to be stepped and remained at home, together with the boom, gaff, sails and rudder, all demanding attention of one degree or another. Attention they would receive - but not today. The harbour was out there, its sparkling blue waters inviting exploration.

Just the gentle rocking of *Seafarer*, responding to the proud owner and his younger brother stepping aboard from the iron ladder set into the harbour wall, was enough to set the heart racing. The pair of oars was shipped into their rowlocks, one oar, sporting a short sleeve of copper tubing, a 'temporary' repair which had been administered to its cracked shaft - a repair which was to be found dangerously wanting, later that day.

Making the most of the last of the ebb, the boys rowed the old boat, strongly towards the Western Entrance, a kilometre row, where, when conditions were favourable, good fishing was assured if lines were dropped into the hold of the old sunken anti-submarine block ship, a relic of the war days, concluded only three years previously. The goal having been reached, the tide now only running at half a knot, a line was made fast to the barnacle covered foremast of the ship. Hand lines were baited (scraps from breakfast) and lowered tentatively, since the price of a good catch was often the loss of a line, having snagged on the distorted hull. Towering each side above them were the granite guardians of the harbour, the end of the Admiralty Pier on the one hand and the Detached Mole on the other, each surmounted

by their lighthouse and Lloyds signal station, and each proclaiming that the entrance was now closed.

In 1947 fish were plentiful and within half an hour the bailing tin was three-quarters full of herring - more than enough for their needs. The fishing knife was withdrawn from its sheath and each fish received a merciful cut behind the head, flapping ceased, eyes glazed over, beautiful silver scales rapidly dulled in the warm sunshine. The English summer can occasionally produce a magnificent July day. This was such a day.

The light southerly breeze picked up very small whitecaps in the harbour. Out to sea the English Channel gave the appearance of a grey-green carpet, almost as flat as a billiard table; a view the boys had seldom previously witnessed. This benign scene was to prove to be a prelude to a near fatal experience.

"The tide has turned. We have a long row home ahead of us. Let's pack up now and make the most of the flood tide to help us on our way."

"O.K."

Chris, whilst hauling in his hand line, suddenly felt a very large tug.

"I've got something big."

His line commenced shearing around in every direction at a great rate. What ever it was on the hook, it was something not at all willing to be brought to the surface. In order to take some of the strain now on the line a turn was taken around the jib sheet cleat. Then, over a period of probably four minutes, the cod line was shortened until the head of the monster was visible just below the boat's gunwale.

"It's a moray eel."

Although good eating, the reputation of moray eels caught in the harbour was one of the hunter, the fisherman having his role reversed and becoming the hunted. One bite from its snapping jaws and a finger could easily be lost whilst extracting the hook from its gullet. Cutting the line would ensure its freedom but it would also endure a slow lingering death, being unable to hunt



or swallow.

"Bing it aboard."

Once aboard, the metre-plus-long thrashing, squirming, bashing length of fighting animation defied any attempt at a 'mercy killing', but wrapped itself around the open slats of the floorboards, displaying incredible strength and zest for life.

This little saga had engrossed the fishermen to such a degree that a roaring, hissing noise had not been noted. Their enquiring heads were now raised from the activity being enacted in the bottom of the boat to behold, rising from the flat Channel sea, a wall of green water bearing down on them, 100 metres away and probably nearly

two metres in height, threatening to entirely swamp their little ship. The new tide was now on the flood, causing swirls and eddies around the base of the Admiralty Pier and holding the boat, made fast to the wreck, broadside on to the advancing menace.

Young Chris, summing up the situation, grabbed the fishing knife leapt to the bow, cut the boat free and jumped back to join his brother on the centre thwart, shipping the starboard oar in almost one movement. The elder boy was now in charge of the situation.

"Back your oar Chris. Our only chance is to run before this wave. I will pull on my oar to turn us around."

*Seafarer* was resilient to a change of direction, especially when not under way. With one oar pulling and one oar pushing she slowly began to turn. All the weight of the 17 year old was thrust into his frantic pulling effort. Life jackets! What life jackets?

'Crack!' The aforementioned repaired oar had given way. Now no port hand oar. Impossible now to turn away from the towering (from their perspective) wave of death.

There was no sculling notch on the transom but there was a short brass traveller designed to give the mainsheet clearance from the rudder when sailing. He had seen pictures of Australian surf boats utilizing a long steering oar over the transom. He grabbed the starboard oar from Chris, shoved it under the traveller and desperately tried to paddle the stem towards the wave, which by then was upon them.

'Woomph!' The port quarter was hit and the boat was swung back to presenting a broadside aspect to the wave. Up went the stern, down went the bow and up climbed the boys to cling to the upper gunwale which was now over their heads since the boat was on her beam ends, and was being carried bodily along for 10 metres or so. Water was being scooped up over her submerged starboard side as well as tumbling aboard from all directions.

The boat was now left wallowing, and she slowly returned to her natural upright position,



*Seafarer and Mike Igglesden, Dover 1947*





although water was up to thwart height, in the wake of this onslaught. "Throw out the ballast" - small sacks of pebbles were carried as ballast for stability when in sailing mode. Those floor boards which had not yet washed overboard were crashing about the boat. The bailing tin complete with its contents of dead herrings and other bits and pieces of little consequence were no longer aboard.

Calm returned as quickly as it had been broken. The two boys were only too happy to sit, shivering amongst the surging chaos in their boat thankful to be alive.

"What on earth happened?" "I think it must have been wash from a ship in the Channel, and since it is such a calm day it travelled unimpeded and built up in height, forming a freak wave as it funnelled through the Entrance. That's all I can think of."

"What next?"

'What next' was the arrival alongside of one of the Dover pilot boats. The boys' plight had been noted by the Signal Station and a radio call made to the boat as it was then in the vicinity. 'Please

render assistance.'

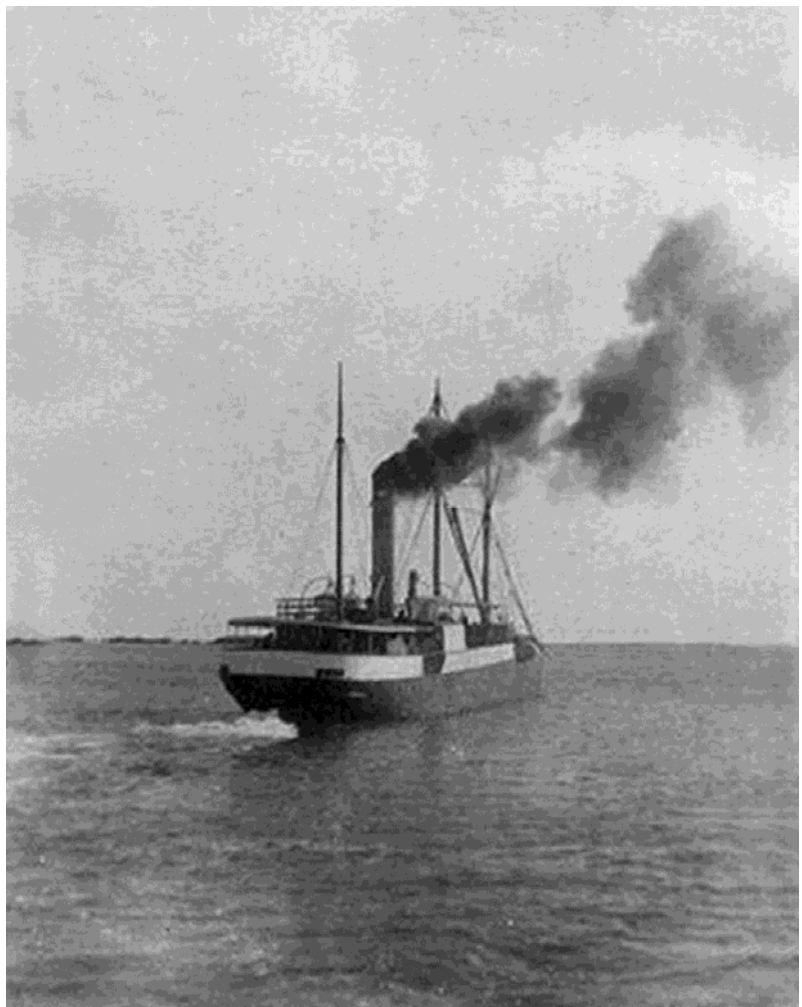
Two bailing buckets were thrown down to the swamped boat, the boys told to utilize them vigorously, make their towline fast around the centre thwart and sit well aft in the boat. The centre-board case top was stuffed with a shirt and the long slow tow returned them to the Tidal Harbour from which they had set off in high hopes of a good day, that morning.

Mother was never told of this incident. Some things are best left unsaid. A new oar, to be made next term in the school woodwork centre, was put on top of the replacement list. This is a job which should have been done in the first place, instead of the 'dodgy' repair which contributed to the eventful fishing exercise just recorded.

The moray eel which had been forgotten in the melee and hubbub of the day was found next morning floundering around in the bottom of the boat and was swiftly converted into delicious eel steaks.

*The steamer Herbert , which gained such notoriety along the south coast.*

*See article opposite*





## S.S. *Herbert*

**This small iron steamer was the butt of many jokes during the years it serviced the small communities along the south coast of Western Australia.**

The steamer *Herbert* (Official Number 87320) was built in Newcastle, UK, in 1884 by McIntyre & Co. for Villiers Brown of Townsville in Queensland. It was later owned in Tasmania, and in March 1896 became the property of The Adelaide Steamship Company. The company initially used the *Herbert* on the south coast run from Albany eastwards. With a length of 110.4 feet and a breadth of 25.1 feet, the 233 gross ton vessel was fitted with a 60 HP 2-cylinder steam engine. This engine was patently inadequate, as numerous comments in the Albany and Esperance newspapers of the time refer to the lack of speed shown by the *Herbert*. One of the many letters published appeared in *The Esperance Times* of 22 June 1897:

*Sir, it is with feelings of deep regret that I have listened to 'Vox Populi' in its condemnation of our magnificent torpedo-catcher, S.S. Herbert. Be mine the pleasing task of endeavouring to restore confidence in this unique specimen of marine ARKitecture. As instancing the unfairness of popular opinion, I may mention the case of an excited passenger, who had aged considerably on a trip from Israelite Bay to here, and who, on speaking on the subject of this letter, remarked indignantly, "six knots be blowed! Why, she can't even overtake a jellyfish!"*

*Without questioning the veracity of this statement I would respectfully submit that the authorities did not advertise for a boat to overtake jellyfish, but, for one to carry our mails from Albany. In order that your readers may not surmise I have any business connection with the steamship owners and am therefore bound to take up cudgels on her behalf I will proceed to state a fault in the construction of this otherwise perfect model!! This is, that her designers might have made her a little sharper at one end than the other, so that any man who is not an early riser could ascertain before night-*

*fall which way she was trying to go!! An engineer of my acquaintance has offered the suggestion that her hull as well as her machinery is on the triple expansion principle, that both become larger as occasion requires, and that this remarkable vessel thus presents the curious paradox of expanding when she contracts. I hear that on a recent occasion her engines suddenly stopped and the guilty conscience of a passenger (who had surreptitiously drawn a shaving-mug of hot water from the boiler) was just beginning to accuse him of delaying Her Majesty's mail when the engineering staff discovered that an Esperance Bay flea had become jammed in the cylinder. On extricating the obstacle, it is satisfactory to know that despite the depredations of the 'pulex iritans' the engines worked all the way without an 'itch. It is well to conclude this letter by pointing out to people who propose sending postal notes to their friends in Albany by our "new" mailboat that these orders become invalid six months after the date of issue. Trusting your readers will not deem me too goodhearted in my defence of the S.S. Herbert.*

*Yours etc... Dick Deadeye, A.B.*

In 1899 The Adelaide Steamship Company carried out a refit of the *Herbert* during which it was lengthened by about 30 feet. This increased the gross tonnage to 302, but did little for the speed. As mail steamers were fined £5 for each hour that mail deliveries along the south coast were behind time, in 1902 the steamer was replaced by a faster and more reliable vessel. *The Albany Advertiser's* Esperance correspondent reported:

*The s.s. Herbert passed by here on the 5<sup>th</sup> inst. At 5 a.m. en route to Point Malcolm. She blew her whistle when off West Beach as a sort of goodbye. The residents breathed a sigh of relief when she was out of sight (Albany Advertiser, 13 December 1902: 4c).*



LINES of ENQUIRY

## A VIEW OF PERTH FROM KINGS PARK – c.1904

The MHA Journal for December 2012 showed a photo of Perth from Kings Park (below) with the quest “Can You Date this Photo?” Ross Shardlow believes he may have the answer.



*“The scene itself is an arcadia – a statement of the ancient pastoral of Virgil and the landscapes of Claude and his British and colonial romantic followers through to the city planners of the last quarter of the twentieth century...”*

Stannage, C. T. *The People of Perth: A Social History of Western Australia's Capital City.* (1979)

ESTABLISHING A DATE for this hand-tinted photo of Perth was not simply about determining the dates of buildings that appear in the picture, but in determining the date of a building that does *not* appear in the picture. As the photo shows the new Supreme Court built in 1903 (just right of centre), but does not show the spire of St Andrews Church built in 1906 (between St Georges and St Marys Cathedrals), we might presume the photo to be taken about 1904-05.

### STRUCTURES DATED IN THE PHOTO (left to right):

**Perth Town Hall** – opened 1 June 1870.

**Esplanade Hotel** – opened November 1898 as Harpers Hotel. Senselessly demolished in 1972.

**William Street Jetty** – built in the 1840s as the principal town jetty linking Perth to Guildford and Fremantle, it was also called the Perth Jetty.

**Moir Chambers (T&G Building)** – built 1896.

**St Georges Cathedral** – built between 1879-1888.

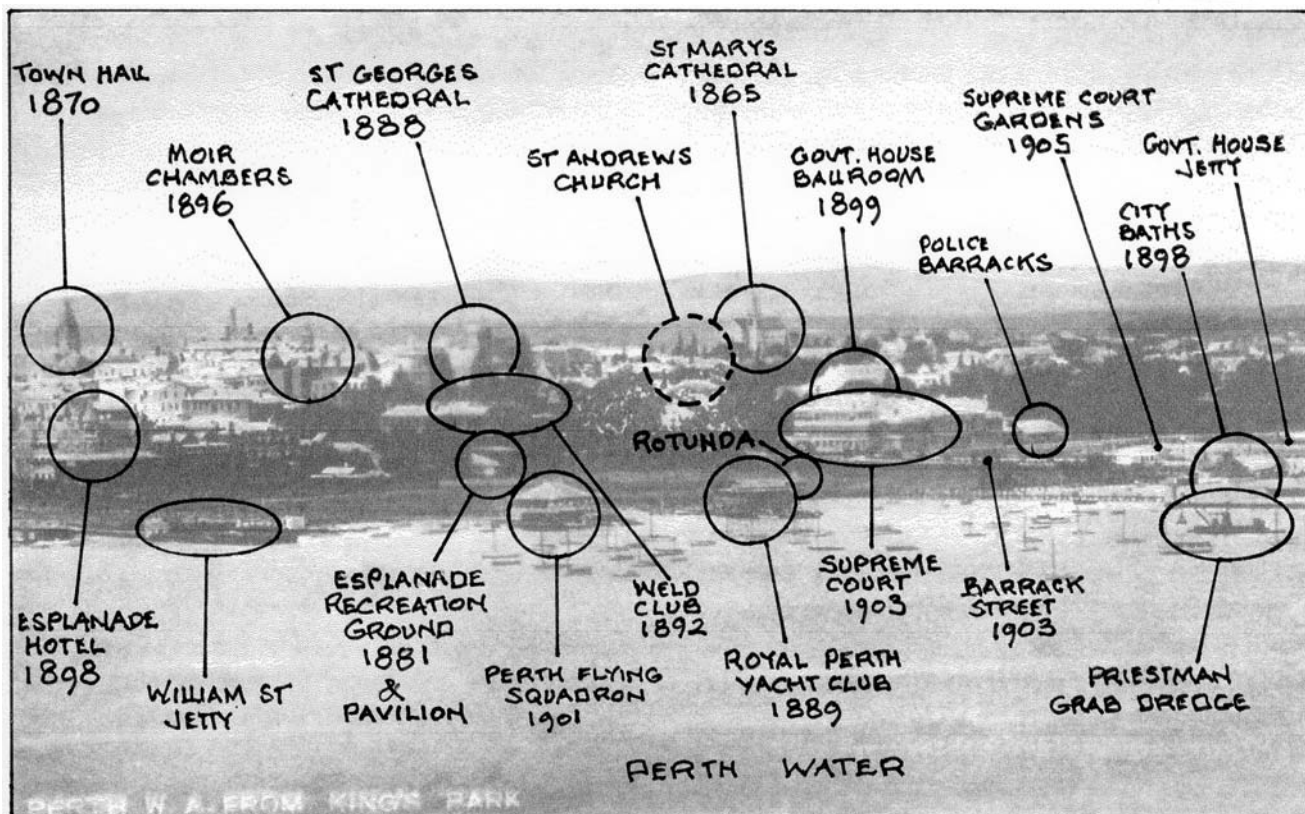
**Esplanade** – situated between William Street and Barrack Street jetties, it was reclaimed from Perth Water between 1879 and 1881. Originally known as the Recreation Ground, it was given to the Perth Municipal Council in 1880 as a Crown Grant in Trust “for the free Recreation and enjoyment of the people forever” – or until a government supporting the developer’s abhorrence of public open space thought otherwise.

It was from the Pavilion on the Esplanade (circled) that the Proclamation of Responsible Government for Western Australia was delivered 23 October 1890. Similar celebrations took place after the Commonwealth of Australia was proclaimed on the 1<sup>st</sup> January 1901.

A bandstand rotunda (circled just behind the Royal Perth Yacht Club) was located near the foot of the jetty leading out to the City Baths.

Before the Recreation Ground was reclaimed there was a small area of land formed by the corner of the





Barrack Street Jetty and The Esplanade (between the Pavilion and Supreme Court in the photo), which was used for shipbuilding. In July 1870, George Hayman launched his 60-foot, 28-ton cutter *Surprise* from there. It was also the site of Thomas Hamilton's yard where he built such vessels as the pearling cutter *Start*, and a 60-ton centreboard barge, both launched in 1873.

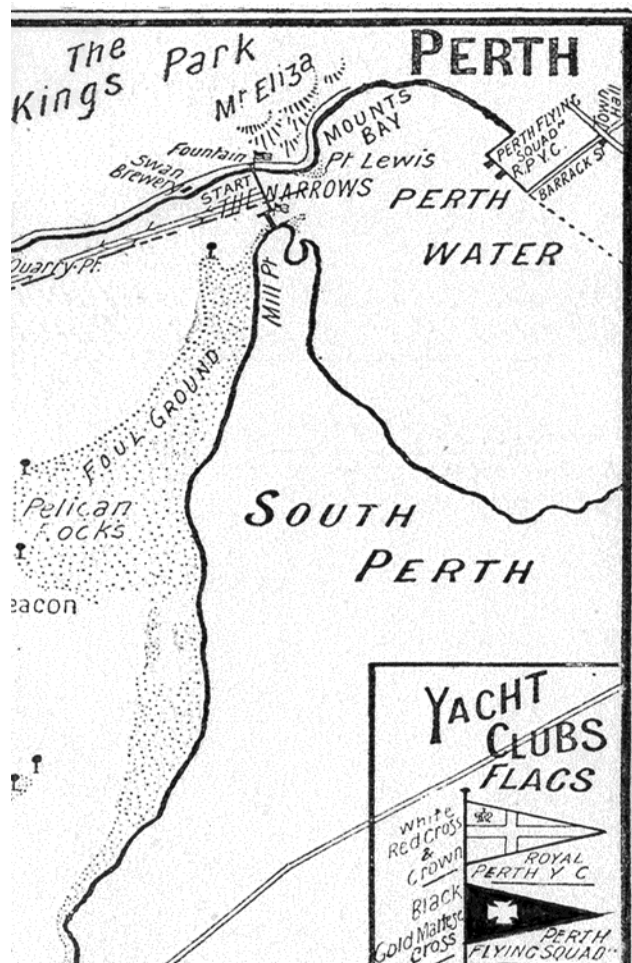
**Perth Flying Squadron** – founded in 1897, the clubhouse was opened 22 March 1901.

**Weld Club** – built in 1892 on the corner of Barrack Street and The Esplanade.

**St Andrews Presbyterian Church** – on the corner of Pier Street and St Georges Terrace, the foundation stone was laid in June 1905. On the evening of 21 December 1906, a solemn dedication service was held in the scarcely finished church to commemorate the historic occasion – for which a special offering was taken up on behalf of the building fund. The conspicuous metal spire of the church (shown as dotted circle) is noted by its absence, indicating the photo was taken before 1906.

**St Marys Cathedral** – the foundation stone was laid in 1863, the cathedral was blessed and opened 29 January 1865.

**Royal Perth Yacht Club** – founded in 1865, a slipway, jetty and boathouse were built in October 1882. At the Annual Regatta luncheon 9 November 1889, His Excellency the Governor Sir Frederic Napier Broome attended the inauguration “of their most commodious pavilion” in the upper rooms of the new clubhouse. It was not until the 23 November 1889,



Portion of map from WA Yachting and Motor Boat Annual (1907) showing the Perth Flying Squadron and Royal Perth Yacht Club on Perth Water.



that the new clubhouse was officially opened with the presentation of prizes and a smoke concert. Originally the Perth Yacht Club, the 'Royal' was bestowed in 1890.

**Supreme Court** – the Commissariat Store built on the site in 1834 was used as the Supreme Court from 1879. Along with the adjacent police stables and boatsheds, the site was cleared between 1901-02 to make way for the new Supreme Court building. The foundation stone was laid 2 June 1902 with the new building completed ahead of schedule, 18 April 1903. Governor Sir Frederick Bedford officially opened the building 8 June 1903.

**Government House Ballroom** – On 22 June 1899 the first ball in the recently completed ballroom was put on by His Excellency the Governor and Lady Smith in honour of the visit to the colony of His Excellency Admiral Pearson and the officers of the first-class protected cruiser HMS *Royal Arthur*, flagship of the Australian Squadron.

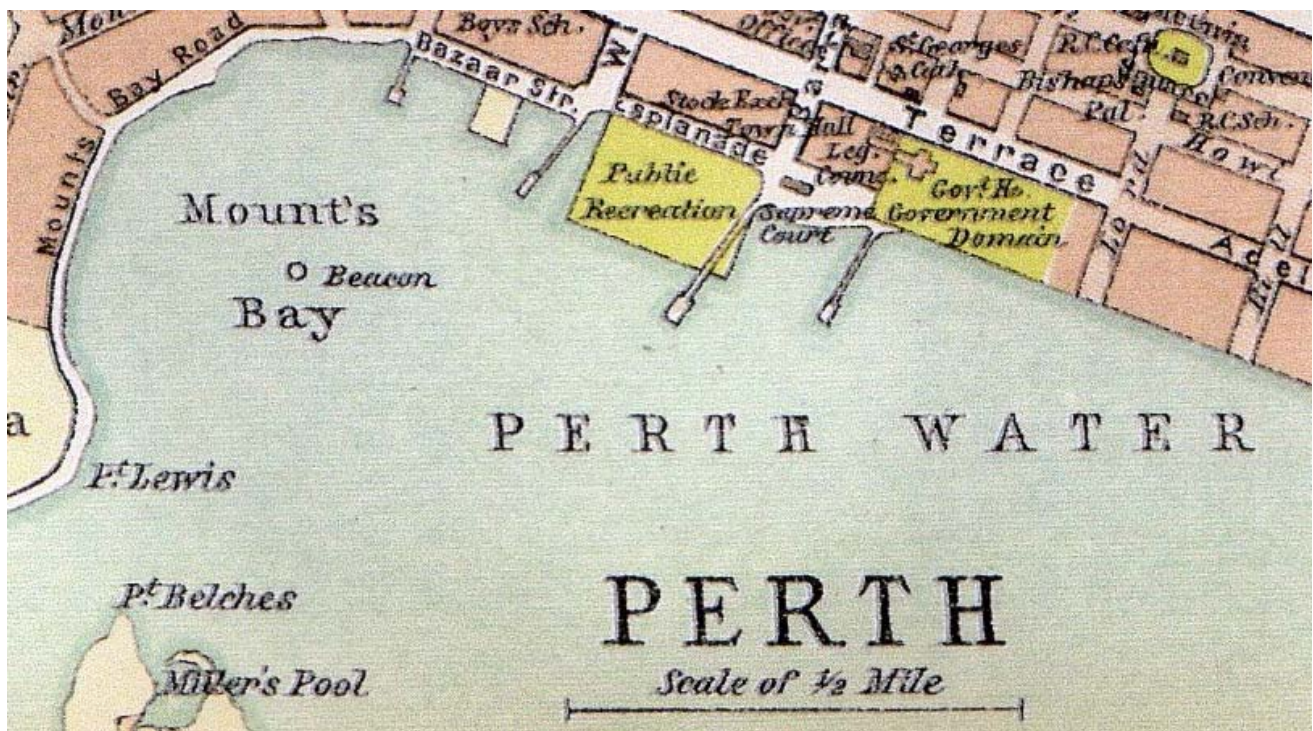
**Barrack Street** – from the 1860s, the Barrack Street Jetty extended from the Commissariat (now the Supreme Court) some 900 feet out into Perth Water. With the reclamation of the Esplanade in the 1880s, the jetty was absorbed into the Recreation Ground landfill.

In 1903 Barrack Street was extended from the corner of The Esplanade over the landfill to a new wharf and ferry terminal on Perth Water called Barrack Square. Also named Harper, Flagstaff or Union Jack Square, because of its Union Flag layout, the square was completed in 1905.

**Police Barracks** – part of the Police Barracks can still be seen to the right of the Supreme Court building. The barracks were removed after 1905 when the police were relocated to the new Central Police Courts and Police Station in Beaufort and James Streets. The original foreshore embankment, on which the Water Police boatsheds once stood, can still be made out immediately in front of the Police Barracks and Supreme Court buildings.

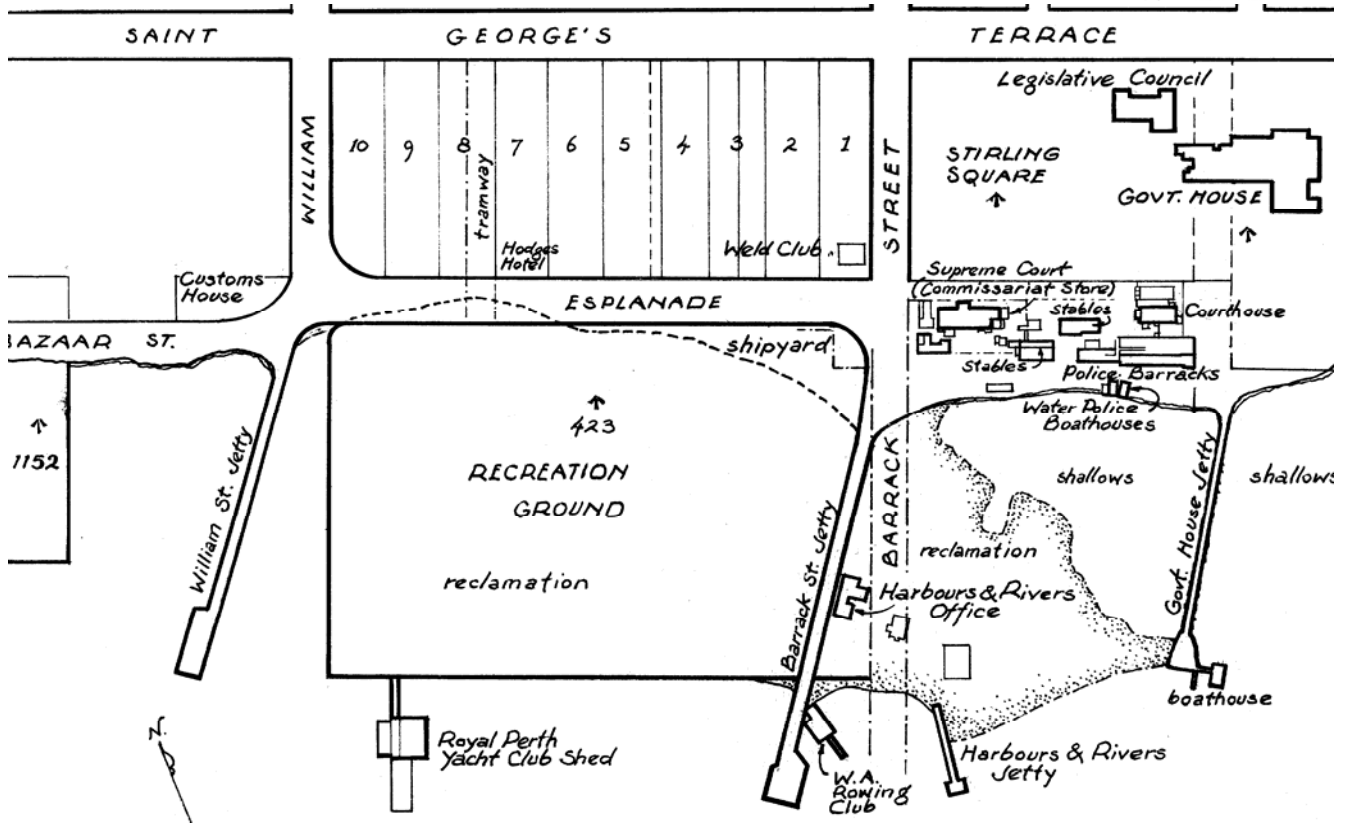
**Supreme Court Gardens** – Behind the newly planted Moreton Bay fig trees along Barrack Street (cut down in 2012 to make way for proposed high-rise development), the reclamation for the Supreme Court Gardens, "where the ladies of Perth could take their walks in comfort and peace", is nearing completion. Plantings can already be seen around the perimeter of the grounds. Filling of this area started in the 1880s, but it was not until 1904-05 that full-scale reclamation and top-dressing took place to complete the gardens. The old Government House Jetty (previously a stone pier – hence 'Pier' Street) can still be made out in the background indicating the extension of the reclamation from the Government House Jetty to Lord Street (now Victoria Avenue) is still in progress. This section of the reclamation works was not completed until 1906.

**Perth City Baths** – the Moorish style cupola-capped building at the end of a 300-foot jetty was opened 5 March 1898. As the shallow muddy water proved unpopular with bathers, especially at low tide, the baths were demolished in 1920, leaving the jetty and pilings as a boat landing.



Perth Water showing the Public Recreation Ground completed in 1881 but not showing the Perth Yacht Club shed built in 1882. There is no evidence of the reclamation for the Supreme Court Gardens between the Barrack Street and Government House jetties. Extract from The Lloyd Guide to Australasia for the Norddeutscher Lloyd, Bremen (1906).





Sketch map c.1895 showing the Recreation Ground and partial reclamation of the Supreme Court Gardens. The Commissariat Store, Police Barracks and Water Police Boathouses are shown along the original foreshore. Note the shipyard on the corner of the Esplanade and Barrack Street. Soil from levelling St Georges Terrace was carried on a tramway (see Lot 8) to be used as landfill for the Recreation Ground. In 1897 the tramway site became Howard Street.

**Priestman Dredge** – moored amongst the fishing and leisure craft is a Priestman Grab Dredge – named for the steam-crane’s ‘clamshell’ grabbing device invented by the Priestman brothers of Kingston upon Hull. Various Priestman dredgers and the bucket dredge *Black Swan* were used in the foreshore reclamation works from 1896 through to the late 1930s. A Public Works Department report of October 1896 mentions the Priestman as having excavated channels in the Swan River, while a *Daily News* report for 15 May 1897, notes, “... the Priestman dredge has been taken from its work of excavating round the William-street jetties”.

In a letter to the editor of *The West Australian*, 18 February 1936, George H. Passmore wrote:

... In 1890 the Government bought from Mr Wishart, a contractor, the machinery of a Priestman grab dredge to assist in the work [for Fremantle Harbour]. A pontoon to carry it was built where the North Wharf now stands. This dredge did yeoman work for the Government and is still in commission on the reclamation of Perth water and is now known as Priestman Dredge C.

Given the PWD’s propensity to name all their Priestman dredgers *Priestman*, it seems they were given the alphabetical postfix of A, B and C to distinguish them.

#### IMPROVEMENT OF THE CITY

In making comment on the ‘Improvement of the City’, the editorial for *The West Australian*, 16 June 1886, remarked:

... The present Recreation Ground, it is now understood, is dedicated by the City Council to the full, free, and uncontrolled use of the citizens.

An extract from the editorial that appeared in *The West Australian*, 22 August 1890, applauds the “admirable provision made by HIS EXCELLENCY, the ADMINISTRATOR, in concert with the COMMISSIONER OF CROWN LANDS, on a matter of neglect which is a disgrace to all previous Governments which have reigned in this colony.”

... It was therefore with a feeling of the most genuine satisfaction that we were lately able to record that, at the suggestion of the COMMISSIONER of LANDS, the ADMINISTRATOR had decided to save several hundred acres of the shores of the Swan, from the land shark, and dedicate them to the health and recreation of the public.

Sadly, it seems the editorial had not considered that a future ADMINISTRATOR might turn out to be the very land shark the people sort protection from.



## Messing About on a Janggolan (part 2)

Nick Burningham

**27<sup>th</sup> March 1994** Another warm, still and sweaty morning. We returned to the harbour and collected more terminology. We learned that in recent years *janggolan* were entirely fastened with bolts and nails – no trunnels. The crews said that salt was fetching about Rp, 15,000 at Pasuruan with the purchaser paying for unloading and sacks. The crew of *Sumber Rejeki* (Spring of Livelihood) told us their costs included: Rp. 5000 per day harbour dues and Rp 11,500 if they towed into Pasuruan. They would sail or pole their way in if wind and/or tide allowed. But if the tide were ebbing and the wind not favourable, they could either anchor and wait, or engage a tow. Ideally they sailed in at night and sailed out again the following night.

Word of the white men's dipsomania was evidently afoot. When we looked for a place to take lunch, most places were shut – it was a Sunday – but a Chinaman had opened and hung out a small *Bir Bintang* sign. His establishment was a bit dingy and the menu was very limited but we had a quite adequate lunch with a cold beer.

Once again the afternoon brought teaming rain. We went to see Haji Husni and ended up talking with his son Haji Hasan who acted as the shipping agent for all the *janggolan* trading to Pasuruan. His father's business purchased about 10% of the total of approximately 15,000 tonnes of salt shipped annually but they were agents for all of it. Each *janggolan* was charged Rp 15,000 by Haji Hasan's agency who did the business with the harbour master's office. That Rp 15,000 fee was split between the owner of the salt, the purchaser of the salt and the *perahu*. The *perahu janggolan* were receiving Rp 5,000 per tonne of salt transported to Pasuruan. Haji Hasan thought there were about eighty *janggolan* trading, and many more laid up for want of crew. Many men were going away on long voyages on the big timber trading *janggolan* where they could earn significantly more.

Traditionally the profits from a salt voyage were split into three parts: one for the owner of the *perahu*, one for the captain, and the third share was split between the two crew. But in recent times the captain and crew were taking equal shares. Every captain received a sarong as a gift from Haji Husni on his first visit to Pasuruan each year after Idul Fitri (the festival at the end of the fasting month, Ramadan).

We were beginning to notice that figures relating to the salt trade didn't add up. The previous year Haji Husni had given out 101 sarongs which seemed to mean that at least 101 *janggolan* had come into Pasuruan in the

month or two following Ramadan that year. Most *janggolan* expected to make three or four voyages per month and they carried about 40 tonnes. If 15,000 tonnes of salt was brought to Pasuruan in the course of the year, that was equal to about 375 *janggolan* loads, which would mean approximately one voyage every three months on average.

We'd also noticed that *janggolan* were registered as *perahu tambangan* (boats that ferry people across narrow waters and rivers) rather than cargo boats, and their registered sizes varied significantly but were always much smaller than the standard size of a salt trade *janggolan*.

Haji Hasan agreed that there were probably a greater number of *janggolan* and they made more than one voyage per month. Indeed the total might be more like 100,000 tonnes of salt. He used 30 tonnes as an average cargo although "nearly forty" and "more or less forty" was what crews generally said.

An apparent paradox was that the price of salt was the same on Madura where it was produced and at Pasuruan. Producers could sell to a co-op on Madura for Rp 15,000 per tonne. If they consigned their salt to Pasuruan, they paid the cost of loading and one-third of the price was taken by the *perahu*. Why would they do that? The answer was that payment was almost instant. If they accompanied the salt to Pasuruan, they were paid when the cargo was unloaded and weighed. If they waited at home, they were paid as soon as the *perahu* returned. If they sold their salt to the government run co-op, they were not paid until the salt was sold on, which could take months, and they had to pay the cost of road transport to the warehouses long before they received the payment. At Pasuruan unloading and bagging costs were paid by the purchaser or their agent.

An explanation of the *janggolan*'s apparently irregular registration and measurement papers was that they were too big to be measured properly. *Perahu* of over 20 tonnes gross register have to be measured at a major port, but that was not an attractive option to *perahu* owners or to the harbour masters of minor ports. Of course, here in Western Australia the relationship between the registered dimensions of many a pearling lugger and the actual size of the vessel was not straightforward.

We were able to compare Haji Husni's books with the harbour masters, and to calculate that only two thirds of the *janggolan* entering Pasuruan were entered in the harbour master's records. Whether all the *janggolan* entering Pasuruan made it into Haji Husni's books, we



*Sumber Rejeki's crew on the aft deck. Hafi is sitting on one of the rudders.*

couldn't tell. But there was obviously quite a lot of salt crossing Madura Strait.

During the afternoon we saw a young female singer (in school uniform) and her backing band giving a free concert in a street close to the harbour. We didn't pay much attention, but a decade later I realised that we had probably seen one of the earliest performance by the young woman who became Indonesia's most famous female singer, Inul. She was famous for her risqué swivel-hipped style of dancing as much as her singing – hips like a hand-auger the shipwrights at Pagerungan said when she was at the height of her fame a decade later.

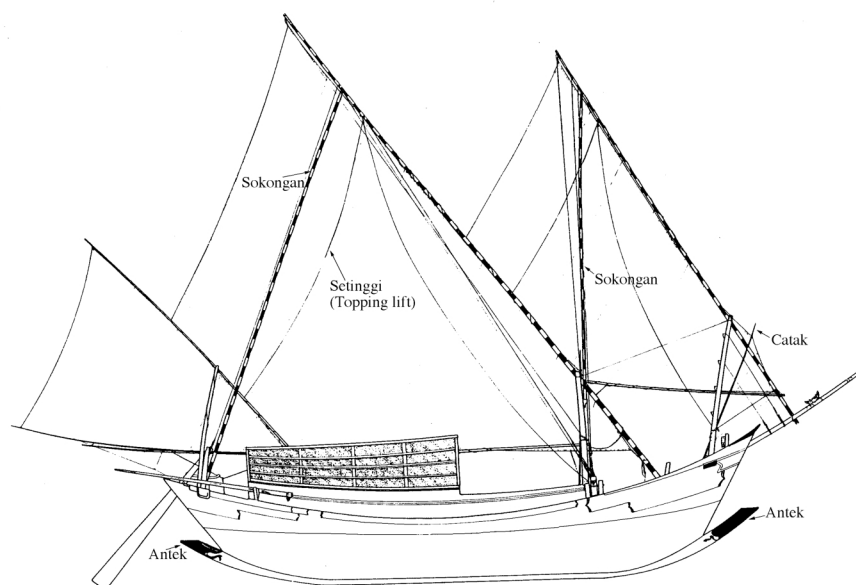
That evening we checked out of the hotel and went quietly down to the harbour where we boarded the *janggolan* named *Sumber Rejeki* which was warped out into the stream to avoid drying out on the mud, and we sat in the very dim light of a single lantern listening to the mosquitoes whine around our heads and things crackling in the mud below us.

Not long before low tide we poled down the river. There was a moon, but the night was cloudy with big, dense swirling cumulus and lightning flashing. The tide was very low, the mangroves on the banks were high above us though *Sumber Rejeki* was high out of the water, completely unballasted. Out beyond the mouth of the river sails were set, though we were still in a gully surrounded by mudbanks. For a while the moon shone through a gap in the swirling clouds. We seemed to sail slowly and drift with the last of the ebb for a kilometre or two following a channel that wound between low hillocks of mud or sand. Illuminated by lightning or the moon it was a weird scene. The breeze was very light and changeable. The crew of just three young men were fairly conscientious about trimming sails and changing tack,

which was a laborious manoeuvre on a *janggolan*. On most types of sailing vessel I would have helped with the sail trimming and changing tack. I'd sailed with Indonesian lateen and other exotic rigs, but a *janggolan's* rig was like nothing else. In fact the rig carried by *janggolan* in 1994 had scarcely been invented when I first sailed on a *perahu* two decades earlier.

The *janggolan's* rig, and the way it was handled are far from easy to describe. The sails were triangular, set between an upper yard or spar and a boom on the foot of the sail. In that respect they were standard Indonesian boomed lateen (*layar lete*). But the upper spars were held aloft by props (*sokongan*). The mainmast was just a stub, not adequate to holding up the main spar. That main spar, propped up by another spar in the stern, was stayed by wire stays, vangs or guys (*pirengan*: English nautical terminology isn't devised to describe such a rig) led to the outboard ends of outrigger booms (*tanggulangan*). Actually there was one standing *pirengan* with a lanyard set up at the end of the *tanggulangan*, and one running *pirengan* rove through a dumb sheave at the end of the *tanggulangan*. The spar of the foresail was similarly supported by a prop and stayed by *pirengan*, both running and standing.

The fore sail could be tacked in the usual way for *layar lete*. It could be shifted to the other side of its mast and prop by taking the sail and boom over the top of the mast and prop. But that was not possible for the mainsail because the prop of the foremast was stood on top of the stub mainmast. Also the mainsail was carried inside its *pirengan*. It couldn't just be swung across like a Bermudan sail because the main prop was in the way. The solution was ingenious. While the fore sail was permanently bent to its spar, the mainsail had an outhaul and downhaul to hoist it to the peak of the spar or haul it







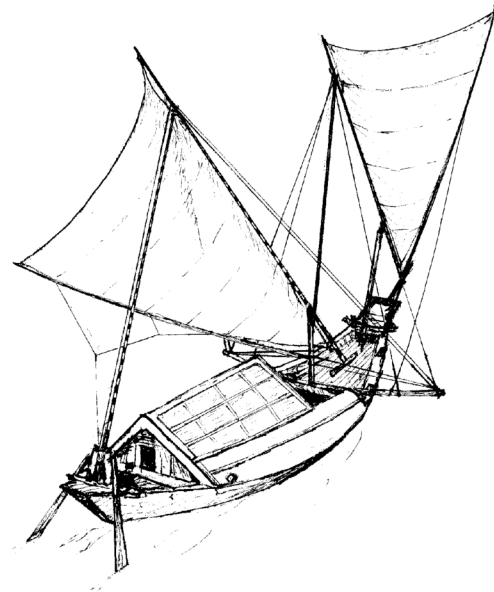
down. In a sense, the spar functioned as a very sharply raked mast. The trick was that the outhaul and down haul were the same piece of rope, and, what's more, both ends of that rope were bent to the peak of the sail! With the ends joined where they were bent to the sail, the outhaul-downhaul was a loop which could be used to haul the peak of the sail out on either side of the prop. It looked dead simple in use, but rather warped my mind when I tried to visualise it. *Sumber Rejeki's* crew tacked their *janggolan* working as a very well coordinated team. I'm sure that if I had tried to help I would have hauled the outhaul the wrong way, but I didn't find out because I couldn't get to it. Sailing completely empty, the only way to reach the foredeck where the outhaul and most other gear was belayed, was to balance on a narrow plank above the hold. I found it difficult in daylight with the ship rolling slightly on a nearly flat sea. On a dark night it was beyond me. I think I looked at it and the crew dissuaded me, knowing that a big clumsy whiteman was sure to plummet into the darkness of the hold if he tried it. The fall would only be a couple of metres, but one would reliably turn or dislocate an ankle on the frames and stringers.

During the first part of the crossing to Madura we had light and changeable breeze off the land, so the big sails were poled out. Later the breeze veered westerly and before dawn it was northwesterly, the predominant wind direction during the wet season or west monsoon. It was a headwind for us. Sailing in a changeable breeze and with the wind aft of the beam *Sumber Rejeki's* crew chose to sail with both the big quarter rudders deployed, but when close-hauled and sailing empty with two rudders deployed a *janggolan* develops severe lee helm so the windward rudder is usually lifted out of the water. On a 15 long *janggolan* such as *Sumber Rejeki*, the

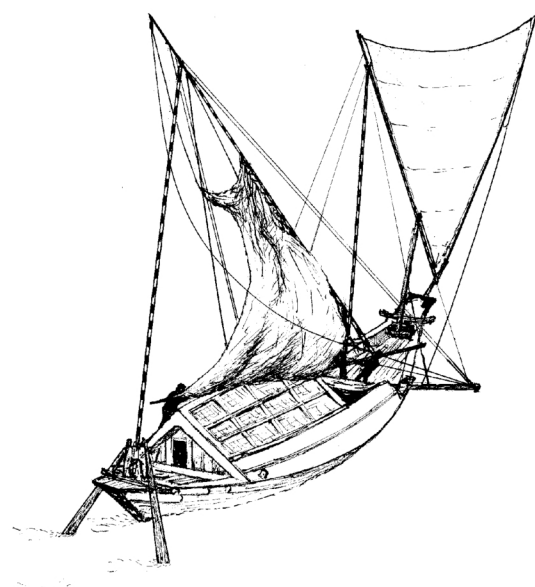
rudders are 5m long and pretty massive. They can be raised by two wiry strong Indonesian seaman working together, but I doubt that Jeffrey and I could have done the job.

The rudders provide most of a *janggolan's* resistance to leeway, particularly when sailing completely empty. Indeed when a *janggolan* is flying light there is hardly anything other than the rudder in the water. They do make a lot of leeway, yet they can make some ground to windward by tacking despite losing ground every time they wear round. In theory a *janggolan* can be tacked through the wind in light conditions, but it is almost never done.

We enjoyed a surprisingly good breakfast as *Sumber Rejeki* sailed slowly towards the low coast of Madura over nearly smooth seas. On most *perahu* one eats the cheapest rice and very little else, but that morning we ate something like a spicy frittata along with rice of a better quality.



*A janggolan flying light with no ballast and hard on the wind*





We were just about laying the course for the mouth of the Sreseh Creek. We saw one or two deep-laden *janggolan* on the reciprocal course heading for Pasuruan, but the one that passed closest was sailing empty – probably going to Java for a load of bricks said Hafi our captain.

As Sreseh got closer during the morning, the breeze got lighter. Being empty *Sumber Rejeki*'s crew were able to sail over the bank that almost blocks the entrance to the creek. When we got into shallow water they clewed up the foresail and sheeted flat the mainsail and used long bamboo poles to propel the vessel. We rounded the headland and sailed slowly into the creek near high tide. At the same time a whole fleet of deep-laden salt carriers were slipping downstream on a land breeze with their sails set wing and wing, or *abarong* as they say in Sreseh. Jeffrey and I whipped out our cameras and snapped away madly. The boldly coloured sails and decorated hulls looked wonderful against a dark lowering sky to windward.

"The race is on! Who will get their pics and article to *Classic Boat* first?" I challenged.

Jeffrey responded a little sheepishly, I thought. In truth he had already proposed just such an article to *Classic Boat* and been accepted.

*Sumber Rejeki* was poled and sailed into her home on the creek bank at 'To Puteh. Sails were neatly furled, anchors set upstream and downstream and lines made fast to stakes on shore.

We stayed the next few days at the home of Hafi and his recent bride, in a small group of simple houses and a very small mosque. In fact we were allowed to sleep on the floor of the mosque. We took the lines off a *janggolan* round on the seaward beach, collected the names of every structural component and bit of gear we could think of, photographed *janggolan* sailing, *janggolan* laid up, *janggolan* being built and rebuilt, refitted and re-rigged. There were scores of them, probably a couple of hundred, and many of them on the seaward side of Sreseh were big and capacious vessels built for the timber trade to Jakarta and other cities.







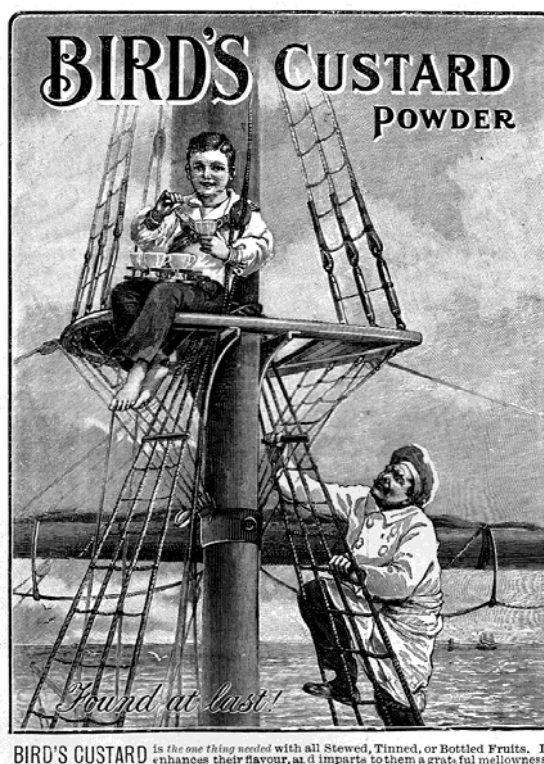
# QUIZ

## Answers to March

1. The first Australian to complete a single-handed yacht circumnavigation was Bill Nance in the yacht *Cardinal Vertue* from 1962-1965. In the 31,000 mile voyage he set a couple of records—the first single-hander to circumnavigate eastabout via ‘the three capes’ (Cape of Good Hope, Cape Leeuwin & Cape Horn). At that time *Cardinal Vertue* was the smallest vessel to circumnavigate (25’ 3” LOA, 7’ 2” beam, 4’ 6” draft). He sailed from New Zealand to Buenos Aires, 6,500 miles, at an average speed of 121 miles per day, a record for that sized yacht, a record which may still stand.
2. The man in command of the *Parmelia* in June 1829 was Captain Luscombe.
3. The *Vianen* under the command of Gerrit de Wit was stranded at about 21° S latitude (slightly south of present day Port Hedland) in early 1628. After jettisoning some 20 tons of pepper and copper ingots the ship was got off.

## Quiz

1. What is the difference between a voyage and a passage?
2. What is a Bethel ship (sometimes referred to as a floating Bethel)?
3. On what date did HMAS *Sydney* sink the German light cruiser *Emden* off the Cocos-Keeling Islands?



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